

Cold as Ice

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Ever since visiting the shadow realm, Seto Kaiba's soul was opened up. Messages written by no one appear. He fears it is a ghost. He fears it is madness. Only the words will say.

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Chapter 1 - Written by No one

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~It was dark and cold there. You never want to go

back do you? Ever. It scarred you deeply, you never knew. You

did not want to know. A constant denial of the soul it was. Mysoul. May I inquire something of you?

Do you like It this way? Cold as ice?~

“This... cannot be happening... ” Seto Kaiba mutteredshakily. It couldn’t be, no one was here. An opaque aura hung inthe air. He shivered. There was no warmth in the room, it was socold.

“ Mokuba!” Kaiba called. It must have been him, he wasthe only one else living here. The door opened and a streak oflight fell across the room. A boy with raven hair stood silhouettedin the door way. “ Is everything all right, ni-sama?” He askedserenely. Kaiba read his brothers face, it wasn’t angry orshadowed with guilt. It simply shone with childlike curiosity.

“Everything... is alright. ”He said softly. Kaiba knew

Mokuba had no idea what had happened, it would be stupid todrag him into this *unexpected* event. Mokuba gave his brother aperplexed look, then his face went blank. “Seto! It’s freezing inhere!”

Kaiba nodded. “ I will fix it.” He said flatly. Mokuba closed thedoor silently. The light faded and the room melted back into thedim lighting. Kaiba stared at the paper lying on his desk. Wordswere scrawled on it.

~Do you like it this way? Cold as ice?~

He was all alone.

* * *

Going back to school was tough. Domino city wasentering the chilly months of autumn. Vacation was hard to leavebehind.

Joseph Wheeler sniffed. “ I feel like someone died.” Heglowered.

"It won't be that hard Joey." Tea Gardener hummed. "It's just the homework, teachers and bullies that will getchadown." Joey growled. "Thanks a lot. That really helped me." He said sarcastically. The weird short kid grinned at his friends.

"Come on Joe. I love school! I get to see you everyday now."

"Ya forget Yugi. There's a few people we don't want tasee every day." Joey glanced around. No sign of any blue eyed brunets. Joey sighed happily. "I'll curse my luck if he hasn't died over the summer."

The day went by just like any other, very slow and uneventful. Yugi got by just fine, Tea was as happy as ever, Joey had almost died.

"I thought it would never end!" Cried Joey. He ran across the grounds and hugged a tree. "Sweet freedom! Never leave me!"

"Quiet Joey," Tea grabbed him by the ear and yanked him off the tree. "This is only the first day."

"Owwwww..." Joey whined. "Dat hurts." Yugi stared at Domino High. He blinked in confusion. "Hey Tea! Is that Seto Kaiba?"

"Probably is..." Tea murmured without giving a glance. "Who cares?" Yugi swayed. "It looks like he's sleeping..."

Kaiba was sitting on the stairs, slumped over a pile of notebooks. He was clearly asleep. Yugi, Tea, and Joey quietly approached Kaiba.

"Should we wake him?" Tea whispered, she clasped her hands nervously. "He won't get mad will he?"

"He sure will!" Joey shouted and smacked Seto Kaiba on the side of his head. Joey froze, he couldn't move. *'Why did I do it!?!'* A voice inside him howled.

Kaiba slid off his books and tumbled down the stairs. He sat up in a dazed. "What the-" He glanced up at the trio of students, bearing a dumbfounded expression. "Why aren't you in class?"

Yugi stared, Tea was speechless, Joey was ecstatic. *'I will live another day!!!'* His little inside voice screamed. Tea smiled awkwardly. "School is over..." Kaiba stared. *'I don't remember anything...'* He stood up, he felt like running and never looking back. Kaiba would have done so if his books weren't abandoned on the stairs. Silently Seto Kaiba gathered his notebooks.

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He sat in his cold room. *'Can't sleep.'* Kaiba mused. He touched the window. The cold glass blurred over with condensation. He dropped his hand and the white haze was swallowed by the cold. It was nearly midnight, Kaiba was still in his school uniform. He quietly reflected over the day. *'Those words...'*

~A constant denial...~

'I did not write them.' Kaiba thought. 'And the whole day passed without me knowing it...' There must be a logical explanation for it all. Mokuba could have written the words, but then why would he do something that was so maddening? As for the unnoticed classes, school was so easy for Seto Kaiba he could have simply forgotten.

He blinked. There was something on the glass, it had faded so quickly that he did not have the time to distinguish what it was. It had gone as hastily as it had come. The air went icy, color drained from Seto Kaiba's face.

~ Cold as ice?~

* * *

The raven haired boy watched his brother. He would stare at the clock and his face would blank, but his eyes would fill with sheer bewilderment.

"Are you okay big brother?" Mokuba asked innocently. Kaiba eyed the clock. "Is the time right?"

Mokuba nodded. Their clock was always correct.

A bell rang throughout the house. "I'll get it!" Mokuba yelled as he jumped off his chair. He ran out of the living room and glanced only once at his brother. He was still watching the clock.

Yugi and Tea were at the door. "Hello Mokuba." They waved.

"Hey guys, can I talk to you about something?"

Tea smiled. "Sure."

"My brother doesn't seem himself lately." Mokuba sighed. "He's *uneasy*."

"When I don't feel good I talk to grandpa." Yugi said, resting his head in his hands. "But Kaiba doesn't like talking does he?"

Mokuba nodded. "He used to. From what I can remember."

"What happened?" Tea asked.

The little raven haired boy bit his lip. "Ni-sama says it's not right to dwell in the past."

Tea didn't expect an answer, she thought for a moment. "Do you think that is what he is doing? Dwelling in the past?"

Mokuba paled. "I hope not."

* * *

Mokuba Kaiba held his breath. His life flashed before his eyes as he walked down the hall. 'Do I really wish to put Ni-sama through this again?' Mokuba knew what Seto Kaiba's life was like, making him do this seemed so unfair. 'This is for the best.' he told himself. 'For my brother.'

'The best...'

“Seto?” Mokuba mouthed, he held a small parcel in his hands. ‘*Please! Let Tea be right about this!*’

Kaiba glanced about the room. He had heard his brother’s voice. Mokuba was standing in the doorway, he looked smaller than usual.

“Mokuba? Is something wrong?” Kaiba asked, his little brother normally would be tackling him by now.

“Are you working?”

“It can wait.”

“Are you busy?”

Kaiba got off of his chair, turned off the computer displaying charts and statistics of K. Corp. “What is wrong?”

“You haven’t been acting right.” Mokuba muttered. Kaiba stared blankly. “What do you mean by right? Everything is fine.”

“No, it’s not.” The little boy said. “You seem nervous.” Mokuba whispered. “Almost scared.”

“So...” Kaiba’s voice trailed off. ‘*Crap. That didn’t come out right.*’ Mokuba handed his brother something wrapped in brown paper. “Promise me you’ll use it.” He turned and went out the door. “Please.”

“Alright Mokuba.” Kaiba made his promise. He unwrapped the paper. Inside was a little blue book, all the pages were blank. “It’s a diary.” Kaiba breathed, almost unnerved.

“And I promised.”

Reluctantly Kaiba grabbed a pen and flipped to the first page. “Dear diary... God that sounds so fruity...”

‘Mokuba made me promise to use you. I don’t see the point, you can’t change the past can you? Of course you can’t. He says something’s wrong, what is wrong? Another thing you can’t help me with. You’re just a brainless book. And here I am, *the Seto* Kaiba confiding in a brainless book. I can’t break my promises. I can not. But still I can write how utterly ridiculous this is.’

Kaiba read the entry over again. ‘*There you go Mokuba.*’ He thought. ‘*How is that?*’ Kaiba closed his eyes. ‘*That was easier than expected.*’ For a moment he felt faint.

‘*Got to get back to work.*’

Kaiba quickly looked over the book then throw it on the desk. The charts returned, a toolbar recording the time sat at the base of the computer screen. 7:18

Mokuba did have a point. Seto Kaiba was neither nervous or scared, but something was wrong. He sighed, then suddenly he shivered. ‘*Seto, work doesn’t wait...*’ Kaiba closed his eyes once more, then studied the screen.

7:21

' *Strange...* '

The blue diary sat on the keyboard. *'I could swear it wasn't there a second ago.'* Curiously, Kaiba picked the book up. He turned to the first page.

" Oh my God."