

Beauty and the Dragon

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Submitted: December 17, 2007

Updated: December 17, 2007

A Beauty and the Beast remake into...Chack! Using the original Beauty and the Beast fairytale (not the movie).

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1 - Beast and Beauty

The wind blew through the forest and caused the trees to shiver with cold, snow falling to the already snow-covered ground. The year had passed and once again Old Man Winter had returned to blow his icy breath over the little town. So, many would think that people would be inside instead of walking outside in the freezing weather. But, this fact did not faze one man who had walked out into the world and down to the port for his ship to sail in.

A once wealthy merchant he was, but life had been cruel upon him and his family. Having lived in the city for so long he never expected to have to move into the forest, with two children and no wife along with it. Life had been stripped away from his dear wife during child birth to his son and had left him in charge of raising these children to the fullest. His daughter, Kimiko, had grown up to be quite beautiful and had many suitors. His son, Jack, with his porcelain pale skin and bright red hair, had caught on with many admirers also. With this he was able to live happily.

One day, word got to him that one of his ships had returned from sea. This was the reason he was out in such cold weather. Before his leaving his children had asked for gifts on his return home. Kimiko had asked for dresses and jewelry while Jack had asked for nothing more than a single rose. He smiled and scratched his bald head; his son had always been the kindest even in bad times.

On his way home, the snow storm that had accumulated grew worse and soon the poor merchant was lost in the wizard's blizzard. In the far distance he could make out the shape of a high roof top. Maybe the owner would be kind enough to let the poor man stay for the night. Tugging his clothes closer to his skin he set off for the castle.

Upon coming to the castle he could see that it was fairly large and dark and almost frightful to most. Grabbing his bearing he made his way to the tall wooden front door. He reached out and gripped the knocker letting it go in midair to fall upon the door with a loud THUMP! At first, everything was silent and no movement came from inside the castle and the merchant had decided that the person could not hear the first knock and so let go another loud THUMP! This time the door slowly creaked open and the poor merchant stepped forward.

"Hello?" he called.

"What is it that you should trespass onto my property?" a deep voice called out from the darkness. The bald man squinted his eyes and could just make out a figure standing in the shadows of the stairway. "My name is Omi, kind sir, and as you can see the storm outside has grown worse. I was wondering if you would be so kind as to let me stay the night, until the storm passes." Omi replied.

There was silence as the figure contemplated on the request. "You will stay the night and I expect you to be out my morn', but DO NOT take anything from this castle." The shadow finally answered. Omi grinned and bowed to his host, sighing in relief. "oh thank you, kind sir!"

"You will rest in the room to the right of the second floor. Dinner should be brought around and

remember, do not take anything”

“Of course.”

The man departed and Omi was left to stand alone in the foyer. A quick search and he was upstairs in his room. An elegant room it was, with its satin sheets and its elegant furniture. To the right of the door was a high oak dresser and next to it was a vanity. Along the other wall stood a grand mirror and to the center of the room, was set a four-poster bed. The merchant thought of how lucky the man was to have such an exquisite house and how unlucky he had been while he ate his dinner and fell asleep.

The next morning, Omi awoke and was downstairs for his departure. He wished that his host would be there so that he could thank him again but the figure was no where to be seen and so Omi left without a word of gratitude. On his way out he spotted a garden filled with magnificent looking flowers of all kinds that had survived the snow fall inside the dome covered greenhouse and thought of how his son Jack would have loved it in there. That’s when he remembered that he still had not gotten a rose for the young lad. The man’s earlier words barely even reached his thoughts as he plucked a single white rose from the rose bush.

There was an angry growl and Omi found himself caught in-between the bush and his last night’s host. To see him now in daylight was even scarier then in darkness. The man, more like beast from Omi’s point of view, hovered over the smaller male. A snout protruded from his face and sharp razor like teeth were bared at him underneath golden cat-like eyes. His green skin and spiked tail accented his beastly features. “I thought I told you NOT to take anything!” The creature growled.

The poor merchant whimpered and seemed to grow smaller under the beast’s glare. “I-It was only a rose, I t-thought that it would not matter since it was only a rose and a new one would g-grow in its place!” he stuttered. “You should have thought better when I specifically told you NOT to take ANYTHING from my palace! And now you must pay the consequences” The dragon-beast raised his clawed hand and attempted to strike the foolish man.

“Wait!” the merchant yelled. “Please, spare me! I’ll do anything; I have a family to provide for! Please let me live!” The merchant crumbled into a huddle on the garden floor and covered his head with his arms.

The dragon glowered down at the shorter man and had silently hoped that the man would have put up more of a fight. Thus the dragon thought, the man had said that he had family maybe he would be able to make use of this. “Very well.”

The bald male snapped his head up at these words, “Really?”

“Yes, but you must choose one of your loved ones to go in your place.”

“No-“

“Either that or take your own life, it is your choice.”

The merchant looked torn between grief and disappointment. He had to choose between his two

children to go in his place? Or kill himself? His eyes began to water and his heart beat rapidly. How could he choose? It couldn't be possible! But the beast expected to kill someone; he had to choose for his family's sake..."Fine." Omi said. "I will send forth someone in my place."

The beast narrowed his eyes and growled at the man, "remember, I am a beast, I will be able to tell if they are of your blood or not." With that the dragon turned and left the merchant to his thoughts. Omi's fingers gripped the flower's stem and didn't care that the thorns had cut into his skin. Which one would he choose? Kimiko or Jack?

He neared the cottage and heard the squeals of delight from the cabin. Kimiko ran outside and clung to her father's arm while Jack calmly walked outside, a smile of happiness upon his face. Omi smiled at the homey feeling he had with his family but then the deal he had made with the dragon returned and his smile turned into a frown. "What's the matter?" his son questioned. "Perhaps we should head inside?" Omi said, smile back in place. The family moved inside and time went on until supper came round.

"Jack, if I could speak with you." Omi called. Jack furrowed his eyebrows together and walked into the other room while his sister watched him leave, a frown on her face as well. "Yes father?" he said when he had moved to stand in front of his father. Thus, Omi explained what had happened from the storm to the rose deal. All the time that Jack listened the rose slipped farther and farther away from his fingers. When his father had finished explaining the flower laid upon the floor in sadness.

"....So I am to go in your place." He stated quietly rather than questioned.

"Yes." Omi said sadly. Tears had begun to form in the ruby red eyes of the pale boy and a silent sob left through the smiling lips. "All right, father. If it is for you, I will go." he sobbed and without another word left his father in the silent room.

The next morning he bade his sister goodbye and wiped away her tears. He hugged his father but said nothing and quickly left his home of happiness more tears following in his wake. By noon, following his father's instructions, he came upon a dark castle. The noon sun shone off the glistening windows and created a dazzling show of yellow light.

He gulped and stepped forward until he stood in front of the wooden oak door. Here he stood for minutes that seemed like hours, in front of the door of his death. His tears began to come back again and he quickly wiped them away before reaching up to grab the knocker.

Before his hand even got close to the knocker, the door creaked open. Jack gulped again and tightened his fists ready to go in for a fight, and then he remembered that he had come for his father's sake and so let his hands go to lie limply at his sides.

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Disclaimer: I -tear- don't own chase, jack, or the show "Xiaolin Showdown." (makes my cry inside.....Emolicious)

Will Edit Later!

2 - Stay

His feet echoed against the stone floor as he stepped into the castle's darkness. His heart trembled terribly and goosebumps appeared on the pale skin. The door closed and the darkness engulfed him into his nightmares.

"Hello?" he called. No answer.

"Anyone?" he called again, his voice reverberating off the walls and back to him. In the distance he heard a pitter-patter of feet walking through the deep hallways towards him. Jack stood his ground. He wasn't going to run away to end up making his family suffer.

The footsteps continued to walk until they came right behind the red-head, a ferocious grin on their master's face. Slightly shorter than his father, Jack reached up to the middle of the stranger's neck while his father made it up to its chin. "Are you here for the one named Omi?" The stranger asked from behind Jack. The youth started and gulped, nearly choking on his spit.

"Yes." He answered solemnly.

The creature "hmp'd" and placed a cold, clawed hand upon the youth's shoulder causing an "eep!" to come from the younger one's mouth. "Turn, so that I may see who has taken the place of the poor fool's debt." Jack did as was told and turned to face the figure.

Pale porcelain skin wrapped around the lean body and perfectly sculptured face. Sparkling ruby red eyes stared at him in confusion from that angelic face, above slightly chapped from cold pink lips, and it seemed that something had happened during his childhood years for there was a dark black swipe underneath the left eye which only intrigued the monster more.

"What a beautiful creature." He commented. Jack blushed deeply and such act roused an amused chuckle from the beast. "Come." He said. "And where is it that we may be going?" Jack asked nervously. "A tour, if you will, around the castle." A Tour? Jack thought. What was this creature thinking? Was he planning to toy with him before killing him?

The creature stopped when he felt that the beauty was not following him. "Will you not come?" he asked. It seemed that the beauty had quite an impact on the beast if he had clearly not killed him yet. What of his intentions were, no one, not even the beast itself, knew.

"The debt? What of the debt?" Jack asked tentatively. If he was to die he would rather have it done quickly than being tortured.

"It is, as promised, cleared."

"What? But aren't you going to kill me?"

“And why would I do such a thing to such a beautiful creature?”

With that the creature held out an arm in the shadows. “Walk with me.” He demanded. Even in darkness, Jack could clearly see that this was no man. The outline of him seemed much larger than any man he’d seen and an outline of a tail swishing back and forth in lazy fashion appeared out of the back of the creature.

With shaking hands he reached out and took the arm, gasping in shock when they touched an arm covered in scales. A hand wrapped above his own before he could pull his own away and the deep voice spoke again, “Do not be afraid, my sweet. It is but me. A soul stuck in a creature’s form.” Judging by the voice he could feel the creature grin in its statement. “Very well, kind sir.” “Please, do call me Chase. And your name?” “Jack.” The beast, now named Chase, traced a single claw over Jack’s soft cheek, and laughed to himself when it sent a chill down Jack’s spine.

Together they walked through the castle hallways where Chase showed Jack pictures of the generations that had lived in the castle and the many artifacts from which they had left. Though Jack thought it odd that he hadn’t mentioned any of his family, at all. Through the dark hallways and out to the bright light of the garden’s sun. There he saw Chase’s whole form. A true beast with scales standing next to him, a claw on top of his hand. It scared him to know that he was with a beast that could easily kill him but he did not run, he did not scream, he simply followed the creature throughout the gardens, listening to all the types of flowers that the dragon lord had come to know.

Around nightfall, Jack’s heart hammered in his chest. Would Chase let him go? Such question ran through his head until he got up the courage to walk up to Chase and tell him good-bye. “I have enjoyed my stay with you, lord Chase, and I would be pleased to come again if you so wish, but I must take my leave.” Hesitantly he made a short bow and headed off towards the front door.

He was stopped mid-run by something caught on his wrist. Looking back he saw Chase’s hand gripping his wrist with not so much effort. Jack looked the dragon in the eyes in question and Chase merely smirked. “The debt—” Jack started but Chase cut him off. “I said that the debt was paid, I never said with what.” Jack still looked confused until Chase pulled him close to his chest with a flick of his wrist. “I want you to stay here, in the castle, with me as payment for the debt.”

Jack’s eyes widened and he began to struggle from the dragon’s grasp. “No, I can’t! M-My family!” “It is of no use. Your family already thinks that you are dead.” It was true, they probably did think that he was dead; In time they would move on.

Tears began to spring from Jack’s eyes and his struggle to get free became half-heartedly. “I...It’s not fair” He softly cried to himself. The dragon who had heard said, “It’s as fair as it will be, or would you rather I go and kill your father instead?” “No!”

“Good.”

Chase pulled the youth towards a set of stairs that led up to the first and second floor. “Your room will be the first room to the right; take comfort, it was the same room your father slept in.” Chase chuckled to himself and left the red-head on the first step of stairs. Numbly, he made his way up the stairs to his room, not even closing the door as he stepped inside and fell onto the four-chamber bed his father had

slept in.

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Disclaimer: I do not own Jack Spicer or Chase Young

Will Edit Later!

3 - Rooms of Amusement

The next couple of days the poor youth sat in his room, fidgeting from the bed to the plush chair that sat next to the window. All his meals were brought to his room personally by the Beast though they never said a word to each other and Jack always turned his head away when Chase looked at him. He didn't care if it angered the Beast, which it did, but he was too hurt and angered to look in the face of his holder.

Too soon boredom caught hold of Jack and he could no longer stand being in his room for hours on end. Quickly stepping in and out of the joined bathroom he cautiously opened his bedroom door for any signs of the dragon-like creature. Seeing none he made his way out into the lit hallway.

Venturing through the many hallways of the castle, he came to many amazing discoveries. Jack had begun to open random doors when walking in the hallways grew uneventful and since the Beast had shown many of the same hallways. Opening one door he stepped into a somewhat large room filled from top to bottom with mirrors. Jack had thought it odd to have a room of mirrors but shrugged it off and went about looking at himself in different shapes and angles that the mirrors provided. He laughed when one mirror showed him stretched out and shortened, and then another that showed him zigzagged.

Looking closely at himself in one short mirror that was suspended in midair. "What a beautiful creature." Chase's words echoed through his head. He blushed and then scoffed at himself, waving off his image and walking back through the maze of mirrors.

The next few rooms were as amazing as the mirror and he searched through those rooms as well until one particular room caught more of his attention. The room was dimly lit and the curtains were drawn in front of the windows. Not liking the darkness of it all, Jack, one by one, opened each curtain and let in a burst of light. The room, now lit with light, was also covered from top to bottom but with pictures.

Each one was of a different couple or person, looking as royal and noble as the next. A beautiful woman dressed in elegant attire to a gruff looking male standing with a stern look on his face graced Jack with their pictured presence. Jack was in awe that he never noticed when he reached the back of the room. Turning he came face to face with a handsome young male with long black hair and the brightest golden eyes he had ever seen. Jack was taken aback and stumbled away from the male when he noticed that it was just a picture set in a gold colored frame as were the others.

Jack slowly walked back when his heart settled down and again looked at the painting. The man had strong features with high cheekbones and a perfectly shaped nose. His skin was tanned and his body was in good shape from what Jack could see through the man's tight clothes. Jack was truly taken by the man in the picture and for reasons unknown the eyes reminded him of the Beast.

The next room he came to was truly the most delightful of them all. Musical instruments of all kinds surrounded Jack. He went around the room blowing through horns and listening to the different sounds that came from them. Clanging, pounds, and high notes wafted through the air until it all came to a

silence when Jack's attention was brought to a sleek black piano. Sitting on the stool in front of the keys he pressed each one gently.

The sounds were soft and filled Jack with delight to hear them, glad that the piano was in very good shape. Placing both hands above the keys, his fingers glided across them in harmony and filled the air with a joyful and happy song.

"I see you've found my music room." A voice said behind them. Jack jumped and quickly turned to face the Beast. "I'm sorry!" He said quickly. "I just thought that since I was to stay here...I'll leave if you-""No, please, do stay." Chase said. He moved around the stool and sat down next to Jack, who fidgeted away to the edge of the seat and looked down at the floor.

"I always used to play, I still do every now and then it just grew tiring when I had no one to share the music with." Chase explained. His clawed hands glided over the keys just as Jack's had and a song of a more depressing tone flowed around Jack while he slowly inched himself closer to the lonely creature.

"You play beautifully." Jack commented when the song was over. Chase looked over to the man next to him and stared at him thoughtfully. Jack began to fidget under the gaze and returned his attention to the piano. Noticing the youth's nervousness Chase spoke up, "You also play beautifully." Jack smiled in glee and a shade of pink appeared on his cheeks. "I would be very grateful," Chase continued, "If you would join me for a duet." "I would very much appreciate that...Chase" Jack replied, using the creature's name to prove so.

Chase once again replaced his fingers over the high section of the piano while Jack followed with his fingers over the low section.

"I'll lead...if that's all right with you."

"Quite"

The melody began on a high note and continued this way until Jack began to play his lower notes. Mixed together, the sounds played a sweet, yet depressing song all throughout the castle and the grounds outside, the trees seeming to come to life as they swayed in what seemed to be perfect rhythm while the birds flew into the air and around the dancing trees, doing a tribal dance of their own.

Jack laughed aloud when he hit a wrong note and the song was completely thrown off. Chase stared at the laughing male beside him while he only chuckled in his deep voice. "I am truly sorry for ruining the rest of the song." Jack apologized when he had stopped laughing and sheepishly looked at the piano. "Not at all. I dare say that that is the most fun I have had playing a piano." Chase said, standing up from the stool and heading towards the door. "I will see you at dinner then." He stated rather than questioned. "Yes..." Jack replied, still looking at the piano. With that answer, Chase left the room and Jack was once again left alone and wishing that the Beast had not gone.

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The one true place that Jack liked the most was the beautiful garden around the back of the castle.

Though most of it was enclosed by the dome like ceiling, Jack still enjoyed stepping through vines of flowers to come to a whole new place, or that was what he had told Chase when he had joined him from one such adventure through the forest of flowers.

Of course, having searched through the garden Jack had come across a door hidden by vines. He placed his hand on the knob and turned it with ease. Jack jumped to the side when a bird of blue and green feathers zoomed past him and again when another, this one with deep red feathers, landed on his shoulder. He laughed and lifted his hand for the bird to move onto when other birds began to gather onto his arms and head or fly around him. Smiling he moved to sit on an overturned bucket in the corner of the aviary.

The birds created quite a show with their many different colored feathers and the way they flew through the air. After some time, Jack's stomach gave a rumble, a sign to say that it was dinner time, but looking into the air he felt that he didn't want to leave. "How I wish this were closer to my room, I would very much like to hear all of you sing often." He sighed.

Standing up from his spot he walked back over to the door only to open it to his bedroom. Jack was amazed and his face glowed with pure child-like delight. Looking back he smiled at the two birds that had still not left his shoulder. "Would you like to join me for dinner?" He asked them, and then laughed when they chirped at him.

Chase had been quite confused when he had come into the dining hall to find Jack seated in his usual spot, the right chair next to the Beast's chair, but with two birds on each of his shoulders. He recognized them to be from his aviary but had never thought of seeing them at his dinner table. "What is this?" He asked Jack.

"I...I thought that we could use some guests so I invited the two birds that followed me."

"I see..." Chase was still very much confused but let Jack have his fun chatting with the small crimson bird and didn't say a thing when the much larger bird landed on his own shoulder. Jack giggled when he saw Chase slip the bird a piece of his food and did so with his own bird.

"I bid you goodnight, dear Jack." Chase said to Jack, watching the youth make his way up the stairs with the two birds on one arm.

"As I, you." Jack called back to him, looking back before making the rest of his way to his room.

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Days passed very much the same way, Jack listening to the birds as they sang their sweet chirping songs, spending the rest of the day amusing himself, and when dinner came he would sit and talk with Chase as they ate their meals, telling him of the rooms that he had found that day that could probably be very interesting to go searching through again.

Jack grew very much accustomed to this lifestyle and enjoyed every minute of it. He sometimes wished that it would never change. To live in enjoyment as he was, he hoped that this would be very much it

though life had other plans.

On a warm spring morning, for he had lived with the Beast for four months now, Jack awoke to a knocking on his door. He opened his bleary eyes, yawning, and stepped quickly to answer the door. Outside in the hallway, Chase stood straight with his arms behind his back and the seriousness of it all gave Jack a very odd feeling in the pit of his stomach.

“Walk with me.” Chase said, holding out his arm for Jack to take. Jack almost reached out for it when he remembered that he was still in his nightwear. He excused himself and quickly ran about changing into his clothes and smoothing down his hair. Chase still stood in the hallway when Jack opened his door again and stepped out to take the Beast’s arm.

They walked in tense silence out to the sunnier part of the garden and watched as the trees swayed in the breeze and the flowers shined in their glowing brightness. “For some time now I have wondered what this feeling was deep inside chest.” Chase started, moving Jack around to face him. Jack looked up with curious and nervous red eyes, feeling Chase take his hands into his own. “And now that I look at you, I ask you the question that has been in my head and waiting for its release. Will you do me the honor of becoming mine?”

Jack stood in shock as the question sunk in. Marry this...creature? He couldn’t possibly! Though he had enjoyed the Beast’s company he just couldn’t possibly see himself being with him. The Beast grew impatient as the silence grew and squeezed Jack’s hands to bring an answer out of him. Jack blinked and looked away, “I’m sorry, Chase, but... I must decline your request.” He felt his hands slip away to fall in front of him and he chanced a look up at Chase.

Chase stood there but he was no longer looking at Jack and more like glaring angrily at the grass beneath their feet. “Chase, I-“Jack began but Chase would no longer listen to his rejection and stepped away quickly, disappearing through a wall of vines.

“Chase...” Jack’s heart clenched tightly from guilt and he felt a tear as it ran down his pale cheek.

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Disclaimer: I do not own Jack Spicer or Chase Young...though I wish I did...

4 - Forever Friends to go home

Supper showed no signs of the Beast coming and Jack grew worried when Chase did not show to see him off to bed like he had the many nights before. True it had been wrong of him to reject the Beast's offer when Chase had been nothing but kindness towards him, but... Jack sighed heavily and made his way up the stairs, heading off to bed.

When he reached the first floor he turned to go up the next set of stairs when something caught his attention. A soft slow hum could be heard from down the hallway, and though it was dark and terrifying, Jack made his way down the darkened hall and to the door that the sound was heard from. The door creaked open and through the crack Jack could see Chase, sitting on the piano bench, claws gliding over the piano keys like they had when he and Jack had played their duet.

Pushing the door open the rest of the way, Jack silently walked into the room. Sitting down beside Chase, he watched as the keys were pushed one by one, gradually slowing as Chase came to a stop.

"Why do you hate me?" Chase asked solemnly when he pressed the last key.

Jack sighed and turned towards him, "I don't hate you. I just-"

"You say you don't hate me, but how could you not? You were brought here for the sake of your father; how could you not hate me?"

"You have been very kind to me. It was my father's fault that I was brought here and..." Jack looked away, his cheeks tinted pink. His fingers brushed atop the keys, "and sometimes I'm happy that he did." Chase continued to stare at the smaller male, shocked at Jack's confession. "Then..." Chase started.

"If you're not still mad at me and if you'll let me, I will gladly stay with you. We could be great friends!" Jack said happily. The Beast sighed dejectedly(?) and said, "If that is what you wish...we will be good friends." Chase held out his clawed hand and Jack took it gladly. "You must be tired. I suppose I'm to see you off to bed?" Jack smiled and walked with the beast back down the hallway and to the second set of stairs.

"Goodnight, my sweet." Chase called behind him.

Jack blushed, "Goodnight."

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Winter had come and gone again and spring appeared to shed its light and bloom all the prettiest flowers that the Beast had collected in his garden. Jack would walk through them and come back at the end of the day smelling like perfume and would laugh when Chase sneezed at the smell. Alas, after all happiness was just another thing in his life Jack began to have thoughts of his family and wondered

everyday how they were. On one particular night, Jack had a terrifying dream of his father. His father had become ill and was lying in his bed looking frail and it seemed that he would pass away some time soon if something was not done. Jack awoke in tears and did not sleep the rest of that night.

The next morning, sensing Jack's distress, Chase asked what had happened. "Oh Chase," Jack cried, "I'm afraid my father is ill. I had a dream about it last night! He's so very sick. Please, I beg you, let me visit him and see what I can do to help! Just two months with him and my sister and I will return! Please!"

Chase contemplated on this request, but his heart was already set when he looked upon the face of the sorrowful youth. Sighing deeply he raised a clawed hand to lie upon the pale cheek and wipe away a stray tear. "I cannot refuse you," he said. "But you must remember your promise: you must be back in two months. I fear the worst if you do not return." "Do not worry, dear Chase, I will return when I must." Jack said through his tears.

The day was spent with them walking through the blooming flowers, eating their lunches while also feeding the birds in the aviary, and just being with each other. To Chase's dismay, night came all too quickly and they found themselves standing outside of Jack's bedroom door.

"I bid you goodnight, Chase." Jack said as he began to open his door.

"Wait!" Chase called. Digging into his pocket, he pulled out a silver band with a single ruby in the middle and held it to Jack. "Take this ring. When you are ready to come back, turn it around and say 'I wish to go back to my palace and see my beast again.'"

Jack reached out and plucked the ring from the Beast's claws then, smiling, he headed into his bedroom. "Goodnight." Chase said before walking away. Inside, Jack leaned against his door and looked around the room dressed in moonbeams. Finally, he thought, I'll be able to see my family! With that thought in mind, he changed and settled down in his bed, falling asleep the instant his head hit the pillow.

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Disclaimer: I do not own Jack Spicer, Chase does

Chapter is shorter, forgive me :(