

Bother

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*Drabble. Zane was the top duelist at the school, so why did he let someone else top him?
AtticusxZane.*

1. Bother

Warning: Shounen-ai.

Pairing: Atticus x Zane (mmm... Zane uke)

Disclaimer: This devious pair is not mine, nor are any other of the characters from Yu-Gi-OhGX.

Bother

Zane grimaced as he felt something pointed strike the side of his head; he dared to glance in the direction of the projectile. Directly on his right sat Atticus, grinning mischievously. The brunette pointed downwards.

Zane quickly analyzed the situation; Atticus, with his smile speaking of devious intentions, wanted him to see something. If he did look, it was sure to bring about misfortune (everything Atticus did with a cheerful expression on his face ended with not-so-pleasant consequences). If, however, Zane didn't look, the brunette beside him would be upset, and an unhappy Atticus was a hazard to one's health. Zane was cornered; caught once again in the brunette's inescapable trap.

The brunette sighed inwardly, glanced at the still smiling boy to his right, and then looked where the single finger was showing him. There was a neatly folded note; the words "To Zane" written in elaborately scrawled script upon the front. He warily lifted the perfect square; being careful in case it tried to bite him. One never knew.

Zane slowly unfolded the paper; if Atticus wanted to bother him, he would torture him as well. He took much more time than was necessary to flatten the crisply creased note. Then he had to spend another minute more straightening the corner he had accidentally bent while unfolding it, and before he could read it, he had to make sure that the professor wasn't watching... Ouch.

Atticus had grown impatient; hence his hand couldn't be controlled when it jabbed into the white fabric surrounding the other boy's ribs. He smiled sweetly when Zane sent him a glare that would send any student home crying to their mothers, adamant to never duel again. Of course, the Rhodes boy only laughed at the death stare, he had built up a tolerance to the poison dealt by those navy blue eyes.

Resigned to his unfortunate fate, Zane quickly read the letter held by his long fingers.

One delicate eyebrow rose as his eyes scanned the formally written words.

He met Atticus's expectant gaze.

"I think that 'Risk your life to journey in secret to my dormitory bedroom so we may consummate our love'; exaggerates the situation a bit, my room is right next to yours-"

"Oh, maybe you should try to use your imagination once in a while? It won't kill you, you know."

"-And I don't love you."

"That hurts, darling."

"Atticus, don't call me that."

"But I LOVE you!"

"Ahem, excuse me, Mr. Rhodes."

Atticus was forced to turn his attention away from the stubborn brunette to face the wrath of an

exasperated Professor Crowler.

"I am trying to teach a very important lesson, do you mind telling me what is so important that you must bother everyone, including out number one student, with your interruptive chatter?"

The pleading expression in the brunette's eyes begged Zane to save him, to be his knight in shining armor.

Zane looked emotionlessly away.

That was it then, Atticus determinedly faced the teacher that was currently angry at him, "I'm awfully sorry Professor Crowler. I just couldn't keep quiet when Zane told me..." The eyes that made contact with the blunette's had a slightly sadistic shine in them, "how much he enjoyed the little game we were playing last night, where he was my do-

"That bastard." "Excuse me, Professor. This disturbance is my fault. I will rightfully take the punishment for it."

"Why Zane, there is no need to sacrifice yourself. I'll just let Mr. Rhodes off with merely a warning."

"How generous of you, Professor."

Atticus flashed Zane a grateful smile, "Thanks, darling."

"You would think you'd learn."

"Right back at you, lover-boy."

"Atticus."

"Fine, Zane. Will you be visiting tonight?"

"Can I say no?"

"Nope."

"I forgot. I don't get a choice with you."

"Because you're mine to do whatever I want with!"

Zane cringed.

A/N: Wow, this was a little longer than the others. I guess I just got carried away. It just shows I can write for my readers.