

Good Jack/Bad Jack

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It's also posted on fanfiction.net under stfoosa. Cause that's my account on that.

Jack and Jack's thoughts at the end belong to Hybrid_Sunshine whose picture inspired this fic.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/WillyWonka06/46134/Good-Jack-Bad-Jack>

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-Good Jack-

I spotted him, after ages of looking, and skipped over to him; my heart going a mile a minute. Sure, we were the same person but can I help it if my alter-ego is a sexy evil boy? No, I can't. Name's Jack, by the way. Jack Spicer, the *good* version. You know the one with the gelled down, neat hair and no childish goggles, and nice *smart* clothes? Of course you do. Who doesn't?

Anyway, I'd fallen for myself, in a way. Except myself was a different person. Bad Jack. Spiky, red hair, red eyes, goggles, black trench coat...that guy. We were opposites. Ying and Yang, if you will.

I approached him, and he glared at me. What do you want? I almost let out a squeak of excitement, but I contained it by clapping my hands in front of me, biting down on my lip, and twisting my toes in the cloudy ground below me. He looked at me like I was crazy, before I stopped being an embarrassed little girl and flung my arms around my neck. Next thing I knew, I was kissing him and thinking Come here, you smexy bad boy! I wonder what he was thinking.

-Bad Jack-

He'd already seen me, so I couldn't run. He was way too poofy for my liking, the lame-@\$\$\$. Wuya swears he has a crush on me. I mean, EW, that's just WRONG. I mean, he's so smartly dressed, and he likes to hug people. HUG people. Something isn't right with that boy's sexuality, I'm telling you.

Anyway, like anyone would fancy me. I'm Jack frickin Spicer! No-one, not even my own mother, loves me. I'm...alone. I wouldn't have it any other way, either! I don't cry about anything. I'm so brave I once stuck my tongue out at Chase! He's evil that dude. I kind of...respect him.

He came over then, Good Jack. I gave him my glare and made myself sound tough. What do you want? he looked like he was trying to hide immense joy after I said that, the little weirdo, and then he did this weird, *girly* pose with his hands all clasped in front of him and the whole twisty foot thing. Then, he...he kissed me. HE PUT HIS ARMS AROUND ME AND KISSED ME. All the while, I was thinking; Aaah! This isn't right! Wrongness! I wonder what he was thinking.