

# Always the Bridesmaid

By avi17

Submitted: September 5, 2006

Updated: September 5, 2006

*And Jack's pretty darn sick of it, too. (Jack/Chase)*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/avi17/39061/Always-Bridesmaid>

**Chapter 1 - Always the Bridesmaid**

**2**

# 1 - Always the Bridesmaid

Title: Always the Bridesmaid

Fandom: Xiaolin Showdown

Rating: R (sex is only implied)

Pairing: JackChase (no, not the other way around)

Beginning notes: Okay, so this is not only my first Xiaolin Showdown fic, it's also my first story that's rated high enough to be posted on this site. Interesting combination, no? But anyways, a few notes.

-The time frame for this story is around the episode "Judging Omi". I have to plead a bit of artistic license here in that I'm not entirely sure that Jack is in possession of the Tangle Web Comb and the Third-Arm Sash at this exact time. But honestly, it's not hugely important to the story.

-If anyone's thinking that I'm weird for writing JackChase instead of the other way around...you're right, I am weird. But I just got a bit sick of Jack being portrayed as the Ultimate Universal Emo-Uke. So sue me.

Anyways, before I bore you to tears with my ranting, enjoy the fic.

-----

"And I shall rule the world, with Omi at my side!"

"B-but that's not fair!" Jack Spicer stammered, looking crestfallen, "It should be me up there!" Floating near his head, Wuya cackled.

"Always the bridesmaid, never the bride, eh Jack?"

-----

Jack Spicer flopped dejectedly onto his black and red bedspread, not bothering to try to stem the tears that had begun to sting at the corners of his eyes. Well, at least he hadn't started crying in front of Chase, though he supposed it wouldn't have made much of a difference, considering that he doubted Chase's opinion of him could get much lower. But really- how could Chase have chosen Omi as an evil partner over him! Jack felt the strong urge to hit something. After all, Omi was on the side of good- he wouldn't remain loyal to Chase without being forced. And Jack, on the other hand, would do anything for Chase- he practically worshipped the man! How could he not- Chase was evil, powerful, handsome... Everything that, at least in Chase's opinion, Jack was not. Unable to resist any longer, Jack blindly slammed his fist down onto the nightstand next to his bed, and was promptly pelted in the face by a shower of nuts and bolts from his now-shattered alarm clock. He let out a frustrated sob.

This sucked.

-----

"Uggh...what time is it?"

Jack Spicer, Evil Boy Genius Extraordinaire, had tried everything. In the last few hours, he'd screamed, cried, whined, shouted obscenities, punched the pillow, punched the wall, punched himself, broken and thrown countless objects, and even downed several bottles of his parents' secret beer stash for good measure, but nothing had changed. Well, the wall was dented significantly in several places, the floor was littered with the pieces of assorted smashed objects, his eyeliner was streaked down his extremely flushed face, and he had a pounding headache, but Jack didn't feel any better about Chase's rejection. On the contrary, the injustice of it only pushed Jack's buttons more, and the last of his disappointment had been replaced by a burning, jealous anger. He wasn't even sure who he was more steamed at now- Chase or Omi- but there was going to be hell to pay for one of them.

First, however, he rather wanted to know the time. Since he's pulverized his alarm clock earlier, Jack leaned over the side of his bed and began to rummage through his jumble of junk for a watch, still fuming. An old notebook full of half-sketched robot designs...a ripped baseball cap...damn Omi...a spare pair of his beloved fingerless gloves...an odd pink sock- Jack swore it wasn't his-...an empty bag of unsalted pretzel sticks...damn Chase...a plush monkey he'd won at a fair several years ago...the Tangle Web Comb...

...The Tangle Web Comb? How the hell did that get there? After being extremely puzzled for a few moments, Jack vaguely recalled an occasion a few weeks back on which he had enlisted the help of the Tangle Web Comb in renovating his room. It had proven rather useful in holding up posters while he taped down the corners. He'd known, however, that Wuya would not have appreciated the use of a Shen Gong Wu for that kind of frivolity, so he'd decided to hide the comb until he could return it to his lab unbeknownst to Wuya. He had then, of course, promptly forgotten all about it. But now, as the comb's tendrils wrapped gently, tantalizingly around his fingertips, he grinned and evil grin.

Jack Spicer had an idea.

-----

"Spicer? What do you want?" Chase Young didn't even bother turning around in his high-backed chair when Jack walked slowly in to the room. Although this incensed him even more, Jack managed to keep his voice quite casual as he remarked, "Just visiting."

The other man sighed in exasperation, spinning the chair around and beginning, "Spicer, what are you-"

"Third-Arm Sash! Tangle Web Comb!" Chase was cut off in mid-angry-sentence as blue cloth fastened itself firmly over his mouth and silky but strong threads wound around his wrists and ankles, binding them. Chase looked back to Jack in time to see him loosen and remove his belt, it then falling to the floor with a resounding 'clink'. The red-haired boy shed his black leather boots and jacket as well and walked over to straddle the lap of the somewhat-confused and exceedingly-annoyed Great Master of Evil.

"What," Chase hissed as soon as the sash had untangled itself from his mouth, "do you think you are doing, Spicer?"

Entwining a gloved hand through Chase's wild, dark hair and jerking his head back, Jack whispered in the most dangerous tone he was capable of, "Proving my worth." He crushed his mouth to Chase's, and his other hand began to work on untwisting the ties of his armor.

-----

"I must say, Spicer..." Chase stated, attempting to pick himself up off the floor and re-tie the drawstring of his pants at the same time, "...That was rather unexpected."

Jack smoothed his flame-colored hair and snapped his goggles back on, wiping the sweat from his pale forehead with the back of his sleeve. "So, still think I'm worthless?"

"Psh," Chase snorted, flopping unceremoniously back into his chair without bothering to replace his shirt. "I never said I thought you were entirely worthless. But you do realize that you only got away with that because I let you." He closed his almond-shaped eyes and exhaled deeply.

"Hey!" Jack glared and pouted over his half-laced boot. "Don't go bursting my bubble now- I haven't had anything good to gloat about in ages. ...Wait," His gaze turned from his shoe back to Chase, eyebrow quirked in confusion. "...Why on Earth would you have let me?"

Chase shrugged, combing through his long hair with his fingers. "Well, I'd finally found something you're good at, so why stop you? Besides, who knows- I may just have to keep you around now." He chuckled, smirking as discreetly as he could in his amusement.

"Soooo..." Completely abandoning his shoe, Jack slid over the ornate rug to hang off the arm of Chase's chair, "...does this mean you like me better than Omi?"

"I'm not going to answer that," Chase said shortly. He glanced down at Jack, raising an eyebrow, before sighing and beginning to play with Jack's hair instead of his own. "But I'm surprised at you, Spicer. There have to have been easier ways to...what was it...'prove your worth', then that."

Jack only grinned indulgently and leaned into the older man's touch. "I'm sure that, being the Evil Boy Genius Extraordinaire that I am, I probably could have thought of one or two." His grin turned devious. "But this was so much more fun."

-----

End

-----

Okay, okay, so Jack ended up being something of a pet at the end anyways. I suppose it's inevitable. laugh Now, I know that the lemon is cut out here, but if the reviewers should happen to want me to write

it, I shall have no choice but to oblige. \*hinthint\*

Please R & R, and happy readings in the future! Goodbye for now!