

Off the Beaten Path

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A collection of little ficlets dedicated to the lesser known pairings of Xiaolin Showdown. I will take couple requests!

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1 - DashiWuya

Hi there, guys! After working my @\$ off on the super-serious "Ultimatum", I decided to write something fun for a change. This will basically be a collection of drabbles involving whatever pairing strikes my fancy at the time. Usually, though, the pairings won't be particularly mainstream, because the obscure ones are more fun.

I will take pairing requests, although I can't make a 100 guarantee that I'll do what is requested. I'll certainly try, though. Though this chapter and the next are het, I'll also take slash and femmeslash requests (honestly, I prefer slash). However, please don't send me utter crack (something ridiculous like...Hannibal/Tubbimura) because that's virtually impossible to write coherently.

First up- Dashi/Wuya, because I love them too much.

XXXXX

Love-Hate Relationship

She absolutely hates him, there's no doubt about that. Ever since they met, his carefree attitude has irritated her. She finds him loud and obnoxious and utterly infuriating in every way. She can't stand his obsession with his little magical toys and the hours he spends tinkering with them. Most of all, she hates his nobility, his righteousness; he's a complete goody-twoshoes and it drives her nuts.

She eagerly anticipates the day she'll turn on him, the day she'll finally destroy him and dominate the world with her evil.

But then, she feels his strong presence as he slides up beside her. She feels that hard body pressing down on her own, feels those calloused fingers running over the soft curves of her hips and breasts and those rough lips moving against hers. She revels in the feel of his hot breath against her cheek as he whispers sweet-nothings in her ear.

And she decides that evil can wait, if only for a little while.

XXXXX

R and R, por favor?

2 - JackJesse

Chapter 2- Jack/Jesse. Don't ask me why I wrote this, because I honestly don't know. It was fun, though.

XXXXX

Sissy Boy

Jack Spicer had to be the biggest wuss that Jesse Bailey had ever met. He screamed like a little girl, whimpered like a frightened puppy, and even wet his pants like a three-year-old. Upon examination, his upper-body strength proved equivalent to that of an overcooked noodle. He was certainly bold when it came to flirting, she had to give him that, but even his attempts at that were more than a bit lame.

He came off, to her, as the exact opposite of the Texas men she was used to, particularly her brother.

Then again, she loathed her brother. Those strong-man types always had pissed her off, with their insistence that girls were the inevitably weaker sex and required protection. Jack was undeniably a welcome change- she appreciated the way he would hide behind her or cling to her when a dangerous situation arose. It was gratifying to feel so strong and in-control, and she found his silly, childish cowering surprisingly cute.

In the end, she figured that having a sissy for a boyfriend wasn't too bad.

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You know the drill. R, R, and R. (read, review, request)

3 - JermaineOmi

Third chapter- JermaineOmi, because it has the potential to be so cute and needs to be written more. I still take pairing requests!

XXXXX

Growing on Me

There were many strange people in New York, but Jermaine had never met anyone quite as strange as Omi. His clothes resembled pajamas more than anything, for one. Unlike Jermaine's ultra-hip style of speaking, Omi's mannerisms were almost excruciatingly stuffy, and he could mangle even the simplest slang. His hands were tiny and pointy, and his head was large and round. But above all, he was just so impossibly short!

Yet despite his many oddities, Omi positively radiated self-confidence. Jermaine had no idea how- perhaps the little monk just didn't realize his own strangeness.

When it came down to it, though, Omi's shortcomings didn't mean too much. His bad slang made for a good laugh, and those pointy little hands were capable of the most adorably melodramatic gestures. His little smiles and big grins were so endearing, even from that tiny mouth, and his hugs were still warm, despite the fact that his shortness resulted in his face being buried in Jermaine's stomach.

Even if he never actually grew at all, Jermaine knew that Omi had grown on him.

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4 - WuyaKatnappe

Fourth chapter- WuyaKatnappe. Normally I'm not as big of a fan of femmeslash as some other genres, but this pairing strikes me as a possibility.

XXXXX

Cat Person

Wuya had never been a cat person. Although she had to admit that the fluffy fur was nice, the teeth and claws were less than desirable. They were particularly unpleasant when they were embedded in some part of her skin, as they often were. She didn't like their stubby little paws, their sandpaper-like tongues, or the way they shed hair like a sneeze-inducing blizzard. And most of all, she hated the smell.

Cats, in her opinion, were a most undesirable animal in almost every way.

But suddenly, when she thought of cats, different things began to come to mind. Instead of bringing thoughts of shedding fur, it meant milky-white skin, silky golden-blonde hair, and tight black leather that closely hugged a gorgeously curved body. Those stunted paws and vicious claws were replaced with graceful hands and long, pink-painted and perfectly manicured nails. That rough tongue became smooth and sensual, and the cat odor became the spicy aroma of expensive perfume.

Perhaps, she thought, there was more than one way to be a cat person.

XXXXX

R, R, and R!

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