

Chicken Soup for the Evildoer's Soul

By avi17

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Jack is feeling sick. Chase is feeling playful. A newfangled remedy is discovered. (Chase/Jack)

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1 - Chicken Soup for the Evildoer's Soul

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Chicken Soup for the Evildoer's Soul

"Ugh...hah-CHOO!" Gasp, sneeze, head throb. "Ow..."

Jack Spicer, Evil Boy Genius Extraordinaire, was, at the very least, incapacitated. Considering that he'd been cooped up in his evil lair for almost a week, he had no idea how it had happened, but he'd gotten a cold. It was a pretty bad one, too- the typical sneezing and sniffing, pounding headache and 100.2 fever kind of cold. And it drove him nuts. Jack Spicer, Evil Boy Genius, reduced to shivering in bed and being practically spoon-fed chicken noodle soup by his mother. Which, by the way, did not hold up to its reputation in the slightest.

"Spicer? What are you doing?" inquired a voice from the window on the opposite side of the room.

Now this was interesting, in an embarrassing sort of way. Because, of course, it had to be Chase Young who was seeing him in such pathetic shape. Then again, who else would have come in through the window? Jack was more curious as to what Chase was even doing at his house than anything else, and he expressed this accordingly. "Chase? What are you doing here?" The hoarseness of his voice bothered him immensely.

Hopping nimbly down from the windowsill, the evil warlord crossed his arms against his armored chest and moved a few steps nearer to Jack's bed. "You have been absent from your almost-daily sessions of irritating me for quite some time. I've become curious."

As Chase stepped continuously closer to the bed in the room's corner, its fairly nervous and embarrassed occupant began to stammer excuses for the other to stay away. "Er, Chase? I-I'm probably really contagious, so maybe you s-shouldn't come over here..." He attempted to sit up, but a particularly vicious throb in his cranium forced him to flop back down onto the pillow.

The overlord of evil snorted and settled himself into the simple wooden chair that currently resided next to the nightstand. "I'm an immortal being of evil, Spicer; I'm hardly liable to catch the common cold."

"Well, now, aren't you lucky?" Jack intoned sarcastically. "Unfortunately, the rest of us aren't nearly that special, and sometimes we have to get sick."

"What lovely food for my ego. I'm flattered that you find me special." He accented the word, just as

Jack had, and smirked as the albino boy's fever-flushed cheeks turned pink. He suppressed a chuckle- Spicer was entirely too easy to predict. Which, in his opinion, only made the pretty preteen boy more fun to mess with. He knew without a doubt that, when he leaned in closer, that blush would darken and the so-called boy genius would glare and stutter and half-heartedly attempt to push him away. He also knew that Jack's attempts would cease immediately when he kissed him.

He was, of course, right.

Jack's black-ringed eyes widened in astonishment before fluttering shut. As confused and feverish as he was, he only half-registered that Chase's tongue was stroking and tasting the inside of his mouth. His head was spinning, which only made the throbbing worse, but he didn't care; it was bliss. And when Chase broke away, he blurted out the first thing that came to his still-reeling mind. "That was way better than chicken soup!"

Chase burst out laughing. "Of course it was! Now, I'll expect you back to pestering me on Monday, young man." His tone became mock-severe.

Jack giggled and murmured drowsily, "Yes, mother."

Chase only smirked again, walking back to the open window and jumping out of it and into the night.

Now that had been interesting.

"..."

"...Hah-CHOO!"

End

Remember, reviews are chicken soup for the author's soul. :3

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