

Crushing From a Height

By: HatedLove6

Georgia is helping their class get ready for the dance up and coming, hoping to be able to talk to Yugi, her crush, more. Unfortunately she's having some problems working with the gang, mainly Tea. Requested YugixOC. One-shot. Song-fic-ish, I guess. There are only a few verses. No character bashing here.

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Hilo everyone! This story is for HeavyMetalReject from Quizilla. I thought that some of you guys might like this story so I published it on here too. So, here you go. I did my best to keep everyone in character.

"I'm never wrong. I once thought that I was wrong, turns out, I was mistaken."

I looked at them all quietly from my desk three columns and one row away; they were all dueling again, taking turns in trying to beat the best which was Yugi. It was another round of Joey vs. Yugi and Yugi was winning as per usual. They all looked like they were having fun; in fact, they always looked like they were having fun, and so relaxed, especially Yugi. He always seemed to look at the brighter side of things, plus, he was really cute, despite being a few inches shorter than me.

"Well, Georgia? Aren't you going to go talk to them?" My best friend asked chastely from behind me. Seto Kaiba.

I turned to look at him with wide eyes. He was reading, also as usual; he always read during our study period. "W-what do you mean? I can't just go up and talk to them!" I whispered loudly to him.

"Who's going to stop you?" He asked nonchalantly. "It's not as if there's a rule against you from talking to him." He was referring to Yugi. He knew I had a crush on him, but, despite him losing to the guy, he couldn't care less on my feelings towards him. "The only one stopping you is your cowardice and pathetic self."

And Tea, I added in my head. I sighed and rested my head on his desk even though I knew he would be slightly more annoyed with

me. I knew he was partly right, but I just couldn't get myself to stand up for myself and do what I wanted to do.

"You really are pathetic. No wonder your father's company is going to your seven year old brother," he said harshly, not even straying from his book.

I know it was hard to believe that he was really my friend, after all the insults he's giving me right now, but I do really think he's my best friend (most of the time). He was the only person to stand up for me from the other rich kids, but then he called me a loser afterwards. At first, I thought he hated me, but he still kept staring down all of the other kids who pushed me around. It confused me a lot, but after only a week, I figured that we were friends, since he kept telling me to stand up for myself. Admittedly, I'm still not quite sure, but since he has never told me to get lost or to stop hanging around him, I figured that our friendship, in at least a companion sort of way, was mutual.

A verse from *Help!* by The Beatles appeared automatically in my head.

Help me if you can, I'm feeling down,

And I do appreciate you being around,

Help me get my feet back on the ground,

Won't you please, please help me?

"If you go over there and talk to him, I'll buy you a new 60's CD that you like so much," he said.

I sat up with shock in my eyes. "What? Really? Why?" It was obvious that I was getting excited.

"If I don't bribe you with *something* you'll never go talk to him. Then you'll mope and be even more pathetic which, in turn, will give me a headache."

I had a sweat drop formed at the back of my head. He had a point that I just couldn't counterit. Actually, even if I did, I couldn't talk back to him. I made a quiet whiney noise and slumped back on his desk allowing my shoulder blade length, very curly, brown hair to cover what was left of my face.

"Are you going to go talk to him yet or do you want me to tell the world-- and I do mean *the world* -- that you have a crush on him?"

I got to my feet in an instant. He was dead serious when he came to talking threats to me-- or anyone for that matter. I really did dislike him sometimes, but, deep inside, I knew that he cared for me... Or, I at least hoped. I calmly walked over to the duel table, or in other words, Yugi's desk.

I was just going to observe for a little while and then compliment on Yugi's duel after the it was over. Seto couldn't get mad at me then; I at least talked to him. I thought it was a good plan so I didn't feel too nervous. By the time I got there, I had quickly gathered that Joey only had a handful of life points that he was struggling to keep while Yugi still had most of his and was dueling with ease and with a small smile on his face, giving Joey a few pieces of advice now and then. It looked more like a teaching game than an actual duel, but maybe it was an actual duel to Joey.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" Tea asked harshly.

I took my eyes away from the duel and looked at Tea. "I-I was just watching," I said, too quietly for my liking.

The duel was at a pause as the group looked at me, finally realizing that I was there. "Spying for Kaiba?" Tea asked.

"N-no. I really was just watching. I don't even know how to play this game, so spying for Seto would be out of the question, wouldn't it?"

"Oh come on! You don't know how to duel?" Joey asked skeptically. He must have thought that I was lying. "How can you not know how

to duel if your snot-nosed rich brat of a best friend is obsessed and famous world-wide about dueling?!"

That got my blood simmering. "Hey! You don't know Seto like I do, so you have no right to call him those things! Besides, he's busy with his company and practicing that he just wouldn't have the time to teach me even if I asked him." Actually, I wasn't too keen on learning, since I got too embarrassed and worried if I was doing anything right. I was more than content with my slowly growing collection of 60's, 70's, and 80's music, but mainly The Beatles and The Ramones.

"So what does that make you?" Tea asked.

"Huh?"

Tea continued where she left off. "If you're defending someone like Seto Kaiba then you must be just as bad. You're probably a daddy's girl who gets everything you want handed right over to you. You don't have to work at all for what you want."

That's not true, I thought. "S-Seto works really hard for what he wants--"

"But I'm talking about *you* ."

I looked around. Tea was glowering right at me with fists clenched at her sides. Tristan just kept quiet with no real anger in his eyes. He didn't really know me, and it wasn't as if I had done anything to him personally, so he didn't have any direct anger towards me. Joey narrowed his brown eyes at me, agreeing with what Tea said, but only probably because Seto called him a 'mutt' or a 'dog' a time or two. And Yugi. He merely looked at his friends and then at me. I could tell that he had no ill feelings towards me, but he wouldn't stand up or tell his friends to cut it out. I had no clue what he really thought of me.

I couldn't speak at all. My throat was being clenched and my face heated up. I knew that what Tea was saying wasn't true. I did have to work to get what I wanted. Why else would Seto offer to buy me a CD if I could just get my father to get it for me? I retreated to my desk, and luckily, the bell rang so I quickly got out of the classroom without any confrontations from Tea, Joey or Seto (right away). A couple of verses from *Outsider* by The Ramones immediately popped into my head as I exchanged books from my locker and then changed into a long sleeved yellow shirt and a longer light purple skirt.

I am an outsider

Outside of everything

Everything you know

Everything you know

It disturbs me so

Everybody tried to push me

Push me around

Everybody tried to put me

Try to put me down

When I got in the shiny black Rolls Royce Seto, who was waiting for me, immediately followed and sat next to me. "You had a perfect opportunity to stand up for yourself and you didn't do it? Sure, you stood up for me, which was completely useless because I can stand up for myself, but you can't even put that stupid girl down on your own? You really are pitiful."

I slumped in the black leather seat. I know I could have, but I just didn't have the ability to. I almost thought that I would throw up or burst into tears. I thanked god that I didn't do either.

"I'm not going to keep protecting you, you know," he said.

"I know," I mumbled.

"I especially mean it for the next week."

I looked at him questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"Don't tell me you don't remember about the school dance."

Oh yeah. I almost forgot about the dance that's coming up. "No, I didn't forget... Entirely."

"Well, I'm not going to help you decorate because of business meetings, so you're on your own."

"What?!" I had tears in my eyes. "You're abandoning me?" I clutched onto his arm and stared at him with my blue eyes that showed my panic.

"I'll abandon you on the street if you don't quit being a drama queen. Get over it already. It's just one week of decorating and choosing the type of music. It's not as if you have to talk to anyone. Just do as you're told and do it right; that's all."

I groaned. I let go of his arm and rested my head on the back of the leather seat. Somehow, I just knew that his words were going to cause me a lot of trouble. *And why is it that every time that something happens with our school, you never show up or just happen to have a business meeting?* I figured he must have specifically planned for these kinds of things just to avoid school spirit stuff.

Four days (not including the weekend since it was Friday) had past and it was better than I had expected it to be. I made absolutely sure to avoid Tea and Joey and I helped make the decorations (even sometimes with Yugi when his more aggressive friends weren't around; I didn't speak to him). With all the decorations that we made,

the dance would look great. There was going to be balloons, streamers, those glittering streams that hung on the wall and awesome lights. Too bad that there wouldn't be a disco ball; that would have been really cool!

Of course, something had to happen that wasn't according to my plan. It was the last day of decorating and this was the day that the decorations were going to be hung on the wall. I was planning on ditching early since I was most likely going to be useless, but Tea purposely sought me out. I do mean purposely.

"Hey, Georgia!" Tea called. "Where are you going? You're not leaving, are you?"

Yugi, looked over at us. He was holding a box of the hand-made chain streamers in our school colors, waiting for Tea from the bottom of the metal ladder.

I was nervous and I didn't want Yugi to think that I was lazy or anything. "N-no," I lied. "I wasn't. I was just going to get a drink of water." I was going to head out of the multi-use room, but Tea grabbed my elbow.

"Yeah, right. A rich kid like you drinking out of the public water fountain?" She dragged me toward the ladder where Yugi was. "It's simple. We need you to hang these up."

Uh-oh, I thought. "Um, why can't you or someone else do it?" I asked. I looked at the ladder and saw how high the top was.

"Because, I'm going to be holding the ladder steady."

That's reassuring, I thought sarcastically.

"Yugi will bring the box up and so that leaves you to tape it to the wall. Everyone else is busy with last minute music planning, hanging up the decorations and making sure that the lights are working. Is this too hard for someone like you?"

Another verse popped into my head. It was *Cretin Family* by The Ramones.

I am not so upset about my horrible self

But why don't you go upset yourself

Hey here's the mirror see your stupid face

What a disgrace man and you know it's true

And then Seto's stupid words came into mind: "*Just do as you're told and do it right.*"

Oh, damn, I whined in my head. "F-fine," I said too quietly.

"God, speak louder, would you?" Tea grumbled. Then she mumbled something about me being a lazy rich brat. I didn't argue, or talk back to her.

I stepped to the base of the ladder and assessed at how high it was. I cringed.

"Would you hurry up?"

I took the ladder step after painful step. Did I mention that I was deathly afraid of heights? Sharks too, but that isn't relevant. I can't even be on a plane or look out of a third floor window without cringing. I didn't want to look down, but by the time I was three quarters of the way up, and before I could tell myself not to, I did.

I. Can't. Do. This. I gripped on to the metal ladder for dear life. "Tea? It's too high. I can't--"

"Don't tell me you're afraid of heights," she said loudly.

"But I am. I can't even go on planes or--"

"Yeah, right." She didn't believe me at all.

"Georgia?" Yugi asked. He was at the top with the box and was looking at me through the steps. "It's okay. You don't have to bother with Tea. You can go if you want if you're really scared." He was so genuine about everything.

I could feel tears in my eyes and my face grow hot. *He really does care!* I thought. I decided that I did want to help; fearing of heights or not. I continued on up, but I didn't look down again. *In Spite of All the Danger* by The Beatles materialized in my mind.

In spite of all the danger, in spite of all that may be

I'll do anything for you, anything you want me to,

After a couple of hours of decorating, we finally finished. There were a couple of times when I almost lost my balance, but Yugi was there to help me. We even talked a little bit about dueling, my music interest, but it was mainly on my relationship with Seto and how we met and stuff. I think it was mainly to distract me of my fear though. Even though I was happy that Yugi and I actually got the chance to talk as friends without his friends butting in, I was even happier to be on solid ground. Since Tea was tallest, thus strongest, she put away the ladder along with Joey. It gave me the chance to get away from the multi-use room and to my locker.

"Hey, Georgia?" Yugi asked. "Mind if I join you?"

I could feel a blush slowly appear on my face. "Y-yeah, sure," I said. We both went to my locker, where I exchanged my textbooks for the ones I would need for my homework, and got my spare clothes. Yugi and I made a few small talk conversations during the time. He even waited for me when I changed into my usual style of clothes.

"So, are you going to the dance tonight?" He asked.

"Nope," I said. I had actually grown used to talking to him, where I didn't stutter too much. I wasn't too nervous or scared of him at all.

"I'm going to Seto's place for tutoring." What? I needed help on a couple of subjects.

Yugi seemed mildly surprised. "Really?" He asked. His voice seemed to sound like he was a little disappointed. "I always thought that you didn't have any problems with school, since your grades are so high. Tea keeps saying that you pay off people too, but I think that she's just jealous."

"Seto helps me study and answers my questions when I don't get something. He's a great teacher and the real reason why I get straight A's. I don't pay off my teachers or get anyone to do my homework for me either." There was a short pause. "So. Are you going to the dance?"

"Well, I was. I wanted to ask you to the dance, but since you're not going..."

I looked at him with eyes the size of china saucers. "What? Me? Why? I always thought--"

"I figured it would be a good way for us to get to know each other more," he said, pink cheeked, "and, well, I kind of like you too."

"Well, I uh, I guess that I could miss one study session," I said, rubbing my arm. "I'm sure that Seto would be relieved, actually. Plus, it's the weekend, so I could study tomorrow. So um, uh, should we meet up here or do you want my driver to pick us up...?" I was blushing so hard by this point.

"We can just meet up at the dance, if that's okay with you?"

"That's completely fine with me. So I'll just see you tonight?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, see you tonight." I went to leave and get ready for the dance, but Yugi grabbed my hand.

When I turned he stood a little on his toes and placed a peck on my warm cheek. "See you tonight, Georgia," he said, before hurrying back to the multi-use room, red-faced, and probably to check up on his friends.

My face went completely red. I hurried to the car that was parked out in the front and climbed in. The first thing I did when I got my seatbelt buckled was reach for my cell phone and called Seto. After I told him I wasn't going to go to his house to study, I had a girly moment and he hung up on me as soon as it started. I was so happy that I started to laugh.

Seto's P. O. V.

As soon as Georgia started to scream and have her girly moment, I hung up. I was beginning to hear a ringing in one ear because of the scream.

I began to get back to my paperwork, thinking, *So, after nearly a full school year of having a crush, Yugi got the nerve to ask Georgia out... Finally.*

Hilo again. Please review; even anonymous reviews are welcome. Even if you're too lazy to sign in, I welcome your reviews. Please.

"Never play leap frog with a unicorn."