

Nightshade

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A Jack/Victor written by my younger sister who also does not own the characters. Minimum reaserch done on effects of Nightsade. (Not Weetzie!! check this girl out for more on Fanfiction.net under Nny11)

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1 - Chapter One (original)

Victor was usually a very scared man. Right now he just happened to be the most terrified man on...wherever he is.

Let's start with the problems. First he's gotten here. Wherever here might be. Two he didn't know how he got here or how he was getting back. Three the skeleton man who just happened to start making out with him in a rather inappropriate time.

Victor froze as, for the second time that night, a dead person kissed him. The skeleton was hugging him tightly and murmuring into the kiss. Victor tried to say excuse me but it really didn't come out and he was getting the feeling this guy was asleep. Victor pulled back and grabbed some much needed air. The skeleton just hugged him closer and mumbled a single name.

"Sally."

Oh God. Who is Sally? Victor prayed she was his wife and that she would rap loudly on the door and save him. Well, she was indeed the other mans wife but she was not banging on the door and saving anybody.

Victor looked at the man nuzzling into his breast and tried to find something to wake him, that would distract him long enough for Victor to escape. It dawned on him as the man began to kiss and mumble into his tie that Victor would have to talk.

"Hello?" The man still slept. "Ex-excuse me but, um, that is my tie." The man stirred but wasn't moving much. "You're a heavy sleeper. Look, I'm really in a..." What he wondered. A tight spot? "Fix. I need to go back to my home if you could be so kind as to, uh, wake up?" For a moment the man yawned and opened his eyes, which Victor quickly noticed had no eyeballs. The man however just snuggled back into Victor's chest.

"I love you Sally." Victor's nervous breathing became even more sporadic. And finally he managed to say, "I'm terribly sorry, but I'm no Sally." The man finally released him and Victor all but flew to his feet.

"Who are you? What have you done to Sally?" Victor found that they just couldn't be apart for too long it seemed. The very angry man had pinned him to a wall.

"I-I don't know where Sally is! I don't even know who she is!" The skeleton moved in closer and Victor felt faint from the fear.

"Who are you." It wasn't a question. It was a demand.

"I'm Victor Van Dort." The man didn't move. "I'm not from around here. I don't even know where this is or how I got here. I just kind of passed out from shock and I woke up here and you were asleep and, well, holding rather tight and I couldn't quite move and I thought I should wake you up, so, you know we could get some things straight."

The man was blinking as Victor wondered if anything he'd said had actually gotten through. In its panicked and hurried state Victor couldn't be sure.

"Oh." The man released him and Victor slid into a terrified mass at his feet. "Well, that would explain a bit. Um..." The man looked about. "I'll be right back."

Victor waited for several minutes and found that his body refused to move. When the man came back he had brought a walking rag doll. The two were trying to say something to him but Victor had ringing in his ears. He tried to stutter something out but couldn't get a single word. The woman looked at the man and left.

A moment later she had something in her hands. Victor read the peeling label as nightshade. His mind registered the potential death coming and felt even worse. This wasn't his night. The woman pulled out a tiny bit of the plant and Victor found he was too hyped and exhausted to care if it killed him. She put it to

his lips and he ate it. Soon his vision slipped out and Victor couldn't really remember if he'd cared.

“Jack, who is this?” Sally asked as she covered the poor man up. “And did you have to get so angry.” Jack flashed a small sheepish grin.

“I thought he'd taken you. Maybe he had worked for Oogie and I got a little-”

“Paranoid.” She finished for him.

“Yes. Well he was in our bed!” Jack knew it was really no excuse and was turning red at the thought. When Sally gave him that `you're incredibly stupid' look Jack continued. “His name is Victor Von something. I've forgotten.” More silence passed. “Will he be alright?”

Sally smiled. “As long as you refrain from trying to kill him.”

Jack smiled slightly and Sally grinned back. “Lets move him to a bed shall we?” Jack said and picked the man up .

“Do you need any help?” Sally asked as Jack began dragging the man downstairs.

“Sally, you are pregnant. I can handle it.” Jack huffed from the half way point and put the man on the couch. Jack was suddenly aware of a very small soft breeze. He noticed how it also only touched his cheek. Jack turned to look at the man and noticed the air came from his nose, but that meant, “He's alive!”

“Alive? Like Santa?” Sally asked, the panic rising in her voice.

“Yes!” Jack lifted the man up and began to Heimlich him. Sally ran for a bowl and some frog's breath. “Help!” Jack squeaked pitifully as Sally shot a large amount of the frog's breath into the man's face.

With a choke and a good healthy vomit later Victor was wide-awake and terrified.

“Oh thank goodness!” The two cried as Victor continued an unpleasant vomiting experience. Jack would lift him and Sally hold the bowl as they led the man to their bathroom where he continued to phase in and out, gagging and getting rid of bile along the way.

It was a hell of a night. Come morning the poor man was sweating but undeniably empty. Sally got him to drink a little bit of water and removed his torso's clothing.

“I'll wash these up for him. If he wakes up try and get him to drink some more water, and don't scare him to death!” Sally began to go to their laundry room as Jack very carefully pulled the shivering man to his chest.

“I won't scare him!” He began up the stairs.

“Not intentionally. You are the pumpkin king,” she reminded him. Jack sighed and placed the poor man upon his bed. He would barely be sitting there when the man would open his eyes.

“Hello. Erm, Victor? I'm terribly sorry about all of this.” Jack watched the man look around. “Oh, you should, ah, have some water.” Jack lifted him up and poured a bit of the liquid into his mouth. Most of it ran out of his mouth and down his chin. Jack tried again and this time Victor got a bit more.

“Yeah deadly nightshade just puts us to sleep. But it is very potent on you living folk.” He lowered the man back down. “Just get some sleep.”

For days this sort of pattern continued. Victor would wake up, get water, sleep. On occasion Jack would

help him to the restroom. People came and left regularly to visit Jack and Sally. Some even offered their own advice on how to help him. But Jack wasn't sure that hanging the man upside down would help his hallucinations or his, well, all around confusion.

They'd managed that first night to get some pilocarpine into his system so he wouldn't die. They were just grateful that Victor hadn't chewed the leaf all the way or he would have just died. Jack watched him carefully for several weeks as he made his recovery. Near the end when he could talk apparently it had done some permanent damage. Victor would need to be fitted for a pair of glasses.

Once they could get some more antidote into his system the effects began to wear off. Dr. Finkleshtine made Victor's glasses and soon enough the poor boy was able to see, talk, and comprehend. Victor even began to timidly walk around their house but not without Jack or an increasingly pregnant Sally by his side. But even so he asked only a few questions, the biggest one being.

“Where is Emily and how can I go back to Victoria?”

They never had an answer for him. There was also for another one.

“When can I get home?”

Sally would console him, Jack never knew why he didn't want to tell him. Even when Jack wanted to be there for him, it didn't work out. Victor was just a part of his life now. Jack didn't know what to do if he left. It just wouldn't be...

The two men were sitting on Jack's perilous roof when Victor would look over. His eyes gave him away every time. Even behind his new spectacles Victor's eyes gave him away. He turned back to the view.

“What is it Victor?” Jack leaned forward on his knees.

“Well...it's...” Victor bit his lip. “Nothing. It-it's nothing.” Jack shifted the slightest bit closer. Victor turned away from him. “Honest, please, just drop it.” Jack moved over so that he could pull Victor's shoulder around but the young man quickly got up and left. Jack watched him go and sat in silence.

Alone.

Victor descended the stairs quickly and almost ran into Sally. He felt something rising in his throat. “Sorry.” Victor dodged around her and all but ran out of the house. He was shaking and sweating and terrified to be out alone. He stopped outside the house in front of the dead band and twisted to look at Jack and Sally on the roof. Their silhouettes kissed. He flew back around and began to walk away.

Then he started jogging.

Then he was running full out.

He flew past residents at break neck speed and ran deep into the woods. This whole mess started in the woods, and they better damn well get him out. When he'd finally stopped and collapsed onto the frozen ground he fell into a deep tear stained sleep.

When the two left the roof they couldn't find Victor. Sally reasoned that they could just be missing each other but Jack felt...odd. At the front door Jack suddenly realized that it was opened.

“He left.” Jack's voice faded into the darkness. “He left.” He was getting angry. “He left!” Jack turned to the band. “Which way? Which way did he go?” They all pointed to the forest. And Jack without saying a word to his wife started after him, muttering he left, he left, over and over again.

His feet lead him by an almost invisible force to the man he was fond of. He lay in a heap on the ground, white breath and frozen tears. Jack wrenched him off the ground and shook his small body hard as he could. Silent words passed in the silence that followed. Breathing hard and shallow Jack finally pushed Victor away. They were too close.

Victor stood still for a moment but quietly stepped forward and put his arms around Jack. The pumpkin king struggled hard against the man but couldn't for the life of him push him away again. Victor pulled the Jack forward and kissed his forehead.

"I won't go again. I won't go again." Victor whispered into the man's skull.

"I know you wont. I can't let you go." Jack lifted his head to face the young man. For a moment the two just watched each other. Then slowly, painstakingly, almost not moving at all, they pulled together.

Victor had always heard you would remember that first kiss. And as he was forced back against a tree, he knew he wouldn't. Not ever.