

# Loathing- SetoJoey Style!

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*A songfic to the musical WICKED "Loathing"*

*Seto Kaiba and Joey Wheeler are new college-roommates. Watch the change from 'loathing' to something more through song!*

*\*PS\* Much thanks to PootPoot, who had taken the time to dig up the outline wh*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Sparky/9045/Loathing--SetoJoey-Style>

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# 1 - Loathing

Dear Serenity....

Joey stared at his paper, chewing the end of his pen, brows knitting in thought.

Dear Mokuba....

Seto's pen glides effortlessly over the page, barely acknowledging the presence of the teen on the other side of the room.

There has been some confusion over rooming here at school.

Joey tosses a brief look at his roommate and rolls his eyes.

Of course I'll keep my temper....

Joey grins wryly. He wasn't exactly known for his level head.

There's no doubt I'm far above him...

Seto smirks slightly.

'Cause that's how I'm expected to respond....

Joey pauses, spinning in his chair to observe the back of Seto Kaiba, CEO of the largest gaming company in Japan.

Yes, there's definitely confusion, for you see my roommate is...

Seto was well aware that he was being watched, and paid no mind to Joey.

Unusually and exceedingly irritating and almost impossible to tolerate....

Seto stares at his page for a moment, before scrawling a single word neatly.  
Blonde.

Seto rises as a crumpled piece of paper bounces off his head. He turns slowly, matching Joey's honey-brown glare with his own ice-blue one.

"What is this feeling, so sudden, and new?"  
Seto muses, not particularly addressing Joey.

"I felt it the moment I laid eyes on you"

Joey plants his feet in a defensivestance, arms folded.

“My pulse isrushing.”

“My head isreeling.”

Seto’s long, slender fingers pressto his temples. He can already feel a migraine coming on, probably the resultof Joey’s brash, Brooklyn accent.

“My face isflushing”

Joey states, eyes narrowed.

“What is thisfeeling?”

The two males glare unblinkinglyat each other.

“Fervid as a flame,”

Seto finds himself bristling atthe blazing defiance in Joey’s eyes, jaw set tight.

“Does it have a name?”

Joey’s brows furrow, and Seto smirked,quelling a jeer at the blonde’s suddenly clueless expression.

“Yes,”

It was the first agreement voicedbetween the two duelists.

“Loathing,”

Joey spun on his heel, facing theCEO

“Unadulteratedloathing,”

Seto set his pen down, glancing tothe blonde.

“For your eyes,”

Joey stated, pointer finger a merefew inches from the ice blue eyes.

“Your voice,”

Seto toned, pushing the finger tothe side, brows furrowed in irritation.

“Your clothing!”

Joey smirks, tugging at the famouspurple trenchcoat.

“Let’s just say,”

the boys returned to their respectivesides of the room.

“I loathe it all!”

“Every little trait, however small,”

Seto’s fingers froze over thekeyboard, twitching at the incessant tapping of Joey’s pencil.

“Makes my very flesh begin to crawl. With simple utter loathing. There’s a strange exhilaration...”

Oddly enough, he finds his eyesroaming the blonde’s features, insides fluttering.

“In such totaldetestation,”

Joey catches the look and flashesa glare, despite his warming cheeks.

"It's so pure...sostrong..."

Seto rose, hands falling to his sides.

"Though I do admit it came on fast,"

Joey also rises to his feet awkwardly, staring at his rival.

"Still, I do believe that it can last."

The distance between them was closing fast, Joey's chewed pencil clattering to the floor.

"And I will be loathing,"

Seto's hand rests on Joey's cheek.

"Loathing you,"

Joey confirms, eyes locked on Seto's.

"My whole lifelong,"

Seto leaned in to capture Joey's lips, when the dorm door burst open, causing Seto and Joey to break apart abruptly.

"Poor Joey! You are just too good!"

Yugi barreled in.

"How do you stand it? I don't think I could!"

Tea flashed a look at Seto, annoyed.

"He's a terror!"

Duke declared.

"He's a tartar,"

Tristan agreed angrily.

"We don't mean to show a bias,"

Ryou added quickly.

"But Joey,"

Mai folds her arms.

"You're a martyr.."

"Well..."

Joey scratches his head uncomfortably, face flushed.

"These things aren't to try us..."

"Poor, poor Joey, forced to reside with someone so disgusting. We just want to tell you...we're all on your side!"

Joey's friends beamed.

"We share your..."

“Loathing,”

Joey’s eyes catch Seto’s again, and he is stunned to see the CEO smile...just briefly.

“Unadulterated loathing,”

Seto smirked

“For your face,”

Joey steps closer.

“Your voice,”

Seto also closes in, voice slightly more humored than malicious.

“Your clothing,”

Joey tugs the trenchcoat again. His voice hadn’t changed, still expressing his distaste in Seto’s fashion.

“Let’s just say,”

Seto tips Joey’s chin up.

“I loathe it all.”

“Every little trait, however small,”

Joey’s finger brushes over Seto’s cheekbone.

“Makes my very flesh begin to crawl,”

Seto leans in, craving the taste of his ‘enemy’.

“Loathing!”

Joey pulls back suddenly, aware of the constant presence of his friends, eyes flashing a warning.

“There’s a strange exhilaration,”

Seto steps to the blonde again, nearly trodding the other’s sneakers.

“In such total detestation!”

Joey announced frantically, reminding.

“So pure...so strong”

Seto’s voice thrilled the fine hairs on Joey’s arms.

“Though I do admit it came on fast,”

Joey returns to Seto’s questing gaze.

“Still, I do believe that it can last.”

“And I will be loathing,”

Seto sensed the submission.

“For...Forever...”

Joey widened his eyes as Seto’s face neared again.

“Loathing,”  
Seto stroked Joey’s jawline.

“Truly, deeply,”  
Joey tilted his face, hands slack.

“Loathing you...”  
Seto’s lips touched Joey’s.

“My whole lifelong,”  
Joey vowed, before his ability to speak left him, and his lips were sealed.