

# Something To Be Thankful For

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*Seto and Mokuba Kaiba are the closest of brothers and best of friends. So what are these two thankful for the most?*

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# 1 - Something To Be Thankful For

~Something To Be Thankful For~

A rustling was heard as a young boy raced through the crispy leaves, his raven hair whipped behind him as he bounded across the front yard of the Kaiba Mansion. His name was Mokuba Kaiba, little brother to the infamous, Seto Kaiba. Mokuba giggled merrily as he danced among the autumn foliage; the boy twirled around, lifting the colorful leaves high into the air. He tumbled over into a huge leaf pile; reds, yellows, and browns piled on top of the boy. He laid motionless, hidden amongst the leaves.

A series of loud crunches were heard approaching the pile Mokuba was hidden in. The boy shifted quietly, not wanting to reveal himself. His steely-blue eyes looked up through the leaves at the tall figure standing beside him. Mokuba let out a small giggle; he watched as his older brother stood there, clueless to where he was hidden.

Hearing the familiar giggle of his brother, Seto turned around. He smirked as he looked back to the pile of leaves behind him; a small rustle catching his attention. He casually walked circled around the pile of leaves, pretending that he hadn't seen the small ruffles of raven hair standing out in the bright reds and browns of the leaves.

"Well, I guess Mokuba doesn't like to spend time with me anymore, so he ran off. Oh well, I guess I'll just go back inside then..." Seto teased.

With that, Mokuba burst out from the leaf pile; sending flashes of yellow and red into the air. As the autumn leaves drifted gently back towards the ground, he searched frantically for his brother. Mokuba began to worry when the tall lanky form of the elder Kaiba was not in sight.

"Seto!" he shouted. "I'm here! Please come back!"

Two strong hands lifted the raven haired boy off his feet. Mokuba let out a surprised gasp as his brother lifted him into the sky and onto his shoulders. Realizing who it was, Mokuba clung onto the chocolate hair of his brother as Seto walked them along the yard.

"I knew you wouldn't leave, Seto," Mokuba giggled.

"What and leave you here all alone? Are you kidding?" Seto laughed.

Mokuba began to laugh along with his brother; it had been awhile since they had laughed together. He smiled down at his brother, but soon he began to tense up; his brother's feet were becoming more unstable as they walked along.

"Seto?" Mokuba questioned.

A faint laughter was all that Mokuba got in reply. The boy tightened his grip as he began to sway on his

brother's shoulders.

"Seto?!" Mokuba yelled. "What are you do-?"

The raven-haired boy stopped as he began to fall towards the ground with Seto. He clenched his steely eyes shut as the air rushed past his face. Before they hit the ground, Seto grabbed onto Mokuba and tossed him gently into the air. The young boy fell neatly on top of Seto, knocking the wind out of the teen.

"Mokuba, open your eyes," came Seto, in low chuckle. "Your fine."

Mokuba hesitated before opening his steely-blue eyes. His face flushed a light rose, the young boy crinkled his nose and curled up on top of his brother; taking his small hands and gripping them onto the silky ebony fabric of his brother's shirt.

"Seto..." he attempted to scold.

Seto stared up at his brother, his crystal-blue eyes, glowing warmly. Mokuba slid off of him as he stood up.

"Come on, Mokuba," he said. "If we don't get inside, the food will get cold."

"Okay, Seto, let's go!" the boy cheered.

Mokuba circled around Seto as he headed towards the Kaiba Mansion, the crispy fall leaves crackling beneath their feet as they walked. As they reached the door, Seto placed a hand on the cool silver doorknob, twisting it slightly. He opened the door, letting Mokuba bound in, before casually entering their home.

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The lush scent of food filled the area; its alluring aroma drawing the young Mokuba into the room. The young boy's steely-blue eyes gazed across the luscious vista of delectable food; his jaw hung open and a small trickle of drool hung at the corners of his lips.

"Seto.....did you make all this?" the young boy gaped.

"You bet," Seto said, walking into the dining room. "Well, aren't you going to sit down?"

Mokuba took a seat, never taking his eyes away from the mouth-watering dishes that were placed on the table. He looked to his brother, who had just taken a seat next to his brother; Seto's crystal-blue eyes glittering with a hint of amusement at his brother's antics; then he nodded, seeing that Mokuba was about to burst with eagerness. The raven-haired boy practically leapt into the array of foods in front of him, filling up his own plate with fluffy mashed potatoes, golden corn, juicy turkey, and almost everything else on the table. He finished off by nearly drenching his entire plate with creamy brown gravy, the liquid substance covering all the different kinds of food, making it look like a large brown mess.

“Mokuba, isn’t that a little much?” Seto teased.

“Nope! Just the way I like it!” Mokuba chirped.

Seto smiled warmly at his younger brother, who was merrily munching on his dinner. He watched as Mokuba cheerfully raised his spoonful of mashed potatoes into his mouth, smiling as the creamy flavor filled his senses. His steely-blue eyes met with his brother’s sapphire ones; he curled his lips into a big smile before diving back into his meal.

“So, how do you like it?” Seto asked.

“It’s great! The best Thanksgiving dinner ever!” Mokuba laughed.

Seto’s smile became warmer as he watched Mokuba continue his dinner. The two continued to enjoy their meals as the moon became visible, brining on the night.

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A faint crackling was heard as the bright orange flames danced around inside the fireplace, giving off the comforting aroma of burning wood. Seto sat comfortably in a chair near the fireplace, its silky fabric caressing his skin. His chocolate hair falling across his closed eyelids as he rested comfortably. Soft footsteps crept quietly over to him. He opened one eye revealing a sapphire orb to the cheerful form of Mokuba. His lips curled into a slight smile and he picked up the boy, setting him onto his lap. Mokuba curled up into a ball in Seto’s arms, yawning tiredly. Seto smiled down at his brother and then focused his gaze on the welcoming fire, glowing softly in the dark.

“Seto?” Mokuba said sleepily.

“What is it, Mokuba?” Seto responded.

“It’s Thanksgiving today, so, what are you thankful for?” the young boy questioned.

“Me? Well, I guess I’m thankful for my company and my Blue Eyes White Dragons. Not having to be stuck in a card for the rest of my life, or a virtual world for that matter. I’m thankful for not having to deal with Yugi Moto or that mutt, Joey Wheeler, lately anyways. Though I’d have to say the thing I’m most thankful for is having such a wonderful little brother, who always sticks by me no matter what.”

“Seto...” Mokuba said, snuggling closer to his brother.

“What about you, Mokuba?” Seto questioned.

“Well, I guess for my friends and not being stuck in a card either,” Mokuba giggled. “Though I’m most thankful for having an older brother who is always there to protect me and never stops believing in me. If you weren’t here Seto, I don’t know what I’d do...I love you big brother...”

“I love you too Mokuba...”

Seto pulled Mokuba into his arms, hugging the boy warmly. His icy blue eyes became soft as he stared down at the raven-haired boy, clinging to him. He reached over and grabbed a blanket, wrapping the two of them in its soothing folds.

Seto gazed out the window at the beautiful night sky; the stars glittered brightly against the velvety black. He could feel the slow rising and falling of his brother's chest as the boy slept peacefully in his arms. Seto smiled, taking the warmth of the moment.

I'm more thankful for times like these, than anything else in the world...

~End~