

Evil

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*Drabble. There are different degrees of evil, that don't always have a good chemistry with one another.
JackxChase.*

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1 - Evil

Warning: Shounen-ai, nekkid boy.

Pairing: Jack x Chase.

Disclaimer: I don't own them.

Evil

"You fool, why do you insist on running back here!"

"Wuya, Wuya, Wuya. Obviously you don't understand true love," Jack stealthily entered the secret lair of his evil idol.

"Love, bah. Last time I checked, Chase Young thought of you as an annoying little brat."

"No, that's only his hard exterior; he really is a sweet guy on the inside. It would ruin his reputation if everyone knew."

"Hmph."

As the argument continued both parties focus was lost. When a certain thousands of years old villain appeared, Jack, young evil genius, was helpless to avoid collision; toppling to the stone cold ground and flattening the scowling Chase Young.

"What are you doing here, I told you!"

As he stood, extending a hand to help the other up, the red head cut him off, "-to never return again. I heard you, but I know you didn't mean it, right?"

Cricket chirping silence. Chase stood, completely ignoring the proffered appendage.

"Oh, that cold facade of yours is so cute!"

"Get out," the thumping hearts in the boy's eyes were making him sick to his ageless stomach.

Wuya cackled, "Oh yes Jack, he's *completely infatuated* with you. Let's go before you do something stupid, again."

"Alright, you impatient old bat," Jack sighed as he began to follow like the obedient puppy he was.

However, before the pair had reached the exit, a candle of an idea flickered to life in the evil genius's brain. He skipped back to a still glaring Chase and used every last shred of speed and stealth to plant a lightning kiss upon his idol's stoic lips.

"Mmph."

Jack only smirked in victory as he walked cockily back towards his ghostly companion, "See you, darling."

"Get him."

A well-trained tiger leapt, and Jack screamed; a girl at heart.

"Hey! What are you doing! Give me back my boxers, it took me hours to make those!!!"

The cat jumped back to its master with 'I -heart- Chase Young' themed fabric hanging from its teeth.

"It's payment, *honey*."

Jack blushed, finding himself nearly pants-less.

"Oh, honestly," Wuya would have hit the boy upside the head, hard. Yet she could only curse her lack of solid form, "Come along pansy boy."

"That hurts. Alright ugly hag." Jack could look back longingly at his icy idol as he left, holding his ripped pants up as best as he could.

When Chase was sure his uninvited company had left, he quickly took the slightly damp undergarment from his pet and tucked it safely in his pocket.