

# Split soul

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## Kapitel 1: Prologue

In terms of strategy, having an evil alter-ego was not bad at all. People feared him. People obeyed him, afraid of his wrath if they did not. Whenever he needed a break, he could let out someone even more driven and ruthless than himself, knowing his work would be done perfectly, once he decided to go back to it. It was soothing to know you had someone at your beck and call that was even better than you when it came to emotionless execution of tasks. Or people, whatever was needed.

What it did not help with was dating. When it came to social contacts, especially romance, being a ruthless workaholic was not helpful. Even less helpful was having an even more ruthless, psychopathic alter ego. So one would be allowed to say that romance was Akashi Seijouro's underdeveloped trait. He might even be inclined to let you unscathed for saying so, seeing as it was glaringly obvious.

At least he thought so himself. The rest of the world did not seem to share his opinion. Despite not being an actor, model, singer or whatever star like Kise, the Japanese Gentlemen's Quarterly just chose him as the most wanted bachelor in Tokio (with Kise in second place). That was followed by a near impossible number of female gossip magazines writing articles about him and flooding his PR section with requests for interviews. He told his PR manager to refuse all of them but was urged to accept one as a sign of good will and a PR stunt. So his manager scheduled an appointment with the Japanese Vogue.

To be honest, this was a task that would normally go to his alter ego. But seeing as a charming, nice personality was needed that could make women swoon, he chose to do it himself. That was a decision he would later remember as the worst one since losing control to his alter ego in middle-school. Maybe his best friend Shintarou was right and there was something like karma.