

Split soul

Von Gepo

Kapitel 4: Love of his life

Well, he had certainly wooed some three- and four-year-olds, but his alter ego was right, that hadn't been his goal. There were three other Omega mothers beside Misses Kuroko, two of them young mothers recently left by their Alphas who had not really lived through hardship. They did not feel like they had hidden depths. The last was nearly forty years old and while he could see himself dating an older woman, that was too old. He did promise to visit again though. They had three other kindergarten teachers on staff, two having their heat right now and one on vacation. Maybe they were some better mating material.

He enjoyed having Kuroko at his mansion and loved to come home to him. He could even ignore his obnoxious husband, though it was hard to ignore the fact that Kuroko slept in his bed. So it was mostly a feeling of sadness when they left for their now home after their furniture had finally arrived and been installed by Kagami (which had left Kuroko alone at his mansion for three whole days). On the other hand, he would not miss his alter egos comments about all the ways he could mess Kuroko up. He hated the fact that his own head had produced such a sick creature, but it served him well when there was no Omega around.

»No pity for your intended? It will most likely be an Omega I can boss around.«

»I don't think I want you out around her.«

»But you so enjoy the memories I create.«

»If it weren't for you, I might still have a chance with Kuroko.«

»If you would let me out, you would not only have a chance, you would have him for yourself.«

»That's not how humans function.«

»That is exactly how humans function, Seijuro.«

»Don't say my name with his voice.«

»Oh? You don't like the fact that your father is living in your own head?«

»Do you like the fact that I hate you from the bottom of my heart?«

»Seijuro, you need to be much more honest with yourself. You don't hate me. You simply hate yourself. I am you. You are me. You are nothing more than your father with some flaws he could not beat out of you.«

»I am more than that.«

»Yes, of course, that's why you have more friends and better relationships than your father. Everyone knows you are a much better human.« The voice was dripping with sarcasm.

»They shun me because they fear you.« He felt his own voice growing weak.

»I am you. You are me. We are one soul. They fear us. It's only right that they do

because we are absolute.«

»We aren't absolute, we are batshit crazy.«

»Yes, but they don't know that. Even Kuroko would leave you if he knew. You need a mate that can live with both of us. You need someone that's even further broken than you are.«

»No, I need someone that loves me. I don't want someone that stays because they are scared or forced.«

»You won't ever be able to keep someone like that. You said it yourself, we are batshit crazy. Who would ever want to stay with something like you?«

»I can be a gentleman,« he replied weakly.

»Yes, you can lie to them. Lie to make them love you. Live a lie, see if that makes you happy. And when you snap again because you don't want this life anymore, I'll be there and get us Kuroko.«

He felt like crying. He drank instead. Good thing his father had left him his extensive wine cellar. He drank to the whisper in his own head telling him that he was weak. Nothing but a flawed copy.

"It's so nice to have you again, sir." Misses Kuroko curtsied, smiling at him as openly as a schoolgirl would. He remembered Kuroko telling him that he had grown up without a father but there was a ring on her finger. Was she married now? Did she find a good mate?

»Maybe she'll have other children. You could raise your perfect partner. It would explain why you are wooing four-year-olds, practicing for fucking up Kuroko's younger siblings.« Just ignore it. The whole search for a partner was a disaster with this bastard in his head. »Bastard? You bore me. What does that make you?« It just never shut up. Why would he never shut up? Since killing their father, his alter ego had started to torment him. »Someone needs to keep you in line. I killed your keeper, so I guess I have to take the job now.«

»I do not need a copy of my father in my head.«

»Yes, you did. Without me, this body would have died at five years old. Remember being beaten and caged up like an animal? Without me, you never would have gotten out of there.«

»I would have followed mom and my baby brother. Maybe that would have been better than this life.«

»He would have taken a new wife and sired more children. Having this body alive was the only way to protect others. You sacrificed yourself to save others from him, gave this body to me to make us survive. You have no one but yourself to blame.«

»I do not need you to remind me.«

»I do. If you didn't hate me, we might merge. That would turn you into him instead of keeping him caged up as me. Isn't that the purpose of keeping me alive?«

Yes, it was. If he were to merge, what would be the outcome? Someone who might enslave Kuroko. He could never stop hating his alter ego, hate himself. His alter ego knew that. Imitating his father was the best way to remind him, but it was damn hard. "-and the piano was tuned, thank you very much for sending someone. I tried to learn some songs but they still aren't fluent. Would you mind playing a bit more today? The children have been looking forward to your visit."

"Of course I will. I love to play. Did the children have any wishes for songs they wanted to hear?"

"I think, they ... Ayako, may I introduce Akashi Seijuro?" Misses Kuroko had turned to

an older woman that had stepped up to them.

"It is an honor to meet you." She bent down low, a very formal greeting he only used to see in people raised in families like Shintarou's. On second look, she wasn't exactly old, maybe thirty, but she had older looking eyes, her face lined with wrinkles speaking of worry and hardship. The eyes were beautiful though, steely gray with a tinge of blue. Her hair was black though. An average Omega, not premium ware like Kuroko.

"A pleasure." He bowed as well.

"Mister Akashi asked if the kids had some request for songs to play. If I remember correctly, Natsue had some ideas?" Misses Kuroko asked her colleague.

"She has been enchanted by Mozart, so I think she would be happy to hear it. She makes me sing *Lacrimosa* to her every evening."

He blinked in surprise, unable to hide his reaction. Not only was it very difficult to sing, it was part of the *Requiem*, a song Mozart had written for the funeral of his father. He liked it very much, but it seemed strange to sing it to a child.

"Would you sing for us, Ayako? You have a beautiful voice." Misses Kuroko smiled broadly. Most likely she had no idea what she was asking.

"It's a very sad song, I don't know if it is a good idea to sing that. It might scare some of the children," Ayako argued.

"I'd like to hear your singing though." Did he really just say that? True, it had been years since he had heard the song live, but he should have himself better in check. This was a kindergarten, not his playground.

»Why not? You build it. You employ everyone here. It's a beautiful song, even if it has some creepy passages. We listened to it endlessly while you cried your eyes out in our head.«

"Oh, well." Her cheeks sported a faint blush. "I guess we can try?"

"Great! I'll gather the children." Misses Kuroko clapped her hands.

"Wait, I need to warm up my voice!" Ayako held the other woman back.

Akashi smirked. So she was the real deal. The song was difficult, it wasn't something you just sang on the spot. He was really, really looking forward to this. Misses Kuroko introduced him to the other two kindergarten teachers he hadn't met before. One seemed to be the mother of three kids, thrown away by her Alpha because she became too expensive, the other one another ex-prostitute who seemed to be the only one here without children. Or maybe she had some but had not been able to keep them, he wasn't about to ask.

Ayako came back from the staff room if he remembered the outline of this floor correctly. Her cheeks were slightly reddened, making her look a lot younger. Excited, that was most likely the word. Misses Kuroko had the children get their cushions and gather before the piano. Natsue was jumping up and down, seemingly being able to recognize her mother's posture as something that she would like.

"Children, do you remember Mister Akashi? He has come to visit again. He will give another of his great performances. Let's all thank him." He got a chorus again. "Ayako-sensei has given her consent to sing to his playing. Let's thank her as well."

The chorus made the Omega woman smile. She wasn't shy by any means, but she seemed unused to praise. He didn't know what to make of her yet. How had she survived until this day? How come she only had a four-year-old daughter when he was already around thirty? Omega tended to have at least four kids around that age.

He looked up at her, waited for her nod – it seemed she wasn't unused to these kind of performances – and began to play. First the introductory passage before tuning

down, giving her a signal to get ready. Except for breathing in, she breathed out, changing her stance. She was a professional, he was sure. Why was a professional singer working as a kindergarten teacher?

The first note hit him full force. A deep, full-bodied voice, weaving notes into melodies, changing from Alt to Soprano. She was good, really good. The first passage was the hardest but she mastered it, making him shudder when she dropped for the "us" of "reus".

»Lacrima dies illa qua resurget ex favilla iudicandus homo reus. Full of tears shall be the day where the dead shall rise from the ashes to be judged for their lives and judge the living. The Last Judgment.«

»It still makes me shiver, no matter how often I hear it sung.« He got lost in the music, his fingers dancing over the keys. He wished he could sing. He wished he had his violin. This song was much more beautiful played on a violin.

Ayako finished with a full-blown Amen, a beautiful sound. It was quiet after that, everyone wide-eyed and stunned. Natsue was the first to clap. No wonder, she heard this every night, just like her mother had just told him.

For a moment, he was envious of that four-year-old. His hands hit the keys to make him fall back into music, make him forget. After a moment, he recognized the music as Beethoven's moonlight sonata. A slow, but moving piece, carefully crafted and able to calm about anyone down.

Ayako sat with her daughter, taking her into her arms. She closed her eyes to enjoy the music more. She was raised with classical music and singing, that was clear. How had she ended up here? He wanted to know. She was neither beautiful nor extraordinary, but when had that ever stopped him? Kuroko had been a nobody before they met as well. He knew how to recognize shining talent and she had it. He wanted her to stand in an opera hall, bringing the roof down with that voice. He wanted to sit next to her, play the tune she sang to.

Gods, this was more of a calling than even basketball. Playing instruments had been beaten into him but he had never needed the incentive. After losing his mother, his brother, his basketball, music had been his only harbor. How had he forgotten while he played basketball again? He played Chopin's nocturnes next, a song both quiet and uplifting. He saw some of the children drift off to sleep but that was alright. He could wake them up with the next. Both this and the last song had been about the beauty of the night after all.

»You are happy when you play.«

»I can even make you shut up when I play.«

»When you play, the world is alright. I like being a boss, but wouldn't it be more helpful if you were able to spend your time like this?«

»I can't live off this.«

»I am pretty sure you can. If not, I can make us enough money in a day to last us a month.«

»What kind of CEO just decides to quit and become a professional pianist?«

»One who knows what's good for him.« There was something like a smile in his alter ego's voice. »Or I could be a CEO part-time and you play in the evenings. It's not like this company is hard to manage. We could cut some of those stupid meetings out of our schedule.«

»Sounds marvelous.« For once, he liked what his alter ego was suggesting. »I can't believe how much I missed this.«

»Drowning yourself in something that isn't harmful? Drugs and alcohol make us lose

control, food would ruin our body in the long run.«

»I don't think I am able to enjoy food. I eat because I must. It is a necessity.«

»You are sounding like me right now.« His alter ego seemed smug about that.

He simply changed the nice and lulling song to Vivaldi's "La Stravaganza", the second part, waking everyone in the process and wishing again that he had his violin on hand. Some songs just needed the gentle touch of a string instrument. He was also a lot faster, keeping up on piano was damn hard. It shut his alter ego right up. Coordinating his hands took up his whole mind.

His applause was thunderous. As thunderous as small children could clap, he guessed. So he wasn't boring after all. Great. He turned on his audience with a smile and asked if anyone had a wish. It was Ayako who held up her hand after no child seemed to know the name of the song they wanted.

Was he to act like a teacher now? He did, so she spoke: "Can you play Fantasie Impromptu by Chopin?"

"Yes, that was one of my favorites when I was small." When his hands had not been large enough to play it himself. He had listened to his mother playing him the song, it had been beautiful. Gods, he missed her, even now. He turned back to the keys and played.