Midnight Coffee

by Aki_The_Shiftless

Summary

You worked in the café you built, from 9PM to 6AM you manned the battlements and provided midnight coffee fixes to anyone who needed it.

Seeing as how you built your coffee shop near Kaiba Corporation's main building, you knew it was only a matter of time before you saw the man that was probably equally addicted to coffee as you used to be.

Notes

I don't own any of the main characters. The Kaiba brothers belongs to Yu-gi-oh, and it's creator. The reader belongs to you //points// dear reader.

OC's however, are mine.

Hope you enjoy~

- Inspired by Calling Out the Conceited by forlornTimekeeper
You had been working in the coffee business for as long as you remember now-a-days, but you didn’t think it would amount to this very situation.

Your job was crappy at first, you could admit that with dignity. You barely got by with your “retirement” fee as it was- and was actually first to get back to your old work just so you could keep your little coffee shop book store business alive.

Three months in, paychecks finally started rolling in regularly. Word was getting out about your little coffee shop off the corner near the Kaiba Corp. Employees from the building began coming into your coffee shop at 11 to 12 like clock work. You expanded your shop slightly, hiring a friend at your old job who had quit to become a professional baker (you weren’t sure if that was her job description, but it worked for you). Then you started hiring people to take care of the morning and afternoon shifts in your work. Achieving your life long dream.

As a young adult in college, getting by in the United States before coming to Japan- there was one thing you wished more than anything.

A coffee shop and a book store that was open for 24 hours.

Sure, there were 24-hour fast food chains that sold coffee- and sure, there was always just buying the books online and reading it on a tablet- but you wanted a legitimate ambrosia for a coffee at 3am in the morning when you were too into your projects to make a pot for yourself. Then sometimes when the 4th hour came ticking a long in the dark mornings- you wanted a book. A book you hadn’t read twenty times over just yet.

It may have stemmed from a tumblr post you saw way-back-when, but now you have made it a reality.

You’ve always been a night owl type of person- so as soon as you got workers for the morning shift- come the “closing” hour of 9pm you made your way down stairs from the basic room that was three floors up. The first floor was the coffee shop, entrance, and a small section of the book store. The second floor was a full floor to ceiling height shelves full of books. If you wanted one- you strolled around to the second floor and bought it in the first floor if you liked it that much. You had manga up there too, and you made sure to take off the plastic before you shelved them. You weren’t against the idea of reading before you buy it, so you thought “hey- might as well”.

You were thinking of opening up a stationary section- maybe try to get a hold of a supplier with novelty stationary- but that wouldn’t be for maybe a year or two. None the less- you were very happy were you were, but it was starting to get boring.

Sure, you had gotten the job of your dreams- but the midnight hour of coffee fixes and late night readings were indeed bland. Being in the ungodly hours of the morning and all. You weren’t one to
complain, you had expected it, but you wished something different would happen.

You got your wish when the richest bachelor in Japan stormed into your coffee shop.

You didn’t flinch under the sharp gaze of the young CEO in front of you, you had faced worst. Had the scars under your shirt to prove it too, but at least you sort of had an understanding with the determined and tired look in his eyes.

Before he had a chance to open his mouth, you pushed yourself off the counter you were leaning into- the seat that had been angled up towards the edge righting itself as you slipped out of the seat. You knew exactly what he was looking for- and the current pot you had warm wasn’t going to cut it.

“Give me five minutes, tops. The coffee I have now isn’t going to cut it for you right now,” You said- reaching into the maple stained wood cupboard for the matte silver tin you kept as a private stash.

Surprisingly, he waited at the counter drumming his fingers impatiently at the counter as you brewed your private stash of caffeine. He did sort of look at you like you were lying, coffee didn’t usually brew that quickly, however, you were brewing this on a custom build machine that was far more efficient than the average. The batch of coffee you were making wasn’t one you usually sold to the public anyway, it was pretty strong stuff. You were sure that even eating raw standard Arabica beans couldn’t compare to a good batch of this stuff. You had it when you couldn’t sleep but needed the extra energy to get through the day. You hadn’t used it for a while, which was a good thing, but the CEO before you look liked he would do what he wanted or he’d much rather die.

Turning around as the coffee brewed you made a motion to one of the office chairs and desks off to the corner, Mr. CEO had his laptop with him no doubt, so you were sure he’d much rather do work than waiting for 3 minutes on the counter.

“Go ahead and sit down and do whatever it is you need some coffee to do, I’ll deliver it to you when it’s done”.

The fact that he didn’t argue with you was only a testament to how tired he was, sitting down were you motioned without argument as he took out his laptop and began typing vigorously.

You made an estimate as he was typing, counting the buttons and pauses in 30-second burst, and you were impressed. He was probably dead tired but he could still type around 400 words per minute accurately. Sounds like you in college the day before an English paper was do.

When your machine beeped, you turned around, the largest cardboard coffee cup in your stock in hand as you carefully poured in the coffee. The smell of the coffee wafted through your building as you shut the coffee lid on it. You still had a minute left, but you already predicted that. You just told the man five minutes just so he could let the thing ease up on the heat before he burned his tongue.

The minute passed and you dropped it off on his table.

“Good luck,” You muttered, not bothering to tell him that he could ask for condiments if he wanted, he probably wouldn’t need it, “holler if you need a refill”.

You walked off without waiting to see his expression, heading back behind your counter and pulling out a book. Reading in semi-silence as he simply typed. A little faster than before, you noticed.

You were still up when the typing stopped, and the sudden deafening silence made you set your
book to the counter, a wad of receipt tucked into the pages as you set it down to save your page.

He was slumped over the small desk area, the laptop shut closed. When you made your approach, your tread light and your footsteps balled to a silence, you could hear the even breathing of your current and only customer in your café.

You checked the clock, the digital battery powered numbers read 4:00 in an indigo blue.

You looked back at him, he would have two hours of sleep, then he most likely had to go to work.

You glanced at the coffee cup that was off to the side, he had asked you to refill it only once. The large cup seemed to last him for as long as he needed it to.

You picked it up, feeling that it may have perhaps $\frac{1}{19}$ of what it had when it was still warm. It had obviously cooled now. You debated what to do with it before picking it up and putting it on the bakery table, a decent coffee cake could be made with it so you weren’t going to waste it by dumping it in the drain.

You stared at his slump form again before returning to your post. You worked until 6AM, that was when one of your employees would take over your position. Mr. CEO could sleep until then.

After some thought, you decided to set your book aside permanently for the day. Opting to pull out a small 40 card deck and just simply shuffle them in your hands.

You smiled as you briefly saw a flash of the only Blue Eyes White Dragon in your deck as you shuffled, briefly wondering what Mr. CEO’s expression would be if he ever saw it.

You amused yourself with different scenarios of how it would happen in your mind as the hour clicked on. The sun slowly rising.

At six, the alarm on your counter top chimed as a gentle reminder than your shift was over.

Your hands deftly slipped onto the plastic cover of the plain counter top, bringing blue holograms to life as you clocked out. Replacing the cash register most would have on their counter tops. That was another thing that got the customers rolling in, despite the fact that it had the feel of a regular café-you spared no blood or sweat into the tech you put in it.

You took apart espresso machines and built maybe twenty of them until you were satisfied with the results and its capacity. Programming it yourself too. You built two grinders for espresso, segregating to decaf and regular. Then you built a grinder for bulks. You build the coffee maker, drip style. Built up the Pantry cases that you installed self-closing latches into, though you did keep the refrigerators separate from the regular ones. Even if technically they were called “under counter refrigerators”. Though you did design them with more aesthetics, since they were your storage for the confectionary foods. From the outside, a soft blue light illuminated the cakes, cookies, and pastries that were displayed under the counter to the outside world. The counter top itself was segregated with metal polls and plastic shields to make room for the decorator, whether it be for the cupcakes or the espressos. You had a credit card machine of course, but again. You made it. The five-inch-thick steel
register locked in just above the display case and under the marble counter, locked by an electronic finger print key and a physical, old style key that every worker kept on their person was also something you had made. The door behind the counter leads into the bakery, which, you allowed the experts to take care of what equipment was needed back there. Letting them buy the proper equipment from standard suppliers and only repairing or improving them as needed.

Yes, you hand-built most of the things that you needed for this shop, but if you couldn’t- well. That MIT certificate of Masters in Electrical Engineering and Computer sciences you hung on the wall behind you would have been a waste of time.

You snorted to yourself all of a sudden as you realized how hilarious it would be if Mr. Kaiba would call you an idiot with your name printed on the certificates that proved you have attained a masters in one of the best technological schools in the world.

Ah well, no matter what happened, you silently promised yourself that you would wake up Kaiba before the morning crowds eventually started coming in. As Mr. Kaiba was very likely to blow a fuse and yell at your customers for bothering him, hell he might threaten to fire your poor co-worker who was actually quite the nervous worker despite the fact that she could pour designs into espresso’s like it was a pen and a paper. You would keep your word, and save all parties the trouble while you were at it.
Chapter 2, A New Routine

Chapter Summary

The next day comes, and a new routine is established.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy~

Chapter 2, A New Routine

He left without much of a word when you woke him up. You waved off his credit card and asked for 2, which made him shoot you a look but you didn’t budge until he dug out his wallet and handed you a 5. While it probably seemed like you were underpricing it, you were too lazy to charge the card. Plus, you secretly wanted to see if Kaiba kept small bills on him.

When he left, you stretched before wiping down the counters and waiting for your other employees for their shift.

You waved lazily as your day baker walked in, he wore a dark button-down with grey jeans, waving back at you.

“Good morning Minori,” You greeted, rubbing your eyes blearily as he moved to raise the shades. Filling the floor with morning light.

He rolled his eyes as you hissed and rubbed at your eyes in an attempt to block out the sun, “Go back creature, back to your cave. I’ll wait for Aaran for you”.

“Do tell that fellow who comes every morning to observe your physical aesthetics hello for me yes?” You grumbled at him, the morning sun putting off your mood, “and be sure that Aaran is expecting some unfamiliar customers. We received a rather famous customer last night”.

He raised an eyebrow at you, “A famous customer during the ungodly hours? Was it some sort of actor doing midnight filming?”

You shook your head, “A logical conclusion I suppose, but no. Mr. Kaiba seemed to be finishing up some sort of proposal of sorts. If his typing speed were any indication”.

“Well, I’ll make sure we’re on the lookout for anyone who looks or acts like a P.A.” He narrowed his eyes slightly, “what did you serve him?”

“Two cups of my coffee,” You paused, “titan size”.

He snorted, “Looks like I have some grinding to do then, you never do keep your coffee in stock”.

You hummed and made your way upstairs, indicating that the conversation was over, and you were probably going to either eat and crash or do some tinkering before inevitably eating and crashing until 9.

You took the first option, until there was a pretty loud knocking on your door.

You woke up instantly, generally being a light sleeper on most days unless you collapsed from exhaustion while on an inventing beige. Normally you woke up at 5PM sharp. Going about your day until 9 in which you walked down to do your shift.

Glaring over the clock, you saw that it was 9:30, still in the morning. Which meant you had only gotten three hours so far.

You weren’t necessarily angry at the amount you sleep you got, but you were angry at the fact that you were woken up. At this rate, you probably weren’t going to go back to sleep.

You opened the door harshly, raising an eyebrow at the face of Minori.

“Sorry for waking you up boss, but Mr. Stick-Up-His-Ass is here”.

Your eyebrow rose higher, your general expression still dead faced.

“He’s requesting you”.

You grunted and indicated that he should probably get the hell out of your way as you hopped off downstairs. You probably still had a bedhead but it didn’t matter, you were imagining some several different ways to curse at him as you made your way down.

You saw Aaran nervously trying to get through her regular customers as Mr. Kaiba stood at the counter, glaring at her.

Once you made contact with him, you raised an eyebrow.

He glared at you, but you didn’t say a damn thing as you raised your eyebrow even higher. You two did a glaring contest, and you were growing steadily amused with his attitude.

“The fuck do you want?” You questioned, well wondered. You weren’t necessarily aiming the question at him.

“Coffee”.

“Aaran can make you coffee just as the same as mine”.

He glared at you some more.

“What are you doing here anyway? Don’t you have a PA to give you your coffee fix for the day?” You wondered some more, “and don’t you usually get your coffee somewhere else?”

You didn’t give him time to answer before you hummed, “Unless your late night visit was caused by said PA, in which that person’s probably fired by now. Yet you’re here and not your usual coffee place, which means you actually like the coffee I gave you”.

You watched his expression as you talked, taking in different signs that would indicate your words to be truth, and smiling.

“I don’t serve it in public, sorry”.

“I can run you out of a job”.

“Sticks and stones~” You were pissed, but now you were more amused than actually angry, “the only time you're getting my coffee is if you come at the ungodly hours”.

He glared at you harder, and you simply smiled in his face as you pointed over to your certificate.

“That should tell you that I’m perfectly capable of assaulting your systems and plastering Red Eyes Black Dragons and Dark Magicians all over it,” You leveled him a glare of your own. Not nearly as scary as his was, but you figured at the moment yours was looking more dead, “and I’m going to throw in some a couple of Kuribos in your private servers if you keep pissing me off like this, making my decorator nervous, and generally being an ass. So either calm the fuck down and settle with what we serve in the human hours or get the hell out of my building”.

When his glare increased with intensity, but was accompanied with a stiff nod- you grinned in satisfaction.

You walked behind the counter to make some of the strongest coffee you could without using your stash. If Minori wasn’t able to placate him then that only meant that he wasn’t finished grinding out the rocket fuel coffee mix, your mix, so that meant Mr. CEO was going to have to settle with the regular coffee. If far more saturated with coffee than normal.

You gave him the coffee but waved off his card AND his money, just to be a cheeky little shit.

“Next time you want your damn coffee don’t yell at my employees while I’m supposed to be sleeping.” You turned and grumbled at him as you made your way towards the kitchens, determined to take the stairs down where you had your basement and general workshop, “honestly, the general lack of common sense and blatant misuse of the scientific method is enough to give me shivers”.

You missed the way he seemed to look at you in confusion as you walked out.

“B-Boss um, does that sometimes,” Aaran said shyly as she finished up with her last customer. Kaiba turned to her with a stare, trying not to pull his face into a scowl just in case you were serious about filling his servers with a virus.

“She means that our Boss, you know, the person you pissed off? You’re probably wondering why Boss went from street language to prodigal professor in .10 seconds,” Minori paused as he pulled a cake out of the oven, and carefully placed it on the counter, “Boss does that sometimes, the more complicated, the better”.

Aaran smiled, the nervousness not making any affect on the way she was a bit excited, “S-so that means the B-Boss likes you!”

Kaiba huffed as he stared at the kitchens where you disappeared to, thinking to himself that you were probably the most confusing person he’s ever had the displeasure of meeting.

Then his thoughts went back to what was probably one of the strongest cups of coffee he’d ever had, and he was able to will some of that irritation aside for the moment.
He huffed, as long as you were still going to give him a cup of that coffee then he would put up with whatever ridiculousness you threw at him. He begrudgingly admitted that he couldn’t do much of anything, especially if you were going to give him coffee for free. If word got out to the press, he would definitely be painted in a light he absolutely did. Not. Want. He didn’t doubt that you wouldn’t make good on your threats either if he happened to piss you off. Eying the hologram register on the counter was more than enough evidence to realize it.

He took a sip of the coffee you had brewed up for him, and he almost lifted his eyebrow in surprise.

It wasn’t nearly as strong as the one you made him the night before, but it was a lot stronger than a lot of the coffee he’s had before that time. He was surprised he hadn’t found coffee grounds in the portion he just sipped.

Now he definitely had to put up with you, and he wasn’t sure if he was going to regret it.

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You were in your basement.

Well, most people wouldn’t even call it a basement, most people would call it a garage, but damn it-it was yours so you were going to call it whatever the hell you wanted.

So you sat by your computer, your quadruple monitor, dual computer box unit with a two different keyboards and one giant mouse pad. It was your final and you were sure as hell going to use it.

“You should be asleep,” Your AI, who lived in the computer and his own cloud within the database chastised you. In English.

You rolled your eyes, “I’m very aware of the fact that I am not currently supposed to be functioning at this hour, however- due to the fact that there was an unfortunate incident that was reason for my awakening, I am now awake. Thus, I will now work”. If you gave your AI an avatar, you were pretty damn sure that he would have rolled his eyes at you, “You’re being stubborn”.

He reminded you of a similar male that you had just argued with a few minutes ago, “I’m aware, now be a good assistant and run the simulation”.

He sighed and did what you asked, recording notes as you said them while you were inspecting the simulation.

This went on till you had to climb back up for your shift.

Minori and the previous worker who took over Aaron’s shift for the afternoon, Katsu, leaned into their closed fists with their eyebrows raised.

“You don’t look like you slept boss,” Katsu said, “I heard you had to deal with a certain high horse?”

You rolled your eyes, “Good evening to you too Katsu”.

“You're avoiding the statement,” Minori called out from the bakery, coming out while dusting off some flour from his apron. He said statement because you definitly would have corrected him if he had said "question".
“No, I did not retain any recovery hours for the day,” You sighed, then fixed your shirt sleeves back out of habit, “I’m sure I’ll come near comatose today”.

“That’s if general of the jackass army doesn’t make another appearance?” Katsu said with a cheeky smile.

“Oh leave the poor man be,” You rolled his eyes, while you didn’t appreciate his attitude. That didn’t necessarily color your impression of him. Actions spoke louder than words. He certainly could have put his work the night before on some other unsuspecting employee of his, but he didn’t. He chose to do it himself. Besides, you have met the younger Kaiba a few times. Not when you were working, but sometimes you liked to come down to do maintenance. You ran into the younger Kaiba that way. No stick up their ass would raise such a bright young man.

“Does someone have a crush?~” Katsu leaned his arms on the counter, blinking his eyes trying to be cute.

You smiled, gently placed a hand on his cheek, before pinching it as harshly as your hand would allow.

“OW! Owowowowow-“ Katsu quickly pulled away.

“I can admit that his physical aesthetics are indeed pleasing, however the chances that I will actually find my brain producing chemical reactions at the instant of my brain processing the image of Mr. Seto Kaiba are less than .34%” You rolled your eyes and crossed your arms as you leaned against the counter from the front, “besides, I can only predict that his preferences far exceed from what I am capable of producing”.

“That’s actually- um...” Katsu turned to Minori, who disappeared behind the black circle windowed door, “A little help?”

Minori popped his head out from behind the window, “The Boss said that the guy’s handsome but probably has really high standards not humanly capable of being reached by Boss in the first place”.

As Minori popped back behind the window, Katsu turned to you with a frown.

“What does he mean not humanly capable? You’re the Boss, you’re more machine than a meager mere human”.

That got snort out of you, “Yes, that is why I eat motor oil in the place of a far more edible sustenance”.

“Well, this is it for me boss, I’ve got school in the morn,” Katsu said, lifting himself back up and grabbing his shoulder bag, “hope I don’t see ya tomorrow”.

You nodded in approval, “Your English is improving”.

“Thanks to my American boss!” He yelled as he exited the building. You shook your head in irritated fondness.

“That would be my call too Boss,” Minori said as he walked out, apron-less and shouldering his side bag. You nodded and made a “get out of here” motion with your hands before rubbing at your eyes.

“Eye drops before you let him in, and I don’t want to see you when I come in tomorrow morning” Minori warned before walking out.
You stuck your tongue out at him as soon as he left, before sticking your hand in one of the many shelves of your counter for the well-stocked first aid kit. Searching for said eye drops.

“Music, oldies” You said as you dropped some of the irritation relieving liquid in your eyes, blinking the liquid into your eye as you put the small bottle back.

“Fly Me to the Moon” played over the speakers as you hummed along. Grabbing the tin Minori left behind before he left, a much larger container than the one you had used the night before.

You snorted as you read that he had even labeled it, “Kaiba Beans” in Old English Script. With a sharpie, from the lingering smell of it.

You made it a little stronger than the night before, then slouched in your bench seat. Bending your back on the back of the chair until you heard a series of pops in your spine. Readjusting the individual bones into place.

“Music, instrumental,” You muttered as the cheery words of Frank Sinatra finished his ballad of “I Love You Baby”.

The gentle piano keys of “Moonlight Sonata” began, soothing your ever cluttered mind a tad.

“It’s been a while since you played”.

“Indeed it has,” You hummed, noticing that the cheeky AI even threw in a subtle hint in the form of lighting towards the cloth covered piano you knew was in the corner of the shop. Hey, you had to fill in the art part of your high school curriculum somehow, you just may have become the slightest bit obsessive about it.

At the silence, you cracked an eye that you hadn’t even noticed you closed at the ceiling, “What, you want me to do Mozart’s *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*? It’s going to take an orchestra you know, and my violin’s in storage”.

“I was thinking “While My Guitar Gently Weeps” Boss”.

“Yeah, no. My vocal chords is not an instrument I like to play often kid”.

There was silence, and you knew from the gentle chime that someone had just walked in. You knew from the spread out sounds of foot steps that it was your new nightly customer.

“Mr. Kaiba,” You acknowledged, hopping out and pouring the cup of coffee into a cup before setting it in front of him. You weren’t really paying attention. The combined effect of the music and your sleep depravity dulling your senses ever so slightly.

“Is this some sort of joke?”

Your eyes snapped open, where had you gotten the mug? The regular cupboard? No that would make you duck down, you got it from the upper cupboard. Oh, shit.

You tilted your head to see that cursed mug you made on a whim when you saw a You Tube ceramics video. It was also the day you had gotten a hold of a Blue-Eyes Dragon card. You had thought that only three existed in the world and Mr. CEO currently had all three of them. Well, you got one, so you got excited.

You winced and reached your hand out, “I’ll replace that”.

You
Sensing your discomfort like a shark smelling blood, Kaiba smirked and pulled the mug further away from you.

“I’ll keep it’.

You nodded stiffly, pulling out a book from behind the counter to avoid any other conversations.

“You’re surprisingly less hostile than you were this morning”. That plan went to the trash a lot quicker than you expected.

You eyed him as he seemed to have pull up a chair so he could use the counter that you were sat behind. He could do that of course, it was the night, so there was no need for the regular rules. He had his laptop out and was typing something vigorously on the keyboard.

“I prefer the after hours within the darkness of the night.” You said dryly, “and you currently are neither threatening my employees nor putting on a mask of general sarcasm and dislike towards everything within a three-mile radius. Nor have you awoken me after I had finally succumbed to the wonder that is sleep. As such, I have no need to be hostile”.

There was a whirr from the laptop that quickly drew in your attention.

He cursed and began typing speedily again before growling.

“Mokuba has locked me out of the system”.

You grabbed the laptop and quickly made your rounds in from within the system before you found a backdoor to this little lock out program apparently the younger Kaiba had shot at the elder one. You got in quickly and handed Kaiba back the laptop with a shrug.

“He left a lot of cookies,” you said with a smile, before dropping it in realizing what you just did, “er- sorry”.

He didn’t say anything, a sign that he had just granted you mercy you were sure, as he simply continued with his typing.

“Why are you here?”

He halted and turned to you, lifting an eyebrow.

“You could have gotten your coffee and left,” You said, a little weary now, “why do you have to work here? Why not at one of the tables? Why’re you making small talk all’ve a sudden?”

“It’s a waste of gas to get another cup of coffee,” Kaiba simply said, drinking from his cup, that Blue Eyes White Dragon Cup- as if to make a point.

You were still a little weary but you backed off for now. Clearly,Kaiba wasn’t going to talk about it.

“What did you do before this?”

You were startled that it took a bit for the question to register, then you frowned. Still wondering why he was looking for a back story, “I used to be a part of research and development department when I was in the United States”.

“Why did you leave?” Kaiba asked, and you had the sneaking suspicion he was genuinely curious about it. Which, from a logical standpoint, you understood. Your job paid well, and you certainly had the skills to leave and find another department if you didn’t like the pay. The coffee business
seemed so out of the way compared to what you might have been doing with your intelligence.

You decided to throw him a bone, “I realized I didn’t want to spend my entire life in a basement creating schematics and running simulations”.

You rubbed your arm for a few minutes before forcing yourself to stop and remove your hand.

Kaiba noticed, but from the far away look you had in your eyes, he knew you didn’t catch him. Yet.

He had no illusions that you were intelligent, if he had any doubts, they were gone the instant you brought him back to the server from one of Mokuba’s viruses. He was the best programmer in the company, even if he didn’t have the position.

The fact that you may have made him an even stronger coffee than last night may or may not have added to his likeness of you.

Still, that far away look you had was worrying. In a way he wasn’t sure why. It was something he needed to look into in the days to come. Or nights rather.

He didn’t realize you had laid your head in your arms and was fast asleep until he heard a snore.

Poetic.

He took another sip from the mug and typed, if a bit quieter than before. He’d rather not risk another threat towards his company again. You might not even give him a warning the next time he upset you that much.
Chapter 3, Hell Hath No Fury

Chapter Summary

You wake up from your nap and get ready for the next day. That's when Kaiba finds out how little you care when you're pissed off.

Chapter Notes

Update~ Hope you enjoy

All related works to Yu-gi-Oh are not mine~ Only the story of the plot so far does. You reader belong to yourself, or Kaiba, if you like. Though I'm sure he wouldn't object.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 3, Hell Hath No Fury

When you woke up, you weren’t sure whether it was him being passive aggressive or being uncomfortable with the situation.

He wasn’t in the café when you woke, up, and you were pretty sure that was more because he had left to go home and not left when you had fallen asleep on the counter. Granted, it may be not of conduct, but you were tired, and you were pretty sure no one was going to walk into a 24-hour café to rob it. If they did, you kept pepper spray under the counter and your AI had full control over the self-defense (none lethal of course) mechanisms, not to mention a direct line to the police and alternatively, a detective.

You fixed her car when her battery gave out.

None the less, you stared at what must have been 100,000 yen.

“100,000¥ is about $996 plus some maybe, ten or eleven cents right?” You asked, tilting your head at the large pile of currency placed on your counter, near where your head was.

“Yep, Nine-hundred-and-six dollars and eleven cents boss, and yes. Mr. Kaiba did leave it there”.

“I’m debating whether this is passive aggressive or simply spite,” You muttered hesitantly laying a hand over the wad of cash to split it into ten. Three workers, not counting you. You were okay in the economic aspect, so you weren’t going to keep it.

You pulled out a couple of post-it notes and labeled them according to which pile was going where before heading up stairs. Well, you washed the dragon mug and put it back on the shelf before you did of course. You debated whether or not you should get yourself a slice of the coffee cake that Minori had made the evening before, but decided not to push your luck. Despite you being the Boss, Minori had a strict policy on no cake nor pastry of his creation being eaten prematurely. To defy that
policy was to invite misery.

For now, the thought that if you publicly admitted that the cake was a product of the coffee Mr. Seto Kaiba had left unfinished made you giggle as you pictured a plethora of members of the “Kaiba Club” marching into the café to get a slice of that cake. It wouldn’t be hard to supply fuel to that fire either. You had security cameras to provide hard evidence to your claim.

The cold was starting to lull you back to sleep and you couldn’t see why you couldn’t obey. So you locked up the door, did your usual sign out routine and made your way upstairs.

Despite the knocking when you were supposed to be asleep, there were two things that prevented you from going into a righteous fury and grabbing your laptop to instill the wrath of a sleep deprive hacker upon Kaiba Corporation, because really, who else would demand the manager that had been infamous for giving zero fucks about status? If you were rude, you were kicked the fuck out. With dozens of viruses just ready to hack everything technological that you possessed.

One, the elder Kaiba had decided to let you sleep on the job. Which meant that he had headed your warning earlier that day and put his dick away. Er, figuratively of course. If that had been literal you may not have lived to see the next day without people knocking down your door.

Secondly, because of actions of said elder Kaiba, you actually had more sleep and thus, more energy to wake up. So you probably spent the same amount of time you took to brush your teeth being angry, then mellowing out as the hour past.

Once you put on a new shirt and some bottom (you weren’t really paying attention) you opened the door.

Minori was, once again there, but he held out a piece of frosted and finished coffee cake as a peace offering.

You took it, obviously.

“So, who decided to ring me up?” You said as you ate the cake- ignoring the fact that it probably had Kaiba germs all over it, as well as the fact you were technically supposed to be eating a good healthy meal. It was cake, and it was coffee. You weren’t going to let hygiene nor personal health get in the way of that. You still followed the five-second rule for Newton’s sake.

“A kid by the name of Mokuba Kaiba, familiar?” He crossed his arms as he leaned against the doorway.

“Ah, the younger Kaiba, he must be curious then,” Your eyes shifted around before leaning into your co-worker/employee’s personal space as you whispered, “I made that coffee strong enough to knock a person out after the initial caffeine boost”.

Minori raised an eyebrow, “So you actually did have a plan after all, I thought you were just being nice”.

“Bah,” You waved the fork dismissively, “everyone needs their sleep. Besides, it was technically for science. I wanted to see if my hypothesis about excessive caffeine and sugar crashes was true”.

“Well, anyway, he’s looking for you. Polite too, so don’t go too hard on him for waking you up”.

“Meh, that’s alright. My early morning general “bitchy-ness” has worn off, he let me sleep during my
shift”.

“Oh?”

“Put that strange look away Minori, that’s an order”.

Minori sighed, “Come on, you and the others do it to me all the time”.

You laughed and put a hand on his shoulder, “Pl-ease, you know we do that because that boy’s puppy crush on you and your confections are on the line of adorable and increasingly diabetic”.

You smiled cheekily, “I just do it to you more because I know that his feelings aren’t just a one-way track my dear Baker”.

“Ugh, I’d much rather have Kaiba as my boss than you at this rate,” Minori rubbed his face against his palms in exasperation.

“He will most likely state,” You shifted your expression into a cold-haughty one as you stood up straight, “the personal lives of my employees are none of my business, now get back to work or you can find yourself another job”.

“Not, “get back to work or you’re fired?” “ Minori asked, his lips pulling into a smile at your antics.

“Oh come on, he maybe a robot businessman- but to do that isn’t the way human nature works. He’s got to add variety in it somehow”.

“Oh really?”

Minori grinned and leaned to the side so you could see Mr. Kaiba, full trench coat and sixteen-year-old reminiscent regalia, crossed arms and smirking in his amusement. Next to him was Mokuba Kaiba.

Mokuba laughed, “Well, you got the impression of my big brother down”.

You were currently massively confused, but you shrugged, “Your big brother is fairly simple for me to relate too”.

“Is this the former coffee addict speaking?”

You laughed and swung your hand over to the back of Minori’s exposed neck, pinching ever so slightly in warning, “No sir Akihiko Minori, this is the original coffee addict speaking”.

“Crazy American”.

“Well, at least you got something going for you there”.

“Sigh, the things I do for my job”.

“Oh, the things I do to buy your kitchen utensils,” You let out a dramatic sigh as you plastered yourself against the wall dramatically, “alas- I cannot seem to make heads or tails- what is this- this industrial mixer you keep asking me to buy? Oh, what is the difference between all these brands and kinds? Ah, it would be so much easier to make them”.

Minori straightened, “You wouldn’t dare, that’s not your style”.

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Minori straightened, “You wouldn’t dare, that’s not your style”.
“Ah? But the schematics of these things are online- I don’t even have to do much searching”.

“Alright, alright- I’m backing off.” Minori said, extending his hands as if to placate a wild beast, but the smile on his face gave notice that all of what you had said (or so it seemed, it was a strange conversation) were simply that. Jests.

As he turned to leave, he whispered to the elder Kaiba as he passed by.

“Let the Boss sleep more often, this is the most fun I’ve had during the morning hours since Boss moved around the schedule so the all night shift was taken”.

Kaiba didn’t say anything as the baker continued to move, but he did turn to you.

“What was that all about?”

You grinned, “I threatened to make him an industrial mixer instead of buying one”.

He didn’t bother asking why that would be so bad, from the underlining haunted look and tone from your baker, it was something they didn’t want to deal with.

There was silence, and he saw from your curious look that you were about to ask something when-

“Boss- there’s a situation downstairs,” someone said from the overhead speakers.

That was a face of doom right there.

“What’s doing what?”

“An old ass fucker is harassing Aaran - she’s close to the breaking point”.

“Sob son of a leapers donkey,” You gritted as you made your way past the duo and down stairs.

Mokuba was mutely shuddering, “is that the look you got that one time?”

“No, the one I got was apparently a looser punishment” Kaiba admitted, silently adding, “I don’t want whatever that just was aimed at me”.

They followed you downstairs.

“You don’t have the right to harass your clients like this! Do you know who I work for?! I can ensure that this place goes out of business!”

Kaiba was slightly annoyed that he recognized the man as one of his leads, yet he was also curious. While he had seen some of your wrath in its active moments, if the surprised looks from the employees were any indication (and the chat he had with Minori on the way up to your floor) you had let him off on a lighter punishment, not even a punishment. According to Minori, you had banned anyone who, in his words, “pissed you off, Luffy style”. He didn’t know who or what this “Luffy” was, but it still made him curious whether you would make good on your threats or it was all talk.

He also wanted to watch what you looked like when you were apparently really pissed off.
He watched you, crossed arms, and face obscured, to him at least, as you said nothing in reply for the first few seconds. Yet there was a menacing air in the way your other customers seemed to simply ignore the scene, your workers except the young barista Aaran kept working, and the way your foot tapped against the polished wood floor. It was like you were trying to figure out where to drag this man’s dead body more than contemplating what you should do.

“Well then sir,” You extended your hands, bringing to life holograms he swore he didn’t see there before, “I see you work for Kaiba Corporation as their lead in programming yes? Yet, still- oh dear. *Cheating on your wife?*”

The video came on, full audio as the disgusting one-sided flirting came out. Kaiba didn’t recognize the angle, but he did recognize the office. That meant you probably hadn’t gotten in through his security feeds.

You let out a scandalous gasp, “*Forcibly, with an unwilling participant* none the less? Oh, for shame sir. I certainly should inform your wife, oh, and the authorities too. Unless of course, you can make up for it? After all, harassment has become a serious accusation in the past few years”

Kaiba saw that you had glanced at him from the corner of your eye for a brief second with a pointed look and with a silent order. For once, he had no qualms in following someone else’s lead. He recognized the woman the imbecilic fool was flirting with, she worked hard and met his expectations. With nothing more nor less of a disgusting work environment no less.

The man was gaping at you, “Y-You can’t do that! It’s illegal!”

You laughed, cheerfully, and he wasn’t sure if he should be concerned or impressed how you made it sound childish and honest at the same time, “Who said anything about legal? Of course it’s illegal, I’m *blackmailing you*”.

Your smile dropped, “You really are so damn *fucking slow* aren’t you? I absolutely *despise* imbeciles like you who treat their underlings like *shitty toys* just because you feel *entitled* to it. Besides, who are the people going to go for more in *court*? The person who black mailed you because you were being an *incompetent, poor excuse for a member of the human race*? Or you, who, might I add- has been *harassing* a poor girl who just wanted the job so her younger *brother* can continue taking *medication for his illness*?”

“I’m not above breaking the law, so don’t think for a *second* that I would let you walk away like this after you insulted *me, everybody who works for me*, and most of all,” You grinned and threw your thumb behind you, and he obliged your request by stepping beside you to put himself in the man’s line of sight, “you insulted *him*”.

He stared coldly at the man, if he could even call him that, as he made his excuses. Stutters. Apologies. All of which he ignored.

“You’re fired”.

“B-But Mr. Kaiba-“.

He glared harder, “Did you not just hear me? I said you’re *fired*. Your personal belongings will be gathered and mailed to you by the end of the week”.

Seemingly becoming so angry that he was shaking, the man turned to you, red in the face and all,
“You fucking cock sucker”.

He was about to say something when you held up a hand, placating him for the moment with curiosity.

You moved up to the man with silent steps, and he vaguely realized that you possibly had to make an effort to make footsteps in the first place as you slid up to him like a cobra poised to strike.

He didn’t expect you to grab him in the balls.

He vaguely heard Mokuba snorting behind him as your hand reached out speedily, grabbing the man’s balls hard and roughly. From the look on the man’s face, painfully too.

“Sorry, but I really should inform you,” You grinned apologetically and he could see that your other hand was clenched in your pocket, and he could vaguely see that your knuckles had gone white on the other, “You can’t really suck a rooster unless your eating the meat out of the bones”.

That may have confused him for a bit until he remembered that “cock” was another word for “rooster”.

You frowned, “Unless you’re into bestiality, are you an avian furry kind of person? I mean- not to judge- I could see how it would appeal to some, not really my particular stick you understand”.

Your hand twisted, and the man nearly kneeled over in pain.

“But now that we have that misunderstanding out of the way,” You leaned up to his ear and whispered something before letting him go, “get the hell out of my café, and if you come back, you’re losing a lot more than your reputation”.

He scrambled to get up and out as you began to cheerfully count down from three, he was out by two.

There was silence for a few moments until some of the customers, probably a regular Kaiba thought as he remembered seeing the elderly man’s face before in the café, clap. The others followed, causing an out roar of applause.

“Thanks,” You smiled, before turning around and marching into the bakery.

Minori popped up from behind the door, “You guys might want to come back here, it’s actually pretty funny”.

The Kaiba brothers looked at each other in confusion before following you to the back, walking down the stone steps that lead into a subfloor.

Around the floor, Kaiba could see numerous technologies, some unfinished, and some most likely in their own separate stages of testing.

“This is so cool,” Kaiba vaguely heard Mokuba mutter to himself, and Kaiba couldn’t help but agree.
You were there behind a desk, facing three monitors and typing rapidly on one keyboard. Eyes flickering back and forth between the three screens as you seemed to mutter to yourself like a deranged patient. With how you were practically plastered to the screens, it’s a miracle how you didn’t seem to need glasses.

“Found it!” You yelled, clapping your hands together in a childish, yet oddly delighted manner. His eyebrow automatically twitched up in question, a habit he seemed to be developing around you as of late.

He saw you type a few things before getting up and bending backward, several pops managing to sound loud enough that he could hear them. You were on a hologram again, but this time you were showing them what you were working on.

It was a picture of his former employee that had made his exit just a few moments ago, his I.D. his credit scores, everything.

You were grinning.

“This is illegal,” He deadpanned, it was obvious. He knew, that you knew, that he knew, that you knew you were perfectly aware of the fact that it was illegal. However, in this moment, you didn’t seem to give two shits on whether it was lawful or not.

You gave him a look that conveyed your feelings. An underlining, “Only if you sell me out” ringing in his mind. Mokuba most likely didn’t even want to defend the man, so he knew Mokuba wouldn’t say anything. Minori seemed to be your second in command, and you two seemed close, so he wouldn’t say anything either. That left Kaiba, and although he was confused as to why you seemed to take to him so quickly, he supposed that one glitch in the system wouldn’t cause much of a problem.

“What do you plan to do?” He sighed, watching as your expression changed into a cheery smile.

“Everything”.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, have a good rest of the day/afternoon/night!
Chapter 4, Agent? Detective? Dinner?

Chapter Summary

Kaiba finds out a few things, and you figure out more.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 4, Agent? Detective? Dinner?

He was starting to wonder just what the hell you did before that you knew so many people. It didn’t make sense. It seemed like you were a night owl, so how could you know people who were awake at the “human hours” as you called it.

“I thought you said you weren’t going to do this again?” The agent, detective? Said with an aggressive sigh as she pinched her nose in between her fingertips.

“I never said I wasn’t. I said “as long as someone doesn’t piss me off, I’ll stay clear of illegal hacking,” You said, rolling your eyes, “technicalities. Besides, it’s not like he’s going to press charges”.

“Of course he isn’t! You threatened you were going to send Yakuza his way!”

You pointed a finger back at the agent, “Not my fault he didn’t realize the lady he was harassing had connections with the Japanese mafia”.

“So do you!”

“I didn’t know the old guy I was helping figure out his smart phone was the head of one of the Yakuza families! I was being nice!” You crossed your arms in a huff, “I helped you out too didn’t I?”

“I didn’t say it was a bad thing, but you need to get a grip that hacking into private servers-“

“Private servers with security that sucks, seriously- Kaiba’s firewalls are far more challenging than any of your clearly underpaid and miserable analysts can cook up- I cracked your firewalls when I was in Junior High,” You argued, and Kaiba felt a surge of pride at that. Which he mentally told himself was perfectly reasonable because you had proven yourself very capable with a computer, and not because it had come from you specifically.

“I’m starting to regret recommending you to my bosses”.

You waved her off, “You’ve always said that. But don’t worry about it so much, I had one of my
apprentices write down a few codes on a post-it note, that should help improve your systems from about perhaps, oh...98% of the hackers from the dark side of the moon”.

She looked at you with a very deep frown, “Apprentices?”

“Give a person a fish and they will be fed for a day,” You said solemnly, “teach a person to fish, they will be fed for a lifetime”.

“And are the other 3% of your apprentices?” She said, crossing your arms and giving you an accusing look.

You pointed at yourself, then Kaiba, then Mokuba, before grinning.

She sighed before turning to the apparent guests of the room, “My apologies, I am Sarah Car-“.

Her eyes widened almost comically as it seemed that it finally registered who the other two people in the basement were.

“Oh. My- Ghost- why is the number one billionaire bachelor of Japan and his younger brother in your basement.” Then she proceeded to look at you through frowned eyes, “you didn’t snap and kidnap them did you?”

“You of little faith,” You said with a scowl, “of course not. I am as relationship seeking as Godzilla, why would I kidnap Kaiba and his brother?”

Then you had a thoughtful look, “If I did, I would have just taken Mokuba- more sensible that way. Also, I would have taken him to a place off the grid and not within Domino City, honestly that’s just absurdly obvious-“.

Sarah put her hand up to stop you, “Alright alright, point taken. You would make it so that I wouldn’t find out in the first place- I got it”.

You turned to Kaiba and Mokuba while pointing at Sarah, “She’s the reason I was able to get into MIT at sophomore age”.

“Did she catch you?” Mokuba asked.

“Unfortunately no,” Sarah answered for you, rolling her eyes, “she was so frustrated with how weak our security was, she waltzed into to our FBI recruit raining facility and turned herself in so that ah, what did you say?”

“I said that, ‘I am willingly going to provide you a far superior firewall security system than what you have currently because that firewall can only be described as sad’ then I said I will be happy to be paid in the form of scholarships,” You answered, rolling your eyes, “but to be perfectly frank Mokuba, you should have seen those firewalls- they were very sad”.

Sarah groaned, “I hear this from you every time. Also, why did you just compare yourself to Godzilla of all things?.”

“Well, if you watch the cartoon, you will actually find out that Godzilla is capable of asexual reproduction. Also, I will stop hacking your security when your security can kick me out. Have you played Deus Ex? That’s the level of hacking I am facing from the security, it’s not even challenging Kaiba’s. Kaiba has glorious, glorious firewalls, full of numeric passwords, modern Latin alphabets, and Egyptian hieroglyphics it’s glorious I say”. 
“You’ve tried to hack into my servers?” Kaiba said with a raised eyebrow, and the slightest tales of a frown.

“No, I have yet to find the time, opportunity, and reason to even attempt to interpret through your codes, but I have taken a look. I was curious,” You shrugged, before taking a glance at a nearby sundial. You had a sun dial. Mokuba had to ask Kaiba whether he was seeing a stone sundial in the room under a clear window.

When asked, you said it was the only way you were going to stretch and move around within the confines of the basement since you had to get up to read the time. It also made you go outside occasionally to clean the window.

“Didn’t you have a meeting in twenty minutes?” You questioned, frowning.

“I do, why did you hack my phone?” Because that was the one digital place he kept his schedule, he could only assume that it was one of two possible reasons you had known about it.

“I did not “hack into it” I saw it as a reminder on your notification screen two nights ago”.

That threw his theory to the bin, but he found that he didn’t seem mind too much. As a business typhoon, he had to know how to play people’s fiddles. What to say and how to say it in order to obtain the reaction he wants. However, you were a paradox, quite simply, you didn’t make sense. Yes, it frustrated him, but he could almost say it was…pleasant.

“Also, you, Mokuba, myself, and Sarah are going out to eat tonight,” You said with a smug smile.

He was about to respond that he didn’t have the time, and you were fully prepared to rebuff that fact when Sarah held up a hand.

“Trust years of experience Mr. Kaiba sir, you won’t win”.

You pouted, “That is not fair, you ruined the fun”.

Sarah once again raised an eyebrow at you, it seems his own habit was not all that uncommon, “You hate arguing with people”.

“Arguing with normal people tends to become boring far more quickly than I would like,” You muttered.

“So you argue with Kaiba because he’s the Sherlock to your Moriarty?” Sarah said in English.

You rolled your eyes, “He’s a businessman Sares, he knows English”.

“I do,” Kaiba responded.

“Me too!” Mokuba said with a wide grin, yet it seemed to falter as he stared holes in the back of Kaiba’s head.

“Si vis obscuro utitur lingua mortua,” You said, rolling your eyes.

“That is not fair Ghost, and you know that- I did not study Latin,” Sarah said with an accusing finger pointed at you, it seems you had moved to lounge on a fairly large leather chair.

“Spiritus et animalia fiunt ad didici non sum de hoc myndo stulti ignorantes,” You said with a wide grin.
“I know you just insulted me, and it’s frustrating knowing I can only vaguely understand you”.

“Ne contumelias et opprobria tua sunt,” Kaiba said to you, raising his eyebrow with a smirk. You snorted while Sarah groaned. Both seemed to ignore the weird stare you were giving Kaiba. Mokuba seemed to share your curiosity as he snapped to Kaiba with a surprised expression.

“Why do you know Latin?!” Sarah said, pinching her nose once again between her fingers.

“Why not?” You answered for him, “Latin is a good basis for learning the English language and other Latin-based languages. Such as Spanish, Italian, French, and other nations affected by Roman culture. It also has the benefit of being a dead language”.

“So nothing would change for each word’s meaning, yeah, I learned that in biology,” Sarah said with a nod.

You drew a thumbs up, then pointed at the clock, “Time”.

Kaiba let out a huff of air before gracefully turning around and leaving the basement, leaving Mokuba to hop on after him with a wave to you and Sarah.

“I’ll see you at dinner!”

You waved back, before turning to Sarah, who assaulted your visual receptors with a look. Not just a look that described expression, just a look.

“Would you like to describe what you seem to be trying to reveal to me through visual, and or, telepathic communication- because I’m sorry but I have yet to find the secrets of telepathy just yet,” You frowned to yourself, “or perhaps never. I am no biologist”.

“You’re awfully familiar with one of the richest, and arguably the most handsome man in Japan,” Sarah made a suggestive look, “any chance you’re going to be busting the dreams of hundreds of teenage girls?”

“One, we met officially two nights ago, so no. I don’t believe I am going to be breaking anyone’s dreams. Really Sarah, there are boys who fantasize about Kaiba as well,” You said rolling your eyes, “second, it appears among the reasons we, or him in particular to be more accurate, is curious is quite simply because I don’t act like anyone he has ever met before- so don’t make assumptions”.

“And dinner?”

“He did not seem to eat last night, nor the night before, I know what skipping meals look like,” you muttered, crossing your arms and looking at one particular spot, “I do not like what I see”.

Sarah shed the joking aside for the moment, memories recalling of a time long since past. A time where she had to actively seek and drag you out in order eat.

“Like you?”

“Similar,” You admitted, “not as bad I believe- if Mokuba doesn’t show concern. However, I have seen the look he gave his brother when he ate cake. Kaiba certainly did not see it”.

“Well perhaps he just doesn’t eat cake?” Sarah offered, because no matter how correct you tended to be, sometimes your brain would be moving at fifty miles a minute while overthinking many other possibilities. It was a side effect of being able to think so quickly.

“Then Mokuba should have been more surprised at the fact that Kaiba complimented Minori’s
You reasoned, pulling out your phone, “yet he was more surprised at the fact that Kaiba accepted the cake in the first place. Yes, perhaps it’s because cake is not often eaten, and you might be right- perhaps Kaiba is perhaps very picky with his baked goods or simply doesn’t like cake, however-“. You typed in a text message before turning to the detective, “I believe I am starting to find evidence that he both have not slept since last night- nor has he eaten”.

“How can you tell?” She said, frowning and crossing your arms.

“When he spoke Latin, what did he look like?”

“He was smirking- how do you pick up lack of sleep from smirking?”

“Think- he has been straight-faced for the entire time- he smirked four times in my presence. Four, does that not strike you as odd?”

“How so?”

“He is rumored to have an ego the size of his building, he damn well deserves it too. However, why would he only smirk in amusement a few times? He has plenty of times to smirk. It’s part of his character, whether it is a part of him or his public image. No matter how long I have known him- it is not long enough that he would let down his walls in front of me,” You pointed at your head, “that’s not how this works”.

“So he’s not always an egotistic dick,” Sarah argued, “you’re not either”.

“I smirk all the time- I don’t smile, it’s not a thing I do often. I smirk because it’s lop-sided, it shows my amusement, and I smirk because it’s more accurate to my mood when I am supposed to smile because the type of humor I have is, in your words, dorky” You left you had down, “Kaiba doesn’t smile often. Not in front of everyone. Not even for his company, most likely he only does it for Mokuba- but that’s his younger brother’s smile”.

“You have a point, I get it,” Sarah said, reading in between the lines. One of the reasons why she was the only one who dealt with you when you were with her. It’s why Minori was among the few who dealt with you. Some people couldn’t tell that even if you were speaking of more facts than what they need, Sarah, Minori, and another one- your original baker, they could tell which details were important to recognize. Perhaps it was the reason why you also seemed to have taken a liking to Kaiba so quickly, he understood. Sarah saw it, and Minori probably saw it too. He understood your meaning. Sure, perhaps he needed a background informant, but not a translator. “But I need the reason, you know what you’re saying isn’t registering with me. I need something I would understand”.

“It’s just,” You huffed, frustrated, hot air escaping from your nose as you struggled to put it into words that she would understand, “it’s wrong. There are four times I saw Seto Kaiba. Maybe five, but he was very angry so that does not count”.

Then there was an idea, “When you smirk- or smile, both- what happens to your eyes- specifically these things?”

You pointed to the bags under your eyes, they used to be darker, but since you’ve actually been sleeping, they lightened slightly. Sarah nodded, signaling you that she was following so far.

“They bulge slightly”.
“Exactly, and while I was very sleep deprived back then- I know I still smirked. Do you recognize it now?”

Sarah frowned, and cast her thoughts across the past few minutes suddenly it became clear why you were unnerved.

Kaiba may have looked like what he has always been, but that’s when he was being straight faced. As he smirked, she was briefly reminded of when you started forcing yourself to get at least a minimum of 5 or six hours per day for sleep. It was hard because all you wanted to do was sit and build, but you gritted through it and made it important to get some sleep. Else the incident that made you realize that your intentional food and sleep depravity was not a good thing. His eye bags, they were still shallow, but they looked too much like yours during those days.

“Alright, I get it now. So what restaurant do you intend to take them?”

You grinned, “A buffet”.

She would have groaned and wondered why the hell you were going to bring billionaire Kaiba to a buffet, but at this moment she decided to let it slide.

“A public buffet?”

You grinned, “A family buffet”.

“And how do you intend on making Kaiba sleep without getting him suspicious? From what I heard from Minori- you’re supposed to be supplying Kaiba with pretty strong coffee,” Sarah said, sighing and bringing a hand to her hair to smooth out nonexistent tangles.

“I’ve yet to work around the second problem, but I know the answer to the first,” You made a phone call, “tell me Sares, have you watched that episode where the Mythbusters explained L-Tryptophan?”

*Disclaimer: Translation comes from google, so it may not be accurate. Honestly, probably isn’t.

*If you wish for obscurity, use a dead language.

*I learned so that I can combat demons and creatures not of this world, ignorant mortal

*Your insults are not even insulting
I won't lie, I was inspired when I was eating in a buffet. I sat there, eating desert realizing, "Wait. Kaiba's a billionaire. Wouldn't that mean he has probably never eaten at a buffet?" So this came.

And the plot thickens. Now here's hoping I figure out how to get from point A to point B.
Chapter 4, Discovery. Oh Yeah, Dinner Too

Chapter Summary

Dinner commences, though not without it's incidents before, after, and during.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 5, Discovery. Oh, and Dinner Too.

By the time Kaiba was finished with his meeting for the day, he had barely realize you hadn’t given him a name to where you all were apparently having “dinner”. Unfortunately, with the meeting came work, so while Mokuba had gone off to the corner of the office to finish up whatever game he was playing- Kaiba was on the desk typing out a proposal for the meeting he was going to have within the next few hours. Temporarily forgetting about dinner.

Hours had passed, the second meeting of the day finished, and the phone rang for the fourth time those past few minutes.

His anger spiked as he was about to reach for it and tell the person on the other line to screw off before the phone was snatched away.

“Hello~ Mr. Kaiba’s office?” You chimed, which was creepy. Due to the fact that the look on your face was not matching your apparent mood. Behind you, the agent, Carter, he assumed, rose an eyebrow in surprise at you. Otherwise remaining silent.

“Well no, I’m afraid Mr. Kaiba has other activities to attend to mam,” You said, still expressionless despite your cheery tone.

He was half tempted to press speaker to hear what you and the annoying, insistent woman on the other line were speaking off. Mikita was a woman Kaiba had temporarily hired to serve as a date for a convention some years ago. He had not hired her since, as she had been unprofessional throughout the days of the convention.

Your expression darkened.

“No I am not at liberty to inform you off where exactly those activities take place mam”.

There was another set, then your expression seemed to darken even more, if that was possible. He was somehow curious and absurdly happy as you seemed to prepare yourself for verbal murder.
“No, I am not his assistant. I am simply here to filter between the important messages and the lesser messages while Mr. Kaiba finishes his work”.

Kaiba hurried and pressed the speaker as Carter’s eyes snapped quickly to him in urgency. Mokuba had taken a pause from his gaming to approach the table.

“Really? How much is he paying you to suck his cock? I’ll pay double just for information”.

Carter looked panicked as you picked up your phone and pressed a few buttons. He was horrified and offended, about ready to tell her off before you interrupted him with something of your own.

“I’m sorry, Miss- ah, Jones Mikita yes? Oh dear, you really should improve the security on your laptop, I’m afraid it’s rather weak”.

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about this sort of videos you have on your laptop- such incriminating evidence. I’m sure you wouldn’t mind me taking these right?” You pressed another set of buttons, your blank face slowly coming to a smirk.

“W-What?”

“Ugh, keeping sex videos? New low Miss Jones,” You physically made a face as you seemed to be scrolling through a set, “and keeping this much organization in them is simply strange. Oh- don’t drink that yet”.


“Why that cup of tea you just ordered for yourself Miss Jones, it’s only been a few minutes, it’s still very hot I’m afraid”.

“How do you know that?”

“The café you’re at is a respectable establishment,” You said nonchalantly, “however it is still in the city- thus it has cameras. By the way, you really shouldn’t connect to free WIFI if you can afford it, it’s a very easy target you know”.

“What you’re doing is illegal!”

You rolled your eyes, “And you happen to be the third person to inform me of what I’m doing is illegal. In case you haven’t noticed- I am far from the sad stupidity you, and the one who has told me of this first seem to have”.

There was a crack on the other line and your eyes seem to sharpen, “Do. Not. Interrupt. Me”.

Silence.

“Good. Now, like I said. You aren’t the first to inform me that what I am doing is illegal. I know it is. However- the fact that I don’t care should scare you. Because I don’t”.

You scowled for the second time that day, “You use this information to destroy men and women who wish to move on to a better life. Men and women who have moved passed you and is trying to make a life for their own- with a person they have chosen to make that life with. I don’t appreciate you blackmailing them for your precious little toys, bags, and jewelry”.
“And sure, some of them are scumbags, I won’t say there aren’t any in your list of blackmail, but do you know who becomes affected after? Their employees. People who work under them. Who work for them, do you know what will happen to them?”


From the edge of his site, he saw Carter wince. He vaguely wondered what your experience with it was, but so far he was still somewhat enjoying what you were doing. Illegal or not.

“So, I’m not going to threaten you, and I’m not going to tell you what I will do to you if I find out you are another reason that another group of people have lost their jobs”.

“Because the oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown,” You said, snorting briefly in sarcastic amusement, “not like an uncultured swine like you will know H.P. Lovecraft when you hear it”.

You hung up and shook your head, “Honestly, I would call Cthulhu myself if I didn’t care about the rest of the world”.

You turned to Kaiba, “And if you aren’t finished within the next two hours with me helping you, I am seriously going to find every one of your clients and potential business partners and talk their ear off until they agree to whatever the heck you're trying to persuade them into doing”.

Kaiba sighed, clicking the speaker off, “Somehow I don’t doubt that you could”.

You grinned as you took the papers he handed to you out of nowhere. He would have told you what you were supposed to do, but he also knew that somehow, you understood what he wanted from you. He briefly debated arguing with you that he still had work to be done, but he wouldn’t doubt that you would have most likely attempted to drag him out of the building if you really wanted to. Probably by mixing up some chemicals from the janitor’s closet. However, he also doubted it at the same time. The point is, he knew you were capable, but somehow, he knew you wouldn’t push that far. He would need to further analyze that little quirk of yours.

He also couldn’t help but catch that exasperated, worried look Carter shot at you.

Two hours past in silence and both of you were done.

You were also happily walking out downstairs, waving cheerfully to the secretary.

“How did you get in?” Kaiba asked, “the guards should have stopped you”.

“Nope,” You said, “I used my badge”.

“They gave you a badge?”

Sarah sighed, “We gave her a badge”.

“If it helps it’s not valid anymore, I quit that job,” You said over your shoulder as you pranced over to…a…car. A sports car.

“Cool! BMW!” Mokuba said, bounding over to the car.

“I think Seto has one of these,” Mokuba marveled, “it’s so clean”.
“I don’t use it much,” You shrug, “I usually walk, but I took it because we were going to a place later”.

“M2 model?” Kaiba said, looking over to you.

Again, you shrugged, “It’s one of the few cars I have with four seats that’s not that big, and I’m not bringing out my Impala”.

“You brought Impala over?” Sarah said in surprise, “how come you didn’t?”

You shrugged, “Because it’s at a friend’s house, not mine. She keeps it clean and well oiled for me. The BMW is all I have besides the Ford”.

You tapped your foot on the floor in some sort of rhythm while you approached the car, the tall tale click resounding through the garage door as you all walked over.

“Woah,” Mokuba said, automatically heading to the back, “how’d that happen”.

“Rigged it,” You shrug, slipping into the front. He wasn’t surprised, and he felt his lips quirk upward involuntarily.

It seemed there was already an arrangement as Sarah wordlessly walked over with Mokuba, Kaiba walking into the passenger’s side. Vaguely surprised that he didn’t have to adjust much.

“We knew you were really tall,” Sarah answered for you, “so we figured it was best to adjust for you before hand”.

You started the car and drove out, waving cheerfully at the guard before driving out. You didn’t touch the radio, but you did tap on the wheel in a rhythm, only using one hand to drive. He got the impression that sound would usually fill the air, yet for some reason, you weren’t going near it.

“…you’re not using the radio,” Sarah observed. Kaiba noted the vague surprise in her voice.

“Mhm”.

“You always use the radio”.

“Hm”.

“Oh, well okay”.

Kaiba took the chance to ask a few questions, “So this job you used to have, it was with the government”.

You hummed.

“A lab accident then”.

Sarah looked at him with a frown, “Yeah, how did you know?”

He ignored her for the moment, “You rubbed on your arm the first time you mentioned it. Which means that the wound is still raw”.

You face was blank, you hummed again.

His eyes narrowed, “Something’s bothering you”.
“Yes”.

He blinked, but stopped his questions for now. The way you said it was frank and warranted that the questions had to stop. Whatever he was trying to find out, he would have to do it elsewhere, or in another time. You let him go this far, and he had his doubts that he would learn anything trying to find information on anything online. Finding paperwork would be harder, as it was most likely overseas. Though, he didn’t exactly want to either. It annoyed him to a degree. When he wanted information, he got it. Yet for some reason. He wanted you to tell him yourself. For now, he contemplated the information he had.

The rest of the ride was relatively silent as Kaiba saw you pulling into an unfamiliar place, somewhere remote as the street lights began to stop in frequency.

You parked and stepped out, stretching your back slightly before walking towards the softly lit entrance, opening it up.

You didn’t bother waiting for the others as you walked in, and said others followed behind you.

It was odd, everyone in there was in a suit and tie, while you were striding in with a t-shirt and jeans, partnered up with scuffed up sneakers.

“May I help you?” The attendant raised an eyebrow, looking at you up and down in distaste. He resisted the urge to threaten the man, if there was anything he had learned today, you fought your own battles, and you wouldn’t ask for help if you didn’t want it. Besides, you didn’t seem too angry, nor particularly annoyed.

You hummed at him and turned your head elsewhere, “Emma naman, saan ka?”

There was a bustle in the back before a woman with brownish skin emerged from the kitchen, hair tightly in a bun and a costume that made it obvious that this was her restaurant.

“Boss! Hi! I reserved the rest of the available places off like you asked!” She grinned, shaking your hand, “nice to see you again! Sarah! Nice to see you too! Oh- oh my gosh”.

She bowed deeply, “Nice to meet you Mr. Kaiba, and um, Mr. Kaiba”.

He nodded back while Mokuba asked her to call him Mokuba. Sarah greeted the excitable woman with a laugh and a wave, meanwhile you smiled and did some sort of slow version of a wave.

“Emma, kamusta ka?”

“Oh, okay lang, salamat po,” She responded with a smile, then she turned to the man with a scowl, “Kenneth naman, si Boss ito, hindi sha masamang tao!”

Kenneth grunted and turned to you before bowing, visibly more apologetic, “Sorry po”.

You waved it off before following Emma to their table, right smack dab in the middle of dozens of empty seats.

“I’ll leave it to you po, holler if you need anything!”

Mokuba tilted his head, “What do we do now?”

You got up with a grin, “We grab what we want to eat”.
“Um,” Mokuba looked hesitant as he followed you to the bars of various foods, Kaiba behind him while Sarah walked around on her own, “how does that work?”

You stayed silent but slowed your actions, pointedly walking over to a particular food group, picking it up with a kitchen utensil, and putting it on your plate. You went on regular speed towards the Shabu Shabu* section of the buffet restaurant. Leaving the Kaiba brothers at the mercy of the buffet tables.

By the time you were about to start eating the first meal, the Kaiba brothers approached with various foods on their plates. Mostly sushi, rice, and steak it seemed. Sarah was already next to you eating away at her food. Which, strangely enough, was bacon, eggs, and pancakes.

With a satisfactory nod, you proceeded to eat your meal.

One of the six plates you had collected, along with a large bowl of what look like chicken soup.

“Um, how are you going to eat all that?” Mokuba wondered as he looked over from his side of the table.

You grinned, “I’m not”.

There was a question in the air as you scooted one plate of what looked like Filet Mignon with Foie Gras Sauce over to Kaiba.

Kaiba returned the plate.

You pushed it back.

Kaiba pushed it back.

You pushed it back. Then proceeded to load more food onto the plate, all while staring at Kaiba.

You pulled back to your food and continued eating, a clear challenge hanging in the air. Staring unblinkingly at Kaiba, stared back.

Sarah snorted into her breakfast foods at the clear tension in the air. Those who were in the restaurant began to feel the tension in the air, slowly turning to the group who were starring in between the two elder geniuses. A battle of wills. Mokuba looked between the two of you with a bit of awe, but mostly surprised. He vaguely wondered how you figured out that Filet Mignon was his older brother’s favorite dish.

“I will proceed to pay the bill if you do not eat it,” You warned. Serving yourself without having to look at neither your food nor your utensils with surprising accuracy. As well as a delicate sense of proper table manners, despite the fact that you were staring at Kaiba while you were doing it.

His eyes narrowed in a challenge, and he took one of his own foods, caviar, and slid it over to you. A trade.

You ate it without glancing at it before hand, even going as far as to mix it with some of your rice.

Kaiba ate the food you had given him in return.

“Well, that was an impressive battle,” Sarah commented, whispering to Mokuba- consider your brother relatively lucky”.
“Why’s that?” Mokuba asked.

“Usually, when it comes to food that this one,” she motioned to you, “likes, it’s not usually shared”.

There was an apprehensive pause as she loaded her spoon and swallowed, “Ever”.

You were eating still, but by then, you had finished off the traded caviar and had begun to feast on the soup you had produced from the Shabu Shabu section of the buffet, slurping up some Udon noodles, even though the broth was most likely a miso broth.

After eating the meal (and various food trades later) both you and Kaiba had eaten a meal worth around four plates. Filling the circumference of the plate. Granted, it didn’t go exactly as expected, but you still felt the happiness from a good plan coming together.

Also, you were happily eating a cup of ice cream, before disappearing outside.

“Um,” Mokuba said, setting aside his plate for the meal. He had only loaded two at maximum, giving up before he lost his room for desert. Seeing as how they had a chocolate fountain, he didn’t want to miss out.

“Yeah, I don’t know either,” Sarah mused, she had finished her meal far earlier than anyone, and was currently finishing off her second bowl of cherry jello, “it’s just something that Ghost does, so I tend to accept it”.

You came back with a box. A cake box.

A box of coffee cake.

Sarah instantly recognized the gold leaf print on the box, and she pointed at it opened mouthed.

“When did you- what?!”

Both Kaiba brothers looked at each other before looking at the box, the print was recognizable. It was infamous.

One of the best bakeries this side of the world.

You smirked, but it was looking more like a smug grin as you seemed to wave the box at her mockingly, “I rung her up and asked for a cake”.

“I thought she was flooded with requests!”

“Not if it’s coffee cake,” You said, still looking smug as you gently placed the box on the table, “it’s her favorite too, so she keeps a stash”.

You opened up the box as delicately as you could, revealing the elegantly decorated cake underneath. Then you disappeared again, this time heading towards the kitchens. Then emerging with cups of coffee and chocolate.

As you walked up, sliding across the carpeted floor, the smell of chocolate and coffee filled the
room. Giving it the same smell of the coffee shop you worked in.
“When did you bring all of these?” Sarah gawked as she recognized the mugs. You tended to save
different mugs for everyone you knew who came often, or people you were friends with. Then she
spotted the blue eyes white dragon mug.

“I thought you were going to shatter that,” she muttered, taking the MacGyver themed mug from you
quickly, before you slammed it over her head with it (after pouring out the hot liquid, you weren’t
that cruel).

You glared at her as you placed the mug in front of Kaiba, “He would try to sue me for it if I did”.

He smirked again. Leaving that accusation in the air as he simply picked up the blue eyes white
dragon themed mug and drank from it. A smug look in his eyes directed towards you. You handed
Mokuba a mug themed with some sort of crocodile. Meanwhile, you set aside your own, plain, black
mug.

“Here,” You said, handing Mokuba a smaller box, “I had to keep that in the fridge, so I couldn’t
keep it here with us”.

Curiously, he opened the small box to find a small chocolate parfait in a delicate glass cup, topped
with chocolate powder and a block of Hershey.

Least to say, he grabbed a spoon and dug into it.

“He is not going to sleep tonight,” Kaiba said, frowning at you. You shrugged and motion towards
the boy who was currently stuffing himself with chocolate,

“Are you really going to deny that boy his favorite food?”

“No, but he’s going to be hard to handle later.”

“Drug ‘im.”

“No.”

“With sugar.”

“I am not going to have him eat more sugar simply to sugar crash him.”

“But science Kaiba, haven’t you wondered?”

“I am not going to let you sugar crash him either.”

“But science Kaiba,” You insisted, “a proper sugar crash”.

“He will be irritable in the morning, with a headache, and fatigued, the answer is no”.

“Then fill him up with tryptophan, or-or,” You seemed to be getting a kick out of the argument,
Sarah assumed that it was because someone was giving you a chance to use your normal to win the
argument, when you were arguing with others, you usually had to hold back on the academically
challenging words, “systematically modify the thermostat of the area, which may induce him into a
languid state”.

“Or it can cause sickness and I am not going to deal with an indisposed Mokuba who could have
avoided catching a cold,” He crossed his arms and glared.
“Shucks,” You said, but you were grinning despite your failure to dissuade the elder brother into giving Mokuba more sugar. Sarah nearly snorted into her warm chocolate, it seemed more like you were a parent who was trying to convince their partner that allowing their child to stay up four hours past their bedtime. Which, she didn’t doubt you would do if you did have a child. Though she vaguely wondered why you had let Kaiba win.

“It would have been a waste of time otherwise.”

Your grin widened, “Says the boy who dueled a certain Moto until he was twenty.”

“I grew out of it.”

Sarah raised her eyebrow at that, you changed the subject. Yet she knew you were fully capable of winning your arguments. Even if you were bullshitting some of your arguments.

“What is it you said?” You frowned, sipping from your cup, it was tea, “ ‘I won’t allow you to lose to any other duelist’? Much bro.”

“Shut up.”

“If you weren’t so intimately involved with your Blue Eyes White Dragons, I thought I would have been seeing some rival romance going on~” You sang, sipping your tea once again, and carefully filing in the back of your mind the way Kaiba had stopped sipping on his coffee. Sarah caught the look and vaguely wondered what the hell was going on with you. You weren’t acting like you usually were. Sure you want to help, but you always did. Your overall attitude didn’t change. You didn’t back down. She was missing something- something that was a part of a very big puzzle, and she couldn’t figure out what.

“Yet I am not the one who made this,” He motioned over to the mug, he was smirking.

That was when Sarah realized it, you two were bantering. Bantering. She detected the lack of heat in Mr. Kaiba’s voice. It sounded almost teasing.

You grinned, “I wouldn’t have made it into a jet either”.

“If you weren’t so intimately involved with your Blue Eyes White Dragons, I thought I would have been seeing some rival romance going on~” You sang, sipping your tea once again, and carefully filing in the back of your mind the way Kaiba had stopped sipping on his coffee. Sarah caught the look and vaguely wondered what the hell was going on with you. You weren’t acting like you usually were. Sure you want to help, but you always did. Your overall attitude didn’t change. You didn’t back down. She was missing something- something that was a part of a very big puzzle, and she couldn’t figure out what.

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You grinned, “I wouldn’t have made it into a jet either”.

“I most likely would be able to see you build a dragon with an accurate AI to match.” That only confirmed her suspicions, this was definitely a banter. It was something she never saw before. You usually went through your arguments and won. But you two- this was your version of a proper conversation, you weren’t even arguing. That both astonished her, and vaguely wondered what was happening.

“If I did, it would have been you who challenged me to,” You grinned cheekily, sipping up the last of your tea. Leaning backward into the chair.

He rolled his eyes at you, none the less drinking his mug of coffee. Well, almost coffee. You made it bitter as hell. With chocolate. You said you would make him coffee, strong coffee. Just not, well, purely coffee. You were actually wondering when he’d notice that it wasn’t really coffee he was drinking- oh, you spoke too soon. He was giving you an odd look over his mug.

“What?” You said, frowning as you put the mug down one last time.

His eyes narrowed his eyebrows tilted, but otherwise didn’t say anything as you continued to frown at him. He wasn’t saying anything, so you didn’t know what was going on. The man’s poker face was expectedly impressive, giving how many butt faces were in the business industry.
Sarah looked amused confused by you two, meanwhile, Mokuba had long finished off his hot chocolate and his parfait. Blinking tiredly.

“Anyway, Mokuba’s looking done with dinner,” You muttered, looking at your watch, “Come on.”

You got up, heading straight to the car without looking at them, expecting them to follow. Which, they didn’t really have much of a choice. You were the driver, and Kaiba wasn’t sure what would happen if he called his limo. You would probably stare him down judgmentally. Because he finally concluded that while you weren’t afraid to establish what you wanted. You didn’t really appreciate anyone who was enforcing their own wants and desires on others. You seemed to only do it unconsciously, but you never actually forced your way. He was sure if he truly did not want to do it, you would have backed off. Which was interesting in its own right. You always seemed like you did what you wanted, and didn’t give a damn about if other people judged you for it. Yet you backed off if you even caught the slightest hint if it made people uncomfortable. It was confusing, but he sort of understood in a way.

During dinner, you talked with Mokuba. Not about school or his future, but you asked his opinion on coding. Asked him what video games he preferred, and asked his opinion on things like the game’s graphics, story telling. You spoke to Mokuba like an adult. Something even he sometimes didn’t do. You also corrected Mokuba when he said something particularly insulting to a party. If he commented on something particularly stereotypical, you’d correct it. Not necessarily defending the people, but not enforcing your ideas to him either. You simply pointed out that one person didn’t represent an entire nation and moved on. You didn’t baby him, and constantly reminded him that people weren’t the same thing. He vaguely remembered something you said, something that made you glance at him for a brief moment before returning with having a conversation with Mokuba.

“You can’t judge people by how they show themselves, you can certainly make assumptions, because that’s the way the human race has survived all these centuries, but until you know them personally, you can’t defend your opinion like it’s fact. Not all people think the same way as you do, and not all people act the same way they do in public as they do in private”.

You seemed like you knew what you were talking about, and it seems like that was the reason why you didn’t react to his attitude the same way others have. He knew his employees were mostly afraid of him, and most of the time that reason was he didn’t find it within himself to show himself at unimportant situations. Which is why he usually visited when he doubted that the performance of his employees weren’t their best. Which was also why he was annoyed most of the time.

You glanced at him from the corner of your eye, which gave him the impression that you had instinctively figured out that he was reflecting.

You tapped a rhythm on the steering as there were rhythmic snores in the back, a set of gentle piano chords suddenly filled the car. Not loud, but just right.

He felt his eyes blinking slowly, drowsiness slowly overtaking his mind. The weight of three sleepless nights taking their toll.

He vaguely heard you mutter something under your breath, and he actually cracked a bit of a smile as his mind registered the meaning of your words.

“The sudden intake of sugars such as that coming from chocolate triggers the brain into processing the intake of carbohydrates. Triggering the digestive system, and thus convincing the brain to release hormones that would allow all energy to focus on that system alone. Making one drowsy”.

You had let him win. You actually let him win.
You smiled at him knowingly. He would have to remember that so he could get back at you later.

He didn’t realize he was smiling back.

As you watched Seto’s eyes shut closed, you smiled. Knowing that the sugar had taken its effect. You had suspected that perhaps what happened to some people would happen to him. You knew that it wasn’t unheard of for sugar in a certain amount to make someone drowsy.

You looked back at the road, satisfied that your mission was a success.

You almost stopped on the breaks when you backtracked on your thoughts, Seto? Seto? Seto?

Then your thoughts went back through the situation within your mind yet again, he had smiled. Smiled. Probably unintentionally, but he did it twice, and fucking hell, you would be a dirty lying piece of shit if you didn’t find it fucking adorable.

You let out a huff of air, a silent groan.

“Great,” You muttered as you made the turn to the Kaiba mansion, “just fantastic”.

You weren’t stupid, you knew affection, you knew love when you suspected it, and you weren’t going to try to convince yourself that this wasn’t it. You weren’t going to try and convince yourself that what you felt was only a type of love towards a friend, or family, or hell, some absurd version of lust. Because no person would love a person that way while thinking that their brain and their physical attributes were drop dead amazing, and no person filled to the brim of lust wanted to know more about a person with talking, or in some cases, observation. You analyzed the shit out of Romeo and Juliet, and this wasn’t it. Even if it was ridiculous. Even if it was unrealistic. Cliché. Whatever.

You sighed again, resisting the urge to bang your head on the steering wheel. Silently cursing your brain, and the man sitting beside you for being so damn complex. Because everyone loves a good mystery, and Kaiba may have been something impossible to others, but to you, well. Kaiba was… different. You didn’t even know how. Just…different.

If you stepped outside yourself and tried to look at it from an objective standpoint, perhaps it was because he understood you best. Sure, he asked questions, but those questions related to your past. Everything else, he usually figured out on his own. Or you somehow told him yourself. He let go when he got the signal to let go. You didn’t have to explain, and you managed to talk to him through looks and glances.

He didn’t find your habits annoying, maybe ridiculous, but you knew Sarah and the others sometimes didn’t appreciate your habits. Yet he found it more…curious than annoying. Or you certainly hoped so, you weren’t sure if your assumptions were accurate. It would have been stupid to think so.
Sarah saw the looks you were giving each other, and she finally realized what was so damn odd about you and Kaiba. You were flirting. Probably unintentionally, but judging by that haunted look on your face- you realized it too.

*Holy shit,* she thought to herself. She vaguely wondered how long it would take Kaiba the elder to figure it out. Considering he most likely had even less proper socializing than you had. However, if she knew her facts, Kaiba was home schooled. You at least went to some public schools, forcing you to socialize. Understand human behavior somehow.

Mokuba, before hitting his head onto the soft pillow you had in the back for trips, vaguely wondered how his big brother, the smartest person he had known, missed the looks of affection that were clearly coming from you. He also wondered when Miss Carter would realize that you two clearly liked each other more than friends Sure, he knew his brother would be a little hard to figure out that his actions were affectionate, but he was *smiling at you.* Seriously, it was so obvious. Maybe a little odd at first, but still obvious.

Clearly, out of the four of you, Mokuba was the smartest.

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[1] (Pronounced) *[na-man, sa-an. Ka]*: Emma (roughly) dude, (or come on), where are you?

[2] *[ka-mus-ta ka]*: Emma, how are you?

[3] *[okay lang sal-a-mat po]*: I’m okay, thank you (po is a sign of respect)

[4] *[na-man Kenneth, si Boss i-to hin-di sha ma-sa-mang ta-o]* (roughly) dude! This is boss, (again, roughly, officially “sha” means she, but I’ve seen it used to refer to everyone) they’re not bad!

DISCLAIMER: While the language used (Tagalog, otherwise known as Filippino) is technically my second language that I can understand and speak with- I am not expert, as my first language that I have used for most of my life is English. So the translation may not be as accurate as it could be. Some words it seems I cannot directly translate from English to Tagalog, as is with most languages.

*Shabu Shabu:* A Shabu Shabu, from my experience, is a type of buffet but for your own soup. You choose the ingredients, its contents, the type of noodles, and the type of broth you used. I’m not sure if it applies to all restaurants called as such- but that is what I’ve experience.

Hope you enjoyed, thank you for reading!

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Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed, have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Chapter 6, What Would Happen if You Drank Coffee?

Chapter Summary

What would happen if you drink coffee? Kaiba finds out.

He isn't very happy about it.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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You were lounging in the café, not really expecting anyone, thus, you currently had your face plastered to your counter.

“Fuck,” You groaned into the counter, muffled from how your mouth was currently making the surrounding air condense into the glass.


There were so many people in the world- actually, up until recently, you thought you weren’t even remotely interested in being in a relationship. The thought that you would live and die alone had never bothered you before, so you reasoned that perhaps you weren’t going to have this particular issue. It was a perfectly sound hypothesis with more than enough evidence to support it.

Yet it seems that the universe had different plans that rudely interrupt your own. It was annoying and you didn’t appreciate it one bit.

You lifted your head from the counter, wincing at the spot of mist that developed where your mouth was, and hastily wiped it out of existence.

You glanced at the clock, slowly- the numbers were making their way towards the first hour of a new day.

“Well that was poetic.” You muttered to yourself, “I thought it highly unlikely that I would say a complicated form of the statement of one o’clock.”

“I for one am not surprised.” You’re A.I. said above you. The soothing accent briefly calming you out of your apparent mid-life crisis. If the term “mid-life crisis” held any truth to it anyway. For truly, what was the median of life? It would most undoubtedly be immeasurable and unexpected.
“Managing to achieve grade percentages above 100 in the subjects of English does not qualify,” You said, rolling your eyes, “your circuits must require maintenance”

“You achieved them still.”

“Yet you know not whether those numbers shine truth or lies.”

“You wouldn’t.”

You squinted up at the ceiling as you leaned back, frowning deeply, “How long have you known me.”

“Long enough.”

You snorted, a smile twitching at your lips, “Touché.”

You shook your head. For a moment, allowing yourself relax in a way you usually did alone. Carefully, you shrugged off your shoes and allowed your ankles to rest against the corner of the counter. You shifted, the chair leaning back from your weight as you shifted your gaze at the ceiling without difficulty.

Very few nights were like this anymore, but they used to. When you started the business and everything was slow- you let yourself wander. Your mind thought up questions and systematically answered them through theory and known facts. It’s how you solved well, everything, usually, but the side-effect was that you didn’t pay attention to anything when you were like this.

At the moment, you were tackling Set- Kaiba’s apparent issue with being able to sleep. Your mind brought up theories, possible stress points and events, anything that you could think of that may present a reason- and therefore a solution, to the current issue. You tucked your feelings into a corner and kept them under lock and key, waiting to be analyzed at a better, more appropriate time.

The matter of sleep depravity always annoyed you somewhat. Back when you were a fool with a brain, you simply saw it as a human annoyance. Something the human body had to do because it was not yet capable of running full time. Then things changed as they are always predicted to, and you found yourself valuing sleep. To loose sleep would to loose attention, to become unaware of your surroundings, and you had no more room for that in your life. Nor did it have any business being in others. At least, that’s what you thought. Bitterly.

Slowly, while you mentally filed away your theories, a new plan hatched. It was going to take a while, you knew that. It would also potentially cause a lot of issues, especially if you were going to carry out this little plan of yours. But it would be worth it. Kaiba was important to a lot of people, whether they admitted it or not.

But as long as you got those eye bags out of his face, you supposed that you would do it just for that reason.

You turned your neck swiftly to pop out some kinks, followed by your knuckles and fingers.

You got to work.

Kaiba, for the first time in a long while, got to his bed and slept. When he woke again, his clock read that it was approaching the fourth hour of the day.

Then memories began to flash before him, and he briefly realized that he hadn’t fallen asleep on his bed.
He glanced at his night stand, the lamp was on its dimmest setting, illuminating the room softly with a golden glow. On the lamp was a sticky note he vaguely recognized with your writing on it.

The light from the lamp illuminated the note, casting a shadow wherever the ink had seeped in.

“You and Mokuba fell asleep, brought you home, then brought Sarah to her hotel. Have a good day.”

He brought himself up, sitting, then suddenly stood and his made his way downstairs to grab himself some coffee.

He frowned as he drank, it was wrong. Something was wrong.

“Tch,” He slammed the cup down on his counter and headed to the garage, obviously, regular coffee wasn’t going to work.

When he pushed his way past the door, he briefly found himself at a loss for words as the bell chimed in acknowledgment of his presence.

You were at your spot, seated. Yet you were different.

Different not simply in a sense where you were sitting inappropriately in a workplace, but you seemed calm. Safe.

He hadn’t even noticed that you looked like you weren’t. Somehow, you always seemed ready, your shoulders hung high, even if you were usually hunched over slightly. Your fists stayed clenched when you walked. As if you were ready to punch anyone at a moments notice. Yet right now, your hands were folded neatly behind your head. Your shoulders were slumped, your back slouched slightly. Your legs were thrown casually, yet carefully, onto the counter.

You seemed to be thinking about something, your face seemed to be shifting between more expressions than you did regularly. It was also silent, not even the subtle hum of music from nights ago was present. Your eyes were cast upwards towards the ceiling, as if it held the secrets of the universe and you were determined to stare it into surrendering its secrets. Your eyelids dipped every few seconds, definitely slower than normal, yet not quite because of exhaustion. It was like your brain was so busy thinking it chose some of its other basic functions to slow down.

You were just…thinking, and yet, you also looked serene.

There was also a familiar mug in front of you that was steaming.

He made his way to the front, taking care to lift the chair and slide it over to the counter before pulling out his laptop. Oddly enough, he felt more relax here than he did in his own office. It was quiet, save for his own movements. There was always the crinkle in the shifts of the paper when he worked. However, with you and him working together, it seemed that he managed to finish enough paperwork that he was certain he wouldn’t have to work on paper for at least three weeks. He had a suspicion that you had grabbed more papers than what he had given you.

He took a moment to observe you in this…state. He hadn’t thought it odd at first, but he saw that you didn’t always seem genuine with your expressions. Your words with others always had some sort of force to it, as if you had to think before you said them. It sounded awkward in a sense that he wasn’t sure how he managed to catch it until you were talking to just him. As if you were speaking another language, and only Kaiba was the one who could understand, at least that was how it was when
others were present. The only expressions he saw during those times were what he thought were genuine were your smile, smirk, and anger.

He slowly took the mug from you and began to turn to his work. The sounds of typing filled the room, echoing up through the floors.

He didn’t see the pestle and knives that were tucked away into the sink, and the slightest touches of dark colored dust on your hands.

At the slight clink from where he had placed the ceramic mug, your eyes snapped towards him. Meeting his eyes for a brief moment. Your shoulders raised upward, your pupils were blown wide. Then you blinked at you regarded him as you usually did.

“Mr. Kaiba.”

He nodded in acknowledgment before turning back to face his laptop, you seemed to stare at him a bit longer before looking back, continuing to stare holes into the ceiling.

“How was your nap?” You asked quietly, for a moment Kaiba wasn’t sure if he had heard you correctly until your eyes shifted back to him in question.

He pondered on your question for a moment before answering, “Adequate, longer than I anticipated.”

You hummed, then resumed staring at the ceiling.

There was mostly silence between the two of you. Neither of you wanting to break the peace of the night that was established early. Just being silent in each other’s presence.

Then you interrupted him, “That is incorrect.”

He turned to you with a raised eyebrow, “Care to elaborate?”

He watched your hands lift from behind your head, dangling at the seat, your arm was relaxed against the arm rest. Blue buttons began to glow under your fingertips, a screen with a gentle white glow had appeared before you. As if you were reading through it in silence. It was a screen of one of the codes he was looking over, and you pointed at a particular section.

It wasn’t something he had gone through yet, so curiously, he slid towards the section and saw that it indeed had many errors to it.

There was a red highlight across some particular codes and you muttered to him, “That one, that will throw off the entire coding. It would make the transfer from real world to digital world less economically cost efficient than it could be, as well as perhaps be the cause to some glitches. It could also make the machine explode.”

Although he knew he would have caught it, he briefly wondered how you knew it would result in an explosion. While the technology was advanced, you hadn’t looked like you dabbled much in virtual reality. You said you weren’t comfortable with it over dinner. There was also the fact that your expression had pulled into a deep scowl when you mentioned explode.
“How much time did they have for this?”

“Six years,” He answered, noting the fact that your eyes seemed to glaze over at the project, “they received an extension seven weeks ago.”

You smiled, something that didn’t quite reach your eyes, your hand had risen to meet the middle of your arm, rubbing at the area he had seen you rub before. You still looked like as if you were seeing something other than a lit up screen.

“He only gave us a year and three weeks,” You muttered, your tone turned sour. Your mood seemed to worsen. Then you turned to him with a dopey smile, “You’re pretty great.”

“Most would disagree.”

Your dopey smile seemed to intensify as your eyes visibly softened, “I believe I rank in the place of those people who agree.”

You turned your head back to the ceiling, “I know you wonder about what happened to my last job, what sort of incident would cause such a psychological drama…”

You considered your last few words, debating whether or not you should say, or if you should just drop it. However if you dropped it, it would be most likely that the matter would come to light once again. Ripping the band-aid was the most efficient way to deal with this and yet…Was it going to be worth it- that is the question.

“You’re an idiot if you expect me to drop it,” Kaiba deadpanned when he caught on with what you were going to say, his eyes had turned back to his laptop, fixing the code.

“And we’re both bad at human emotions, great job Mr. Obvious,” You said, the amusement clear in your voice, but your eyes showed an obvious tiredness, as if you were expecting his answer, but hoping he would change his mind, “however, I did not expect you to…”drop it” as you said. Do not expect me to answer you if you ask.”

“Fine.”

When Kaiba was finally in his office after apparently taking a nap in the café, his phone rang in the middle of the afternoon.

“Kaiba.”

“You jackass,” someone growled on the other end, he vaguely recognized it as that girl that worked for you.

“I have more important matters to attend to rather than listening to you,” Kaiba said back, his face was stern. If this really was that person, Aaran, then something must of happened to make that woman growl. There was also the matter of how exactly she got this number.

“Boss hasn’t come out of the basement, what the hell did you do.”

“And you’re under the assumption that I had anything to do with it?” Kaiba shot back, throwing his mind back to when he left. You had shaken him awake, indicated the time with a tilt of your head, and closed the door behind him.
“You were the last one in the building,” Aaran growled into the phone, “The basement door’s locked, Nick is on mute, and neither Sarah nor Minori can get through. According to Nick’s security, you are the only one with the most authority other than the Boss.”

“We hardly know each other,” Kaiba said, narrowing his eyes at nothing as he stood. Making his way towards the door and elevator. He heard a crash and a bang. Followed by a few curses and gun shots.

“Why didn’t you say this is bullet proof!” He recognized the voice of Carter, who was muttering curses to herself in English.

“I don’t know when it happened!” Minori sounded panicked, “Things were fine- shit- was that a blow torch? This has never happened before!”

“You think it’s a relapse? It’s been years.”

Aaran’s voice snapped him out of the other conversations as he practically growled at the front desk to get a car over.

“Get the hell over here.”

He hung up as he strode over to the limo.

By the time he had managed to get over to your café, he practically shoved everyone out of the way as he gripped the knob tightly and forced it open. By the time his hand touched the knob, he heard a click before the door was forced open.

You sat, crisscrossed on the floor with a neat stack of cards around you. Your head snapped up, and judging by the deep set bags in your eyes, you hadn’t slept. There were also various heavy metal tools that seemed to have been thrown across the room. Your hands were slightly cut in various places, but they looked more like paper cuts and nothing serious.

You stared at each other before your eyebrows furrowed.

“Huh?”

He glanced over the basement and found that you also had clear wrappers thrown carelessly around the room. You seemed to be sorting through them.

He glared at you, the questioning clear in his eyes.

“I’m sorting,” You said, motioning to the stack of booster packs beside you, “I called in a favor.”

You looked up when he didn’t say anything, still crossed armed and towering over everything in his own Kaiba way. Still glaring at you.

“Mr. Pegasus owed me,” You said in explanation, before turning back to the packs and opening it. Humming as you read each individual card and cataloged them in your head. Roughly, you had been going at it since you got off work. Honestly, the packs have been building up, as Pegasus kept sending you the latest of what he could offer. It had been stopped since Kaiba Corp. took official ownership of the game. You were taking care to avoid getting any blood on them.
“Are you any good?”

Your eyes snapped to him, before looking back at the cards, carefully laying them out on the floor, “I suppose. Haven’t dueled anyone in a while.”

“Seriously?!” Minori yelled, his hands flailing as he seemed to stumble on a thrown empty box, Sarah looked like she was stuck in between laughing and shooting you.

“We thought you relapsed,” Sarah said pointedly, though her face was struggling in keeping it’s neutral expression.

“By the definition of the word, I did,” You said shrugging, “I drank, and now I am awake.”

He sighed, “If you duel and your opponent wins, will you go to sleep?”

You narrowed your eyes at him before you turned back to your hand, “Sure.”

He pulled out his deck.

An hour.

A full, sixty minute- hour.

That was how long it took before you beat him. With your own Blue Eyes.

For the sake of being realistic, Kaiba did look like he was winning for the majority of the game. Sarah and Minori kept to the sides, watching as the two of you played old fashion table top style. He was down only by 1,000 while you were bellow 3,000 life points. It looked promising.

Then you pulled a move he didn’t know you could.

A couple of turns before you threw in a win at the last minute, Yugi Muto style. You had sent the cards in your hand over to the graveyard. Then you managed a Monster Reborn, summoning a Red Eyes Black Dragon. When he summoned his own Blue Eyes to counter, using a Monster Reborn of his own since you had gotten rid of it with a Raigeki, you negated him using the Call of the Grave you had set a turn earlier. Since you managed to negate his spell card, you were also able to summon Van’Dalgyon the Dark Dragon Lord onto your field. A turn later, when he summoned a monster to attack a face-down you had, it turned out to be a Maiden With Eyes Of Blue. Allowing you to use it’s effect, negating his attack and summoning a Blue Eyes White Dragon.

Having monsters that totaled into an attack that was over 8,000 (8,200 to be exact) you ended the game.

He never before had remembered a time where he loathed the Blue Eyes White Dragon, as it was the main heavy hitter on your field.
“That was- that was actually really surprising,” Minori said blinking.

You shrugged before turning back to your cards. Pocketing your deck.

Carter cut him a look that clearly said, “Something is going to happen to you unless you fix this.”

“How much coffee did you drink?” Sarah said out loud, turning to you.

“I dunno, like, Twenty?”

“Did you just say, ‘dunno’?!” Minori squeaked, looking very much confounded, “in English?”

Carter glared at him again.

This was unfair. He took your arm, grabbing a large red box he had spotted a day before and bandaging every cut he could find. You weren't that much of an idiot so it was highly unlikely you had gotten any of the cuts infected.

He didn’t need to do this. He proceeded to drag you outside, taking care to avoid your hands.

Why did he have to do this, when you were the one clearly at fault.

He proceeded to walk to the turtle shell game shop he knew was downtown.

“You’re not taking me to Mr. Muto’s home so that he could beat me are you?” You narrowed his eyes at him as you struggled to keep his pace. Silently questioning how tall his parents and/or relatives should have been to create such a tall person.

He stayed silent.

He was going to start demanding free coffee from you at this point.

“I've already been giving it you for free.”

Had he said that out loud? He wasn’t sure. Either way, he was ignoring you in favor of speeding across the streets. Ignoring the strange glances people were giving the two of you. Glaring in front of him to send the message to get the hell out of his way.

“You have a limo, why are you walking?”

He ignored the question.

“Seriously, what’s gotten into you? This is strange even by my standards, and I have an extensive tolerance for strangeness. There was once this chemistry student in my class-“

The fact that you were speaking for so long notified him that he needed to get you to sleep fast. Before you ultimately crashed.

“-that had these really rough anger bouts if you made him angry. It was fantastic because he had this friend in engineering who was a little bit of a cocky jerk but he was alright by my books-“

The fact that you were speaking for so long notified him that he needed to get you to sleep fast. Before you ultimately crashed.

“-but he made some of these jocks really mad, and that guy has a lot- a shit ton of overprotective friends too. I remember they were all limping for months, and I remember thinking, ‘well damn, that’s awesome.’ It was really funny, even if I was twelve when I saw it- it was really funny, like
watching a movie. T’was great I declare. Which reminds me of that time I first moved here-“

He never thought he would have to face the sort of issue with you in question.

“There were these two guys- they were ridiculous. Kept flirting with me, don’t really know why though, I mean- I’m just me, hell I might me a bigger nerd than you are but I doubt it. The mere fact that you have a jet shaped like a Blue Eyes argues my argument for me- does that make sense? I’m not sure-“

He was able to see the familiar turtle shape of the game shop roughly two blocks away.

“-anyway, I kicked their butts, but then this one guy tried to send the Yakuza at me but turns out his dad was this old guy that I helped with his phone because I know a couple of elderly people who also can’t really figure out their phone so I decided to help. Be a good person you know- but the look on his face, it was hilarious. This guy, who I helped out like a few days before it happened was just laying the smackdown on this kid and the guys with him were groveling-“

He passed by the second the last street to the shop.

“-But I was like, dude. What the fuck man, what the hell. Just standing there because what the hell am I supposed to do when the local mafia just happens to drop by? They don’t exactly post tutorials of this on YouTube so didn’t really know what to do. This was also when I didn’t have any other employees so I was just awkwardly standing there like a freakin’ statue. I was like, um. You guys want an Americano or something?“

When you had switched to English, Kaiba wasn’t exactly sure. The point was that you were acting like a person on drugs. Given that Caffeine is technically a drug, he supposed it wasn’t that far from the truth.

“Which reminds me- why do not put card sleeves over your cards? I mean, I don’t either, but still. Aren’t you worried they get bent at the corners? It’s a possibility, why did you make space for just the cards. I think that was why America didn’t exactly catch on yet, they like their stuff, so a lot of the people I dueled prefer to keep their cards in sleeves so maybe you should expand the space a bit to accommodate-“

He approached the door and knocked with his fist.

“Maybe improve the shuffling mechanics too, some sleeves are slippery than most- oh. Hello!”

Yugi had opened the door, and his eyes widened in surprise as Kaiba towered over. Holding an energetic person by the arm. Said person was also waving frantically at Yugi with the arm that wasn’t restrained.

“Duel.”

“Uh, okay?”

“Duel this one,” Kaiba said tiredly as he shoved you forward. He was beginning to feel the sweat run down his neck. You had as well, judging by the thin sheet of liquid that ran across your forehead. Your back was also slightly damp as Domino City had been experiencing high temperatures the past week.

You lost, thankfully. But it was close, you had Muto down to 1000 life points before Yugi managed
to take you down with his signature Dark Magician, but it was *dangerously close*. He wasn’t sure what he would do if you actually *won*.

“Now you sleep,” Kaiba commanded as he dragged you over but you escaped his hand and hopped over to a shelf.

“Are these the new packs? I haven’t been able to get a hold of any-” You dressed yourself down before you managed to feel a softbox, “and I’ve brought my wallet- nice.”

“You don’t have time.”

“I have plenty of time,” You deadpanned before turning back to the deck, rubbing your hands together, “this is your fault, by the way, you got me back into this.”

“I have nothing to do with this, your insanity is your own doing.”

“Point, but” You nodded to yourself, a bit of a crazed look in your eye before turning to the box- and grabbing most of its contents, “I’m going to ignore you.”

“Can I buy all of these?”

Kaiba glared at Yugi to say “no”, but seeing as how this wasn’t his shop, Yugi was fairly hesitant to answer.

“Of course!”

Kaiba watched with a scowl as Yugi’s grandpa emerged from the back, happily ringing up an equally happy customer.

You two left, Kaiba’s facial expression in a deep scowl as you counted each booster pack you had bought. Then you ran off.

Literally.

You sprinted past Kaiba into a crowd, going off in a direction that was *not* back to your café. The result being that Kaiba proceeded to grumble as he followed you.

He found you in the park, distributing some of the booster packs you had bought before walking back to where he was standing. Again, counting the packs you had on hand.

“Why do you look so sweaty?” You questioned, tilting your head and furrowing your eyebrows.

“What has gotten into you?” Kaiba sighed, “You were never this erratic before.”

You nodded slowly before walking in the direction of your café, leaving Kaiba to follow you in frustration. Else he find what Carter would do with her gun if he didn’t. Not to mention you would most likely reign terror if he chose to do anything to her to prevent that.

Either way, he was frustratingly stuck.

“What do you know?”
The question snapped him out of his internal debate, “I know that your thoughts tend to be erratic, yet you’ve never shown to be erratic in behavior.”

You nod again, “Aannndd?”

“You haven’t slept,” He said, “and you’ve drunk coffee”.

You cackled, “I have not drunk a single cup of liquid coffee in five years.”

You sped off, this time in the direction of your café.

Kaiba frowned, a question brimming in his mind. Apparently, you had drunk coffee before. Perhaps routinely, if he was right in thinking that since you owned a dominantly coffee shop. You were fond of it. Just didn’t drink it.

So that left the question.

Why?

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed, have a good morning/afternoon/day/evening/night!
Chapter 7, Hangover

Chapter Summary

The next day

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 7, Hangover

That day, you went up to your room, cards still in the bag and clutched in your hand, you went straight to your bed and crashed. Eyes shutting closed as soon as your head hit the pillow. Not bothering to remove your shoes.

When you woke up, you had a headache the size of Jupiter.

“Mother trucker,” You muttered as you stood. Your eyebrows scrunched out as your headache pulsed all over your brain.

You stumbled forward, your hand still clutched around the bag.

You had a vague recollection of what happened, promising to sleep, or at least try to if Kaiba beat you in a duel, dueling Kaiba, dueling Muto for some strange reason, buying some cards. Returning. Then sleep.

You scrambled around for some food to stuff in your face before you put the hammer down on the headache with some 800ml ibuprofen. Worked just as good, or sometimes even better than Tylenol.

“Finally.”

You turned around, glad that you had bought curtains that were thick enough to block out the light of the afternoon.

“Hngg?” You muttered, your eyes strained slightly in the darkness. Obligingly, your AI lit the soft gold lights that you installed overhead.

You saw a tuff of brown hair and slightly luminescent ice blue eyes, which were narrowed in your direction.
You grunted, your confusion before turning to a cereal box you found, pouring it in and eating it dry.

“You are an idiot.”

You shot him a look in the dim light. Trying to convey, “You say that like I had a choice.” Through a look. Seeing as how Mr. Currently Really Tall-Dark-and Not so Mysterious shot you a glare you knew the thought went across successfully. Crunches of cereal filled up the quiet air as you munched, picking up a handful with your bare hand and dropping them into your mouth.

You tilted your head at him, again, trying to communicate with him through this mysterious physic connection you seemed to have created with him.

“Mokuba seems to have kicked me out for your sake.”

Ah, that was why. Perhaps, though was it really possible to kick a 20-something owner of a multimillion dollar company out of his own building you wondered, looking at a spot on the wall.

Then again, this was Mokuba. He was very most likely the Yugi Muto in the art of getting his brother to do something. That is, without the use of careful planning and manipulation. Maybe. Probably. What were you going with this train of thought.

Seeing as it seemed neither of you felt like continuing a verbal conversation, your thoughts began to wander as your basic mechanical functions proceeded to put food in your mouth. The headache receded slightly.

Which begged the question.

Why was he still here?

You checked the time, a blaring 8:30 in your face. The lack of light from under the curtains said that the sun had long since gone down. Probably an hour or three ago.

The sounds of crunching cereal began to slow.

You met eyes with him again, a question glistening on the surface as you, almost pointedly, swallowed.

“I want a rematch.”

And you almost spat out what you just swallowed.

You frowned, your eyebrows furrowing and your eyes bulging slightly. Your lips were turned down. It was a perfect, and rather impressive live, rendition of the “WTF?!?” look. Then it slowly transformed into an, “Are you serious?” look.

“You can’t possibly win twice in a row against me.”

“So you’re saying because I’m not Mr. Muto you aren’t going to accept my win against you as anything other than sheer luck,” Is what you were thinking towards him. Your eye slightly twitching. Fueled by temporary energy or fast burning energy or not, your brain still operated at full capacity.

Your intelligence anyway, common sense was a little slower than it should be. As well as a general lack of sanity.

On the surface, you grunted.
You finished up the last of your cereal and drank down a tablet of ibuprofen before moving over to sit crisscross in the middle of the floor. You were not going to make this easy for him.

He sighed, then walked over with his long ass legs and sat in front of you, his deck already in his hands.

Despite what you thought, he didn’t actually want to duel you simply because you had beat him the first time.

“Ghost’s finally crashed,” Sarah sighed happily as she carefully closed your door, “already snorin’ on the pillow.”

He raised an eyebrow as she turned to him with a serious look.

“I don’t know what the hell happened last night, but you’ve been messing Ghost up big time,” Sarah said, “and if I find out that all of what the poor kid’s been doing is for jack shit- I will find a way to get you a fate worse than your death.”

“I did not do anything,” He growled. He was honestly offended that this woman thought he would. Then he caught her words, “What do you mean ‘what the poor kid’s been doing’?”

Sarah shook her head, “Not my story to tell, Ghost’ll probably tell you. Awfully talkative around you for someone who hasn’t even been coming to the coffee shop for at least a week.”

That was news to him.

Then the woman looked at him like she had just found a key piece of evidence, “Also awfully curious for a man who’s only been getting coffee from here for four days.”

“This place is the only one who makes decent coffee.”

“That’s the thing though isn’t it?” Sarah grinned, “you’ve only been getting coffee from the head honcho. You haven’t gotten coffee from Aaran or Minori- or hell, the others, and I can vouch for their skills.”

Sarah leaned back against the door grinning, “You’ve also been coming to Ghost directly for coffee since you first got here- something you need to tell me Kaiba?”

Kaiba glared at the woman, he didn’t understand what she was implying but he didn’t like it all the same.

“Oh,” Sarah said suddenly, slowly blinking, “unless- unless you don’t know yet?”

“Know what?” He said, his ire slowly rising. He wondered how bad of a hit the company would take if he found a way to get that smirk of Carter’s face. You wouldn’t go as far as to run him out of business right?


Carter slung an arm around his shoulders, awkward because of the height difference, but none the
“Alright Kaiba boy.”

“Do not call me that.”

“Touchy- alright. Kaiba, since you owe me-“

“I don’t owe you anything.”

“Alright, you owe Ghost then which means it applies to me. When Ghost wakes up- I want you duel again. Make sure that the kid’s distracted. If the coffee was actually drunk willfully, that probably means that Ghost got stressed out. It’s a cycle. Thankfully one of the more predictable ones that happens around that crazy kid. Trust me- if that kid get’s another cup of coffee in their system during hangover morning- it’s going to be a lot worse than what happened today.”

He groaned, internally.

“Yeah I know, I’d run for the hills if that happened, but I need you to do this for Ghost’s sake more than anything. Kid loves coffee like a food enthusiast likes their favorite dishes, but the two have a bad background story.”

Kaiba frowned, “Yet-.”

“Yet a business about coffee of all things was made- yeah I know. Weird but that’s how Ghost roles. You learn to accept that most of the weird things that happens are actually more truthful than the normal.”

Kaiba gave her a look.

“I’m not as smart as Ghost but I’m not stupid either. I know sometimes communication is an issue between us- between everyone, and it seems that the only person the Kid isn’t dumbing down for is you. Doesn’t have to because you understand.”

Sarah smiled at him, “I’m happy, really, it’s been a long time since that kid relaxed. So. Just. Do. It.”

“I get it.”

“Huh?”

“You’re an idiot.”

“You’re talking to a brick wall here Kaiba, pretend I’m the most stupidest person to have ever stupid.”

He sighed, because that was impossible. The sheer fact that Carter hung around you would have made that impossible.

“I’ve already hacked and searched after finally getting the idiot to sleep. Luckily, there are still living eyewitnesses to the incident.”

“Wait- you mean? But I thought Ghost burned all that information?”

Kaiba gave her a deadpanned look, one that eerily was similar to yours. Except this one had more
“Right. Internet. Stuff never really goes away. Stop looking at me like that it’s creepy,” Carter shivered. “But that- that type of digging. It could- you know. They called that kid “Ghost” for a reason. Not just because of a character from Call of freaking Duty”

“I’m aware.”

“Then- then you’re willing to accept the consequences if you’re figured out?”

“When,” Kaiba interjected, because you would find out eventually. As he had quickly learned, you weren’t stupid. Morally gray perhaps, in some areas, but not stupid. It took him a little digging to find out what really happened. Although it would have been logical to point out that your apparent “addiction” began during school, he had an inkling of a feeling that it wasn’t directly the cause of your dislike for it.

With the information he found, it wasn’t hard to figure out what happened, and how that affected you.

Meanwhile the two of you were dueling, both serious faced.

He had you at 1700 but you had him at 1200, you both had a blue eyes white dragon, but there was an increasing apprehension about the face down card you had in your side of the field.

He made his move.

He summoned his two other Blue Eyes White Dragons with the Lord of D. on his field, utilizing the flute of summoning dragons.

Then you revealed your Bottomless Trap Hole, and he lost those dragons. Which allowed you to once again summon your Van’Dalgyon The Dark Dragon Lord once again. Then you activated Double Spell.

He internally sighed. You used that to summon and use the Flute of Summoning Dragons to summon the Red Eyes Black Dragon and Poseidra, The Atlantean Dragon. He ended his turn.

You activated the Dragon’s Treasure equip card to your Blue Eyes White Dragon, upping it by 300 attack and defense. You attacked his dragon, then sent the two others after him.

You won. Again.

Still, he wasn’t bothered as much as he was before. There was a smile that was on your face as you seemed to draw and come up with a strategy to win. Not so much a condescending smile, but the type of smile he saw on Mokuba when they duelled.

Just happy.

When you won, he re-challenged you.

Then he won. Then you won. Then he won twice in a row. It was a constant change of winners as
the two of you just dueled, re-shuffled, and repeated the process.

“Are we seriously just going to duel all day?” You grunted, your voice was raspy from it’s lack of use. You were frowning at him as you absentmindedly shuffled your deck.

Then something clicked in your mind and your eyes narrowed at him, to which he responded by mirroring the action.

“Which one of those rascals roped you into this?”

“Carter.”

You snorted, “Thought so.”

You made a flipping motion with your hand, “You can go now- I’ll prevent Carter from possibly murdering you- or you know, sending you to jail. She isn’t one for doing something underhanded when angry. She did only say that you had to duel me again right? To distract me?”

“She mentioned dueling you.”

“Alright, I’m thinking by ‘mentioned’ you agreed to doing more than just dueling.”

“I have to take you out to dinner.”

You froze up, and Kaiba found that more than a little unexpected.

Internally, there was a mini-version of you. Emotional and running around screaming. The other mini-version of you was staring in shock. Or at least that was the mental projection that you had.

“I am going to murder all her save files,” You growled. Carter was an avid player of online games. Specifically Old Republic, she had been going at it for nearly a decade.

Then again, it would work out in your favor, as you did need to come up with another excuse for how to get him to eat a big meal and sleep again. You re-evaluated your plan for revenge. All while ignoring the problems that were screeching at you at the corners of your mind. Hooray for distractions!

You’d be satisfied for one of her lesser save files. Perhaps only one in question to do so.

“However we are going to a business meeting.”

You frowned and took a glance at him, “Business meeting? I suppose that would mean that I would have to dress appropriate.”

“If you expect me to bring you as you are now, I’d rather take the rage of that agent of yours.”

You gave him a confused look, “What? No, don’t be ridiculous. I was stating the obvious. Of course I’m going to dress for success.”

He frowned at that.

“‘Dress for Success’? I acquired that saying in Primary Grade, a little childish I know but strangely
far too simplistic to not remember,” You shrugged, “Not to worry though, I’ll dress. I know how business meetings go for the most part. How do you think I’ve been able to serve you coffee?”

“I assumed you had some sort of source.”

You snorted, “I had to go to numerous business meetings, I fought with another coffee business owner to get this spot.”

You realized what that sounded like a second too late, “I fought with evidence and arguments of course- I didn’t preform any acts of violence or physical disagreement.”

He rose a questioning eyebrow, “I wouldn’t have thought you would.”

You coughed, awkwardness seeping into your actions, “What time is this meeting?”

He checked his watch, and holy- that was a Rolex. You weren’t really into watches but it was a nice looking one. A really nice looking one. You half expected it to be custom Blue Eyes White Dragon theme. Then again, once you have a jet the shape of a Blue Eyes there wasn’t really much that could out do that.

“In two hours.”

You frowned at him, “And you thought it would be a good idea to invite me at the last minute?”

You ran a few situations in your mind before you made a conclusion, “And I have come to the conclusion that you were requested to bring a- well, let us say ‘companion’ for the evening?”

Then you realized it was Kaiba you were talking to, “Then again, you probably wouldn’t have cared if you did or did not. Give me a few to shower- amuse yourself or something.”

“I’ll pick you up by the end of two hours.”

You grunted before heading over to the bathroom. Or in your case, the Think Tank. Capital letters required.

The bathroom was a wondrous place. A place of silence and solitude, and the perfect place to contemplate the existence of the universe, the meaning of life, and other things. Such as why colors are named as what they are. (There were reasons why you had a computer in your restroom, you used to do your essays in a restroom.)

In this particular situation, it was feelings in question here.

You had this particular debate in your head during your night shift the previous night- or so you think. The details of time were fuzzy when you drank coffee. It was why- bad thought. Turn around.

Where were you? Oh right, debate.

You turned the water on for the shower and proceeded, your body going on automatic pilot as your thoughts collected.

You went through every interaction you had with Mr. Kaiba, with the shock of discovery now worn off, you could view everything from a more logical standpoint. You decided in sorting it into two
Fact: Mr. Kaiba is an impressive person.

It wasn’t hard to justify it, even as a person who would dislike Mr. Kaiba, his achievements spoke volumes of his intelligence. One does not simply take over a weapons company and turn it into a company that produced games without some form of intelligence and cunning.

Fact: Mr. Kaiba was difficult to understand. Despite the fact that you were mostly able to guess his moods and motives, Mr. Kaiba had a reputation of being rather difficult. You too, had your secrets, and you were aware that he more than just noticed. So it did make sense that your powers of observation could only take you so far.

Semi-Fact: Aesthetically pleasing. The bases of nature when finding a mate usually required two things. A good DNA and a good ranking among other types of its species. Not to say that this applied all the time, having good money and good looks really shouldn’t matter, especially in today’s society, but that was usually where feelings sprung from besides getting to know the other party. The man was rich. The man was handsome. The combination of the two tended to yield predictable results. Especially if you took notice of the interpretation of what happened when you were rich and handsome/beautiful in pop culture. Either you were a jackass or perhaps (un)surprisingly a really decent person. If you really wanted to analyze the pre-historic side of things, then Kaiba would have been equivalent to the most alpha male to have ever alpha-ed within the century. As such, he had his pick. Sure sometimes it was difficult seeing as humans have complications like motives and such, but he did have his pick. Did you mention that the man was probably nationally ranked for his high school national test scores? You did your digging in your spare time, and you knew that the man had no time to study.

Feeling: Said Mr. Kaiba was attractive. It was rather difficult not to find him so. Aesthetics and a probably immortal economic stability aside, he was intelligent. The kind of intelligent you classified as, “holy shit I’m in love.” Except far less serious on the “love” part. You decided you were disregarding your previous statement from the other night. With a level head, combined with the damn near mystical powers of the restroom, you theorized that you were more than a little distracted when you made the decision.

Feeling: For some reason, you were abnormally concerned for his welfare. On a normal bases, you would have been helpful sure. Suggest a pharmaceutical grade tryptophan for sleep aid, but you just drank coffee for the man. Perhaps insignificant for any other person, but you had damn near sworn off any type of concentrated coffee for half a decade. Coffee cake was alright, tiramisu was alright, because while they did have a coffee content, the amount you would have had to eat in order to have the same concentration in a cup of coffee would have been unrealistic.

You never had issues with coffee before, and the caffeine addiction part of why you swore off coffee was only the beginning.

Your arm grew itchy and you dismissed that particular train immediately.

Stepping out of the shower and drying yourself down, you breathed deep.

Alright. Time to prepare.
You popped a few kinks off your shoulders before you walked out the room, and no, you did use your towel. The windows of your floor were sealed, an experiment actually, you wondered what would happen if you micro-sized a solar panel and inject it within a glass window pane. You couldn’t say if it was a viable way for turning solar energy into electricity since you only began testing it two weeks ago, but you were hopeful. The door was also locked, so it was also alright to parade around proud.

You opened your, admittedly, pretty small closet.

Decisions decisions.

Chapter End Notes

I hereby dedicate this chapter to Only_one_name, who has taken the time to leave a comment on every single frakin chapter in this little story of mine. You certainly dragged back my mojo for this story kicking and screaming. Thanks, and hopefully you comment on this chapter and future chapters too.

Oh yeah, I forgot to mention that comments tend to affect the result of how fast the next chapter is posted, as well as what happens in it.

Whoops.

Anything else...oh, well, I've been getting back into playing Yu-Gi-Oh lately, so there's that. Pendulum monsters are confusing.

Hope you enjoyed, and have a good day/afternoon/evening/night~

Kaiba: Are you done yet
Aki: Yeah, why, you wanna say something?
Kaiba: No
Aki: Then why are you making me type this conversation
Kaiba: Shut up
Aki: You live in my brain, stupid.
Kaiba: Just get the next chapter done
Aki: //raises mental hands// fine
Kaiba:....
Aki:....
Kaiba:....
Aki: Why is this still coming out? Stop making me type this, this is my meat sack. Out-of the body controls- BYE!

...I don't know either, i'm just gonna leave that there
Chapter 8, Exhaustion Makes the Tongue Loosen

Chapter Summary

It's time for dinner

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I own nothing of the Yu-gi-oh franchise, this is simply for fun. Oc's belong to me, and you belong to you reader.

Hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 8, Exhaustion Makes the Tongue Loosen

You stepped outside of the café with a sigh, roughly half an hour early. However, due to the fact that you had been specifically warned via taped on paper sign that if you were to even put a pinky in the basement, there would be consequences. The paper was suspiciously anonymous so you weren’t about to take chance on the possibility of who had threatened you.

You don’t know who called who, but you were fairly certain that group of friends of yours had some sort of network that was almost as quick to update as a twitter message. There were some people you just didn’t want to piss off.

So you stood outside in the refreshing cold air, slouching slightly against the wall behind you. In this instance, you wondered if the scene would look more interesting had you been a smoker. However, you weren’t, and thus the closest thing you would most likely get to such a scene would be a prop or a lollipop. You were exhausted. The cold air that had greeted you in a wake-up call had seeped out during your shower. You felt aches and panes throughout your body, begging to just cancel and settle under a warm blanket.

You checked your watch, a custom smart watch that you wore when you didn’t have the patience or room to be able to grab your phone and slip it into your pocket. You had two emails, one from Minori to remind you that any indication that you were working and/or banging away at a piece of metal in the basement would result in consequences. Once again, the mystery of the punishment doing the threatening work. Much like what you had done to that one lady who really was rude as hell.

The other email was a yearly invitation to the TGS, hosted by the big leagues of the video game industry. Basically Japan’s version of E3, a convention about upcoming games and entertainment tech for games. The Tokyo Game Show. You got an invitation every year, and you used to never miss a year, but these days you simply didn’t have the drive to go.
You had to admit it was fun giving tips to the aspiring gaming programmers when they were there to represent their college.

“You’re early.”

You looked up and offered him a lop-sided smile, “You would have left me in the dust at the first sign of being late.”

You pointed behind you, “They also banned me from the basement so I had no other choice but to be early.”

He raised an eyebrow at you as you opened the passenger door and slid in, the creak of expensive leather initiating what you called your “Dapper as Fuck” mode. Relaxing against the seat, your legs folded on their own. Your mind reeling back to the days where you had to be charming as hell to talk your way out of getting expelled for accidentally causing a black out. (It was for science)

Your elbow rested against the door as you brought your hand leisurely to rest your head against. Tilting your head slightly to look at him.

“Do tell Mr. Kaiba,” You said, “who exactly are we meeting with?”

“The CEO of Dragon Corp from the US,” He said, making a turn, “I assume you are familiar with them?”

You snorted, “More than familiar, I aided in the start of their company when it was still considered a brain child. Christian isn’t the one behind the major decisions.”

He threw you a look, “Then who is?”

“The secretary,” You said, not minding that Kaiba was going well over the speed limit. This was Domino City, as long as he didn’t run anyone over, they sure as hell wouldn’t get in his way. Besides, you lived in the United States while the speed limits were something to keep in mind, the general rule was if there were no other cars within a close distance, and there were no children within the area, then it was alright to go a little over. Like freeways for example. One doesn’t stay within 50 miles per hour when driving from Los Angeles to Las Vegas. “It started out as a bit of a joke it seems, but it has actually worked out pretty well. Since the other investors think there is a “recluse” member of the board with a large chunk of shares. It’s been their system to weed out the…well, ‘distasteful’ board members.”

“It sounds ludicrous,” Kaiba said, but he had to admit that if it did work, then it would be an effective strategy to keep a good grip on the company.

“There was one time where they had an issue with the board, they were all banning together to get rid of Christian so they could run the company themselves- had a potential contract with the government you see,” You said, by this time, most of your attention was in the car’s engine. Damn the girl could purr. “Since Christian and herself were the two with the most shares combined, and I agreed with them, our combined votes overruled it. It was fairly hilarious when they received the letter stating that their shares were officially forfeited- as it was in their contract if the three holders who had the most shares agreed, they’d be booted out. Paid of course, but they would be booted out the company forever. Again, unconventional, but that’s how they became what they are now.”

Kaiba glanced at you from the corner of his eye, “Your saying they didn’t read the contract. How idiotic were they?”

You cackled, “A little hard to read and pay attention to an offer that was the thickness of a college
history textbook, most of everything in there was significantly important as well- got to hand it to the
girl, if she was an attorney, the enemy would weep. She put the “fun stuff” on the front page to
entice most investors”.

“I am going to assume that the members who joined and did read their proposals thoroughly were
awarded. Yourself included.”

“Of course, they reportedly impressed with the specifics of the offer. The highlights being that as
long as herself and Christian didn’t find anything that was unsavory, would potentially harm their
employees, did not bind their company to the government, they would most likely approve of it. All
the board members had the same paycheck, that includes her and Christian. I decline mine and
instead donate it to several charities.”

“Rather like a communism.”

“Akin to that, except it is not government base. It is the primary reason as to why they are so popular
in America, the teenage generation that had grown to support the idea of equality buy a near
excessive of their products. Everyone who works under their company receives an equal paycheck
regardless of gender, sex, ethnic group, and background. The only difference in income is ranking
really, but everyone benefits from the health care plan. Which is more than what other companies can
offer.”

“It sounds far to idealistic to be a real company.”

You nodded in understanding, the skeptics in such an unrealistically morally decent system was to be
expected, “I know, the system isn’t without it’s faults, and they really try to keep things fair and to
the truth. The secretary and her little minions do their best to weed out the employees who become
power hungry, or catch unlawful conduct when it happens- and it’s not perfect. However,
considering the environment- it’s not half bad. They’ve made a system to their live witness, and it’s
been improving,” You smiled. “The RNR department is something to be envious of as well.”

“Then why aren’t you working for them?”

You sighed, valid question, considering you had basically just waxed poetry about them, so you
decided to reveal a part of the truth, “Due to a situation, quite literally, blowing out of proportion at
my last place of work, I’ve been told that my issues with authority had thus far increased since then.
So quite frankly if I did, I would most likely be among the most rebellious works within the
building.”

Kaiba considered what you said, and it was true. You owned your café, so you followed your own
orders and code of conduct. Your job with the American Government seemed to be either by your
mood or by request. You had complete and total control. According to Aaran, who had given him a
threat during your sleep, you also had ties with Yakuza. From her heavy implication, that came from
a deep-seated respect for you.

He wanted to confirm whether this was because of the explosion incident within your lab as you had
implied, however, he wasn’t sure how you would react to that reveal.

“Yes,” You said quietly before he could come to a conclusion, “The explosion is the one at fault in
this situation.”

Kaiba nearly hit the breaks.

You laughed, it was a cackle of sadness as you had your face turned to the window. Not bothering to
look at him. You were tired of dancing around it when you knew it was inevitable that he would find out. You were right, he did find out. You didn’t blame him either.

“Your authority has never been disputed before, and I’m sure as the older brother, you have ran background checks on Mokuba’s dates and friends. Despite how some may consider that a gross violation of privacy, I would be a hypocrite if I were to reprimand you for your actions,” You said in explanation, “that being said, it was not difficult to come to the conclusion that when you had stopped asking me for answers, you sought them out yourself and succeeded. Your internet history also provides evidence of that.”

You saw that the grip on his wheel was hard enough that his knuckles were white. He had been right, you had found out. However, he didn’t think you would figure out so quickly. He half expected you to inform him that his company was officially wiped out of existence.

You knew when he stiffened something was wrong.

Kaiba was aware that what he did was against your wishes. It was true, you didn’t want him to. However, you understood curiosity. Curiosity is what you lived for. So you knew it was going to eat at him.

You knew it wasn’t normal like that, most people would screech and yell and feel betrayal at the discovery that a person had so blatantly breached their privacy like that. Had you been another person, you would. Had you not gone through what you went through, you would be kicking him out of his own car mid drive and ran him over.

But you weren’t. You were you, and you had gone what you went through.

You also understood that this was when most people got up and left him. It was what happened to you when you did the same thing. Mostly after the incident. You didn’t trust anyone, not even the few friends you had before. You did extensive background checks on all of them. Some left, some stayed. You didn’t resent those who left.

“I know what really happened with Gozoboro,” You offered, because you needed to prove that you did it too. It was in your nature. You hated not knowing things these days, and it ended a lot of potential relationships, but you were too paranoid to care. You also needed to prove that you were just stating such things to comfort him. “I know that he threw himself off that window because you beat him out of his own company. I know that quickly after the incident, there had been many who thought to take advantage of your young age and steal the company from you. I know why the Island you were going to host the Domino City tournament exploded, I know of the event with what happened when you were essentially manipulated into summoning some sort of evil celestial being from an alternate universe.” You weren’t really going to read into that because you didn’t really believe that actually happened, “and I know you had to deal with a with an ancient pharaoh that at this moment of time remains nameless.”

You were trying to convey that you weren’t mad at him for digging shit on you. Sure, the invasion of privacy was a little not okay, and some of the trust you had for him went away more than a little, but you were trying to prove that you did it too. That you had no right being angry at him for it if you did it too. You had said it, but it just wasn’t getting through. Hopefully, you were getting the message across this time.

You nearly sighed in relief when his grip slacked slightly, “Caldera”

You shrugged as nonchalantly as you managed, “Not now. Not later.”

“And the coffee?” Of course he would notice that the coffee wasn’t made right. However, it was
very close. Impressively so, considering the fact that he wouldn’t have recognized the chocolate had Mokuba not requested tasting chocolate from around the world for his most recent birthday. His blue eyes were as dangerous as they were large.

“…I didn’t want you to gain the same or similar hindrance.” As me.

He understood. He showed that when his grip fully relaxed.

When the two of you arrived at the restaurant, you stepped out, looking up at the sign. After exiting his side and handing the keys to the valet, he glanced at you at the corner of his eye. You seemed to have retreated into yourself slightly. A glazed look in your eyes showing that you weren’t all there.

Then you shook your head, breathing out through your nose and turned to him, the shiny tinge of your eyes disappearing in front of him, you stood straighter, your face wiped your expression back clean, “Shall we?”

It was when he remembered what Carter had said, “You learn to accept that most of the weird things that happen are actually more truthful than the normal”.

Carter was wrong, you weren’t dumbing yourself down. You never did that for anyone, you didn’t care too. You just elaborated when someone didn’t get it. Since you had went to a standard American school, you were used to it. Even if you were frustrated at times, it didn’t annoy you as much as it annoyed him. The reason that you got along with him, the reason why you seemed to be more open. He learned quickly that you didn’t lie, just didn’t reveal the whole truth. It was a trend you seemed to have.

You appeared open to him because no one understood that you were always open. You were always telling the truth. People just thought you were always lying because of the fact that you never said the whole truth at times. You manipulated the facts to suit the situation and what you wanted out of it. It was the same thing he did when addressing potential investors.

It was hard to explain, but he knew. He knew that you had been trying your best to get him to sleep more. You were never hiding that from him. You were obvious when you did it. Perhaps unintentionally. He knew you were exhausted, you had a slouch in your otherwise near-perfect posture. Your eyes slipped closed for a second longer than they did regularly, and you were vulnerable to his questions like this, because you were too tired to think of evasions, to think seriously of how things would go if you said a different it in a different way. You knew it too. Despite that, you were still here. Still trying to make him go to sleep regularly. He checked your grades when you were in school, although you had seemed to have no issues absorbing information, biology was not among your strong suits.

He went ahead, you following right next to him.

As the two of you walked in, you automatically searched the area. It wasn’t due to anything like being trained to, or just being paranoid of where you were for the most part, but sometimes anxiety hits when a restaurant was filled.

“HOLY SHIT.” A voice rang out, a finger was pointed at you.

“Language.” You said sternly, your eye twitching slightly, “we are in a public environment you imbecile.”
The man who just cursed in a public restaurant stiffened up and raised his hands in a panicked attempt to calm your apparent anger with him. Even as you strode forward and surgically placed the back of his neck between your thumb and pointer finger.

Kaiba gave you a look.

You returned it with a defiant look, your eye still twitching. The fact that you were still considered sleep deprived, plus small tells that you were exhausted told him that at the moment, to go against you was not the best course at the moment. The way your eyes were squinted slightly, accenting the bags under your eyes made the point rather clear. Besides, Kaiba reasoned, you weren’t hurting the man. Much. Just scaring him.

“Cursing in public places,” You grumbled under your breath, shooting him a look. The implication of a pet peeve was strong. “It’s inappropriate.”

A woman in a business suit and thick glasses stepped out, “Christian, you know how she is with those words in places where there could be children.”

“Sorry, I forgot,” He said weakly.

The woman sighed, shaking her head with a slight exasperation, before smiling and extending a fist to you.

“Hey.”

You hit the fist with a back of your own, “Hello Katie.”

She turned her head to Kaiba, nodding in respect, “Mr. Kaiba, pleasure to be your acquaintance. Though I have to wonder,” she tilted her head forward to you, “how did you get this one out of the building during work hours.”

“Carter.”

“Ah,” She nodded, “well come on- we have a private room- though it’s nice to see you again without the constant jittering.”

You shrugged, and tapped your head in answer.

Katie nodded in understanding before turning around and walking into the private room.

You three followed her inside as you shut the door behind you, food was already on the table, ranging in a wide array of different foods on the table.

Primarily beef.

You snorted, “I assume then, that you are still primarily a carnivore?”

“Har har,” She replied sarcastically. Taking a seat. The restaurant was more western themed, the table that seated four people and had orient chairs that shined with the wood polish. Decorated with 18th century designs from the legs to the armrest.

You and Kaiba followed, settling into the chair.

“Mr. Kaiba,” Katie said with a nod. “I have read your proposal, and I have to say that I will accept. With one exception.”
“And what would that be?”

Katie went to her bag and passed the proposal over to you.

You wordlessly took it, your face blanking and reading over the proposal. What you held in your hands was probably the prime example of what should be a proposal. There was little drawl and each and every word was direct. To the point.

It sounded exactly like Kaiba when you got down to it.

You nodded in approval, passing it over to Katie, “Considering that the wording is stiff, it’s acceptable for a joint project. You two are working in developing the duel gazers right?”

“That’s right, Mr. Kaiba proposed the idea first. Given our success with the further development of augmented reality.”

You nodded, humming to yourself and plating your food.

“You have an idea for improvement?”

You turned to Kaiba, “How far are you guys in synching the technology? The graphics? Can they keep up with a QSXGA resolution? Or is it more on the 1080p scale?”

“We’re still developing the transfer from the card art to the virtual 3D plane,” Kaiba had a hunch where you were going with this, “however the quality is roughly in the 2K range.”

Christian turned to Katie, “QSXGA resolution? I’ve heard of 2k and 1080, but what’s QSXGA?”

“QSXGA is a resolution that spans out 2560 by 2048 pixels. Think of a higher grade 1080. It was black and white before this one—” she regarded you with a nod, “decided to mess with it.”

You shrugged, but continued to keep your contemplative look, “The design for the duel gazers, is it standard right now? No customizations what so ever?”

“Yes,” Katie answered with a confirming nod, not that you needed any reassurances but some people just picked up the habit. “So far we’ve only gotten Kaiba’s school to test them, so color variants have been the only customization.”

“School? Oh, Duel Academy,” You had forgotten. Kaiba made a school. About playing a card game. Oh well, to each their own after all. With a background like that involving card games, you could see the appeal Kaiba had for it. The name, however, could be turned into something more exciting.

It was Kaiba. He named an amusement park Kaiba Land. You didn’t think names were his strong suit. You were pretty sure the Kaibaman monster card didn’t exist until after Kaiba made a deal with Pegasus’ company.

You laughed. For days. You hadn’t even met the man personally.

“How is that coming along? Simple paint job I would imagine considering there is only three dorms,” You casted a side along look at Kaiba, “and don’t think anyone didn’t notice the fact that the Slifer Red dorm was considered one of the low-end dorms. Meanwhile Obelisk Blue is considered the high-ranked.”

Again, you cackled at the discovery when you were snooping around the area. Seriously, it was
somehow poetic when one of the best students there came from the Slifer Red Dorm. Not to mention it was Muto’s God Card during the battle city tournament.

Now that you think about it, you might want to hop on over there yourself for an experiment. From what you had researched, many of the students actually shared some characteristics from the duelist that had used the Slifer the Sky Dragon card. It was a strange coincidence.

Kaiba narrowed his eyes at you in suspicion and with a sort of resigned look in his eyes, “A coincidence I’m sure.”

You cracked a grin, “Sure, we could say that. However, things are hardly ever coincidences. What do you think of the kid anyway? Jaden Yuki was it? Didn’t he win the contest and create the Neo-Spacian monsters and-“

You frowned, trying to remember the other monster that was made with the Neo Space monsters, “Dandylion was it? That one plant monster with a token effect?”

Kaiba nodded, “Mokuba was the one who chose the winner.”

You hummed before leaning back, “What of Schroeder? They caught any rumor of your plans yet?”

“No, and I don’t think he plans on challenging us in this anytime soon. Since Dragon Corp is the leading company in augmented reality,” Kaiba answered.

“We won’t go back on our deal,” Katie confirmed with a nod. As Schroeder was probably the closest thing Kaiba Corp had as a rival. They both made deals with Pegasus for Industrial Illusions. It wouldn’t have been a far shot if Schroeder caught word of Kaiba Corp’s dealings with Dragon Corp, and thus, making a counter offer.

Kaiba turned to Katie with a look.

“In the entire world, we trust one person’s opinion without question,” she nodded towards you, “if you have the back up of that one, our deal is as good as written in stone.”

“You could still sandblast that sucker,” You muttered.

Katie rolled her eyes while Christian laughed.

Then dinner went on as proceeded. Christian giving Kaiba surprised looks as you kept loading food onto his plate.

You kept the steak while giving him the fillet mignons, claiming it was, ‘A little too fancy for you’.

Roughly a half hour later, you got up to go to the bathroom along with Katie, leaving the two to a discussion if they ever did get around to it.

Christian frowned at Kaiba, “Did you save Overlord’s life or something?”

Kaiba turned to him as he set his utensils straight, “Overlord?”

“Overlord- oh, yeah, sorry. Um, it’s kind of our nick-name for the dude,” Christian shrugged helplessly, “but still. To fancy or not, the fillet mignon is a pretty good steak. Did you two make a deal or something?”
Resisting the urge to glare, because while the deal was sealed, the warning you gave him the second day of his visits still rang clear. He briefly wondered how you seemed to make it permanent, “We never made such a deal.”

“But you- Overlord’s- Huh?” Christian looked bewildered as he tried to form a proper sentence.

“Spit it out.”

“Overlord doesn’t share food- it’s hard enough as it is to get the stubborn goat to eat, but when the dude does, normally the dude hoards it. Are you sure you guys didn’t make some sort of deal? Did Overlord notice something hanky about your health or something?”

Kaiba was in a disbelief at the fact that someone just used hanky as an adjective, “No, we did not make a deal. Nor have I been informed that my health has issues.”

“Still,” crossing his arms, Christian frowned deeply behind his glasses. “Overlord doesn’t usually share unless you ask. Even then, it’s a long shot whether the dude’ll give it to you or not. Unless you were, yunno, starving. It probably has something to do with your sleeping habits”

For a man Kaiba had thought was less than incompetent, Kaiba had clearly underestimated him.

“Don’t get me wrong, I guess it’s none of my business-“

“It isn’t.”

“But the fact that Overlord is sharing with you, practically shoving it down your throat with the glares the dude gives you- how you could stand it for so long I have no idea, it’s like the dude made it the prime directive you know?” Christian shrugged, “Dude’s never done that before is all I’m saying. So you might wanna think back, maybe the dude’s noticed something you haven’t. It’s pretty normal for the rest of us.”

There was a moment of silence before Kaiba acknowledged him, “I’ll consider it.”

Christian raised his hands in a mock surrender, “‘S all I’m askin’ man, I mean, dude’s got the best intentions n’ all. But after a while, it can get a little…much.”

Kaiba didn’t get to ask what he meant by that as the two of you returned.

“Good talk?” You said, raising an eyebrow at the two of them.

“Eh,” Christian made a so-so motion with his hand, “just kidding. Nothing really happened.”

Katie sighed, a fond smile putting at her lips before she extended a hand to Kaiba. Who had stood, “It will pleasure doing business with you Mr. Kaiba.”

“Likewise.”

You wordlessly grasped her arm in goodbye, Katie returning the favor before you slipped your arm out of her grasp. Then you walked towards Christian, clapping his shoulder, and he following the suit. The exhaustion seemed to have caught up with you as you swayed on your feet before righting yourself. Standing beside Kaiba and brushing your hand against his suited forearm before you had the hand fall limp at your side. A signal. You were done, and you would admit defeat in the face of exhaustion and a full stomach.
As you slipped into the passenger side, a yawn escaped you as your eyes fluttered shut. The digestive system already making its move as it had your other functions shut down for the day.

Kaiba pushed your head over to face the window as you began to snore.

Feeling a buzz on his phone, he read the text message before letting out a long sigh. Slipping the phone back into his pocket before starting the car.

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A couple of Notes-

*I straight out laughed for a good half hour when I got the Kaibaman card in the Saga of the Blue-Eyes White Dragon structure deck. I’m pretty sure I tore something.

**Since Industrial Illusions is Pegasus’ company, is it just me or does it sound a lot like Industrial Light and Magic, otherwise known as ILM. They were a special effects company that, coincidentally enough, was based in San Francisco. According to Yu-Gi-Oh wiki, Industrial Illusions has the same base. Honestly, I think one was based on the other.

(ILM, in case you didn’t know, was in charge of the special effects of a lot of different, popular movies. Star Wars, ET, Harry Potter, the Marvel movies, Pacific Rim, Transformers, and Pirates of the Caribbean to name a few. It was started by George Lucas, and currently, has the parent organizations of Lucasfilm and The Walt Disney Company. Adam Savage, one of the co-hosts of the show Mythbusters used to work in ILM)

I was going to post this tomorrow, but I had it done and I figured- why not?

Dedications to: Only_one_name and LunarTwilight

To Only_one_name: You, your reviews combined with a long hot shower (no dirty pictures meant) are like the golden duo in getting my lazy ass to write this fun shit. Honestly, you rule bro. Since stupid Kaiba won't help me plot wise, and your reviews give me something to look forward to when I post a new chapter. (I've begun writing this in my drabble notebook so I could get a head start on writing and planning chapters. Also, you're the reason why I posted this a day early.)

Kaiba: It's not my job

Aki: Shut up, it totally is your job.

To LunarTwilight: I probably will have mentioned this before, but when I read your reply to my review on Black Magic and White Rum, I screamed. Internally. It was fun, I annoyed my mental Kaiba. I honestly didn't think a writer as great as you would have read something like this- and dear lord, a PhD. Kind of makes me feel like I've done nothing with my life when I get down to it, but I am still young. I still await your next chapters~

On an extra note, I recently got the Legendary Decks 2 box, so expect Kaiba's deck to be centered on that deck. I also got a card that's labeled Ma'at, and putting the art under inspection, it actually has all the millennium items on it. Something like that I would think would qualify as a divine monster, but it's a fairy. Strange huh?
I also got Yugi's and Joey's decks so I may or may not also arrange a duel between the reader and those gentlemen as well.

I've also been buying the new movie pack for Yu-gi-Oh Dark Side of Dimensions, and I have to say, the new Dark Magician art is very eye pleasing to me. Can't wait for the movie to come out because the animation looks really, really, really, really, badass. On that note, I'm probably going to integrate some of it within the decks. I've also discovered that my personal deck and Kaiba's are hilariously (at least based on the legendary deck box) similar. Although I'm in the middle of building a kind of dragon deck with all the bells and whistles and some such.

Fun fact is Van'Dalgyon The Dark Dragon Lord (the one the reader ((You)) uses mostly all the time is the first foil card I've ever received. Though I haven't exactly been following its card effects, that will change in later duels. It reads as such: "After a Counter Trap Card you control negates the activation of an opponent's card(s), you can Special Summon this card from your hand. Then activate the appropriate effects, based on the type of cards negated: Spell: Inflict 1,500 damage to your opponent. Trap: Select and destroy 1 card your opponent controls. Effect Monster: Select 1 monster in your Graveyard and Special Summon it." It's pretty beast, as I've recently discovered (I got this card when I was 12.) and I'm barely realizing it's potential as a devastator, especially with Yugi/Yami's deck.

Card nerding asside, I hope you enjoyed~

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, have a good/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Chapter 9, Kaiba Land and Shots

Chapter Summary

Going to Kaiba land, and ridiculousness ensues.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 9, Kaiba Land and Shots

You woke up relatively far slower than the rate you usually woke up to.

Your eyes opened, acknowledging the white ceiling. Though, you could admit that the bed was decidedly much more comfortable.

That being said, clearly, you knew you weren’t in Kansas anymore.

Your eyes looked off to the side and the blue walls were definitely not yours. The shade reminded you of a certain blue dragon.

You slipped out of the bed, wiping away the crusty drool that developed on your right. Which was curious, since you distinctly remember falling asleep to your left.

Caution making you high strung, you stepped out of the room you woke up in. Meeting more light blue walls, you looked left, a hallway. To your right, yet another hallway.

At this point in time you had already figured out who’s home you were currently creeping in, so you couldn’t help but wonder.

“How in the name of all that is good and just in this world can he not get lost in this castle of a house?” You muttered, opting to just pick a direction and stick with it.

You stepped out, looking both ways before walking off into the direction you had chosen. Smiling, you spotted a staircase and promptly slid across the guards. Managing to slide all the way to the bottom floor with very minimal bum damage. That’s when the smell of oatmeal came to your senses, the cinnamon smell of Quaker oat’s quick to make breakfast meals guided you to the kitchens.

As expected, the kitchens were also big.

“I can just imagine the chaos during house parties,” You smiled to yourself, then you spotted the source of the scent. On the table, Mokuba was sitting, seriously staring into the pages of a book you recognized. There was also a maid patiently stirring the pot of what you presumed was oatmeal.
You squinted at the cover of the book, “To Kill a Mocking Bird? Huh.”

Mokuba looked up in surprise before smiling, “Hi again! Seto told me to tell you he’s gone off to work.”

“I wouldn’t have expected less,” You said amused, a smile pulling at your lips before you moved closer to the table. “And the book? For English I presume?”

“Yeah,” Mokuba went back to the book and grimaced slightly. “It’s pretty boring, but I have to read it by tomorrow.”

You nodded sympathetically, to the book didn’t have that much action in terms of actual things that a teen would enjoy, but it did have its moments. “Trust me, you will be a ball of rage by the time you start heading towards the end.”

“Woah, really? Don’t tell me anything!”

You nod, a small smile on your face, before sitting down at the request of the maid.

“Would you like anything specific?” She asked politely, smiling at you.

“Ah, some of that oatmeal if you could be so kind,” You said in reply before ringing up Minori on your watch.

He picked up on the second ring, “Hey boss, how’s the Kaiba mansion?”

Your eye twitched, “You sneaky little buggers told Kaiba to take me back to his place huh? Tell me, which type of lock did you use to lock me out in case he didn’t listen?”

“It was Carter’s idea.”

“Oh I am aware,” You said leaning back and glaring at nothing in particular. Just imagining Carter crying in grief as she discovers her precious save files forever lost within the database. “I want you to prep the stash of mix I put in the aluminum tin under the table. Its labeled.”

“You making coffee boss?”

“On the contrary, it shall be you making coffee, in 3-2-1-.“

There was a murmur on the other line, and you grinned.

“Put me on speaker.”

He seemed to oblige.

“Kaiba.”

“You better still be getting breakfast.”

“I am, I am. Minori is going to make coffee for you like the good little employee he is, he’s the one who knows the way I brew best.”

“-but-.”

“No buts Minori, you and Carter locked me out. So you’re the one that’s going to give the man his coffee.”
“I don’t know your mixture!”

“So tough,” You said, a smirk pulling at your lips. The coffee you served was usually tailored to suit every individual’s needs. If the worker didn’t know which one, a recipe guide showed up when you inputted the name in the system. This was usually only for regulars, but new customers were usually tourists anyway. The thing was, you memorized each regular’s usual drink, your workers had to practice. Seeing as how Kaiba only came during night shift, and that one time he came by during the human hours you were the one who made the coffee, well. “You’re just going to have to suffer won’t you? Seeing as how I am now comfortably seated in Kaiba’s kitchen, about to eat breakfast and watching Mokuba read a classic novel. After all, you locked me out. It seems you don’t really need me after all.”

You could hear a huff on the other side and your powers of careful observation told you it was probably Kaiba.

“Won’t happen again.”

“Oh, I certainly hope so,” You said grinning. “There’s a finished one within the warming oven that should still be lukewarm. Run it through the coffee machine and it should be piping hot.”

“Thanks boss.”

“And tell Mrs. Sarah Carter that she could kiss those save files goodbye,” You commented. A lopsided smirk pulling at the corner of your lip as you heard a choking and loud cries of protest.

“Have a good day Mr. Kaiba.”

“Keep watch over Mokuba.”

You ended the call. The bowl of warm oatmeal set out in front of you much to your grin. All it was missing was a nice pour of- oh there it is.

A box of milk was placed in front of the two of you as you grappled at it. Pouring enough to flood the oatmeal but not enough to over fill the bowl before sinking your spoon within it. Eating.

Mokuba soon followed you after finishing what he needed to, except his seemed to have some chocolate chips sprinkled in, much to your amusement.

“So your brother has asked me to keep an eye on you,” You said. Mokuba looked up at that. “Anywhere in particular you want to go?”

“Kaiba land!”

“Sure,” You said smiling as you continued to eat.

You parked the car before stepping out into road.

“Oh!” Mokuba turned to you, “do you have a pass here? If not I can get you in using mine.”

You waved it off, “No worries, I have one.”

You revealed your card. Like all amusement parks, there were perks in some passes. You happened
You walked on, although you weren’t smiling, your eyebrows were raised. Occasionally obliging whenever Mokuba wanted to get on a ride. While you weren’t one for rollercoasters on a normal basis, you enjoyed the occasionally of course. Thankfully the oatmeal had passed the stomach by the time you got on to one particular coaster with four loops.

At the same time you were keeping Mokuba within your sites while letting him have fun on his own, you couldn’t help but admire the architecture of the place. Kaiba spared no expense, and you knew that not every piece of land Kaiba Land wasn’t ideal for an easy build. The number crunching must have been a nightmare for most.

You spotted two suspicious individuals eyeing Mokuba.

You could feel your teeth grinding against each other as you walked closer, your hands slipping into your pocket clenched as you stood next to Mokuba while he was playing on the DDR.

Kaiba picked up the phone as it rang, “Kaiba.”

“Mr. Kaiba? Mokuba and a strange individual are here,” He recognized the voice of the head doctor of the hospital he owned.

“I’ll be there in five,” He growled, leaving his office early for the second time that week. Barking orders at his secretary.

Mokuba was in tears as he sat beside you, as uncomfortable as you were with the crying teen, you did you best to assure him you were alright. Well, for the most part. A gun shot to the shoulder wasn’t a good thing, but it wasn’t even a movie style shot. Just a flesh wound really. Bullet went through the side of your arm as you fought against the two suspicious assholes who were planning to kidnap Mokuba.

Needless to say, those little piggies squealed.

You didn’t even notice you had been shot until you finished tying them with their own suit jackets.

You remember feeling a wet, warm substance dripping down your arm before you looked at it and went, “Huh.”

Mokuba took you to the hospital, well, you still drove, but his tearful way of giving directions made you ignore the traffic rules. Not that you got in trouble, you were driving one of Kaiba’s cars.

You moved to call Minori as Mokuba walked over to the bathroom and got rid of the snot that was
starting to drip from his nose.

“Boss?”

“I uh- got shot,” You said.

There was a pause before, “Again?”

“It wasn’t a nail gun this time,” You admitted. “Bullet. I was shot ruining a potential kidnapping.”

“Geeze, so, typical injury rules?”

You nodded as you called out a yes, even if he couldn’t see it. Internally you sighed, that meant you really couldn’t work. You weren’t stupid, most of the inventing you did on the usual basis could easily pull the stitches the nice, but clearly nervous, doctor person put on for you.

Also yes, this wasn’t the first time you were shot, but in your defense, it wasn’t the same situation. You were going by the local police academy because you heard down the wire that their machines were having issues.

The poor kid kept apologizing.

The other times, you were shot by a nail gun.

They weren’t pleasant, in fact, you were pretty sure that you were more in pain being shot by the nail gun than getting shot with a bullet.

“Please do not tell Sarah.”

“But you were shot by a gun by a couple of creeps, why shouldn’t I let them get run over by Sarah?” Minori said, even as he was maintaining a calm conversation with you. You could hear the small sighs and the muted sounds of Minori tugging on his hair. A nervous habit you had noticed he developed.

“I may or may not have inflicted bodily harm, have already ruined their social lives, made them registered child molesters, completely ruined their back account, and had them under the ‘no flight’ list,” You said. Pausing before adding, “I may or may not also had threatened that if I ever caught a whiff of them near Mokuba Kaiba they would have more to worry about than a Kill Bill style assassination from the Yakuza.”

“How long ago did you get shot?” He asked curiously.

“Approximately thirty minutes ago.”

“You work fast.”

“I was very…angry.”

“I bet, so…don’t tell Sarah?”

“If you do, I will find out eventually.”

“Understood. Have a good rest.”

“To you as well.”
You looked up in shock as the door shut open, the call barely ending.

You moved yourself back as far as you could on the hospital bed doctor nervous had asked you to stay on for the rest of the day. Ice fury meeting your own.

“Um, hello?” You said, doing a single wave at him.

“Big brother!” Mokuba yelled from the bathroom, launching his person into Kaiba’s person.

Had you not been so paranoid, you would have sighed in relief as the fury solidified in ice had softened slightly. Restraining your hand from reaching your chest with your thoughts.

“What happened Mokuba?”

Mokuba pointed to you as he called out your name, “-told me to run but when I turned around at the gun shot the creepy guys were pinned down and I saw the gun in pieces so I thought everything was fine and then there was blood everywhere and then we drove here and Tsukiyama-san took charge and went to the ER and they wouldn’t let me come.-”

“Mokuba, breath,” You said, hand out stretched and what you hoped was a gentle smile. Honestly, with what pain killers you were on you were already sort of loosing feeling in your arm. Also, the redness and snot were beginning to return, much to your panic. “I’m fine, here, and alive. With nothing more than a minor blood loss.”

Then cold fury was on you again, shit. “And you didn’t call for the guards.”

You pouted, “If I did they would have gotten away.”

“And clearly, hog tying them with their own blazers was more important than your own life,” You damn near recoiled when you heard the underlying growl in his voice. It wasn’t obvious, but it was there.

You glared back, but a part of your primordial brain was screeching for you to just give up and shut it, “If I did it just this once. It would cause ripple effects. Word would get out, and the issue of Mokuba being kidnapped would end. As famous as I happened to be- I’m also infamous, they won’t be bothering you again.”

You could see his jaw was clenched tight, but you knew you had a damn good reason for doing what you did. If anything, getting shot was lucky on their part.

“How about you get Mokuba and get the three us something to eat? Maybe some ice cream for Mokuba,” you said, your voice left no room for argument. Mostly because you knew that A. Kaiba didn’t eat breakfast nor lunch. And B. Ice scream was calming down kids, hopefully this applied to Mokuba. You emphasized the fact that the three of you would be eating.

“If you don’t,” You added, a cheerful tone in your voice as you tried to convey it in your face, “I’ll just have to get out of this bed and bring us three some food myself.”

He scowled and glared at you, “Don’t. Move.”

He turned around, Mokuba following behind his coat tails. As confused as he was, he recognized that silent orders in your voice. Like a parent saying one thing and implying it even as saying it as a suggestion to get their child to do what they want.
You spotted a familiar spiky haired person outside your door, he stepped in. An awkward slump in his posture as he waved at you.

“Um, hi. I’m Yugi Muto, we uh- dueled before?”

You blinked and nodded, “Uh yeah, I know. I was mentally unstable, but I remember dueling you. So uh-.”

You swallowed, “Any particular reason why your in my hospital room? I mean- I could understand why the King of Games would be visiting a hospital while looking completely uninjured.”

He looked surprised, “You do?”

At that you laughed, snorting as you did so, “You are the King of Games. What kid wouldn’t be absurdly happy with that kind of visit? I commend you for putting your title to good use.”

He looked bashful, “Oh- well, its the least I could do- I mean, these kids go through so much and I know for a fact Kaiba spares nothing for these kids.”

Because the hospital Kaiba had created under his name was nothing but a type of charity for kids. The man certainly had enough money, but the hospital itself was akin to Saint Jude’s. A Cancer research center with nothing short of the best. Money for treatment wasn’t an issue so most of it was for free in terms of what the parents of the patients were paying.

You should know, you added to the donation pool whenever you could.

“Well,” You pulled out your deck, which you probably had slipped into your pocket at the last minute. “Care for a duel?”

He smiled, pulling his deck and pulling up a chair next to you.

When they came back, they spotted you. Dueling. With a familiar spiky haired male.

When you heard them enter you slammed your hand down and yelled, “I concede!”

Yugi gave you a confused look, “Huh but you-”

You smacked your hand on Yugi’s mouth, “I. Concede.”

You mouth promptly turned his side where Kaiba and Mokuba was, holding a bag of food.

“Oh.”

“Yeah, nice seeing you again Mr. Muto.”

“Um, you too,” Yugi got up, gathering his cards and passing by the Kaiba brothers out the door, “Kaiba.”

“Muto.”

Kaiba turned to you as soon as the door slammed shut, “What was that?”

“I would tell you,” You said, making grabby hands at the food, “but then I would have to knock you out, get up, and take that food off your hands.”
You leveled him with a stare, “And don’t you dare think I would hesitate in doing so even if I pulled my stitches. I’ve obtained a degree from MIT, and I could very well have taken medical classes while doing so under a different name.”

Yeah, you hadn’t forgotten that he ran a background check on you.

He grunted and handed you the food, in which you practically ripped into it like a savage animal.

“Hungry?” Asked Mokuba, who was currently finishing his chocolate ice scream.

You grunted as you were eating what tasted like a fillet mignon, if the steak like taste but thicker meat was any indicator.

You swallowed, “I haven’t eat anything since breakfast this morning and my body seems to be in demand for some extra energy.”

You didn’t bother mentioning that it was also because you lost a lot of fluids and your body needed that energy to heal.

You spotted Kaiba about to grab his laptop from his bag, and you stopped.

“What?”

Kaiba looked up at you, and you made your intention clear.

He wasn’t eating- you weren’t eating, you didn’t give a damn if he didn’t say anything during it, or if he was doing work. You could amuse yourself if you had to, or just talk to Mokuba while eating.

He sighed and took the box you had wordlessly passed to him.

Then you turned to Mokuba and asked how the hell you were supposed to use a Pendulum monster.

Mokuba happily explained.

Why was it you had freaked out when Kaiba entered the room erstwhile you were dueling Yugi was simple.

You were about to win.

The reaction to that would have been ugly.

Not that Kaiba would hurt or yelled (maybe) at the two of you, but you would have had to duel him over and over again until he was satisfied. Or worse, he would have pitted you against Yugi until Yugi won again and that would be difficult.

Not that Yugi was a wimp in loosing, but for some reason any game with the King of Games got tense real quick. No matter if it was started for fun. Even the game you were just playing, as you were winning you knew you would have lost your shit if you won because gosh darn it Yugi fucking Muto liked to fuck you over with spells, traps, effects, and fucking special summons.

Seriously, getting over that fucking Gandora Dragon was hell, and you thought fighting Kaiba was pretty difficult. Getting over Dark Magician of Chaos was even more hellish. Since the fucker (no offense met but shit) used it to get your monster reborn, luckily you were able to destroy the Chaos Magician, the Kuriboh he re-summoned (thank fuck because sacrificing your Wattail Dragon to use
A Wing beat of a giant dragon revealed that Muto was going to use Multiply and Detonate combo on your ass) you swear to Ra, you would have gotten an aneurism. You were damn near close to it with the Knights combo, which summoned Obelisk the fucking tormentor. Fuck, you were grateful for getting rid of the Multiply and Detonate combo, hell the Multiply would have fucked you over because of Obelisk’s effect. Thankfully, you had gotten a heart of the cards moment afterwards (well, you called it the Blessing of the King because you fucking swear you felt like you won the fucking lottery and you were pretty damn sure that’s what Yugi went through when his skill paid off in utilizing the drawn card he exactly needed to win) and managed to duke out a Lord of D. and Flute of Summoning Dragons combo. Since they were Special Summoned and Lord of D. was already on your field, you used them as distraction as you set down your Mirror Force. Either way, when you dueled with Kaiba, there was a silent tense, but that was just because it was a battle of will, wit, and pride. You both knew what cards did and it didn’t need explaining, but for some reason Yugi just wanted you to turn this into some sort of battle for the earth style duel. Like everything in existence relied on the duel and that was just ridiculous. You started mentally calling it the Yugi effect too.

As you realized you had the potential to win, you realized that Kaiba would never fucking leave you alone about it if he found out. Promptly making you resolve that he should never find out because that man dueled Yugi on a daily bases and Kaiba’s duels were anything but relaxed. If you thought you would have gotten an aneurism with Yugi, you were probably going to have a stroke with Kaiba, because he wouldn’t take no for an answer when it came to these things. Yugi- at least, would have been something akin to, “Oh, okay! Maybe next time.” Kaiba? Nope. It would be a taunt, a jab to your intelligence and pride, and then shit would get started. As fun as it was, it was fucking tiring because you were not letting Kaiba know that you started the duel because he taunted you into it.

Some days, it would be pretty fun, but shit, that’s not the type of situation you want for a recovering patient. And you were pretty fucking certain you wanted your arm useable within the time slot that was estimated for recovery and drawing a card with some sort of crazy motion because it looked cool and Kaiba was doing it too wasn’t going to help.

You were relieved as you learned from Mokuba how the hell a pendulum summon worked because that sort of stress would have made you throttle the man.

Also, pendulums summons were actually a whole lot of mind fuckery if you took account the combos. You were glad that Yugi hadn’t decided to use it in his deck and play style because damn would he wreck you.

This was Kaiba’s fault, you resolved as he was working on something on his laptop while eating. Even if he hadn’t introduced the notion of dueling again to you once until you decided to open the box of cards Pegasus had sent you upon finding out you were pretty skilled at the game.

All. His. Fault.

Fuck, it. It was yours. You got invested easily. Damn bouts of mad scientist insanity made you obsessed.

How obsessed? One time you got into Pokémon and you ended up playing all 24 games for a week. Mystery Dungeon games included. By the end of it, you could probably draw, recall the name, number, and cry of all 721 Pokémon. You sure as hell were playing Sun and Moon when it came out.
This is why you didn’t have normal friends. Hell, you sometimes wondered how you got friends before getting a job. Thankfully school required attendance at least taught you how to make normality.

Er- to some extent.

You had too much free time in those days.

You caught Kaiba’s eye, and he was looking at you with suspicion and realized that he was going to interrogate you as to why you were dueling Yugi Muto.

“We are going to talk later,” his stare said as Mokuba finished his explanation and Kaiba told him to go home with Roland.

You grew steadily nervous when you couldn’t really discern what sort of emotion Kaiba was experiencing.

Kaiba wanted to talk to you, and the fact that he had spotted a growing spot of crimson near the top of your shoulder, but first he needed to get Mokuba home. It wouldn’t do for him to have a panic when it was likely that you had just moved your shoulder too much. Not enough to cause a real panic if the rate of bleeding was taken into question.

-Author’s Notes

Hooboy, cutting it a little close on my personal deadline (I try to update every Thursday/Friday for you guys) but none the less. It has been done as of 11:05 PM standard Pacific time. On Friday. //sweat drops// Also, I was watching Mai vs. Yami Yugi duel while doing that scene so yeah. You should watch it. The guy with Yami Yugi’s deck literally uses the multiply move and makes it rain with Kuribos. It was hilarious.

Thanks for reading! Have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!

On another note, dueling Yugi ((on the duel generation app I have on my phone) can be a nightmare. Beating Kaiba was a pain. And I’m currently stuck on Marik (damn him and his Egyptian god card) so yeah.

Dedications: To Only_one_name and Shapii

Thanks the both of you for encouraging me in the commenting, I really appreciate it. Hope you guys continue to read and enjoy my story.

Aki: You uh- wanna say anything?

Kaiba:…No.

Aki: Alright then. Everyone, thanks for reading! Have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Chapter 10, “Damn it Kaiba, I’m a nerd not a multi-million dollar CEO of a company!”

Chapter Summary

Aftermath, and some revenge.

Chapter 10, “Damn it Kaiba, I’m a nerd not a multi-million dollar CEO of a company!”

Warning: Has been influenced by recently read Star Trek fics. As well as current talks at my school from Overwatch, thus I’ve recently begun getting into the game. Not necessarily playing it.

As of late, Kaiba had an increasingly growing respect for your underlings and those who worked with you, previously or otherwise. More specifically, Carter and Minori.

The reason being it was hard to get you to stay damn still.

“But it’s boring,” You whined. Honestly, whined. It was mostly because he was constantly having to make sure you hadn’t gotten a hold on anything that required you moving too much, seeing as how the last time you made a motion you somehow managed to tear your stitches. From the story Mokuba told, he didn’t even understand how you hadn’t noticed that you had gotten shot.

He asked thusly, “How the hell did you not notice that you were shot?”

You shrugged, “It wasn’t entirely accurate. The guy wasn’t pointing it right and aimed it on a hunk of metal. My theory, and I’m not entirely sure because that doctor of yours hasn’t shown me what they extracted out of my shoulder- is that when the bullet hit the metal, it fractured and ricocheted into said shoulder. Since the entrance wound is from behind me and not the front.”

He glared, because that sure as hell didn’t answer his question as to how you didn’t notice that you were shot.

You shrugged, “I was also running on adrenaline and my thoughts were primarily focused on keeping Mokuba safe and out of danger.”

“You seem to have experience in fighting hand to hand combat.”

“Not exactly,” You waved him off at that. “I usually attempt to simply come up with something unexpected. Battling humans are complicated, so the best way to do it is to not stick with a pattern. It may look formless and haphazard to some of the more classically trained fighters, but in real life and death situations the other side- unless they have some sort of ingrained sense of honor, they don’t play fair.”

You shrugged, musing yourself slightly, “They could call me a dishonorable person, they can call me out on not being a good guy, but titles like that have no meaning in the real world. Not to me anyway. It just shows how far you’re willing to go for something.”

You hummed, “I’ve pondered on the subject quite a lot actually- it is so often seen in pop culture that
if a good man shoots another in revenge, they are not inherently ‘good’. Which is why most good people would let the other go. In a far more realistic situation, you would indeed shoot the man. Reality states that the person you had beaten would come back to gain revenge, as cliché as that is. Humans are not above revenge. Yet, when the supposed “good person” does shoot their enemy, they are viewed as morally wrong- that they have given up on being good in a way."

You frowned, and it was clear to Kaiba that you were no longer talking to him, but to yourself.

“And yet, they would condone that person allowing to live another day to possibly hurt you again? I mean, the death penalty is much I agree, no person should deserve such a punishment to warrant being put down like a rabid dog, unless you really deserved it- but in what way are you sure that the person has truly changed enough that they wouldn’t go after you again? How can you be sure that when you turn around, you’ll find them again. About to kill you? I’ve heard of many issues caused by the sheer fact that the person coming after another person simply because they were related to the person they hated.”

You laughed suddenly, “Being the good guy sucks. You can’t kill the person that could kill, harm, and torture you and everyone you hold dear; the only reason why you can’t being that you are good. The best thing you could do is probably condition them back into being good- perhaps forcibly? Yet that would also be in the morally gray area. If that’s what it takes to be ‘the bigger man’, so to speak, I’d rather be a child.”

You were…complicated when you got into philosophical topics. He briefly wondered why you didn’t get a doctorate in philosophy as well.

“So it’s always best to be the anti-hero,” You smiled, shifting your gaze to him. Your eyes seemed to exclude an endless wisdom and omnipresence that he stood frozen for a moment. His fingers pausing over the keyboard of his latest proposal as he looked back. He hadn’t experienced this before, like he was being observed- not in a particularly bad or harmful way. Just out of curiosity. A genuine want of discovering what other secrets he could possibly have without judgment. So very unlike those pesky fan girls and press he had to deal with on a near daily basis.

A genuine curiosity, not because he was Kaiba but Seto.

“I guess you have the best position in the story,” You said, still giving him that look that drove his mind into near turmoil, because you couldn’t possibly be different from everyone else. He had never encountered a person like you.

Then again, the way you became what you were now had to be a distinct set of circumstances.

He heard a quick draw a breath and saw you clutching your own arm. Not so much clutching, but from your grip, it looked like you were attempting to resist clawing at it. Your eye was slightly twitching,

You squeezed your eyes shut, breathed out, and sighed. Opening your eyes with a blink, and slowly removing your hand from your arm. Leaving behind a slight red tinge in the form of a hand print.

Had you been a computer, it looked like you were resetting, the way you were shaking your head and blinking at him owlishly at him.

“Why are you here again?” You said, tilting your head slightly with a frown.

He pulled up a text from one of your underlings and passed it to you.
Dear Boss,

Don’t kill us, and we don’t’ kill Kaiba. And DON'T break your self out of the hospital. We put Kaiba down as your emergency contact and number two.

;) –All your Employees + Sarah

P.s. From Carter- Please don’t tell on me

P.s.s. Carter was the one who wrote your hospital paperwork when you were up here eating

P.s.s.s Don’t let Boss leave without being properly approved by a doctor and can move without fear of reopening anything Kaiba

“What does Carter mean by ‘don’t tell on me’?” Kaiba said, his face still in front of the computer- but he was curious.

“Sarah’s wife,” You said, your voice dangerously blank. “Abigail Carter will be very interested indeed.”

You brought your watch up, inputting a sort of speed dial before the phone was picked up. Much to Kaiba’s curiosity, it seems this wasn’t the first time you used that form of leverage.

“Hello?”

“Abi!” You said cheerfully, extending the vowel.

There was a groan on the other line, “What did she do now?”

“Wrote on my behalf,” You said. There was a pause. “And put Mr. Kaiba as my second.”

“Mr. Kaiba?” There was a sound of rustling. As if whoever was on the other line was getting up, then the sound of keyboard typing. “As in Seto Kaiba?! Youngest billionaire of the fucking century?”

You cast your gaze over to him with a look of apology, “Said billionaire happens to be in the same room Abi.”

There was a loud thump, “You couldn’t tell me this earlier?! Wait, you don’t make friends without shit going down- what happened?”

You looked taken aback, “Oh- well, I’m not sure? He sort of just showed up during the none human hours?”
You looked back at him, “You had to rewrite the proposal right?”

“The original file of the document had been lost because of a power surge,” He explained. He remembered being extremely annoyed (read: pissed) that the file had been lost within the private server (it being a sensitive document) but there wasn’t anyone to blame. The secretary who had written the document was gone on maternity leave, and during the time the power surge happened, she was in labor, so he had no choice but to do it himself. He had allowed her maternity leave because she had written everything before leaving. Even then she had been open to accepting work while she was at home resting. While he didn’t want to stress her during the nine-month-period, there was not many in her position that was as competent as she was.

You looked slightly miffed and immediately had a shy tinge in your expression, “I uh- may know why.”

He raised an eyebrow at you, un-amused.

“I was testing how much electrical energy that one of my experimental radiation to energy panels were stored,” You nervously laughed. “It…may have caused a little jump in New Domino’s power supply?”

“This is why they sent you in the middle of nowhere in MIT,” Abigail said, from the sound of it, she sounded amused.

“Hey! That’s how JPL started!” You said in protest, your bottom lip jutting out.

“Sure hun, keep telling yourself that- I’ll drop a line down Sarah and talk some sense into her- she knows how sensitive you are on paperwork.”

Kaiba wondered briefly if it had anything to do with the incident from your previous work, but at the moment you paid him no mind. Your shoulders relaxed as your head reached the pillow with a solid thunk, “Thanks, she told me not to tell you know but-.”

“Don’t tell me ‘nothin you don’t wanna talk about right now alright? Rest- I heard from Aaran that you got shot again.”

You groaned.

“Protecting a lil’ boy no less! You’re not turning into some sort of hero are ya? That’d wreck your mental health you know.”

“I’m not turning into a masked vigilante who seeks justice in the night and lives in a cave with flying mammals,” You deadpanned. “And even if I did, which I am not going to- what makes you think you would know about it?”

Kaiba couldn’t really follow that reference, but he reasoned it must have some sort of significance.

“Sure, sure. And Mr. Kaiba.”

Kaiba’s face automatically schooled itself, expecting something.

“You hurt this kid and you’ll have a SEAL team up your ass to join that big stick.”

“Abigail!” You said, looking horrified.

“Sorry kid, obligatory shovel talk.”
“We’re not- he’s not-“ Your nose huffed, “We are acquaintances at best!”

“While I’m going to excuse you allowing yourself to get shot at protecting a kid because you tend to be a little stupid when it comes to protecting someone else from harm- I think after the third free drink you two are a little more than ‘acquaintances’."

“Okay, friends.” You amended.

“Ehh, he let you drag him around didn’t he?”

“I practically blackmailed him on the first human hour meeting.”

“I was being an ass to you and your employees,” Kaiba interjected. Just to see how you would react. When you turned around and gaped at him before huffing and shifting your head away, he was pleased.

_Traitor_, you mouthed to him with a glare.

“What’s kid, be in denial all you like. You geniuses are all the same- never realizing what’s screamin’ at your faces.”

“That’s mostly because we’re too busy trying not blink,” You muttered under your breath.

“Don’t you pull that shit with me ‘Doctor’, Sares had me up for damn near a week straight watching that British show of yours- you still owe me for not warning me about the damn companions.”

“You’re a hardened Navy SEAL,” You deadpanned, at this point staring at the wall. “I didn’t think you needed it.”

“You could be pretty damn cruel you know that?”

“Sticks and stones, and Sarah started it.”

“Agreed, now I’mma hang up and go yell at her. Rest well- drink plenty- live long and prosper.”

“Peace and long life,” You replied, disconnecting the call. When you sighed and looked up, you found Kaiba staring at you.

“What?”

“When do you have the time to watch _Star Trek_?”

You sputtered, as you had not missed the look of confusion you received when you mentioned the supposed hero situation, “You know _Star Trek_ but you don’t know _Batman_?”

He narrowed his eyes at you, "I don't have time for trifle things like comics and cartoons."

"Damn it Kaiba I'm a _nerd_, not a multi-million dollar CEO of a company," You rolled your eyes, a smirk cracking on both your faces though you weren't looking at each other. "It would be illogical of me, a person who hails from America _not_ to know some comics."

You yawned, "Man I hate the after surgery exhaustion. I could use some sleep."

"Make it so."
You snapped in his direction and narrowed your eyes. It was on.

And it was on.

For more than an hour, give or take.

You groaned in bed, after the head of the department had herded (as subtly as possible) Kaiba out of the room, and now you were bored.

So. Incredibly. Bored.

Since during the surgery they had knocked you out, you had nearly retained some of your usual hours. Meaning your internal body clock told you that you would have been up and manning the fort like usual. Alas, life once again had way. Still, a dangerous smart person is a bored smart person.

Of course, you could go through equations in your head, but sometimes you just didn’t feel like trying to solve the Fibonacci sequence. Shocking, but it happens. As rare as it was. Too bad you didn’t ask Kaiba to get you an encyclopedia or some Dan Brown book. Or Lord of the Rings, that would keep you busy for a while.

There was a knock at the door and you perked up at the prospect of relieving some of your boredom.

It was the doc, “As much as I admire Mr. Kaiba, he is very exhausting to talk to.”

You grinned, “I find him very relieving of boredom. Anyway, now that you’ve herded my currently only source of entertainment, mind replacing it?”

“Doc”, as you mentally dubbed the young man, laughed before bringing up a laptop, “I usually keep a few around to entertain Mr. Kaiba when he’s here- maybe it’ll do for you?”

You gave him a squinted eye, “I certainly hope that you’re not implying that the man is in here often- hey wait a minute- you look kind of…familiar.”

Again, you seemed to try to narrow your eyes further, “Have I…threatened you before?”

“Uh, no Captain?” He tried for humor- while hoping that you were making a reference to the old Disney Pirate movie. “I suppose you’ve seen me getting coffee? Mr. Kaiba has a café that opened up fairly recently right in front of the building.”

You snapped your fingers together, “Eureka! You’re the kid who come’s by to see Minori- such a small world we live in eh?”


You laughed, “Know him? I usually pay him. He’s my baker- senior employee at this point. I knew you looked familiar, I just couldn’t place you.”

Doc blinked, “You’re the owner?

“One n’ only,” You said with a smile. “Now hand over that laptop Doc, I’m in the mood for some good cartoons- and there’s a Scooby Doo animation calling my name.”
He handed it over. “Sorry, I just- well no one usually sees you.”

“I have my moments, there were two instances when Kaiba or someone with some sort of connection to Kaiba Corp showed up and I had to show my face. Otherwise, you’ll find me wide awake and manning the forts at this hour.” You motioned to the laptop, “Hence the request to relieve boredom.”

Doc laughed, “Yes well, I suppose once you meet someone as well known as Mr. Kaiba, you can’t really go back to the shadows.”

You shrugged, “I probably will manage- I however, do not know about you Doc. None the less, I think you’re doing just fine on your own. Though I am curious, are you? Currently infatuated with my baker?”

“A-Ah um…” He looked off to the side, shifting his weight on his feet.

You gave him a placating smile, “Relax. I’m not going to give you the shovel talk or something of the like. You two are both adults, and I’m not going to threaten you. Or warn you. Or try to tell you to leave my baker alone. He’s my employee and friend- not my child- wait. Scratch that. Even then I wouldn’t be that hover-y. But I am curious. And I will warn you that I can’t guarantee I’ll hold you in the same regard as I do you know if you intentionally harm him.”

By nature, you were a curious person. So it was actually pretty normal for you to run background checks on their friends. They knew it, and you knew it was both really weird and really inappropriate (save for Kaiba’s case- you weren’t sure if he minded or not, but seeing as he did it too…) so you tried to at least butt out of their private lives. Besides, who were you to get in the way of their private lives?

“Oh. OH. Gosh, no- I wouldn’t no- I just-“ If it was possible, the Doc seemed to get even more tomato colored, and you were leaning more towards concern than curiosity because that really wasn’t a healthy color.

“I had a crush on him in high school.”

Oh.

“High school? Huh,” You technically never really experienced high school. You skipped so you graduated when you were turning into your teens- or so you think. The details tended to be on that side of blurry. So high school experiences? Last person you wanted to talk to about. “Okay? I mean-sure?”

Doc seemed to sense the confusion, “Have you never gone to high school?”

“Not at the age where physical attraction would play a part in the social placement,” You said shrugging. Before registering the fact that he was a doctor, and not a linguist. “I mean- I was barely turning in my teens when I graduated and I had just barely begun understanding the meaning of physical attraction.”

“You’ve never had a crush?”

There it was. “Yes. I understand the notion- but I don’t understand what happens in this…’crush’ as you called it.”

“Oh, um. Anyway, when I saw him working there- I don’t know. Old feelings popped up again and I just- kept going. Hoping to see him.”
“Oh, well come from 4 to 5 pm if you’re able. That’s when he’s slated to refill, you should see him then.”

“Huh- well, um. Thank you?”

You shrugged, “Got nothing to thank me for Doc, I’m just given you info. Besides, he’s been kind of wondering about you too. Never really gets the nerve to ask though.”

Doc, who had slightly returning from the red spectrum of his face, went back.

“Um- he thinks you look nice?”

Doc turned even more red. Seriously, humans can be so complicated.

You decided to save him from your rambling and opened up the laptop. Logging in through guest and surfing YouTube while the Doc took his records of your health and left.

“Note to self,” You muttered under your breath as you listened for his steps outside the room. “Find better ways to deal with apparent affection for employees. Could prove hazardous for those involved.”

The last thing you wanted to discover was that someone could actually die from embarrassment.

You shook your head and proceeded to pop out the air in your fingers before placing them across the keyboard. You were bored, and you still had a sense of revenge you needed to relieve.

You popped your neck.

Thankfully, being loaned a Kaiba certified laptop meant it was nothing short of the best, because you were pretty darn sure no regular laptop was going to handle Overwatch like a PC and console did. You were sure a couple of hours hard grinding into the Grandmaster ranking would do just nicely. Taking and defending the position of top team would do just nicely.

You plugged in your earphones, ringing up a couple friends of yours.

“Hey! Its Soldier!”

“Oui? I did not zhink you would re-enter zhe Overwatch scene after ghosting the Grandmaster title Idolon.”

“Yes well,” You said with a grin, “a certain Agent Carter just pissed me off.”

There were a couple of “oh’s” in the background before the laughter.

“So what will we be called then?”

“Eh, its not like we’re going to be winning a cash prize or anything,” You logged on after the download. “We could just use something generic.”

“Shadow League?”

“Umbra Civitas?” You tried.

“Why not hetaea?ia?”

“Fine. We don’t have a sniper though. Who’s the Sniper since Carter was our sniper?”
“There’s a guy, stays silent but he’s good. Usually plays Hanzo. Username Coeruleus_Hydra.”

You had a dreaded feeling behind the back of your throat, but you swallowed it down. Hopefully you weren’t right.

You glanced at your username, Idolon_Ellanher,” Shadow warrior, generic but it was vague and grew somewhat infamous throughout the two years.

“Let’s hope my supposed reputation proceeds me.”

You quickly wrote out a request and sent it.

Author’s Notes: First of all, a little disclaimer is that I’ve never actually played Overwatch and I thought it would be a nice bit at the time.

Also I recently received the new Pokémon Sun and Moon on Friday so that was the main reason why I didn’t update like usual on Friday.

I finished Pokémon Sun- in case you were wondering. I’ve still got Moon to go but I’m waiting on it a little since the storyline is still fresh in my mind.

Also, the username for you reader is Shadow (Latin) Warrior (roughly german). The username for the other person is something I’ll keep a little bit of a mystery- but I’m sure some of you will go ahead and Google it to figure it out.

I’m predictable that way //laughs//

Dedication to: Only_one_name

Thanks again for commenting~ Sorry I didn’t get it out like usual but I do have Thanksgiving Break this week so I probably will have more time to write the next chapter ;)}
Chapter 11, Breaking Out of Jail

Chapter Summary

Cabin fever sucks.

You were in the hospital bed for four days.

Four. Days.

While you certainly liked Doc, you were starting to develop a serious case of Cabin fever, and when you got cabin fever, it wasn’t pretty. Weird things have come out of cabin fever. Way too many things. Not even the most valiant reasons would justify the things that you’ve created from cabin fever.

As you snuck around the nurses, currently wearing whatever you had on during the dinner (which you noted, was freshly dry cleaned due to the lack of blood stains) you were seriously wondering how the hell you managed to make it down to the first floor. The room you had been placed in was in some double digit number floor and you had taken the stairs. Which really, should be a testament to both your insanity and how ready you were to blow the popsicle stand. Honestly, you were a bit on edge after your online friends had questioned how you were doing. Seems like there had been a mysterious story on the wire about how Kaiba hired a new female body guard to protect Mokuba, and said body guard got shot. From what you could remember on the details, there hadn’t been that many people around to be realistic. You had been to the Universal Studios in Hollywood and the Disney Land. There were days when it just wasn’t busy. However, you couldn’t rule out the plausibility that someone recorded the event, no matter how secluded of an area you managed to draw the asses into. Admittedly, getting them to a place with a lot of exposed metal probably wasn’t the best idea but you stood by what Abigail Carter said. Your common sense tended to go out tumbling through the window like Chris Redfield when it came to someone else in potential danger. Something that happened even before the Incident.

Also, you discovered why Kaiba was nearly glued to the laptop the whole time he was here. Seems he had been systematically and personally overseeing the firing of around four moles within the Kaiba security, according to the termination notices and investigation lists that you saw when you were nosing around (actually in an attempt to cure your boredom, not necessarily because you wanted to hack into Kaiba). Thus- how they managed to get a fucking gun within the park. In fact, it seemed all the employees that worked in Kaiba Land were under close inspection by Roland and Kaiba personally.

Thankfully, whoever recorded what happened had it on zoom, and the phone wasn’t exactly new. The quality was grainy- you’d call it shitty at best. So your features weren’t obvious, but those who knew you did recognize you.

Which granted probably wasn’t for the best. It only took a curious asshole with a decent skill in
You had rigged the systems you were plugged into in an automatic beat, a simple task really, but you wagered it would give you some half hour or less for someone to figure out that you had in fact broken out. Not really true though, since you managed to snatch and sign off the release forms. Scowling as you briefly read your paperwork and signed off on it.

Carter had put Kaiba as your number two. Essentially, being your number two meant that she had put Kaiba down as your spouse. Meddling asshole. Thankfully this hospital was under Kaiba’s name- so you knew that there was some sort of confidentially agreement between a couple of people. Probably the entire hospital, knowing Kaiba.

Besides, you were mostly healed. So you were fine. Mostly. Your stitches were in no danger of tearing.

So you crept out, but cursed the instant you managed to get a look outside. There were reporters everywhere, standing by with their cameras and hell, paparazzi. While you never really put much salt in paparazzi growing up near the entertainment capital of the world (where they were rather infamous for paparazzi), you also didn’t like them much either, even if it was their job was to get incriminating pictures. Like the person hate the action and all that.

You could feel your eye twitch and your hands itching to rip apart something and probably make an EMP cannon or EMP grenade to use on them, Bruce Wayne coming back from hiding style. Alas, you were in a hospital and you couldn’t afford the risk that something might go wrong which might accidentally knock out some pretty important set of machinery within the building. Thankfully, like all regulation buildings, there was always a backdoor.

Since the backdoor was connected to the fire alarm, you popped your knuckles and got into the wiring. Easily dismantling the alarm temporarily with a little MacGyver style solution. Making sure to restore the alarm when you got out.

You snuck around, ducking under things and avoiding meeting anyone in the eye until you got into a store.

“Hi, you need any help?”

You twirled around and smiled at the sales lady, “I’ve just broken out of a white walled prison and am now being chased by people with cameras.”

She blinked. Then you realized you had just sounded like you had sounded like you had escaped an asylum.

“Oh…OH, yes, you’re the person who saved Mokuba yes? And got shot while doing so?”

You nodded, “That would be me yes. Would you mind making a disguise for me? I would rather not have to deal with the press.”

“Oh of course, right this way please.”

Minutes later you were staring at yourself in the mirror. A mix of reporter Clark Kent and Benedict Cumberbatch’s rendition of Sherlock Holmes. A dark gray suit with a matching button down shirt and slacks. The shirt opened at the top three buttons and altered to fit your form. It was also paired with a classic oxford style dress shoes. Over the suit vest was a green and silver knitted scarf that
draped across your neck. On top of that, was a gray Belstaff trench coat that looked almost exactly like the one Sherlock wore. Along with a black wayfarer style glasses.

“I am so Clark Kent right now,” You said looking at the mirror. Your hair was combed to perfection, some of the strands dangling to obscure a part of your face. It gave a ‘rolled out of bed’ vibe. Or sex hair. Either one was an option and up to the person looking at it.

You turned to the sales lady, “What’s my damage?”

She gave you a number that was definitely high, but you could afford it. So you paid the lady and walked out of the building with a swagger in your step. If only to bluff the Paps into thinking you were someone else.

Before leaving you left her with a charming smile, clasping her hands with yours, “Thanks very much. Please don’t tell anyone?”

The girl stuttered, “Y-Yeah, of course, thanks for shopping.”

You smiled and thanked her again before moving out.

You managed to get to your café, going virtually unrecognized by your staff (in hindsight, the one currently on task was a new employee of yours. Replacing someone who had moved on to their dream job two weeks ago) picked up a cup of coffee, and made your way to Kaiba Corp.

You nodded at the employees as you walked, giving a charming smile and a wink to the desk lady in front. Television and movies taught you well.

“I’m a little unannounced, but I wish to meet with Mr. Kaiba,” You said. “Would you mind ringing him and asking if I may come up? You can tell him I have his coffee.”

A little dazed, she nodded and rang Mr. Kaiba, doing as you had requested.

“You can go up now,” She said with a bright smile.

You smiled again, “Thanks.”

You made your way over to the elevator, leaning against the door before coming up. You briefly saw the desk lady and an excited secretary guy from the reflection of the elevator. Nodding in your direction. A the ding, you made your way over to the office. Not bothering to knock.

“You’re supposed to be on a hospital bed.”

You rolled your eyes, “You really think I could stand being there another day without making an evil A.I.? Its happened before you can trust that, I made an evil coffee maker once, it wasn’t pretty. I still have some of the burn marks actually.”

“I certainly hope you didn’t repeat that mistake.”

“Of course not, I got out before I succumbed to cabin fever. Left a note though, you chose a pretty decent guy to be your head of hospital,” You said shaking your head and handing him the cup.

He looked you up and down, “You’re certainly…dressed.”

You shrugged, “I had to get away from the paparazzi, tell me. Who leaked the story? I’m pretty sure its not from my end.”
“A janitor, leaked the story to a news anchor. I’m working on getting it off air.”

Yeah you could tell, from the way he looked, he didn’t sleep that much, that and you recalled seeing the janitor on the terminated list, “I could take care of that- who the hell tried to nab Mokuba? The boy’s starting his high school career, he doesn’t need this kind of stress.”

“I haven’t found out yet, the police haven’t gotten anything out of them yet.”

You hummed, popping your neck before you pulled out your phone. Calling a number.

“Let me see if I can wring anything out of them,” You muttered mostly to yourself before someone answered the phone.

Kaiba raised an eyebrow as you seemed talked with the other end, having a long, lengthy, blank toned conversation before you set the phone down with a thank you.

“I think that should take care of our little problem with a case of tight lips,” You said, shutting the phone off.

You caught him giving you a look, “What?”

“Did you just call the Yakuza to get answers?”

“I made it specific to no harm all intimidation bluffs didn’t I?” You said pouting, “Who does the media think I am these days?”

“My fiancé.”

“Your what?” You frowned, “But- you- what?”

At this point he was reading on his laptop, “Apparently we met after you bought the building across from Kaiba Corp. We began dating in later months, and apparently I proposed when I personally visited the café. You reportedly ‘dazzled me with your degree’ and had taken me out on several dates. They said you were having a bonding day with Mokuba for his approval the day you were shot, valiantly gaining his approval by taking the shot for him.”

“Romantic really,” He said sarcastically.

You frowned, “That’s…an awfully detailed and near truthful description of what has occurred over the past few days.”

“Agreed. I’ve been attempting to figure out who exactly made the story, but with how wide spread it became, the point of origin is obscured,” with a pause, he frowned at you, “speaking of which, how exactly did the bullet ricochet?”

You frowned, trying to recall. In all honesty, the event was a bit of a blur with the adrenaline pumping but you managed to remember that you had herded Mokuba off somewhere where less populated in the park. Which happened to be museum that was in development. The outside was already finished, the inside most likely being the one in the works, you recalled seeing a lot of décor. “There was a really large blue eyes white dragon statue behind me, what’s it made off?”

“1/2 inch thick steel.”

“That was probably it, that thickness could make the thing a target plate,” You frowned at him as a thought occurred from your mind. “What has your fan sites been saying about us?”
“Mostly how they want to poison you and leave you in a ditch. That, or they want to kill me instead.”

“How…flattering,” You said dryly, though inwardly you found it amusing the way people became overprotective over people that they hadn’t even met personally. Or, at least you think— you didn’t know.

“Unfortunately we have bigger things to worry about, with all this talk of you being my fiancé, I was asked to bring you to the next dinner meeting,” that made you groan.

“Do I have too? I really really don’t want to go anywhere. I want to go under my rock and flee from modern day social media,” You said flopping onto the seat that faced Kaiba’s desk. “Beige watch some anime while I’m at it.”

“Without finding out who was behind Mokuba’s kidnapping?” Kaiba raised an eyebrow.

“Between you and I? I’m pretty sure if we went down the station to interrogate them personally with pissed off looks on our faces, being threatened by the Yakuza would have been what they preferred,” You sighed. “Besides, we can’t figure out anything without getting that information from them. So it’s only logical that we wait for said information. It’s going to take a day at the very least.”

“I still have the meeting, and the convention to take care off.”

“Who do you have this meeting with anyway?"

“Schroeder.”

“You’re rival?” You hummed, “Have two finally gone past that ridiculous competition between you two and joined forces?"

“We are discussing the terms, Schroeder has most of the contracts for gaming within Europe. Since we have Asia and North America, we’re joining them for the release of the Duel Gazers.”

“What about South America? Africa?"

“The countries aren’t developed yet, but we’re hoping that will change soon enough.”

“Well, it just might,” You said crossing your arms. “The project that accidentally deleted your file I was working on was for my conservation research. With further development and expansion, I could potentially solve our need for power plants. Edison and GE are funding my project. I’m also working with Zuckerberg so the info would be passed along faster and easier between work sites.”

“How long has your project been in development?”

“I had the idea during high school in Science Olympiad, but I’ve only begun fabricating the technology within half the year. Six months, 22 days, eleven hours and roughly give or take 32 minutes and counting; if we want to go into specifics,” You shrugged. “None the less, its just been something that I’ve been figuring out as a hobby for a while.”

“Who funds it?”

“My various ownerships in stock,” You said, mildly amused by his interest.

“That does remind me,” He paused in whatever he was reading, causing you to raise an eyebrow at him.
“Yes?” You said hesitantly.

“There were many criticisms public on the security of my park during the breach. Though they seemed to suddenly disappear one by one over the course of three days. The news articles included. You wouldn’t happened to have anything to do with that do you?” The slight tilt of his head and raised eyebrow already told most of the story.

You laughed nervously, alright, so you didn’t completely get a good grip on your cabin fever but who could blame you? Some of the criticism were out right rude, but you did note down and leave alone the criticism that were for the improvement of security. Like the way criticisms were supposed to be.

“Maybe?”

“You did.”

“Wait, I could understand how you may have come to the conclusion, but how were you certain of it?”

“You were complaining about it over the chat.”

“Chaa-“ You groaned. “Of course you’re Coeruleus_Hydra, it translates to Blue Dragon. And your playing Hanzo of all characters Hanzo, the archer with a blue dragon ult.”

“You threw me off at playing Genji, I would think you would be more suited to Sombra.”

“Sombra was just released.”

“That is no excuse.”

“Alright fine that’s no excuse, but I like Genji. He’s fun to play,” Your back relaxed into the chair. “Judging by how long I was playing, I suppose you didn’t sleep as much either.”

“I had an adequate amount.”

You rolled your eyes, making quotations when appropriate, “An ‘adequate amount’ is not the right amount Mr. Kaiba. I slept like a rock when I was in the hospital, and that’s with getting more sleep than I needed. Although I will admit it was refreshing to play with a Hanzo sniper with as many headshots as you, and even more interesting to discover that you even play Overwatch but you need sleep. The average a human being can go without sleep is eleven days, which is more than I’m comfortable with you holding a record, but trust me. It leaves you with a headache on the fourth day and it’s just not worth it. So you- Mr. Kaiba- are going to sleep.”

“I have work to do.”

“Your company isn’t going to sink in eight to nine hours- now either slump in your chair and take a fucking snoozer or I will knock your ass out,” You noticed when you had switched over to English but at this point you had other things on your mind. He gave you a skeptical brow, managing to take down two kidnappers or no- he was stronger and taller than you were. Though he would silently admit that he was slightly unnerved at the little growl that had slipped in your voice. However he was confident you wouldn’t be able to get him out of the chair.

Of course- he didn’t account for the fact that you had back up.

You scooted your chair over to reveal one, arm-crossed, very disappointed looking Mokuba Kaiba.
Whom you called before entering the room, and saw entering on the reflection from a silver figure of a Blue Eyes White Dragon (charming but obvious). Thankfully walking in post threatening kidnappers with Yakuza and discussing how they were going to get information from them.

“Big brother.”

“Mokuba.”

Kaiba shot you a glare from the corner of his eye, and you simply smiled.

You stretched, yawning, “Well Mokuba- I think I’ll leave you to it yeah? I’m gonna go home for a bit- not at the coffee shop though, but just ask Minori, he’ll point you in my direction.”

“The dinner will be the day after tomorrow in the evening,” Kaiba said. If Mokuba was dragging him down, he was going to make sure you were dragged with him. “Dress decently.”

Mokuba smiled gratefully at you, “Thank you for calling me, you are going to the dinner right?”

That cheeky little blue eyed ass- “Yeah sure.”

“And he,” You pointed a pinky at him, because two can play at that game. Facing Mokuba, “better sleep for nine hours tonight and tomorrow night. With at least dinner. Anything less and the deal is off.”

“Agreed.” You two shook on it before you made your way out. In Kaiba fashion, the coat tails blowing behind you as you walked forward elegantly while Kaiba glared at the back of your head.

Mokuba turned to him with a cheeky grin, “So…’dress decently’ huh? Little cold wasn’t that? That was a really nice and expensive Belstaff”

“Shut up.”

Mokuba cackled, walking around the desk to grab Kaiba by the arm and drag him out of the seat.

“Come on, gotta hold my end of the bargain.”

He so should have pulled out his phone to take a picture of Seto’s red face.

You whistled while you walked, crossing the street and going straight to the back lot where your car was. The black Impala waiting for you.

“Well,” You said a smirk pulling on your lips. “Time to go home.”

You hopped into the driver's seat and started up the car, the relaxing purr easing your buzzing mind as it occupied your attention. You pulled out of the driveway and made your way to your house. Your actual house, the one you owned and was supposed to sleep in a majority of the time.

You turned up your music and the train of thoughts quieted as you focused on the road.

As the anticipation of the dinner date (and Kaiba sleeping and eating decently) became a background buzz, you didn’t even notice the smile that made its way on your lips.
Author’s Notes: Hey, late again. Sorry about that. California’s been really cold and when I tried sitting down and typing on Friday my hands were stiff and I couldn’t really well- type. They’re better now, and I’ve been sticking them to my neck to warm them up periodically so I can get this out today.

Sorry if its a little short too.

Hope you guys have a really good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night.

Dedications to: Only_one_name, RipWitch, and Lura Barthelmes

Thanks all of you for reading~

I have another little Kaiba x Reader insert in the works too, would ya’ll be interested? Drop me a comment to let me know if you like and I’ll put it up. It just won’t be as updated often as this one will be until its conclusion.
Chapter 12, Home and a Day

Chapter Summary

Home is where you figure things out and decide what to do. (Or where people tell you, depends.)

Chapter 12, Home and a Day

Little bit of a warning, language is gonna go a little more crude.

You sighed as you pulled into your garage, switching off the player and rolling your shoulders back carefully.

“I’m home N.I.C.K.” You said as you stepped out of the vehicle. The key ring twirling around on one finger as you walked into the garage/bedroom. Well, your bedroom. You slept there more often than the room upstairs that was for certain.

“Good to see you back Boss,” N.I.C.K. said pleasantly. “At least through these cameras anyway, you certainly look dashing.”

“Can it Nick Tesla, what’s my list.”

“Going back to old habits boss?”

“Its been an…exhausting few days. I’m a little too wired right now to crash on the bed.”

“Well first is to eat something, a full meal. Since you just so happened to break out of the hospital before you got one. Second is that the Bond Car needs a little tuning. Third is that Unicorn Banshee Perfect Grade Gundam you keep putting off.”

You laughed at that, “Yeah, need to work on that. Switch the priorities of the Banshee and the Bond Car, old James can wait a little longer. I’m not driving him anywhere. Anything else?”

“Yuri on Ice!!, Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them, and Star Trek Beyond have been released.”

“How many episodes for Yuri on Ice?”

“Currently eight and counting. Six for the English Dubbed version however it requires subscription from Funimation.”

“Hm, what does Marie think of it?”

“She thinks it is a- and I quote, ‘Really fucking awesome anime’.”

“Really? Give me a summary,” You moved to the kitchen area to make some food for yourself. Something with rice.
“Yuri Katsuki, a 23 year old skater is discovered by his idol Victor Nikiforov while preforming one of Nikiforov’s pieces after loosing the Grand Prix competition. During which he was preforming for his childhood friend to let off some steam, due to a recording that becomes leaked, he finds himself being coached by Nikiforov himself. Or at the very least, that was the description Marie had left.”

“Sounds interesting,” you leaned back on the counter as you waited for the food, “what’s the genre?”

“Sports.”

“Cool, alright- play the first episode on the overhead while I’m eating.”

“Certainly.”

“I am letting you watch too much Iron Man Nick,” You muttered to yourself as you fetched the food and made your way to the little dining table in the middle of the kitchen area.

You were done by the time you finished your food and begun tackling the giant build that was the 1 to 6\textsuperscript{th} scale Gundam Unicorn Banshee. “Holy shit- okay, home dude still got taste- call Marie.”

There was a ring before an irritated groan, “What?”

You recognized the tone easily, “Whoop- sorry Marcus, just watched Yuri on Ice, did you just get done with a deadline?”

“Yes, Jousei was being an ass but we pulled through. I can’t believe we finished but we did. As far as I know we’re back on schedule. Anyway, Yuri on Ice you said? You finally got your ass on a cozy office chair?”

“Young, also I hate you for not giving me this show after it finished, but thanks for driving the Impala to my work.”

“Sticks and stones and no problem. Anyway, word got around that you got shot. How the fuck did that happen? Cause I really can’t give two salts of bullshit to what they’re saying on the net.”

“Kaiba. Kidnappers.”

“That surprisingly explains a whole lotta shit. You really don’t make friends normally huh? Some shit has to go down, guess that only tells though. Us group of ragtag assholes are in it with you till the end of the line.”

“Don’t you quote Rogers on me Mar.”

“Wasn’t the intention. But would you rather I say, ‘for you sir, anything’ cause that won’t do well for either of us.”

You laughed, “Shut up asshole, that wound is still fresh.”

Marie, or Marcus, depending on what mood he was in was the oldest friend from way back when. The two of you met during college actually, except that Marcus was there on an art trip while you were there earning your degree. Marcus didn’t really get the concepts of engineering as fast as you did but he was pretty damn intelligent. Actually got you the most out of anyone you ever met before (though in hindsight, Marcus was probably the only one among your group with the screws a little bit loose). Marcus lived with his roommate and old friend Jousei, together they drew and wrote manga, though Marcus was primarily the writer. They had a little game going on convincing their publishing company that they were in a relationship when in reality the two of them were in a
relationship, just not with each other. Marcus was being screwed by Lucius Belmont, child of owner of publishing company. Jousei - well you didn’t really know who Jousei was in a relationship with personally.

“Anyway, Carter also said that you and Mr. Bachelor also have a little thing for each other, that true on your end?”

“Well,” You slumped against your seat, pausing. “No. Yes. Maybe. I… really don’t know. I don’t think its anything that… that substantial? Personal.”

“So there’s something, you just don’t know what it is yet.”

“Yeah,” You sighed, “something. I admire him, he’s a brilliant person. Even with all of the shitty things life through at him - here he is. A little bit of an asshole, but that’s kind of expected. He mellows out a bit- I think. I could possibly have been translating everything he had been saying into something a little less harsh. Lately though, I just- I don’t know. I hacked through the internet to get rid of prissy comments about the incident – I mean, I’ve never really done something that big for anyone. Much less someone I’ve known for what- a week tops? Maybe even less.”

“I deduce, that you have a crush.”

“A… crush?” You squinted at nothing in particular. “Is that what it’s like? This sucks.”

“Its different for everyone Bruce Wayne, I didn’t even know I had a crush till I was punching the daylights out of an asshole who spat on Lucius.”

“How was yours like?”

“I told myself, oh shit.”

“But- ugh, is a crush really this much?” You groaned, “mother of Einstein - this is insane even on my standard of general insanity.”

Marcus laughed on the other line, “Like I said, its crazy for everyone. You find yourself wondering things you never really thought about before. In your case- doing things. Cause you’ve always utilized being revived after being killed by curiosity. So you’ve pretty much done this before- just had reasons that made a little more sense to you.”

“And you? How did it affect you?”

“Well, you know me. I’m not exactly strong, I fight dirty when I have to fight. I really didn’t think I had it in me to beat someone- anyone. Until I saw that scene. I knew it was cleaned up- and people told me my actions were justified- but I was scared. I’d never snap like that at anyone before. I never beat up anyone before. A little nerve pinch here or there- but that’s always been it. I was always in control- I drew the line. But when it happened- I just lost my shit and I didn’t really know why,” there was a sigh and a sound of the bed shifting. Probably Marcus settling. “so I ran. I didn’t know what I was dealing with- I didn’t know how to deal with it. I panicked because I lost control, so I did everything I knew I could do to get it back. I stopped going to the editing meetings with Jousei- I secluded myself to my room. Jousei noticed something and tried to help, but he didn’t know how to deal with it either. For a while he put up with my shit- but I could tell it was freaking him out a little. I smiled even less than usual and not even Cas could get me to lift a lip. It was probably the worse few days of my life.”

You winced, remembering that. You remembered getting a call from Jousei so that you could maybe
hook him and Marcus up to some tickets to see Yuzuru Hanyu skate- or even a ticket to Hogwarts. You couldn’t do anything about the skating since it wasn’t in season at the time but you could certainly hook them up with Universal Studios Japan when the place was not so busy. You remembered seeing Marcus not even smile a little bit during the forbidden journey ride- and that was saying something. Marcus was a stick in the mud but he always enjoyed it. It wasn’t until you saw Lucius confront him at the apartment where things started getting better.

“But after you know what- it just- it started kind of making sense- I guess. But the thing is- I didn’t really know what the hell was going on. Turns out- neither did he, we just sort of figured it out together I guess- not to sound corny as fuck.”

“That actually makes a lot of sense coming from you,” You muttered, “but- its not- its not love right? Just…affection.”

“You black mailed me with your scrambled eggs you evil. Evil. Fucker.”

“You black mailed me with my book marks of Fanfiction to get me to go to a roller coaster at Disney World with you. We get even with each other somehow.”

It sounded like he were clearing his throat, ready to move away from the complicated as fuck topic, “Anyway, Yuri on Ice, I’m guessing you caught up.”

“Yeah well, if you liked Yuri on Ice- you are gonna love the Star Trek Beyond.”

“Fucking shit- Nick- start playing Star Trek Beyond and put Marcus on video- what the shit is actually oh my fuck, “ you started laughing as the scene played out. “Did they actually- holy shit they did- this is great.”

“Already starting to have the William Shatner hair huh? Just need a couple missions and a lot of torn up shirts and we’ll be solid.”

“Huh, oh shit- yeah I forgot Spock Prime died- oh shit-.”

The commentary of the movie continued. That is- until the climax.

~SPOILER ALERT, IF YOU HAVE NOT WATCHED STAR TREK BEYOND OR DON’T LIKE SPOILERS TO THE MOVIE, LEAVE NOW. KEEP SCROLLING TILL YOU SEE ALL CAPS AGAIN. THE FOLLOWING TEXT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY TO PLOT, BUT IT WAS A PRETTY FUN SCENE THAT YOU WOULD RATHER SEE FOR YOURSELF~ Honestly, its more for my amusement.

“I know!” Marcus was laughing, “its fucking awesome.”

“Its many things,” You watched the scene play out. “and awesome is not the only thing it is.”

“Holy shit the physics though, it would be giving me a headache if I didn’t hold a basic understanding of artificial gravity,” You watched as the ship Franklin- but seriously, fuck that asshole who destroyed the Enterprise, sailed through the colony, running after former Captain Edison. “Oh- Oh shit-.”

You watched Kirk run after the renegade captain about to release the deadly weapon in the ventilation system. Silently hoping that maybe Kirk will get seriously injured and thus be berated the hell out of by Bones and Spock. You got what you wanted- closely. Kirk fell through a hole, caught by Spock with Bones on the pilots seat.

You watch the ending go by and you couldn’t help but laugh, “Yeah Marcus- you were right. Its awesome. Guess I’ll have to catch up to Fantastic Beasts too huh?”

“I haven’t watched it yet myself- but I’m sure it’ll be awesome too.”

~END OF OTHER SCENE CONTINUE ON SPOILER FREE

You yawned, stretching your arms behind your head before blearily staring at the projection screen. You had maybe 45% of the Gundam done- since it was a PG grade, it had a lot of detail and parts that went into it.

“Go to sleep dude, I’ll see your crazy ass in the morning.”

“Yeah, you too,” You said, almost drunkenly rolling away from your desk to move to the bed, “night Tolkien.”

“Night Wayne.”

“G’night Nick,” You muttered as you dug beneath a couple of blankets on the bed.

“Good night Boss,” Nick said softly. Powering down the lights to their bare minimum and shutting down the tech for the night.

The next morning, you rolled over off the bed. Landing sounded on the small square of carpeted floor.

“Nick,” You said in a croaky, just-woke-up voice.

“Yeah Boss?”

“Text Mokuba for me,” You yawned as you flipped on your stomach and started crawling towards the office chair. “how difficult was it to get Kaiba to eat and sleep before 11?”

“Done.”
You grabbed onto the chair and fixed yourself onto the seat, using whatever was nearby to push you towards your computer desk.

“Response: Not that hard, but not that easier either. Thanks for sending the fillet.”

You grinned, you had to give your current partner in crime an edge in the bet after all, so you had confidence he would have done what you asked. That, and being the younger brother of Seto Kaiba helped things a long quite nicely when you had to make a plan that was created in five minutes work like a charm. It almost made you feel like Hannibal Smith from A-Team. Or Captain Kirk. A little hushed whispers here and there and you had it arranged for a meal to be dropped off at the Kaiba mansion before the brothers would arrive.

You scanned the instructions for the Banshee Gundam before having Nick make a holo-copy and putting it on. Allowing you to roll back to the quarter built foot tall Gundam without having to look down on the paper instructions. Doing that often gave you a bit of a neck cramp.

“Order some food will you? The usual.”

After that you continued to work. Your mind occasionally drifting to different things as you scoped out the required parts, sanded down the nubs from the plastic tree mold, and fitted the parts together to make up one moose head looking Gundam.

For the next few hours until the morning swept to afternoon, and then to the evening, you worked on the robot.

“Boss.”

Nick’s voice snapped you out of your building trance, blinking at the finished product before sighing and bending back. Your spine popped before you slumped back against the chair. The ordered food from this morning was laid bare, long since finished.

“It’s time for dinner.”

You blinked and turn back to your build, mostly done, “Order something.”

“Would it not be more efficient to find something suitable for tomorrow night’s dinner? This household has not been updated in quite sometime. Clothing included.”

“I’m sure I have something,” You argued as you sanded down the flash from a particular piece. “I don’t think I’ve changed much since I was last living here.”

“The last time was approximately seven years ago.”

“I’ve gotten knew clothes,” You muttered. Your mind casting back to the Belstaff. “I’m sure that would be more acceptable.”

“Something Mr. Kaiba has already seen- and would most likely disapprove.”

You snorted, “And why would I want his approval?”

“The satisfaction of seeing surprise?”

You paused.

“…I have seen that expression before.”
“Baffled then.”

You sat back, your hands, still holding the sanding stick and the part dropping to the sides. Resting against the arms of your chair, “You are playing a dangerous game Nick. You sure you know what you are stating?”

“Affirmative.”

You squinted up at the ceiling, “One day- not today- I’m going to take a look at your code. And what movies you’ve been watching. Mark my words, I am going to.”

“Without a doubt.”

You sighed before placing the part and the sanding stick gingerly on the table, “Alright fine.”

You got up, popping the kinks out of your back before rolling your head back and forth. Grabbing your keys as you went before you went up stairs. You hadn’t changed since you came back and you were pretty sure people wouldn’t appreciate the layer of dust that was on your present clothing. Besides, your eyes were getting tired.

You looked critical at an article of clothing. It looked nice- but the color- well. It was blue.

An exact shade of blue that happened to match one monster that went under the name of The Blue Eyes White Dragon.

You sighed, grabbing it and walking towards the sales lady.

You wore something simple, but you were pretty sure the only reason why no one recognized you was because you were wearing glasses. You didn’t wear it often, but with all the computer time and tending to read without a light- it was a bit of a obvious conclusion that you wore contacts. Usually.

Why didn’t you just have them fixed? You were lazy, and frankly, you were probably not going to change the habit of being on the computer for long periods of time.

So with wire rimmed glasses, you faced the world. Scrutinizing clothing in the shopping district of Domino City. You didn’t like one timers, so if you were going to get new clothes you were going to make damn sure you’d where it more than once.

Nick tried to push for jewelry, but you drew the line. You’d just wear a scarf or something. You were a person, not a Christmas tree, or at least that would be the argument you told everyone if anyone said that you would have looked nice in it. At most, if you really felt like wearing something, you were going to be simple. A chain or something, but simple. Or maybe your class ring if you wanted to impress someone.

“Do you need any help?”

You turned to the sales associate with a smile, you nodded your head towards the nice clothing in your hands, “Have any suggestions for that?”

The associate smiled and nodded, walking around and pointing various things that would have indeed gone nicely with it. You nodded along and bought whatever looked like you would wear twice, with a decent bundle in your hands, you approached the register.
Looking you up and down, the person on the counter looked at you with a hint of distaste.

As they ringed you up, “That would be 70,000¥.”

You smiled- and just to spite, pulled out the amount in cash. “Would that be enough?”

The person over the counter’s eyes widened before accepting the cash and bowing deeply.

You walked out with a smile.

Across the street, you spotted Mokuba and Kaiba walking into another store. Meeting eyes with Mokuba, you smiled, put a finger to your mouth in a hush.

Mokuba returned you with a nod and a grin before going back into the store, most likely at Kaiba’s request.

You stifled a laugh as you hastily made your way to the car, you had shoes to match it anyway. Still, you had no idea why Kaiba would even need new clothes anyway. Just how far was he going to go to prove he was better than the other person?

You continued walking.

A/n: I have a little headache and sleeping at 3AM and waking up three hours later this school week isn't helping my muse- shut up Kaiba-, but here you go. I'll try to update on time next week but with a short window before winter break, I'm not too optimistic. I'll update when I can.

The new Kaiba reader insert will go up too, soon after this.

Thank you to all who read, have a good morning/day/afternoon/night.

Kaiba says thank you for dealing with my incompetence.

Okay, he doesn't out right say it, but that's the impression I get- shut up Kaiba-
Chapter 13, The Conversations Before Dinner

Chapter Summary

The next few hours before the dinner meeting.

Admittedly, you hadn’t really gone home late- but you were still groggy as you woke up. The fault being that you had continued your work and had not slept until three morning. Slightly better than usual, considering that was the routine you had when you were in High School. Don’t sleep until three, go to school at five, it was worth it. Naps were often included (read: encouraged) by your math teacher.

She was great. Still is, if you recalled she was still kicking ass. With a Masters.

As you groaned and rolled off the bed, the blue numbers read that it was just past ten in the morning, entering lunch.

“Can I order McDonalds for delivery?” You muttered, because you were American- and most Americans ate McDonalds. For breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

“We can have Mateo deliver boss.”

“Awesome, I want…” You muttered some sort of brunch dish- you think. You weren’t sure if the message got across while you were trying to talk into the floor.

You got up, your neck popping slightly as you yawned and stretched your arms behind your head.

“You have a text.”

“Read it Nick,” You continued your yawn into your fist. “the walls are sound proof.”

“Be ready by nine P.M. From unknown number.”

You snorted, but you wanted to make sure, “Trace it, from what area?”

“Downtown Domino, Kaiba street.”

You clicked your tongue, mentally laughing at the fact that Kaiba had his own damn street. Of course he would, “Called it. Must have asked Minori already- which reminds me. Ring up Minori.”

“I hope you’re resting boss,” Minori’s voice said through the speakers. You hummed and made your way upstairs.

“So I forgot to mention, guess who took the bullet shard out of my shoulder?”

“Why does it matter?”
You shrugged, even though you knew full well that Minori couldn’t see it, “Oh I don’t know. Turns out that Doctor Ryouichi Kenshin happens to be the nice young gentlemen who comes by~”

There was a sputter and a crash- in which you held in your snickers with a hand.

“Kenshin?! KENSHIN RYOUICHI?!”

You were glad that Nick was smart enough to lower the volume, “Yes.”

“Fuck- I didn’t even realize-.”

You frowned at the tone, “What, what is it? Where have I fucked up?”

There was a sigh on the other line, “Boss- remember when we met? I was a very very big asshole?”

“I do indeed,” You crossed your arms. Minori may have been one of your oldest friends- not as old as Mark/Marie (again depending on the mood) was, but he was one of the first friends you made when you came to Japan. He was a real bag of dicks back then until you sorted out his trouble with his drinking problem. “Why?”

“…Kenshin- when I was in High School- people found out he was gay- I was really the worst back in High School and well…” There was a sound of Minori setting something down on the counter. “I have a lot to regret.”

You hummed, thinking long and hard about what you were going to say, you weren’t exactly the best at the human heart-to-heart stuff, “I…can’t say that you have to let that go- we both know I haven’t let go of any of my fuck ups, so that would be extremely inconsiderate and hypocritical of me. But for now- well, you’re going to have to be an adult and accept that you did bad things. While also accepting the fact that you are doing what you must and can do to make up for them. Its hard- we both know that, but my human squishy side says that I should remind you.”

There was a somber laugh at the other end, “For a person who says that they aren’t good at being a person- you do know what to say.”

“No- its just some bored teenager typing my dialogue for me to say this to you in a arrange conversation.” You deadpanned, the edges of your cheeks lifting up just the tiniest bit as you heard a better, more genuine, laughter on the other line. “But seriously, I’m not really joking about that much. Mark said that to me to get me to snap out of it after what happened. Also slapped me in the face- but in his defense Mark was also dealing with some shit of his own.”

“Still,” There was the familiar sound of the bakery door slightly creaking open. “He’s aged well.”

You snorted, but also thought about it. Doc was there? But it was only ten? Damn, well, you supposed that he might be picking up coffee on normal, you didn’t know when his break or lunch was anyway, “I suppose the apparent liking is mutual then?”

“…He was still pretty really nice to look at when we were in High School Boss- but fuck- I was an asshole, so…I don’t get it why’s he here?”

“That’s for him to tell you Minori,” You said, crossing your arms. “Not me, but you might want to say hello?”

“What?! No! I’m not gonna- Aaran?! What are you doing-?!” There was a sound of a scuffle and some clangs, and you again heard the squeak of the door as it was opened wider.
“Nick video.”

The video hologram blinked into reality and you watched as Aaran- kind, timid, but easily frustrated, Aaran Sanchez dragged a reluctant Minori Akihiko out into the open. The other customers vaguely surprised but amused as she promptly placed (that woman had crazy strength you swore that she was some sort of Kryptonian, she moved 152 pound bags of coffee beans nearly every week) Minori in front of the shocked Ryouchi.

“Hey Minori, can you help this nice guy? He wants three dozen of your famous chocolate moose muffins, I gotta take care of other customers, thanks,” She said brightly behind her thick black Ray ban glasses.

“U-U-Um…” Minori gaped at her as she left with a smile, helping out another customer.

Minori gulped, “K-Kenshin right? I-I’ll just go get your muffins-“

He bent down to grab the muffins, grabbing the whole tray of 24 before rising up to stutter, “I-I’ll go get some more from the backjustgivemeasecond-.”

You mentally translated the muffled back-just-give-me-a-second that was just rushed out before cackling.

“Boss!” Minori hissed as you amusedly watched him grab the muffins from the second screen that popped up to show the inside of the bakery room. “are you seriously laughing at me?!”

“Yes,” You said snorting, “Yes I am.”

“Oh screw you.”

You grinned, saying nothing in reply as Minori rushed to get the muffins. The boy may be currently in a terribly awkward situation but he knew how to push feelings to the back burner when it came to work.

You watched as he rushed outside, with experienced grace, placed the muffins in one large bakery take out box. Suitable for carrying 36 muffins.

Out of habit from often coming foreword to help separate the drink orders from the baked goods orders to help Aaran, Minori handed it to him with a smile, “Thanks for buying!”

Minori blinked as Kenshin froze up, the both of them turned red.

“U-Um, yes, thank you,” Kenshin said, “these are very delicious…”

Minori shrugged and absentmindedly scratched the back of his head, “Thank you…for the complement?”

Minori awkwardly looked to the side as the tips of his ears visibly turned red and you wanted to smack your head into the wall and groan. You were admittedly socially stunted in normal circumstances but even this was painful to watch. At least you could pull yourself together when the situation called for it (charming nice sales people into keeping quiet about you visiting their store).

“Transfer call to Aaran’s ear piece,” You groaned, the custom ear piece was born back in the days where you were paranoid that all kinds of things would go wrong if you left the floor but now you just used it for convenience’s sake.

“Boss?”
“Aaran, I need you to drag Minori out to Doc Kenshin whenever he comes to the shop- I can’t let this seed of potential friendship or possibly a relationship die,” You said with a grunt as you watched Minori awkwardly waved bye. “It feels like an affront to me as a human.”

“Can do boss, Aaran out.”

You sighed and leaned back as Minori walked back into his inner sanctum of baked goods and flaming ovens.

“I gotta go Minori, ETA on my brunch is in a few and I’ve got to shower and shit for upcoming dinner. I think I’ve got paint in my hair and I’m pretty sure that there’s paint and plastic under my nails.”

Minori sighed and nodded, “Yeah sure boss. Eat well and have fun at Dinner yeah? I hear that the guy’s pretty chill compared to back when Kaiba was sixteen.”

“I can handle if he’s less than pleasant,” You said amused. “Take care Min.”

“By Boss.”

The video whizzed closed and you hummed, mentally counting down.

The doorbell rang.

“Right on time,” You said amused, “open the door will you Nick?”

~

Holding the plastic platter in your hand, you were in your closet.

While you didn’t really buy clothes as often as normal people would (read: probably should, is buying new clothes a healthy yearly habit?) most likely do, you kept a lot of your clothes over the years. As back then you had bought your clothes usually a few sizes up from where you actually fit so that they would last longer. It worked too, you spent your money on important things like parts and instant ramen.

Of course, that meant that your closet was larger than normal.

Granted you still used most of your shirts, shorts, pants, and the occasional odd bit and piece here and there- but you didn’t really keep many of your formal wear.

Formal wear was best bought fitted, otherwise it really wouldn’t be formal. Now, you kept the shoes that continued to fit of course, but fashion choices were not your strong suit. Aesthetically pleasing color choices? Sure, but that was because you still remembered your basic color wheel from Art Class. You built and designed schematics of inventions, taken aesthetics in consideration, but those were machines. Not articles of clothing. Ropas. Damit. Kleider. Insert other languages that still mean clothes here.

You sighed and grabbed the newest pair of shoes, you didn’t usually get clothes that had to be specifically paired with a certain color, but the shine was still on the new one.

You munched on a spoonful of rice, glancing at the clock. Barely turning to one in the afternoon.
“Ba,” You said, dropping the shoes near the bed that had the new clothes on top of it. Freshly cleaned and pressed via delivery.

You polished off the last of the food, swallowing before you laid back on the carpeted floor of your upstairs bedroom.

Compared to the basement, the room was…plain. There wasn’t much to add sentimental value, but none the less, it was here.

You sighed as your back was pressed flat, some of the spinal column being gently nudged back into place by the relatively hard surface.

“What kind of deck does Siegfried have Nick?”

“From previous recordings, a Norse deck boss. Valkyries.”

“Valkyries? Huh. Interesting choice I suppose, but not unheard of,” You stared at the ceiling. The small mounds taking shape and forming objects in your mind. “Does Ride of the Valkyries play every time they show up I wonder?”

“From Mr. Kaiba’s battle with Mr. Siegfried. Yes, that might be so.”

“Huh, I think I remember watching that one. He actually said ‘there’s nothing I can’t afford,’ I found it hilarious. He wiped the floor with three Blue Eyes, a Luster, and a Chaos Emperor. Against a deck that the guy probably deliberately created against dragons,” You sighed. “Though his laugh after doing the whole, ‘get lost’ thing was both maniacally bad and creepy at the same time.”

“Indeed. My servers shudder at the memory.”

“You can’t shudder Nick, I used Germanium in place of Silica to make your circuit boards, and then added earthquake-proofing to said servers. The most you could do is hum loudly.”

“I was barely two years old.”

“And a lot of dabs of super glue can work wonders,” You shot back. “I should know. I super glued furniture to a ceiling for an art project. They wanted abstract photos, I gave them abstract photos.”

“I’m afraid I find it not within my capacity to argue with that logic.”

You snorted, “Turn on the shower Nick, I intend to think about the meaning of life while I’m spending time getting this paint out from under my nails.”

You did not think about the meaning of life when you were under that stream of water.

~

You stood in front of your house, the Belstaff you recently bought wrapped around your form.

“I regret everything,” You muttered under your breath in apprehension. The shower revealed some interesting facts that you had yet to notice previously. You mentally questioned your sanity as of the past few days. Just a few days ago- or was that weeks ago? Its been a weird few days, or at least strange enough that it broke you away from your usual routine for a while. It wasn’t that you were
invited out to dinner either, there was just this sense of dread that bothered you at the edges of your mind, barely paid attention to until recently. Like something very bad was going to happen in the near future.

That’s when you saw the car pull up next to your driveway.

As you walked towards the car, your gut felt like it was pulling you in the opposite direction. The shower thoughts forcing you to acknowledge the thoughts of danger screaming at you, your brain telling you to run back to something familiar. To stay away from this confusing infuriating man that was messing with the relatively predictable routine you had for yourself. It set off a chain of events you had never anticipated would happened. Who anticipated *being shot* in the first place?

While it was strange that you were so fearful, it made some horrible sense in a way when you thought about it seriously.

Not only was Kaiba a well-known billionaire, he was a renowned genius. Thousands over thousands, perhaps millions and billions, clamored for even a few minutes of his attention. The only people truly holding that attention for so long being his own little brother and the King of Games, his rival and although he would most likely deny it, his friend. There was Roland of course, but he was there since *Kaiba’s* (Seto’s, a small part of your mind whispered) early years as CEO. A man who proved his loyalty and worth to Kaiba.

Compared to you, a person who preferred the shadows, who *liked* to stay there. Awkward in most *truthful* conversations and gave the barest hint of truth in others. Scared both mentally and physically, even if the latter was less than the former. You were privileged, and you were arrogant. You insulted the hard working agents when you were a teen and manipulated people into paying tuitions that you most likely could have paid yourself if you tried. You took control of things you didn’t feel wasn’t doing well, you paid no true heed to the suggestions that were given to you about your own projects. You caused the death of twenty employees because of that arrogance and incompetence.

Twenty faces that chased you in whatever dream state you forced yourself in. Twenty faces that you could have stayed if you fought harder. Argued better. Listened better. Lead better. Was *better*.

Aesthetically, you saw no value. There were others that constantly flaunted themselves at Kaiba that were far more aesthetically pleasing than you were. Men and women that would be more than happy to be with him.

Men and women who didn’t have blood on their hands. Somewhere in your mind, you wondered if this was the same thoughts Mark had when he came to the realization. This sudden grasp for control, for reason. For logic. Logic against the undeniable fear that suddenly overcame your mind. Reasons for why you should give up and stay the *hell away* constantly traveling like a typhoon in your mind. A sudden storm, one that you suspect had been brewing for a while.

On the surface, your face blanked. You were staring into the window, your hand hovering over the door latch. Uncertainty shifting in your eyes. Kaiba narrowed his and lowered the window. Truth be told, he didn’t know why he was so damn insistent on your company. Your projects were certainly worthy enough to turn down his propositions of attending the business meetings with him. He was certain that you could have threatened him into releasing your end of the bargain during the deal you and Mokuba made. There was no reason that you couldn’t simply avoided coming to the dinner if you didn’t want to. Yet you were hesitating.
He found himself trying to come up with arguments to get you to stay. He found himself ready to call Mokuba to tell Siegfried to cancel. To tell Siegfried himself to cancel if he had to. Potential business deals be damned, and that made no sense whatsoever to him. You shouldn’t be affecting him this much. You shouldn’t be the one on the forefront of his mind. It should be Mokuba. It was always Mokuba. Even if it (shamefully, he silently admitted) didn’t always seem like it. Yet you slipped under and managed to get your infuriating self in the forefront of his concerns.

His fingers hovered over the window button, simply observing your facial expression.

You didn’t seem reluctant. Though your face was carefully blank, yet you seemed to have a million thoughts going through that thick skull of yours.

Then he saw the small glimpse of fear. Uncertainty perhaps.

He concluded you were far more idiotic than he anticipated. If you were really only beginning to be aware of this strange relationship you seemed to have unintentionally created now. (Though he wouldn’t admit that it was Mokuba who pointed that he played no small part in the development of that relationship.)

Admittedly, he found himself curious on what would happen if this “relationship” reached…other levels. He found no aversion in himself to it. You were intelligent, and challenged him with no hesitance (even if he suspected it was mostly because of the fact that you didn’t think things threw when the concern of those who worked for you and those who you cared about was blinding you to other facts. You got shot protecting Mokuba after all, even if you could have just as easily called down the private security that hovered next to Mokuba or sent Kaiba himself a message.) and never treated him like he was someone to impress. To intimidate perhaps, but for the purpose of protecting your underlings at the time. Otherwise it was banter and challenge. From challenging him to a battle of will to get him to eat more than he usually would to recruiting Mokuba to get him to sleep and eat. From giving him the pleasure of for once, having to ask questions to get information that the often constant surrender of information that others did to attempt to endear themselves to him. You made it clear when you didn’t want to talk about something, but you didn’t entirely mind too much (or wasn’t that upset about it) if he did some digging of his own. Freely admitting that you had done the same thing. Whatever information he wanted, you endeavored to give it to him without making it sound arrogant or smug (Unless it was teasing.). You dueled, and for once, he found someone other than his own brother and Yugi that gave him a challenging duel.

You were more interesting than any of the other people he had met in a long time, and he didn’t intend on letting you go because of some idiotic assumption that you suddenly had some second thoughts.

He ignored the hisses of uncertainty and unworthiness brewing in the back of his mind. Telling it to shut the hell up.

He pressed the button down.

“Are you getting in the car or what?”

That seemed to snap you out of your internal monologue as your eyes met ice blue, a lifted eyebrow indicating his impatience.

“Well?” He said after a few moments of silence.

You quickly opened the door and got in, looking at him, seeing that look on his face. The mirrored uncertainty in his mind, while also calling you an idiot no doubt.
You told him your name, you told him that you could shut down any computer of his in his company, you told him that you could make his company, and any company you wanted drown, if he didn’t eat whatever thing you were going to put on his plate, and you told him he was going to have to suck it up if you were dining in some stuffy restaurant with the high possibility of being assaulted by paparazzi and be given dirty looks all day.

“Anything else?” He asked. Inside a voice that sounded suspiciously like you whispered, I’m going to take care of you whether you like it or not.

You gave him a very serious look, “If you don’t let me take control of the radio, I will drag you on this side of the car and drive there myself.”

He leveled you a look, “We’re going to be late. Don’t be an idiot.”

Your inner Kaiba-translator worked, fine but don’t pick something annoying. Oddly specific but you rolled with it.

You put a silver ring on the dash no words needed.

You found it a while ago, it was something you used to wear when you were younger. A gift from Mark when you had managed to go a month without needing coffee, Mark never had the taste for it himself but he knew it was difficult for you to go through a day without at least a cup in the morning. You wore the black one that was given to you at the first year, from Carter when she gave it to when you achieved getting through your finals without the need for coffee. Engraved on the top was a faint form of Van’Dalgyon.

The silver had an a faint engraving of the Blue Eyes White Dragon.

“Just thought we might as well look the part,” You muttered under your breath. “Doesn’t have to mean anything.”

He drove until he hit a red light. Taking the ring and slipping it on, “You’re coming with me to TGS.”

You released a breath you hadn’t realized you were holding, “I was going anyway.”

A/n: Well here it is, completed at 1:22AM. Hope you guys enjoyed and don’t mind the numerous spelling errors (like you haven’t ignored my bad spelling and grammar before hah

Dedications to: You. You who took the time to read. Perhaps in this in this time of annoying finals (well, I have them in two weeks) but good luck to you in life and on those tests (if you have them) Keep up the good work!

Have a good morning/afternoon/day/evening/night!!
In which dinner goes as plan. Mostly.

You were less twitchy than you thought you would be as you sat next to Kaiba in the elegant table. Granted—unexpected you acted more like yourself. Currently, you were in an argument with Kaiba.

“It’s not *that* bad,” You protested, as you were trying to get him to eat some mash potatoes at the very least. A single fillet mignon was *not a viable dinner*. It didn’t even have *rice*. “Its mash. Po-ta-toes. Boil’em mash’em, stick’em in a stew? I ordered the same thing you did and Mokuba told me that you barely ate the scrambled eggs and miso he made for you this morning. Just. *Eat. It.*”

Zigfried looked between the two of you, his younger brother with him, but both looking very amused and very curious of the scene.

“So he does this too?” Leon asked. Both he and his brother had a slight accent, but it was barely recognizable.

You sent an exasperated look his way, “You have no idea. As much as this man’s coffee addiction was pretty alright for my business—this is *maddening*. If you have the same issue, I sympathize. Greatly. Perhaps you, myself, and Mokuba could get together and share techniques for these stubborn—”

You muttered something obscene with a growl under your breath, shooting Kaiba a dirty look the whole time before you pulled your final card.

“You and I have an agreement Seto, now finish your platter or I will pull out my phone *right now*.”

He glared at you before huffing (which he would not admit to even in his dying breath) and proceeding to eat the mash potatoes. Honestly, if this was what you were going to be like in these matters he was starting to see a headache filled future.

Leon looked at you curiously. “Why is that a threat?”

You gave him a quietly menacing grin, which made Zigfried stiffen slightly but Kaiba recognized that you didn’t mean it to come across that way, “A formidable prowess in coding and hacking can give you some leverage. While I don’t like to use it for nefarious purposes…I find that in Seto’s presence I make acceptations.”

You moved your gaze, now narrowed towards Kaiba, “Like now.”

“You do realize I don’t often have the time to eat a proper meal?” He said tiredly.

In response, you shrugged as you moved your utensils into a certain matter. Signaling that you enjoyed the meal. “Well I’ll just have to change that won’t I? Mark my words Seto, I will get you to
eat a full meal three times a day out of your own free will.”

“Noted.” He said dryly.

“How did the two of you meet?” Zigfried said finally, finishing his salad.

“How much of the gossip do you put faith in?” You countered, if a bit sarcastically before sighing. “My apologies, that was out of line. In truth I am quite annoyed at the false accusations.”

“Understandable of course, but I would like the genuine story if you don’t mind?”

Kaiba was about to counter that it was none of his business, but you threw him a warning look. He continued to eat his mash, which, as much as he would grudgingly admit, was…acceptable.

“As much as it would be gratifying to release the true story…I’m afraid that you would be disappointed in the cliché of it all,” You laughed quietly, which Leon followed with a chuckle. “As you might know, I own the coffee shop in front of Kaiba Corporation. However, I am in charge of the…graveyard shift you might say. We ran into each other and through a strange set of circumstances- we came to an agreement.”

Impressively vague enough that it wasn’t entirely true, but Kaiba recognized the few details you gave held were true.

Though he wasn’t sure why you only classified being put through a forced vacation via gun shot (ricochet, you argued with him when you told him the gist of what you were going to say on the ride here, but he was going to call it what it was) wound as “strange”. He was more shocked that you managed to get shot rather than the mere fact that someone was shooting you. Even if he nearly ripped the two who did it to pieces.

“And the proposal? Surely it was a little more superfluous than the average cliché?”

You smiled, a smile that told him to back off. Something Kaiba fondly (though again, he would never admit out loud) remembered you did to him previously. Really there was only one taboo subject that you already told him was fine if he found out. Just not to talk to you about it.

“It was…emotional, I suppose. More than uncomfortable, for the both of us,” You defended, probably unintentionally. Again, you danced around it. Proposal didn’t have to necessarily have to mean a proposal to marriage. You were a firm believer in mathematics and past evidence. That .34% you thought were your chances of being with him was no joke. Even if you somehow landed a shot, as a matter of speaking.

The rest of dinner came along mostly uneventfully, you getting along with Leon and discussing design while Kaiba and Zigfried talked business.

Leon was currently in the middle of your lecture of advanced calculus when Zigfried and Kaiba ended their conversation.

“It was good to see you again Kaiba.”

Kaiba nodded.

“And then you-“

Leon’s attention snapped to his older brother, to which he whined, “Aww. Come on, I was learning how to do Calculus properly.”
Kaiba turned to you in which you shrugged.

“What? Was I supposed to tell him the strange natural anomaly of the Fibonacci sequence? I could at least make jokes out of Calculus.”

Child. You were a child.

You smirked at him, “No, I am an adult that never let go of their childish side. Come on, what’s the point in growing up if you can’t be childish?”

You bopped his nose.

Bopped it.

“And you can’t tell me otherwise because you own a park full of statues, games, and rollercoasters modeled after your favorite playing card. Cause for automatic loss of the argument.”

Kaiba turned and stiffly leveled an even look to Zigfried, who looked at him amused, “You have a strange one Kaiba, you better be sure you don’t lose to someone else.”

Kaiba frowned. He didn’t like what Zigfried was implying, neither did you, if that slight twinge of clenched jaw was any indication.

You turned to Zigfried sharply with a shark grin, “Be careful when you choose your words Mr. Zigfried von Schroeder. Seto Kaiba and Mokuba Kaiba are my friends first. You screw this over intentionally and I will burn your company to the floor while laughing.”

You turned to Leon with a shrug, speaking in Spanish (a requirement of foreign language in Leon’s curriculum that was learned over their conversation), “Sorry kid, no hard feelings, but I lean on what I know. From my experience, humans are predictable when they have history in hating someone.”

Leon shrugged, if a bit shamefully, “I understand I think. It’s okay, I kind of got the impression that you were a little different.”

“Oh?”

Leon smiled, “You made math fun for me to learn after all. You have to be some sort of alien for that.”

You laughed.

Kaiba felt that he was indeed spending more time than he would be with anyone else on average when he didn’t feel a shred of surprise at the fact that you could speak German and Spanish.

“Anyway, I believe the four of us will be off yes?” You transferred your warm gaze to Zigfried as it chilled with silent warning, “Mr. Schroeder.”

Zigfried, much to Kaiba’s satisfaction, gulped, “Yes, it was my pleasure to meet you.”

You smiled, all teeth, before nodding and turning away.

Kaiba followed by your side to the car.

“So,” You said, haphazardly falling into the passenger side chair. “Was the deal a success?”

He turned to you with a raised eyebrow, “I thought you were listening in?”
You shrugged with a frown, “I was busy teaching calculus.”

“Yes, it was a success,” He faced forward scowling as he pulled out of the street. “however his distinct lack in knowing not to stick his nose in where it doesn’t belong is pathetic.”

“Tried to subtly interrogate you has he?” You chuckled, “I could only imagine. I suppose I somewhat tuned in to those parts, if the sudden spike of annoyance and disdain that I picked up from you was any indication.”

“Hardly, he only got the message when you threatened him in German.”

“Fun that was,” You said, looking out in the nightlife of Domino City. “Speaking of which- he isn’t going to be present at TGS is he? I could only take so much of the elder, I believe I just might throw him in a closet and forget to unlock it in a decade if he is.”

“No, thankfully. I rather he not even be allowed the slightest chance of lowering the IQ of the majority of the people there any lower than they are.”

“How very Holmes of you,” Your cheeks twitched up slightly.

He threw you a look from the corner of his eye, “As if you weren’t thinking it first, don’t act innocent.”

“Oh perish the thought.”

“So what is the plan,” You continued after a moment, “TGS is only a few days away if I recall my invite correctly.”

“We arrive there early, check in-“ he abruptly realized your words. “Your invite.”

“Well yes, it’s not my first rodeo at TGS. Actually, this would be the first time in a few years that I would attended. Why, does that have any significance?”

He sighed, “If I’m right, your arrival would be akin to William Shatner walking around the floor at Comicon.”

“So I suppose we’re going to be pretending that I’ve been playing some sort of hand in your project?”

“Technically you have,” Kaiba said, “with the deign process as well as development.”

You frowned, sifting through your memories of the past few years, before stumbling on an email from Christian. Who never usually emailed you.

“That blueprint on the- oh,” You frowned. “So we knew each other before we met?”

“I didn’t know you owned the shop across from my building. Nor did I know that you could actually hold a half-decent conversation. Despite the blackmail and the mostly irrelevant things that come out of your mouth every few minutes.”

You laughed, “Those things amuse you and you know it, also, the blackmail is to get you to form mildly healthy habits. I rather not have to drag you to a hospital for a IV line. Or the other way around, for that matter. I will steal that IV line if I have to.”

He sighed, “Somehow I don’t doubt that.”
“So…” You suddenly remembered something about those blueprints. When you received things like those, your job was usually just to see if it could be done. Most would assume that you would simply run it through a simulation or something— or built an alpha version. However— you usually secretly got it all the way to beta, since at this point you were confident that most people could take it all the way to reproduction. (Or you would drop hints to help them along.)

“Do you want to see my beta version of the duel gazers?”

You could practically see the wheels turning as he abruptly snapped his head to face you, “You built them?”

You shrugged, “It helps a lot faster in development process. If I know I could probably built it from the knowledge I already have plus the specifications of the blueprint I know if there will be a problem in fabricating the device in the first place. Any changes I would have to make to get the thing working I usually note down and send away. My sort of alternative message to say that the design won’t work but this might. Yours was actually pretty impressive. I saw your name on it and I had no trouble building it regardless of the fact that I mostly guessed on the materials needed to built the thing.”

You squinted at him, “Would you have enough money to have the chips made out of germanium?”

He grunted, “That was the plan. Better conductivity than silica. I was going to pull through with germanium regardless of the cost.”

You humped and turned forward, muttering under your breath, “For some reason, I think I like you a little more for that.”

Kaiba grunted, “You have a working model for the duel gazers then.”

“Well, technically I haven’t tested it yet since I don’t have someone else to test it on, but yes. It does work. In theory. It worked when I tested the two systems individually.” You shrugged. “I’ve mostly worked out the kinks in the coding, and I’ve actually been able to pull together some of the holograms for the system, using your duel disk tech. That’s mostly from me sticking my nose around the hologram codes though.”

“What errors were there?”

“Not a lot honestly, your coding was very good already so there wasn’t much to fix anyway. Just needed to revise the code to have a clean augmented reality regeneration and cleaned up features that made it more user-friendly for new duelists,” You tilted your head towards them. “Thanks for making some of your top-secret coding in freaking hieroglyphs by the way, I don’t remember how many times went to the museum library but I did. Used my connections in the Cairo Museum, London Museum, and the Library of Congress too.”

Kaiba hummed, he didn’t need to address anything. Your tone of voice telling him that you actually quite enjoyed the challenge.

Though he wasn’t sure how he was going to react if he discovered you read hieroglyphs. Frankly, he would have questioned how you had the opportunity to sleep if he hadn’t known you were apparently obsessed with obtaining at the very least a minimum amount of sleep. An obsession that now applied to him apparently.

As he pulled up to your driveway, exiting out of the car and not bothering to wait for Kaiba he walked up to your door.

“I’m not sure if you’ve found out yet at this point, but I usually forget about certain things when I’ve got something on my mind,” You told him as you danced your way over to the door. “I don’t always remember to throw my keeps in my pocket.”

“And this was your solution?”

“Well it’s worked so far hasn’t it?”

The door popped open as you landed on the floor mat with a flourish, you turned around with a stupid grin on your face, the glee clear in your eyes as you met his silently exasperated gaze.

You snorted at his look, “It’s not like you have to tap dance your way here, come on. We’ll test out the gazers.”

He narrowed his eyes before following you inside.

Looking around, he found something that was out of place in the entire living room. It wasn’t obvious, but it was enough that something was bothering him at the edge of his mind.

That was when he realized it.

The space was empty. There was a few chairs, a couch, some lamps. However, it was completely bare. Either you had no intention of entertaining guests, or you had no need to.

Considering that both your room and in your basement in the café had bare walls and the occasional half finished project, he wondered if there was a particular reason for that.

As he followed you downstairs to the other basement, he realized why.

The floor space must have been almost as long as his own garage. Give or take a few feet longer. There were a few classic cars lined up alongside a few, more recent sports cars. To one corner there was a niche filled with Bandai robots, a few model Submarines, Destroyers, and Kaiba was pretty sure that he was also looking at an airplane carrier. On the side, there were rows of glass cases. One held two sets of Star Trek costumes, one looked like it came from the classic series while the other came from the more recent ones. There was a rack of wands, another rack of light sabers. Some movie posters, and at one point what looked like three different versions of the Arc reactor from Marvel.

“If you make a comment on my collection, I will call you a hypocrite Kaiba.”

Kaiba scoffed, “My collection is hardly as numerous as this.”


You turned back to a table muttering under your breath, “Honestly though, I probably could.”

You finally grabbed the two eyepieces and threw one at Kaiba, which he caught easily while giving you a look. Ass.

You grabbed your duel disk on the way and slipped it on. While it was Kaiba Corp. tech, it was a paint job of your preferred colors.
“And you expected me to just carry around my deck and duel disk?” Kaiba questioned.

You snorted at him, “You’re Seto. Kaiba. One of the greatest rivals to the King of Games, and don’t let that get into your head. If one Mr. Yugi Muto carries around his deck and his duel disk then you probably do too. Also, I saw it in your car so really this conversation is practically filler.”

Then you thought about it and proceeded to give him a stink eye, “Also, you probably could ring up Mr. Roland and have him come running here with your duel disk anyway.”

“And my deck?”

You, again- scoffed, “On your belt Dragon boy, the bulge is hard to miss.”

“Out of all the vocabulary you have stuck in that head of yours, did you really just say that?” Kaiba asked. A little amused. A little astonished.

You motioned to yourself, the lack of embarrassment was evident, “Welcome to headspace mode. Where a brain to mouth filter does not exist. Actually, I’m pretty sure Carter’s dubbed it my honest mode. Things just come out. And yes, I am actually perfectly aware that it sounded like I caught you being…being. Well, I’m not sure how to phrase that in a way that will sound decent.”

Kaiba shook his head at you, “Let’s just duel.”

“Hey you’re the one with the filler sentences, I’ve been ready all damn day.”

You huffed, grunting as the last of the life points visibly drained to zero on the screen of the duel gazers. Making the illusionary effect that it was on the field. Which was a success really, it was the one you had issues with before.

Also, you won. Barely. The man had all three of his bloody blue eyes out.

“I…” You huffed, out of breath as you collapsed on your back to the floor, “thank Yugi freaking Muto for freaking Mirror Force.”

“The floor is disgusting. Get up.”

“No.”

“Get up.”

“It’s my own damn floor Kaiba, and I’m pretty sure it isn’t that disgusting. It’s not like I’ve spilled motor oil on it. Nor have I had sex on it, I don’t exactly have the time you know.”

“That wasn’t the point, get off the damn floor.”

You grunted, glaring at him as he stood off to the side of your vision. Quickly calculating the possibilities and referring to your Wikipedia wealth of random information, specifically zeroing in on Kaiba’s weight. You surged up and grabbed him by the shirt. Dragging him down with you as you wrestled him to the floor.

“See?” You said, grunting as you strategically placed your arms and your knee to get him to stay stiff on the ground. “Not so bad.”

He looked up at you with a glare, “Get. Off. Me.”
“Not until you admit I was right, the floor isn’t so bad.” You said. No room for argument in your voice, but an amused expression in your eyes. “It’s a travesty how floors often remain unnoticed. Do you realize how different the world would be without floors? Why we’d be falling forever.”

“That’s a matter of common knowledge. Now get. Off. Me.”

“I’m pretty sure I’m in better shape than you, lugging around heavy materials and equipment, so um. No.”

As much as Kaiba was reluctant to admit it, it was partially true. In this situation, you had the advantage. Once it called for attention, the well-toned arms spoke obvious years of lifting heavy equipment. Since it was evident that no one lived with you here, nor did it seem like you were the type to have people over, you most likely did it yourself.

He saw you frown, analyzing him and looking up and down at him with a frown. Humming to yourself, you seemed to be making calculations as you analyzed the scene before you. Carefully, you moved your hands to his shoulders, mindful that he could flip you over at any time. (He could have, but that knee hovering over his stomach was making sure he wouldn’t) Then, you forcibly pushed them back.

With his back to the floor, he heard and felt twin pops near his shoulder blades. His shoulders acted immediately, slacking as they became flush with the floor.

You grunted and placed one hand squarely on his chest, placing it near his collar bone while the other one rested on the floor near his head. Your knee moved, and you slightly lifted yourself off the ground, your weight mostly being on your one hand near his head, you pushed sharply.

He felt several parts of his spinal chord rapidly release air before relaxing. His back feeling far better than it has for the past week.

“Better?”

Kaiba grunted.

“I had sores after some forty-eight hours on a desk chair, I try to walk around every now and then but some simulations need me to hover over them for a long time,” You muttered under your breath instead in explanation, though it sounded more like you were doing it absentmindedly. “I didn’t expect you would let the soreness go on for this long. When was the last time you had those kinks worked out?”

“A month ago.”

Your tongue clicked and you moved your weight to sit near his waist, “Up.”

He obliged.

You took your hands and felt the side of his neck, slowly massaging all the way to the back, minding that you eased the pressure the further you went. As for some, pushing hard enough on the back of the neck could activate the gag reflex. The whole time your eyesight was at his neck, watching your fingers as they moved back.

You hummed.

You got up from your seat and moved behind him, gently placing your fingers on his chin, your hands cradling his head.
“I’m going to pop this out.”

He grunted again.

You sharply turned, looking as if you were in the process of snapping his neck, which—technically you were—but not with the intent to kill.

He instantly felt the difference as he rotated his head, weeding out some more pops.

You performed the same thing on yourself, sighing as you felt the weight on your neck lighten.

“Much better,” You muttered to yourself.

You went back to a crouch before hopping up, muttering under your breath the whole way as you bent down for a bit to grab the Duel Gazer where you had dropped it.

“So did it meet your expectations as a Beta version?” You asked him over your shoulder as you plugged it into your laptop. Your eyes moving left to right as you read the given data.

“Adequate, for a Beta version,” He had gotten up the instant you were finished. Easily towering over you as he leaned over to read the data.

“The energy input could be lowered,” You offered. “How far are you?”

“ Barely in the prototype fabrication process,” He admitted. “I’ve been busy with the agreements and partnerships to prepare for the Gazer’s release.”

“Understandable, given that your Kaiba. I don’t believe there hasn’t been an invention you hadn’t been able to sell a sextillion of,” you muttered. An idea was blooming in your mind, calculations, hypothesis, all going through countless amounts of predictions and theories. In theory, it may work— if you were able to seamlessly stick the two projects together.

He gave you a side along glance, but it seemed like you had already shifted your mind to other things. You were typing rapidly across the keyboard. Muttering to yourself, as you read through the data. However, it didn’t take much to remember that there was only an estimated 1.8 Billion people that lived in the world. Selling a sextillion would have been unrealistic.

“Nick pull up my schematic for the AP energy project.”

Your AI obliged you. Utilizing the speakers around the room, he— it, managed to speak to Kaiba privately as it seemed you were sucked into your whirlwind of thoughts and ideas. Jacket laid forgotten across the floor. Feet bare as you paced back and forth between holograms.

“You might want to take a seat sir, this may take a while.”

He pulled up a seat and watched as you were engrossed in your muttering. Slowly growing in volume as you unintentionally temporarily forgot his existence within the confines of your “think tank”.

“Now if we manage to do this think of the possibilities— holy shit this can eliminate a large chunk of our carbon footprint—“

For once, he couldn’t fully follow what you were saying as you were excitedly spouting out random bits of information about how much it cost environmentally to power household items—especially with the weariness that came with trusting something new— but if that were to come from something
for a card game then technically it would expose the new generation to using sun energy converting technology.

“And imagine the money holy wacks-“

That. He could follow.

If you noticed that the guy’s name is spelled differently, that’s my fault. I spelled it wrong in the times I’ve mentioned the guy. Apologies

Also for once- this is out on time! Yay!

My finals are next week tho, rest in peace brain. Yet its also the start of my winter break.

Yay….?

For those of you who have finals coming, or are currently in the middle of finals, good luck to you kind people. You deserve to pass. Anyway, I caught a cold so I’m going to hurry and stop now.

Thanks for Reading, and have a good morning/afternoon/day/evening/night!
Chapter 15, Downhill but Climbing

Chapter Summary

Convention time

Chapter 15, Downhill but Climbing

Arriving to TGS wasn’t anything eventful, if you were going to compare the events of previous to the journey itself.

You woke up early, bags packed, your staff aware that you were going to be out of town, with Kaiba’s limo picking you up.

The ring’s weight sat as a reminder of what you did. Now that you thought back to it, you wondered what the hell was going on through your head at the time. You supposed you didn’t really plan anything at the time, but it still felt surreal. Like it never even happened. You sure as hell hoped you sent the right message at the time- you were pretty sure you might have been high on sugar or something of the like. Was that even possible? Probably not, but you were grasping at the straws for excuses.

You sat opposite of Kaiba, not really looking at the window as probably a normal person would, but looking down on your lap. You brought with you a pad of paper- a generic sketch pad really, but it was something you usually made a habit of bringing along with you everywhere. Unless you were swimming or taking a shower, paper wouldn’t do well with water, you took a tablet with you during those times.

You never knew when inspiration would strike, and thus you needed to be prepared. You knew of other people who did the same thing (Marcus, Jousei did it too, but lesser so. Marcus keeps an old laptop in the bathroom. How that thing hasn’t short-circuited from water damage was a mystery.) so at the very least you knew that habit wasn’t something particularly shocking. Uncommon? Perhaps. It was a matter of perspective really.

There was a pen in your hand, you were lazily sketching out a design of a miniaturized solar unit for the duel disk. AKA the idea that had came to you the other day. You were working on a project for, in more layman terms, a sort of hyper-powerful solar panel unit. Which also already carried the parts necessary to convert solar energy into electrical energy within the black glass of the solar panel itself. The idea itself wasn’t anything new of course- but it only usually came in small panels, and the electricity output wasn’t much. Not enough to power something like a well and continuously used, laptop for a full day. Which usually had a diminishing battery life as it gets older until the battery itself was replaced. Same with smart phones and similar technology. Thus came about the idea of the portable charger. The issue with that being that you still had to charge that portable battery at an out loud. With a portable charger that would produce energy by itself at a continuous and steady rate though you still had to work out some kinks, like how the hell you were going to keep that rate during cloudy, night time, and indoor environments.
After some thought, you wondered how hard it would be to synthesize Badassium. You could probably build a particle accelerator in your garage if you really wanted to.

You mentally sighed, while the Ironman solution was pretty awesome, and you were pretty sure you could logic and science your way into figuring out how to make Badassium, the money behind it would not be profitable. No matter what perspective you looked at it.

Unless.


Hm, while having a self-sustaining duel disk would be awesome, maybe you could go part way. It was a little less of what you wanted for the carbon foot print (you were still trying to eliminate that) but it would be significantly better than what it would have been if it was a standard plug-and-play.

So you began designing a crossbreed of your idea, which, again, wasn’t new. All you had to do is find a way to stick a rechargeable battery (akin to the ones found in laptops, tablets, phones etc, but better) while also connecting to the panel. Then there was the design aspect. Duel disks were relatively bulky for a reason. For one, the round port was where the hologram projectors were placed. However with the creation of the duel gazers that should eliminate that particular space issue. Though you had heard early prototypes of the duel disks without the hologram projectors, and more portable design were issued to the Duel Academy, you were pretty sure that it was still limited design wise.

Though you were starting to wonder if Kaiba should have just made the whole system hologram, but that would be a completely new interface for people to learn. So for now, you put that idea on the back burner.

You temporarily lost where you were going with the idea. Where were you? Ah yes, design aspects.

The duel disks that Kaiba released were nice, but they were bulky. By Ra, they were bulky, not to mention relatively heavy. (You had a running theory going on, you were pretty convinced that was how Mr. Muto had become so buff in his arms, with nearly everyone wanting to challenge him every few times ((Kaiba)) A child could carry the duel disk, but the weight could be edged off a little bit. You took apart yours and thrown out most of the parts to put in more light-weight ones. It wasn’t really Kaiba’s fault on that end, he was a little restrained in terms of parts budget at the time. So, of course it was going to be a little on the heavier side. Besides the fact that it was Kaiba Corp’s first product release. The games coming in a little after.

You decided that you would keep most of the original aesthetic design though, you personally liked it. Though you did customize your colors and technically spliced its guts.

You mentally groaned, aesthetic elements were always the hardest for you to get through. You were in charge in making things work- not making them look pretty. There were whole departments dedicated to that purpose for a reason.

You humphed and continued sketching, a little frustrated. You had a serious case of think block and you were dangerously close to flipping a table.

You barely paid attention as you moved from the limo to the private plane, completely ignoring the Blue Eyes Jet that was in the hanger with the Kaiba Corp private plane. (Which, was actually pretty impressive up close, but you weren’t going to say that to his face.) Simply grunting at Kaiba while you moved up and sat yourself in the nearest seat near a desk.
You sat there, wearing a hole through the paper as you tried to figure out what the hell to do.

You thought about different ways you could alternate the card platform into something more portable, which- granted wasn’t that many, but you could work with it.

You leaned back, slumping at your seat as you looked at the sketch inked in messy blue lines.

As you stared at the diagram, you barely felt time pass. Shaking your head at the flight attendant who asked if you wanted something.

You hummed, closing your eyes and trying to let go of your thoughts for a moment. Your professor in engineering (ironically named Tony Stark, no relation) had said that you sometimes had the bad habit of over thinking. So it was nice just to blank out every now and then. If just to relieve any stress.

This had the side-effect of letting time pass extremely quickly.

You jolted from your seat as you felt someone roughly shake you, limbs flying. You felt your fist connect to something hard. You also heard a thunk and a grunt of pain.

“Oh- shit, sorry,” You said, lifting Kaiba up by the shoulder and settled him down on the seat next to you. Visibly wincing as he gingerly touched his own jaw.

“I’ll get you some ice then,” You mumbled under your breath, a little dazed from being shaken out of your blanking out.

You wandered around until you ran across a stewardess and asked for some ice, she looking hilarious as you explained that you accidentally punched him in the jaw. Which, well that was sort of understandable in a point of view, but considering how you mocked and bantered with Kaiba more often than not, the idea of him screaming at you and yelling, “You’re fired!” became more hilarious than anything. Especially since you technically did not work for and, or, under Kaiba in the first place.

Still, you were a little displeased with yourself for punching Kaiba. You weren’t normally punching people when being pulled out, but coming to the Convention you had been willfully ignoring for years (though you were loathe to admit it) had you high strung.

As you finally got a hold of a fancy fabric napkin that was clearly housing the ice, you made your way back and wordlessly handed Kaiba the hastily made ice pack.

You spread your legs across the floor as you registered an overhead message about landing soon. Shifting on your knees when the plane tilted slightly.

He rose an eyebrow at you, “You’re not going to sit down?”

You only blinked at him, not like an owl.

He sighed- he seemed to be doing that more often.

You mentally shrugged it off, mind flying in different directions. There was something crawling on the back of your mind. Something that felt incredibly wrong.

As you touched down on the tarmac, it was a blur of movement as you went from plane- to limousine, to hotel. Which left you aimlessly waiting in the living room, already dressed up in
relatively nice business clothes. Your knee was bouncing up and down, the nervous dread that suddenly made itself known was now theoretically blowing tuba horns across your mindscape. You doubted that it had any factual evidence, but you learned that your instincts weren’t completely unfounded.

None the less, actually being on the floor of the convention- that’s when shit started flying sideways.

Not being one to socialize with people (at least not recently) you decided to stick relatively close to Kaiba. You could do fine on your own of course, but you were currently here as a guest for Kaiba Corp. Which also meant that some questions you were most likely going to be asked may not relate to the work you were doing with him, so you figured that you would stand a better chance with Kaiba rather than frolicking somewhere else.

“Hey you!”

You briefly hoped that whoever was yelling wasn’t referring to you in particular. You were starting to regret your decision with alarming speed.

“Yeah you!”

Fuck. You sighed and turned, the man with the rumpled suit glared at you. His hair was disgustingly greased back, and greed beady eyes glared at you. Though his face registered in your memories.

“What do you want?” You said, trying to refrain from scowling.

Kaiba noticed your discomfort as the man approached, instantly putting him in a bad mood. If there was anyone who managed to make you fidget, no matter how well hidden it was, there was something more at play here. Speaking from experience, you normally never gave a flying fuck who people were. Which had the effect that you normally were never intimidated by people, much less made nervous because of them. You would respect those who you viewed were to be respected, but beyond that. Fear and nervousness were not feelings you normally associated with other people.

The man turned to Kaiba, face stuck in between a sneer and a cruel smile, “Careful with this one Mr. Kaiba, might run you out of a job.”

Kaiba listened for a comeback from you, but it never came. Which raised a sense of uneasiness in him as you simply stood there. Your jaw clenching tightly.

“Mr. Kaiba!” Security came to grab the man. “So sorry about him. He’s banned from attending any of the- Oh!”

The guard faced you with a surprised expression clear on her face, “So sorry about that. Sir- you need to come with me.”

You nodded stiffly, your hand was on your arm again. Your grip so tight that your knuckles turned white.

As security forcibly removed the man, who was now yelling obscenities pointed at you. Yelling at everyone who yelled back to defend you (unsurprisingly numerous). Kaiba wrapped his arm around your shoulder. Lowering himself slightly to talk into your ear.

“What happened.”

You made a non committal noise in your throat, your breathing was controlled. Inhaling deeply before releasing slowly. Your eye was twitching, though your pupil was moving back and forth.
between the people who had spoke in your defense.

The head of the event approached you next, sweating, “I am so. So. Sorry about that- I really hope nothing serious happened.”

You seemed to snap out of your trance, shaking your head no, “Just- just some old demons stirred up- I think- maybe I should leave?”

The confusion in your voice made him uneasy as you turned to face Kaiba, “I mean- do you even need me here? I don’t think- I mean- I know the project-“

“We will make sure that will never happen to you again,” The head assured. Still sweating, but sincere in the apology. “I am so sorry for letting that pig in Sensei.”

You seemed to have stopped listening and started scratching at your arm. It started slowly- but progressively became harsher and rougher.

Kaiba remembered a warning from Minori before they had left- something about how if you were thinking particularly bad thoughts you scratched your arm. He had seem pensive as he watched the two of you leave from the window. After picking up some breakfast and coffee. (You staring him down to get a slightly smaller size.)

He slowly placed a hand on your arm- gently lifting it off from the other and separating the two. The skin where you were scratching had an angry red tinge- thankfully you hadn’t scratched it to the point where more than a few layers of skin came off- but it was still concerning.

“You don’t need to, I can send Roland with you to the hotel room.”

“I- um,” You nodded, refusing to meet his eyes and shifting nervously on two feet. You turned to the Head, who was still shifting worriedly. Unsure whether to leave or stay.


Kaiba lifted his head and scanned the room for Roland, when the two eyes met he motioned him over and quickly got you out of the floor. His anger flaring as you followed Roland out, hand gripping the sleeve of his pressed shirt. Looking not unlike a kicked puppy.

After that was done, he turned to the investors, “My apologies for that.”

Onodera, one of his oldest investors, waved a hand. Reminding Kaiba of the man’s grandfatherly like tendencies, as he had argued on Kaiba’s behalf more than anyone on the early board, “No need Mr. Kaiba. I suppose you don’t know the history.”

“History?”

“Your current fiancé, my congratulations by the way, has a history here. One of the top programmers and inventors. A genius really, until a few years ago,” Onodera looked solemn. “There was an accident, something went wrong with one of the virtual consoles that was in development which resulted in an explosion. There was a schedule, but investigation confirmed that it was the fault of the management. Not the lead, who at the time was your fiancé. They demanded an unreasonable time frame for its release.”

Onodera smiled at him, “I heard rumors and watched many question whether there would be any comeback. Before it seemed very unlikely, but now…well, you must have been extremely persuasive Mr. Kaiba.”
Kaiba stayed silent at that. He already knew your backstory- the story of the explosion wasn’t new to him. However, there was something more impactful the way Onodera had said it. It made sense, after a traumatizing situation like that, one would wonder if you would ever return to creating anything even remotely technological that would come into the hands of others. Even coming here- to a simple convention- you had stopped. Even if it was clear you hadn’t stopped inventing. You stopped directly being involved on any production that would be solely reliant on you.

He was beginning to understand why you had employees that were always your friends. You recruited them, and it seemed you wouldn’t accept any that came by recommendation. Even the newer employees were always partnered with a heavily seasoned worker.

There was also the fact that you ran the shop by yourself, at first, he thought it was because no one else would take the shift. Later it was made clear that most, if not all your employees were willing to pick up a gun and shoot him if he tried something they viewed improper. (He was debating whether it was Carter or Minori who had given them his private phone number.) So unwillingness was impossible. Lack of budget was also a high impossibility, you had almost dozens of regular customers per day. Not to mention the customers who came for the baked goods.

Yet for some reason you agreed to come back to the business with him. Even if he hadn’t asked you.

Onodera placed a hand on his shoulder, “Be sure to take care, you can’t find another person like that now-a-days. I look forward to the new product, whatever it is. Anything that person has a hand in making always manages to be wonderful somehow.”

He left.

Kaiba turned and continued on with speaking with his other investors, determined to get back to the hotel earlier than he intended.

Which turned out to be a lot less difficult than he originally planned.

Most of the investors had insisted he get back to the hotel, as it turned out, most of them knew you from your time here. Despite the fact that the explosion had happened, and the company you were with had tried to pin it on you, you rather infamous reputation for making and designing one of the most advanced and high quality technology failed to be tarnished. In fact, it seemed the reason why they were his investors in the first place was because you had pointed them in his direction. (Even the ones who had deep pockets and attitudes he would have preferred to do without.)

It seemed you had a hand in his life further back then he anticipated.

As he finally found himself in front of the hotel room, he roughly opened the door and stepped inside.

It was mostly quiet, but he saw you huddled on the couch covered by a thick blanket with the pad of paper in hand.

You had shed your business attire for something more comfortable it seemed, as he saw a soft material peak out from under the blanket. Your feet tucked under as your eyes stayed focused on the pad of paper in front of you. He half expected it to come to life in a flurry of holograms.

He sat next to you and looked at your pad.
It was the schematics for the duel gazers, you seemed to be designing a new line of duel disks to go along with it.

Meanwhile, words were screaming across your mind.

Berating.

Insulting.

You kept scratching at the paper.

A voice cut through the screams, “Your line work is disgusting.”

Your pen paused, before continuing, “Go get me a ruler then.”

“Are you hungry?”

“No.”

There was more scratches that filled the room as you continued to sketch. The air slightly less heavy than it was when he had entered the room.

Kaiba began to ask you questions, or began suggesting things. Different shapes, designs. Notes for later to add in programming. Or even occasionally insulted your hand writing and schematic sketching. It helped actually. Distracted you from the demons of your mind that constantly aimed pitchforks at you. Screeched at you that what happened was your fault. Your fault that those people died.

Yet Kaiba’s voice drowned them out as he insulted your disgusting English handwriting. It was amusing actually. From a warped point of view.

“How do you even read that mess.”

“I’m not quite sure actually,” You muttered, your cheeks lifting up slightly. Tone and expression both exhibiting amusement, “Ask my professors.”

Professor Stark would have been laughing himself to a heart attack. The man had a ridiculously neat script handwriting.

“You certainly didn’t pass a handwriting class.”

“I don’t believe I ever took one, now that you remind me.”

There was more silence. Noticeably less tense than before.

“Seto.”

“Hn.”

“I think I’m hungry now.”

He silently got up to order. Which was when a thought occurred to you as he made his way to the phone.

“And make sure you get yourself something too.” You called out. Not bothering to listen for any acknowledging sounds as you flipped to a new page. The makings of a familiar white dragon design
integrated into a duel disk being fleshed out.

After all, Christmas was around the corner.

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Christmas passed in what you would call a success.

After coming back from the Convention, a little more deflated than before, speaking quietly, but better.

Kaiba still found himself threatened by Carter and the others. He had never thought a man could look so intimidating in a lace lined baby blue apron holding a spatula but apparently Minori took the lesson of doing the improbable from you very seriously. You had chuckled when you found out. Muttering to yourself that clearly Minori was wearing the apron you had made him on a whim to try to cheer you up. Though Kaiba heard it either way.

Then you disappeared off the face of the Earth.

For a week.

Kaiba woke up in the morning with a feeling of wrong on his mind. Which of course, put him in a bad mood.

He walked down the staircase of his home, Mokuba’s excited voice clearly talking to someone that wasn’t one of the maids.

He came down to the dark-eyed faces of your morning senior staff, Carter, and a female in appearance with silver frame glasses.

Minori was moving something to Mokuba’s plate. As well as serving the others who were there.

Aaran was happily eating a piece of toast.

Carter was drinking coffee. Nodding to whatever Mokuba was telling them.

The female was chewing on a cheese bagel. Also listening but with a mild sense of amusement and exasperation.

The female spotted him first, acknowledging him with a nod, “Mr. Kaiba.”

The others turned to him, “Kaiba.”

The female snorted at the unison.

Carter turned to her with a scowl, speaking in English, “What- and your not worried about Boss after
facing one of the biggest a-holes in the history of business Marie?"

Marie returned her glare with a dry stare, strangely very alike to your own. If Kaiba was going to compare it at the top of his head.

“I don’t particularly worry because its Einstein were talkin’ about here. N.I.C.K’s first purpose when he was built was to look to the well-being of his creator. There’s very little things N.I.C.K. can’t hack into. Not to mention that Child-Genius has got a tracker injected in the arm. Besides,” Marie nodded to Kaiba, who had proceeded to ignore the group in favor of getting to his coffee machine. Marie obligingly handing him a steaming mug without question. Eerily used to the action. “Wayne's got a Kent to look after now. So general stupidity and lack of self care is out of the question for the moment. Also, Mokuba can speak English dumbass.”

“Still,” Minori grumbled.

Aaran turned to Kaiba, “Have you gotten any news?”

Kaiba narrowed his eyes at her and sighed, “No. Not since coming back from the Convention.”

Strangely, he didn’t feel too peeved by your lack of reminding him to eat. Even though Mokuba was hanging your threats over his head to get him to eat three times a day and sleep at a reasonable hour. He would begrudgingly admit that the tactic was working.

“And I am nothing like Superman,” He grumbled in his cup. Which made Mokuba snort.

“Big brother’s right, he’s more like Batman,” Mokuba added.

“True that,” Marie nodded, saluting him with a raise of her cup. “Wayne’s already got the name though. Sorry. I’d call him T’Challa but that’s a nickname for someone else and I can’t call you Stark because of the fact that I actually know a guy named Stark. What’a ya think of Strange kid?”

Mokuba’s face scrunched up in thought, “I guess that could work? But Big brother isn’t a Doctor.”

“Well technically Strange isn’t a Doctor anymore. He was though, but I am not going to call your brother the Sorcerer Supreme,” Marie paused to take another sip. “Guess I’m gonna have to settle with referring to royalties kid.”

She turned to Kaiba with a solemn salute of her mug, “Your Grace.”

Carter, still looking very much pissed, “Are you seriously not worried about Boss? At all?”

“Sarah Carter. There is one thing you all have to remember.”

“What’s that?” Minori said with a frown.

She grinned, “Its almost Christmas.”

Somewhere in a warehouse, you sneezed, then went back to typing. Deep bags under your eyes and a suspicious dragon looking shape roughly a foot tall covered by a dark opaque gray cloth.

Somehow, Kaiba suddenly felt a sense the sense of dread growing.
A/n: So, this is...technically late //laughs nervously// A bit on a writer's block for this one I'm afraid, but I got an idea and started rolling with it

School again starts next week, I cry.

Thanks for reading, have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!

Dedications to:

**Only_one_name**: Yeah, that thing under the cloth? That's for you. She shall wreck havoc in your honor. Happy belated Christmas and New Years

**Bronwyn**: Thanks for the comment and reading, I read over this over a dozen times to try and get as much spelling errors as I can (spelling errors and grammar are my old enemies unfortunately, though strangely not an issue with my English essays. I'm confused, maybe it's because I refuse to contractions in them??) for you. Also tried to separate the narrator(?) and the actual reader for you too. //bows// please forgive me if there are any I've missed. I plan on doing a massive overhaul of editing once this story is done, but I hope you enjoy this chapter as you have the rest. Sometimes I type things differently from what I'm thinking and overlook it. It often annoys me too when I'm reading my own works I cringe so hard at my old works they will never see the light of day. It's been my issue for a while and me Mum says I have a minor case of Dyslexia- if that's a thing. I have trouble writing and spelling, but not reading so I don't that's my issue. Just my general carelessness I'd think.
(Maybe, she's wrong, maybe she's right. It has never been significant enough to test with a professional. But I do have to sing the jingle I made up in order to spell w-e-d-n-e-s-d-a-y. I also made many- many double words in this chapter earlier, so...???)
I rambled.
Sorry.
Still hope you enjoy this chapter (regardless of the mistakes)
Running on twenty-seven out of the sixty-three hours of sleep you were supposed to have for the week left you a little more twitch happy than what you normally would have been. None the less, you managed to suppress the urge for a cup of coffee during that duration.

The reason being, it was nearing Christmas. You had many ideas for gifts that could not be left alone.

Briefly, you had dropped by down your café to hide the several neatly wrapped boxes of gifts that you had made (or bought, depending on the person) for your employees. Hours before, you had just stopped by the post office to ship out several packages.

Now, you stood on the street opposite of Kaiba Corp. Looking at the crowd standing outside the building with an annoyed expression.

You had forgotten about the fanfare.

Your teeth grinded against each other. You had Mokuba’s gift in your bag, but Kaiba’s needed to be held by hand. The other was holding a thermos full of coffee. Well, it was more melted cooking chocolate really (which normally tasted more bitter because of the lack sugar) but you were still trying to get the caffeine crazy CEO to have less of said caffeine.

You could go through the employee parking that was guarded- but you didn’t have the patience to deal with the guard, nor did you want to have to trudge back to the café to grab the employee pass that you may or may not fabricated yourself in order to go through said employee parking. (Used to pick up the Kaiba brothers about a week prior.)

You sighed. Staring at the crowd, staring as the people at the front were arguing with the guard. For the same reason as you were actually To give Kaiba his Christmas present.

Still, years of this, you would have thought that Kaiba already created a system to deal with this crowd.

Admittedly, you had anticipated this particular scenario. Even if you didn’t want to deal with it. So you stood outside, wearing a satchel and appropriate work attire. (You’re hair was a bit frazzled, but you were going to blame that on the winter wind.)

You took a deep breath and walked into the fray.

“Hey,” You said meekly off to the side as the guard took attention to you. “I’ve got to get to work so
can I?"

You nodded to the coffee mug in your other hand, “I’ve got Mr. Kaiba’s coffee.”

You smiled sheepishly at the guard. Who in turn, nodded in understanding.

You and Hideaki had become familiar with one another in your visits, he was a pretty decent guy. Currently living with a roommate- but you were at least 67.8% sure that he had a crush on that roommate. Considering there seemed to be a state of long-distance staring and sighs whenever said roommate became a part of the conversation.

“Sure, come on in- the other thing?” He said nodding to the other package.

“Package for Mr. Kaiba, just came down from the post office,” You said, walking in at his opening. Ignoring the sounds coming from the fanfare.

You greeted the ground floor as you always did before making your way over to the elevator with little to no trouble.

You got to the top floor with a ding, walking out of the elevator with a whistle.

Before you walked any further, you approached the secretary’s desk.

“Hello Kaede, is Mokuba in his office?” You asked politely with an incline to your head. From the small glimpse of the computer, it seemed she was working on a paper.

“Mr. Mokuba is in Mr. Kaiba’s office,” Kaede said with a nod, though looked at the door before leaning in slightly, you leaning closer in response. “there might be a situation, word of warning.”

You hummed and took a deep breath, staring at the door before finally turning back to the secretary. Eyes brimming with a look of a sort of drunk happiness that Kaede found herself trying not to coo at. (New mother instincts, she would have blamed if she actually did.)

You cracked a joke, “Would you come to my funeral?”

Kaede hid a smile behind her computer screen, clearing her throat and trying to respond with a bland, business-like tone, “Of course, I will bring you roses and Mr. Kaiba’s letter of condolence.”

“And a picture of the Jet?” You said, feigning a hopeful tone.

Kaede laughed a little bit, “Deal.”

“Alright,” You shifted your eyes back to the door. “Wish me luck.”

“Peace and long life.”

You over to the door, closed your eyes for a brief moment, swaying slightly before righting yourself. Then walked in.

There was indeed yelling.

You starred as Kaiba swiftly turned around, yelling. About what weren’t sure yet- but he was
yelling.

In the commotion, you could pick out sentences of someone leaking the duel gazers on the web hours before Christmas- which yes, that sucked. Badly. Then he went on about incompetence, and some hilariously petty threats. Which, unsurprisingly, involved a large sum of money being used for less than honorable reasons.

Then he realized it was you.

“Well, I only heard about the leaks recently…” You started, taking a careful look at the mug before giving him a blank look. A decision made because while the thermos in your hand had way less caffeine then coffee, it had some. You didn’t want to risk it regardless of quantity. “But I believe it to be unwise to give you this thermos I have. Might give you an early heart attack.”

Kaiba only sighed, his eyebrows pulled low into a frown.

“Give me the coffee.”

Your blank look turned into a, ‘are you stupid?’ look, “No.”

“You brought it.”

“And clearly your more riled up as it is, so no,” You maneuvered around him and put the box on his desk. It wasn’t wrapped, but it shook slightly as you gently put it down, though it was equal parts the fault the contents of the box and your own hand. You inwardly scowled at your shaking hand, mentally noting down your need to eat. In case it was because of the low blood sugar- which wouldn’t be a farfetched idea. “Have this instead.”

“Christmas is a trivial and childish holiday,” Kaiba said, unimpressed with the wooden box on his desk.

“Well sure- the commercialism is maybe, but I had a hard time coming up with what to give you,” that was a bold face lie, but you weren’t about to let him know that. “It’s the act, not the money spending in the end. Just open it.”

He gave you another look before huffing and lifting up the wooden lid, a light blue lizard head peaked up from the box, staring straight at him.

“What. The. Fuck.”

You looked at him in surprise, more because of his reaction rather than the fact that that he had cursed, “What? You don’t like her?”

Kaiba’s eyes quickly snapped back to you with a glare, “Shut up.”

Kaiba then lifted a hand and gently stroked the visible head. The creature keened and eagerly stretched its- her neck further. Underneath his fingers, he could feel individual scales brushing against his fingers with little friction. Not quite feeling like actual lizard skin, but more like the slickness of steel. Save for the fact that the dragon’s skin was warm to the touch.

Then two more popped up, wondering what was going on.

“That’s, Saphira, Nilam, and finally, Kisara,” You said with a bright smile.

While Kaiba was thoroughly invested in the three blue eyes white dragons that you had apparently
made for him- he also noted the bags under your eyes were more prominent. As well as the various Star Wars and Star Trek themed bandages on your hands. Which was also littered with lines of scabs. He also narrowed his eyes as the slight sway you had, leaning on a side before righting yourself straight again.

“When was the last time you slept.”

“Uh…” Your face screwed together as you tried to recount how many hours you had spent working. There were a few issues with the AI’s within the dragons, plus the armored plating, which you had to cut individually to get the look you wanted. Which warranted using heavy duty snips. Many cuts were made during those hours, flesh and metal alike. “…maybe…um, sixteen hours ago? For roughly a half hour near that maybe? Probably a little less. What day is it?”

Kaiba took the advice Marie had given him before leaving his house five days ago and whapped a hand you across the top of your head.

“Ow,” You muttered. Kaiba hadn’t put any serious effort in causing injury, but there seemed to be a particularly solid object that left a dull throb of pain in its wake. Leaving just as soon as it came. You noticed the silver band was still on his finger. Which both plenty surprised and very terribly confused. “What?”

“That’s for being stupid and a hypocrite.”

The dragons tilted their heads towards you.

“But it’s Christmas.”

The dragons turned to Kaiba with interest.

“Past Christmas- and you have been blackmailing me to get a reasonable amount of sleep.”

The dragons turned back to you.

“But- Christmas,” You stressed, before sighing and looking at the floor. Suddenly feeling conflicted and doubtful. Maybe you had overstepped your boundaries on the dragon thing. “You don’t have to keep them if you don’t want them- you could just tell me outright you know-“

He had scooped up the dragons into his arms while glaring at you, “Over my dead body.”

You blinked, at the sudden reaction, “Oh, okay…”

Maybe your sense of overstepping boundaries wasn’t completely broken after all. With that train of thought, the black blurring that had been steadily growing from the edges of your vision when you had gotten to Kaiba’s office took charge and filled your vision.

The dragons cooed, scampering up onto his shoulders and head with a few flicks of their wings as he moved to grab you before you fell head first into the floor. He noted the smooth mechanics of their movement and the subtle gust of air that came out from their wings, no doubt being the reason the dragons could fly.

“I expect you to sleep properly in the mansion,” He muttered under his breath accompanied by a huff while he lifted you up. Not liking the way he easily lifted you up. You should have been heavier, with the muscles you developed working. Moving you to the couch in his office before returning to his desk to work on damage control. The dragons following him dutifully.
When you woke up, it was deep into the evening. You yawned, and slid closer to the warmth.

Then you felt a breath on the top of your head. Suddenly forcing you to be aware of the chest pushing against your shoulder. Close enough to hear someone else’s heartbeat.

Up.
Down.
Up.
Down.

You blinked, stiffening up slightly before slowly relaxing. Continuing to simply marvel at the fact that apparently, you were being spooned. By definition at least.

After about half an hour, you felt the hand lift and the body move. Which gave you enough room to slip out of the bed.

Careful not to alert the other party, you carefully used your feet to slide yourself down the bed, much like a worm. When your feet finally hit the chilly open air, you manage to successfully slip out.

You frowned at yourself when you looked back on the bed, realizing that you could have just rolled off to the side.

Perhaps for next time, if there was an opportunity for that.

You slipped out fully, noting that the clock to the side that read five a.m. number in some sort of fancy clock that sat at the owner’s bedside.

With two hours to kill, you sought out your bag, a pad of paper, and a pen. Because this mansion was huge and as much as you were pretty sure that you had a pretty good memory- it wasn’t made for mapping out complicated mansions for you use. So cartography it was.

You drew the final line along the metal ruler, shading in the block with a satisfied smile on your face. Your hand moved to spear a peace of scrambled eggs for your consumption. Leaning back with a satisfied smile.

“What are you doing.”

After swallowing, you gave the blue-eyed brunette a smile while the dragons roamed around the dinning table. Chirping with interest. “I made a map. Then cooked scrambled eggs and coffee.”

He made a B-Line for the coffee, “Map.”

“Yes, because your home is so huge that a mere three-foot house and business owner like myself cannot keep track of these numerous rooms, dungeons, and caves you must have stored around this place,” Your face had a look of stone cold seriousness that Kaiba was unsure how to react to. Then you made a beady-eyed leer at him, “you…this isn’t some petty way for compensation is it?”

He glared at you for that, “Shut up.”

“I shalt hush now.”

“Please tell me I’m actually smelling scrambled eggs and bacon,” Mokuba groaned on his way
down. Hair a mess, but relatively dressed for the day.

You nodded at him, “Indeed, mind the dragons. They might steal some bacon to state their curiosity. Just lift the plastic-box-thing.”

He did so and took a bite, moaning, “You. Are. A. Mystical being.”

“Well, no. Not really, I belong in the homo sapiens species- but I’m glad you enjoy the only breakfast food I can cook.”

He took one look at the three dragons currently roaming around the table and grunted. Turning back to the food.

“Did you get your present by the way.”

“Well,” A baby dragon peaked over the younger Kaiba with interest at the breakfast. “Thank you.”

You hummed, looking away and poking back at your own plate, “Eat your breakfast Seto. Or I’m delivering you a big lunch later.”

Kaiba sighed as you fed a piece of your bacon to one of the dragons, granted that they couldn’t actually taste the bacon, but their batteries are based on something like from Back to the Future. Turning the bio-product into fuel.

You didn’t really know the specifics, just some of the details. You were kind of drunk-inventing, but without alcohol. Mentally making a note to review the video of what you had done to see just what the hell you had done, you mused yourself on the hilariously domestic situation that is currently occurring the Kaiba kitchen.

Then you blinked in realization, “Whoops.”

“Whoops?” Mokuba asked around his spoon, releasing it with a loud pop. “what whoops?”

You touched the side where the stitches were supposed to be, feeling nothing but a slight raise and rough skin where the scab had formed. You couldn’t feel any other slight bumps, so you probably (somehow) got the stitches out yourself. “The stitches. Whoops. I must have taken them out when I was sleep deprived.”

“You. What?”

“Seems to have healed over quite well actually,” You mused, not really paying attention to the Kaiba brothers currently staring holes into you. “N.I.C.K. probably told me to put something on it. I should really review the videos, I can get pretty…”

You paused briefly, meeting eyes with Seto’s glaring stare and Mokuba’s puppy-kicked ones, “….oblivious? Like I said. Oops.”

You nervously laughed as the stares turned up in intensity, maybe supporting Mokuba’s initiative to get Seto on a healthier lifestyle wasn’t the best idea. Just getting the elder Kaiba out of the caffeine addiction should have probably been the better goal. Well, the one without the largest back-fire anyway.

You inwardly sighed at yourself, because you were pretty certain that your behavior was relatively normal. (For you being…you.) You forgot to calculate the fact that you had essentially mother-henned and supported mother-henning the Kaiba brothers. If mother henning wasn’t a verb before- it
certainly was now.

“So…plan?” You tried, your cheeks pulling into a wide grin in an attempt at distraction from the main topic of the morning conversation.

Kaiba scowled, “We’re going to the hospital to make sure you didn’t do anything stupid. Mokuba and I are going to my office to work. After the hospital your either coming with us to the office or here, and are not to leave unless either Mokuba or I leave with you.”

You decided to try for humor, the scowl was growing deeper with every sentence, “And your obviously going to have me stay unless I escape?”

“I will drag you back here with my bare hands if you try,” you had failed. Failed miserably, for that scowl just turned even more severe. You hadn’t thought that plausible- but it was Seto Kaiba. It was probably for the best of your sanity and general freedom that you ignored the scientific improbability.

“Well, alright. This monster of an estate shouldn’t have too little to keep me entertained I suppose,” You said with a slight lift of your bottom lift in a not-quite pout. Your eyes shifting around the kitchen. “I could probably bake something- or something. I don’t really go out side my food comfort zone. But for all I know, you could have a Himalaya’s worth of paperwork. So I’m sure I can do something”

Kaiba nodded, satisfied, “We leave at nine.”

At nine, a.m. exactly, you walked with the Kaiba brothers to the awaiting limousine in front. Fidgeting as you managed to pick up the sounds of reporters coming from the direction of the gated entrance, which you were glad for. Though you were curious as to why they were here in the first place.

You had changed clothes, a white button down and pants that you were certain belonged to the elder Kaiba. For one, he hadn’t let you leave the house before nine either. Second, Mokuba was busy getting ready and Seto was working on something, so you weren’t allowed to go back to your place to grab anything. (You also didn’t want to test the Kaiba patience- you were far from idiotic and you were just too tired to fully successfully. Which really, involved an elaborate plan of heading to a place with no technology for a few years. There was also that little fact that you just didn’t want to, for…various reasons.) Third, it was large on you. So much so that you had to roll up the sleeves of both the shirt to your elbows and the pants to your ankles. Forth- well, it smelled like Kaiba. With the expensive cologne and strange scent that was simply Kaiba.

You got in, sitting next to Kaiba near the right window. Looking out as you watched the reporters go by. Promptly ignored by the driver and pushed back by the security guards that manned the gate.

You blinked.

“You’re quiet.”

You shrugged. It happened sometimes, you just didn’t have anything to say. Only quiet contemplation and musings. There was no reason for it except for the fact that you didn’t feel like talking, or at the very least, form proper words.

You frowned in response to that. Because without you saying anything, it definitely sounded like you were mad at Kaiba for keeping you in the mansion. Which- yes, you were annoyed. But, it was more because of the inconvenience of the situation rather than not wanting Kaiba to be so
controlling. You had taken out your stitches without prior doctor’s orders, a very illogical and often concern raising thing to do. It was only logical that Kaiba would be concerned (maybe? You weren’t sure yet, but you could definitely see annoyance.) and thus- feel a need to act because of it. Control was grounding. Too little of it was as bad as too much, but how much was too little and how much was too much depended on the individual.

The consensus was that you weren’t mad at Kaiba, and you weren’t going to be for as long as he new to keep himself in check with the control thing. You were damn certain that he knew that you would eventually get stir-crazy if he truly kept you in for an undetermined amount of time. So you trusted him to know when to back off when you needed him to. The main reason you were relatively in a mute mood was simply because you didn't feel like talking. Due to various reasons that could be faulted to everything from your brief week of sleep deprivation to the funky thing you had eaten in your fridge during said weeks.

“When you're cleared by the doctor, get your things for two weeks,” You looked Kaiba in the eyes at this, blinking slowly at him in a silent request to elaborate further. “if the websites are still rampant-your involvement with Kaiba corporation will make you a target to my rivals, reporters, and other people after what we are developing.”

You nodded to show your understanding. A smile pulling at your lips as you concluded that Kaiba understood without needing explanation. Something that hadn’t happened for a long time.

“That is only if Dr. Kenshin clears you for physical activity,” Kaiba added sternly, as he didn’t trust that you’d somehow find your way around his terms by getting clearance by a less than experienced doctor. He knew for a fact that Kenshin would sedate you if he had to, learned from prior experience with the man. (Hence why Kaiba had put him in charge of the hospital. He wouldn't bother with someone who would follow his every order, especially when this man was going to be in charge of whether Kaiba could die or live in a dire situation. Something that Kaiba had come to expect since his early teenage years.

You smiled.

“Shut up.”

You smiled wider.

He narrowed his eyes threateningly before moving back to the laptop in front of him. Kaiba was starting to learn that making you do something with any sort of regulation was much like making a deal. He needed as few loopholes as possible, or else you would find yourself a way to get around it. He briefly considered you having you do just that in offered proposals from other companies eager to sink their greedy mitts in his company's business. If anything it would amuse him to see you make life extremely difficult for the idiots that would clearly have no idea who they were dealing with.

As you looked back out the window, looking content, he noted to himself never to let you know that he enjoyed it. It was good practice for future decisions to make sure his partners don’t do anything. Nor are they given the opportunity. Though he would still like to see what would happen if he put you in charge of sifting through proposals instead of Kaede. Perhaps phone calls as well- if he was feeling especially curious.

Mokuba watched the whole exchange with a grin, smirking slyly at his older brother.

“So,” Mokuba said, a less-than-innocent smile clearly on his face that was fooling no one within the vicinity of the limousine. “Can I know what cake we’re having for the wedding?”
You threw a balled up tissue while Kaiba told Mokuba to shut up. Mokuba dodging and ignoring both with a gleeful cackle.

“But- no. Seriously, what flavor? It better be chocolate.”

You presented a large wad of paper tissues from your pocket- from where no one but you knew- and presented it to Kaiba with a straight face. Grabbing a fold within your own hand as he mirrored the action. Turning the formally square piece of tissue into a tight ball. (Both Kaiba's wrinkling their noses at you as you soaked a part of the tissue in saliva to get it into a tight ball, but you were aiming for a viable ammunition. Saliva soaked tissue would do the deed just nicely as a viable thing that needed to be dodged.)

The two of you briefly shared a look with each other out of the corner of your eyes, before looking back to Mokuba and throwing the paper wads at the youngest. Quickly followed by much more.

It was simple mathematics. You had sixty more wads of ammunition, and there was only one Mokuba Kaiba. Between you and the elder Kaiba, Mokuba was bound to be hit by something somehow. Especially when both you and Seto had come to the decision to use the small space of the limousine to your advantage.

Mokuba stood no chance.

Giggling at the rapid fire, as soon as you ran out of ammunition, you shot forward. Hands raised and grappled Mokuba. Keeping his hands firmly, but not painfully behind his back.

You smirked at Kaiba, lifting an eyebrow in question.

Seto smirked back.

By the time the limousine stopped in front of the hospital, there was a cry of mercy within the car. Cries of mercy and red tear-filled eyes was common place.

“I call foul! This isn’t fair!” Mokuba squealed as Kaiba skillfully aimed at Mokuba’s weak spots. The method of torture being: tickling.

You raised an eyebrow, shrugging and letting him go. Watching with interest as Mokuba scrambled as far away as possible without running completely in the other direction, giving you a feigned betrayed look. Which was ruined by the small smile and heavy panting in between breaths.

"Ew," Mokuba said, pulling a face as he carefully removed the slightly damp tissues. "That was gross big sister."

You shrugged at the betrayed look that followed, eyes closing and eyebrows lifting briefly as you slipped your hands into your pockets. Looking as innocent as you could, an under layer of smugness under your eyes. Waiting around for the elder Kaiba, who had stayed behind to fix his Armani suit (and presumably clean up your mess) before stepping out into the eyes of the public.

When Kaiba stepped out of the limousine, briefcase in hand, he looked as impeccable as ever in his pressed and well-fitted suit. Mokuba was suited up similarly. Which honestly, made you feel just plain shabby in comparison. Even if the shirt you were loaned t had expensive written all over its tag down to the thread count.

If that was even a thing for something as trivial as a button-down.
The three of you walked into the pristine clinical walls of the hospital, nurses, doctors, and patients hustling about within the entrance.

Kaiba approached the front desk, the nurse on the seat instantly standing to attention.

“Tell Kenshin that we’re coming up.”

The nurse nodded in understanding, the three of you already in the elevator as the phone was picked up. The nurse letting everyone on the floor know of their prominent visitor.

By the time the elevator dinged with its confirmation that yes, they had indeed reached the seventeenth floor of the hospital- the floor was up and buzzing especially with activity. Nurses and office-goers processed patience with vigor.

“Mr. Kaiba,” Kenshin greeted, walking out from the office. “What can I do for you today?”

Kaiba referred to you with a tilt of his head, “Took out the stitches. I need a full report before twelve.”

“Yes sir,” Kenshin greeted before turning to you. “Sorry, 'Took out your stitches'?”

You nodded, shrugging at his look before following him into his office. It helped that Kenshin’s look wasn’t nearly as severe as the Kaiba’s. Though you were pretty sure there was something worse- you just couldn’t exactly remember when it was that you saw it.

Kenshin sighed, “Minori warned me that you might show up again. I didn’t think that you would be here so soon though.”

Your lips lifted slightly in a knowing smile, eyebrows following them with suggestive movements.

“Oh shut up.”

You smiled wider, your eyes turning half closed slightly in a smug leer.

Kenshin shook his head at you before motioning you to lift the shirt take off the shirt to see your stitches.

After a bit of an astonished looking doctor- when he saw that your wounds had actually healed up pretty well- it was a standard check up after that. Blood pressure, both mechanical and old-fashioned. Ear inspection. Lungs. Pupil dilation. The works. Some discussions about new flu shots that were to be taken in the upcoming year. (Surprisingly, they were mostly your questions. Which you communicated your concern via the use of the smartphone keyboard.)

“Well, you're in perfect health actually,” Kenshin said, marking it down on his board before moving to the computer. “Despite the gunshot wound- but you do look like you haven’t slept or eaten properly in a while. Minori tells me it’s normal this time of year?”

You nodded vigorously, protruding a small rectangular box from your pocket that was neatly wrapped and had a basic ribbon bow.

“Ah, so you make it yourself then. Thank you,” Kenshin said smiling and taking the box into his hands and running a finger through the soft silk. “You really pull all the stops huh?”

You nodded and waited for him to finish typing in your report before watching him slowly and carefully unwrapping the box. The wrapping paper you had used coming off without so much as a
“Oh wow."

You had made him a small pocket watch, simple in aesthetic save for the carved Hungarian Horntail dragon from the Harry Potter universe in the middle with a red ruby set in its eyes. Inside was an elaborate expanse of gears, followed by a circle of red glowing numbers in roman numerals and a trio fleur de lys clock hands. Indicating the hour, minute, and second respectively. Accented by a deceivingly simple black background. When in the center, the glass blackened to show a notification of upcoming meetings, scheduled events, a timer, and weather report for the general area. As an added bonus, it could also indicate the temperature and pulse of a person, but you weren’t going to tell him that. Doc was a smart person, he would figure it out eventually.

In all- you made an advanced, wind-up/solar powered (optional charge via micro USB port hidden within the back plate) pager.

The fact that Minori had told you Kenshin was obsessed with Harry Potter helped a lot in the decision making.

You tilted your head at him, eyes going a little wider in anticipation and without your knowledge.

He smiled, “Thank you. Really. It's amazing- what’s it made out of?”

You froze up and shrugged, “Um…Tungsten, blackened Platinum, and uh- a little tiny bit of a gold? With a red ruby for the eye.”

You winced as the doctor choked, slightly panicking because you didn’t have a lot of experience performing a Heimlich maneuver.

It was going to be a long few days.

A/n: I LIVEEEEEE

Hi.

So the first semester ended for my school, and I've finally gotten the free time and motive to keep pumping along the chapter. (Which admittedly, had been stuck for quite a bit till I finally got inspiration.) Hopefully, the next chapter will come along just as well.

Dedications to: Heidi_kaname, LunarTwilight, and Stellalana.

Heidi_kaname: Thanks so much for the comment! Kaiba reader inserts were actually what first got me into writing and reading fanficition- so thank you for reading :)

LunarTwilight: Awaiting your next update- and still trying to find a nice window of time where I'll finally be able to duel you (and probably get my arse kicked). Thank you for writing the awesome work that is Black Magic and White Rum.

Stellalana: ....Pardon My French is a great great great story. Thank you for writing it- and I look forward to reading more. Seriously. You great mon ami.

That pun was unintentional...I think. Hope you like this new chapter too.

And th-th-th-that's all folks! //bows// Thank you for reading! Have a good
morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Chapter 17, The Day After

Chapter Summary

Things get moving.

Chapter 17, The Day After

You sat, bored in the chair within the large expanse of space that is. Kaiba’s office. It was a nice office, truly, and you had your laptop and schematic making tools with you should theoretical inspiration strike. You even had the Kaiba Corp company laptop so that you could work on the duel gazers if you wanted to. However, you were still. So. Damn. Bored.

It wasn’t anyone’s fault, but you were bored.

“I want doughnuts,” You muttered to yourself as you typed out a line of coding. “like- Krispy Kreme doughnuts. Do they exist in this side of the world or is it just an American thing?”

Kaiba grunted from where he was on his computer, “Osaka.”

“Near Osaka? Geezus. I’ve not the will to hop on a plane,” You said with a nose crinkle. Though you briefly wondered how in Ra’s true name did Kaiba know of a place like Krispy Kreme. Then you muttered under your breath, “Minori makes good doughnuts.”

“Then call him.”

“It’s four-thirty,” You grunted back. “I shan’t.”

Kaiba used the probably patented Kaiba Glare™, which really, lost its affect the day you met. You stopped keeping track of how many times you were given that glare. “And that’s relevant why?”

“Because Doc Kenshin is visiting,” You groaned out, as if the reason should have been very obvious. Though that attitude could be more attributed to your general hunger and boredom rather than you thinking everyone else is an idiot. The adjective of idiot and Kaiba were generally not said within the same sentence. You were half tempted to get an intern and ask them to get you a can of soda or something. Not doughnuts. The only doughnuts that were going all the way to your gut is the doughnuts made by either Krispy Kreme or Minori. (You preferred Minori’s, but you were raised on Krispy Kreme so it’s an option.) “I shall not interrupt a classic post-high school romance story.”

You could hear Kaiba’s fingers freeze mid-stroke, a frown slowly coming onto his face, “What high school romance story?”

“Kenshin had a crush on a rugged, very asshole, Minori. Minori fucked up. Twenty years later, chemical signals are still flying through the brain paths one assumed would be dust by now. Problem?”

Kaiba scoffed, “Hardly. I have no interest in dealing with something so petty. As long as it doesn’t stop Kenshin from doing his job.”
“Agreed. Never really understood people’s attitudes in different norms.” Kaiba gave you a look that clearly said you weren’t making any sense. “Bit weird for me, I mean. That people are offended by something like differences in opinion, preference, or like of them. I am serious however, in the fact that I am in a state of hunger that frankly interrupts my thought process.”

“You ate.”

“A banana. While it is indeed high in potassium and other vitamins. I have consumed only one of them. Thus I still remain in that perpetual state of hunger.”

Kaiba sighed, “You’re not going to be satisfied till we go out to eat.”

You grinned, “We need not to resort in eating within a establishment for the simple purpose of filling our stomachs. However, we can instead, order take-out for our consumption. Though I see not the fun in eating within the confines of the room we have been within for approximately five hours.”

He didn’t give you another word as he shut down the computer getting up and not bothering to wait for you as he made his way outside. You simply shut down your own things and left it scattered about the table in a type of organized chaos. Quickly hopping up from where you were seated to follow him out.

“Tell everyone to email or leave a message with you, I’m going out,” You heard Kaiba say to Kaede. Who only responded with a brisk, “Yessir.” Waving to you as you passed by. To which you responded to with a smile and quick wave of your hand. Following behind Kaiba with a happy hop to your step.

Ten minutes later, you found yourself near the back of a fancy high-class French restaurant. People eyeing the two of you every few seconds, which was mostly the staff. Some of the other patrons of the restaurant either didn’t know, didn’t care, or were really good at minding their business. (You attributed that to the Kaiba Glare™)

You briefly looked over the menu, words translating themselves into your head. While you didn’t know French, you did know Spanish. Some of the words were relatively similar. Besides, you watched PBS’s Julia Child and Jacques Pépin when you were bored, which in turn got you into cooking something other than scrambled eggs and ramen noodles in the kitchen. For lunch and dinner at least. You couldn’t cook a crepe to save your life.

When the waitress came over to take your orders, Kaiba ordered some wine along side his fillet (no surprise there).

“I’ll have water and the Sole Meunière please,” You said in response. The waitress briskly nodding before leaving. Though you saw her give you a strange look out of the corner of her eye. Which was expected. You were wearing jeans and a battered MIT t-shirt. Meanwhile the man in front of you was in a probably higher-than-you-would-be-willing-to-spend three piece suit.

“You know what you are ordering,” Kaiba said. Though not a question, you could hear the curiosity in his voice.

“Oui, I know what a Dover Sole is. I watched it being cooked with pilaf rice on PBS,” You said with a shrug, rhythmically tapping your fingers on the black-clothed table. Your mind wandered off, thinking back on your project with Kaiba for the duel gazers. Then an amusing thought occurred. A slow smile making its way across your face.
You briefly wondered how long it would take for you to program A.I. reactions for each individual monster.

Lunch passed by in a near blur, the two of you engaging in idle conversation. Developments, likely dates. Those types of things that really only mattered to someone who was on a product release schedule. When that ran out as a conversation piece, there was mostly silence. Commenting on the other’s food- some strategy in playing the ever so important card game. (Seriously, this man dueled no one but Yugi Moto. The man probably never played the game just to play.) You mutely poked fun at some of the cards he had created as a Blue Eyes Support, such as Kaiba Man. You personally thought that the Kaiser Horse was just fine. There were over hundreds of ways to bring out a Blue Eyes White Dragon, you had half a mind to put them together. In a power point, with custom animation and music that you would write yourself. (Okay no, you would at least ask someone you knew to do that for you. But you could program the animation.)

You felt strange though, looking at Kaiba gave you a rush of affection you were pretty sure wasn’t at that level before. There was also a sense of exasperation, (you expected that, affection was less anticipated) right bellow that feeling. It was confusing and you had no idea where it was coming from. You opted to ignore it.

In the back of your mind, you mentally noted that your throat had been itching a little bit. As if something was stuck at the back. At first you had attributed to the food, (French cuisine was a little up there from your usual meals) but you couldn’t help but feel like something was on the horizon.

The Next Day:

You were freaking right.

Still very on house-yet-not-your-house arrest, you sat miserably in your given guest room King sized bed. Your legs tucked under a Blue-Eyes blue velvet blanket. Seriously, how did Kaiba even get these things in that color? Did he commission them? Does he send a battalion of interior designers out in the world on a mission to find all the house items the same color as his precious favorite card? The matter needs to be researched in great detail, because even the soap fit the color scheme and it somehow smelled like money. The main reason you were currently in bed contemplating existence of Kaiba’s interior decoration?

Somehow- you caught a virus.

You sat, misery very much evident on your face, every occasional noise sent pangs of pain and agony across your brain. You face felt like it was being pushed against the wall. You were ridiculously sweaty and hot, but some how still cold. According to a thermometer you had asked the staff to lend you, it was only a slight fever at 99.5º F. Even if you felt like your internal temperature was reaching brain melt. Your throat was sore, and coughing made your entire body flinch. Making that wheezing sound that made you curse the existence of sickness itself. Your nose wasn’t running, but it was frustratingly clogged and thus you probably had used an entire two boxes of tissues in the effort to allow yourself the ability to breath.
Being sick *sucks*.

Then the door was shoved open.

“Son of a shit biscuit,” You croaked out, your throat not allowing you to go anymore than ten decibels. A series of coughs wrecking havoc throughout your frame before settling. Leaving only gasps of breaths to fill the following silence.

You gave him an accusing look that hopefully said, *WHAT?*

Kaiba didn’t bother to give an answer as he quietly padded from the door to your bedside, lifting the back of his hand to your forehead. A sigh of relief escaped you as his cool hand stole some of the heat of your warm, sweaty forehead.

You grunted at him as he removed his hand, barely noticing that your eyes had slipped closed.

When he returned, you heard the a careful clink of glass on the bedside table.

You felt a finger on your palm, spelling out letters.

*Did you eat.*

You opened your eyes tiredly at him before tilting your head left, then right, very slowly.

You watched him breath a sigh before exiting again, taking care to close the door quieter then he came it.

When he returned, he had a bowl of steaming soup. Which would have silently made you question how long it had been, but your brain simply felt to fried to even contemplate the notion.

Another round of coughs racked your frame before weakly reaching for the spoon.

He raised an eyebrow, dipping the spoon in himself before bringing it near your lips.

You sleepily swallowed down the warm chicken soup with little argument. Only vaguely surprised when you found the broth to only be lukewarm and not piping hot. A tired brain vaguely theorized that Kaiba most likely dealt with any sickness he or Mokuba had himself. It was only logical that the CEO wouldn’t trust anyone with his brother except himself and some carefully chosen specialist. The notion, while heart warming, left you grateful to not have to deal with the constant hovering that usually came with you getting sick. You knew at least that Kaiba would simply hover in silence, if he did any hovering in the first place. Meanwhile your friends would usually hover in a panic finicky manner that made you nervous.

You sometimes questioned the time zone your friends lived in, this was the present day. Not the 19th century, you weren’t going to *die* from a cold. Honestly, you get a bad fever *one time* and all of a sudden it seems like you’re marked to have a death from sickness.

You certainly felt like you were though.

A few minutes later, with the warmth of the soup settling in your stomach he reached to open up the bottle of what you theorized would either be ibuprofen or acetaminophen. Then you took it into your mouth, and swallowed the water that came with it.

Knowing that it would take a while to take affect, the two of you simply minded your own business. Kaiba reading something on a tablet while you were looking at the wall in front of you with half
When the medicine finally took away the bite of your headache and the heat that emitted from your body, you slept soundly.

When you woke up, you had another round of fitting coughs. Yet noticeably far more normal than the deep wheezing that had followed it hours before. Looking at the window, you noticed it was night time, an early morning to be more exact. Kaiba was still perched by your bedside. Having moved a desk chair over. Tablet tucked away and sleeping peacefully.

You looked at the image with a surge of affection, then briefly wondered if the asshole got up to eat dinner before deciding to have some aches and pains when he woke up.

If he didn’t, sick and miserable or not, you were going to kick his ass.

Then you tiredly drifted back onto sleep.

When you woke up again, your brain felt like it was floating. Your headache was relatively within the threshold where it can be ignored, but your throat still itched like hell and felt like every puff of air was brushing along a part of your throat where water refused to hydrate. Coughs still racked your body occasionally, but it was now limited to when you either talked or breathed a little too deeply. The mucus from your ears blocked off a part of your hearing, but it was tolerable. Overall, you liked it better than the hours prior to discovering your status.

Kaiba was also still on his chair.

With your brain feeling less like it’s been jarred and pickled, you managed to catch your sneeze with a tissue with practiced ease. Blowing your nose briefly in a bleak attempt to get both passage ways working before throwing it into the rubbish bin near by. While you didn’t like to be sick, the mornings often left you vulnerable to the allergies. Which meant sniffling noses early in the morning that required tissues.

You looked at the box with a calculated gaze, You should probably get two or three more boxes for the upcoming days. With continued routine, you should probably be over the cold in about a week. About three more for complete recovery.

You were also hungry, and from the messages being sent by your bladder, you also really needed to go to the bathroom.

Slipping out of bed as quietly as you could manage without wracking your chest full of coughs, you made your way over to the bathroom to relieve yourself. Coming back satisfied with a newly washed face.

Feeling another sneeze on the edge of your nostrils, you leaped for the tissue. Jolting the bed and Kaiba awake as you grabbed and successfully caught the mucus and snot before throwing it away.

“’Morning,” You mumbled, coughs following shortly after that. “Di’ ye eat?”

Kaiba only gave you a look, which made you roll your eyes and further elaborate your question.

“Di’ ye eat dinner?”

“Mokuba ordered take-out. You were finally sleeping without sounding like a dying animal so we didn’t bother.”
You grunted in approval, turning your head away as you coughed into your forearm yet again. You felt a hand on your forehead again.

“Fever’s gone down. Headache?”

You made a pinch with your fingers.

“I’ll have someone send up breakfast.”

You gave a thumbs up before turning your head away yet again. Satisfied at the fact that your coughing fits had been now limited to two big coughs, if you didn’t disturb your throat with speaking at least.

A few minutes later, a maid came up with eggs, bacon, and a deep fried corn beef with a side of rice.

“Carter stated that you prefer the bacon crispy,” He said as you looked at the bacon in surprise. Which was darkened in color slightly. “Can you hold the fork.”

You nodded, reaching out to take the mini table from him and set it before you, grasping the kitchen utensils in your hands before turning to him with a questioning tilt of your head.

He was already sitting down, the tablet fished from its spot, and his hands filled with a piece of toast. Buttered, from the very smell you caught from it. The scent of bacon mostly filling up your sense of smell.

There was sounds of munching filling the air, you concentrating on getting the food down your throat with the aid of cool, but not cold, water.

You sniffed, reaching out for another tissue to blow your nose before turning to finish off your food.

Minutes later, you stared at the ceiling. Bored out of your mind. Again.

You began to make pictures out of the ceiling when the silence was suddenly broken. A gentle ding from your phone informed you of a new text.

Blinking and brain suddenly brimming with curiosity, you reached for your phone. Unlocking it with a firm press of strategically placed fingers and thumb.

It was a text, from the Yakuza. You had honestly forgotten about that.

Apparently the matter was being handled and taken cared off, by whom you had no idea who. Though apparently since they were informed of your current state of sickness, they had taken it into their own hands. You mentally wondered to yourself who informed them of the fact.

You looked up to Kaiba lifting an eyebrow at you, to which you simply shrugged and showed him the text. While it was vague, it left enough to the imagination.

Apparently, there has been a kidnapping hit on Mokuba since the Domino City Tournaments age (which was years ago) and people have been trying to get a crack at the prize money. Digging and prodding in a few places in the underground of illegal business here and there revealed that the source of the hit list came from the old board of Kaiba Corporation that worked with Gozoboro.

With the knowledge of the virtual reality incident at the edge of your mind as a known fact, you mentally vowed to yourself that you were going to find the last bits of the rotten bastard’s code and eliminate it from existence. Permanently. The other board members can rot in the virtual hell alone
with him. Hell, maybe you could revive the other Kaiba kid, Noah, while you were at it.

You glanced at Kaiba’s reaction after reading it, noting to yourself that you should probably should hold off on the revenge plan until further notice.

“Who’s going to take care of the hit list?”

You pursed your lip, returning to the phone and texting another person. One who had a pretty complicated reputation among the scum bags of the underworld. He wasn’t a bad guy actually, left the “business” behind for his wife. Till she died, now he’s just sort of… floating job to job. Though according to one source who received this from another source who was then a friend of yours- he was steadily returning to some form of normality and not staying in his house like a sad sack.

You got a text back, and you smiled knowing the situation would be taken care of in due time.

“I find that look on your face to be unnerving.”

You shrugged at him, “Don’t gotta be concerned ‘bout it.”

You coughed, pretending that you hadn’t just implied that you sent a hit man to take care of the problem for you. You didn’t. Since technically speaking you weren’t out to get anyone.

Anyone alive anyway. Did it count if the person you wanted erased from the face of this dimension was technically already dead?

You mentally shook yourself, you hadn’t been this blood thirsty since some asshole had tried pushing the boundaries of Aaran. Not that she couldn’t take care of herself, she actually came from a pretty shady background that needed her to be strong enough to cover her own back, but it had seriously pissed you off. To the point where you completely destroyed the ass’s company to the point where the mere whisper of the name brought blank looks to even the most seasoned of business employees.

When you got pissed, you got pissed. You wondered if Kaiba had found out what you did. Dragon Corp started from the ashes of that company. Nearly all the employees you forced out of the job had been re-hired by Dragon Corp. After a serious evaluation of their backgrounds of course.

Never the less, the past was past, while you hadn’t murdered the bastard (nor did you put said bastard in any state approaching dead, dying, or otherwise), you made damn sure he wouldn’t have been able to hurt another person. Ever again.

Your hidden blood thirsty nature aside, (someone scared Minori straight after all) you were feeling quite satisfied with the progress of your other side project. Making sure the kidnapping Mokuba issue was resolved. Permanently. Or any member of the Kaiba family for that matter.

You eased your back onto the pillows that somehow were propped up behind you, your eyes falling back into sleep.

In the darkness, light came.

You blinked at it, turning around in a circle and viewing the white plane. Devoid of anything, just miles and miles of emptiness.

You would have appreciated its beauty if you weren’t terrified by the sheer fact that there was
You turned around, a man stood before you. Holding a familiar face, yet your gut told you that it wasn’t quite right.

Tri-colored star hair stood proudly. Blue uniform jacket blew gently against the wind, yet he wasn’t wearing it like normal jacket, but more as if it was a cape. Familiar eyes were darker than what you had remembered.

They were also narrower- more mature. That wasn’t right. Older?

You waved weakly, something at the back of your mind bothered you about this not-person that you knew. Familiar, yet not. It was confusing you to great lengths, yet also somehow made sense at the same time.

You looked at the man like you would look at Carter. Or Christian. Or even Marie; at least when she was Marie, he was Marcus sometimes. Sometimes Marcus? You felt confused. None the less, the man in front of you felt like an old friend.

A really old friend. Closer than that even, he felt like a brother.

The man looked amused, you don’t remember me.

You shook your head no, shrugging your shoulders. Apology clear on your face.

That’s alright, he said smiled. It has been a very long time.

You rose an eyebrow.

He chuckled, his eyes slanting slightly, You have not changed much throughout the decades friend. I look forward to getting to know you in this version of your life Adio.

That made pang of familiarity ring through your mind like a gentle bell.

Hiram, you muttered to yourself. It didn’t feel like it was the man’s name. More like a title. A nickname.

The man smiled again, You do remember something it seems.

Another name popped up in your head, Ahava.

Yes, the man nodded. Do you remember who that is?

You shook your head no, but sounded the same to you like Hiram did. A nickname. Something you called someone, but you didn’t remember who.

His smile turned sad, Someone whom you respected and loved very much Adio.

He did not love me back, you muttered to yourself.

Yet you stood by his side, the man clasped a hand on your shoulder. Through the storms of our ancient home, and through the battles fought. You stood strong and firm. Time and time again.

You felt yourself scoffing, He is my friend before my beloved. No amount of unrequited feelings will
Indeed Adio. You have always been firm in your stance and beliefs. Still. The man gave you a side along look that made you snort a little bit. I wish my cousin was more perceptive.

You raised an eyebrow, Perceptiveness would not have changed anything.

I’m glad it changed this time around then, he smiled happily again.

You felt the world shake slightly.

You are being roused.

You turned to him, he was fading into a bright light. Bit by bit. You raised a hand, brushing against his raised arm, grasping it in a strange handshake.

Goodbye Hiram.

You felt his grip tighten slightly, Goodbye Adio. Until next time, good luck,

He faded away fully, the world still shaking.

I know you will take care of him. For both of us.

You felt yourself smiling and nodding in your agreement. Closing your eyes as the light faded into darkness again.

You felt your name being called.

Again.

And again.

Your felt shaking again. You wondered why.

There were more name calling. You felt weightless, but there was also yelling. Growling. Someone sounded panicked, you didn’t like that tone of voice. It never did much good in any situation. It annoyed you to no end when you felt it, and it annoyed you even more when someone else was doing the panicking. Since you couldn’t do a damn thing to help ease the panicking.

Grunting, you willed your eyes to open. Glaring at clear sapphire blue eyes that felt really damn familiar.

They also looked very worried, that was no bueno.

You muttered something under your breath, you were pretty sure you had muttered something about not liking it when he was worried. It was a major pain in the ass to deal with.

“Then next time don’t suddenly climb to forty degrees Celsius in your sleep you imbecilic halfwit,” the voice growled back.

You felt yourself smiling back, muttering something again before you dipped back into the darkness yet again. The back of your mind muttered something about the 104 F being the temperature for a high grade fever. The equivalent to Celsius being forty.
“I didn’t say you could close your eyes again.”

You blearily opened your eyes again, why was he so damn bossy today. It was only a high grade fever.

“I have no time for your useless comments right now. So shut up.”

You felt like you were being dumped, and you yelped as you were indeed thrown into some tub. Filled with cold water.

You grunted, limbs flailing as you tried to climb back out and away from the cold water, but someone wasn’t having it. At the very least, you knew that he wasn’t trying to drown you. Considering that the only source of anything remotely warm seemed to be coming from the hand cradling your neck, keeping most of your important things up afloat.

You rasped out curses in many languages. Coughs and shudders raking through your body. You felt something get stuck into your ear before coming out again.

After a few more minutes, you were finally getting comfortable in your cold bath. Coughs still raking your frame.

“It’s gone down somewhat.”

You grunted, “In the name of Ra Ahava, you are rude today.”

“What?”

You grunted and repeated what you said. Your eyes finally slipping back closed again, tiredness gripping after your brain again.

You woke up back in the bed, frowning as you were definitely not wearing the same thing you were wearing to bed.

“Morning sleeping beauty.”

You blearily turned your head to see a familiar shape with round glasses. You quickly took into account the state of dress, which was usually the main indicator.


“You dipped back into fever island, Kaiba said your fever spiked to high risk. Then went to la-la cove and started speaking in a language that sounded pretty close to Hebrew. Or could have been Coptic. He said Ra was mentioned.”

“Kaiba?”

“After your fever broke, he went back to work. Called Kenshin, who called Minori, who called me. You have medicine to take after you eat by the way. You also need to refill your liquids, you threw up.”
You blinked, “I did?”

Marie shrugged, “According to Kaiba. Upped almost all the food. You’re on a porridge diet until further notice.”

You closed your eyes and nodded your consent, “As long as you made it. Lugaw right?”

“Yep. No egg right?”

You nodded again.

“Wayne.”

You opened your eyes again, tilting your head slightly in question.

“You really scared him I think.”

You shrugged, or at least tried to, you were still feeling tired. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Marie snorted, “I may believe that. Your too stubborn to die from a fever. If anything, you’ll die looking disappointed at your killer while complaining that you had shit to do today. Kaiba though-”

Marie faltered.

“He seemed really scared kid.”

Your eyes shuttered closed.

“Ahava was always such a worry-wart,” You muttered.

Marie raised an eyebrow at your sleeping form, “Speaking in an unknown language. Interesting.”

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A/n: I HAS RETURNED, ARMED WITH KNOWLEDGE, AND FINALLY HAVING GOTTEN A CHANCE TO KIND OF WATCH DARK SIDE OF DIMENSIONS (I await it's DVD release to properly watch it.) I ALSO HAS A PROPPER PLOT. I think. Hopefully I don’t forget this because I'm really tired as I type this. I haven't even read over what I wrote beyond continuity purposes. (Again, massive overhaul of editing will be performed after this story as finished.)

Also, the animation was glorious. I swear, I think I drooled a little. ((guess who has a gold edition secret rare dark magician?? This guy.)) And I've finally collected the new Blue Eyes white dragon movie art card. I need only a few alternatives and I'll have myself a nice playset.

Another note, speaking of blue eyes: The construction blue eyes dragon character is freaking adorable. Kaiba what in the true name of Ra???

A few things that I will type here for the purpose of me remembering my plot, it shouldn't give any spoilers either.

There is technically no fathomable villain or any person that is officially the villain.

Ahava means beloved.
Adio means righteous.

Hiram means exalted brother. (The receiver of this nickname should have been rather obvious actually.)

I think that's enough reminder for me; so I'll leave it at that.

DEDICATIONS TO: EnviousJoestar; Heidi_kaname; and Stellalana

Thank you all for reading, and I hope this new chapter is to your satisfaction! You guys gave me the inspiration to plow through my little writer's block and get this chapter done (which has been laying unfinished within my files for quite some times ((two weeks))) I really appreciate that you took the to comment and let me know that my writing is not completely shit and that people actually enjoy it! THank you SO MUCH FOR READING AND COMMENTING AND KUDO-ING! (is that a verb? No, don't think so- IT IS NOW) Seriously, there are 89 kudos for this story- and I really really really appreciate it. It's the most kudos I've had on any story I have up here.

It's early in the morning, my elbow feels funny- and I really should probably eat dinner (I kinda forgot to eat today? //nervously laughs/) Also sleep. That's a thing. That I should do. I'm a hypocrite, clearly, I need to have a reader like you kick my ass for proper healthy habits. I don't drink coffee though so I guess I'm alright.

To all of you who have read up to this point, THANK YOU FOR READING TOO! HAVE A GOOD MORNING/DAY/AFTERNOON/EVENING/NIGHT!
Chapter 18, The Past and the Present

Chapter Summary

A life you may have lived, and the life you were living. You only wished that you could get passed the damn hallucination from the fever and get things done.

Chapter 18, The Past and the Present

You were mildly annoyed when you found yourself in some place made out of stone. Seriously, it was like you couldn’t get some decent sleep anymore.

None the less, as you found you couldn’t control much of anything. You stopped trying to take control and kicked back. Figuratively. Watching whatever would happen unfold with mild interest. It must have been the most vivid dream you’ve had in- well, forever. Not since you moved to Domino City.

It was your primary reason for your little coffee addiction for the most part, something about those dreams always felt like torture. Logically, you knew they weren’t real. They were dreams. Things your subconscious wanted that you didn’t know yourself. You couldn’t even remember most of what occurred once you woke up. You just felt- well. Empty.

Though the back of your mind always challenged the logic with a question: Then why does it hurt so much?

You hadn’t told anyone during those years. You left it open and people logically put the blame on projects and you piled on to give yourself as much to do as possible. People said you were a genius- but you didn’t really view it as such. Gaining a lot of knowledge was really just a side-affect of you trying to stop dreaming. It had worked for sometime as well. Until it almost killed you. Then you made the decision to move to Japan and it had stopped. Which was great, that meant you could force yourself into some state of healthiness till the other shoe dropped. Though you could have hardly predicted that said other shoe was going to involve the richest bachelor in Japan. Who were you kidding, your life was the very definition of abnormal, of course meeting him would be the indication that the other shoe had dropped. Or more accurately, thrown of a fifty story cliff.

You mentally pushed along your train of thought to pay attention to what was happening in the dream. You seemed to be walking outside.

It was some sort of balcony, or at least it seemed like it. You were gazing at the beautiful scenery of a desert. It seemed to be night time from how the stars shined brightly. Which also informed you that this was some how an ancient scene, with the distinct lack of light pollution. Torches were lit, joining the mute noise of the desert. A swell of fondness swept over you as you simply stared at the sight. Admiring its beauty as you would have a flower. With thorns.

You glanced at your left arm to see the winged armlet. DiaDhank, your mind supplied.

Well, you thought to yourself, mentally grinning at the thought. It certainly looks dank. Modern day meaning, not the traditional meaning.
You shook your head (or tried to) at yourself, because that was terrible.

“Adio.”

You felt yourself turn around and give a slight incline of your head to figure standing before you. Tri-colored hair and a linen *shendyt* and tunic greeted your sight. A purple cape, breezed behind him. Golden anklets, arm braces, and collar shined in the moonlight.

“Hiram,” You said, a smile on your lips before turning around, sighing slightly.

“What troubles you?” He said, joining you and leaning on the stone railings.

Your eyebrows pulled into a frown, but your gaze was kept resolutely on the almost purple sands of the night time desert, your fingers fiddling mindlessly on the black band around your finger.

“Nothing really, just… I have felt unbalanced for some time now,” You looked at your hands. While you did wear a golden arm brace on your right and the DiaDhank on your left, it was your hands that felt like they were carrying the most weight. Which didn’t make sense, one black ring should not weigh more than a large band of solid gold. “It perplexes me how I can feel so.”

“Oh?” He looked at you with a raised eyebrow. “Could this have something to do with the journey yourself and High Priest Seth to the Temple of Ma’at?”

You hummed at him, frown still evident on your face, “It started there. Yes. He has not been sleeping for quite some time- did you know?”

Your frown felt deeper, forming into a scowl, “The fool is going to collapse from exhaustion at his rate of work. Youngest of the High Priests or not.”

He chuckled at your apparent dislike, “He only wishes to prove himself Adio. You yourself are young, but your abilities rival that of Mahad. You have traveled into Duat, and father was considering you for Chief Lector.”

You gave him a look, “That is absurd Hiram. There has not been a Chief Lector in years, if anyone Mahad deserves the title. Or Akhenaden. You yourself should not be considering this Hiram.”

He raised his hands in a mock surrender, “Of course not Adio. You would be miserable indeed. What with the responsibility of my chiefest of advisors resting on your shoulders.”

He continued, “I do wonder however- why you didn’t accept the position of the seventh high priest. I know there is no millennium item for you to guard- but I would think that you would not want it in the first place.”

“Having the position would be the same as having a millennium item Hiram,” You turned back to the desert. “there is no difference between the two. I will advise you, both as my Pharaoh and as my friend, and I will protect you as such. But I will not be treated as anything more than another person.”

“With you being the servant of none other than Ma’at, I think that opportunity has long since past Adio.”

You felt yourself lightly bumping his shoulder with your own, “Only to those who know of it. Besides, between the two of us- yourself and the high persists serve Ma’at as well.”

“Ah, but it was not I whom she had chosen as a host Adio. That was you. Need I add the fact that
you are officially dubbed the servant of Ma’at?”

You rolled your eyes.

“Not to mention your *Ba* is among the strongest here.”

Again you rolled your eyes even harder, hands flipping up in exasperation, “You manage to be able to summon Ma’at and *one time* because you needed to head to Duat to fight Apep-“

“You also summoned Dark Horus.”

You grunted.

“Your *Ba* is also capable of summoning the dark dragon Van’Dalgyon, with no help from a millenniums item.”

You sighed.

“Peace my dear friend,” He said, putting a placating hand on your shoulder. “it is not the worst thing, the responsibility.”

“Well no,” You said, turning to gaze into the throne room, leaning slightly on the railing. “But it’s the attention. I am not omnipotent.”

You casted a leery gaze at the smiling man in front of you, “But I think you are.”

That placating hand turned into a gentle punch with a snort.

You sighed, leaning off the railing. You felt the dark blue cape apparently wrapped around your person brushed against the back of your leg.

“Ra rises for the day soon, it’s best the both of us get some sleep.” You felt your lips pursing together, “as well as making sure High Priest Seth is actually resting.”

The man chuckled, “I admit- he is occasionally irritating in the ways of which he does not take care of himself, but I don’t believe anyone has been as irritated of it as you has been.”

“I just-“ You felt yourself making hand motions that did not really make sense. “it’s just- bah. I cannot form coherent sentences at the moment.”

“Could it be that you perhaps…admire him?”

You frowned, “Of course, he is a person to admired for his prowess and practice. Being able to climb the ranks as early as he has.”

He visibly sighed, “I mean, perhaps the reason why you are so irritated with him is because you- in Mana’s words- *like like* him?”

“…I don’t understand what you are trying to say Hiram. Why would I like him twice over when I already do?”

Now he was looking at you like you had just asked if ketchup was a tomato shake. You couldn’t find the will in yourself to be offended by it. You would have smacked yourself had you been physically present.

“I am trying to say Adio, that the possibility of you being attracted to Priest Seth is very likely,” He
replied. Slowly, so as to allow you to absorb it better.

There was silence.

“I…” You proceeded to pull different expressions, going from denial. To confusion. Then finally, after another bout of denial, acceptance. “I…think so. I suppose.”

He simply smiled and proceeded to pat your back, “I’ll leave you to contemplate further.”

You felt yourself nodding before the man turn to return back into the throne room. Meanwhile you felt yourself shaking your head and walking in after him. Deciding to take an alternative route to where your chambers must be.

Where am I going? You briefly wondered to yourself as your briskly walked past the torch lit halls. Passing by the occasional guard.

You stepped outside another person’s chambers, breath and the breezy sound of the fire lighting the halls filling in the sound of silence.

You walked in.

There room was lit with lines of torches protruding out from the wall. Though it was not as lit as it would have been if the sun were up, it held enough light to see the entire room.

Near the middle of the chamber, a person was slumped over their desk, stylus in hand.

You felt yourself shaking your head before approaching the person. Who know appeared to be sleeping.

Wrapping your arms gently around the person’s chest, you lifted up with relatively little difficulty. Despite the fact that the man was definitely taller and bulkier than you were. With some maneuvers you dragged the man over to the near by bed. Setting him down and arranging his limbs into the proper position that was sure not to cause any regrets later in the day. Or at least, that’s what you had predicted. As (apparently) being servant of Ma’at, not Sekhmet, an Egyptian lioness goddess of war and plague, whom was often associated with medicinal practices. Ma’at being the goddess of peace, as far as you knew, did not hold as much dominion on the healing practices as Sekhmet had in ancient Egypt. As such medicinal expertise was not, or at least you assumed, within your array of skills. It certainly wasn’t when you were awake, you doubted it you would be when you were asleep.

A brush of air past your lungs in a sigh, straightening and looking exasperatedly at the chestnut haired male. Though you mentally noted the fact that said chestnut colored hair was usually tucked under the headdress the man wore. How you knew this, you didn’t know. You simply attributed the fact to your vivid imagination.

“Fool,” You muttered under your breath.

The man shifted in his sleep and grunted, mumbling to himself in his sleep. Most likely the subject of that being to one of his studies.

You reached out to brush the growing hair out of his eyes before turning around and leaving. A name floating around your thoughts.

Ahava.
Oh, you had thought to yourself. So *that’s* who that was.

You suddenly realized Mr. Chestnut hair was eerily similar in appearance to a certain blue eyed CEO you knew.

You inwardly shook your head at the thought of it, ridiculous. It was obviously a simple relation from real life into your imagination.

*Right?*

You refused to justify that question with any form of an answer.

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The dream shifted, and this time you stood outside the prison cells of the temple, frowning deeply.

“Why are you here?” You had asked in question. Your head tilting to the side to visibly show your confusion.

“…I do not know.” The girl inside was uncommon, as a member of the Egyptian landscape. She had light blue hair as bright as the morning sky, and skin as pale as someone who clearly did not have as many melanin in their skin as the average citizen of Egypt would have had. An outlier. Which would have explained plenty of things.

You frowned, “Then you do not deserve to be here.”

You made walked up to the cage and opened the door, walking in with little hesitation and extending a hand.

“What’s your name?” You asked, tilting your head.

“Kisara.”

You felt rushes of fondness and a smile stretching across your face.

You gave her your name, before turning around.

It was Akhenaden who was looking at you coldly.

“What are you doing with the monster.”

“*She* has a name High Priest Akhenaden,” You said coolly. You felt your eyes narrow, annoyance rushing high. The man was hardly one to talk, considering the high priests associated with monsters on a *daily* basis. The differences were frankly quite clear.

You blinked at that thought, it was logical to be angry with the man’s attitude, but you weren’t quite sure how you came up with such a substantial detail for it.

“What are you even doing here, you have no business here.”

“I am here to discover why you have imprisoned *Kisara* without giving her the courtesy of knowing her charges. As an advisor to the Pharaoh, I am his ears and eyes when he is not present, thus I will keep justice and peace in his name. As a servant of Ma’at, I also have a divine duty to defend peace and justice within this kingdom, thus,” You felt your nails dig into your own palms. “it is absolutely my business to know what is going on.”
Akhenaden narrowed his eyes before turning and leaving.

You sighed muttering to yourself about how power gets to people’s heads.

You heard Kisara’s laugh before extending your hand out again, a tired quirk of a smile coming over your lips to hopefully help encourage her take it.

She took it that time.

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You once again found yourself walking within the halls with a look of irritation. Or at least that’s what it felt like, with the deep set frown using more muscles. It seems Mr. Chestnut hair once again irritated you.

You walked in and halted at the sound of voices.

Laughter. A gentle chiding. A fond voice that was often only set to a cold tone. Agreement.

Kisara and him.

You swallowed back a dry throat, blinking. Your chest suddenly felt like you had a lion lying across it. Your cheek twitched.

You turned around and continued walking.

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You rubbed your eyes, slumping in your seat. Something was wrong. You couldn’t put a thumb on it. Your chest hurt like mad. Frankly it was driving you to near snappish tendencies. You felt guilt. Your mind mentally linking that guilt to snapping at your servants the other day. An anomaly, as normally you would normally treat them with nothing short of respect and kindness. You asked them to do things for you. You didn’t order them.

You just couldn’t hold a grasp as to why you were feeling like this.

So you piled on, isolating yourself for the most part. Acting abnormally means you were preforming less than your best and you needed to know why.

“Damn it all to maws of Ammut,” You hissed, putting a hand on your chest and trying to rub the pain out.

You twitched and shadows came over you.

You stared into a mirror image, one with you. Except with red glowing eyes and hair that was as dark as the ancient waters of Duat you had only dared to glance at.

You blinked, it blinked.

It also had large, leather black wings.

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The dream yet again shifted, suddenly you were on a horse galloping across the desert sand. Your teeth were grinding together. You ignored the pain in your chest as the large purple dragon sailed over your head, the giant dark bird sailing right next to it.
There was chaos everywhere, and you held a deep seated hatred. It felt familiar to you, but you were mildly wondering who or why someone could have set off this level of dislike from you.

You tugged the reigns as you approached closer to the chaos, halting the horse into a stop before lifting yourself off the horse. Sliding to the floor seamlessly.

Your anger increased as you saw the horned demon towering over the desert.

There was a blue dragon that was fighting it- but you had paid it no mind. You stepped closer- teeth gritting and the pain in your side growing by the minute. Your head was buzzing.

Then you realized what the dragon was.


Your anger exploded.

Your purpose here was forgotten as you raised the arm that held your *DiaDhank*, the eye in its center glowing with your *Ba*.

The purple dragon roared.

The purple bird screeched.

Another dragon emerged, black with glowing red eyes. You turned to spit out the blood flowing from your mouth into the sand.

“Van’Dalgyon, Dark Horus, *Red Eyes Darkness Dragon,*” You gritted out. “**Destroy it.**”

You felt a hand grip around your side, the White Dragon floating by and roaring as the three of your monsters set out in surrounding it.

The demon destroyed Van’Dalgyon, and you screamed.

“You idiot!” The person gripping your side said. “Summoning two is already stretching your luck. Why in Ra’s true name did you summon a third?! How did you even manage such a feat without a millennium item you fool!”

“I don’t give a damn, and I don’t care,” You growled, your voice mangling in the middle in some sort of screech. You only knew that your throat felt like it was burning and damn it you felt pissed. “*He* killed Kisara!”

The White Dragon roared and stood in front of the two of you protectively.

“And *why aren’t you* angry about it?” You growled, shifting to him and pushing him back. Standing on your own with a limp and coughing up blood. Your scholarly side agreed with him. You shouldn’t have been able to summon two monsters, much less three. Frankly, you briefly wondered how in the true name of Ra were you still alive. Much less getting away with summoning that amount with only coughing up blood. The consequence of overusing your *Ba* should have been simply combusting in ash. You theorized that it was most likely to do with the fact that the previous monsters you had summoned were ones that were bound to you by their relation with the goddess you served. Which meant that they were technically not totally infused with your *Ba*. Not like one that was bound to you, like the Illusion Magician was to Mahad. Or his apprentice, Mana was to her monster, The Dark Magician Girl. They were their natural *Ka*. The two you had summoned at the present were not.
Again, you had no idea where you were getting this information from, but you were distracted by the fact that you were sort of bleeding out and not caring about it.

You mentally frowned at the tone of voice you- *dream you*- had used, that was clearly bitter. Not just anger. You’ve had anger before, but never *bitterness*. Or at least not to this degree. There was a lot of rushing feelings, some you couldn’t even begin to make sense of. There was also a blood thirst for *revenge*. You theorized that you must have grown to be good friends with Kisara as well, despite what seemed to have happened early in the dream. Knowing yourself, you probably simply ignored your own feelings on the…matter and continued on. If true, than it was clear where the bloodlust was coming from, but you had no idea where the bitterness was coming from. There was an hint of envy too. Your thoughts were interrupted when you felt yourself turn around. Ignoring him for the moment, “*Dark Horus!*”

The bird turned and left the fight, hovering above you.

“Take Priest Seth back to the temple, his Pharaoh awaits him. I will hold back the demon.”

“Don’t you *dare.*”

“There is no time, and the Pharaoh would not want you dead because of him. Frankly, I’m in agreement. You will *not* die here.”

You made a dismissive motion with the flick of your hand and spat out more blood and shoved him off, Dark Horus already moving to grip him in it’s claws and flying off as you ordered it to.

*Master*

*What is it?* You thoughts echoed around your head, which surprised you somewhat.

*You will die.*

You felt yourself smile a bit as the White Dragon hovered by, the Red Eyes Darkness Dragon flying off its attack to hover close.

*I know.*

There was silence before another thought swam to you.

*We will find you again, and when that time comes. We will not fail you.*

You snorted as you stood tall. The blood dripping from your mouth already drying.

*You never did.*

You grunted as you stepped forward.

You glanced a look at the White Dragon, “You agree right? Our Ahava is truly an idiot.”

The White Dragon tilted her head, a growl humbling in her throat.

“Yes well,” You looked off into the direction where Dark Horus flew. “You will take care of him right? For me too please.”

You turned back to the Demon, “Now go.”

You heard the White dragon fly, blinking in surprise as you felt it brush her snout along the top of
your head briefly before flying off.

You felt yourself shake your head and glare up at the demon, “Now to deal with you.”

The demon before you laughed, “You will not live long human. I will destroy you.”

You laughed at him, the Red Eyes Darkness Dragon behind you rumbling.

“I have no doubts. Which is why I’m here,” You felt yourself raise a hand to wipe away the blood. “My Pharaoh needs time, and time I will give him. It’s a nice bonus that the fool gets to live too.”

You woke up on a bed with a gasp.

You frantically climbed out of bed, feeling out your heart. Your pulse.

You were alive.

You curled in on yourself, your head falling into your open hands. Eyes shutting closed. You had died. *Died.* You felt it, so why in the name-

You shouldn’t be alive. You burnt yourself out. The demon- Zorc? *Whatever* the hell that thing was, it had definitely destroyed- killed- *whatever.* It killed of you- your monster, *Ba.* *What the fuck ever.* The point was you felt yourself dying for goodness’ sake.

Then like a dam opening, *every* dream you’ve had involving all things of this weird past life suddenly came rushing back. Every emotion, every feeling of pain. *Every damn moment you stared at the happy two.* Every insane, absolutely crazy dream you had been avoiding and *endeavored* to forget. It suddenly all came rushing back. With *revenge.*

“Fuck,” You muttered to yourself.

In his office, Kaiba suddenly had a massive headache before blacking out.

He was standing in a room made out of stone, to which he looked at impassively. Frankly it didn’t surprise him, but it did remind him of an event that happened when he was a teenager.

He saw someone familiar, someone he saw battling the large demon back in Egypt with a dragon that looked like his Blue Eyes.

He also saw someone that remarkably looked like you.

You looked irritated, glaring at him in a way similar to the way you did now. Usually only if you happened to find out that he had skipped a meal or had gotten little sleep. Very few in number recently. Frankly, you looked a little too much like the Doctor McCoy from Star Trek. He needed to find a way to prevent you from getting yourself a medical degree if that was the case. He wouldn’t put it past you to fabricate a hypospray for that sole purpose.

“I am telling you Seth, this type of studying will get you to die of exhaustion. Gods forbid you are actually *murdered,*” Your look-a-like proceeded to glare darkly at the surrounding scrolls. “At this point I would think you would dispatch them on mere mindless thought.”
“Might I remind you Lector that you are no position of chiding me on my study habits,” His look-a-like snapped. To which his look-a-like, immediately paused when the other- damn these hallucinations- you, went still.


“You were not informed then.”

“Of my apparent promotion to a position I specifically told him I. Did. Not. Want?” Your look-a-like narrowed his eyes at him as every pause grew more intense with a rumble. “No. I was not.”

Seth simply grunted and looked back to his scrolls, fingers closing together in a fist as he attempted to halt himself from starting to study again within your presence. Kaiba only just now realized that the exercised caution may have been because your look-a-like was holding a torch. “It was voted upon. Five against six.”

Your look-a-like pulled out a seat and did what it was designed to do, sit. A tired hand rubbing across your look-a-like’s face before giving Seth a weak look, one that spoke enough that he had mirrored the actions.

“Who voted for my…position?”

“The Pharaoh wanted to have you present for the voting, but the Grand Vizier Siamun had insisted on the voting immediately. Akhenaden voted against. Shada, Karim, Mahad, Isis, and myself voted for.”

Your look-a-like had appeared to snort, “Grand Vizier Siamun would have outlived all of us. The Pharaoh has no need for a Chief Lector. Much less for that Lector to be myself. You know I hate the responsibility Seth, I confided in you as much.”

“…I know,” Seth had muttered quietly. “In private, the Pharaoh and I had discussed it before the official vote. The decision ultimately rested on him as he is Pharaoh- but he wanted my opinion on the matter.”

“Your opinion? I admit I’m curious as to why he wished it.”

“Seth” gave your look-a-like a severe look, “You have not been truthful with us when you said you were sleeping fine.”

Your look-a-like seemed to give him a mild wave, “The sleepless nights are hardly frequent. Even you can conclude it was a side-effect to my journey through Duat.”

“So you have stated. Yet the Pharaoh has told me that he often finds you wandering around the halls when the moon of Khonsu begins to finish his journey across the sky to make way for Ra. Clearly you are not as well as you believe you are, if you are not giving false truths.”

“They are not false truths,” Your look-a-like had muttered before looking off to the side. “For the most part.”

“For the most part, with your new position of Chief Lector, you will have to make sure you obtain appropriate rest,” Seth had stated. Getting up to concede and move to his bed. “Unless you would rather preform your duty any less than at your best level.”

“That is a blow below the shendyt Seth,” Kaiba had heard your look-a-like grumble. “But very
well.”

The scene shifted.

He saw his look-a-like again, this time he was looking down at you. You seemed to be in a similar position to that of where you were in when he had left. You were pale, and sweating.

The Pharaoh approached the taller man, standing beside him in silence. Till it was broken.

“How long has it been?”

“How long has it been?” He had muttered. Still looking to the figure on the bed. The sight was unnerving to Kaiba- to say the least. This hallucination form of you and the one he had just left to the care of one who was, hopefully, competent enough to take care of you had near to no difference. Save for the clothing.

Your look-a-like groaned, which caused all three of the men pleasant to flinch at the sound.

“This is…unnerving. To say the least,” The Pharaoh had muttered. Still looking at your-look-a-like’s form. “The Adio I know would never sit so still.”

Kaiba watched his look-a-like hum, never once turning nor letting his eyes stop looking. Trying to pick up the slightest hints that you were either getting worse, or better.

“Adio would not like you to loose sleep and miss eating because of this High Priest Seth,” The Pharaoh said quietly. Continuing when the man had only given him an acknowledging him. “No doubt Adio would attempt something.”

“…would find the first opportunity to send that ridiculous dragon after me.”

“Seth.”

His look-a-like finally turned his head to face the Pharaoh and meet his gaze, full of questioning.

“Adio has not been sleeping well nor been eating well, yet again. They fall under the rest of sleep yet wake as soon as Ra places a foot into the night sky,” The Pharaoh regarded his look-a-like coolly somewhat resentfully. Kaiba noticed, his look-a-like did not. Clearly the Pharaoh had known something was going on. “I expect you to find out why and find the solution.”

“If that is your wish my Pharaoh,” his look-a-like had muttered.

The scene shifted again.

He stared in horror down at your look-a-like’s bloody form. Blood was pouring out of your mouth freely. Your look-a-like’s chest was riddled with black lines that clustered over your skin in vein-like patterns.

Your look-a-like seemed to manage to see him.

“You haven’t changed Ahava,” She had said. Smiling. “perhaps I might see you again. In a better life perhaps.”
He could only nod in agreement as your look-a-like smiled again, before closing her eyes and breathing deep.

They stopped breathing after that.

He saw his look-a-like on horse back. The demon was defeated, and he was looking for you. The Pharaoh was most likely already gone. Kaiba knew that part of the story.

He found you.

The look-a-like’s Blue Eyes became visible and grumbled sadly, nudging the side of your look-a-like’s face before growling and trying to shake you harder. To get you awake probably.

“Enough Kisara,” his look-a-like had said. Putting a placating hand on the Dragon’s snout. “For the most part- the Pharaoh will-”

His look-a-like stopped and crouched to lift your look-a-like’s body up. Gently lifting you onto the horse and curling his arms around to reach for the reins. Your look-a-like’s limp body slumped against him.

“I will find you again,” his look-a-like mumbled to myself. “And I will finally say it to your face that you are a foolish, hypocrite who also happens to be idiot.”

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Kaiba blinked awake.

He got up.

He told his secretary to hold off his calls. He finished the meetings earlier that day.

He needed to tell you that you were a fool.

A hypocrite.

And an idiot.

-

You blinked as the phantom pain in your chest moved away, but somehow- you had a feeling that everything had just changed.

To what extent- that was your main concern.

You suddenly grew annoyed at a certain tri-haired male, but you knew for certain that it wasn’t Yugi who you were mad at.

You wondered who.

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Kaiba walked in, clearly distracted. Marie observed him quietly as he urgently made his way to where you were currently resting.

Marie quietly observed that he had shut the door rather gently, not even acknowledging anyone who almost ran into him. Several of the maids actually did, but he paid him no mind. Obviously, she wasn’t about to go and stick her nose into their business- but she couldn’t help but wonder.
She had written a lot of Fanfiction and actual romance novels in her time. What just occurred almost looked like a scene from one of those. Right before something big in the relationship happens. She couldn’t help but think that this was probably a sign.

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Kaiba strode into your room as soon as he walked into the door, his long legs easily crossed the room in almost a blink of an eye. You hadn’t even noticed him till he was, literally, right ton top of you.

You looked at him with bewilderment, “Did you have that crazy hallucination-dream-thing-what ever in the name of goodness and science that was too?”

“You’re a fool.”

You looked a little bit affronted, “Oh…kay?”

“You’re a hypocrite.”

Now you really look annoyed, “Is that all Seto- because really, my hypocrisy stems from the fact that you-“

His face grew closer and you found that you couldn’t really form sentences because- damn. Were his eyes always that bright sapphire? You could probably make a laser out of them because they were so clear-

His breath lingered on your lips.

“And you’re an idiot.”

You found that your response about how the definition of “fool” and “idiot” were similar and thus, redundant, was halted because you hadn’t really kissed anyone full on the lips in a long time.

It was sort of in the middle of rough and chaste- but it was far from short. You suddenly knew why so many people wanted to have a relationship with the man. You also knew why so many people were obsessed with said man. You also vaguely wondered if anyone had tried to stay with him just because the man gave really really good kisses. He was also very attractive, both mentally and physically.

He wasn’t perfect- that was great. No one was, and no one needed to be. Everyone was a little screwed up somehow and that wasn’t a problem. Seto hadn’t let that get in his way- and frankly, neither did you. It annoyed you yes, but you dealt with it eventually. It was that stubborn as a mule quality that made him hilariously endearing. Sure he had money- but you didn’t need it. Anything you wanted you could build, or earn the money to get it yourself. Money was a perk you supposed. You didn’t have to think about it too much, but it was unnecessary. Physical appearances were also a perk- but again. They weren’t necessary, and frankly, they mattered far less than the first- what were you listing? His attractive traits? Probably- you didn’t know. Your mind was blank and running a mile a minute. You just knew that you liked this. You liked this a lot.

You grumbled at him when he pulled away.

“You’re the idiot,” You had mumbled. Turning away to blow your nose and cough. “Clearly I’m still sick.”

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Yugi frowned from where he was cleaning in his grandpa’s card shop when he heard an echo of laughter coming from a familiar voice.

He shook his head and kept cleaning, glad that the Pharaoh was somehow happy with something. Whatever that may be.

A/n: Alright, so this is pretty early. All things considered- but sue me, I was excited and you’re certainly not going to complain about the technically early chapter right? Right? //nervously laughs// I hope not. This chapter was really fun to write actually. I had so many ways to end it and I decided to end it where it kind of began (the chapter I mean- not the story //cackles// the story is far from over) Anyway- this is really, really a raw chapter (I mean fresh off the microsoft word kind of raw after doing a basic spelling check) so yeah. I'll fix the formatting and add some stuff when I get back from school in...//checks time// five hours...then six...eleven hours from now? (About 1:00am pacific time at the moment)

Also Leaf-ripper? That ending scene was for you, hope you enjoyed that.

Thank you:

6f0909; Stellalana; and EnviousJoestar for commenting!

Have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Chapter 19, Back On Track

Chapter Summary

Where comes much rest comes also, much catching up.

Chapter 19, Back on Track

It took approximately a month to get over your sickness. Which you greatly appreciated, seeing as which you hated being sick. It made you feel like shit.

You had Kaiba’s office to yourself, for the most part. Kaiba had left his office to walk the floors of development. So for the most part, you were sitting off to the side. You didn’t have a laptop out for once (surprise!) nor did you have a pad of paper. Nor did you have a pack of schematics to look at.

You were genuinely just sitting, waiting around. Kaiba had gone through your stash and got to nearly every piece of object you could have used to continue working (save for your own brain) but there honestly wasn’t anything you could fine to use.

There was also the fact that Marcus had threatened to reveal your…memorabilia if you kept working so soon after getting over a cold.

You had forgotten about it, honestly. Until now. It wasn’t anything particularly damning, but it was still…embarrassing. You sort of regretted remembering it. Though you knew for a fact that Seto would never let you live it down if he found out about it. Which frankly- was a terrifying thought.

Maybe not that bad, but knowing him, he would use it as leverage as often as he summoned a Blue Eyes White Dragon. There was that known fact that the man also happened to have three of them. With a bunch of supports and probably many, many, many different ways to summon all three of them in one turn.

Your hands twitched, and you dug your hands into your pockets. Digging out the forty card deck you had shuffled in your hands so long ago.

Your twitched again- you hadn’t been in the coffee shop for a long while. You hadn’t worked in a while. You couldn’t help but miss it. After all, it had been your job for almost three years. It might have been more- but you didn’t count those times you worked from home.

You shook your head, it wasn’t worth thinking about.

You casted a look over to Seto’s desk for the first time since you had arrived, looking at the desk with curiosity.

It was clean. Organized. Like the man himself.

There was also that little fact that there happened to be a familiar blue coffee mug on the desk.

A coffee mug. That you were pretty sure, you had locked up in the floor of your room in the coffee shop. In a damn safe.
“For the love of-“ You broke it off, getting up from the couch and walking behind the counter of the desk. Pocking your deck back into your pocket. Settling yourself into the desk and wheeling yourself in. Taking the mug into your hands.

A piece of your hair flew in front of your face. You brushed it away with a slide of your hand, elbows dropping onto the desk as you felt out the ceramic of the mug. You blinked at it. Casting your eyes over to the date on the digital calendar that you knew sat on the side of his desk. It had past Valentines, and you had never really had any particular taste for the holiday. You never really had reason to. You put the mug down.

You didn’t know how he got it- and frankly, you didn’t want to, but you were damn certain he wasn’t going to let you take it back.

You sighed, leaning back against the chair. Eyes boring into the pitch black monitor as you let your eyes wander.

You should probably do something, probably not label it as something as February Valentine’s Day, given the fact that it had already past. Which you found hilarious on its own, wasn’t Saint Valentine the patron of the plague, fainting, epilepsy, and randomly enough, beekeeping? Also, technically there were around five more days to celebrate Valentines. Those days being January seventh, July sixth, July twenty-fifth, July thirtieth, and November third. All days that officially celebrated a saint named Valentine.

You proceeded to link your hands together, resting your chin against your joined fingers and contemplating a plan.

Should you even do anything for a belated Valentine’s? It seemed a little late.

You shrugged, oh well. There was little to no point to label it, but you would do something.

You got up, quickly writing down a note to Kaiba on his desk that you were going down to the Art department of Kaiba corp. They were bound to have the supplies you needed. If not- you could have always raided some department’s supply cabinet.

You whistled while you walked, hopping over to the elevator and getting down to the Art Department. Using the keycard that was officially given to you by Kaiba himself. Though you did wonder if he knew about the one you made. The guards downstairs didn’t let people through all willy-nilly. Which was a good thing.

Once the elevator dinged, you walked into the art department.

When you were greeted with the sounds of bustling people and music, you smiled.

For the most part, Kaiba’s Art Department was actually one of the easiest going. Yes, Kaiba terrorized this part of his company as much as he did the rest, but he also listened to everyone’s suggestions about work. Music and/or sounds were allowed as long as they were working and brought their own devices to keep it private. Each section had a large desk and necessary supplies. You didn’t even need to bring your own unless you preferred it. He allowed customizations within those offices. Some of the artists here had their own light up signs with their names, as well as bean bag chairs.

It was a pretty cool part of the company, and while you didn’t consider yourself an artist, you knew many who would be pretty damn happy in this job. (Honestly, you were half considering working
for Kaiba- he provided the computers for the programming department and damn did those computers look pretty.)

You silently walked along the crowd of people- frantic, probably because of their upcoming deadline.

Straight into the department head’s office.

“Um- can I help you?” The young woman blinked- pushing up her glasses.

You smiled, “I’m trying to make a thing- for Kaiba. I don’t work here- but I kind of ghost in every once and a while?”

You showed her the badge he had given you, and her eyes seemed to widen at that. You frowned.

“Does that have any significance? He just handed it to me so-“

“Um- it’s just that- Mr. Kaiba doesn’t usually give anyone the all clear clearance. Even the Vice President has some limits on his security card.”

You made an ‘O’ with your mouth before nervously shuffling, “Anyway- I just wanted to know if I could hide out here for a bit? I just need some paper and water.”

She blinked, “You can do it in the sculpture room if you want?”

Your eyes widened slightly, “There’s a sculpture room?”

“Yeah- um down the hall. Lucius should be there- just um. Here let me write you a note to let him know what you’re going to do-“

“Oh…cool,” You shifted on your feet slightly. “and your name is?”

“Right- I’m Takeda Chihiro, and you are…?”

You gave her your name with a smile, relaxing slightly while getting your little note. You felt like a student all over again. Professor Stark would have a laugh.

You found yourself walking to the sculpture department, which honestly- you didn’t even know existed. It was near the south of the building and probably held the models for the artists at the forefront of the Art department. It made sense.

You walked in, fiddling with the note you held in your hands.

A few minutes later and a whirlwind of talking and being moved around the area by distracted sculptors.

You found yourself, bewildered and looking at a large block of clay. You hadn’t even known that they sold it this size- but you weren’t going to complain much. It gave you enough material to make a 1/60 scale dragon. You mindlessly scattered your hand around, ignoring the sharp cut you accidentally made when looking for the carving tool. Although you knew it was going to be ignoring.

You reached out on the desk for the pile of band-aids that was somehow…there. You figured that the sculpture department was heavily experienced in their little case of accidental self-inflicted injury. You had counted nearly thirty industrial-sized alcohol dispensers on the desks of the sculptures and nearly everyone had a small bottle you had identified as iodine and hydrogen peroxide. Either way,
you respected the fact that they had obviously taken note from experience.

You worked, your current mind space going into a type of mindless zen. Concentrating on nothing but solving the minor problems in the details you had with making the dragon. How thick a piece would be, how you would texture a particular part of the body. How you would carve out the crevices that existed within the dragon. Simple problems that could be solved with a little problem-solving.

It didn’t take you very long to have a relatively dragon looking model that stood for about half a foot. Using three supports you crafted as it’s hind legs and one foot to hold its own weight in a balance.

You were relatively proud of it. Sort of. You were still trying to work through the issue of how to get the muzzle details right. Kisara-

The blue eyes white dragon had a lot of facial details.

You gently put the wooden handle of the needle tool down, resting your head in your palms as you leaned forward. Staring into the small nostril that you had slightly carved with it.

Sometimes, you wondered what it would have been like had you not have left. What would have happened if you managed to deal with it in a way that required staying where you were. Getting through it on your own.

Your circles were strange enough that you didn’t doubt that you might meet Kaiba again, but probably through different circumstances. Most likely as some sort of consultant as lead in the R&D department of Dragon Corp. You wondered if you would have even got that Blue Eyes White Dragon card. Since you had gotten it shortly after visiting the relatively small game turtle shop around the corner of Domino City when you were doing some urban exploration.

You wondered if your life would have been the same or different, had you not made the decision to leave. Frankly, you didn’t even know why you chose Domino City of all places it could have been. There was just a district pull to it that you weren’t quite sure why. You were too distracted to object to it. Looking back on the decision, you couldn’t help but wonder what other factors could have assisted in your decision. Admittedly, thinking about it too deeply was probably not the best idea. You would probably accidentally throw yourself in circles trying to find reason in the decision. In the middle of it, you mindlessly recalled a call you made to a stationary business a few weeks back about a special order. It was a pretty elaborate piece, but it should have been done by now. You made a mental note to pick it up later.

After finishing the clay needed time to firm up before you chucked it in the kiln, so you only stared at it.

“Um.”

“Hm?” You turned your head to face the young man before you, technically overdressed considering he worked with clay.

“Do you need a place for that to dry?” He asked, nodding to the clay figure. You stared at him for what must have been an uncomfortable few minutes before looking back at the figure. Then back at the young man.

“Sure?”

The young man nodded vigorously before reaching around to gently take the figure with it’s plate base. Walking off to who knows where.
You sat there for a bit, unsure of what to do.

Until-

“What are you doing here?”

You stared up from your musings to find Kaiba, in all his suit clad glory, staring at you with a look that clearly conveyed his feelings on the matter of finding you here. Staring into a wall, probably.

Your brain kind of had no way to respond to that so, “Uhhhhhhhhhhhh. I got…bored?”

“You are in a game company building gearing up for the next Comicon to be held in San Diego,” Kaiba raised a skeptical eyebrow.

You nodded, slowly.

“I don’t really have anything to do though, I’ve submitted the schematics of the duel gazers to your R&D. Your programming team is bloody damn brilliant without me, art department is practically baller. Accounting is damn near the masters of the stock market without being obvious. Also- are you aware that your janitorial staff are as obsessed with keeping this building clean as Disney Land is?” You said, giving a leery look to Kaiba. “I haven’t seen one. One shelf top that has dust. None.”

You turned your eyes to a random shelf within the department, “Which is technically impossible. These people are working with clay for the sake of sanity. There should at least be clay dust and marks where the clay’s been slammed onto the table so that it doesn’t explode in the kiln.”

“I hardly think you’re an expert in the process.”

You rolled your eyes at him, “I’m familiar with the process. Never claimed to be an expert. They don’t sell that mug in stores you know.”

You damn well knew he knew what mug in particular you were talking about.

Kaiba gave you a calculating look, in which you had already turned your expression to the ever so interesting shelf with apparently a curious lack of dust.

“You’re bored.”

You through your hands up in the air, “Noooo. I’m just sitting here contemplating our existence within the universe and wondering if there is any clear reason for the fact that we are self-aware of our useless nature within the world.”

Kaiba narrowed his eyes, but your twitch indeed gave the tall tale that you were being sarcastic. Unfortunately, Kaiba found he had nearly nothing to occupy you with. Kaede was already back to dealing with his calls, the meetings about the next games Kaiba Corp was going to release at Comicon wasn’t until three weeks later, and with you dealing with a majority of work on the duel gazers, Kaiba Corp was more than ahead of schedule. Frankly, most of it was probably your doing through the boredom you had experienced. He had suspected that you had been sneaking out of the office to check on other departments, but he hadn’t known to what extent.

“You should probably put an order out for more bristol board and col-erase pencils. Art department just finished off their second to last ream of bristol board and I think one of the interns broke the last red col-erase.” You showed an expression of sympathy at that. “Poor thing couldn’t translate their proper thoughts onto the paper as well as they’d like.”
You frowned for a moment, “What day is it?”

Kaiba raised an eyebrow and told you the day.

“Oh, need to call Raleigh then.”

“Raleigh.”

“My coffee bean supply, he transports it from a wide array of areas, but I usually get a majority of them from the Azikiwe family in Tanzania,” You shrugged. “I’ve gotta get my supplies from somewhere, and Raleigh is a pretty decent guy. Grew up with him, but since his brother got sent home he retired from the military. So I offered him a job.”

You gave a little squint at the email you were apparently writing to this “Raleigh”, “Pretty sure he’s got a crush on this Australian guy, but he isn’t giving me any hints. Yancy isn’t helping with my little hypothesis either. His best friend, that is Raleigh, not Yancy, Mako isn’t helping either. She delivers the goods from the boat to my café.”

Mako. Yancy. Raleigh. While Mako Kaiba could understand, he couldn’t understand the names of the others.

You seemed to have finished typing up the email tucking the phone away, “Now that that’s done. I’m…bored. Again.”

Kaiba considered this for a moment before deciding that for the good of his currently headache-less status, he would find some form of entertainment for you. Unfortunately, he did not have Mokuba as his consultant on the matter.

You had noticed his lack of answer and had begun to stare at him, attempting to deduce what was going on in his technical prodigy of a brain of his. Chances are, from your repeated mentions of boredom, you correctly deduced that he was trying to find a way to keep you busy. Which you knew was going to be a bit of a hassle, normally when you were like this, considering it was still afternoon, you would be creating new gadgets and some tech. Normally just letting your fingers figure out what to occupy to relieve boredom.

That sounded a little bit strange, but you were going to ignore it in favor of appreciating the fact that Kaiba appeared to spare some brainpower that could be used for his company for your sake. Then you remembered the thing you were supposed to pick up.

“Say, I need to get a new bottle of ink for my pens, you mind if we stop by a stationary shop for a little bit? Maybe we could get coffee at my place?” You offered. You usually used fountain pens for jotting down things or quickly scribbling out schematics. It was your go-to pen; if you didn’t have a ballpoint around anyway. Otherwise, you had a few of them stuck in your pockets for your use.

He rose an eyebrow at you, “The only coffee I will accept is the one that your cafe offers.”

Your heart did an illogical tippity tap at that, even though clearly he was appreciating the coffee.

“Sure sure Seto, maybe I could introduce you to Raleigh and Mako- no. Nevermind. Bad plan. Let’s hope we don’t run into them,” You shivered. “Mako’s intense, and will most likely try to shove you into a wall or something- nevermind. Finger’s crossed.”

“There is no such thing as luck,” Kaiba added before frowning in consideration. “But you barely emailed them, I highly doubt that they would be so proficient as to be there so quickly.”
You laughed nervously, tapping your fingers rhythmically on the side of your trousers.

Kaiba simply raised an eyebrow at your nervous disposition before setting it aside for future reference. From your reaction, it was probably because your suppliers were proficient enough that they certainly would be there.

“I can see the wheels turning from this side of the world Mr. Window eyes. Mako and Raleigh are indeed proficient enough that they would be there by the time we head over there for a cup,” You cleared your throat from the residual phlegm created by the sickness a month prior. “I believe only believe it to be within your best interest that we obtain your substance of choice without interacting with said Mako Mori and Raleigh Becket.”

“My best interest? I hardly think that they’re that over reactive.”

“Suit yourself, but I will state here and now that I will not be held accountable for any injury nor any sort of interrogation they may, or may not, perform in their oddity,” You frowned at that. “Course- I will have to scold them on that. I’m an adult for the sake of science, not a bumbling pre-teen. I know what I’m doing.”

Kaiba raised a skeptical eyebrow at that, which was annoying since it looked like he was very much Vulcan-scolding you the secret nerd that he is.

“Okay, I know what I’m doing concerning this thing not everything else, make me be over specific will you,” You grumbled crossing your arms. “Does this make me Captain Kirk in this relationship? You’re clearly either Spock or McCoy. More likely both.”

“I’m a CEO of a multimillion dollar company, I don’t have the time for your petty television shows.”

“You're a liar, and they are also movies. You can choose between the original cast or the new ones with admittedly better CGI so suck it.”

“There’s nothing to suck.”

“Chew on a damn chicken then, besides. You’ve already watched Star Trek anyway so far be it for me to get you to admit that you’re a nerd. This building alone is one giant piece of evidence anyway, you also have a car, and a jet that looks like your favorite playing card,” You held up a finger. “And, I’ve been hearing about plans for a Blue Eyes White Dragon train for the system line for Kaiba Land.”

You elbowed him, “Also- again. Which of us has the giant statue of themselves in an amusement park?”

He pursed his lip, of course you would point that out. Honestly, he had that park build in his teens, he wondered what the hell was he thinking.

“Anyway. Come on! To ink bottles and delightful stationery!”

He sighed and followed you out of the modeling department and into an elevator.

- 

You were eagerly going through the Maido that was apparently close by to your cafe, approximately about a block or so.

“I don’t understand why you’re so excited about stationary.”
“Cause they’re fun, interesting, and relatively useful,” You claimed. “Only reason why my handwriting has improved marginally.”

“That chicken scratch is your improved handwriting?”

“Oh hush, I’ve said that it’s improved marginally haven’t I? Besides, it’s Marie’s fault- you’ve met her right? Well, before she got her job- I’m talking college years here- she used to write all the time in journals- and they were really cool! Real leather and traditionally made paper- the works. So one day she drags me along with her ‘cause her bottle of ink ran out and she needs a new notebook to this store and I get hooked like a jack-donkey on a new OTP” You considered your statement for a brief moment. “Not that much sleep deprivation though- except you know- my wallet. But nothing else really drains it unhealthily so I consider that harm invalid.”

“How is it that I can perceive your speech as comprehensible and yet have no idea what you’re saying.”

“Oh hush up Kaibaman, like you’re one to talk about lingo. If you watch Star Trek you know damn well what an OTP is.”

“I refuse to acknowledge that question with an answer.”

“Mirror force on you Kaibaman- you just did.”

“Why do I even deal with you.”

You chuckled and pecked him on the cheek, “Cause I’m one of the only people in the world who can threaten you, and mean it in a perfectly joking with a touch of seriousness way.”

Kaiba simply hummed as you walked around the store in admiration, occasionally stopping to pick up a notebook, look at it, then put it back.

Then you spotted it, behind the counter.

You waited till you found Kaiba looking interestingly in the case with all the expensive fountain pens before cautiously approaching the counter with your box of unopened ink. Grabbing your usual sketchbook on the way up. You practically shuffled over to the cash register and handed over the nicks and nacks you had collected during your visit before turning to Kaiba.

“You want anything?”

He shook his head before motioning that he would wait near the door.

You quickly paid and winked at the bewildered looking cash lady that was at the door, putting a finger to your lips in a silent “hush” motion. She was a nice girl, covering for her mum who was usually here, though she hardly expected a man as famous (or infamous) as Seto Kaiba. You pointed at the pen you ordered in secret and pointed to the soft blue wrapper behind the counter. She nodded and smiled in understanding.

“So Kaibaman-” You said a moment later, stepping out with a package of ink- a sketchbook, and the gift wrap you had gotten from the store. “Care for a cup and some grub?”

“Stop calling me that,” He said with a slight twitch of his eye before walking, in the direction for cafe.

You grinned and followed, lengthening your pace to match Kaiba’s side by side.
You stretched out your arms as you walked through familiar doors and smelled familiar smells, grinning light a very demented asylum escape.

“Kiids~ I’m back!” You said with a slightly off-your-rocker laugh.

“Boss?” Minori said with a frown. “How- but- it takes months to get you done with a cold.”

“Not,” You paused for dramatic effect. “If you happen to be taken care of by a CEO who is pretty damn thorough in his paranoia and efficient in dealing with sickness. Besides, it wasn’t that bad you over reactive ninies. Don’t think Marie didn’t tell me about your little ganging up on Seto in his own damn mansion you eggs.”

You could feel Kaiba roll his eyes, even as you were partially distracted in your satisfaction that Minori had a sheepish look about him, “You had a fever dream, so ‘not that bad’ my ass.”

You shrug, “It’s a pretty fine ass. Which I don’t understand- you usually sit your butt on an office chair all day, how do you manage it.”

“You think I’ll let anyone but the best get near my cars?”

You blinked at that, your mind suddenly picturing the scene in vivid detail, “Alright,” you muttered under your breath, “you fix most of your own stuff. Sold. I’m yours.”

He gave you a skeptical look, “As if you weren’t already.”

“Oh chew on a chicken Kaibaman,” You said, trying to keep your face from scrunching up at the sheer hilarity of the situation. Never had you thought that you would be doing this type of thing with a multi-million dollar company owner well known for his dramatics and video games.

“Katsu’s just getting his apron on boss- so if you and Mr. Kaiba wanna grab a seat,” Minori offered.

“Sure- thanks,” You said with a smile, grabbing a hold of Kaiba’s tie before dragging him over upstairs.

“So, what do ya think?” You offered, motioning over to the little patio on the roof you had going on.

The roof patio was a little bit of a side project when you weren’t busy and the weather wasn’t being disagreeable. For a nice, if a bit chilly, but tolerable weather like this- it was nice. The floor was stone, built in patterns that kind of resembled a dragon (you may have been heavily sleep deprived when working on it, and decided to keep the design) there were black chairs and table sets. Booths screwed down under the extending walls from the entrance along with a very sheer black cloth with plastic windows that kept the bugs and most outside debris out. Officially, it wasn’t open to the public, but it was here. It was built mostly in a circle, with a young, but steadily on its way to blooming cheery blossom tree was planted in the middle; where an irrigation system was placed for easy watering and fertilizing. It was mostly a black with small crimson accents for now. Since at the moment with constructing they were easier to clean. However, you were planning that theme to be confined to summer and fall while you would keep the theme white with some blue accents for the
You shifted on your feet slightly. Suddenly apprehensive.

“Decent, quiet.”

That was most likely all you were going to get, so you nodded and took a seat over near the middle of the section. The one looking out to all the buildings.

He wordlessly took the seat and front of you as you peaked out to the other buildings.

“I like to come up here to think sometimes,” You admitted. “It’s a nice place where I can get some air and think about little things for a bit.”

“So you know, if you can’t really find me later…” You passed a small key you had picked up on the way out up to the roof. The only second copy of the key to the door up there. “I mean, cause you gave me an all clearance card so I figured-“

You shortly began to babble, “It works kinda like a skeleton key for my places, I know it looks really simple but inside there’s little gears that kind of fit to all my doors and it’s pretty cool but don’t expect it to work for everything because not everyone’s locks are connected to a broad system of one single umbrella source of information so-“

You placed the wrapped packaging on the table, “And since you kind of did something for me on Valentines, and I don’t think you would like chocolate very much since Mokuba seems to enjoy gorging himself on the stuff you get after it’s been checked out so I thought to myself, ‘better not get you some cause that seems to be a no no’ and I then I thought ‘well what else can I do?’ so I sort of came up with this elaborate plan on the fly and your supposed to get another thing on White Day cause it’s not really ready for me to to give it to you because I didn’t get you anything for Valentines so…”

In the middle of your ramble he had opened up the package and brought the black and silver accented fountain pen into his hands. There was a laser etched Marking of KC on the clip of the cap while the nib had a decorative dragon head (blue eyes of course) tine with one breather hole for the sake of having the dang thing work. It took a bit of planning on your part to get the thing to work without screwing up the delivery system but you were bored and miserable in bed at the time so you figured, why not?

“I got you blue ink and back ink,” You proceeded to mumble as he examined the pen in the light. Which also had decoration in the form of the man’s favorite playing card, though the etching was thread thin and grey for effect. It was pricy since the parts were custom made, but worth it. Not like it made much of a dent in your account. “It’s refillable through a sort of vacuum suction, except you don’t pull- you screw. That type of thing.”

He was silent, and it was slightly worrying. You hadn’t even injured yourself on this one- you paid someone to do it.

“Do you- like it?”
He scowled, and your thump thump of a beating heart clawed it’s way to your throat. It was the only explanation why it tightened so darn much.

“At this rate, your going to make me look like a bad boyfriend.”

You made an oh sound while you shrugged, Katsu coming up to deliver hot chocolate, for you, and a coffee. You would ignore the caffeine in the thing just this once.

He glared at you, “You will not be doing anything for March.”

You laughed. Nervously.

A/n: Apologies for the slight delay this time, I got home yesterday and conked out until this morning. Alas, it has been finished. So since I wasn't able to make it on Valentines- (and it's also considerably late) consider this an apology for that, as well as a blanket cover all for the delays.

I've also been reading a lot of Star Trek fanfiction, can you tell?? Kudos if you know where the Raleigh and Mako are from- and if you can guess the Australian mentioned~ I shalt give you a virtual cookie!

DEDICATIONS TO:

Stellalana:  Thank you for the encouragement, hope this was at least almost as tooth rooting as yours!  I look forward to future chapters of Pardon My French.

EnviousJoestar:  Thanks for commenting again, I hope this was every bit as awesome as the last chapter~

6fo909:  I hope this update lived up to your expectations, and that it is equally as interesting. Thank you for commenting!

Leaf-ripper: //chuckles// I hope you remain so with him, who knows what you could do if you aren't. I hope you like him too in this chapter!

To All:  And t-t-that's all folks! Have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Chapter 20, Office Work

Chapter Summary

When an emergency comes up, you take up some work.

Chapter 20, Office Work

You blinked at the whirlwind of Kaede rapidly moving around before sitting you down on her chair, giving you brief, but thorough instructions on the phone and meetings procedures before running off. Her newborn had apparently been taken to the hospital and in the whirlwind of panic and internal struggle, you offered to relieve her of those pains and take over for the day.

As such, that how you found yourself looking down at paper proposals with a highlighter in one hand and a blue pen in the other. Which looked very odd because you had just come from dropping off Mokuba at his high school and was very much still in casual wear. None the less, you did your job with enthusiasm and mild frustration.

Seriously, who used “friendship” as a reason in a business proposal? It was like they had never even tried to sound convincing for Kaiba. Though you had to admit you found it mildly amusing that whoever wrote the proposal had tried.

There was a call on the phone and you thoughtlessly picked it up.

“Mr. Kaiba’s office.”

“Huh? You’re not Kaede.”

“Kaede went to check up on her child, emergency. I can direct you to Mr. Kaiba himself if it’s important?” You told her that you were that one person who went around Kaiba corporation getting into their shenanigans. Which they honestly remembered as, “that one person Kaiba yelled at for working”.

“Ah, no. Not really. Just that there’s this woman here, she’s been coming here to see Mr. Kaiba every three weeks and demands the same thing. To talk with Mr. Kaiba, she doesn’t have a valid reason and she looks like one of those arm candy people but Mr. Kaiba always come down to deal with her personally…”

You hummed, “I’ll see if I can do anything, keep her distracted.”

“Will do.”

You got up from the office chair before the phone ringed again.

“Mr. Kaiba’s office?”

“Huh. You’re not that girl who usually picks up.”
“No sir, just a temporary replacement for the moment. May I help you?”

“I’d like to talk with your boss.”

You raised an eyebrow that you knew whoever this egotistical sounding arse of a dude would not be able to see, “I’m afraid I’m going to have to know why in particular you would like to talk with Mr. Kaiba sir.”

“Listen here you little shit. I want to talk to your boss.”

Your eyebrow twitched, “Well then sir, this little shit is still going to have to know what to say when Mr. Kaiba asks me why I’m interrupting his work for a person who asked for a conversation. So unless you have something vital that Mr. Kaiba would need to know about, good day sir.”

You hung up with a huff.

You then proceeded head off to the elevator, sliding your cardkey in an easy pass and punching the number for ground floor. Simple mute noise filled your senses as the elevator did its job and simple-machined you downward several stories without breaking a bone. Tech was pretty great sometimes.

As the elevator dinged in exit, you walked out. Heading in the general direction of the front desk. There was a woman in front of it in a rather…tight shimmery gold dress. Blond hair that was most likely died spiraled down her shoulders in loops as she shifted her weight impatiently on silver high heels. Even with your limited knowledge in the fashion industry, you could recognize that some of the brands were big names in the industry.

She seemed excited before spotting you, deflating noticeably before a haughty looking expression took over, “Ugh, I was expecting Seto- not a lacky.”

She looked accusingly to the front desk, “Call him.”

You considered her aesthetics for a moment before speaking. She was certainly pretty, by modern day aesthetics. She would do without the colored contacts and the blond hair actually did her pretty well. Of course the personality would leave much to be desired- but you were pretty sure she would suddenly become a brown haired, tanned anthropologist at the first sign of Kaiba preferring that.

You decided to choose your words carefully, her looks reminded you of something, but you couldn’t exactly put a finger on, “I’m a temporary replacement for Mr. Kaiba’s secretary. He’s rather busy at the moment, might I be of assistance?”

“If you could just tell Seto to finally admit I am the better girl for him, than that would just be fabulous.”

You inwardly pulled your eyebrows together in confusion. Trying to ignore the twinge in your throat at the mention. Since- well, technically she wasn’t wrong. Not aesthetically at least- you couldn’t really find it in yourself to argue on the mental front.

“Well? What are you waiting for? Go get him,” She huffed, crossing her arms. You mutely nodded, turning around and about to head back to the elevator.

“Ugh,” You heard her mutter under her breath. “How did he even let her replace that other woman? Clearly she doesn’t know what she’s doing. So unprofessional.”

You pursed your lip when the doors closed. You didn’t mind the insults, you knew it wasn’t really clear that you knew what you were doing (and you did) but it was more the why that was bothering
you. Kaiba had a large amount of suitors to select from, people would come scrambling if he so much as offered. Through a tweet.

This bothered you throughout the way up, because you really couldn’t figure it out. Of all the people Kaiba would be able to…well, date. Why you? You had threatened him, blackmailed him, and was certainly not the most law-abiding person. Half the time you tended to toe the line for fun.

There was also that little matter of being involved of the death and injury of more people than anyone should ever allow. You kept trying to run every instance you had with him-there was really no viable reason you could come up with to figure out why Kaiba decided on…well, you.

Upon reaching the top floor and striding across a few feet, you knocked on the door to Kaiba’s office automatically before walking in.

“What is it?” Kaiba briefly looked up from his computer.

“Kaede left to see to her newborn in the hospital, I’ve been on her office doing some of the work.”

Kaiba narrowed his eyes at you before sighing, “And I take it you were the one who offered.”

“Correct,” You said with a grin. Which at this point seemed almost fake. “There’s a woman downstairs looking for you. Apparently the front desk says she’s been coming around every few weeks.”

“Beatrice,” Kaiba, you think, hissed. “I told her never to come here again.”

You rose an eyebrow at that, a little confused, “You want me to scare her off?”

“Tch, if I wanted a press frenzy I’ll let you know. I’ve got too much on my plate to deal with another marriage incident, and,” Kaiba narrowed his eyes at you when you winced at the mention. “you built an EMP pulse generator last week because one of the reporters got too close.”

“That fucker was close enough that I could see the whites of the eyes,” You defended, rather weakly Kaiba noticed, before crossing your arms. “though to be fair, that had just been after Carter told me I still couldn’t get back to work in the café, so I was pissed.”

“You’re the sole owner of the café, I don’t understand how you couldn’t just overrule her.”

“I run a democracy,” You said, your lip protruding upward in a bit of a pout. Even if you were also smiling a little bit at the corner of your mouth. “Anything I say can be overruled if every single one of my employees agree to it in signing. Fuckers got Raleigh and Mako to sign too. So I can’t do much since they asked Marcus to weed out the loopholes.”

You shook your head, “He got a better grade than I did in English and philosophy. I told him he could have ruled the world if he decided to become a politician.”

“Didn’t answer my question though,” You said absentmindedly, tilting your head at him. “Do you want rid of the pest?”

Kaiba sighed, leaning back on his office chair and pinching the bridge of his nose. “It’s a complicated situation. Beatrice is the daughter of one of the Mazaki Corporation here in Japan, who Kaiba Corp needs in order to mass produce the products. She’s been using her relationship with her father to attempt to gain a relationship with me for the past few months.”

“Can’t deal with her, can’t get rid of her?” It wasn’t much of an insult towards the woman in
particular, but Kaiba had noticed that you had made it more like a statement than anything. Which raised some alarms.

“Exactly.” He eyed you with an unreadable expression. “As much as I’d like you to inflict your wrath, I can’t risk losing the contract to Mazaki because of an incident. As his only child, he’s overly protective of her.”

“So what is your usual way to deal with this?”

“I usually take up on her offer for dinner,” He again gave you a look before continuing. “However, given the news the press believes…”

“Bigger and worse, because someone might take pictures and claim that your committing infidelity on the tabloids,” You stated with a nod of understanding. “Then you’re definitely losing that contract with Mazaki.”

Kaiba nodded.

You frowned in thought, “Mazaki. The name sounds familiar- what’s the CEO’s full name?”

“Mazaki Takeshi.”

You snapped your fingers, an ‘oh’ forming on your lips “Give me a second.”

Kaiba looked mildly irritated at you as he watched you take out a phone and dial a number.

“Blair? Hi. How are you after all these years?” You said merrily in Korean, though he recognized the name of Mazaki Takeshi’s wife. You had a pained smile on your face as you talked into the phone. Kaiba watched you with interest as you sank into the chair in front of his desk. Something was up, and he was sure he would figure it out soon enough.

You nodded at what you were listening to, “I know- It’s been a really long time, quick question though, your daughter’s here in Kaiba Corp, did you know?”

There was another bout of chatter.

“I know I know- I understand that your hands are tied but you think you can tell your husband to ask her to move on? I mean, you saw the news and well,” Your expression grew sad for a second before lighting up again. “I’m not quite sure what to do really. She’s your daughter, I don’t really know how to approach the situation.”

You appeared to nod in understanding, “Perfectly understandable- I mean. Well Seto- he’s-“

You met eyes with him for a brief moment, “One of the most brilliant and interesting individuals I’ve ever had the pleasure of knowing- I don’t really understand how I managed to get lucky. I’m honestly kind of waiting for the other foot to drop.”

You moved your gaze away and laughed a little bit, though it easily seemed self-depreciating, “Yeah, guess you’re right about that. Mhm. Okay. I understand. Thank you.”

You closed the call and smiled weakly at him, “She said she’ll try to get Beatrice to leave you alone.”

He sighed; your expression changed.

“Something wrong?”
“You do realize I’m not going anywhere, despite Beatrice’s attempts.”

Your expression tightened and you shrugged, “…I wouldn’t…blame you if you know- you lost interest. I’m not that interesting.”

“Come here.”

Confused, you got up and made your way around the desk, awkwardly standing as Kaiba moved his chair back and gently grabbed your arm. Pulling you toward him and circling his hands around your stomach and locking together behind your back in a half hug. Trapping you temporarily between his long legs.

“You’ve threatened, black-mailed, and manipulated,” Kaiba muttered. Looking you in the eye. He wasn’t one to show physical affection, at least not like this, but he could tell that you needed physical evidence. Which slightly unnerved you because when the fuck was Kaiba suddenly an expert in interpreting your thoughts? “As much as you think I resent you for it, I’m not going anywhere.”

“Don’t forget that I put out a hit list on anyone who would take the job of kidnapping Mokuba,” You snorted sarcastically. “Or that I had caused the death and injury of twenty-three employees in my previous job as a lead. Or that-“

“You managed to throw yourself into making sure those injured and dead had adequate funding and full compensation for their recovery? Or that the children of the deceased or injured had all been selected for a scholarship that would fully fund their tuition for their school of choice, regardless of price range? Or how you threw yourself into healthy habits as soon as you recognized the fact that what happened wasn’t your fault, and that you were being self-destructive?” Kaiba gave you a look that you had mentally translated into, “You are an idiot.” Which you couldn’t help but smile sheepishly at while shrugging, the knowledge that Kaiba knew what you did didn’t bother you that much, it did make you laugh at the fact that you were totally right. He definitely wouldn’t hesitate to use blackmail against you.

“While I’m a little bit curious as to how you came across that information, I’m sure you aren’t wasting your breath for no reason.” You said, your cheeks lifting subtly.

“Didn’t I say it last week? You’re mine. You aren’t going to be able to do anything to change that fact.”

You rolled that thought in your head for a little bit, leaning back a bit against his hold, “You remember the night we first met?”

He raised an eyebrow which gave you the permission to continue.

“The day after I yelled at you for waking me up in the afternoon, Katsu asked me if I had a crush on you,” Your face scrunched up a bit. “I told him that I could admit you’re your physical aesthetics are indeed pleasing, however the chances that I will actually find my brain producing chemical reactions at the instant of my brain processing the image of you are less than .34%”

“It’s funny now that I think about it,” You said wistfully, looking a little off to the side into the windows of Kaiba’s office. Watching the sun slowly moving down, the sky tinting in all manners of beautiful color. “Managed to land that .34% Despite all logic and odds. I just hope you aren’t screwing the laws of common sense with your money.”

He scoffed at the thought before humming, the phone rang.

You slipped away and settled into a chair, Kaiba answering the phone.
“Kaiba.”

“Mr. Kaiba, Ms. Beatrice is demanding you sir.”

“Tell her that I’m speaking with my fiancé.”

You damn near choked on your own spit at that, because while sure- with the rings and everything it was strongly implied. You just- well you didn’t think that it was serious.

“Yessir,” The secretary up front said, slightly miffed.

“I- uh- um,” You said, blinking.

He smirked at you, “If I had known that that was all it took to get you to stumble over your words I would have done it a long time ago.”

“But I- uhh,” You resorted to just shutting your mouth closed. Your nose scrunching up slightly.

“You are aware that engagements don’t have an allotted time,” Kaiba added, raising an eyebrow.

“Well yeah,” You coughed, “I know that- just, well um. I didn’t expect you to say it like that.”

He gave you another look that you were reading as, for fuck’s sake, through your mental Kaiba behavior translator “Shut up.”

“Okay.”

You briefly considered writing a book, how to translate the Kaiba mood and behaviors. A study of the Seto Kaiba in his natural habitat. Kaiba for dummies, except worded in a way that makes it clear that the paper probably wasn’t for anyone who considers science papers boring. It would make for an interesting paper, and you would probably get a lot of interest from both the younger generation and some decorated business people. Star Trek has scientific papers on it’s characters, you were pretty sure Kaiba could probably get one too.

“I also received an interesting email.”

Oh shit, “Oh shit.”

“I found it rather interesting that you keep a binder full of news clippings and magazines,” Kaiba added, as nonchalantly as Kaiba would, but you could still see the smug grin on his face. “of my exploits in my younger years.”

“Uh, I can explain?” You tried, smiling sheepishly (while mentally groaning, someone ratted you out- you knew it) “it’s just- well, you were impressive and I had a business class and had to do a paper on successful business entrepreneurs and well um.”

The cheesy fucker was feeding off your uncomfortable mood, you could damn well read it like words on a paper.

“Hey- hey, at least I didn’t write out your name in hearts over a notebook,” You said, crossing your arms and sinking into the chair. Trying to ignore the heat rising to your cheeks. (You really didn’t, at most you repeatedly had to type out his name.)

He raised an eyebrow, “I didn’t imply it, but it only gives the impression that you did something along those lines.”
“Fuck, mistakes were made,” You muttered, mostly to yourself, but Kaiba heard it anyway. You did, in fact do something worse than that (in your consideration, you were sure someone might say something). You made fan art. Covering your face with a hand, “uh- I may have had to drawn a popular person in art class? Marcus helped me with the composition- but I still had to choose and I just finished that paper so your name was the first thing that came to mind-“

You through the cracks between your fingers to see Kaiba smirking, “I’m digging my own grave aren’t I?”

“That’s impossible, don’t be an idiot,” Kaiba said dropping his smirk and raising an eyebrow, doing a very good job at looking professional.

You groaned, “Bullshit, you know exactly what I’m talking about- Marcus sent you a picture didn’t he?”

“Your shading technique was amateur at best.”

You groaned louder, “I was young- and still going to college might I add. Not like you can do any better in shading. No one told me that I was using the hard pencils-“

“And your friend just happened to not let you know about the softer grades? Even I know about the H to B grades in pencils.”

“You know about that because you have to sign off the supply requests so fuck you.”

“Considering we’ve only known each other for so long, I don’t think that’s the best idea,” Kaiba said dryly, an amused look in his eyes. “And you wouldn’t be able to walk.”

You slumped forward, your head banging loudly on the table in front of you repeatedly while groaning, “Ffffuck.”

Outside, Kaede was huffing as she slumped in her office chair. After making sure her child was okay and her husband was good in taking care of everything- she came immediately back. Took care of the annoyance named Beatrice with some surprising help from the woman’s mother (whom she was surprised to see) and then dealt with surprisingly little calls.

She was silently glad for mercies like you, Kaiba had been in a considerably better mood since you had come like a blessing. Had you not been here to smooth things over with Kaiba, she would find herself without a job. She vaguely wondered how you did it though, the two of you didn’t seem all that close, but she had seen how you mirrored affection in each other. Kaiba tended to lean over in your direction slightly when you were around, and she had seen how occasionally you would cast him worried glances when Kaiba had been working in his office for a long time. He terrorized departments less, and she found herself relying on you in settling his mood.

She also found that the two of you were scarily similar, except you held your anger in a more subtle faction. Kaiba berated and yelled to get his point across and get things done when things weren’t going the right way. You however, took to different types of encouragement to get people to get things done. You encouraged but also intimidated. She heard that programming almost gone in a frenzy when someone accidentally deleted a file that was important. Not only that- but Kaiba was on his way to visiting the floor at the time.

You had managed to work magic and bring the file back, and Kaiba was none the wiser. You had given the guy who deleted the file a warning and personally sought to some other loose ends before
leaving with Kaiba. You sorted out some math problems in sales- to whom you practically lectured on more efficient ways of managing the sales, (according to Mikaido- the head of sales, a lot of people cried. You had given them a shortcut and some compliments in the way they run things. Making it easier for them to do their jobs) which nearly tripled their already proficient work. The Kaiba Corporation was already a good company and their statistics were high, but with your presence, things stepped up.

A small number of employees also recognized you as the owner of the coffee shop across from the Kaiba Corporation, and everyone agreed that you had done something hanky because that coffee was both state of the art and tasteful in the weirdest way. (She visited that shop after that, she was so ruined for a cappuccino now.)

“hard…”

She turned toward the door at that, raising an eyebrow from her desk.

“…fuck you.”

Her eyebrow grew higher.

“You wouldn’t be able to walk.”

“What the,” She said, because that was definitely her boss. The man infamous for having a stick up his ass. Even she had to admit that she believed it for the first few months of her job.

There was a thump, a groan, and she just resolutely turned to her desk and continued working on what she had left behind. Trying to ignore the fact that something was going on behind those office doors. Hopefully she was wrong, so wrong.

“Seto.”

“Hn.”

“You’re too damn handsome,” You said, your chin resting on your arms in front of his desk. “Like- if we were in high school? You’d be the guy everyone fawns over and I’m that one kid who thinks your attractive but refuses to do anything about it while being in denial probably until senior year.”

He paused briefly in his work to look at you, “That’s idiotic.”

“But it’s true,” You responded with a small grin.

He very nearly rolled his eyes at you, looking back at the screen to continue working.

You turned to look out the window, watching the lights come alive in the approaching evening.

“You would have been the only one I considered worth a conversation.”

You felt your face warming as you continued looking out, “Your turn to pick, where are we heading for dinner?”

A/n: HAH! I got it done (technically in time? It's only twelve-) I don't really have much to say on this part. Just that it's been a pretty exhausting week at school, but it's Farraiday. So yay.
But for your consideration in the previous chapter, I mention that Kaiba has a statue of himself in Kaiba Land. I found this fact out when I googled Kaiba Land on a whim- I found the map.

DEDICATIONS TO:

Stellalana: HAPPY BELATED BIRTHDAYYYYYYYYYY, I hope you enjoyed this chapter and thank you for all the kind comments and replies. It always manages to give me inspiration for the next step, and thank you for existing!

JaxFrost: You get the virtual cookie! That was most definitely Pacific Rim reference, thank you for commenting!

EnviousJoestar: Thank you for that! I don't usually consider my type of humor funny (cause well- I'm not that funny in real life. I make jokes through obscure references) but I'm glad that you found it funny when I intended it to! Thank you for commenting!

Leaf-Ripper: //chuckles// well, in the end, it's not the gift but the thought that counts! I'm a horrible gift giver too, but I try to give people things I would like. And I sort of have an obsession with stationary supplies- so there. Thank you for commenting!

6f0909: I has continued to be updating on semi-schedule! I hope you enjoy the interactions here too and I was smiling pretty hard when I read your comment. I've never been a relationship myself so I felt worried that my portrayal of a relationship would be weird or inaccurate, so I'm glad you like it! I tried to think, huh, what if I was in a relationship- what would it most likely be like? And I wrote that. I also like a healthy amount of playful banter, but I feel this is more on Kaiba's' side with the teasing so I hope you enjoyed it! (Don't worry, the reader will have their turn on the teasing- we will see a rare blue eyes red Kaiba soon enough)

TO ALL: THANK YOU FOR READING, HAVE A GOOD MORNING/DAY/AFTERNOON/EVENING/NIGHT!!!
Chapter 21, That Other Shoe

Chapter Summary

And so, the other shoe decides to follow the laws of gravity.

Chapter 21, That Other Shoe

After eating dinner for the third week since Ms. Beatrice, you found yourself up in the nook of the book section of the café. It was early in the morning, so the café was relatively empty. You however, were in a rather…miserable mood, to say the least.

Since you were still on probation, you toed the line by going through the backdoor, and not working. You just needed a place to read and be alone for a while, you could have just taken a book and brought it back to Kaiba’s castle (manor, home, whatever, it was too big to be called a house) but A) you missed this place and B) you were feeling rather disagreeable with said blue eyed CEO. And C) You missed the quiet sound of the library/book store with the slight smell of coffee and some hints of vanilla and chocolate blending into the air. It was soothing. Which was exactly what you needed to clear your head and try to think the problem through.

You actually hadn’t expected anyone to follow you this late in the night.

“Toeing the line again I see,” You heard a voice say rather drily.

You looked up from your rather old, special edition, three in one book of the Lord of the Rings into brown eyes who looked equal parts exasperated and slightly filled with understanding.

“You okay Wayne?” Marcus said, putting a hand down to crouch next to you. “You only re-read Lord of the Rings when you’re really upset.”

You sighed, shutting the book closed with a bookmark in place while staring holes into the shelf in front of you.

“Seto and I had a…disagreement.” You inwardly snorted at that, understatement of the gosh darn fucking century. It wasn’t much of a disagreement so much as it was you running out the door in the speed of light.

Marcus raised a skeptical eyebrow, crossing his arms. The red flannel he was wearing accented his arms well, you mentally noted, which lead you to the conclusion that Jousei was dragging him out to the gym more often. Marcus would drop dead and pretend to have asthma before he would do any running.

“No offence kiddo, but when you have disagreements, it usually involves scathing arguments and bitter talking,” Marcus said. Slumping against the shelves, “banter is the normal in debate for you. Disagreements are equivalent to someone insulting your employees in severity.”

You rolled your eyes, “Glad to see you’ve been keeping note on the difference between the two.”
“So,” Marcus said, moving an arm to absentmindedly push up his glasses. “What did you two ‘argue’ about?”

You sighed, leaving the book to your lap, thinking back to the…incident. For a better part of a word.

You were in the middle of working with Kaede, as you usually found you were doing. You were helping her get through the piles of proposals that often came to Kaiba’s office. She had stepped out for a minute to grab you a drink, Kaiba and herself some coffee to keep her spirits high from your café across from the street, and to make sure Kaiba got his fix for the day. Whatever the case, you told her to tell Aaran that she would be getting Kaiba’s order instead. She would know.

She had came back, setting down your own drink (none caffeinated), and heading into Kaiba’s office.

There was some yelling, mostly from Kaiba, and your head raised in interest as Kaede went out still holding her cup of coffee.

You mentally noted the fact that she was a little white faced, “Mr. Kaiba wishes to speak with you.”

You held a breath and nodded, getting up and arranging the piles neatly and quickly before walking into the proverbial lion’s den.

Kaiba glared at you, clearly irritated in a way you had yet to see, “What is this?”

He was holding the cup that was probably meant for him.

“You said, Devoid of any emotion and cautious.

Kaiba growled and chucked the cup into the trash, “I need coffee. Not this none sense. Stay out of my secretary’s job.”

You could feel the tightening in your throat as you unconsciously stood straighter, blanked your face.

“The amount of caffeine you consume on a daily basis is not good for your health,” You said, matter-of-factly. Looking him dead in the eye, “I understand you feel you cannot function without it—”

“I need the coffee, I’ve been going by what you say for damn near two months now,” Kaiba said sternly. “Either get me a decent cup of coffee or get out.”

You felt your eye twitch as you concealed the annoyance and sadness swirling around in your head. You told yourself that this was normal, Marcus had been in charge of keeping you away from the coffee back then and you said some unfavorable words to him too. It was the fact that caffeine kept people going, with Kaiba’s job, it was needed more than average. Which meant that he was mad at the fact that he couldn’t get the amount of work done than he needed. Which also meant that it wasn’t actually the coffee he was angry at you at. He wasn’t even mad at you. Or at least... you didn’t think it was.

“I stand by my previous statement Seto,” You said, as plainly as you can manage.

Kaiba tch-ed and rubbed at his eyes in a deep scowl. You restrained yourself from telling him to stop.
“Well clearly you’re one to speak, if you had enough coffee you would have done your job correctly.” He stopped, eyes suddenly widening, but the job was done. His words sounded extremely familiar. Enough, that it triggered a memory you thought you locked away a long time ago.

Your head had snapped up to meet his eyes, your own widening as you felt it tear up slightly. Your body suddenly felt too heavy, and you were thrown back into a time you had sought to move on from.

*People were screaming, there was a smell of burning in your lungs as you yelled at people to get out.*

*The servers were overloading- you were putting it through too much, the cooling system won’t keep up. You needed to get everyone out-*

*The bastard was yelling, telling you that you just wasted billions of dollars- it wasn’t your fault- you told him that the deadline was too unreasonable. It wouldn’t keep-*

*Some parts of your body were still wrapped in bandages.*

*People were dead.*

*Dead.*

*Dead.*

*Dead.*

*Dead.*

*Dead.*

*Dead.*

*DYING.*

*Catherine- Catherine stop-*

You snapped out of it, sucking in a breath as you shoved yourself away from whoever was holding you- you needed to get to her. Catherine was being stupid- she wouldn’t be able to get out of the room in time- she would *die*. The statistics said so- and numbers hardly ever lied when done right.

You turned your body wildly, calculations already in your head, you needed to get *in*. You *knew* a way to get in- you just need to get find it. Somehow, someway, there was always a way. You had to find it, you *needed* to find it. Find it. Find it. Find it- You felt torn, you needed to find Catherine- needed to get her out. Catherine needed to live, Catherine was your responsibility, your CO, you *promised*. Another part of you knew she was already gone, overheat. Over exhaustion. Stoke. Died on the hospital bed.


You felt arms again, you scrambled. Hit wherever you could reach.
“Need. To. Get. Her. Out!” You gritted, “She’s going to die! Let me go! I promised! I PROMISED!”

“You’ll die!” The fireman says, keeping you locked on the outside of the building.

“I. Don’t. Care.” You growled lowly, enough that your throat hurt from the effort, you shot forward, your gut hit something- why did it hit something? You questioned. There wasn’t a table between the door and where you stood- it shouldn’t-

“It’s your fucking fault,” The man gritted. “if you had done your damn job none of this wouldn’t happen. You just had to take a little nap before it was done now didn’t you? You couldn’t just do what I asked you to instead of skipping the fucking coffee.”

You told him it wouldn’t work- you’ve told him so many times-

Oh.

Oh.

She’s dead. She has been for a while.

You felt your body shaking, you knees felt week.

There was a careful touch on your shoulder, you slapped it away. You grappled for something familiar, anything- coffee.

He wanted some coffee right?

You could do coffee- you’ve been doing coffee for decades.

You shot out, grabbing the mug from the table and left without a word.

You returned, mug full of coffee from the rest area downstairs with the room from the brewer. You put his mug on the table and left. Ignoring his calls for you. He didn’t touch you again, his hands hovering just above.

You went down.

You left the building.

Familiar- you needed something familiar. Present. Like the old turtle said- today was a present. You needed ground- something to shove you back to that present and not that bullshit of a past.

You walked around the streets of Domino City. A destination already in time. The only thing that stayed with you older than the smell and actions of making coffee.

Books.

Had you not been so disturbed, you would have laughed hysterically. Statistics statistics, as always, the old girl never fails to meet expectations.

The other shoe just dropped.

- 

“That’s…” Marcus pursed his lips. “That’s fucked up. He managed to say those exact words?”
“No,” You said weakly. “But my brain recognized the meaning and just- threw me down the rabbit hole.”

“You do realize that if the others find out…”

“Hell on the mortal plane, yeah. I know,” You said sighing. Bringing your hands up to shove your face into them.

“You’re not even mad at him,” Marcus said, voice devoid of motion. It was a fact.

“Worse,” You muttered into your hand. “I’m afraid of him, or at least- afraid of how he’ll react.”

“Fuck, that is worse,” Marcus muttered.

You pulled your hand away, “This is so fucked up dude. When you and Lucius had arguments… were they like this?”

“Not to the experience you’ve had,” Marcus said calmly. “I don’t have anything close to your PTSD. But it was…similar- I guess. He had gotten frustrated with me I’m pretty sure. I don’t really remember what we were arguing about actually. I just know things got heated and things that should have stayed wrapped ended up getting out.”

“Neither Lucius or I,” Marcus pursed his lips in thought. “Are particularly nice. I try to be- but Lucius- he’s not- he was a bit of a womanizer before. I let it out the fact that I was considering breaking things up.”

You snorted, “I take it he didn’t take it well.”

“Course’ not. Guy’s used to getting what he wants- and he didn’t take the fact that I was going to drop him too well,” Marcus shrugged. “I hadn’t really meant it- I was considering. It’s hard you know? Dating a person who’s so much better than you- you just kind of feel…”

“Unworthy?”

Marcus nodded before continuing, “I think that’s the biggest argument we’ve ever had to date. He made a jab about getting another person and- well… I left.”

You rose an eyebrow, “You broke up with him? I hadn’t heard about this part.”

“I didn’t,” Marcus shook his head. “Not really. I just walked out of the room and stayed out of site. I roomed with a guy I met when I was studying abroad in London. His boyfriend wasn’t too happy about it at first but, I was in a rough place and they understood.”

You frowned at him, “Was that when Jousei panicked and called me- asking me to hack into all the cellphones within Japan?”

Marcus raised an eyebrow, “First time I’ve ever heard about it- but probably. Story lines up pretty well. Anyway, I just sort of hid out. I still got work done- the guy I stayed with- he’s an editor for the same manga company my editor works in. Different departments, but the same company.”

“So you played find Waldo for a while.”

“Er- I suppose ‘a while’ is an adequate measurement,” Marcus said, looking the tiniest bit sheepish.

Your face held the look of surprise, “You only use big words when your scrambling for your street ones.”
“….About six months- would be a more…accurate time frame,” Marcus mumbled.

You let out an air of disbelief that sort of went pfffffittt, before laughing.

“I’m glad you found my past ridiculous so amusing,” He said with a smile, sans the sarcasm.

“No- no, I don’t find it funny-“ You said, trying to stop yourself from snorting too much, though you stopped to consider what the two of you were discussing. “Okay- no. That’s a lie- I find it freaking ridiculous- but it’s because we’re so freaking alike.”

“There’s truth in that at least,” Marcus said before chuckling a little bit himself. “All is fair in love and war hm?”

You felt a tilt of lips, “On every other day- I would disagree, but on this instance. All is fair indeed.”

“Mh,” Marcus said with a tilt of his head in agreement. “So. Care for a session of reading the entirety of Lord of the Rings within a span of roughly forty-eight hours?”

“Oh, why Mr. Aratan,” You put a hand on your chest. “I humbly accept your invitation. You are so on.”

Marcus simply grinned a wicked grin.

-

_Forty-Two Hours Later:_

“Ugh,” You said blinking and shutting the book closed with a thud. “Gah.”

“Hn,” Marcus said grunting. Closing the book and shoving it somewhere- blinking away the rest of the tiredness. “’m beat you.”

“I finished first,” You grumbled back, your head hanging back blearily on the chair of your upstairs room. Having moved there to escape the potential confrontation with your employees.

“Sleep now.”

“Yeah.”

The two of you stretched out on the floor and started snoring.

-

Marcus was the first to wake with the ring of the watch you had made for him, “Get your foot out of my face.”


Marcus lifted his wrist to his face briefly before groaning and answering the call, “Hullo Vampire boy.”

“Mmm…..” The voice trailed off slightly.

“Marcus love,” You heard Marcus say patiently.

“It’s been two days Mark- are- are you okay?”
“Yep, just helping out a friend dear. No need to fret,” You heard- concern coloring his voice. “We still on for tonight Drac?”

“Of course- Sorry- you just kind of disappeared and I thought I fucked up again-“

You heard a noncommittal hum, “Don’t dwell on it too much, we’ve jumped that hurdle vampire king. If it comes up, we damn well will jump that too. Video game style.”

“Mm. See you soon, and don’t you dare think you’re going to be sitting fine after making you freak out like that,” The call abruptly ending.

“Uh…uhh…uhhh.”

“Wow,” You said, a mildly impressed look on your face.

“…yeah- I- I uh, I’m getting used to it.”

You looked up into the ceiling and made a decision. A decision that was admittedly, very very rash: “…I’m going to call him.”

“Sure” Marcus responded. Carefully and sans any sounds nor tone of negative hint expression, “I’ll snooze off a little more.”

You rolled over to grab at your phone blindly, clicking speed dial and waiting for the call to answer. The call picked up almost instantly, “Kaiba.”

You wet your lips before swallowing, “Hi.”

“…You called,” You heard, and you almost winced in the disbelief.

“Yeah, didn’t really think this through,” You said, shoulders drawing together in a sheepish manner.

You heard a light scoff, “I can tell.”

You tried for laughter, though it sounded strained even to your own ears, “Honestly I might have predicted the possibility that you wouldn’t pick up.”

“…I acted stupidly three days ago, the fault was mine. Not yours.”

“Seto- I- I’m not angry with you.”

“No, but you are frustrated,” You closed your mouth in response- there was no use in correcting what was the truth. “I knew what telling you…that might do to you and I acted without little thought of the consequences. And your frustrated by the mere fact that it did effect you.”

The line went quiet for a bit, “I’m surprised you called at all.”

You thought about what you were going to say before starting, “You arrogant son of a shit.”

“…Excuse me?”

“You heard me. Your punk ass went and pushed a button that I told you was going to blow up in your face,” You said, as blandly as you could. Channeling your built up frustration, aimed at yourself really, into your voice. “Tell me what I don’t know, I started the countdown damn near weeks ago. Hell- I started it when we both met.”
“…Explain.”

“The first day we met, I instead replaced the average coffee you are acquainted to with my own substitute. It’s meant to imitate the coffee I used to drink, which was stronger in nature, but it hadn’t actually contained caffeine. I knew you needed the same or similar effects, but accounting for your appearance and state of being at the time, the coffee would sooner give you a heart attack rather than a way to stay awake. As such, I opted for the similar rather than the actual,” You said evenly. “The result of my plan being that I replaced it, and have been substituting it until approximately three weeks ago at the nineteenth hour of post meridiem time.”

“Though I did not account for it before, subjects on caffeine withdrawal have similar symptoms to those of drug addicts on withdrawal,” You admitted, voice still as plain as possible. “it was only a matter of time when your body recognized the fact that it wasn’t receiving the chemical signals within caffeine. Lashing out angrily as a result to obtain the substance and continue usual function.”

“I know because I did it before,” You then murmured into the speaker of your cellphone. “And believe me when I say that I don’t want to do it again, and you don’t the absolute worst reaction to the withdrawal.”

“So as much as you believe the fault lies with you,” You continued, voice not quite the blank as it was before. “I’m afraid it is- in fact- with me. For my negligence- and my lack of communication.”

“…As much as I’m loathe to admit, your logic is not entirely skewed.”

You frowned, going over mentally what you had stated, “It’s not? Where is it skewed?”

“You forget the fact that I am very much aware that you have been substituting my coffee with that strange concoction of yours. I understand that your…reaction, is due to the incompetence mess of a former- poor excuse of a manager, however,” There was a sound of glass clinking on a table. “You are at fault for one thing.”

“Might I inquire to what?”

“I have now confirmed that I am ruined for actual coffee, and I’m not sure how but I’m blaming you.”

You snorted, relief creeping into your tone, “Yeah yeah yeah, as long as you don’t blame yourself I’m fine with being the scape goat.”

A brief silence before, “You owe me then.”

“Sure, what do you want?” You said easily enough, you were half itching to reach for a blueprint paper anyway.

“Dress appropriately, and pack some luggage.”

You paused, looking at the watch in your room, “How appropriate is appropriate?”

“Don’t come nude.”

“Oh curses,” You said sarcastically. “My dastardly plans are ruined.”

There was a soft snort before you could practically see the hesitation in the other line.

“I’ll see you soon?” You offered.
“…I’ll see you soon.”

You clicked the phone off before finding yourself being stared at by a curious Marcus, who had apparently heaved himself on top of a chair.

“The fuck were you two going on about ‘don’t come nude’? You guys gonna do some kinky fucking or something?”

You reached for the nearest blunt object and threw it.

_Damn Marcus and his fast reflexes_, you had thought scowling as the man simply dodged and laughed with glee. Honestly, how did the dude have time to play video games in between all those forsaken due dates you would never figure out. Well, you _could_, technically. However, it would take about a week with many white boards and most likely calculators.

- 

In his office, Kaiba leaned back against his chair with a sigh. Putting the wireless phone back on its charger- which frankly, he didn’t recall giving you the number to.

The thought almost put a smile on his face, but from the small grin Mokuba was giving him- he wasn’t hiding it successfully.

No matter, he had a jet to get started and reservations to make.

- 

A/n: DONE AND EARLY FOR ONCE- HUZZAHHHHHH

_Stellalana:_ I’ve got no argument with you on the sunsets- but I do have…other plans in mind for the next chapter //le chuckle// THANKS FOR READING AND COMMENTING ON THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER; Hope you enjoyed this chapter too!

_EnviousJoestar:_ I’m glad you found the last chapter hilarious! I thought my joke was a little too weird to understand honestly Thank you for commenting on the last one and I hoped you enjoyed this chapter too! //hue hue hue//

_Leaf-Ripper:_ Saaaame bruh- I’m always a little hesitant on gifts but really giddy (like, sugar high giddy) when they show that they like it. Thanks for commenting on the last chapter and I hope you enjoy this one!

_Jiminie:_ Thank you for the comment and I certainly hope you like this one too!
THANK YOU, I hope this chapter also their interactions- though it wasn’t many (and a little messed up to be honest- but I felt like their lives need a little more up and down on a personal level- since they probably will have no shits taken with the outside world when it comes down to it) Like- the issue of the paparazzi is probably not much of an issue (example: reader builds EMP cannon because they get pissed off at one paparazzi + over protective friend; Kaiba just threatens lawsuits on the people) and in terms of others- well, Kaiba will be there to verbally smack the reader into belief when it comes down to it ((or you know, the reader will do- something- huh. You know what? That gives me an idea…..//slow grin// Thanks for that! I’ve got another chapter idea in the works!

In case you’re curious…these chapters come fresh out my head with some reads and repeat reads for continuity, relatively nice flow, and spelling/grammar- so I’m as surprised as you guys are. (Occasionally I re-read from the beginning just to get a better grip on things)) With school work and stuff- I only really get to plan out chapters ahead of time very rarely. With this chapter being a bit in the works (I’ve had this scene planned for a looong time) it came out easier. And thus //flourish// it is way earlier than other ones. So yeah- all things are good.

To All: Thank you all for reading! Over 1,000 hits! //whistles// THANK YOU ALL AND I HOPE YOU PEOPLES ENJOYED READING, HAVE A GOOD MORNING/DAY/AFTERNOON/EVENING/NIGHT
Chapter 22, Playing Games

Chapter Summary

In which Kaiba takes you some place nice for a bit.

Chapter 22, Playing Games

You stood in front of the, admittedly rather terrifying, blue eyes white dragon jet in front of you. Standing, poise ready in flight. Despite the fact that you knew very well Kaiba was most likely going to take his private plane, as he did before, you couldn’t help but admire the structure of it.

He had certainly gone about building a real-life version of his favorite playing card differently than what you would have done. He had gone for function, you probably would have turned it into something that looked more like a dragon. Then again, he was working with the technology from before. Though you did have to wonder how it was fabricated. You had to pound the metal sheets yourself when you made the three other dragons (which were staying with Mokuba for the trip).

You quietly moved on.

A Few Minutes Later:

You stared intently into the screen of your laptop, screen dark grey with lines of various codes written in green across it. Were you technically supposed to be working? Well no, but technically you weren’t working. You were checking if the code was running on a satisfying level (yours, not Seto’s) before it was fully headed off into the fabrication department. After that, development would be fully dedicated in the new dueling programs that would come with the release of the duel gazers. Which was plenty of work considering that they would be working from scratch basing on how the Art department designed the duel monsters. You had simply gone off the codes of the old one to make sure it was running smoothly, though you had faith that Development would be able to handle themselves just fine.

You were propped up against the couch of one section of the private airplane, your “luggage” (a rather large backpack really, Seto had said that you would only stay for the week anyway, if you needed more clothes you would obtain them) was sitting next to the foot of the small couch as you “not worked”, not that Kaiba would say anything about it- he was doing the same thing you were, except it looked like he was dealing with an accounting branch situated in the United States rather than the main building of Kaiba corp in Domino City.

It was an awkward silence for the start of the ride, after picking you up at your café. Though you attempted to make the situation lighter by asking about the progress of the overall Duel Gazers project.

He told you to that it wasn’t your concern for the moment, though you got the strong implication that someone had said something about the fact that you were working when you were specifically told you weren’t allowed to. (You had a list of suspects, but you would address it when the two of you got back.) So for the most part, you were attempting to low-key check up on the code.
When they were satisfactory, you shut the laptop screen down with the sigh of breath. Rubbing at your eyes blearily as a reminder of your two days without sleep. Not that you hadn’t pulled it off before, but the goal in your mind was always singular whenever you did it. Slept very little for a week? You were building Christmas presents. Haven’t slept for two days? You were trying to forget the bad things that you refused to name for the sake of keeping it locked up in a neat little safe locked with chains and even more locks, locked in a chest, that was locked in a vault, locked in a room. Which was pad locked. Inside the deepest part of your mind palace.

You had a lot to think about after reading the trilogy of Lord of the Rings.

As much as you were a fan of facing and dealing with problems…you were planning to deal with it. Just not today.

Or tomorrow.

Or next week.

You’d deal with it when you felt like dealing with it. Which was not today.

You popped your neck and laid down on the couch where you were seated, your upper back resting against the nearby wall.

You could feel yourself slowly slumping further down the couch.

“What are you doing?”

You turned to Seto, who had been sitting near you and was currently typing on his own laptop.

“Nothing.” You mumbled turning back to stare into the other side of the plane. “I’m just bored.”

Seto sighed.

“I’ve re-read the entirety of The Lord of the Rings, and we’re about thirty thousand feet up in the air—sue me,” You paused as you finished. “Actually don’t. I don’t have the patience to sit through the process.”

Seto simply raised an eyebrow, and although you would deny it, you pouted.

“Well what do you think I should do?”

He wordlessly brought up a chessboard, stylized in duel monsters. You damn near snorted to yourself as you watched him set up two sides of the board. The black being mostly consisted of magicians, down to the king which looked like a Dark Magician of Chaos in miniature (you found that hilarious) and the other side consisting of the Blue Eyes (or otherwise known as Eyes of Blue) army.

You nearly lost it when the King upon closer inspection was a Kaibaman.

The queens reflected the dragons of two particular duelists, which made sense considering they usually were the signature characters of said duelists.

“Black or white?” You asked, trying to contain your snickers. Though you seated yourself in front of the black in anticipation. It was Kaiba, of course he would pick the Blue Eyes side.

Seto seemed to give you a look at that, “Why bother asking?”
You shrugged, “Your Seto Kaiba. If you didn’t have any relationships in the romantic sense- people would assume you had a thing for the Blue Eyes White Dragon. Not that it’s not true.”

“Just play.”

You shrugged and moved a pawn, folding your hands together and leaning into them as you watched the board carefully. In utter silence.

He moved- you moved.

He seemed to notice your concentration and decided to test the waters of how deep it was, “How are the codes for the Duel Gazers?”

Still in the “zone” you had mumbled out your response, but he was still able to tell, “Operational” and “on time” in your senseless mumbling as your hand quickly shot out to move a piece.

Then you proceeded to move the King.

He raised an eyebrow, but otherwise did not respond. Sending his pieces after it, so far he was winning. Which was when things started shifting into one side’s favor.

In your play, you had nearly gotten every other piece taken by one of his own. Yet he failed to notice you had been strategically keeping your pawns alive. Using your power pieces as bait for the pawns mercy. The King, as it turned out, had been a hidden ploy as well. On the surface, the king looked undefended. Yet you consistently kept a group of pawns at his side. When he took one pawn, it was taken by your king.

Then he was blind-sided by a pawn he hadn’t even known was there.

As per the rules of chess, when a pawn approached the home territory of the opposite team, that pawn was allowed to shift into any piece of the player’s choosing.

The Queen was back in play.

“Checkmate in five,” You mumbled, staring intently at the board. “Six- if you manage to kill off my new Queen.”

He observed the board, confirming that you were indeed right. “Interesting strategy.”

You shrugged, leaning back, appearing to finally have broken out of your intense concentration of the game as you rubbed at your eyes, “I call it the Lelouch-Hunger Games method. A concept where the King needs to be as playable as all the other pieces. Despite its strength.”

You held your King in between your fingers, “A useless King is a king who does not act.”

“And your pawns?”

“That’s the Hunger Games part,” You said, referring down to the board. Still frozen in place in the position of the previous game. “In the book the Hunger Games- all the participants selected are pawns. The higher ups manipulating the games they participate in are the higher pieces. Later in the book- those pawns, as the higher pieces die around them, realize that they are more powerful than people come to expect. A reflection of pawns in a chessboard, both mechanically and symbolically.”

You nodded your head towards the row of Kuribos that consisted of the pawns, “Take your choice of the pawn for instance. It’s a Kuriboh. Kuribos are admittedly pretty weak monsters and often used
for sacrifice, same as pawns. Unless you play them the right way.”

“In duel monsters- there are various ways to up the anty for a Kuriboh. The famous multiply and self-destruct- for example. There are several other ways- but that would take some time and research to compile them all,” You continued. “Now- a pawn. If you keep a pawn long enough- and manage to sneak that pawn through enemy defenses- you get a whole new piece. A piece more powerful than it was before- and more powerful than the piece you had in the beginning of the game.”

At Set’s questioning look, you shrugged again, “They’re all already in enemy territory- and relatively close to the enemy King.”

“The best part is- no one really suspects pawns- unless they make themselves a threat. Pretty deep stuff huh?” You mused. “You have to wonder if the creator of this game was thinking about it when he made it.”

“…Did you just change a game of chess into a philosophy lesson?” He said, frowning and raising his eyebrows.

You stared at him in surprise before bursting with laughter, snorting loudly as you guffawed yourself to the floor.

You only laughed harder when you saw the look of surprise on his face.

“Oh shit,” You snorted- “Son of a gun dude. What the actual fuck?”

“It’s a valid question,” Kaiba only huffed- though his lip twitching to a small smirk.

“Valid question my Glutinous Maximus that was bullshit, absolute bullshit.” You proceeded to gasp for breath. “Mother of mayhem- that was so fucking hilarious.”

“Are you quite done?” Kaiba sighed dryly, giving you a very much dead look.

Your gasping evened out to a nearly quiet chuckle, waving your hand around to indicate that yes, you were done.

“Sorry, its just- it so you,” You admitted, sniffing back another snort.

“Impulsive, I mean,” You said at his look. “You do what you want without thinking about it too much, at least when you’re in a private setting. It’s probably from all the business proposals, meetings and parties you need to attend. That sort of self-control isn’t usually your style, so it goes on to other things.”

You leaned back against the seat you were in to shoot him a lop-sided smirk, “You are the guy who shut down the whole of Domino City to have his own tournament after all.”

Kaiba huffed, but otherwise didn’t rebuke your statement.

“Where are we going anyway?” You said, turning to him with a tilt of your head. “From what I can tell, we’re not heading far west- so where not going to a place in Asia, Europe, or Africa. However we’re not heading far East to either North America or South America. I looked out and saw we were heading South for a bit- so,” You scrunched up your nose in thought. “Uh, Tokyo? But there’s not a lot of proposals going to take place there so it’s not for business- “

You caught him staring with a blank expression- well not really an expression, but his eyes were blank, “What?”
“You’re a nuisance.”

You let out a huff of air, looking up at the ceiling, “It’s not like I guess correctly- what, are we going to have some fancy ass dinner or something?”

When there was no response you sat up straighter to stare Kaiba.

“…I’m- I’m not actually right am I?”

Kaiba glared.

“Oh. Well then- I mean, okay then,” You leaned back down in surprise, reaching into your backpack for a tablet you had brought along, “Checkers?”

- 

As the plane finally landed, you yawned and stretched out your hands over your head. Tilting your head had sharply left to right and popping out some of the bubbles that built up. With a sigh of satisfaction, you slung the backpack over your shoulder.

“Allons-y?” You offered sheepishly as you saw him crossed armed and probably waiting for you.

He simply turned, giving you the signal to follow.

Still slightly bored, though relatively glad for something to do (Kaiba beat you at checkers in the overall game, it was four against three.) you began humming a mindless tune. Following him into an awaiting limo.

Out of habit, you snug yourself into a window seat and plopped the bag on your lap despite the spacious seats, your leg bouncing slightly.

Kaiba sat beside you as you starred into the dimming Tokyo lights, watching the people walk by. Tokyo was heading into the evening, the sky coloring into oranges and reds as the sun slowly set. You blinked as rain began tapping gently against the glass. A small smile coming onto your face as you watch the drops bead down the glass. Mentally rooting for a particular drop that appeared to go faster than the others.

Yours won of course.

- 

“Leave your bag behind.”

You blinked out of your trance and followed Kaiba out, leaving the bag behind in the limo as he had said.

Clad in dark colored trousers and a shirt you had grabbed with the sole purpose of simply being for comfort. You felt like an oddity among the people within the restaurant, whom were clad in suits, dresses, and all sorts of formal ware. Some people starred, some didn’t. The employees didn’t bat an eye, simply taking Kaiba, and in turn you, to a table. Well, you assumed. This was a restaurant.

“Is that Mr. Kaiba’s fiancé?”

“A bit formal for those clothes isn’t it?”

“Maybe it was a surprise?”
"Oh but those rings are so sophisticated! Mr. Kaiba has wonderful taste."

You unconsciously moved closer to Kaiba as you picked up bits of conversation from the other customers. Some good, some bad, some in between. None the less, it reminded you of your time in High School. As the youngest there, you were often the subject of the rumor mill. Your solution was to make friends and stick to the person with the most authority within the school. During that time, it happened to be the school ‘bad boy’.

It was actually pretty funny, he dressed like a punk, could fight like one too. However due to a common interest in microchip fabrication, you became good friends. You don’t necessarily know where he is now - but last you heard, Dragon Corp recruited him.

You only snapped out of yourself reflection when your arm brushed up against Kaiba’s, a hand wrapping around yours. Causing you to blink up at him.

“Yeah?”

“You’re blanking out,” Kaiba said simply. “Pay attention. There are stairs.”

“Oh, sure,” You said, following him up the stairs.

The two of you walked out to a balcony, Kaiba slowing down to move behind you until approaching the table. Taking out the chair for you before you sat down.

Unsure of how to react, you sat down without passing comment. Content to wait and see what would happen next.

Your knee bounced lightly in place as you looked around. The two of you looked like it was a balcony area of the restaurant. The entire side that was facing out to the building looked to be made of a type of clear acrylic. Allowing you to see the awakening night life of Tokyo both outward and slightly below.

You swore that you had only looked away for a few moments, but suddenly you found yourself lifting a spoon to your lips, humming in pleasantly in surprise at the soup. One of your favorites of the category.

If Kaiba saw anything, he chose not to comment, continuing to eat his own soup.

For a while, long after the soup had disappeared into your respective stomachs, the silence returned. The sound of driving vehicles and chatter from the bottom floor bellow filling in with white noise.

You hadn’t minded the silence, but you were curious about it. Kaiba never really did things without some sort of reason. Regardless whether that caused his decision to be a little on the impulsive side. Which was kind of necessary given the fact that the man was the CEO of a multi-million-billion? Dollar company. You could get something like that with extensive planning, but you would never be able to strike fast deals and establish your company firmly without some sort of impulsiveness.

As much as he would pretty much give you the signature Kaiba glare, you had to admit that out of all the people who would pull off the ‘Believe in the heart of the cards’ type of play that Yugi had going all those years ago - it would be Kaiba.

The ‘Believe’ part of his (the King of Games) aside, it did take a lot of skill in order to pull of the kind of things he did in the game. The man pulled Kuribos when he needed them like a torpedo counter measure (now that you thought about it, it was exactly what a Kuriboh was most of the time). That took impulsiveness in order to win the game. Most of the situations Yugi was in, he let things
go instead of waiting around. From what you’ve observed, Kaiba seemed to soak this in too. His strategies in Duel Monsters evolved to match Yugi’s in a rivalry-poetic sort of way.

If you compared it to Star Trek- it was like Kirk and Spock’s chess match sessions. Spock would lose to Kirk for the first few matches. Not because of being bad at it, because he Vulcan and logic happens to be the very core of the game, but because he never could match Kirk’s tendency to deal with the cards handed. He made reckless moves, but he never truly thought about their importance. He played to win the war, not win the battles.

In the first recorded battle between Yugi and Kaiba, Kaiba had been confident that he would win. With good reason, he had never lost a match. His entire deck was created and calculated with the intention that he would summon all three of his signature Blue Eyes White Dragons to win a duel. If it even got to that point. Yugi had indeed been losing, and Kaiba gloated on that fact. Expecting nothing less. His first mistake.

It caught your eye some time ago, but it occurred to you that Yugi never truly won a game with the same strategy twice. A pattern, if ever tangible, tended to be that he would lose for a few turns. Before winning by using the enemy’s power against themselves or otherwise bringing back something bigger without the enemy’s notice.

Yugi summoned an Exodia to win against Kaiba that first time. A moment that Kaiba was right to be shocked by.

The average deck was twenty cards, in order to successfully summon Exodia, Yugi would have had to draw five very specific cards. With the deck being as legal as it is, to be able to summon Exodia was a very rare chance.

His duel with Marik Ishtar, he used the card Ragnarok in order to defeat the Egyptian God. Arguably the strongest of the three that existed. Using all his monsters, he removed them from play. Leaving Marik vulnerable to his two dark magicians. Out of all the cards to draw, he managed to draw the one card he needed to win. He played like he lived. Relying on his friends to get past obstacles, never truly building up to one single goal.

From what you experienced dueling Kaiba, he learned from it. He learned a lot. Funny how a little thing like that could cause such impact in someone. You supposed why that was why he was so obsessed with beating Yugi. Yugi beat him as the guy who never did anything on impulse. Planned for one single goal instead of enjoying the smaller things, like his brother.

Because seriously, who freaking pays out and buys an entire city just to host a dueling tournament because you found the one card who could possibly help you beat your rival? If that wasn’t following example you would certainly take a two-year long vacation from work.

You caught his eye looking at you with a mixed hint of suspicious and offended- that was a strange power all on its own.

With a fond note, you also added to your little theory. Who drags someone on an airplane on short notice, takes them out to a fancy, expensive, and probably well known restaurant. Regardless if said someone is dressed in the filthiest of clothing (well no, your clothes were clean, but that wasn’t the point) and would not care a shit less about others who would comment on it. Just to apologize about something.

You smiled back at him, understanding and curled a hand around your glass. Raising it up in salute before taking a sip and putting it down.
“So,” You started. Preparing to dig into your next meal, the main dinner. The sunset casting a red shadow over the table. “How was work?”

You waited around for Kaiba in the bar area of the restaurant. People were filing outside the restaurant as it began to close for the night. Kaiba was in the lavatory, washing up you presumed. Which left you waiting outside, having the foresight to go earlier. You just wanted to lie down on something, due to the food- you just wanted to sleep. As such, your mind was a little loopy, a little more lose than if you were awake. Akin to being drunk, without the alchohol.

“So, hey,” A young man said walking up to you with a smile.

You raised an eyebrow and noded your head once in greeting, “Hey yourself.”

“Busy tonight?”

You mentally rolled your eyes, because- well. That really couldn’t have been the best pick up ine the boy could come up with was it? He looked barely in University age. Which- well, you weren’t that old, but you certainly felt like it.

‘Fraid so, hotel to relax in. All that jazz,” You said in English, testing the waters a bit to see.

“English? Nice accent,” He responded, his own accent well formed, but not entirely none distinct. Sliding up to you a bit closer than you would normally like. Which yes, you did that intentionally.

“You speak Japanese well.”

“I’ve had practice,” You shrugged. “and I’m American.”

You pointed behind him, “And that. Happens to be my fiancé.”

The boy, and you inwardly pitied him just a tiny bit, froze and turned around. Breaking out in cold sweats and stutters as he came face to face with the signature cold glare of the one, and only, Seto Kaiba. You smiled at him, because your words had three functions.

One) You really needed that boy to due some major back-tracking if he planned on working here again.

Two) Kaiba needed to know that you really didn’t hold a grudge against him for the ‘incident’ as you called it. All was good, and it really wasn’t his fault. Just was at the wrong place in the wrong shitty time. A matter of coincidences, if the concept was even true. Nothing for him to feel guilty about.

Three) You needed a distraction. Why not go with the most dramatic?

“Scram,” Kaiba nearly growled.

As the boy scrambled to run out the door, you chuckled. Wrapping an arm to hook around Kaiba’s elbow with a slight tug. His arm loosening at your motions to respond in kind.

“Leave the poor, unsuspecting, youngling of a University student alone dear,” You said with a laugh in your voice. “This just isn’t his night.”

You pulled out a wallet with your other hand, the one you hadn’t pointed with.

“You think he’ll need his University Student I.D.?” You asked with a faux tone concern. Handing
the wallet to the valet with a mumble of who it might belong to and where you ‘found it’.

Kaiba responded with a bland tone as he led you outside and into the limo, “Undoubtedly.”

You lifted your eyebrows as you slid inside, your body moving to make a full shrug. Hands, shoulders, the works as you sat down, “Shame.”

As he entered, you toed off your shoes and moved to lean down on your backpack near the side, using it as a pillow for the rest of the trip. Your hand discreetly slipping into your bag.

As he entered and the door closed, he removed his jacket and folded it. Tugging you down before you could rest on the bag to use his lap instead. Cushioned by his folded jacket.

“Never said it before, to anyone I think,” You mumbled sleepily as the food did its job in making you tired. “But, you know. Before I crash till next morning-“

“Get to the point,” Kaiba said, its usual bite leaving as you felt slim fingers card through your hair. Combing it slightly.

“Rom mu-yor, T'hy'la,” You mumbled, pushing a box that you somehow managed to have on hand to him. “Happy Pie Day.”

Kaiba froze for a few seconds, about to respond.

You snored.

He sighed and continued carding his hand through your hair. His usual frown or neutral expression easing into a small lift of lip. His other hand lifting the box for him to see.

What was he to do with you. Kaiba frowned as you seem to smile knowingly in your sleep.

Glancing at the box, it seemed to be, strangely enough, thumb print protected. He pressed his thumb to the reflective surface. The box opening with a quiet hiss, the doors popping outward laterally.

What sat there, pillowed in a slightly subdued blue cloth. A Blue Eyes White Dragon themed duel gazer.

With what looked like hand written instructions shoved hastily down the side, in lined paper and blue ink. Including a small note.

“Already had this done, just needed to wait for Programming to finish coding! Na nan na nan nan naa! ;P“

How you seemed to spell out your teasing, Kaiba will never be able to figure out. None the less, he definitely needed to distract you for the month just to get back at you.

You may have one the battle, but Kaiba will win the war.

In your current floaty, black state. You felt that you were probably going to get uncomfortable within the next month.

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A/n: Aaand back to our regularly scheduled programming. With things on the horizon. Not gonna say what kind of things, but things.
Dedications To:

EnviousJoestar: I'm glad my humor is funny- hope you find this one amusing too! Thanks for commenting as always!

Stellalana: There- have your sunsets. //Throws suns// and don’t come yellin ’round when they burn ya! Jokes aside, thanks for taking the time to comment! Can't wait for the update on your fic!

Leaf-Ripper: //scrambles around with wires// eh- sorry? I don't know how to fix the button for ya. Also- not quite Hawaii- but I hope thi satisfies~ Thank you for commenting!

6fo909: While I don't have a one-on-one expierence with having a PTSD flashback, I had observed enough to hopefully convey something close to it- ((AlsoTonyismyfavoriteAvengerandIwassopissedatRogersforsolongmyword) so it's nice to know that it conveyed as such. And thank you for commenting! I hope that my updates continue to satisfy!

Cheyenne: Thanks for commenting and thank you for finding it interesting! I hope this update satisfies you for the moment!

To All: Thank you all for reading! I hope you all have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Money is important. Unless you have a lot of it. Then money is just a way to get you or people some nice things.

You were so, so, so right.

You sat in the grass, looking out to the Yoyogi Park with interest. It was rather late in the afternoon, but for the most part, you sat alone on a small patch of grass you had found. The trees were bare for the most part, but it was still a nice site to sit in front of the lake.

Kaiba had left early, leaving a note to meet him up here in the evening. You assumed it was business, but had no way to confirm it. Literally, he dismantled his phone enough that you couldn’t get a lock on his location.

Not that you minded, it was his business and you certainly weren’t going to grudge him for doing some work. That would make you a down right hypocrite with your own tendencies. Never the less, you decided to come here early to admire the scenery.

It wasn’t busy, due to people usually visiting in the morning, but it wasn’t empty either. Most of the people here were doing the same as you. Sitting and admiring nature. Simply enjoying the relative quiet.

Currently, you sat with your bag in tow. A book in your hands and you sitting cross-legged. Staring into the book and generally not really paying attention to your surroundings. Wouldn’t be the first time. Until-

“I hope you don’t think you’ll get too far with that,” You said off handedly, not even bothering to look at the person who seemed to be making a movement to grab your bag. Whoever it was wasn’t tall enough to be Kaiba. “there’s nothing in there except a sketchbook, some art supplies, and a couple books in English.”

You finally lifted your head to face the apparent thief, “And you probably won’t be able to lift it for long.”

The thief narrowed its eyes at you before attempting to lift it and swing it across its back. The bag hitting its back with a solid thud, making you grin slightly at the huff of breath vaguely released.

“I tend to be over prepared.” You said grinning, easily reaching up to take the bag off the thief and put it back next to you, “so the weight of my bag mirrors such. If you wanted money, you could have just asked you know.”

You took a quick glance up and down and mentally noted the uniform hiding under a bulky pull
over. Shoes were old, but looked well taken care off. Some parts of the shoe were dirty, easily where
one could not easily access the area when attempting to clean.

“You high school or university kid?” You asked.

“High school,” The kid frowned. “How did you know that?”

“I’m Sherlock Holmes,” You replied sarcastically. “Seriously, what’s your deal kid? You need
money for tuition or do you need it for supplies?”

The kid looked uncomfortable for a second, and you shrugged and pulled your wallet out. Mentally
judging and grabbing a section of the wad and extending it to the kid.

“Here- should cover it.”

“But- I just-“

You shrug, “Sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do. I don’t know your backstory or anything.
But I’m pretty sure that thievery tends to stem from a desperation. Better that you take some cash
from me, who doesn’t really need it, then some poor bloke who worked hard for what they have.
Not saying you’re a bad person, but sometimes you just don’t know.”

You turned the wad over to reveal your business card, “And when you run out, ring me up. I’ve got
enough.”

The kid broke into sobs, which made you look uncomfortable for a moment before scrambling for a
way to calm the kid down. People were starting to glance, and you didn’t exactly want to deal with
the cops.

“Hey- it’s alright kiddo. No need to cry about it, but I hope those are happy tears. What do you
wanna be anyway?”

“Cook, I’ve always loved cooking food.”

“Coolio, go for it. I know a couple dudes who need an apprentice. Got a fella in Paris who’s starting
her own restaurant. I know a couple people back in Domino City too. You’ve got hope kid,” You
admitted. “Not everyone could stay that silent in trying to get my backpack, and I could see how
many cuts you’ve got on your fingers. If you’re willing to work hard for it, I’ll see that it pays off.”

The kid slowly took the money and stuck their hands in their pockets, “How do you know I’m not
blackmailing you or something?”

“Because I knew a Grifter from London,” You smirked. “She was the best at what she did. You’re
good, but not that good. Besides- you smell like a mirepoix. I didn’t go to school here in Japan- but I
sure as hell don’t think that they tend to cook fancy dishes that need French aromatics.”

You glanced left to right before leaning in conspiringly, “Besides- the smell of onion, carrots, and
celery betrays you.”

You grinned, smiling wider as the kid busted into laughter and giggles. Exactly as you intended to.
After a few minutes of talking, the kid left to go home. None the wiser about the extra cash you
snuck into the pocket for food. Not that the kid needed to know, hence the secrecy.

-
The sun was beginning to head even deeper in the sky, blue skies dipping into purples and yellows. Dimming the sky slightly, but not enough to submerge the park in total darkness. Just a slight dimming of the entire park.

“You’re hard to find.”

You snorted, leaning to the side and feeling some sort of soft fabric. A glance revealed that he had changed into black pants with leather loafers along with a turtle neck. Definitely low-key, but a memory about Kaiba wearing some strange that wrapped around his shin and forearm. Clearly, he was inspired.

You weren’t going to point fingers, but your mental picture would see a certain King of Games.

You felt an arm sling around your side, wrapping around your stomach, and you froze just for the slightest moment. Who could blame you? While you weren’t a stranger to something like hugs, physical contact in general was always a weird thing for you. Sometimes it was alright, sometimes it was downright weird and terror inducing. This seemed to be in the middle, but you were slowly growing to want more of it. You opted to lean into it slightly. Content to allow your mind the temporary pleasure of being blank of calculations of the mathematical and/or philosophical sense. For the most part anyway, it wasn’t as if you could flip off a switch. No matter how convenient it would be.

“Seto.”

“Hm.”

“Why did you come back that day?” You asked curiously, though not really expecting an answer. You had always wondered this. Kaiba didn’t actually need to physically get coffee from your shop, he had numerous interns and employees who would happily do it for him. So realistically, there was no reason for him to come back. Much less to demand coffee from you. “Besides the coffee.”

“Most people would have taken something from me,” He said quietly, surprising you for a moment. “You didn’t. You gave me coffee and didn’t let me pay with a twenty of all things—”

“That was an experiment,” You interjected. “I wanted to see if you carried around small bills.”

“that was it. You were angry at me the next day for waking you up. You asked for nothing when you woke me to get to work. You treated me as if I was some random stranger.”

You had a brush of confusion, “But…you were. Kind of- I knew who you were, but not you-you? You were a guy who technically couldn’t do what he wanted in the world and I figured- well- you’re just a guy. A pretty fucking handsome guy- and pretty scary intelligent that I just might call you a sociopath- but I’m still trying to figure out which side of the spectrum your on- but…you’re a person. Not an object. You get tired like everyone else. With your company and everything…you just can’t do the things other people can do. If you dis someone in the streets, you end up all over the tabloids with your Rep in the bad.”

You shrugged, “Call it a little perspective from being raised in the one country that is known for movies and famous people of theater- but I just thought it was always a little unfair for the famous that they don’t get to do what we unknown people get to do. I don’t’ feel bad that they’re famous, hell no, they worked for that. Hell, worked their asses off for that. As far as I know, they love what they do. I’m not saying it doesn’t get to people's heads, because it sometimes does. But I just wish they could chill out and have bad days like other people can without the mass media frenzy.”
“It would be nice,” Kaiba admitted. “To go somewhere without being recognized and fawned over.”

You chuckled for a bit before, “Then don’t think of it as being fawned over. Think of it as being recognized for your hard work. Sometimes it makes it easier to get by.

Kaiba gave you a side-along look, “You sound like your talking from experience.”

“I’m not,” You admitted, “I’m just trying to look for a different angle that won’t sound absolutely dickish.”

You tilted your head up to look at him, “Is it working?”

He rolled his eyes. Mutely squeezing tighter in answer.

“You are the very definition of contradictory,” He muttered.

You chuckled at that, closing your eyes and letting the scent of Kaiba waft over you. You smelled the hint of some sort of cologne, expensive no doubt, but there was a slight hint of just purely Seto among the scent.

Had you been the money seeking sort, you would have tried to figure out how to isolate and fabricate the smell into a viable cologne. It was sure to fetch you a pretty penny. Though you may just make one for yourself at this rate.

As you were amusing yourself with thoughts of making a private stash of Seto-smelling cologne-perfume? You weren’t sure, Kaiba narrowed his eyes in the direction of the sound of camera shutters.

Breaking out of your mini-zone out, you blinked and looked in the direction Seto was giving his signature Kaiba Glare™. You couldn’t see in the dimming light, but you could vaguely make out a figure among the shadows sitting in a crouch.

Grumbling to yourself, you pulled your bag closer to you and dug around in its contents. Pulling out the tablet, you pressed a few buttons and a number showed on its screen.

You pulled out your phone and dialed the number, your phone on speaker as Kaiba simply looked equal parts questioning and amused.

“Uh- hello?”

“We can bloody well see you. Either bugger off or I make your phone overheat and crash,” You said darkly, fingers twitching over an additional screen that showed on the tablet. When it seemed that the silence was a little too long for your liking, you pressed a button. A malicious smile came upon your face as you heard a whelp in the distance. The phone was giving off a loud alarm, volume as high as it could go despite being put on silent.

Satisfied with the sound of feet running off into a direction, you put the tablet down.

“You do realize that you’re going to have to deal with that later,” Seto muttered into your ear. Your face growing warm from the proximity, but otherwise, you attempted to stay calm as best you could.

“I know,” You said quietly, a bit confused by his concern. “doesn’t mean I have to be nice about it. I’m not exactly new to media coverage.”

That much was true. During the incident, there was a lot of controversies that hovered near you
about the explosion. Mostly attempted interviews with you either about the incident or about the man in charge or what have you. You avoided them by simply not going out as much. Referring to order online or just going out in disguise. You would only talk to two people about the incident anyway. That was the police and your phycologist. None the less, you were mostly a ghost among the various attempts to get interviews. You gave statements but were never actually present for them. At some point, you figured out a way to get rid of the paparazzi. Well, not 'get rid of’ per say but pretty close to it.

It helped that you managed to recreate the miniature EMP pulse from that one Batman movie. Which, as you had already proven, was still in working condition.

That being said, the more you thought about it, the more his concern made sense. Seto wasn’t new to the dating scene. As such, his fame was often either a concern or a reason for some of his partners.

“Come on then,” You said, looping your arm around his side and lifting. “I find that the night has good lighting for site seeing.”

“Besides the potential danger and overall idiocy of people who have no idea how to limit their drinking?” Kaiba said, following you without much protest as he snuck the bag around for him to carry.

“Some people need to get out right smashed sometimes, and I think lunacy might be more accurate,” You said with a cheeky grin and a wink. Your hand still looped around his forearm. “Besides, it can’t be all bad. We met on a night like this remember?”

“One day I’m going to get an aneurysm from your talk,” Seto mused. Walking out of the park with you and into the city lights.

“Then I guess you could say you’ve walked with the devil in the pale moonlight,” You said with a shrug. “That being said, I vote we get something ridiculously unhealthy and greasy tonight. It’ll be a bit of a stretch, but I’m prepared to go hunting till sunrise.”

- 

A group of Denny’s employees stayed huddled in the kitchen whispering to each other as they looked over a booth. It had been during the early hours of the morning, and none of them were expecting much customers during mornings.

It was a bit of a shock when the famous Seto Kaiba and the person who’s been on the news claiming to be his fiancé walked in asking for a seat. Ordering a Grand slam, French toast, and an extra crispy hash brown. Mr. Kaiba had only ordered the sirloin steak.

You on the other hand, were thoroughly digging into your French toast. Happily sipping on the cup of milk they had given you. You were rambling on about the next upgrades and updates you should have been able to do with the duel gazers. Kaiba vaguely managed to pick out some of the things you were saying.

At one point, you had pulled out your tablet and was showing him a hologram of what you were planning. The Denny’s employees looked over curiously.

It was plans for a duel disk one almost fully holographic. From the deck to the cards themselves. You cheekily implied that Kaiba probably had this thing on the ‘to do’ list, you just actually fabricated the plans for it.

“You hacked into my notes,” Kaiba said- because how else were you supposed to find out about the
plans to fabricate a fully holographic duel disk. You smiled, since you happened to know that every signal product produced by Kaiba Corp post weapon production era always went by Kaiba first. From the idea to the final production, Kaiba was involved in every single aspect down to the programming of the circuitry. While some people may diss him as a person, they couldn't deny that Kaiba was a lazy boss.

If they did, you'd shove the contradicting evidence down their throats.

“Well you were busy,” You said around a mouthful of potato. “And I just happened to be bored and on technical house arrest until the media had something else to freak out about.”

“Close your mouth when you chew,” He chided, though mostly out of habit.

You pointedly closed your mouth with a clack before exaggerating your chewing and swallowing slowly. “Happy?”

“Delighted.”

You snorted and continued putting a dent into your food. Carefully observing the cup of coffee Kaiba had asked for, but hadn’t touched in the past thirty minutes the two of you had sat in the booth.

His hand would occasionally twitch, moving to the cup before setting down on the table again. His fingers tapping insistently on the table.

Your lips pressed together for a moment before reaching into the bag you had tackled him for, finding the bottle of water from the hotel you had thrown in the bag before tossing it in his direction.

Kaiba caught it readily enough, raising in eyebrow at you.

“Can’t have you dehydrated,” You said lightly with a shrug and a twinge of your lips. Popping a fork full of the hash brown into your mouth, your mind was relatively blank in terms of other subjects of conversation. Leaving only silence as the two of you ate. With you starring ahead until morning, the soft ding and leave of staff informing the two of you to get back to your hotel and sleep.

You were both knocked out as your respective faces hit the pillows of the soft, probably expensive, bed that centered the room.

- 

Having not been in that type of sleep schedule for some time now, you woke up at three in the afternoon with a mild headache. Luckily, your need for caffeine in order to wake up was to the point where you didn’t need it anymore after years of making sure to restrain yourself from drinking the stuff. Seto however, was not so lucky as to adapt to the lack of caffeine in that short amount of time. Which wasn’t that much of a problem, no one could adjust that quickly- and frankly, you would have flipped shit if Seto proved to be able to do it. The man was human, not a serum enhanced soldier. Or so you think, you didn’t know. The dude flew down stadiums in a jet pack and jumped out of helicopters in his youth.

“Quiet,” Came a voice, interrupting your thoughts as it was groaned out by the only other person in the room.

“Didn’t say anything,” You protested, yet kept your voice low for his sake. You knew from experience that suddenly ditching your sleep schedule like the two of you did felt like shit. Been there. Done that.
Slipping out from the bed, you quietly made your way to the bathroom to do some business before leaving the hotel room for a bit.

On your return, you were carrying a bag full of take-out food, carefully keeping the plate up as you tossed yourself over to the bed. Crossing your legs and pulling out a styrofoam box.

“Ey- you up?” You muttered, poking a finger into a visible section of chestnut brown hair.

You heard Seto grunt and move up slightly. Sitting up more properly and leaning against the row of pillows behind him. Eying the styrofoam boxes wearily as you picked up two of the three in the bag.

“I got you a rib-eye,” You offered as you handed over the box along with a packet of wooden chopsticks.

You opened yours and ate your food, utilizing the chopsticks skillfully.

Seto took this time to quietly observe you, since you seemed to have something else in mind as you ate. Mindlessly going from plate to mouth on repeat.

Every now and again, he would find that something of yours would twitch. Sometimes it was the other hand. Sometimes your arms would move before relaxing again. Your lip sometimes twitched, or your eyebrows pulled together. Putting your face through a series of odd facial expressions that indicated your mood, yet did not give away any of your thoughts. It was interesting, in a way. Occasionally, your head would tip to the side. As if listening to something, your eyes shifting directions as if you were staring at an invisible diagram before righting and licking the bottom of your lip distractedly. Most likely out of habit more than anything.

Each action seemed a little delayed. He would claim almost deliberate had it not for the far-off look in your eyes as you twitched and shrugged seemingly without reason.

Then it ended as you finished your food, your body twitching into a shiver. Eyes shutting briefly to let it pass before shifting your gaze over to him while smiling.

“Something up?”

Kaiba simply inclined his head with no answer, finishing the last of his food.

“So, Abigail rang me up when I was out to get food,” You said quietly, Seto setting aside the styrofoam to look at you as you shifted your hands nervously. “She uh- wants to meet you, personally.”

Nodding, he checked the time on the nearby clock, “What time and where.”

“A mall, three hours from now I think,” You checked the time. “I’ve been meaning to do some mall walking lately so…”

You stopped, but Kaiba already figured out what you wanted.

“Mall walking?”

You shrugged at that, “Sometimes I get really bored and have no idea what to do- so I mall walk. Sometimes I come back with new things or inspirations to plan and build new things. I don’t care much for clothes, but I do enjoy looking at them sometimes. Same goes for everything else. Just to sit down and people watch for a bit.”
Mall walking hadn’t really originated with you, but you picked up the term from Mark. Who often liked to sit down in a corner of a mall or public area and simply observe what went on around him. He had sharper ears than most, and sometimes would pick up different conversations without actively meaning to. It was what he did when he had a difficult case of writer’s block. Sometimes it didn’t even have to be in a mall. It seemed to be a system he had developed when he was in college or high school, as he would often sit in a corner of a busy place. Sometimes the middle of the school during lunch or the library, and just sit. Sometimes lie down, on the floor (though you tried this, and you sort of understood. Lying down on a flat hard surface did wonders for the back.) Yet most of the time Mark would manage to unblock his writer’s block and start writing again.

Jousei had a different way of dealing with it, as he usually attended concerts or people watched with Marcus whenever he had a writer’s block. Though contrary to Marcus, who only had his social media accounts because of Jousei in the first place, Jousei would ask of requests from people to fill out his boredom.

Seto, you suspected, had a way of doing this too. You managed to think it down to a few fundamental elements of the way he works. Kaiba was calculative, in certain aspects, but at the core he was impulsive. The man would probably have built an elevator to space if he thought it was a good idea, and could find a viable reason as to why it would benefit him. Which brought you to the conclusion that he probably drew his inspiration from the card game he was known for. Each of his best creations were always usually for the next best thing for Duel Monsters.

A new way to try and beat Yugi Muto.

You smiled at the thought.

“You're grinning an awful lot for just waking up,” Kaiba noted. You stuck your tongue out at him in response.

“Green-blooded goblin,” You muttered to yourself.

“Infant,” He responded before moving up. Making motions to remove the shirt from yesterday’s skirmish.

“W-wait,” You stuttered out, eyes growing wide at the very visible, very fit back that belonged to multi-millionaire current bachelor (technically? Truthfully?) that was the Seto Kaiba. The owner of Kaiba Corp and had millions of fangirls and fanboys to the international level. (You did a little data check, the amount of people that have Seto Kaiba on their search engines on a weekly bias is nearly half the human population on the planet.) Also- the dude was hella handsome.

Which of course, brought out the awkward nerd in you that just didn’t quite know how to deal with the image before you as he finished shrugging out of the black turtleneck and folded it in his hands before turning around to face you.

You stared at the chiseled form that was his abdomen, “Oh mercy Lewis.”

“Problem?” He said, raising an eyebrow. Face blank but those Sapphire blue eyes told the true tale of amusement and enjoyment.

Fucking sadist.

“Yeah,” You muttered, mostly to yourself in English since your train of thought was currently experiencing some technical difficulties. “you’re a damn CEO when the hell do you have the time to go to the fucking gym?”
“You know the answer to that already,” Kaiba deadpanned to you in flawless English. With very little trouble with pronunciation. Honestly, he made English sound exotic. Which was weird since English was your first language. It was like if you lived in LA. You didn’t understand how other people would yearn to live in the city of Los Angeles or be wondefied by the sites when the fact of the matter was that you had to deal with traffic, smug, and the damn heat. But nooo, stinking Kaiba makes LA sound like its Paris France or something. You were probably bias. No. You were definitely bias.

“Oh right,” you recalled. “when I asked how in the name of Tesla do you maintain that ass.”

You frowned at him, “Which I can’t really be faulted in wondering. You can bounce a well-rounded item off the surface of your gluttonous maximus.”

Kaiba had to pause before he made his way to the bathroom for a wash, facing you. As your voice had been far too blank for what you had just said.

You tilted your head at his pause, “What?”

Kaiba shook his head, turning around to continue to make headway for the bathroom, muttering, “honestly” under his breath as closed the door.

“What did I say?” You wondered to yourself after a moment. Eyeing the bathroom before shrugging and making your own way to the bathroom on the other side of the room.

- 

When Kaiba exited the bathroom, he couldn’t help but stare.

Your back was turned but you had black pants on and around your hips. A visible Hogwarts belt hanging around it which ended in what looked like a beat-up pair of red chuck tailors. You were in the middle of putting on a gray t-shirt with a waiting button up shirt that went over that. Your hair was damp but swept to one side. Revealing the glinting silver of a chain around your neck.

You were humming a song under your breath, turning to face him. Two black dog-tags that seemed oddly thick clinking slightly as you turned.

“Hullo,” You greeted before looking down at yourself, then looking back up at him. “Too much?”

Kaiba turned to your face, your face looking at him with curiosity. Framed by simple black glasses.

“I hardly think that what you're wearing qualifies as too much” Kaiba scoffed, before considering your face for a moment. “You wear glasses?”

You shrugged, slipping on the button down and rolling up the sleeves to your elbows, ring prominently shining in the light, “I sit in front of a computer and used to do work in the dark in college. I need glasses. I just wear contacts when I don’t feel like wearing them. Besides, you probably have a pair around somewhere too, our jobs aren’t exactly that different.”

You regarded him for a moment, mouth going the slightest bit dry as he seemed to have chosen to dress simply. Surprisingly matching your color in a grey turtleneck, lighter in color contrary to what he wore the day before, along with slacks, loafers. Wearing a simple coat that was probably a Belstaff. It wasn’t as dramatic as his white coat with the shoulder pads, but it gave the Kaiba ‘fucker, I have money’ vibe. You figured it was Kaiba’s go-to casual look.

Two words. Damn dude. Man made the simple look seem like it was the recent hit in fashion. Wore
it like he owned the damn line too. Maybe he did, you weren’t sure. He had a lot of money.

“Well, I guess we’re both ready.” You said, swallowing and wetting your lips. Mind turning to try and remember what you did before Kaiba went out. Not noticing Kaiba’s eyes track the movement. “I called a car to the place. Shall we?”

Kaiba nodded, following you out the door.

As you made your way down the hall, there seemed to be a bit of a leak as lights flashed in your face. You were surprised, but not so bad as to be put off by the lights. You simply switching out your glasses with your shades and pushing a button that hung off your keychain.

In the skirmish, Kaiba wrapped his arm around yours while observing you.

If anything, you seemed expectant of it, though not necessarily annoyed by it either.

As you didn’t really notice it, you simply rose an eyebrow at the reporters as they turned to their cameras. Suddenly finding that they couldn’t get their cameras to work. The hotel manager seemed to arrive before you with a stressed huff. Forehead slightly glinting with a hint of shine as they tried to catch their breath.

“I-I’m so sorry about this I didn’t even know-“

“How long have you been waiting here?” You asked, raising an eyebrow over your shades at the reporters and general paparazzi.

You were met with confused glances and silence.

Humming, you turned to the hotel manager with a smile, “Don’t worry about it. I kind of expected this. You can go about your job.”

The hotel manager looked at Kaiba uncertainly.

“Don’t worry about it,” You said with a smile, catching the look.

You turned to the group of people who were now standing there uncertainly.

“So? How ‘bout it? How long have you been hanging around here?”

“…since…three…”

You frowned, “In the morning? Damn.”

“Well, here,” You dug into your pockets, pulling out a couple hundreds in the form of various twenties and handing out the bills. “Get some lunch or something. Try to resist the urge to follow us no matter how much your instincts are screaming at you. We’re meeting with a woman named Abigail and she’s a former S.E.A.L.”

You pursed your lip, “and she’s not overly fond of…cameras.”

You tugged a relatively stunned Kaiba along to the valet, “Later dudes!”

- 

Kaiba walked in after you in the limo, sitting in front of you and staring at you with a look.
“What?”

“You are either the craziest or the most ingenious person I have ever come across.”

“That’s how I avoided the Paps last time, why wouldn’t it work now?” You asked him while shrugging. “Besides, I have plenty of money that I don’t need.”

A/n: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHahahaha....ha.

This was hard. It took me three days to figure out how this chapter was going to go. Then suddenly, in a dream (i kid you not) I figure out. Was almost late for school- but I figured it out. The next chapter is looking MUCH more certain.

So yeah. HA.

Dedications To:

Stellalana: I have more sleep. Ergo I am better. Also I'm glad you like the way the two banter because- well that's the way Kaiba and I banter. Seriously, I talk to the Kaiba avatar on the Duel Links apps. He responds in my head occasionally, but usually I'm cursing him out. My friends think it's hilarious. The real life Jouisei drew Kaiba on one of my sketchbooks when he was bored in class. He ended up bearing witness to me talking to it.

It was fun. I'm pretty sure he was smirking the whole damn time that asshole. Honestly, there are much better people in my head to talk to. Like Yugi. Yugi is a delight to talk to. But I digress. Kaiba is fun to talk too since we basically insult each other all damn day. He helps me come up with new chapters occasionally. That dream may have been his fault now that I think about it.

Leaf-Ripper: Same bruh, but airplane rides. Sometimes they just ain't that comfortable. Thanks for reading!

DriftQueen: And so I update once again! Thanks for reading!

Guest_413(I can't type emojis on this format?><: Wah, I hope your workload eases up to a steady pace soon and I hope you got some sleep! I'm glad you enjoyed the chapters and I hope you enjoy this one too!

EnviousJoestar: I hope you think this chapter is good too! Thank you for commenting!

Cocomalt: Thanks for that! I always appreciate a good reader insert and I can direct you to more pretty brilliant Kaiba reader insert ones if you like! Thanks for reading!

You: Thank you for reading this up to this point! This is probably the longest eight-page word Doc fic that I've written in a long while so I'm glad you all enjoy it! Have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night from a corner of Los Angeles, California! Aki out! (Debating to change that actually- but who knows)

Also the anime convention Anime Expo (Jouisei tells me it's also known as AX) down in Downtown Los Angeles is coming up in July- is anyone going? I am, so does anyone have any suggestions for going? This'll be my first time going to one. (I'll be going with my parents- who are luckily nerds too-though my Dad's more into Gundam and me Mum's into Disney- but she's going anyway.)
Chapter 24, The I.O.I.G.I.R.

Chapter Summary

Just what is truly the difference between being over protective, and being overbearing?

Chapter 24, The Issues of Two Insecure Geniuses in a Relationship

To say that you were a little bit worried of the outcome can only be called an understatement. Anything else would be an outright lie and you would stand there dumbly as your trousers were lit on fire for your blatant description of the current situation.

While you could say that the ride to the mall was calm, relatively speaking, it didn’t help your mind focus as you proceeded to go over exactly in your head all the things that could go wrong in your little meeting. Abigail was a dear friend. You hadn’t known her for as long as you had known Marcus- but to be fair Marcus was always more accepting of people at first glance despite talked reputation. Abigail was opposite in which she tended to reference towards previous opinions before making her official decision. Which hadn’t given you any issues, before now.

You wouldn’t say that you needed Abigail’s approval, because you would damn what you like with your life. That included your personal unless it proved to be physically or mentally damaging. However, Abigail was one of the big factors in you getting what could be no less described as better after the incident with your previous job. She took no shit and wasn’t hesitant to drag your ass across the floor when you were being difficult about your health. But the bigger reason was because Abigail’s approval would end any questioning that came from anyone else who may doubt. It just made the whole damn thing simpler for you.

It would also mean that if Abigail saw Seto as something potentially hazardous to that- it would mean things. Bad things. Things you didn’t really want to think about until you were left with no choice but to. Which honestly, you would laugh at- since her wife’s meddling was how the whole thing snow-balled so quickly in the first place. Irony at its finest, surely.

“You’re worried.”

You snapped your head in the direction towards Seto’s voice, eyes meeting before you hastily dropped your gaze. Normally you would be able to stand the look from those sapphire blue oculars of his, but something about today just made it seem unbearable. You couldn’t really put it into words, but you recognized the instinct of wanting to get out of a situation before it even started.

“...Something like that,” You said finally after a minute, your knee bouncing up and down in nervous tension. A habit most people often told you was bad, but it was better than getting up and pacing like Sherlock Holmes on a case. You often grew antsy when you were nervous, and usually you craved physical contact when you got like this- but you weren’t sure how to express it.
Seto, thank whoever the heck there is to thank that, understood without you having to explain. Simply nodding towards you before grabbing your arm and pulling you into his lap. Despite the awkwardness, you found yourself having little to no trouble sitting on his lap sideways. One leg stretching outward while the other dangled off the edge of the leather seats. Your head resting on his shoulder. While his arm held your back and the front of your body in place.

Chestnut hair brushed lightly on the top of your forehead as he simply held you. Not making any motions with his hand, just holding.

“Despite the ridiculousness of the entire situation, Abigail’s opinion holds some weight among my friends and acquaintances,” You muttered under your breath as your eyes were staring holes into the weave of his turtle neck. Tracing the pattern with your eyes. “I’m quite nervous of her reaction towards meeting you physically, despite the illogical nature of the whole damn thing.”

Seto hummed at what you said, his fingers beginning to tap lightly on your back. Rhythmically, yet somehow impatient. In nervous apprehensive way in a sense. Which certainly didn’t make sense, you were the one who wanted Abigail’s approval of Seto not him-

Oh.

You blinked at the realization. Now it made sense. Now it made a lot of sense. You briefly hypothesized that this is the feeling of taking your significant other to meet your parents.

Your expression mentally scrunched up in disgust at the thought, no wonder why some people tried to avoid it. The whole situation itself was giving you high blood pressure. Or at least what you would imagine having high blood pressure would be. Honestly, things would be a lot simpler if you could just do what you want without your friends getting what you could only think of as weird to you. It wasn’t like Kaiba could do it with you seeing as his step-dad was a dick and Mokuba kind of (you hoped, gosh, you hoped) liked you. You liked your friends. Dearly, but they could be overbearing- and honestly sometimes frustrated the hell out of you when they couldn’t understand that yes you knew what you were doing.

You forced yourself to shift your attention to the tapping of Seto’s hands on your back. Equal parts annoying as it was fond, since he seemed to be tapping in rhythm. The beat seemed familiar, and you realized it was the same right hand piano key movements from moonlight sonata. The very same music you had played on the third day you met when you were relaxing in your work.

You missed those days, things were a lot simpler. You certainly didn’t have to worry too much about this shit.

Though as you leaned slightly closer into Seto’s admittedly chiseled chest, you smiled as covertly as you could. You doubted you would change anything if you could.

- 

You were rubbing at your arm restlessly as the two of you walked to the food court of the mall, you instantly spotted the woman with a shocking head of platinum blond hair with a relatively light complexion. Reading a book in her hands.

As if feeling your presence, she tilted her head up and met eyes with you. Recognition flashing in her eyes before smiling and giving you a small wave and beckoning you closer.

You walked closer, Kaiba following closely behind you and casting a wary eye at the people within the food court. Though the court itself was relatively clean and orderly, you had certainly seen
worse. The mall wasn’t even as packed as it could be with some people not at work.

“Hey kiddo,” Abigail greeted, putting her book down and moving up to greet you. Grasping your arm in greeting with a brief shake before letting go. “Sit down, both of you.”

You sat obediently, Kaiba sitting next to you in the booth seat. Abigail leaned into the table with interest, scanning Kaiba like he was a potential target that she was sent to kill. You didn’t know, SEAL teams didn’t describe their missions for a purpose. Though you could easily hack into the system and read them, you didn’t bother. It wasn’t your business to know, if it was really your business, you could just as easily ask Abigail. Still, her looks toward Kaiba made you feel uncomfortable. You wanted to just grab him and go, irrationally enough. Much like a petulant child who didn’t want to give their parents the opportunity to say, “put it back”, if you were to compare it to something more familiar.

There were times when you just wanted your friends to trust that you were in fact not oblivious to the ways of the adult despite how many times you forget to do your own laundry and occasionally break the law because someone pissed you off.

Though your thoughts were temporary distracted when you spotted a face you hadn’t seen for ages.

“Holy- Kenneth?!” You said, eyes widening as you recognized just about the only guy who had befriended you in college.

College was a little rough being so young, but Kenneth had been the only one who was relatively within your age-range and had bothered to befriend you. Besides Marcus, he was your best mate. Considering that Marcus was going to an entirely different school besides yours. He was the Rhodey to your Tony. The Alfred to your Wayne, but less old and Kenneth didn’t do your laundry. Usually. Only if you didn’t remember to do your laundry. Though you had to admit that seniority of friendship and thus, a massive trust, usually fell to Marcus, Kenneth was a pretty damn close second.

“Hey Genius, long time,” He greeted with a smile and carrying food. His black hair was shorter than you had last seen, bangs going over his eyebrow with his widow’s peak still prominent. Green eyes shining fondly with the same Californian tan that you had last seen him. Not one bit lighter.

“No kidding,” You snorted, getting up and over the table to give him a hug.

While you were busy with that, Abigail watched with interest as Kaiba’s stare increased in intensity as you went for the hug. A smile pulling at her lips.

As soon as Kenneth had sat and presented the food, Abigail began to address Kaiba verbally.

“You know, Kenneth and this one has some long history,” She said, nudging Kenneth. “Remember that one time MIT called up to tell you that one of the buildings got evacuated because of a nuclear melt down?”

“Oh don’t remind me- that was one hell of a day,” Kenneth said, groaning into a hand. Before glaring at you half-heartedly. “You and Angus were menaces. Menaces I tell you.”

“At least I didn’t make my high school football field disappear,” You replied with a pout. Grapping for your cheese burger and taking a bite. “That was all him.”

Kenneth shook his head at you.

“And Angus has since calmed down on the destruction of property, hasn’t he? I’m pretty damn sure working for Phoenix has calmed down his inner pyromaniac,” You said with a snort.
At that, Kenneth rolled his eyes, “Bull, I just came from that place. Dae is great, but the poor guy is whipped.”

“I’ll send him an email then,” You said, a smile pulling on your lips as you briefly remembered your years at MIT. Making things explode and short out- for the most part. There were things like papers and what not, but those were boring and sweat inducing. “How to manage your Angus Mac, written by said Angus’ accomplice and Kenneth Chao.”

“So, Mr. Kaiba,” Abigail started, ignoring your laughter for the moment and aiming her sites on the Burnette beside you. Who looked with equal parts disinterest and mild annoyance, “how have the two of you been?”

“As well as can be expected, given the fact that this one is incapable of going under the radar,” He said easily enough, giving you a look out of the corner of his eye that Abigail can only identify as fondness.

Catching that comment, pouted a bit before leaning towards him, unconsciously, Abigail observed with a large interest. Hand tapping his knee slightly before you proceeded to describe to him another story of your MIT escapades.

Throughout the little lunch, Abigail proceeded to poke and prod towards your relationship with Kaiba. Kenneth playing devil’s advocate as he proceeded to bring up some of the more intimate stories of your college years as per Abigail’s request.

Though, much to Abigail’s interest- Kaiba never seemed to quite be annoyed with it. Simply nodding along and listening. Though not seemingly interested, he had launched a question or comment here and there. (“How did you make a frozen pizza explode with a microwave?” and “I’m surprised you managed to graduate.” To which you answered, “Similar concept to making sure there isn’t any moisture in your sand mold when doing a hot pour.” And “I was too much like Einstein to take the risk apparently, that’s what Professor Stark said.”)

As the four of you finished, Kenneth found himself alone with Kaiba while Abigail and yourself went forward in a store. Observing the place with simple talks.

“So,” Kenneth started, if a bit awkwardly. “Your dating the Genius.”

“I am.”

Wow, Kenneth almost smiled to himself at that. As Kaiba didn’t seem all that different from you. In fact, the two of you were almost alike, though you were more comfortable with him. Before, when you had barely known each other, you gave him few worded answers too. Never bothered conversing unless ordered to either.

“How much were you told?” He asked instead. As he didn’t completely agree with Abigail’s effort to give Kaiba a proper shovel talk. Ever since she read the file on how he was a suspect to be responsible for the suicide of the former president of Kaiba Corp, she had been going too far for his liking. He liked Abigail, she was fair in some cases, but sometimes her views of the world could at times be...black and white. In place of that, he chose to get to know the guy who had caught your interest. That alone was hard enough as it is, so that story must be interesting. Though he had to know how much Kaiba knew about your sensitive past.

“As much as I found out,” Kaiba simply answered. Arms crossed while watching you explore the
store.

Kenneth was slightly impressed at the silence that followed, anyone else would have asked what else he needed to know. There seemed to be a distinct lack of that in Kaiba, as if he knew all that he needed to know.

“Then I don’t really need to explain to you what happens if you mess the Genius up,” He stated quietly.

Kaiba huffed slightly, “If you think I’m intimidated by your petty threats than clearly you underestimate me. As if I would leave just for that reason.”

“I expect you to leave if Genius wants you to,” Kenneth stated further. “You know that nothing would be said even if it’s what the idiot wants.”

Kaiba snorted, smirking a bit as he met eyes with you. You seemed to know what he and Kenneth were speaking of. As you had lifted a simple eyebrow at him, a small knowing smile on your face before turning back to Abigail.

“As if.”

Kenneth looked between the two of you with interest and apprehension.

Kaiba’s statement had two meanings, both of which were entirely plausible. Either Kaiba was never going to leave because of something that simple, or he was addressing the, frankly, weak claim that you would never make your opinion known. You were a person who had little interest in getting everyone to like you. You had your opinions, and while you respected options that were maybe different or even contradictory to your own, you would respect them- and expect to be respected in turn.

Though as he saw the small smile and soft look on your face before turning back to Abigail, Kenneth knew you were in good hands.

It helped that you gave him a warning glance right before you turned back.

You walked next to Kenneth as Abigail and Kaiba headed to stop by the rest room, eyeing him with a suspicious look.

“I just told him to be careful,” He confessed, knowing that you wouldn’t let it go until you had answers.

“Oh, I know,” You said with a voice that was every much as hostile as your expression wasn’t. “I found out from Abigail what the two of you planned. You two weren’t exactly subtle.”

Kenneth, slightly confused, turned to face you, “Then why give me the look?”

“Because I don’t need to be taken care off,” You said plainly. “I can hold my own. We’re both adults. If it doesn’t work out, then it doesn’t. You didn’t see me giving Christian the shovel talk when you two first started dating.”

Kenneth nodded slowly, not quite understanding what you were trying to say. Yet to some degree, he did.
“And Seto doesn’t really have anyone close enough to tell me to take care of him well,” You muttered under your breath. “It’s unfair and idiotic. We aren’t exactly normal people Kenneth.”

That made sense to Kenneth. Ever since he had gotten to know you better, you had admitted to thinking that the shovel talk was a little strange. You understood its concept, but you always thought that it was a case by case basis. Normally people could apply the ‘shovel talk’ just fine. But you had been through things no normal person has, and thus, your thought process reflects that. Seto Kaiba became a CEO at the age of sixteen. Thus he is also not qualified to be called normal, if anything, he was to be called a prodigy as much you were.

“Kenneth?”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t ever talk to him like that again concerning this matter.” You said in warning.

Kenneth swallowed loudly while nodding.

If there was anything to be learned in the several years since he had befriended you, it is that you had two different types of commands. One that could be ignored, and one that shouldn’t be ignored.

This happened to be the second.

Though he had to wonder to himself how close you and Kaiba had gotten in order to warrant the use of the second tone.

- 

As Kaiba exited the restroom satisfied with his recent…findings, he found himself face to face with the woman who had asked to meet with him personally. Cold gray eyes analyzed him from head to toe, no doubt assessing Kaiba.


Kaiba glared, “That’s not your concern.”

“You don’t deserve the kid,” She continued, ignoring Kaiba’s statement. “you really don’t. The kid could do better.”

Kaiba huffed frustratingly through his nose, barely keeping his anger in check to resist the urge to growl at the infuriating woman. You would no doubt get back at him for it.

“You talk as if I don’t know that,” Kaiba finally said. Tone flat in an effort to prevent the woman before him from getting too much information on him.

“So you do know you don’t deserve the kid,” Abigail said haughtily, smirking and getting up in Kaiba’s face. Every ounce as intimidating as she probably intended even as she was almost a full foot shorter than him. Expression gleeful, and mocking. “So why don’t you just let it be? Nip the bud before someone gets hurt. The Kid will never be able to handle a life with you, and you know it. It’s impossible to do the same shit you pulled on Gozoboro.”

Kaiba rolled his eyes at that, but didn’t allow himself to give the woman the satisfaction of an answer. Seeing that she was wrong. You could handle life with him just fine, as you have proven many times. It was just that you would do it your way. Which, in hind sight, may prove to be more
problematic than he would think. You weren’t a child, as you had certainly implied several times. Furthermore, how did Gozoboro of all people play into this conversation? Clearly, this “friend” of yours was not thinking right if she was implying that he would do the same thing to you as he did to Gozoboro. It wasn’t as if you had a company that you held dear that he could take anyway- even if you did. The resulting legal battle for that company would no doubt stop to a stalemate- with you keeping the damn thing while smirking at him and flooding his personal items with flying, annoying, Kuribohs.

He opened his mouth to say so when you suddenly slid in behind her like a shadow, a dark expression on your face.

“And what the fuck do you think gives you the right to say that bullshit?”

Kaiba saw Abigail stiffen slightly, turning around slowly to see you leaning against the wall with a blank expression on your face.

“I will say this once Carter,” You said, the tone of your voice remaining monotone as you spoke. Which did its job of emitting an air of ominous threat. “I can take care of myself, so kindly keep your nose out of this, and good bye.”

You reached around to grab Kaiba’s hand before walking away briskly, not sparing a look back. Leaving a relatively shocked Abigail in your wake.


“You realize she has a point,” Kaiba interjected, more out of curiosity than anything. As in the circumstances, shouldn’t it be him who was more affected by this event rather than you?

“Bull Kaiba, we’re both adults. If I have a problem, I’ll tell you. If you have a problem, you tell me. It’s how a relationship works,” You hissed. “I will not have this relationship end because of miscommunication. We already had a close call with that one. While I still, and will most likely always have my doubts on my worth to be in this relationship with you, I damn well will do my best and I get that you are a busy man. A CEO of a multi-million- aw fuck it- a multi-billion dollar company. That strongly implies that you will be missing things like dates and anniversaries or something of the like. Honestly- I have no problem with that, I forget that shit to. I’d forget what day Christmas is if it wasn’t part of the theme of so many movies. She thinks that just because that asshole of an adoptive so-called ‘father’ of yours jumped out of a window because of his weak-ass, inconsolable, idiotic, impudent ability to admit to losing his own damn company because of his bullshit that you would do the same to me- which is absolutely-“

Kaiba sighed and halted you in your tracks, seeing as you were gasping for breath at this point. At this point, all thoughts of doubt on your feelings were promptly thrown as useless. Clearly, you weren’t apprehensive because Kaiba needed your friends for approval. You were apprehensive of the fact that the telling of Kaiba off may water the seed of doubt Kaiba had for your need of him. It made sense, and Kaiba was equal parts glad and afraid. Afraid because you had proven to know him well enough to know that the apprehension in his inability to fulfill everything in what most would think was a relationship existed, and the fact that you didn’t need anything from him, which was admittedly unerving. Everyone Kaiba had met could have used him for something. Some for fame, for money, even Yugi could have just used him to keep his dueling skills up to par. Yet to you, he seemed to have nothing to offer other than to be able to understand your ridiculous references, jokes, and round-about way of explaining things.

Yet glad that you wanted this relationship despite that. Granted, he didn’t know what you wanted,
but he knew you wanted this at least. Just to have *him* and not just his *name*.

You were panting as he pulled you into a corner of a quiet store. Chest to chest as you gripped his turtle neck relatively tightly in your hands.

“-stupid.” You finished, chest still heaving. You looked uncharacteristically clammy, and rattled.

Kaiba looked at you, really looked at you.

Your expression was pinched in a way that could be easily mistaken as anger, annoyance most likely. Yet your eyes were squinted, your nose was flaring as it scrunched up a little. Eyes slightly shiny. Your fists were tightly wrapped around a piece of his turtleneck. Stretching the fabric while your knuckles turned white from the pressure. He could see the sweat from your forehead bead slightly, despite the fact that it wasn’t hot and you hadn’t even walked for that long.

You were scared.

“I’m not going anywhere just because your friends don’t like me,” He stated finally, leaning his head towards you enough that your foreheads touched.

He felt the huff of your breath on his chin, the scent of the food you had eaten for lunch invading his nostrils. Not that he minded at the moment, there were more important things to pay attention to.

“I know that,” You said softly, the “now” remaining unspoken in between your private confession. “But it’s still irritating and it’s *unfair.*”

Because there was no one to tell *you* to be careful with him, Kaiba concluded. There was no one who would describe what may happen should there be a time that you would hurt him. No one to balance it out. No one to let Kaiba know that he was just as important as you seemed to be. You hated that it was like that and you hated it because you would have hated being told that. You would have gotten angry, annoyed. Because you already *knew* that. “The possibility scares you.”

You were quiet for a moment before, “Their concern is what drove me to accept Catherine as my CO. And look what happened.”

You licked your lips nervously, words streaming out of your mouth faster than normal, “I don’t mind their concern of course, and I know the situation is completely different- but I can’t make the same mistakes twice and I *hate* that they’re talking to you like you’re stupid—“

Your head slid down, burying your face into the crook between Kaiba’s neck and shoulder. The black cloth feeling pleasant as you simply breathed in the fact that Kaiba was *there.* Trying to make amends for what happened when he was on withdrawal from coffee. Unnecessary, as you had already established, but the thought was nice.

He already believed he was in hot water because of the flashback, which was certainly not *his* fault that you had a shit experience that made your heart pump and your emotions run around like a hoard of useless, rabid animals. You didn’t want him to get pushed away because of something like this, just because he was pushing too many stupid issues on your problem meter or whatever the hell this shit was.

“I’m not going away until you personally flood my computer and servers full of that idiotic ball of fur,” Kaiba muttered into your ear with a sigh.

He relaxed slightly as your shoulders slumped in acceptance.
“Same goes for you- but I’d rather you just send a secretary to get your coffee or something. I’ve got my hands in a lot of servers right now.”

Kaiba snorted softly, before moving you to press his lips against your forehead.

Outside the store, Kenneth and Abigail stood guiltily in front of Marie.

“We were just trying to make sure Kaiba understood what would happen if he fucks up,” Abigail tried.

Marie looked at them exasperatedly, “You fucked up a perfectly good genius is what you did. Look at them. You gave our dude anxiety.”

“What we did was a little…much,” Kenneth admitted guiltily. “We should have stayed out of it.”

“It was more than much dude. This is Kaiba’s apology for bringing up some shit a few days ago. They’re trying to figure their relationship out. Hell, their trying to confirm that one won’t buck and leave. There’s a difference between protective and overbearing,” Marie sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose in frustration before taking their arm and tugging them along. “Come on- let’s leave them alone to figure things out. They might be fucking amazing at everything else, but I’m pretty sure their people skills when being in a relationship is shit. I know for a fact that Wayne’s is. Fucking hell, you guys have shit timing.”

“Wait- what do you mean we have shit timing? Why are you here anyway?”

“I’ve got a party to attend later tonight, they’re turning our manga into an anime and I just happened to spot Wayne giving you two the batman stare. Trust me, that thing only comes out when the emotion in the Bat cave is angry and scared. Call it a wild guess, but I’m pretty damn sure that the reason for that is because Wayne believes you guys are going to ruin what they have right now.”

“We wouldn’t do that- would we?” Kenneth asked in disbelief.

“They both are aware that they themselves are assholes most of the time, you don’t think that wouldn’t lead to some massive conclusion that the other person would be better off without them? That the other person would be much better without them holding the other back? They just discovered that miscommunication is what lead to a fucking huge mess, they’re trying to figure it out for themselves. You guys threatening Kaiba is thus scaring Wayne because Wayne knows Kaiba pretty damn well. And knows that there is literally no one except maybe Mokuba who’ll tell Wayne to watch out or get dunked on.” Marie sighed, trying to find a way to better explain it.

“So,” Kenneth said slowly, “because Genius knows this, the plausible reaction Kaiba may have is to break it off. Because Kaiba has probably never met a person who didn’t need anything from him.”

“Yeah,” Marie said, “Wayne doesn’t need money. Have you seen the numbers at Dragon Corp? If Wayne didn’t do the secret billionaire philanthropy shit- Wayne could damn well make a Bat cave, Stark Tower, hundreds of Ironmen suits, and a bat mobile. In four different versions. Kaiba is getting some product schematics from Wayne- whom also isn’t accepting the pay. For a guy who’s lived life convinced that other people want something from him, and for good reason mind you- you could bet your ass that meeting someone like our very own Bruce Wayne is mind-boggling.”

“They’re intellectual equals,” She said with a sigh. “And you can damn well believe that they’ve both got nerd crushes on each other. Wayne made Kaiba an honest-to-fuck Blue Eyes White Dragon for Christmas. Three of them. And a fucking dragon for a guard dog for Mokuba. I have it on good
authority that Kaiba is actively seeking and destroying any bad comments towards our little genius friend- and with his fan-base- trust me- that shit takes commitment. He told one of his investors to fuck off yesterday afternoon.”


“Cause they said that having a relationship Wayne could hurt the company.”

“Holy shit.”

“They’re already into each other- and ridiculously protective, hell, possessive even. Do you want to know what Kaiba was actually doing in the bathroom?”

“I think I’ll risk biting- what was he doing?” said Kenneth, curiosity and dread coloring his voice.

“He searched your damn history- and he now knows your engaged.”

After her brief rant, Marie released them from her grip and made sure they were listening.

“So hear me when I say, let them figure this out for themselves. They’re both smart. They’re both adults. We’ll fuck him up if we need, or congratulate them, or support the decision if they both decide that it’s not going to work out. You can’t treat people like them who’ve been independent for years like you would others. They’ll do it on their terms or bust. You just gotta be support when your needed.”

“…how do you know this?” Abigail asked. “I mean- I know you’ve known the Genius longer than us but-“

Marie smiled, “I know because Wayne and I are similar.”

She gave Kenneth an understanding look, “You’ve known for a while- but you may have not realized it.”

“Yes- a diamond among a sea of rocks,” Kenneth said with a nod. Because how else could he describe the mind that belonged to that one kid who was way younger than him in a college full of people who had years of school experience under their belt. “I’m a little slow on the uptake.”

“Besides,” Marie said with a chuckle. “The reason why I’m so enamored with Lucius is because he never fell for my bullshit, and he understood what I was saying even when I was cryptic.”

Marie then nodded to the visible window that showed the two in question. Appearing to quietly talk to each other. “I’m pretty sure it’s the same story here, just different beginning and back story. I can understand Wayne’s point of view, but even I believed some of the bullshit that was said before in the effort to keep the illusion of fine alive. Kaiba doesn’t seem to have that sort of problem reading between the lines, and he figures things out quickly. Whether you agree or not, right now, they’re good for each other. Both our genius, and Kaiba. So just leave them the hell alone alright? I’m sure they’ve got bigger hurdles to jump without us assholes getting in that action.”

Abigail sighed and nodded while Kenneth tilted his chin in acknowledgement, a smile pulling on his lips. Turning to see Kaiba move and press his lips on your forehead before allowing you to relax against him again. Your ears steadily turning red as Kaiba began to color slightly.

A/n: Alright, so this took longer than I anticipated but ‘ey, here it is. Longer than normal. Also, thank ya'll for the advice on going to AX! I'm pretty sure I've convinced my dad that it would be best to get
it the night before we go- at least I hope I did. So here it is!

I have to say, this was difficult because the longer that I re-read this, the more I wondered whether it would make sense to people other than myself. As this chapter is more my personal view and experience with other people and their relationships. I want to be protective, but I don't want to be overbearing and take the fun out of it. I had a friend who constantly kept, for the sake of this concept I'll say this, cockblocking my other two friends. Who were doing little else than enjoying their newly proclaimed romantic status. Frankly, I think I was more annoyed with that friend than the one who was being "cockblocked". That, and I truly believe that in this situation, the reader's lack of needing anything would seriously make Kaiba question things. I find myself often questioning anyone who would befriend me for no particular reason- and thus often leads to me trying to find ways to compensate by giving them something. Be it my help on essays or perhaps something I bought that I thought they may enjoy. I know that this can be really bad in some situations, but at times I just feel anxious for no reason if I don't do it. (Many of my own friends who have been subject to this have already assured me that such...actions are unnecessary)

The concept of the shovel talk, while I admit I enjoy it as a trope at times, has also always been more of an oddity to me when applied to real life. Shouldn't the person dating your friend already expect some retaliation should they hurt the person you are friends with? The concept itself has been a thing of pop culture for a while now after all, so it shouldn't be a mystery, for the most part at least. So this whole thing is a sort of 'what if' that takes inspiration from an Avengers fic which describes Tony (my favorite in case you may have missed it) is constantly bombarded with the shovel talks and that leads to a frankly, negative reaction in which he no longer sees himself worthy of the relationship and tries to end it. Which leads to a bit of a domino effect and causes the friends to take action and make good on their threats, which invertedly causes Tony to have a panic attack as a result of it. It's more the fault of lack of communication and misunderstanding, but it still makes my chest clench when I read it since it's sort of relatable. I think this sort of thing is sort of commonly discussed (Pearl and Rose from Steven Universe, "she made me feel like I was everything") but not necessarily brought to light, or at least I haven't heard it much. I think that's what the common thread is in my favorite characters. As much as they seem to have the world and seem to not care much for how they are viewed, they can be fragile when it comes to things like feelings.

Call it strange if you like, but I think this is why I'm rather fond of imagining myself with fictional characters rather than real people. As fictional characters, you know how they will react and know that things won't really change. People are...complicated. As they should be of course, but I think that's why people are more open on the internet. People aren't really directly affected by the opinions of others. You really don't like the opinion of a person, you can block, shut off your phone, delete the comment or whatever, or more drastically (and not really to my liking either) you can address that person and, frankly, insult them without fear of the retaliation that may come in real life. The internet is safe, relatively speaking. It's really only when your identity and your place in the actual world is revealed where it becomes truly dangerous.

Anyway, the discussion of different concepts aside, I hope I can bring you all the next chapter far more swiftly than the last~

Dedications to:

**HibiscusMist:** Thanks for the suggestion, I'll be sure to ask you on Tumblr should I have any more questions!

**Stellalana:** I'll be sure to have fun then, and bring my DS while I'm at it (thank goodness I live in California, so an hour reading fanfiction doesn't sound too bad, heh) the tickets are already pre-registered, I need only to pick up the tickets. I hope you got those BlizzCon tickets! Also, I hope you
also get the chance to visit California, it gets hot but we've got lots of stuff to enjoy from San Fran to San Diego~

**Leaf-Ripper:** Thanks for catching that, it should be fixed now!

**Cocomalt:** Then I suggest going to Lunaessence, which is where I read my first Kaiba x Reader reader insert, I also recommend the works of DragonSilk (whom you probably already know), Sound of Saphire (whom you can find on Lunaessence and Ghost of Vanguard I believe), Always a Dreamer (aka Dreamer-san) on Lunaessence and Ghost of Vanguard, and Isis-san, whom has a tumblr but I first read their works on Lunaessence. Lunenessence was a site that was down for a while, but hey! They be back~ Sound of Saphire has some awesome work too, my personal favorite being "My Favorite Things" which features a pretty awesome story and concept. (I suggest you check that one out first, it's at 37 chapters, and while it doesn't seem complete the latest chapter seems to be a satisfying end, at least for me)

**LunarTwilight:** You know, I always seem to have a mini-heartattack when you comment on my things, perhaps it's because I admire your work so much //laughs// and well, no. I'm exaggerating on most of the stuff (the traffic) but LA can be pretty hot. The common way to deal with it is to drive around (AC in the car) and hit the malls. This can lead to a crowded area, but if you have an awesome area and okay driving skills/driver, you're pretty solid. My Dad and I often watch a movie if it hits the hundreds. A common occurrence during the summer to be honest. And though it's been happening recently, it isn't usually the kind of heat where it's humid. A dry heat for the most part, which trust me, is far more tolerable than the latter. Between the dry heat of LA and the humid heat of Philippines, I'd choose LA every time. Traffic here isn't absolute worst either, but you've got to be weary of drivers who don't seem to know what the heck their doing. My Dad and I often laugh at people when we can see that they've got their hand on the wheel and a phone in the other. (I believe it's been made illegal in this state, but I could be misinformed) Also- I'd take those for Kaiba thanks! //gets whacked//

It's not like you need the money anyways Kaiba, let this poor person have their imaginary money.

Also, funny story, but the reaction of the reader is based on a friend of mine actually. We had this event outside within school where it got pretty warm when teh sun was rising, one of the yearbook staff who is well- ah, fit let's say, removed their shirt to change into a much cleaner one. While it's against the rules to run around shirtless, most people don't glance too much when you're a guy and changing just to get cooler. People tend to understand. Most girls who do it in public just do it quickly or do this maneuver in which you put the new shirt on and under your previous shirt and pull out your old shirt. But anyway, he's pretty fit and while I appreciated the view, my friend started choking, and thus, I started laughing hysterically. That day was a fun day.

**EnviousJoestar:** Thanks for the comment as always, I hope you certainly found this chapter and future chapters just as fun~

**DriftQueen:** And here's another one, I'm glad you like these conversations. Since it mostly consists of me mentally talking to Kaiba the same way. I hope you liked the slightly more serious ones too~

**Guest 413:** Thanks for that! Honestly, this entire story started out from an urge to write what it may be like if I were to meet Kabia. So for this purpose, I dulled it down to a few things, that the reader would my intelligent, sassy as hell, and would not really take much of Kaiba's attempts to threaten. It many stories that I've read, I've often imagined what I might do in that scene. Most of the time it's in the angsty ones that I do it, so I usually...threaten things. So this story is mostly the result of those instances, so I'm glad you enjoyed it and I don't mind the rambling one bit! I do it to in case it's not obvious //chuckles// I look forward to seeing another ramble~
PerimMaster: I'm glad you enjoyed it so much to binge read (those times are fun aren't they?) and I'm glad you like it so far. Kaiba and I are doing our best to continue, of course, I'll bribe him with things if need be. Not like I can hurt him in real life anyway. Guy's to tall -> is under five feet tall, and probably much more fit than I. If he could do that shit with the helicopters and still walk fine anyway. I went dead hiking on a trail in the Sequoias just this week.

To You: Thanks for reading and I hope you have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!
Chapter Summary

The following morning involves a series of events.

“Sweet mother of Marie Currie!” You cursed as you banged your head under the belly of a car. The bang resounded and proceeded to echo throughout the door of the (relatively) empty garage.

There was a grunt before, “What now?”

“Banged my head on the sway bar link- ow,” You grumbled, using the back of your black stained hand to rub at the spot of impact.

“Then look before you try to get up,” Kaiba retorted. “And I found the main issue with the engine.”

“Was I right?”

“Overheated alternator.”

“Cool, so we just need to order a new one.”

“Remind me again why we didn’t just buy them a new vehicle.”

Neither you nor Kaiba could imagine what else to do with the last two days of your exile, so you, while taking a walk around town, had overheard that an orphanage was having issues with their only van. Thus, this was the solution to your collective boredom. Fix whatever the hell was wrong with the van.

“I’m not a fan of air pollution.”

“Then build them an electric van.”

“I’ll do that when we get home- but come on, even for me that’ll take a while, these kids gotta go places.”

“I hardly believe that it would be that necessary.”

“I can prove you wrong.”

“Then why haven’t you done it already?”

“Because,” You grinned. Worming your way out from under the battered, but still good white van. Gently patting the wheel as you wiggled out to meet Kaiba- in his admittedly attractive look with a small smudge of soot on his cheek. Along with a sleeveless black shirt that showed off muscles.
You found it hilarious that the arm that held his duel disk was *slightly* larger; by a few centimeters, but you still found it hilarious. You focused on that more due to the fact that focusing on anything else could very well die from your blood rushing to your head so fast.

“They were going to the Tokyo branch of Kaiba Land on the weekend as a reward for their grades,” You said, looking up at him with the top of your head poked outside the front. Your arms linked to pillow the back of your head as you looked at an upside down Kaiba from where he was leaning forward to look at the engine. Hair slightly damp with sweat, despite the cool of night that flitted through the mechanic shop that the two of you had commandeered.

“…..”

Your grin grew wider into a shit eating one, eyes remained unblinking.

Kaiba blinked first as he sighed, leaning back and going to the wooden bench where he had put his coat and phone, “Did you fix the drag link?”

“Nice and lubed up,” You chimed as you wiggled out further from the vehicle. Finally able to get up without hitting any of the underbelly of the van.

Getting up, you moved over to a towel and cleaned out the oil and grease from your hands. The t-shirt you wore wasn’t safe from the muk and grime from under the van, but you could live with a few more stains. Since this wasn’t exactly a new shirt either.

You would deal with what got under your nails later.

Walking over, you handed out a dry tissue to Kaiba. Taking the damp tissue he had procured himself before handling his phone for disposal.

Yawning into your fist, you blinked blearily at him, “How long did they say it was going to take?”

“Six hours.”

“Snooze fest then,” You yawned again, stretching your arms high before turning back to the van. The motion became familiar as you went to the driver’s seat, opening the car and hopping in. Leaning back on the seat slightly to blearily blink at Kaiba who simply leaned back on the desk.

“We have a hotel.”

“I don’t wanna move.”

“You just moved yourself *in* the van, I doubt you couldn’t move yourself about 30 kilometers more feet to the car.”

“But it’s comfy here.”

Kaiba sighed before walking over and walked into the door you left open, scooting sideways to make room as Kaiba took over the driver’s seat. Yourself remaining on said seat as you leaned back on your hands and wedged your foot against the door to raise yourself. Making room for Kaiba’s long legs before settling again.

“One time, when I was visiting Caltech, I hopped on a motorcycle to visit the sequoias,” You babbled quietly. “I liked it a lot. No service, fresh air. Bear warnings. Huge as butt trees, met this park ranger too- she was really nice and I found out a lot from her- even gave me some pointers on
which trails were mostly empty and gave me a stick so that I wouldn’t slide down and fall on my ass. Cause snow-you know? Don’t make that face Cosmo Azure, I didn’t mean to rhyme. I named that stick Clyde by the way, but we should do that one day. Maybe not this year since we just had this little banned from work type of week- two weeks for me anyway, don’t get shot Ocean Eyes, I don’t recommend it. It’ll be quiet, and regular phones won’t work but I can easily hook it up and super signal it so your not totally out of sync with your company.”

You proceeded to bable like this for another half hour, Kaiba listening, but not exactly sure what was your point was.

“What were you doing in Caltech?” He asked quietly.

“Huh?” Your voice was loud compared to his, but that seemed to affect you as you folded your arms together. The image of a sheepish young adult who didn’t quite know what to do. Then, clearing your throat, you proceeded to speak quietly. “I was doing research with some of my buddies in MIT.”

You looked around, as if you were in danger of being spied on, “We were in the process of developing a better engine to be able to make round trips to the moon. We’re calling the ship the Katherine Johnson. KJ for short.”

“I suppose you finished the engine.”

You nodded.

Kaiba snorted softly, “Of course you did.”

For a moment, there was silence. Before Kaiba turned his head to see that your eyes were closed. Hair sprawled out in strange directions, a spot of grease smudged across your cheek. Mouth slightly open with a soft sigh puffing in and out with every breath. Your head resting against his shoulder.

Sighing, he leaned his head against the top of your head before closing his eyes.

-  

When he woke up, he wasn’t exactly how he had slept.

He appeared to be lying down against the chair that had been shifted backwards. His coat lying on top of him in a pseudo blanket.

Your face popped on the front window.

“Morning!~” You sang cheerily. Face washed and hair pulled back with some sort of clip that he hadn’t seen you wear the day before.

“I gots de goods,” You cheered, bringing over a plastic bag filled with a white foam containers that felt warm in his hands as you passed it. “Breakfast.”

As he opened the container, he was greeted by the sight of rice with a side of cooked to crisp bacon and scrambled eggs that looked seasoned with garlic salt.

“It doesn’t look fancy cause I cooked,” You informed him before leaving the door and walking over to the front of the van. “So don’t expect a breakfast from a five star chef.”

With a sharp nod, Kaiba awknowledge that fact as he began to eat. Conversational silence
accompanied the occasional clink of you under the hood. No doubt poking at the alternator issue he had fount the night before.

“I take it the alternator arrived?”

“Yep,” You called from under the hood, your voice warping slightly from the barrier the hood presented. “Gave the man your ID, just so you know.”

Kaiba gave you an acknowledging hum.

You didn’t bother really telling him anything else, on your part, you had delved into a mind space. Not really thinking of anything save for getting the van fixed. Your arms already elbow deep into the machinery of the van. Grasping at the parts that you would be checking before making the final repair.

Kaiba simply watched as you pulled a varying amount of expressions while looking at the engine. From annoyance to understanding, to an almost excited glee as you delved deeper before running back to the bench of tools. Sometimes, (disgustingly) with a third tool in your mouth as you ran over to fix or tweak a problem.

As time moved, his breakfast long since finished, he begun to see the work show on your person. The barest hint of sweat began to trickle down your cheek, wisps of hair had begun to droop with moisture. Cheeks now fully smudged in grime and grease.

Needless to say, Kaiba had a difficult time looking away.

You seemed to not notice his stares, instead muttering to yourself. Whether be it in notes or annoyance, you seemed to be unaware of his issue.

Despite that, as if he had accidentally spoken allowed, you looked up at him and grinned.

“Enjoying the view?”

The effect was instantaneous, “Shut up.”

You only snorted, using the inside of your elbow to wipe your nose before going back to work.

Kaiba resolved to take out his phone, working on whatever he could get a hold of.

“…"

“Kaiba.”

“…”

“Kaiba.”

“…”

“Seto,” Your face flashed in front of him, causing a rapid whiplash as he jolted backwards. Head flush against the head of the chair while you pulled out.


“Stainless steel,” Kaiba deadpanned, reaching out to grab your shirt and pull you down to him.
Hands massaging the back of your head to check whether there were any indications of a potential bruise or not.

“’m fine,” You muttered, awkwardly angled inside the car as his grip on your shirt gave no indication of ever slacking. “Just joking.”

“I’ll be the judge of that,” yet despite that, Kaiba let go of your shirt. Allowing you to straighten yourself. Your face noticeably washed clean yet your clothes still dirty from the job. “I suppose you’re done then.”

“Yep,” You said, shifting slightly even as you nodded. “All done.”

There was a bit of an awkward silence before you presented his coat that he hadn’t seen you pick up.

“Hotel?”

Kaiba nodded, reaching out to pick up his coat before following you out the door.

While it was midafternoon, the streets were relatively empty.

None the less, you contented in the rare relative silence. Cars brushing by slightly. Walking along the street as if the two of you were out to get some sun shine.

You tried not to jolt too much when you felt a slightly chilled hand curl around yours.

- 

Alright, it wasn’t your fault.

You made whirring noises while running around in a circle, your hands wrapped around a small ankle as you bounced around the Tokyo Branch of Kaiba Land like an airplane.

Kaiba had some things to take care of before returning to Domino City on the day after tomorrow so the two of you had gone after taking your showers and getting rid of the sweat and grime.

None the less, as you waited outside the main offices where Kaiba Land managed finances and employees, you didn’t really prepare yourself for dealing with a lost child.

Still, a bit of a weakling when it came to the crying face of a child, you ran around the general area dropping low to your knees and steadily rising. Shoulders full of a giggling child.

That is, until you almost ran into Kaiba.

He stared at the child on your shoulders before staring at you with a raised eyebrow.

“He got lost,” You said in explanation. Even though your mind was fully prepared to supply him with an investigative worth of information- the kid was no doubt kindergarten age, he had said he was here with a group on a school trip, and the school name was a sticker on his shirt. One did not need to be Sherlock Holmes to be able to find the people who lost a kid. “and was crying.”

The child seemed star-struck as he stared at Kabia, mouth gaping slightly, “Your Mr. Kaiba!”

Expression visibly softening, Kaiba stood straight to look the child in the eye, “I am.”

The child’s expression grew even more amazed as you heard the child mutter, “You made this whole park??”
“Yep!” You said cheerfully, “the whole park.”

“Woooooww!,” You giggled at the child’s wonder.

You nudged Kaiba with your hip, raising an eyebrow in question while the child was still star struck. Easily lifting the child over your shoulders and handing him to Kaiba.

“Restroomgottago Bye~” You called out before dashing over to the nearest restroom, you had been standing around for almost three hours- and drunk almost five bottles of water.

Kaiba stared at the direction you had left, blinking as his mind was uncharacteristically slow to process what happened.

“What’s your name?” He decided, straightening his arms so he could look at the child in the eye.

“Sora!” The child said excitedly.

“Well Sora, you know I made the park right?” Kaiba waited patiently as the child responded with an excited nod.

“Then how about you come with us around the park for a bit before we find your teacher and friends?” Kaiba offered, smiling in place of his usual smirk when the boy cheered in clear glee.

As the taller man and the younger child waited for you before they began walking, they spotted you. Smiling sheepishly at Kaiba as you walked towards them, arm full of a lost toddler. Wrapped in a small blue coat and bright red shoes. Her eyes red and her nose pink, seemingly after she was finished crying.

“You leave for the restroom and you come back with a child?” Kaiba said, raising a skeptic eye.

You shrugged sheepishly, adjusting the small girl in your arms as you approached him. Sora brightening at the sight.

“Akari?!”

“Big brother?” The young girl whimpered, face screwing up to cry again. Which you swiftly put a halt to, bouncing your arm and raising the girl to your shoulders so she could be eye level with her apparent “brother”.

“Why you here? I thought you were with Pa and Papa,” Sora questioned reaching out to comfort his sister.

You and Kaiba exchanged a look of understanding before you allowed the two to calm each other down.

“What’s the plan Kaiba-man?” You asked casually, shuffling over to stand beside the tall businessman.

Not answering, Kaiba moved Sora up onto his shoulders before grabbing your hand, one hand on Sora’s leg to keep the child steady. You chuckled and followed along, adjusting your stride to keep up with Kaiba’s long-ass legs.

Throughout the day, the four of you went to the front of the line, Kaiba giving a stern nod to the front employee (its stern-ness effect lost due to the laughing child on his shoulders). Riding rides, and following the whims of the children. Akari was giggling as her short arms hung on to the stuffed
Blue Eyes White Dragon that her brother managed to win for her in a game. As the four of you past by the statues of the Blue Eyes White Dragons and the Kaiba statue, a bit smaller compared to the one in Domino City, you still shot Kaiba bright grins at the sight. To which he took revenge later in the waterpark section by spraying you with one of the dragon heads, getting your top. Avoiding Akari of course.

You took your revenge when you found a water cannon with a high PSI compared to the dragon heads. Avoiding Sora completely while Kaiba was drenched head to leather toe.

You grinned at him while he shot you a dark look, leather shoes *squish squishing* as he passed you to go to his room in the park, presumably to change.

“Is Mistah Kaiba your boyfriend?” Akari asked as he left, meanwhile you were on an empty deck, drying your top.

You paused, before nodding, “Yeah. I think he is.”

“Does that make you a Princess?” She asked curiously.

You laughed at that, before rolling the idea around in your head, “I guess, sure. I could be.”

Akari seemed to be thinking about what she herself said before shaking her head, “No, cause Mistah Kaiba doesn’t have a Daddy King.”

You nodded slowly.

“That makes you queen then already!” She said with a giggle.

You gave her a lop-sided smile, ruffling her hair gently. Thumb sliding over the black ring on your finger as your face warmed. Red creeping up your neck.

“Mr. Kaiba?” Sora questioned from where he sat, Kaiba pulling on a new button down white shirt from his closet. Kaiba paused to raise an eyebrow at the child.

“My pa said that you sometimes you give that soft smile to someone you like-like *lots,*” Sora said. “Do you like-like the nice person who helped me?”

Kaiba paused from fixing his shirt, turning to the young boy who was shifting in his chair anxiously at the look.

“I can’t assume they are he or she,” Sora suddenly defended. “they only gave me their name.”

“No not that I,” Kaiba paused. “Yes. I like them a lot.”

Sora brightened, “Good! They’d make a really really *really* good Queen. They won me this!”

Sora presented the small, but very detailed figure of an Obelisk. One Kaiba recognized was only available if you won a game of guessing the contents of a jar. It would figure that you managed to guess the correct context.

Still, Queen?

“And your already married too which is awesome!” Sora cheered.
Kaiba huffed and fixed the cuff of his button down, opting to roll it his elbows instead as he reached a hand out to Sora.

For the most part, Kaiba tuned out Sora as he singed song his name and yours, until it lead to, “-sitting in under a tree. K.I.S.S.I.N.G. First comes love, then comes marriage- then comes a baby in a really fancy-“

Kaiba turned to grab Sora and hoist him on his shoulders before the child could finish his song. Tickling his underside on the lift as he attempted to cover the growing blush on his face. Glaring at any employee who almost stumbled at the site.

Sora kept giggling.

The four of you went through the entire park, pausing as you waited in the front for the children’s parents and teacher.

“Sora! Akari!” A man with salt and pepper hair practically leaped from the crowed as you and Kaiba obligingly let the kids down as they shrieked happily from the man’s hugs.

“Dang,” You had muttered to yourself as what seemed to be the man’s partner practically did parkour from the side, leaping over trash cans. The teachers and student not far behind.

The man huffed, black hair practically plastered to the man’s forehead as he reached hand out to shake, “Shun. That’s my husband Dan- I’m so sorry for the trouble caused.”

Surprisingly, Kaiba spoke first, shaking his head, “It was no trouble. We spent the whole day having fun.”

You nodded with him enthusiastically.

“In any case, I think we all should be getting home,” Shun had turned away from them. Smiling as Dan and the kids were laughing. The kids telling their dad about their day and showing them all the toys the “Kind and Queen of Kaibaland” gave them.

“Thank you so much for taking care of them,” Shun said warmly, turning to the two.

You shrugged, “Tis no trouble. Your kids are a delight. Well informed too.”

“We try,” Shun said chuckling as Dan seemed to attempt carrying both children on his shoulders at the same time.

“I should…” Shun trailed off as Dan seemed to go red in pain. “Probably go help my husband- excuse me-“

Shun ran as Dan began to tip over. Kaiba smirking as the man left while you wound your arm around his, chuckling as they ran.

“Did Sora tell you?” You whispered, your expression keeping a joyful one while the two of you watched the family.

“That two bullies from his group made Akari run away and Sora had gone after her?” Kaiba returned, “already taken care of.”

“Nice.”
A/n: SUP PEEPS, GUESS WHO'S ALMOST IN SUMMER VACATION!!!!

That's right. That's me. But that also means finals before summer vacation and math is going to murder me //LAUGHS//

Anyway, its been a while, but its also been a pretty crazy few weeks. On another hand- I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE GIVEN A GIFT. MEGAMEATLOAFCAKE DIS CHAPTER IS FOR YOUUUUU

And if any of you pick up on my small reference in this chapter, I will feature you in the next chapter. I don't care how, and I don't care who. You're going on it. Just name the fandom and you're in the next chapter. Period. Drop the name of your character if you think you'll get it right.

Dedications:

Megameatloafcake:  Yoooooooo, your story written all over this last bit. Totally helped me get over my writer's block (school's a dog but you really did help) I hope to see more from you.

LunarTwilight:  Ey- it's alright. I know RL sometimes catches you off guard and sometimes you just can't sit down in read (been there) so as long as you enjoy yourself you do you. And getting a hang of Kaiba will probably not be for a long time if I use your technique XD (I'm not really interested in getting in a relationship for the moment seeing as how i'm in high school and I can't really picture something starting like that lasting. So i'll probably live life content with fictional characters.

CDC2003:  Thanks for that! I'll be sure to keep it up~

forlornTimekeeper:  I LOOK FORWARD TO THAT! ALSO YEP. FINALS IS ALSO A CLOSE THING FOR ME. Thankfully my finals for history, chem, ceramics, and plausibly English might not prove to be much of a problem. The rest- ehhh. I'll face it as it comes. And to be honest, my words on fanfics often affect my essay writing so it gets a bit wordy eheheh. I'm glad you like my style of writing!

To you:  Thanks for reading hope you have a good morning/day/afternoon/night!!
The Ending Game

Chapter Summary

And so this story winds to a finish.

Chapter 26, The Ending Game

A Few Days Later

You had sunglasses on as you walked through the busy streets of Domino City in daylight. Tourists were walking around, teenagers out of school were talking with each other and going to malls. Adults went about their business.

Summer was in full swing.

You were in light clothing, suitable for the normally humid heat that came about Japan. You didn’t mind it much actually, the Philippines was like this on a normal basis during typhoon season and you had managed to survive a month.

Whistling, you walked into the sleek building of Kaiba Corp. A rush of cold air brushed over you as the powerful air conditioning did its worth in keeping its collective employees, and more importantly, their boss, sane. The tenants of the ground floor greeted you with recognition and respect before going back to their jobs, you smiled at them and waved as they noticed you.

Slipping your hand into your pocket, you pulled out a key card, pressing it against the small black rectangle near the side of the elevator.

As the elevator pulled you up the building, your mind wandered for a bit before the ding.

You walked out, greeting Kaiba’s other assistant. Who was newly hired to hold the fort for Kaede.

“Hello Annika,” You greeted before pointing at Kaiba’s office door. “He busy?”

“Never for you,” She joked before you both chuckled. “He’s talking with Mokuba about something. Seemed urgent. I’d say maybe wait a minute or two?”

You looked at her suspiciously, regarding her brighter than usual grin, “You know what they’re talking about. So why aren’t you saying anything about it?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny. But Mr. Kaiba told me not to say anything to you- under any circumstance.”

“Not even if I’m dying,”

“Nope.”

“Wow.”
She then regarded you more seriously, “You- you’re not actually dying, right? Call me selfish- but on behalf of everyone who works here- if someone is threatening you, every single one of us will commit murder.”

You laughed at that, “No no- but murder? Seriously? Why?”

“You help keep Mr. Kaiba’s temper in check, there hasn’t been a mass of suddenly traumatized employees for weeks.”

You snorted, “He’s not *that* intimidating.”

“Maybe to you- but you’re scary too. It’s just you’re kind of harder to- excuse me- piss off.”

“I attended Elementary and middle school,” You deadpanned, “along with college. I just learned to tolerate people.”

She winced, “Ouch.”

“No offense meant, it just means that I learned to deal with people I can’t dismiss out of sheer willpower,” You snickered while pointing at the door with the nod of your chin. “Unlike *that one*. Other than that- we’re pretty similar in a lot of ways.”

“A little bit stubborn?”

“I was going to say a bunch of assholes but I get that you don’t want to insult your boss while outside his office,” You said in mock seriousness, hiking up your solemn expression and nodding in grim understanding.

“Thanks for your consideration,” She said rolling her eyes and shaking her head before the door opened up to reveal Mokuba walking out with a huff.

“You’re going to have to do this on your own big brother!” He had called behind him before halting at the site of you. Eyes widening slightly.

You raised an eyebrow before casually leaning on Annika’s desk, “Trouble in paradise Mokuba?”

Mokuba laughed while scratching at the nape of his neck, a classic physical show of nervousness as he shrugged, “Something like that- anyway, you came to see big brother?”

You nod, raising your hand to reveal the white reusable plastic cup that had a Blue Eyes White Dragon theme as part of the art. The lid held a straw that was clear in color while the plastic was an ice blue. Meanwhile, Mokuba had quickly closed the door behind him and walked over to you.

“I intend to force him to drink an iced caramel latte,” You said in explanation.

Mokuba laughed at that, “Good luck on that- but you’re letting him drink coffee?”

“A little bit,” You admitted. Having kept an entire *data board* of the caffeine content Kaiba had been consuming, some of which was behind your back- but it’s not like he didn’t expect that you would find out. “I’m feeling generous on the amount but he’s been earning it back through the past few days.”

Those three days being *after* you had sent down a warning on his laptop in the form of an image of Kisara holding a bag of coffee beans in her mouth and looking at the camera in some sort of expression of disappointment. Even *you* couldn’t figure out where she learned it, but it was hilarious.
Along with the image, you inputted a line of useless code in the jpeg. that said, “Drink your outlawed coffee in a forest next time”.

Kaiba retaliated by staring you straight in the eye while drinking a black mug themed with your favorite dragon, which had nothing but water in it.

The spite in this one was strong indeed.

“Besides,” You followed. “He never drinks iced coffee, much less a sweet type of ice coffee. I’m hoping the coffee part is the bait here.”

“If not,” You added shifting off your leaning stance. “I have a backup plan.”

The two of you exchanged your goodbyes as Mokuba quickly made his way out to attend to his vice president-ly duties. You proceeded to casually tap your shoe against the door before walking in.

Kaiba furiously working on his computer while you sat on the cushion chair that had migrated from the rest area of the office to next to Kaiba’s desk.

You stretched your legs out, crossing them as you placed the cup on his desk before resting your elbow on the armrest.

Just content to see the magic happen as his fingers flew over the keyboard. Despite the speed of his actions, his face was lax as he typed. You watched his eyes move back and forth on the screen. Shifting more downward with every line of text.

You pulled out your phone briefly to double check before pocketing it.

It had been supposed to be a date night today, but he seemed busy. Busier than normal, you quietly noted. So you contented yourself with just asking your intern if they could so kindly pick up some food for you and Kaiba to eat in-office. Nisha was a good intern and definitely had the potential for being full-time if they wanted it.

You proceeded to slide into the chair as you messed around on your phone. Content to wait it out until Kaiba came down from his working high.

- 

You tilted your head at the grunt of surprise.

Kaiba stared at the cup before looking at you, blinking.

You waved a hand, “Hi.”

He looked at the clock beside his monitor before cursing under his breath, “Why didn’t you tell me you got here?”

“It’s fine,” You said shrugging. Looking at your phone as it vibrated. “You were busy.”

Kaiba scowled, “I could have paused for half an hour.”

“So,” You carefully placed a hand on his cheek, your thumb sliding back as you made sure his attention was on you. “It’s fine. I asked for take out. We could eat here.”

You got up, stretching your back with a brief yawn. Rubbing your eyes out of habit before catching his stare.
“What?”

“Most people would be upset that I put work over a date.”

You grinned, silently noting the blankness in his tone. It was a question indeed, but it was also something Kaiba seemed to be insecure about. Understandable, considering relationships were an effort. Or so you thought it to be, but you understood he had work. You had the same job, just for a different industry. You weren’t going to get mad just because he seemed to be too far in the zone in his work that you didn’t want to bother him. If it was really important then you would have talked to him. Simple as that.

“In case you forgot Kaiba, I’m not most people,” You smiled. “I’m not going to dump you over one missed date- come on. It’s not even a celebration or birthday or anything. We were just going out to eat.”

You nodded over at his desk, “And we can eat here. So technically date night is still on. Savy?”

You didn’t really give him a chance to respond as you turned to head out and pick up the food from the café before you paused and turned around. Resting your back against the door.

“But, if you really want to make it up to me for whatever reason, you better drink that iced coffee dragon boy.”

Then you turned and left. Leaving Kaiba to shake his head before taking a sip.

He frowned but sighed and continued drinking anyway.

Kaiba didn’t say anything as the two of you ate ramen for dinner in his office.


Two Weeks Later

You stared holes in the woman across the dinner party who was currently attempting to plaster herself all over Kaiba.

A feeling, not exactly jealousy, but a similar cold feeling stirred in your mind as you quietly contemplated ways in which you could fuck her over without Kaiba figuring out it was you right away. In the midst of this, of course, was when an idea blossomed in your mind. Quietly playing as your mind ran the scenario and any plausible results it could have, as well as any plausible consequences that it could possibly bring to Kaiba. Since you were here for him and not the actual party.

All the same, you took a large gulp from your glass of liquid excuses before placing it down with a gentle shudder of the table under you. Getting up from the chair with a soft screech, you strode your way over to Kaiba. Leaving behind the twenty clean and finished glasses that you had consumed to keep yourself busy.

With him in his hilariously stupidly good two piece black on white suit that made you want to take a picture-

You didn’t notice as people seemed to part like a river crashing on a rock. Most of the elder couple chuckling in amusement while some of the other singles parted out of fear of your expression.
As you approached, you slipped yourself into Seto’s personal space, standing squarely in front of the definitely taller man. Smiling deceptively at the woman before your left hand reached up and curled into Kaiba’s black tie.

And promptly pulled him down to meet you.

When you were done, you finally let his tie go and grinned at the woman.

“Sorry,” You said, not at all feeling the emotion in your apology as you showed your hand with a wiggle of your fingers. Black ring glinting under the soft light. “He’s taken.”

Your face fell as you glared at the woman, a soft rumble in your throat growing in volume slightly, “Now if you would so kindly. Scram.”

There was a sudden silence among the crowd as she scrambled away, which caused you to transfer a smile onto the onlookers.

“Problem?”

People hastily shifted over and continued their discussions.

You felt an arm wrap around your waist before you were pulled to a stiff back. Your senses picking up the expensive cologne and the dry cleaning place that Seto always chose for his suits.

“Are you drunk?” You heard him hiss in your ear, as you even felt the tickle of brown strands on the top of your head.

“No,” You said, before pausing. Considering a number of drinks you had just had. “Slightly inhibited, and very likely far less calculating than usual. Other than that, I’m fine.”

He sighed, shaking his head as he straightened and said no more as he pulled you over to the balcony on the ballroom floor.

The cold air of the night took you by surprise as you shuddered mutely, acclimating to the cold as you proceeded to separate from Kaiba and lean on the marble railing. Sighing as the cold shock you into realization.

“Sorry,” You muttered a little later. “I should have restrained.”

You vaguely heard a scoff as he came up behind you, your back pressing against his chest.

“I was wondering when I would get to see you drunk-“

“I’m not drunk”.

“I wasn’t disappointed,” He finished.

You turned to face him, trapped in between his long ass arms, raising an eyebrow.

“The last time I saw you like that- I think it was at dinner,” Kaiba said, smirking in that cheeky holier-than-thou way that always pissed you off and made him slightly more attractive.

The more often than not, it pissed you off. Not that you would tell him.

“Threatening someone in German would leave quite a distinct impression I would think,” You answered drily.
“Pain in my ass.”

“Hi pot, I’m kettle,” You muttered, tilting up to meet with his lowering chin.

- 

*Four Weeks Later*

You vaguely heard voices behind the office upon your approach, mostly Kaiba’s as it was his office.

“No you convoluted fool-“

“Just get the damn thing done-“

“Yes- I’m aware of that- No. I am not going with your idea.”

You shrugged and knocked, pausing and waiting for Kaiba to say his hasty goodbyes before walking in.

- 

*Two Months Later*

You sat bored, on the counter. It was the morning hours and you were just about ready to fall asleep when there was a gentle tap on the counter. Your eyes shifted to see Yugi waving a shifty hello. Looking all the world to be sleep deprived.

You blinked before shifting off your chair, “I’m going to gamble a guess here and say that you want coffee?”

Yugi nodded gratefully, “Finishing up a project proposal before submitting it to Kaiba.”

“Oh, right you two are working together,” You said snapping your fingers before smiling. Handing him a cup of coffee and waving off his presented money. “You’re the King of Games and saved me from boredom in the hospital, you don’t have to pay me jack crap.”

“Thank you,” Yugi said smiling, before presenting a small box. “I saw this outside your door by the way- this yours?”

Your expression lifted to surprise as you took the box from him, shifting the box in your hands. Taking a look before finding a small pad that felt smooth and not unlike an LCD screen.

Shrugging and taking a chance, while secretly hoping it wasn’t a bomb, you pressed your thumb against small space.

The box opened with the hiss and presented an all-black fountain pen with a molded dragon at its tip. The tongue serving as the pen nib itself.

“Wow.”

You only smiled before snorting in laughter, “Wow. He really has to one-up me huh?”
Four Months Later

You looked at the card, then looked back at him. Then looked back at the card.

He made you a card. A whole freaking card. As a proposal.

“So?”

You shook your head, hand thumbing over the black ring on your finger as you shook your head incredulously.

With a sigh, you shook you shook your head yet again. A lop-sided smile coming onto your lips as you looked at him. Looking ridiculous as the cherry blossoms on the floor of the patio rained down and fell on top of his brown head and otherwise pristine white trench coat.

You must have looked ridiculous in comparison, your eyes were slightly puffy from catching a cold of all things. Your nose was runny, and you were slightly disgruntled from your lack of sleep the night before. Tossing and turning as you weren’t able to breath until you gave up and went down to the basement to busy yourself on something that wouldn’t make you lose your mind.

“...You really have to one-up me don’t you?” You asked him, looking up at him as the sun began to set behind you. “Make me feel inadequate why don’t you?”

A proposal under blooming cherry blossoms with a sunset and some impressively good soup cure for a cold. Seriously an improvement from the impromptu ring giving in a bloody car that the two of you shared before.

He only scoffed before pulling you in.

“Of course.”

-

Two Years Later

You had been working in the coffee business for as long as you remember, but you didn’t think it would amount to this very situation.

You stood behind your desk, staring in mild shock and amusement as Kaiba simply rose an eyebrow at you.

“Well?”

You blinked, “I don’t think I caught that the first time Seto.”

Kaiba sighed in exasperation, though granted, there was a small hint of a smile in Kaiba as he lifted the duel gazer further into your line of site. The black tungsten, shaped in angular yet, aesthetically pleasing duel gazers glinted in the soft light of the café. The occasional car rushed by outside, but the
caféd itself was rather quiet with its lack of any other customer save for Kaiba himself.

“Will you test the new duel gazers with me?”

“It sounds like a proposal,” You said incredulously. “A... a marriage proposal.”

Kaiba looked at you through narrow eyes as his arm slowly came down to rest his arm, “We’ve been married for the past two years.”

You looked at him, “And during that time. The public is convinced we’ve been married for three years. We’ve gone on dates- well- our equivalent of dates. And fixed cars- screwed people over- admittedly I didn’t expect you to propose to me through a card.”

“You kept teasing me about Kaibaman, it’s only logical that I retaliate.”

“By turning me into a dragon that helps summon level eight dragons,” You said, pulling out the card in question from the deck pouch on your hip. “Hacker Dragon Seto. Pain in my ass. You’re lucky that I know you well enough to notice. Considering that you had it designed by Pegasus and Marcus.”

You had even quietly texted Max just in case you were overthinking shit again, honestly the smirking emoji was just about the most shocking one you had gotten from that man. Though you spammed Marcus with money on his messenger in retaliation the ass. You should have known mentioning to Kaiba that he used to create creature designs for a liven was a very bad no good idea.

“You proposed first.”

“And I wished I did it better but seriously Seto- I didn’t even know if you liked me that much at that point.”

Kaiba leveled you with a look, “Are you going to help me test it or not?”

You scoffed, “Of course I am. Give me a second to close shop.”

“Mm,” Kaiba reached out with his other hand, gripping at your shirt and pulling you close. A warm breath met your lips, which you answered to obligingly.

After a moment, Kaiba relaxed his grip, pulling away, “Try not to take too long.”

You huffed, “I would have been already done Blue eyed boy.”

None the less, you reached under the counter and pushed a button. Lights dimmed, shutters closed and locked. The system shut down, logging in the totals.

Kaiba raised an eyebrow, “You upgraded.”

“You were in Domino,” You answered, walking around the counter and picking up the duel gazer. Slipping it on and over your ear. “Weird stuff happens, but before we test these guys out.”

You reached behind the counter and pulled out a black coffee thermos with a Blue Eyes on it, offering it to Seto.

“Care for some midnight coffee?”

A/n: And that’s it folks! Wowie this has been a run. The longest of all my fanfiction- ever. And it’s
done.

wow.

**Dedications:**

*Annika and Anychan:* Thank you for commenting on the last chapter and I hope you enjoyed this last one!

*Megameatloafcake:* You're not dumb bruv, I just haven't watched Akame ga Kill. I hope you enjoyed this last chapter!

*Cocomalt and Nisha:* I hope you enjoyed this last run and may you have plenty of what you wish in return for your lost Bakugan!

*You the reader!* Thank you for reading this story and I hope you look forward for more (i kinda have another Kaiba reader insert that needs working on //shot/ as well as some other stuff. For now though, enjoy your summer! (Or whatever season you happen to read this in)

*Have a good morning/day/afternoon/evening/night!*

*Finished as of July 1, 2017. 12:05 a.m.*

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