

Split soul

Von Gepo

Kapitel 29: Come morning

Akashi saw the other man clench his fists. Of course, for Kagami his mate was the most important. Akashi understood that much. For him his life right now was made up of overlapping images of rape and torture. Kagami's face exchanged with his father's and changed position from the end of the room to right in front of him. It wasn't something he wanted to share.

"You damn asshole-" The redhead was interrupted by the opening door.

"Oh, good morning." Misses Hashiko looked at the enraged Alpha.

"Your therapist?" Kagami took a deep breath and turned to her with a calmer aura.

"Good morning. My name is Kagami Taiga, I watched him this night." He took his light jacket and went to the door before deciding on saying something. "I do hate you, Akashi. I guess it's mutual. But you do have friends and they would be devastated if you killed yourself. So please don't do it."

"I do not share the sentiment but thank you for trying." Akashi scoffed. "You'll still see me for the signatures, don't worry."

Kagami just nodded and left. Misses Hashiko took a seat to sit beside his bed but Akashi stood and began to pace the room while saying: "I am not an invalid, you know?"

"I guess that hurt just now."

"Not at all, it's just Kagami." Akashi sent the door a hateful look. "He's married to the Omega that was my first love. We have disliked each other from the start."

"But he spent the night here?" Her voice sounded doubtful.

"He's all honor and doing the right thing and being a hero and whatnot. He's the incarnation of a good guy. He's stupid and can't do anything but basketball but he seems to be every Omega's dream, the perfect husband and father and the epitome of goodness and gallantry."

"You sound jealous," Misses Hashiko informed him.

"It's the kind of guy Seijuro always wanted to be. Good and nice and oh so lovable." Akashi stopped pacing. "Those kind of people make me want to retch."

"Why is that?" Misses Hashiko asked without judgment.

"It's so easy to manipulate them. Then they screw up and get tangled in their oh so high morals and in the end, they get crushed like insects. They are weak." He shook his head.

"You might have thanked him," she offered.

Akashi deigned that comment with silence.

"So what do you feel right now?" She smiled at him.

"Anger at that obtuse idiot." He finally sat down again. "They advised me on getting a

PDA but I decided on a full narcosis."

"Are you nervous?"

"I guess I am used to losing consciousness." He did not look at her. "Shintaro will be on the anaesthesia side with me. He'll accompany the doctor. So if anything happens, he'll be there."

"Do you expect anything to happen?" Misses Hashiko seemed comfortable in her seat.

"I read that some DID patients awoke during anaesthesia because personalities with a higher tolerance for those substances were put in charge. Those operations got ... messy. If they overdose me, they might kill the child. So I hope he'll be able to mediate whatever happens."

"You do not trust in doctors at all, do you?"

"I trust Shintaro. He studies at Todai and is top of his class. I know that he diligently read into procedures on DID patients and is prepared for every situation." No, he did not trust doctors. At all. He trusted no one but himself and maybe Shintaro for a bit. He might end never waking up again after all. If he decided to kill himself, he wanted to be in charge of the decision, not some ill-fated medical mistake.

"When will they come to give you pre-narcotics?" Misses Hashiko had lost her slight smile.

"Somewhere between two and three o'clock." He looked at his Rolex. "Shintaro promised me to come after lunch. I want to shower beforehand." He stood up again. "I wished I had some contracts to pass the time."

"You could read a book," his therapist suggested.

"I've read every damn book I own those last few months." He stopped pacing to look out of the window. "I wish I were allowed to play my violin."

"Do you want to take a walk?"

"I am not supposed to leave the room. Someone could see me." He watched the few people walking in the little park beside the hospital.

"So, tomorrow you'll be able to put this behind you. What do you plan to do then?" Her heard a smile in her voice. What made her smile? He had nothing to smile about. He had certainly not done anything worth smiling over.

"I have no plans at all."

"That is pretty dangerous." She was silent for a moment. "What do you want to do with your freedom?"

"I will ... go to Vienna." He blinked at his own words. Where had that come from? Was that him talking? Was someone talking through him? "I announced a vacation, so I'll be going on vacation. I'll visit a few concerts and tour the city. And then I'll decide where to go next. I'll send you a postcard from every place I visit."

"That sounds marvelous. How about a phone call twice a week?"

"No, that's too stressful." He actually had to smile at that. "Shintaro will have me call every day, so you don't have to worry."

"While I like the plan, are you sure that you are stable enough? Your perception of reality is ... off." She looked at him doubtfully.

"I know. I hear my father's voice and see his face every minute of the day. It's enough to drive everyone nuts and going to another country will not change anything." He turned and looked at her. "But music does. Vienna is full of music. Maybe I'll just stay there and go study at the conservatory. I mean, why should I come back?"

"Your friends?" Misses Hashiko looked a bit alarmed.

"Shintaro is my only friend and I'll have him on the phone every day anyway."

"Your girlfriend?"

"She should find a better boyfriend." He shook his head. "If she doesn't want to, she can come too. She has a beautiful voice. I am sure she can find a job where she is able to sing."

"What about her child?" His therapist blinked by now. "A daughter in kindergarden age, right?"

"Natsue is alright. I stabilize every time I see her. I don't want to leave a bad impression on her, so I am at my most stable when she is around."

"You do know that you need more therapy?" She seemed to get that he actually meant this.

"Do you know someone in Vienna? I speak German, how bad can Austrian be? Or I'll ask my headhunter friend who found you. I'm sure she'll find a fitting therapist in Vienna."

"What about your son?" There was hurt in her voice by now. Why was he getting to her?

"His adoption papers are in that desk right beside you. You just met his new father. Believe me, I won't be able to come near that child in years."

She shook her head in distraught.

He simply smiled at her silent misery and said: "You are right. Come morning, I'll be free."

He had some short moments of consciousness. Once during the operation where Shintaro talked to him but he could not hear any words, once in a stark white room and finally one in his own room. He awoke at night and found the hired suicide watch sleeping. He was wide awake though. So he filled the paperwork regarding Kibo and tested the limits of his new wound. It stung but that was it. He had expected a bit more from basically being ripped open.

So he freshened up a bit and put on some clothes without waking his watch. He continued to look for the nurses' station and found it right down the hall. One of the nurses blinked in surprise and asked: "Oh, good evening. Are you room 506?"

"Well, I am not a room itself but it is where my bed is located, so yes. Good evening."

He nodded at the other nurse in the room. "Could you tell me about my operation today?"

"Sorry, you'll have to wait for the doctor tomo-"

"I'd like to know what happened to my child. Is he alive?" He gave up the pretense of politeness.

"Oh." Both of them looked at each other. "Yeah, sorry, uhm, I'll look it up." She turned to her computer. "You had an operation earlier this evening, right?"

"A cesarean." He leaned against the door frame.

"It went well, it says. You lost one and a half liters of blood and your child – it's a son – was brought to the intensive care ward. I'll give them a call, okay?" She only looked at him shortly before taking up the phone. "Hi, Karin, it's Tema. You had a newborn boy brought in at around seven. The mother just woke up and asked after him." There was a short pause where she listened to said Karin. "Okay, thank you." She put the phone down and turned to him. "Your son is basically alright. He's intubated but he's already trying to get rid of the breathing machine. They sedated him a bit because the lung problems normally occur after three days, so it's mostly a security measure. You can visit tomorrow if the doctor allows it."

"Thank you." He nodded at her. "Have a good evening."

He left and went back to his room. So his son was alright. He could move. He had only

lost a third of his blood. He looked around for a moment.

Should he just go? He wasn't needed anymore. He had filled the paperwork, his son was stable. They did not need him anymore. He certainly did not need them. It might be an internal wound but he was able to care for his wounds himself. Why not leave now? He could go home, pack and take the first flight to Vienna.

Or he could stay and control that the paperwork went smoothly. Maybe something was missing, maybe he had made a mistake. He wanted to know that Kibo was legally Kagami's before he left. Kagami Kibo.

Akashi smiled. He would survive a night in here.

>Is anyone left in there?< He asked after a few hours of lying awake.

>All of us, don't worry.< Seijuro answered.

>I wish I could say that I never worry but thanks to your intervention I do now.<

His alter ego had the gall to chuckle.

>So what's the plan, captain?<

>Sei went on a long journey through our memories and will send us some from time to time.<

>Wonderful.< His voice was filled with sarcasm. >And you?<

>I'll stay to give you some positive feedback and nice commentary.<

>You want me to stay in charge and take my role of the evil sarcastic voice laughing at my attempts to survive?<

>You need a more positive attitude,< Seijuro cheerfully informed him.

>I hate you. I hate you so damn much.<

>You can thank me later.<

Smug bastard. He wished he could punch other personalities in his head. Sadly he was only one of the lot and the order was to work together.

>Was Vienna your idea?<

>Great, don't you think? Shintaro will blow a fuse.<

>When did you get so childish?<

>I think I might have integrated some child personalities on the way. There are still more of them. Maybe I'll get the core one day.<

>You just want to boss me around.<

>Exactly!< Seijuro sounded gleeful.

>I don't think I like your new personality.<

>You'll love me. Natsue will love me.<

>Ayako will love me though.<

>Let's see about that. I am still a better pianist.<

Akashi fondly shook his head. Smiling gently, he went to sleep. Tomorrow would be the beginning of a brand new life.