

# I s s u e s

## YGO - ISSUES - Daddy never loved you/me. (Noah, Seto.)

Von Sean

### Kapitel 1: Awakening

He knew he was not dead. He never had been. Fatal accidents were only deadly to those without a fate to live on for. And no one had a greater future ahead of them than Noah Kaiba, son to one of the most successful weapon manufacturers in the world and heir to his empire. He was alive! Within the endless world of his mind, Noah Kaiba was still very much alive, with his own helpless body for a prison.

The nurse cleaned his body methodically, the way she had for the better part of five years now, after her predecessor had retired. She undressed the limb body, not even noticing the way his head lolled back and forth anymore. She dunked the sponge into the luke warm water that might as well have been cold, for all its recipient cared and applied it to his arms, torso and legs. The face always came last, then she washed his hair.

There was only one nurse assigned to the care of Noah Kaiba, one nurse and an aging guard, and they were probably the only ones that knew the purpose of the small out of town facility that still bore the weathered old Kaiba Corp logo but was otherwise unremarkable. There were more of them, on paper, but there really wasn't anything to do. No one cared whether the many unused rooms were covered in dust and dirt so high you couldn't see what was beneath, and no one was there to care about whether or not they could actually see through the windows.

It was merely her sense of decency and a good upbringing, the nurse told herself, that made her clean Noah's room from time to time. That, and the old guard told her to, and he'd been here before her, and she didn't want to aggravate him. Kaiba Corp paid their salaries, theirs and that of whoever else might technically be employed here, but except for some accountant on some floor of the huge skyscraper the company called its head office, the two doubted anyone even remembered them.

The middle aged woman dried the comatose boy's hair, not giving the unusual greenish blue color much thought anymore. She used to wonder about it, and all kinds of other things, like why no one ever came to visit him, why not even a doctor came to check up on him, or if he'd be sad and lonely if he ever woke up. She hadn't had those thoughts in a while though, and while this might not be the most exciting job in the world, it did pay the bills and got her son through college, and she took small favors where she got them.

He wasn't really a boy anymore. In fact, he'd have to be over twenty by now, even though he didn't really look it. His face was eternally that of a sleeping angel, soft

bangs of clumsily cut hair hanging into his for ever closed eyes. She wasn't sure how tall he was, but he seemed small and fragile lying in his bed, and unnaturally pale because he never saw much daylight. He was beautiful though, she thought absentmindedly, this boy that never woke up to realize that, unbeknownst to himself, he'd become a man.

How odd that had to be, should he ever wake up.

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Mokuba Kaiba had a pretty good life.

He had a loving brother who, despite the fact that most of his time was taken up by his company, still asked him how school was going almost every day and who, occasionally, checked his homework. Nothing beat having a genius for a private tutor. Seto didn't have enough time to go to the movies with him, but he did have a huge home cinema installed so that they could squeeze whatever blockbuster Mokuba wanted to watch in between Seto's working hours.

Bringing home friends wasn't much of an option; the gigantic mansion intimidated even the boldest high school kid and the gaming room caused open jealousy at best, and he didn't need the fake friendship it brought out in others. But that was okay, because with Seto being at Kaiba Corp more often than not, he hardly noticed when Mokuba stayed out late into the night, hanging out with anyone jaded enough not to care about his last name.

But it wasn't like Seto never spent time with him, he did. And Mokuba honestly believed – made himself believe – that his brother didn't avoid him on purpose. They'd play chess together, as they had for as long as he could remember, with Seto teaching him because he wasn't really any competition, or he got to beta-test the latest video games that wouldn't hit the market for another six months.

Seto took care of him, in every way he knew.

Of course, there were things Seto was thoroughly unqualified to be of any help for, especially if one was a curious fifteen year old going through puberty, a physical and psychological process one Seto Kaiba obviously liked to pretend happened to other people, but not him. There was simply no way Mokuba was going to his older brother for 'the talk'; fortunately, the internet made for a wonderful substitute on that front. However, coming out of the closet in an online forum didn't make the idea of a real life coming-out any more appealing to him. He wasn't sure someone as close to asexual as Seto might possibly react to the news of his little brother being gay. And not the uncertain maybe kind, but the verified and very much sure of it kind of gay.

One part of him argued that Seto loved him as he did few things in the world, and that his sexual orientation couldn't possibly change that. That wasn't even his main concern. Hell, finding his older brother somewhat attractive wasn't it either. The problem was that Seto was opposed to even the thought of physical contact, which made talking about anything even remotely concerning sex horribly awkward.

So yeah, he just didn't feel like he could talk to Seto about that. It was an intimate topic, and if there was one thing they hadn't been in years – if ever, really – it was intimate.

Sweet fifteen and unable to talk to his legal guardian about what really mattered to him. Yeah, he sure had a fucking good life.

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The first time he awoke, truly awoke, he didn't know where he was. He panicked, his heart raced, he tried to see, but his eyes hurt and it was dark. He fought as his body dragged him under the heavy blanket of sleep again. He was afraid, so very afraid that he would not wake up again, but there was nothing he could do.

The second time there was someone in the room with him. He saw a human shape, but couldn't make it out. 'Father?', he wanted to say, but no words came out, his body still not responding to his will. There were voices, too, shrill voices, but before he could make out the words he fell asleep yet again.

From then on, it happened more often. He would wake up, feeling disorientated, confused and, usually, alone. It seemed to take his eyes forever to open completely and without pain, and even longer to make out and identify the objects around him. He was obviously in some sort of hospital room, and his injuries had to be severe, for he couldn't move at all at the beginning. Even the minuscule act of turning his head left him exhausted.

There was a turning point when, for the first time, he could look someone in the eye and was affirmed that he was taken care of. Well, of course he was. The nurse seemed rather excited at his recovery, which was certainly flattering, if entirely unnecessary. He wanted to see his father and wondered where he was, why he hadn't been brought to him yet. But he figured he had work to do, and maybe he'd been here while Noah had been asleep. Yes, that had to be it.

He couldn't talk yet, or do much of anything except look at things, but as the fluttering nurse assured him, he would be alright, so his doctor had to be sure of his complete revival. He was curious as to what injuries he had received exactly, as he didn't feel any pain, but he told himself to be patient, just as his father had taught him. He didn't want to disgrace him, even in a situation like this.

The days went on and he slept most of them away, until he finally managed to force out a single word: "Fa...ther...", his voice was croaked and hoarse, like he hadn't used it in a long time, but he thought it came out coherently enough. His nurse froze in mid-motion and looked down at him in, what, pity? He didn't want pity, and what for anyway!

She petted his head and he wished he could bat her hands away, but he was forced to endure the unwanted affection and compassionate mumbling. He wasn't a child that needed fussing over!

It was then that he finally realized, looking down his lanky body, that he really, really wasn't a child anymore. He managed to twitch one of his fingers on a hand too big for him and an arm way too long. His eyes went wide, he gasped, the beeping machine registering his heart rate going crazy – and he fell asleep once more.

