

# Split soul

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## Kapitel 22: Seduction

His day had been stressful. And that was a very nice way of putting it. Between his usual appointments, he designed an advert for a mysterious high level position in his company and some tests to put people through. The first would be an intelligence test, followed by a strategic test and finally a test about difficult decisions to look at people's morals. Hopefully he would still have some people left after that.

In the middle of his planning, he got a call from his doctor telling him about his blood results. It would add some more restrictions to his regime and lessen some others. He asked to be sent an updated version via mail. He was also asked again if he really wanted to keep the baby. He simply growled and put down the receiver.

Of course he didn't. But if even Seijuro wanted him to keep it – if only until he persuaded Sei otherwise – who was he to argue? He got time to run his company out of the deal. He should see this rationally, it was a good compromise. He still hated the fact that he had to make a deal at all. So he simply ignored the fact that there was a parasite inside of him and focused on work.

Ultimately he wasn't in the best of moods when he had to cut his work short to meet with Ayako for dinner. Why did he have to be the one to keep Seijuro's woman around? What did he get out of that? It wasn't like she ... well, maybe he could get her to sleep with him. Just because Seijuro was a romantic wimp, it wasn't like he had to go slow. She knew he wasn't his alter ego. That might actually come with some merit for once. If he could not get her to love him, maybe he could make her desire him? He should be able to, even if Seijuro did not want him to use his pheromones or bite her. Suddenly dinner did not sound so bad. They had arranged a time where the kids would already be in bed, so he did not have to think about that nuisance. At Shintaro's he found a perfectly looking dining room with an inside grill on top of the wooden table but no Ayako. After a bit of searching he found Shintaro reading some papers who told him that Ayako was still with her daughter. So he decided to head back to the dining room and work on his own papers until she showed up. He was in the middle of contract about a coup he had prepared long before this disaster happened. She began to ready their dinner while he finished reading it.

"Good evening." He placed the papers back into his leather bag.

"Thank you for coming." She smiled at him and started the grill. "I hope you like meat?"

"Like any man of my position." A smirk found the way onto his lips until it soured. "I am not allowed raw or undercooked meat though."

"It's good you remember." She actually looked proud at him. Did it turn her on that he stuck to the rules of this pregnancy? "So I prepared Yakiniku."

"Great thinking." And it was one of his favorite dishes aside from tofu soup and Unaridon. "Did you get some beef?"

"And pork and chicken and blood-sausage and some kidney and tongue." She pointed at the different plates before explaining all sauces to him. "Your friend Midorima gave me a lot of money to buy dinner. It was the least I could do for their hospitality. Your friends are very good people."

"Yes, even I am rather fond of Shintaro and Kazunari." Should he say more? "I don't exactly understand the notion of friends but they are useful acquaintances. There are only a handful of people I would give favors to without asking anything in return."

"You really are all about business, aren't you?" She did not seem saddened by that.

"So why did you agree to have dinner with me?"

"I hurt you with an emotional outburst." And didn't that make him feel bad? Damn, he had really lost control this morning. "That is very unlike me. I'd like to rectify that impression."

"And what would you like me to see you as?" She poured him a drink.

Should he be honest? Yes, he should: "A desirable man."

"Oh." A faint blush entered her cheeks. "Well, yes, you are. Among other things."

"I'd like you to not concentrate on the other things so much."

She smiled and coyly looked up to him before saying: "You know ... this is exactly how I imagined Akashi Seijuro to be. Can you imagine how surprised I was to meet your alter ego instead?"

Yes. Bad thing that Seijuro's natural act was oddly charming. But he most likely shouldn't insult her beloved in front of her. He asked instead: "So you actually wanted to go on a date with me that first time?"

"That sounds like a trick question." She began to put meat on the grill. "What am I supposed to answer?"

Nicely evaded. He began to take some meat from the plates. As she had not been disappointed by her first date, the answer was most likely no. It seemed like she was gracious enough not to tell it to his face.

"I would have expected a one-night-stand or some pretty kinky ideas for sex from someone like you. Meeting Seijuro was like finding a treasure when you expected to be hunting game instead. I thought I would be used and exploited and was cherished instead. It doesn't mean I wouldn't have liked to go on a date with you but Seijuro was just more than I ever thought possible."

Honesty was a good trait as well. Normally he would have taken it in stride. But right now he just felt unbelievably jealous. What had Seijuro done to make her feel like this? It had not been anything extraordinary, right? He had watched it all, it had simply looked normal, not goal-oriented, just ... what most people did. It was what most people did, right?

"Why was what he did so special?" Akashi asked rather sour.

"For most people Omegas are sex objects. They aren't human, they are things to be used, they are meant for gratification. We are reduced to nothing but our bodies. I wouldn't say that Seijuro was uninterested in my body but for him it was just a part of who I am. I always felt that I was more to him, that my personality and my skills and knowledge, that all of that mattered. When Seijuro told me about you, you sounded like someone that categorized people in usefulness. An Omega's usefulness is pretty clear. But I'd like to know you before I pass on such judgment."

He looked down onto the grill and flipped some of his pieces. It gave him a moment to think about this. She was honest and except for manipulation, he did not know many

other ways than being honest himself. But was it a good idea? He said: "You are right that I categorize people into their usefulness. But you are more than just a body. You are very intelligent and you helped with Sei before and you seem to be a very loving mother which is good for children I guess. I didn't understand why Seijuro wanted a relationship because I thought picking up women and fucking them is a lot easier than limiting yourself to one that might even say no but your relationship taught me the importance of having someone like you. Seeing you with Seijuro showed me that relationships are about more than just sex."

"So would you like to have a relationship?" She took a rather tasty looking beef piece and ate it with barbecue sauce. She looked a lot less nervous than he felt, how was that even possible?

"Now that I have emotions ... I guess so. Before I got them a relationship sounded like a hassle. It takes time and money, you get less sex and instead you have claims and expectations and rules. But talking with you isn't bad and looking at how you interact with Natsue feels ... good somehow. I am suddenly feeling lonely and insecure and overwhelmed and a lot more I never had to deal with before. Right now a relationship sounds just great."

She blinked in surprise before giving him a once-over and saying: "Since when do you have emotions? You look extremely unhappy with them."

"Since Sei tried to take over. I think Seijuro merged with me a bit to oppose her. But now I am feeling all of this crap I never felt before. There's anxiety and helplessness and jealousy and ... I am jealous of Seijuro because you like him so much, that's just plain stupid. We are the same person, just different aspects." He hung his head. "I am so tired of all of this. I know I am the one that deals with everything others can't handle but how do they expect me to do that after giving me feelings?"

He heard the clicking of chopsticks before Ayako asked him: "Can I kiss you?"

He looked up and saw some strange kind of smile on her face. Was that ... pride? Love? She seemed happy. Why was she happy about the fact that his world was crushing down around him? No, this couldn't be. Maybe she was happy about the fact he told her that? He knew that partners were people you trusted to support you instead of exploiting your weaknesses. So maybe she was happy he told her about his worries? Was she offering comfort? Rationally a kiss wouldn't help anything, but his feelings were telling him that kissing was a great idea. Gods, this was confusing. Anyway, a kiss wouldn't be bad, so he nodded.

While she came around the table, he noticed she had taken the meat of the grill, so it wouldn't burn. It wasn't exactly romantic to think of that before kissing him but it was endearing all the same. Being interrupted from kissing by the smell of burned flesh wasn't exactly appealing. He decided he liked her thinking. He especially liked the fact that she sat down on his thighs, straddling his lap and showed no hesitation at all in kissing him. This wasn't nice, sweet and innocent like that kiss she had shared with Seijuro. This was one of those I'll-suck-your-soul-out-kisses that had a bit of brute force and a lot of claiming built into them. She had grabbed both sides of his face and had no problem to invite him in to lick her barbecue-flavored tongue.

Nice. So this was what it felt like to be claimed by an Omega. He rather liked this scenario of being both in and out of control. And damn if this didn't feel spectacular. Seijuro was right, doing this with feelings involved was a hell lot better than without them. He put his arms around her, one hand on her ass, one under her shoulder and pulled her onto his crotch. He really wanted to take this farther, like right now but ... was that okay? Wouldn't he hurt Seijuro if he fucked his girlfriend without him?

He slowly ended the kiss and actually simply hugged Ayako without further sexual innuendo. There was no voice, no presence, no nothing that indicated he might be able to reach Seijuro. He did remember how shocked, disbelieving and finally how immensely angry his alter ego had been when he had viewed those memories of him violating Kuroko. He knew that deep in his heart, Seijuro had not forgiven him for that, not one bit. No matter how much he mocked and laughed at his alter ego for that, he knew that he had done wrong in the eyes of his other personality. Fucking Ayako would be the exact same thing again. If he was jealous of Seijuro for having a good relationship with her, how jealous would his alter ego be for sleeping with his girlfriend while he was unavailable? Gods, why did he suddenly have to have empathy? Ayako hugged him back and hummed a soft tune. The more he was able to feel, the more he understood why Seijuro felt like this woman was perfect. She simply accepted him, them, everything. What kind of women accepted a complete fuck-up like him? She was precious. Why couldn't she be his girlfriend? Was it possible for her to be both of their girlfriends? He wished he could discuss this with Seijuro. He didn't want to hurt his alter ego, but damn did he want to fuck this woman. He craved that feeling of being accepted like this. Since when had he ever wanted to be accepted by someone?

"Does this make you feel better in any way?," she asked after leaning back a bit.

"While it does, I'd still rather not have emotions." He shifted her on his lap, so that he could hold her with one arm. With his other he took his chopsticks to get some half-grilled meat and dipped it into the barbecue sauce to offer it to Ayako. "I like women that taste of barbecue sauce."

She laughed at that, ate the meat from his chopsticks and kissed him again after swallowing.

"We should really stop or we'll never finish dinner," he mumbled against her lips after the kiss.

"Is that a bad thing?," she asked playfully.

"I fear it is, I have a strict plan to adhere to." Which added another problem. Would Sei even allow him to have sex or might that endanger their child? "Let's stick to conversations, alright?"

"As you wish." She moved over to her side of the table again. "I am surprised at myself how attracted I am to you. Are you using your pheromones?"

"No, it's my natural charm." He smiled roguishly. "I admit that I don't adore you like Seijuro does but I am able to appreciate you. That might have a more physical side to it."

"You are the horrible combination of dangerous, desirable and detached. Now that you added a bit of cuteness to that, you trigger every Omega instinct I have. That's really not fair, even when you hold back on the pheromones." She placed the meat back on the grill, giving him some pieces that were well-done by now.

"Then it's good I am still able to make rational decisions. I think you would regret sleeping with me."

"Would I?" She looked up in surprise. "Why do you think so?"

"Because I am not Seijuro." Those words stung. Admitting out loud that you were second best was a lot more hurtful than just thinking so. He wished they had talked about this before.

"I know that. Why is that a problem?" She tilted her head.

"Why?" He blinked. "Well, you would be basically betraying your boyfriend, wouldn't you?"

She stared at him for a moment before sobering and asking with a hint of anger: "You have one body, you are one soul. Even if you never merge, you are still one person, aren't you? Or did you plan to get yourself a different girlfriend because I belong to Seijuro?"

"Well, no, I ... I didn't ... I mean-" He scrunched his eyebrows. What should he say to that? "I just think we should talk this through with him before we hurt him, you know? He's asleep. Or something else, I don't know, I can't talk to him. You know ... I raped his last lover. We don't have the best of histories when it comes to relationships. I hurt him because I didn't know better, I didn't understand anything about him or his feelings. If I were him I would have no problem about me sleeping with you but I am not sure Seijuro thinks like me. I don't want to destroy what you two have in thoughtlessness."

She looked at him for a long moment before asking: "Why?"

"Why what?" He looked at her questioningly.

"Why do you care about his feelings?" Her expression was dark like she was angered.

"Well, he's my ... Ayako, are you feeling alright? It's not like you to ask such a question. You sound like you want me to hurt his feelings." Which was rather strange. He was sure she loved his alter ego. She had also never offered herself like she did earlier. Now that he thought about that, it was strange as well. She detested being seen like a sexual object but she behaved a bit like she wanted to be treated that way.

"When is your heat due?"

"It's still two days off." She put her arms around herself. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"Because you are acting strangely. You sound callous and I know you aren't. It might be subconscious but you are trying to get me to sleep with you and while I'd love to, it's contrary to how you acted up to now." Damn did that make him sound like a good guy. This was so unlike him. Having emotions did strange things to his character.

"But I-" she stopped herself and blinked. After a moment she lowered her gaze and shook her head. "You are right, I really want to sleep with you and it's strange because that wasn't in any way what I was planning before. This is very unlike me."

"Maybe this pregnancy is messing with my pheromones and it's so slight I am not even noticing it myself. I really don't want to force you into sleeping with me and I did that with Kuroko. I don't want to do this to Seijuro twice. I didn't rape Kuroko because I like rape, I did it because I thought it was alright what I did. I fear I am somehow manipulating you into wanting to sleep with me. I did the same with Kuroko and didn't even notice back then."

Ayako nodded and sighed. Her voice was low when she said: "Thank you for stopping me."

"I did listen to Seijuro when he explained my wrongdoings, even if I mocked him." And now that he suddenly had emotions he was thankful he had. Just thinking about hurting his alter ego pained him like if he had actually done something to him. So this was what people called a moral compass. No wonder Seijuro had been angry with him. How did you explain not having any inner voice at all to someone whose empathy felt as natural as breathing?

"You're not so bad, you know?" She smiled at him.

"That's because I am partly merged with Seijuro, believe me. Now that I can feel a sliver of what he feels, a lot of things suddenly seem clearer. It's an interesting experience but not exactly useful in my overall situation." He stopped in his motion for a second. "Maybe he gave me a part of himself so I would not fuck up his

relationship while he was away?"

Ayako smiled wryly at that.

"It actually makes sense." Akashi sighed. "Oh well. I hope he shows up again so I can ask him if sleeping with you is okay if you actually want it. And I best ask you that via mail, so I don't influence your decision too much."

"And then you'll schedule a meeting?" Her voice was mocking.

He lifted one corner of his mouth as well as one eyebrow which made her laugh.

"Sounds like a plan." She winked at him.