

Feel My Squirrely Wrath

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The not-so-secret secret school for anime/cartoon characters is heading out for their annual class trip until it all goes horribly wrong. Izaya is amused as is Sebastian, but Seto's just annoyed.

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1 - Feel My Squirrely Wrath

Seto Kaiba stared incredulously at Burshou Kisei, Gogyou's eccentric headmaster. "You're kidding, right?" The blonde enthusiastically shook his head no. Seto turned his icy blue eyes to stare at the run down airplane that stood to his right. "I'm not flying that piece of scrap metal."

The headmaster let out a pathetic whine. "But, Kaiba-san," he groaned. A large pouted graced his tanned features. His hands were clasped desperately in front of him and his eyes widened tearfully.

"Couldn't you get Sebastian to do it? And for Pete's sake stop with the puppy dog eyes... you're a grown man!" The normally cool duelist was quickly losing his temper. His face was slowly reddening with frustration.

Kisei-sensei blinked stupidly. "Who's Pete?" Seto face-palmed. Quickly the blonde idiot pulled himself together to look somewhat more professional. He cleared his throat and addressed the teen again. "I did inquire if Sebastian would be willing to fly the plane, but... he declined..."

Blue eyes blinked. "May I ask why?"

The blonde beamed. "If I remember correctly he said: 'As if I'd fly a piece of garbage like this. It's disgusting!' And after I mentioned you were my second option he said he'd enjoy seeing you in the cockpit." At this comment Burshou tapped his chin thoughtfully. "I wonder why he'd say something like that."

A red faced Seto thumped him on the forehead. "Forget about that. I'll fly you're stupid plane. The blonde buffoon cheered. "Where am I flying it to?"

"Hawaii."

"H-ha-hawaii?"

Burshou nodded gleefully. "It's our annual class field trip." He happily threw his arms in the air and his grin widened considerably.

The teen glared at him. "Oh, joy."

~*(C.H.)*~

A couple of weeks later Seto found himself flying over the Pacific Ocean. "Don't crash, Set-chan!" Izaya Orihara cheerfully cried from behind him. The CEO glared at him from the corner of his eyes.

Both Izaya and Sebastian Michaelis were sitting behind him. The former was happily munching on a bag of popcorn. "Why are you two watching me for?" Seto asked, his tolerance nearly reaching its peak.

"I find it amusing." Izaya let out a chuckle. "Watch out for that bird!" Seto turned his head quickly only to find nothing there. The older boy laughed.

Seto gritted his teeth. "You little..."

"Now, now, Kaiba-san, we don't want you to be flying the plane with air rage." Sebastian picked up a piece of popcorn and eyed it before putting it back in the bag. He wiped his hand on Izaya's chair.

I wouldn't have "air" rage if the two of you would return to your seats, the blue-eyed teen inwardly seethed.

Sebastian, as if heard Seto's thoughts, shot the boy a devious smirk. "You should keep an eye on your instruments, Kaiba-san. You'll never know when an accident may occur."

The youngest boy rolled his eyes. "Come on, I am keeping an eye on them, and nothing can happen that quickly. Speaking of quick, where's my co-pilot? He should be back from the bathroom by now."

Just as the words left Seto's lips, a loud crash could be heard from the back of the plane. "Désolé, Kaiba-sama!" A flustered blonde busted in from the door to the left of Sebastian. In the new arrivals rush, he forgot what language he was speaking and began prattling on. "Désolé d'être venus ici, mais... Ils étaient... Et j'ai été... Avec le... et le..... Aidez-moi!"

The lanky youth jumped into Seto's lap. "Suoh-san! Get off of me! I'm fracking driving you French lunatic!"

Unbeknownst to Seto and Tamaki, the two red-eyed troublemakers eyed the plane's instruments. Their eyes widened and slowly they inched back to their assigned seats.

When Seto finally got the blonde off him, he sighed. "Thank God!" Without turning to Tamaki he said, "Go back to your seat, and for the love of God find Ootori-san." The violet-eyed teen nodded solemnly and exited the cockpit.

Seto sighed. He glanced at the instruments that were laid before him. "Speed? Good. Auto-pilot? Off. Engine? Good. Altitude? Good. Fu-" His eyes widened. "A-al-altitude? Oh, for the love of-"

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel, and pulled it back forcefully. It didn't budge! He released one hand from its stern grip to inspect the wheel thoroughly. "Yeah, that's just what I need. The moron jammed it." The blue-eyed teen reached for the intercom. "Everyone please buckle your seat-belts we are descending."

~*(C.H.)*~

Izaya buckled his seatbelt and glanced around at the lovely humans around him. None of them knew what he and Sebastian knew. They were crashing! But the confusion on the young people's faces was oh, so lovely. "Are we there already?" Moka Akashiya asked her boyfriend Kaname Kuran.

"We shouldn't be," was his serious reply.

The mischievous informant grinned widely. Time to butt in, he thought maliciously. "Of course we're not there ye, Mo-chan." He smiled sweetly up at the young vampiress. "We're crashing to our untimely deaths."

The pink haired girl let out a disbelieving, "What?" Kaname glared heatedly at Izaya.

"Yep," he replied, "saw it myself when I was up there."

A tap on the head alerted the young man to a presence behind him. "If you did, then why didn't you say something sooner to Kaiba-san?" Ikuto Tsukiyomi asked. "Did you want us all to die?"

Izaya faked shock. "Of course not, Ikky-chan!" The pervy cat cosplayer sighed. "I wanted to see how you all reacted!" He laughed maniacally. The rest of the flyers either glared at the crazy informant or rolled their eyes at him.

~*(C.H.)*~

The descent was quick and the crash not nearly as bad as what Seto had calculated it to be. He raised his head from where it had crashed. Glass was strewn about him carelessly. Slowly he glanced to his right. "Where the hell is my co-pilot?" he mumbled softly.

"Seto-san! Seto-san!" a distant voice called to him.

Carefully Seto lifted his upper body from around the steering wheel. "Imma in here," he managed to slur out between bloodied lips. "Moron, didncha think I'd be up 'ere..."

A small hand dusted glass from his hair. "I found him, sensei!" Seto opened his eyes and found enormous violet ones staring back at him. "How many fingers am I holding up?" Four fingers were shoved violently in his face.

"Three...?" Seto asked.

His rescuer gave a carefree shrug. "Eh? Close enough!"

"How many am I holding up?" Seto flipped the smaller boy off.

The boy laughed. "He's being a dick, sensei! So he'll be fine!" he hollered over his shoulder. He turned back to the CEO. "Can you stand?"

Seto shrugged, but began lifting himself anyway. "Won't know 'til I try." The younger one draped Seto's arm over his shoulder. Slowly but surely the two of them made their way out of the wrecked plane. "Don't look like 'awaii..." Seto trailed off.

Another chuckle emitted from the boy next to him. "Nah, but it'll have to do."

When they reached the rest of the students and faculty outside, a couple of bigger guys hoisted Seto up

and over to a make-shift cot. After he was laid down he heard Burshou ask his rescuer, "That the last one, Yugi?"

"I think so, sir."

A poke to Seto's throbbing head forced him to bring his attention to the two young men working on him. "What the frack?" Izaya and Sebastian were smirking down at his immobile body. "Get away from me you fracking psychos!" Somehow, the younger teen began kicking his legs frantically at the others.

The two mischief makers glanced at each other and grinned evilly. "Hey, Set-chan, when you crashed into that tree over there you managed to kill a whole family of squirrels..."

Seto paused his kicking to look at Izaya questioningly. "Uh, yeah...?"

"Yep," Izaya grinned, "and only this little guy survived." Izaya pulled out a random squirrel. "And guess what?"

Blue-eyes blinked incredulously. "W-what?"

Izaya's sweet smile quickly turned vicious again. "He wants vengeance." Without another word he placed the angry squirrel down Seto's ripped pants.

A high-pitch scream erupted from his lips as the squirrel clawed his way around, clawing him everywhere he could reach. In an attempt to rid himself of the evil menace, Seto jumped to his feet and ran around frantically. "Squirrel! Squ-squirrel!"

Izaya laughed at the comical sight and Sebastian chuckled quietly to himself. "Ah," Izaya sighed, wiping his eyes, "I love humans."

"I agree." Sebastian smiled. "They are quite amusing."