

# Scars

By Darker\_Shadow

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*When Seto Kaiba, Rich CEO of the successful gaming company Kaiba Corp, becomes tired of getting everything he wants he decides to ditch his responsibilities and do something about it. But when his solution attracts attention from Jounouchi Katsuya, he dis*

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# 1 - Scars

He gazed out of the window, his sapphire eyes unfocused and partially closed, his chestnut fringe drooped lazily across his pale forehead. He sighed.

Mr. Kaiba are you paying attention?

Seto Kaiba turned his head slowly towards the teacher and shrugged his shoulders half heartedly before turning back to the window. There was no point in even pretending to be polite or care weather the teacher was mad at him, nothing would be done about it, because as the teacher and everyone else knew that he, Seto Kaiba, could have the teacher fired, beaten or even killed just by making the right phone call. No one messed with Seto Kaiba! Seto smiled to himself at this thought before falling back into the silent stupor in which he spent most of his time at school. Finally the bell went and the brown haired boy let out a low yawn before grabbing his bag and filing into the corridor with his classmates, Seto opened his locker and shoved his belongings into his bag violently before slamming his locker and storming out of the school doors. As usual Setos black limousine waited outside to take him to Kaiba Corp, but today Seto ignored it instead he walked in the opposite direction towards his home, a huge manor house that was situated on a hill just outside Domino City. Seto walked briskly letting the cool afternoon air blow softly on his pale face, his deep blue eyes shimmered in the sunlight as he breathed in all the smells that surrounded him as he began to climb the hill towards Kaiba Manor. Seto couldnt remember the last time he had been outside like this, he spent all of his time working, Seto couldnt even remember when had slept last, he often wondered weather he was an insomniac because he worked and his body had got used to not sleeping, or weather he worked all night because he couldnt sleep, it was a chicken and egg kinda thing. Seto was almost disappointed when the set of 10ft high steel gated interrupted his museings. Seto typed in his 8 digit PIN allowed the CPU panel to scan his retina and thumb print before he muttered his name allowing the panel to scan his voice pattens. After a few seconds the gates creaked open but were hastily closed by two armed guards that stood just inside the gates, Seto didnt want anyone getting into his home without his knowledge.

Good afternoon Mr.Kaiba Sir. the two guards said in unison, but Seto ignored them and continued to the large oak doors that lead into the manors foyer. After repeating the same process as at the gate he made his way up the marble staircase, Seto slammed the bedroom door, which locked automatically, dropped his bag on the floor and let himself fall back onto his bed, he lay staring up at the canopy. After about half an hour he sat bolt upright and grabbed the phone that sat on his bedside table. Seto barked a few short orders to one of his maids before slamming down the receiver, he stood up and began to pace up and down, deep in thought. His crystal eyes darted back and forth as if reading text at super sonic speeds as his brain calculated all possible variables, it wasnt long before he was interrupted by his cell phone. Seto took it out of his pocket and frowned at it before desideing to accept the unknown number.

Kaiba he grunted

Hey Big Brother! came the reply.

Mokuba?

Yeah who else? Mokuba laughed.

Why arent you using your phone? Seto questioned.

Battery dies, left the charger at home.

Oh, so everythings all right?

Mokuba laughed again, You worry too much Seto.

So everything's fine? Seto persisted.

Yes. Mokuba sighed, It's really great Big Brother, I wish you could have come.

Do you know when you're coming back?

Um, yeah I think the teacher said something about the 22nd.

I'm glad you're enjoying yourself.

Oh, I gotta go Seto, talk to you later. Mokuba clicked off.

Seto threw the phone on the bed, Mokuba was coming back on the 22nd, that gave him about 3 weeks.

Flicking his soft brown fringe away from his eyes, Seto pulled a large suitcase out of the closet and opened it on the bed.

Eyes closed Seto lay on the bed next to the bulging suitcase, realising he was still in his uniform, Seto dragged himself up and unbuttoned his shirt and kicked off his shoes. It was then there was a soft knock at his door, Seto opened it and took the carrier bag that she held out to him and took it into his bathroom.

Seto crammed his head into the shiny black helmet as he swung his leg elegantly over the sleek motorcycle and rode out of the gates. Seto pulled up in front of a small apartment building and headed up to the second floor.

Attention! the teacher yelled over the class of jabbering students, You too Jounouchi! Now we have a new addition to the class, Mr Ichijah Kanau.

A tall, slim but well built man walked into the room, he had tousled shoulder length violet hair and stunning blue- silver eyes framed, with a pair of oval rimless glasses. He waved meekly at the other students, who, to his surprise waved back enthusiastically.

Welcome to Domino Ichijah Kanau! A boy with a lot of blonde hair and an irritating voice stood up and waved.

Sit down Mr. Jounouchi! Mr. Ichijah if you would sit just there for now since Mr. Kaibas not here and we will arrange something else later.

It felt like no time had passed when the bell went for lunch, Kanau wasn't hungry so he headed out into the school grounds. He settled on a grass verge away from the other students, Kanau lay back on the grass and closed his eyes letting the rays of the sun bathe every inch of his pale skin in a peachy glow. The sun reflected off his glasses making them sparkle like the surface of a crystal pond, Kanau breathed the fresh air deep into his lungs, inhaling the different smells.

HEY ICHIJAH!

whaaa! Kanau leaped practically out of his skin, his heart pounding against his rib cage trying to escape.

Sorry man I scare ya? Jounouchi laughed.

Just a bit.

Jounouchi laughed again, Just figured I'd come and introduce myself,

Jounouchi Katsuya but my friends call me Jou. he held out his hand.

Kanau took it, Ichijah Kanau.

They spent the rest of lunch laying on the grass talking something neither of them had ever really done.

Seto hopped off his motorcycle and went up to the second floor apartment, on his way to the bathroom he pulled off his shirt and discarded it on the living room chair, he walked into the bathroom and not bothering to turn on the light he washed his face in the basin. Seto glanced up at the mirror and stared into his own silver eyes and smiled.

Hey Ichi!

Kanau turned to see Jou running towards him, Hi Jou.

Is it still cool me coming over later?

Sure is. Kanau beamed, What time do you reckon?

Not sure. Jou puzzled, Just dont go out OK? Jou waved as they went their separate ways.

OK!

Jou and Seto had become quite close over the last few days, Jou had stopped hanging out with Yugi and the others and Seto had got a lot less work done than he had hoped. It amused Seto that Jou still had no idea who he really was, and couldnt wait to see his face when it all came out.

Seto stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around his waist, wiping his sodden fringe out of his eyes Seto walked into the kitchen, just then the bell went, Seto slammed down his glass and buzzed Jou up.

Hey Jou. Seto called from the kitchen.

Yo Ichi! Whoa! Ichi man if Id known you liked me that much Id a dressed fer the occasion. Jou joked pointing at Setos lack of clothing.

Yeah well typical you had to come at the worst possible time. Seto walked towards his bedroom.

Ya know me. Jou winked.

Seto turned and went into his room, Jou watched him go, shivering slightly. Seto was back in record time he was wearing skin tight blue jeans and a black shirt that was fastened half way up. Jou glanced at Seto but quickly looked away when an icy spark sent a jolt down his spine.

I didnt know you duelled? Jou said picking up Setos deck.

Seto clenched his fists slightly. I didnt know you did.

Fancy a game? Jou pulled his deck out of his inside pocket.

Um OK but Im not very good. Seto smirked to himself.

The duo duelled for hours Seto won every time even without the help of his trade mark cards.

I thought you said you were rubbish? Jou said after loosing for the umpteenth time.

Well I guess Im not as bad as I thought. Seto laughed.

What ya wanna do now then? Jou asked.

Dunno. Seto shrugged.

Wanna nuva duel?

No Seto didnt think he could not rub it in or take the piss one more time.

Hey have you got cable?

Yeah.

Theres an awesome movie on in like 10 mins if ya wanna watch it?

Sure. Seto couldnt remember the last time hed watched a movie, in fact he didnt think he ever had.

Jou was right it was an awesome movie, and Seto wasnteasily impressed, Jou did a lot of jumping around during the film and once ended up practically on his lap. Seto suprised himself, he never once became irritated by Jous adolescent behaviour, he did in fact find its rather intriguing.

Jou sat back almost leaning on Setos arm that was draped across the back of the

sofa, he glanced at Setos chest, he watched rise and fall with each breath.

Ichi?

Mmmm.

Do you have a girl friend? Why the hell was he asking that!

Seto looked at Jou, puzzled, No, Ive never really bothered with girls, Ive always been to busy, Why? No reason just wondered. Jou looked back to the TV but Seto could tell he wasnt watching the movie.

Jou went home after the movie, Seto locked the door after him and retreated to his bedroom. Seto had just unbuttoned his shirt and pulled down his jeans, when the there was a knock on the door, he cursed and pulled his pants back up. Seto leaned against the door frame and unlocked it.

Sorry Ichi, I left my- Jou stopped, he was shivering again.

Seto raised an eyebrow.

My dic- deck my deck, I think I left my deck. Jou flushed pink.

Smirking Seto fetched Jous deck from the living room and handed it to him.

Thanks Ichi see ya tomorrow.

Seto closed the door and then it hit him, was Jou falling for him? No that couldnt be it he was being rediculus, wasnt he? If Jou was then what would he do? Hed have to tell him who he really was. Seto had so much on his mind he went to bed without doing any work that night.

Seto noticed that Jou was a lot quieter at school the next day, rumours had also began to circulate his own whereabouts during the last god knows how many days, each more rediculus than the last. One even suggested that Mokuba had murdered him and taken the company for his own! He would soon squash their pathetic notions but at the moment he was preoccupied with playing Ichijah Kanau and he had his own problems. The more Seto thought about it the more it made sense but Jou wasnt gay, was he? Truthfully how would he know? He never came across as the type, but what was the type?

Seto came to the conclusion that he was over thinking things and letting his imagination run away with its self, both of which he often did. Some thing else he often thought about was why he died his hair wore contacts and made up a fake name, was he curious about what it was like to have close to no responsibility or did he just have multiple personalities? But why does anyone do what they do? Seto laughed to himself, he was on the verge of getting philosophical. Nothing much happened over the next week orso exopt Jou kept looking at him in class, but then again he was looking at Jou.

Seto closed his eyes, he felt sick, Seto started shaking, his stomach felt tight.

Sir? Seto called out.

Yes Mr. Ichijah? Oh my you dont look well. teachers are great for stating the obvious.

My I be excused?

Yes yes of course.

Seto left the room clutching his stomach.

Jounouchi you best go see if hes alright.

Jou got up and followed Seto into the boys toilets, when Jou got there Seto was already vomiting in one of the cubicles.

Hey Ichi, you OK man? Jou knocked on the door.

No but I will be in a - Seto vomited again.

After a few mins of silence Seto came out of the cubicle wiping his sweaty brow with some toilet tissue.

That was nasty, you OK?

Seto nodded, I must have eaten something dodgy this morning.

Yeah. Jou muttered.

Seto walked to the sink and rinsed his mouth out, Jou followed and stood next to him, watching. Seto looked up his lips glistened, Jou moved closer and pressed his lips against Setos, slowly he pushed his

tongue into Seto's mouth, his lips were so soft Jou could taste his soul, it was a smooth sweet syrup that made Jou hungry for more.

Seto opened his eyes and looked down, trying not to make eye contact with Jou, he was confused, did that just happen?

Katsuya? Seto whispered, There's something I think you should know.

Jou studied Seto's face looking for some hint as to whether it was good or bad news, his effort proved inconclusive.

Kana-

Seto cut him off, That's not my name.

What?

Ichijah Kanau doesn't exist.

But - I don't understand.

Seto took the silver contacts out of his eyes revealing the deep azure pools underneath. Of course you don't understand idiot. Seto pulled his best Seto Kaiba look. Figure it out yet Katsuya?

Kaiba? Jou backed away. Oh my god Kaiba?! But I just we just, we've been best friends for 2 weeks! I mean was this your plan all along?

What?

Well get me to fall for you n stuff, is this some kinda sick joke?

No Katsuya, it's not like that at all, trust me I have had no interest in you until we became friends.

You expect me to believe that? Jou spat.

Katsuya, it's the truth!

Don't call me that!

But- Seto pleaded

JUST SHUT UP! Jou dashed out of the toilets leaving Seto alone, he glanced up at his reflection, his cold blue eyes stared back at him, emotionless, Seto slammed his fist into the glass, showering the floor with shards and blood. Seto wiped his eyes and headed back to class to collect his bag.

Mr. Ichijah?

Seto ignored the teacher, his whole body had gone numb all he could feel was his cold blood running down his fingers, cold. He knew Jou was watching him, but Seto didn't acknowledge any one, his eyes were blurry and full of angry tears, everything was hazy. Even Seto's thoughts were clouded and misty, not sure how he got there Seto sat on the sofa in his apartment.

What the hell was wrong with him, it was like 17 years worth of emotion was escaping but it wasn't sure what to do once it was free, he was angry, because Jou wouldn't listen to him. Or was he upset? Did he like Jou? No he didn't swing that way, did he? He didn't think so, and he didn't stop Jou from kissing him, but that was so he didn't hurt Jou's feelings, wasn't it?

Seto didn't want questions any more he was used to knowing everything, the only facts he could see were that, when he tried to explain Jou wouldn't listen, that makes it his fault, right? Seto began to feel the pain in his hand now but he didn't do anything about it, he was too busy thinking round in circles, always coming up with the same conclusion - I don't know.

The next day Seto began packing up his stuff, finding it difficult to fit it all in the suitcase he'd brought it in. He was just about done when someone rang the bell Seto didn't even check who it was before buzzing them up, he hoped it was a sales person so he could take out a little of his rage on them.

Kaiba?

What do you want? Seto muttered coldly, after all that's what he was good at.

To talk?

You weren't interested yesterday. Seto didn't turn around to look at him.

I know but-

If thats all Im busy!

What happened to your hand?

What do you care?

Seto-

What? Seto turned round suddenly, What exactly is it you want Jounouchi? he was yelling now.

Jou muttered something.

What? Seto demanded.

you.

I beg your pardon?

I realised yesterday that I want you because Ichijah Kanau is you, its just a part Ive never seen before.

Jou walked towards him.

Jounouchi, Im not, I dont, I dont swing that way.

You kissed me?

No you kissed me.

Well i didnt hear you complaining!

I couldnt! Your tongue was in my mouth! Seto protested.

Jou laughed and so did Seto.

Its a shame your not gay, if you ever change your mind give me a call Jou turned and left.

By the end of the day Seto was back in Kaiba Manor where he belonged. Jou handnt told anyone that he was really Ichijah Kanau for which he was grateful, every one just made up there own stories as usual, and of course once Seto set foot in the corridor all rumours about him stopped. Nobody messes with Seto Kaiba. He revelled in the fear and respect he brought on himself, it was good to be back. Seto pulled his glove tight, his hand was still sore but he needed to cover it up with something. Setos routine of boredom and insulting everyone he came in contact with soon fell back into place, Seto was working harder again and once again he wasnt sleeping. It was as if Kanau had never existed the only people that remembered him were Seto Kaiba and Jounouchi Katsuya. Seto and Jou had reached an understanding of sorts, they didnt speak to each other, at all. Seto no longer muttered the odd degrading comment when he walked past and Jou told his friends to shut it when they started having a go.

Right! Project time people. the teacher announced, For this 6 week project you will each be partnered with someone, I dont care if you dont particularly like your partner, I will be chosing to prevent any messing around. He looked directly at Hiroto Honda and Jou who sniggered. The teacher then read out the names Seto didnt pay any attention until he heard his own name.

Mr. Kaiba and Mr. Jounouchi.

Seto looked at Jou and scowled folding his arms.

Argg tough luck Jou, Honda muttered.

Naw it aint so bad.

Hows that?

Simple, Kaibas the smartest guy in the class, i cant fail this one. Jou winked.

Good point trade ya? Honda was paired with Anzu

Haha no way man.

After school Jou caught up with Seto, Hey Kaiba!

Seto turned and frowned What is it Jounouchi?

Just wondered if i could come to your place to get a head start on that project thing.

Whatever. Seto got into his limousine and slammed the door.

Ill make my own way there! Jou yelled as the car drove up towards Kaiba

Manor.

Seto sat in his home office, head in his hand, his eyes closed. Knock Knock.

What is it! Seto demanded.

Sorry to disturb you Mr. Kaiba but theres a Mr. Jounouchi outside.

Seto cursed Let him in, bring him here i dont want that idiot getting lost.

Yessir.

Five mins later Jou walked into the room. Hey Kaiba, so whats this project thing about?

Seto raised an eye brow What are you asking me for?

Well I figured since your like the smartest guy around you listened in class.

Jou shrugged

Seto laughed, I never listen in class i dont need to.

Ill call Honda

Following a short call to Hiroto Honda they were none the wiser as to what their project was supposed to be.

Well i guess that means well have to wait, shall I get someone to show you out?

Cant i hang round here for a while?

What ? Why?

Well my old mans not in the best of moods and if he doesnt think Im studying he might flip again. Jou rolled up his sleeve revealing an array of cuts and severe bruises. Seto sympathised he knew what having an abusive father was like.

Seto nodded Just so long as you dont bother me Ive-

Got a company to run. I know.

Seto frowned slightly then turned to his computer and began typing furiously. Jou shuffled round the desk until he was sat adjacent to Seto and just sat, watching him. After a while Seto stopped typing and turned to Jou.

What are you doing?

Watching you. Jou said sincerely.

I can see that but why?

Jou shrugged and got up, he mooched around the room for a bit before kneeling down next to Seto.

Seto?

Mmmm.

Kiss me.

No.

Why?

I dont want to.

Please Seto, I just want to check something.

I said no.

Jou stood up and walked behind Seto, he put his arms around his neck and began softly kissing Setos jaw line.

Jounouchi. Seto breathed, he could feel Jous hot breath on his skin, his soft hair across his check.

Jou nibbled the sensitive skin under Setos jaw.

Oh, Katsuya

Jou slid his hand down Setos chest undoing buttons as he went, he got about half way down when Seto grabbed his hand.

Dont Setos voice was so stern that Jou moved away immediately.



Im sorry Katsuya. Seto stood up and fled into the endless corridors of Kaiba Manor. He took out his cell phone and dialled.

Mokuba its Jou Im at your place, how do I get to your brothers room from his home office?

Really?

Great ta kidd. He clicked off.

Straight up the stair case. Jou muttered. He shot up the stairs four at a time he knocked on the door right in front of him, it had to be Setos a huge Blue- Eyes Ultimate Dragon was painted on the door. Jou knocked, no answer.

Seto! Seto let me in!Seto the only way to make things better is to talk about it. Jou, sick of waiting kicked the door as hard as he could, it took a few attempts but he managed to bust in. Seto was sat on the end of his four poster shirtless, staring down at himself, Jou saw why.

Scars? hundreds of them all over his chest and arms.

Seto closed his eyes but the tears came out anyway hot against his cold skin, he couln't hide any longer. How come i never noticed these before?

I usually keep them well covered. Seto mumbled, No ones supposed to see.

But Ive see you shirtless plenty of times.

Make up.

Ahhh I see.

Jou reached out and touched Setos body, he flinched, Jou ignored it and ran his fingers over the scars. Why?

Seto looked up his sapphire eyes shining with tears looking straight into Jous mahogany orbs and whispered.

Every one gets lonely?

Jou wasnt sure weather this was a question or not so he simply nodded his head and replied.

Well you dont have to be lonely any more.

He leaned forward and kissed Seto lovingly.

Seto pushed him away, "Nobody messes with Seto Kaiba." He said.