

# The Chosen One

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*Chase Young has all of the Xiaolin Warriors. When he selects the chosen one he will dispose of the others. The problem is, how will he decide. Turns out he's gonna be having 3 days of quality time with each xiaolin warrior*

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# 1 - Chapter One

This is my first fanfiction so I'm pretty pleased that I've finally managed to post something up. I'm rating it T+ for later chapters, just to be on the safe side.

## The Chosen One.

It's a pretty pathetic title but it's the best I could come up with on the spur of the moment.

Disclaimer: I do not own xiaolin showdown

Chase Young surveyed his prey. His hunt had proven successful. Chained to the wall in front of him were the fallen Xiaolin warriors. They had fled, but to no avail for once Chase Young had his target in sight, he was unstoppable. Now the time had arrived for him to make the decision that would decide the fate of the world. Which one was the one destined to rule alongside of him? Chase was perfectly aware that if he selected the incorrect dragon, the consequences would be dire.

How satisfying to have all the of the Xiaolin monks at his mercy. It gave him some amusement knowing that he had them all under his thumb. How would he choose? He decided to have a closer examination of his catch.

He came first of all to the dragon of wind. His auburn hair hung lifeless and limp on his forehead, but through the curtain of hair he caught the gleam of glaring, emerald eyes. Headstrong and arrogant, but defiant and cool. The rebellious nature of this dragon appealed to Chase Young. *And he is so tall and striking.* What? Chase shook that thought out of his head. Had he really just thought that?

Chase proceeded further along the wall to the dragon of earth. He looked strangely incomplete without his cowboy hat which had been lost in the struggle. His straw coloured hair always covered his eyes which could be an advantage in battle; Chase believed that a person's eyes were a glimpse of their emotions. The dragon's composure was calm and almost accepting. *Of defeat perhaps?* This dragon was slightly confusing to Chase as his emotions remained neutral.

After that he came face to face with the dragon of fire. Her shining black hair hung loose and her sky blue eyes blazed with a fury that made the corners of Chase Young's lips twitch upwards to the slightest degree. Her emotions were easy to read as they burned from her like the fire she contained. Her delicate frame was tense with anger. *She is so desirable ...* Chase felt angry with himself for even thinking like that. *What is wrong with me?*

Finally he came to the dragon of water. He had sparked Chase's curiosity from the moment of their first encounter. As Chase gazed at him, his head hung limp almost touching his chest, but his eyes held a

look of grim determination. Chase resisted the urge to smirk triumphantly at the little warrior; that would mean sinking to the level of Jack Spicer. He did feel a sort of admiration for the little one for what he lacked in size he made up for in his skill in battle.

Chase stepped back once more away from the wall. Which one was it? He required some time to reflect upon the situation. He turned his back to the Xiaolin dragons and ascended the stairs of the dungeon. After he had stepped into the main palace ground, a stone slab slid across the entrance to the dungeon and prevented any escape from within. Not that this was necessary for (as Chase Young noted with some satisfaction) the spirits of the dragons had been broken. Their loss of spirit would also serve as their prison.

Chase sat in the lotus position floating 5 feet above the floor of his throne room in the midst of meditation. He was not yet sure of how he would decide, but he knew that the time of the final choice was looming near...

Wuya silently walked into the room and observed Chase in his state of meditation. *Such concentration, such power...* Wuya's thick lips played into a small smile of admiration, but then it faltered. She was mildly concerned about the choice that Chase was going to have to make. *Does he know what he is doing?*

"What do you want Wuya?"

So he did know that she was there.

"I am curious."

"Of what?"

"Whether you know what you are doing." Wuya could have hit herself in the realisation of the foolishness of her words. Chase Young's eyes flared open and the anger that erupted from his golden irises was almost overwhelming.

"You mean to say that you doubt me?" he asked in dangerously icy tones.

"N-no," she stammered. "It's just you have not yet revealed to me your next course of action and I..." her voice trailed away under his cold, accusing stare.

"Just because you have my permission to remain within my home, it does not mean that you are entitled to the knowledge of my plans. However, I will tell you how I will decide. I will have a trial of three days for each Xiaolin warrior. My decision will be made after the completion of all the trials."

"Are you sure that is enough time?"

"It will suffice." He replied. *It will have to, as that is all the time that I have.*

“Now go. I wish to be alone for a while.”

Wuya silently obeyed and headed to her resting quarters. However, even once under the fresh silk sheets of her bed, she could not dismiss the feeling of unease that burdened her. She had revealed this to no one but she had the ability to sense the emotions of others.

She was troubled because in the midst of recent events, Wuya had sensed a demure, but detectible change within Chase Young. For the first time since she had met him, she could perceive uncertainty. It was small, but like all things when given the opportunity, it could grow. Uncertainty was the worse emotion that anyone could succumb to, especially one such as Chase Young. Wuya was also aware of another emotion, hidden deep within the fronds of his mind that was arousing. Wuya could not yet distinguish what this emotion was, and this is what disturbed her the most. She could not stand being unaware of what was happening to Chase.

She tossed and turned in an uneasy sleep, unable to calm her raging mind. She was irritated with her restlessness, but a disturbing prospect gnawed at her thoughts. *Is it possible that Chase Young is becoming...human?*

## 2 - Chapter two

Chapter two.

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Rai's P.O.V.

Raimundo felt the tension leaving the room the moment Chase Young left. However, when the stone door slid shut, the darkness prevailed. Raimundo shivered slightly. The metal chains rubbed against his ankles and wrists, but it wasn't that that bothered him. He was ashamed of admitting it and he had never let anyone else know, he was afraid of the dark. Not the darkness of the night, but the desolate darkness that lingered in the air, the complete absence of light, and hope. Raimundo was sure that without the presence of his friends, he would be completely unhinged with fear.

But he did not want anyone to see that. He had not wanted Chase Young to see the hopelessness that dwelled within him, so he had just glared coolly, trying to shield his true feelings with a layer of arrogance. That's what he had always done and that is how it would remain.

Raimundo attempted to disturb the darkness by calling out to his friends.

"Guys?"

Nothing.

"Guys?"

He heard the stiff rattling of chains; the hairs on the back of his neck prickled.

"Uhhh..." a groaning.

Raimundo turned his head to his left and saw a stirring shadow.

"Raimundo, partner. Is `at you?"

"Yeah, it's me Clay."

"You oka'?"

"Yep, never been better." Raimundo grimaced, trying to ignore the headache that was flaring up. He instead tried to focus on his relief of hearing Clay's voice.

"Kimiko, Omi?"

Raimundo distinguished the strained but nonetheless bubbling voice of Omi.

“Clay, it is so good to hear your voice. I will rouse Kimiko. Kimiko, Kimiko?”

“F-FIRE!” A shuddering voice in the darkness, and then a second later, the room blared with light and heat.

Raimundo smiled slightly and felt a rush of gratitude towards Kimiko.

“Phew! Fanx Kimiko. Maybe I'll be able t' find my hat now.”

“A most resourceful idea Kimiko. Perhaps now we will be able to put some flames over the situation.”

Raimundo, although he did not think that it was an appropriate time, out of instinct corrected Omi.

“That's `shine some light on the situation'.”

“That too.”

Raimundo shook his head in both exasperation and relief. He was happy just to be able to see his friends' faces.

“How can be acting like as if everything's all right?”

Raimundo and the others had their attention turned to Kimiko.

Omi asked naively “What do you mean?”

“Omi, we're all Chase Young's prisoners. We don't have any idea what he wants with us or what he's gonna do with us, and there doesn't seem to be any hope of escape.” Her voice shook with bitterness. Silence echoed around the room.

Raimundo silently agreed with her. *What is going to happen to us?* Clay broke the silence.

“Don't talk lik' at Kimiko. We will find a way outta this. We've been in tighter scraps than this and we've always managed to pull through.”

*Why does he sound so uncertain then? Sure we've been through worse. But this is Chase Young. It's not like he's after anything obvious like the sheng gong wu. What does he want then?*

Omi spoke slowly and reassuringly. “Do not feel so hopeless Kimiko, for there is always hope. But if you lose faith, there will be no hope. That is how you will be defeated and that is how Chase Young will triumph. Believe in yourself and do not lose faith, because then we have a fighting chance.”

Kimiko smiled weakly and whispered, “Thanks Omi.”

Chase Young's eyes flared open and he murmured, "It is time."

The judgement leading to the revelation of the chosen one was about to commence, and Chase knew exactly which dragon he would judge first. Using his chi energy, he released a darkness that would accomplish his desires.

Darkness, more foreboding than the one conquered by Kimiko's fire, enveloped the Xiaolin warriors, and sent them falling into a ravine of the unknown...

When the Xiaolin warriors were once again conscious, they found themselves imprisoned in separate cells, surrounded once more by darkness. One however, was missing from their number and at the realisation of this, the darkness intensified.

A sleeping form lay in the centre of a circular room that was barely illuminated by the pinprick of burning candles. The form stirred, and pushed itself into a standing position. A pair of golden, reptilian eyes opened and pierced the darkness, and a chilling voice ensnared the now shaking form of the figure.

"Hello Raimundo." It said.