

Promises You Can't Take Back

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*Promises woven, promises broken
A promise made from love will shadow and scar
And a promise made with blood will end with it*

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Info: This is a AU story that takes place awhile after the episode `Apprentice'. My own story about Jack going good, and Wuya getting a `little' upset about it.

This was originally intended to be a one shot, but its to long and taking to much time to write so I'm breaking it down in to chapters.

This it's self is actually only part one of chapter 1.

Rated: R. For violence, cursing ,suicide and bad spelling.

Warnings: First off this story is one big spoiler. Second I didn't know much about the show when I started writhing this, because I just got in to it, so its being called AU just to be safe. This is going to be a very dark and sad fic and there may be very messed up and scary Wuya / Jack and a much sweater Jack / Omi. The Jack / Omi is not really romantic though, its much more a brotherly bond than anything, but still just to warn you, it is there. Also I'm sorry if anyone is out of character. ^^:

Disclaimer: I don't own Xiaolin Showdown or the characters, and I also don't own the song that inspired this that I can't remember the name to at the moment but is by Alanis Morrisette, and has parts of it used as quotes in the story.

Other stuff to know: Things in these brackets ~ ~ are flash backs.

Now on to the crap! ^^

~*~*~*~*~

~~ “You didn't honestly think it would be this easy did you Jack? You belong to me, and you always will. You made me a promise and you will keep it.” ~~

Jack stood completely frozen. Puffs of white leaving his mouth with each shaky breath he took. He couldn't move other than the involuntary shivers that would run through his body. The shivers coming from a mixture of the cold of the night air, and the fear of having woken up not in the shelter of the warm and comforting shrine he had just lately started to call home, but instead alone in this frigid, frost covered field.

~~ “I'll be subservient” ~~

Wuya had only allowed him to take a few steps from the place he had awoken before paralyzing him to the spot, the witch's laughter now resonated through the air around him seeming to come from all directions, and this only scared him more. He could not see the former ghost or much of anything beyond the crystallized grass at his feet and his frozen breath.

~~ “And spineless” ~~

A soft cold hand reached around the boy's thin frame, lightly dragging its clawed nails over the red cloth that covered his chest. Jack's breath hitched, his lungs stinging from the frigid air. If he had been able to move he probably would have jumped about a foot in the air.

He yelped in protest as the woman grabbed him and held him to her body in almost an embracing way, winding her other hand in to his soft red hair and dragging her needle like claws over his scalp. Jack

cried out in pain. Her body was like ice against his back and her claws nearly tore in to him.

Wuya sneered as a small whimper escaped from the child in her arms. "Hello Jack." She whispered in his ear.

Another shiver ran through his body, if her voice had been creepy as a ghost it was even worse now. It held no form and didn't sound as it came from a human but instead as if the air itself was speaking for her.

Her long red hair blew around them, moving as if it was a part of the wind. Occasionally its loose soft tendrils would brush against his cloths or the pail flesh of his bare arms.

She stopped her assault on the boy and went to softly petting his head in an almost motherly way.

"It's been awhile." She sneered.

Jack swallowed trying to gather his wits as best he could before allowing himself to speak.

"W-what did you do to me?" He asked trying not to sound as frightened as he was, and failing.

Wuya didn't answer but instead laughed lightly, resting her cheek on top of the hand in his hair.

~~ "I'll lick your boots." ~~

"Don't worry dear boy, it will wear off in time." She assured him, removing her hand from his chest and lightly tracing his soft cheek with the pads of her fingers.

Jack winced. He wanted more than anything to move out of the women's grasp.

"Ok." He growled. "Fine. Then what do you want with me?" He asked this time managing to sound stronger than he felt.

Wuya's black lips curved into a smile as she lifted her cheek from where it rested. "Now there's a question worth answering." She said taking a strong hold on his chin, sneering at the yelp he made as she forced his head in to a position that she could look in to his eyes from.

"You tried to betray me Jack. You left me." She informed the boy as she went back to softly petting him.

Jacks red eyes narrowed. "I left you?" He scoffed. "Sorry to break it to you, but I think you have it a little backwards. You're the one who left me! And not just with Chase. Every chance you got you turned tail and left me! And now what?! You're a little upset because your not going to have little Jack Spicer to go back to when Chase gets sick of you?! Well isn't that too bad? I feel real sorry for you, but you know what, I'm sick of being treated like your trash!!! So fu-OWWWW!!!"

Jack winced as Wuya dug her claws in to his cheeks, one of them breaking his soft skin.

“You've forgotten you place boy.” She hissed digging her claws a little deeper. “ This is the FOURTH time you've tried to leave me and I will not tolerate your mouthing about it!” She spat out.

Jack forced a sneer up at his former `partner' even though he knew he was pushing whatever luck he had. “Learn to count. I only `left you' three times.” He said mockingly.

To Jacks surprise this didn't enrage Wuya. Quite the opposite. She almost looked as if she was going to burst in to an utter giggle fit.

She had to force herself to not laugh as she loosed her grip on the boy's chin and once again laid her cheek in his soft hair.

~~ “I'll be an empty shell.” ~~

“Hehe...oh Jackie...” She purred softly still trying to keep her laughter under control. She let the hand that was holding Jacks chin snake down to grasp hold of his left arm, then turned it and whipped it upward so she and Jack could see his inner elbow and wrist which had perfect little thin lines on them. Recently healed scars.

“Don't tell me these were just an accident.” She said through giggles.

~~ Deep red now stained the once perfect white porcelain sink. Glass from the mirror was shattered, its shards scattered across the room, some lying in the sink along with a blood stained razor blade.

A few droplets of red across the white tile led to the tub were a rather gruesome sight lay.

The porcelain bath was filled to the brim with water that slowly changed to a dark red as Jack lowered his thin frame in to the tub until his chin was just touching the surface of the now bloody liquid. The boy choked down a sob. His breathing was irregular and his body still shook, but not from fear. Fear had left with the first cut.

When the mirror had still been intact he had tried to wipe away the eyeliner from his face. He had

managed to get most of it but a few gray smudges still marked his milky white skin along with a dark brown mark under his left eye were his make up had once been. A birth mark.

Jack took deep shaky breaths silently counting down what he hoped would be his last few minuets. The only other sound aside from his breathing was the pounding of rain on the house outside, and the occasional rolling of thunder.

He hadn't bothered with leaving a note. He felt his reasons behind doing this would be quite obvious to every one by now and it wasn't like anyone would care anyway right? He had made himself quit unwanted by everyone hadn't he? Both heroes and villains alike, even his own parents who were now threatening to take him to `therapy' if he didn't `fix his attitude.' A note just seemed to be a bit of a waste of time. He'd simply said his good byes to his robots. And that would have to be good enough. ~~

Jack closed his eyes as unwanted memories flooded back. He didn't need this, especially from her. What right did she have to poke at him like that? It wasn't like SHE ever tried to stop him.

Wuya smiled as she watched the boy's eyes well up with tears at the mention of his attempt before he tightly shut them.

"Why do you suddenly care so much?" He growled quietly.

Wuya's smile broadened at this. She had hit a nerve and she enjoyed watching Jack squirm as she dug herself deeper into the boy's emotional wound. So instead of answering she replied with a question of her own.

"Why didn't you just go through with it?" She asked trying to sound generally curious as she gently dragged her clawed nail down his marked cheek.

"Wouldn't it have just been so much easier? No more having to deal with all this, no more people to hurt you and shove you aside or ignore you and leave you to be someone else's problem. You could have finally been free of all that Jacky... Free of me...So why did you stop?..." The witch asked, her voice getting darker the more she spoke.

Jack was silent for a few minuets as if deciding weather he should really tell her or not. He opened his eyes again looking at his arm, which was still stuck in the air until Wuya decided to put it back down, and his eyes clouded over a little.

He swallowed down a whimper. "I...I didn't..." He finally answered, with a voice so surprisingly quiet that the slightest noise would have prevented her from hearing it, and for a moment she didn't think she'd heard him correctly. A frown crossed her black lips as she raised an eyebrow at the boy. "Come again?"

~~ Omi stood there looking at the house, a plastic parka warped around him providing protection from the rain. He was cold, wet, mud covered his shoes and the cuffs of his pants, it was dark, and he had been standing there for a half hour with out a clue as to why. All he knew was that something felt wrong. Very, very wrong.

And he had felt this way for a while. Ever since he had beaten Jack at the truth or lies Xiaolin Showdown that morning. It had started with a little voice telling him not to leave Jack there alone. He tried to ignore it feeling that it was not truly important but it had slowly grown over the day becoming a very loud and panicked voice that had kept him awake until 12:01 when he finally gave in and walked all the way here in the rain. But as loud and desperate as that voice was it still didn't feel right to just randomly barge in to your nemeses house ranting about how a voice in your head was telling you not to leave them alone. Now Omi may not have been that good at telling what was a NORMAL thing to do but even he had a problem figuring out how that would sound sane.

But every time he tried to go back to the temple that voice would start full out shrieking at him. So here he stood trying to figure out which would be worse, having to hear that shriek for the rest of the night or having to face Jack Spicer, unarmed and with nothing but a crack-pot story to explain his presence.

Lightning cracked across the sky as the thunder rumbled angrily above. The rain pored down faster as another cloudburst and Omi wrapped the parka tighter around himself as a chill swept through him. He sighed heavily.

"I should not be here..." He said for the thousandth time that night, and there went that voice again, but this time in a full out panic. Omi heaved a sigh of defeat. He really had no choice, he had to go in. It was better to be called insane and to be sure Jack was ok than it was to turn around and find out latter that he could have prevented him from being harmed.

Again Omi pulled his parka tighter around himself as he walked up to Jacks front door, his wet shoes squishing in the muddy ground. Omi couldn't help notice on his way to the door that none of Jack's usual guard-bots were on duty and as easy as it made things it only made that bad feeling inside him feel worse, but he tried to ignore it and stay focused.

By the time the little monk got to Jacks door he finally had come up with a plan of sorts. "I will only go in there for a few minuets." He concluded. "And if I see nothing is amiss I will simply leave." He said nodding to himself, and placed his hand on the doorknob. ~~