

# Bad Day

By Tal2

Submitted: July 11, 2010

Updated: July 11, 2010

*Well... At least a Bad Day didn't turn out too bad.*

*Disclaimer: I do not own Seto Kaiba, KaibaCorp, Yugioh or any of their combined awesomeness....*

*This fic was a request I recieved on Quizilla once ^^*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Tal2/58063/Bad-Day>

**Chapter 1 - Bad Day**

**2**

# 1 - Bad Day

This has to be the worst day ever, at least, for Seto Kaiba that is.

It began early that morning when his alarm clock went off at 4 am. Why on Earth would he set his clock for 4 AM in the morning? WHY? His favourite blue tie ripped in half as he finished his Winston's knot. He had reluctantly settled for the red one. And, just as he thought that the worst was over, he friggin locked himself outside his own house.. well, front gate to the house. And, by default of it being The Worst Day Ever, he had everything on the other side – the side the house was on- except him. Even if he just had his phone he could call his assistant to deactivate the auto-lock system on the gate. Damn New Years for giving every assistant and help a week off.

Seto paced in front of the gate. Agitated. Why did he have to fetch the paper? Couldn't he just leave it there to waste away? Of course, the answer would be a 'No'. And he can practically see Mokuba's face in him mind looking all pouty 'Seto! That's littering!'. Which is actually an oxymoron, since hey, does that mean that the newspaper delivery guy is a legal litterbug? Is there even a resitriktion on how long a newspaper can stay unread or unmoved from the front lawn and not be considered a felon?

A decidedly random thought entered the young CEO's mind, How would 'Seto Kaiba seen scaling a fence' look on the headlines on People Mag? The thought had crossed his mind, but he quickly decided against it. Not in this suit.

It was then when he heard the constant sound of a basketball hitting the pavement. And it was getting closer. Oh please, no. He turned his head in the general direction of the sound. A girl, around his age, was leisurely walking down the road, dribbling. It was Sydney Laminere from his school, he recognized her brown hair up in tight ponytail even at a distance. She was the only one in her class who wore their hair like that. The girls in his school ususally had their hair loose and all flowy and stuff. It was only since Seto had come to this school that he had really started to appreciate his own sense of simplicity and neatness -at least where his appearance is concerned.

Sydney slowed down as she passed Kaiba's mansion. She took off her earphones with one hand and stuffed them, along with her music-player, into her light blue basketball shorts' pocket. "Morning, sunshine" she grinned, seeing Seto's frustrated face, "Locked outside your own house?".

A sudden newsflash swept by Seto's eyes, 'Breaking News : Looks CAN kill'.

He just nodded with an eerie smile, still reveling in his mind's morbid sense of humor. Sydney caught the basketball and spun it on her finger, "That stinks" she said and stuffed the ball under her right arm. She was still grinning as she joined him by the gate. Seto sighed, loosened his -red- tie and gave that smile that said 'Yes, I know my life sucks, thank you'. He pulled again, fruitlessly, on the gates and growled in frustration. "I have a new hatred for Mondays" he said dejectedly. She lifted her one eyebrow, "So I see. No blue tie" she commented, taking the ball from under her arm. Twirling the ball over, under, around her hand and handling it from one hand to the other with ease. "It tore" he said and eyed the top of the fence.

"I can unlock it for you. At a price" Sydney offered, dribbling the ball again. "I didn't expect anything less... What do you want?" Seto said, crossing his arms. She brushed absently through her brown hair, "Say you'll go on a date with me" she replied. If, in an alternate universe, Seto was drinking milk right now, it would be spewed all over the sidewalk in an impressive display of lack of etiquette. "What?" he snapped, tightening his crossed arms. Sydney walked over to the fence and grabbed hold of the bars, "You heard me" she answered.

She hoisted herself up, planting her feet on the horizontal beam. The gates rattled, but it was obvious that they would be pretty tough to break down by force. Better just to go around objects sometimes than through them, right?

Syd tossed the ball absently over her shoulder. She didn't hear it hit the ground and grinned at the fact that she knew that Seto was observant enough to see it coming.

The top of the gates had little spades untop, but this didn't deter her much. She cautiously maneuvered her sneakers through the gaps and moved over to the other side. "Don't fall" Seto said sarcastically, smiling as he lazily dribbled the ball. Her purple tank top reflected an impressive glow in the morning sun, casting a light on the pavement and steel gate. Her sneakers didn't appreciate being manhandled between the narrow bars, but she climbed down the last beam and jumped down the rest of the way. "Bite me" she quipped, straightening the shirt that had worked its way up from the fall.

"The manual override keypad is in the black box on the right side" Kaiba explained, averting his eyes with a blush. "Your right or mine?" she asked. Seto rolled his eyes and pointed to his left. "Hey! I'm not the idiot who put the only manual override around on the inside" Sydney said and walked to the small black box. It was mounted deep in the wall, a few feet away from the wall and had a metal cover over it, all for personal security. "Do you see it?" Seto asked with exasperation. "Yeah, yeah. What's the code" she asked, lifting the cover and holding it up as she waited for the code. And, of course, in typical Kaiba fashion he just had to say something about that. "Maybe you're going to have to write this down" he said and chuckled. "Want me to open this gate or not, Seto." she snapped. "Fine" he answered and relayed the code. She quickly punched the numbers in and waited.

Nothing.

"Your techies suck, Kaiba... what's the use of having an external access panel when it doesn't even work?" Sydney said and walked back to the gate. It was then when the gate rattled and slowly creaked open. Seto tossed the basketball over the opening gate. Apparently Seto had very good aim, tossing it right into her arms even when he couldn't see her coming over from behind the wall. Or maybe she was just good at catching..? Maybe both?

"You throw like a girl" Sydney said with a chuckle. Seto glared at her, "Speak for yourself" he shot back. "I am a girl. What's your excuse?" she replied fakely sweet. Seto frowned for a moment. She started to wonder if she maybe crossed a line.. but then, he just laughed, walking inside. "Thanks, Laminere" he said, walking to his front door.

Looks like he was too angry at the newspaper – which, in his mind caused all this trouble- and left it where it was dropped this morning. 'But Seeetttooooo!' he could hear Mokuba moaning at him.

Obviously, that wouldn't be happening until Mokuba got back from camp... but till then, that stupid newspaper can just sit there and rot.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Sydney called after him. Seto swept around with a embarrassed growl, his mind returning to that which he had promised, "I'll go out with you... There, I said it" he said and smiled evilly, "... but that doesn't mean that I'm going to". The young woman just snorted, "I never said you had to. I just asked you say it... I'll be at the courts around seven tonight..." she replied, a soft smile gracing her face. Kaiba turned around, waved absently over his shoulder and went inside his house. Syd had just shrugged with a smile, turned around and put her earphones back in. Her favourite song was playing.

He's not coming.

I didn't expect him to, did I?

She tossed the ball into the hoop again and it was the sixth through in a row. It was a few minutes before seven, lights were illuminating the court and benches. A few people had come and gone since six, but few wanted to stay out late in the cold weather. She didn't mind it though. Even with shorts and a tank top she felt warm. She bounced the ball again and edged for the throw, but the ball was snatched from her hands. He ran full speed towards the hoop, jumped up and slam-dunked it with ease. He released the ring, landed and turned to her. "I thought you said seven... " he said, catching the ball, "I'm not late, am I?". Sydney couldn't help but left out a breath of relief. She was worried that she had made a mistake by asking him out, but it seemed like he didn't mind. He was even dressed for the occasion. That's right, Kaiba Corp CEO in baggy grey shorts, white tank top, sneakers -the works. "No... you weren't late" she said and smiled with a blush framing her cheeks. Kaiba eyed the ring and thought for a moment before turning to her, "What about an ante on the game?" he said, his voice a bit shaky with excitement. "An ante? I'm not exactly someone who can wager whole companies for your type of bets" she said, a bit deadpanned. Seto gave her a sly smile -same one used everytime when facing a duelist- and held the ball towards her, "What about, winner gets to kiss the loser?" he challenged. Of course, 'allowed' Sydney to win.