

Until the Dawn

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A Millenium Item muses on the here and now, what is and what should be, its own oppression...and Seto Kaiba

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**Disclaimer: This is my first YuGiOh fan fiction...(Posted,that is, but that's a whole other story).
I rather like it, odd as it is**

~*~

I see him watching.

Always watching, eyes ever cold and calculating, standing as the world as we know it quivers on the brink of destruction.

Those very eyes, dark as the ocean and just as elusive, picking up on everything....and at the same time nothing at all.

Oh, yes. A boy jaded of childhood, thrust into the adult world far before his time, proud shoulders firm against the unrelenting burden of an expanding empire.

A heart encased in ice, unyielding any who try to break through...to any who may eventually turn on him....hurt him as he was once hurt, undoing the years spent securing himself, his brother, and his company from harm.

Seto Kaiba. A prodigy born for great things, perfecting the art of shaking his past from every fiber of his being. The very past that clouds his vision, disabling him from the clarity of a past that courses deep within his mind, body, and soul.

Blind eyes that see all.

For a man so set in his ways about claiming and reclaiming what is rightfully his...

I am still the pawn in a madman's game. I squander minds and lives of the innocent at the hand of the master.

No.

HE was not the master.

My master stands, cerulean orbs expressing disinterest, but his body language says otherwise.

I wanted the firm hand of my master, radiating with his confidence and sureness. Not the tightened grip of this maniac, who openly melts with revenge and world domination, plundering and oppression.

He thinks nobody sees his reaction at the mere mention of me. The subtle quiver of stoic shoulders, brief dawning of understanding in emotionless blue.

Fighting his past and scorning destiny. He doesn't get it. His ancient past and destiny are tightly intertwined.

Should Seto Kaiba doubt the life he set... dare to accept change... he would shatter, his façade splintering to show someone else. A child, perhaps, frightened and unsure, trembling for comfort and reassurance.

He shows no fear. His voice conveys none.

But he is a man of fear. Fear of both the known and unknown. He favors things done on his turf, or no turf at all.

His past self served the pharaoh loyally as High Priest. I know it well. I was there.

One might think it absurd that an object thinks, feels.... maybe so.

Word had spread quickly that Duel Monsters champion Seto Kaiba was defeated by a diminutive nobody by name of Yugi Motou, reincarnation of the Pharaoh Yami.

Seto shattered internally. Everything he had worked for toppled with the turn of a card.

What should have been the unfolding of a fort's walls, the day he claimed what was rightfully his...

People talk. Rumors of the defeat of the unruffled CEO swam.

But I know.

He doesn't, nor does the pharaoh.

Seto Kaiba had not only lost the duel or status.

The Ultimate Blue Eyes was not defeated by Exodia.

Seto Kaiba's ancient past stirred.

High Priest Set was defeated by Pharaoh Yami.

Five millennia later, Set's subconscious longing for power awoke in Seto.

Should Yugi Motou continue to triumph, Set's hopes of a life free from the Pharaoh were dashed.

He would forever be lower than Yami.

Eyes of cerulean fire flash from beneath chestnut curtains, aware and unaccepting of his duties beyond his company. Where he stands beside the Pharaoh, not below or above.

Seto is not that different than his past self in that case.

A blue eyes in every sense...powerful, regal and adamant,pride engulfing him from reaching out.

The fate of the world rides on the shoulders of a boy andhis pharaoh, who has pride enough to know he cannot do it alone.

Destiny has played its own card. Even if he had not thrownthe tournament himself, he would be where he is today....

Warm eyes of honey brown flash in fear before me.

A teen with a heart of gold.

Eyes that dull and lose their spark, shading hollowly.

Marik's will is my doing.

I am the pawn....I initiated the oppression of Joey Wheeler.

The love of his best friend pulled him through....

But Marik....a madman...merciless.

Piercing blue, blind to the world.

The Pharaoh's warnings are mumbles to deaf ears.

The one he calls Mutt was lucky.

Does he see that thisis not a game any longer?

The pharaoh and his other half do not have the powers of thegods.

Marik turned the blonde into a puppet, testing loyalties,toying, showing just how far he'd go.

Stay, then, Seto Kaiba. Watch your world crumble to the manwith revenge coursing in his blood.

Who will fall next?

When will Seto Kaiba break from the vices of his own mind? Heat his ice enclosed heart.

I am the accused, the victim.

Until the sun rises within bottomless oceans of his eyes Iremain captive to myself, to the Tomb Keeper.

The battle of Man vs. Man will rage, words and fists willfly. But it will end.

Yet a greater warrages. One of Man vs. Himself. It is a war that could be eternal.

Only one man can destroy the defenses of Seto Kaiba.

Until the dawn breaks...

~*Owari~*