

Split soul

Von Gepo

Kapitel 16: A rude awakening

Natsue looked a bit groggy at dinner, so they played a bit of cards before getting her into bed again. She spent most of the time telling them how a great a bed was and that they should try it too. They assured her they would with an amused smile. Ayako told her a bedtime story while he simply sat beside them and listened. Both adults weren't sure Natsue heard the end but it was more important that she slept.

In front of the door, Seijuro had a moment of panic. Was this just a sleep-over or would Ayako want to sleep at his side? How to ask in a round-about way? "So, this is the Mistress tract. In my grandfather's time the wife would sleep here while the husband slept on the other side of the house. My father slept over there, so ... my room is over here." He pointed at the door at the end of the hall. "All these doors are bedrooms, so you can decide where you would like to sleep."

She took his hand to stop his babbling and said: "I'd like some sleep."

"Oh, okay. Where would you like to sleep?" No sex tonight then.

"Would it be very forward to ask to sleep in your arms?" She smiled at him.

"No, not at all. Of course you may. I mean, I would love to." Damn, he knew he was smoother normally. "May I show you my room?"

"I would love to see it." Her smirk said she knew how nervous he was. But there was a slight blush on her cheeks, so maybe she was nervous as well. He would be nervous in her place. She was an Omega and he was a heavily muscled Alpha. She also knew he was only one of at least three personalities of which two were either sexually abusive or abused. If he lost control, she might get raped and she knew that. He thought she was very brave.

"This was my mother's bedroom before I moved in here after her death." He let her into the beautiful room. All of it was in pastel colors, a light purple, baby blue, a beige carpet and violet curtains. It was obviously a woman's room but he still liked it a lot. "Just as the lounge, this is a sanctuary. I don't think something bad ever happened to me in this room."

"So you were allowed to sleep peacefully." She looked around the room, her gaze settling on the beauty table filled with cosmetics. "Are these yours or did your mother own them?"

"They belonged to my mother. I often thought about removing them, but I like the sight so I kept it like this."

Ayako studied a lipstick, uncapping it and smelling it before asking: "When did your mother die exactly?"

"Fourteen years ago."

"They must have been very expensive to still be this fresh." She held a pot of powder

next to his face. "She looked a lot like you, didn't she? This is exactly your skin color." "I guess?" He shrugged his shoulders. "There are paintings of her. I owned a photography once, but some day it just vanished. So I am not exactly sure about the details."

She nodded and investigated the rest of the room. Before opening any doors she asked for permission. She fondly shook her head about a row of suits. When she stepped up to a wardrobe a bit off, he informed her it had been his mother's. It was another thing he hadn't removed. The room was big enough anyway. She took a dress and held it to her body.

"I think she was a lot taller than me, right?" She twirled around. "She must have been beautiful."

"She was." He smiled. "The paintings don't show her height but the dresses suggest she was about as tall as I am now."

Ayako put the dress back and closed the wardrobe. She went back to the door to get the bag she had left there and asked: "Where can I change?"

He showed her the bathroom and went to change into his nightclothes as well. He went in after her to brush his teeth and found her lying in his bed when he came back. That was certainly a sight he could get used to. She was wearing a red nightgown that fit his bedding. When he got in, she turned with a lazy smile to kiss him and settle at his sight. He put an arm around her and couldn't help but smile. This would work out, he would make it work. He closed his eyes in happiness.

He came to standing in his bedroom wearing a robe over his nightclothes. What time was it? It was light outside and Ayako wasn't in bed anymore. He looked around for his phone and found it on his nightstand. It seemed to be a quarter to eight in the morning. What had happened? He asked his alter ego: >Did you get up?<

>No, I didn't. My last memory is the same as yours.<

>That doesn't sound good.< He knocked at the bathroom, shouting Ayako's name and looked inside to find it empty. >I agree that we have a third personality.<

>Hopefully she wasn't hurt. Go look in Natsue's room.<

>Good idea.< He tried not to run, so he wouldn't scare anyone in case something really had happened. >Maybe she just woke up before us.<

>It doesn't explain why you were standing around in your mother's robe.<

>It is?< He looked down at himself. Yes, it was. He got out of it while he walked. He cautiously knocked at Natsue's door. "Ayako? Natsue?" He listened at the door but could not hear anything.

"Seijuro?" So Ayako was in. Her voice sounded scared.

Shit. He dropped the robe beside the door. Had he hurt her? His knuckles didn't sting. He opened the door slightly and said: "Yes, it is me."

Ayako was kneeling in front of a very sleepy looking Natsue that was nearly completely dressed. She scanned his eyes and face before sighing and visibly relaxing. "Thank the gods, you're back."

"Can I go back to sleep then?" Natsue grumbled in obvious distaste at already being awake.

"Yes, sweetie, of course. I am sorry I woke you." Ayako kissed her head and undressed her again. "Please come in, Seijuro."

"Okay." He did and closed the door behind him. "I am very sorry for your rude awakening." Whatever actually happened. "I just came to."

"Just do your best to stay." She was sending him inquisitive glances, checking his face

every few seconds. So he had definitely changed into a third personality. Why now? He had slept with women beside him before. Was it the room? He had never invited someone there before, preferring to have his one-night-stands in hotel rooms.

He studied the carpet to give both women a bit of privacy while staying in Ayako's line of sight. He tried to shout into his head, asking for answers, for memories, for a sign from their third personality. As always there was no answer.

>Ayako will most likely be able to provide some answers about what happened. Do you want to face her or should I? You may get emotional.<

>I want to know what is going on and it's not guaranteed that I can when you are out. I'll stay so we'll both know.< He glanced at Ayako who had just kissed Natsue after settling her into bed again. >I hope we didn't hurt her.<

She grabbed his arm and pulled him outside before just standing still after she had closed the door.

"Err ... should we sit in the lounge?" He asked cautiously.

She rigorously shook her head and mustered him, finally noticing the robe lying next to the door. While looking at it, she thought for a moment and said: "I'll take the robe. Do not open your mother's wardrobe. Please get dressed in a suit."

"A suit?" He just nodded at the unusual request. "As you wish."

They went back to his room where he undressed with his back to her. He heard her open and close his mother's wardrobe. After that she went over to the beauty table and put away the make-up into the table's drawer. He just let her do as she pleased. She would most likely explain later.

Dressed in one of his suits he cleared his throat to get her attention. She closed the drawer and opened the door for him to leave while watching him. After she had closed the door behind him, she asked: "Is there a business room with which you do not associate bad memories?"

"Hm ... there is a waiting room for guests that might suit the purpose." Why was she so fixated on business?

>Because she knows that is most likely something far from our third personality. Business is my area. A suit puts me to the forefront of our mind.<

>It's good to see she is able to make those rational decisions. Maybe we just scared her a bit.<

>In this one case my estimation might be better than yours. To me she looks like a soldier that will do her duty before breaking down. I think she's doing her best while disallowing herself to feel her terror.<

He mustered her and had to admit his alter ego wasn't wrong. Her face was lined and drawn, her jaws pressed against each other tightly. But she hadn't run and she had sent Natsue back to bed. Was she just this strong or did his other personality not seem threatening to the girl? They reached the waiting room and sat. She put a table between them.

She was obviously apprehensive. So maybe his third personality wasn't dangerous but still scary? Her hands were shaking, so he knelt and held one with a table between them. He asked: "Should I call my butler? Would that make you feel safer?"

"Not really." She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Your staff must know. I am sure they know your third personality. They might be a trigger rather than help."

"How so?" Gods, what the heck had his brain bred out?

"She said she were the mistress of this mansion."

"My third personality is my mother?" He drew his eyebrows together.

"What was your mother's name?" Ayako looked him in the eyes.

"Akashi Shiori."

"Then no, she called herself Akashi Sei." She returned the pressure of their still clasped hands. "She was clearly a pure-bred Alpha women full of loathing for everything beneath her."

"So she wasn't happy she found an Omega women in her room?" That wasn't good but there were worse things. So maybe he really hadn't hurt Ayako. He could imagine a screeching woman using his father's superiority complex.

"She insulted me a lot." Ayako didn't seem too hurt though. "She knew about you two. She knew you were controlling everything outside of the house like your job and school and that you were sleeping around. At least it's what she called it. What she was unhappy about was that you invited Omega filth to your ancestral home, calling you a classless traitor."

"I am sorry you were treated like that." Yes, that sounded a lot like his father. So his third personality seemed to be into Alpha-superiority. "So she ordered you to leave?"

"Well ... yes. She wasn't violent, just extremely arrogant. She interrogated me for a bit and was happy to hear that your toy would not sully your bloodline." Ayako was still shaking and a tear was running down her face. "She is your total opposite. She behaved like she was royalty."

He took a deep breath and nodded. >What do you think?<

>It could have been worse. A spoiled princess with a superiority complex is bothersome but she seems to keep to the house like a good trophy wife. That is manageable.<

"I am sorry you had to go through this." He stood, went around the table and sat next to her to give her a hug. "For now, I'll just get a flat in Tokio, so you won't meet her again. I'll figure out how to deal with her."

"Okay." Ayako let herself sink into his arms. "You know ... I would have expected a personality who holds your trauma. I thought it would be a scared child or even a whole pack of children. This was unexpected."

"I am surprised as well." Should he tell her? "At least it's not a violent character. I was really scared if I might have hurt you."

"She is pretty spiteful." Ayako scoffed. "I don't think I ever heard such a hate-speech against Omegas."

"To my father Omegas were animals to be put down. He killed my mother and my newborn brother because he was born an Omega and she refused to let my father drown the baby." He put his nose into her hair, breathing in her scent. It was milky and sweet like honeyed tea.

Ayako looked at him in horror.

"My father was really sick in the head." He sighed. "All of my family were. They have been killing Omegas for generations. So I am not surprised about this Sei."

"It's a wonder you turned out like this." She kissed him. "So there is a copy of your father's personality and of your father's attitude in your head."

"I just wonder why she is a female ... is it just to give her a better reason why she only comes out in the house?" He puckered his lips in thought.

"She is a woman without a doubt. She moved like one, she spoke like one. I am sure that wardrobe and the beauty table might have been your mother's once but they are hers now. I had my doubts yesterday but the make-up is too fresh to be fourteen years old. None of that stuff is your mother's. If you were to try one of the dresses, I am sure they would fit."

"So I have spend my time running around in this house in a dress and make-up?" He let

his gaze wander. "No wonder you suspected my staff to know. They must know if I really did that." He tried to imagine ... just why were this people still working for him? Did they think he had eccentric hobbies?

>Your butler worked for your grandfather and your father. You might seem quite tame if the only strange thing you do is wearing dresses and playing the house mistress,< his alter ego calmly suggested.

"What bothers me more is that it means she knows what we are doing and can put both of us to sleep. She uses her time in the house, then dresses up like a man again and gives back control to us. Seeing as we never noticed we lost time, she must be quite adept at this. I often wondered how exactly I spend my time here and except for riding, playing piano and reading, I couldn't remember what I did. Every time I had those thoughts, something else came up and I stopped thinking about it. Does that mean she can control my thoughts?," he wondered aloud.

>I knew we were often losing time but whenever I told you, you would forget afterwards.<

Ayako just kept silent, her face full of worry.

"Akashi says he knew we were losing time. It was only me that was oblivious. I don't understand how all of this works." He combed back his hair with one hand. "Why could I not remember?"

"If I understood it correctly, it's because you are the everyday personality, so it's your job to be functional and forget inconsistencies. Like in that book where the persona had no memories of eating, going to sleep or doing the house-work and was simply happy she did not have to bother with mundane things. If you kept on worrying, you would not be the everyday persona."

"So I am really not the core." He sighed deeply. He had known that. He had always hoped he was but deep inside he had known he wasn't. "Neither is Akashi. Neither is Sei I'd wager. So there are still more."

"Most likely." Ayako leaned on his shoulder. "It is not my place to say but I fear you do need therapy for this."

"You are right in that. I'll look for one tomorrow." He kissed her hair. "I am sorry I am a lot less stable than I thought I was."

"At least you warned me beforehand." She smiled thinly. "Oh, now that I think about it, there was one thing I didn't understand. When she told me to get my spawn and leave, she told me to bury my sweven of ever having that vixen take the rightful heir's place. What did she mean by that?"

He scrunched his eyebrows. Sweven?

>It means dream. That is pretty old word.<

Suddenly Ayako's face distanced itself from him. One moment she was there, then he saw her through a screen, then he was falling. The screen was getting smaller and smaller, only a light until suddenly the darkness engulfed him.