A Shorting Circuit

by nutm3g

Summary

Rated M for future sexual innuendos, language, violence, and maybe some detailed gore. Jack goes on a little bender, and with the new power he's acquired, will he finally succeed in world domination? What will Chase have to say about this new side of Jack?

Notes

This is one of the few fics I'm gonna be bringing to this account from my FF.net account! Chapters for this will look modified compared to the other, whether they're shorter or longer, and some may have different chapter titles. Hope you enjoy!
Another Failure

Too many failures had come to pass during the days since he had taken his first step into evil. In all honesty, he felt he wasn't even on the side of evil half the time. Wuya made sure to remind him of that regularly during her rants, and oh there were many. This was far from what his creative imagination had pictured.

Too many nights, filled to the brim with disappointment, when he'd literally drag himself home with a body so bruised and beaten that the only spoils he had were the dark splotches of flesh littering his fair skin. Those monks had no idea what kind of suffering they caused him. The Wu were all they cared for. But he was the one on the wrong side. Of course he deserved this sort of beating. At least, in their eyes he did.

See, the problem was that no one ever considered whether or not the evil ones had any feelings underneath those dark airs they put on for show. It was just custom to assume these beings were rotten to the core. Or maybe Jack was just not cut out to play the evil role in this grand play of his life.

Again, Wuya certainly made it seem that way. For the past hour, all the albino could hear were her screeches of disappointment and disapproval.

And for the first time in his life, he blocked all the noise out instead of spitting out some form of smartass rebuttal.

Had those monks not destroyed his helipac, he could've been home in a moment's notice and saved himself the lecture provided by his ghostly companion. It was the hour of painfully dragging himself home through the bitter winter wind that discerned something: he was through with being mocked and beaten like a punching bag.

"Jack, you fool, are you even listening to-".

SLAM!

Slamming the door in the ghost's face would've provided a sweet feeling had Wuya actually been able to feel the thick plank of wood smashed against her. Although he knew it wouldn't cause any physical damage, Jack was sure he'd guaranteed himself some alone time. Wuya fortunately learned not to follow her "partner in crime" when he locked himself away in the bathroom. Seeing him in the buff once was enough for the apparition.

After some time of thinking, the male clicked his tongue and allowed his head to thump back against the door, pale lids seeping down to curtain dahlia hues. Was he really going to go back out there, sleep, and wake up the next day to devise a brand-new plan? A heavy sigh was drawn from his lungs, and with it went his will to do anything.

"Did you see the look on Spicer's face when we showed up? I bet even the pigs back home looked better than he did when the butcher came for 'em!" The blonde cowboy chortled away at his own joke, spinning their newly-acquired Wu around the tip of his index finger.

Amused chuckles from the other three monks soon joined in with the heftier laughter as each of the teens prepped themselves for their little night out. It was amazing that they were even allowed
some time to themselves, never mind go out and about.

Unlike their enemy's home, the temple provided a rather cheerful atmosphere. Thin, wooden planks holding their sticks of Dragons Blood incense as it burned away, lanterns lit to provide a warm glow; there was to be celebrating tonight, and that was a definite. Christmas was just around the bend, and decorating for it couldn't have made a better way to end the day.

While Omi wasn't all too familiar with the holiday, his friends were, and they were more than glad to teach him in the ways of it. Especially Kimiko.

With her poor father's credit cards in hand and her outfit already snuggly fitting her frame, the young woman all but pranced out with thoughts of what stores she planned on going to. Along with her went the Brazilian whom she'd become so fond of, sporting a sheepish grin at how close he got to be to her, and the last two monks.

They had won another challenge, Christmas was nearing, and the start of a brand new year was getting closer and closer. Life was splendid… for the monks.

But while they contentedly marched their way to the mall Kimiko had both her eyes and heart set on since the day they'd arrived to the temple, little did they know the turmoil surrounding their enemy.

Several minutes of staring down at the hands normally concealed by fingerless gloves passed. They were so calloused from constantly working on new devices.

For a minute, Jack blanked out and pondered what the point of making such inventions even was. No matter what, those monks always managed to break them. Wuya's annoyed grumbles as she paced, floated, back and forth on the other side of the door reminded him why. Those accursed Wu.

It wasn't like he even wanted them for anything important, besides taking over and ruling the world. Even that had little reason behind it. Most would think that anyone bent on ruling the world as they knew it wanted nothing more than all the power and money they could get their hands on. Jack?

For Jack… it was the attention.

He wanted people to know him.

He wanted the attention and to prove himself as a worthy being. His parents did a horrible job of that. He reminded himself of a spoiled, little brat throwing a tantrum until they got what they wanted. And the more those thoughts rang in his mind, the less appealing his grand plan sounded.

Any therapist could blame this on his parents. They had the wealth, the looks, everything. Everything but parenting skills. This house he lived in, the money for the technology, everything from the goggles around his neck to the coat he donned was all provided by none other than mister and missus Spicer. Being as neglectful as they were, the two hadn't a clue on just what their son had built in the basement of the house they were barely in. The albino was a prime example of what happens when parents neglect their children for so many years.

Most kids would just become drug addicts or alcoholics.

Maybe both.

Jack simply became bent on taking over the world. There were plenty of opportunities for him to
get shitfaced or high out of his mind: if he had the knowledge to create half of what was in his lab, creating an ID for booze would be elementary.

But he strayed away from anything that would harm his mind in fear that they would get in the way of and eventually ruin his childhood goal of being leader of the world. If only- knock knock knock.

Confusion seeped into the red eyes as soon as they opened, which proceeded to sink into his facial expression. Thin legs carried him out of the bathroom where he holed himself up, head turning to throw a quick glance at the large grandfather clock as he continued on to the front door.

Eight o'clock.

Who in god's name was knocking at Jack Spicer's door at eight in the evening? What little friends he had were off in different continents for the upcoming New Year celebration, and he knew they wouldn't be back anytime soon. Especially not before the new year even arrived. A pang of worry struck him like a car smashing into a brick wall. What if it was something not only unexpected, but unpleasant? What if-

"Will you quit standing around and open the door, Jack?!" the ghost near him screeched.

Pushing back the jolt that threatened to shake his body like before, Jack crept up to the door oh, so silently and just as quietly unlocked the large, wooden door. As if being quiet would help him after his partner decided to open that gaping hole she called a mouth.

If vampires existed, and if the person behind the door was one of the undead creatures, Jack was sure they'd be able to hear the blood-pumping organ in his chest beating against the ribs it hid behind. With a deep inhale through the nostrils, he finally grasped the cold metal of the doorknob and twisted it, prying the barrier between himself and this stranger.

"I should've looked through the peephole," he grumbled oh so quietly to himself, a grumble that couldn't possibly be heard by the human ear, “here’s to not dying…”
Merry Christmas

Chapter Summary

Having wealthy parents really has its advantages.

Chapter Notes

Second part of the first chapter!

The creak of door opening was like one out of a cheap horror movie – the young, scared teenager opens the door, defenseless and practically trembling and outside the door---

Stood a man dressed in a standard UPS uniform, a device serving as an area for signature in one hand and the handle of a cart grasped in the other. Now came the relieved, exasperated sigh. Frightened for nothing.

A second glance at the cart told him that it was stacked high with heavily-taped, cardboard boxes. Were those all for him…?

"Jack Spicer?" the man asked, taking it upon himself to stare down the rather... odd child he had the pleasure of delivering to.

"Uh.. yeah?"

The device was held out immediately after the confirmation, ready to sign. Hesitantly, the male scrawled down his name onto the screen as neatly as he could manage, though it came out as chicken scratch all the same. Much to his relief, the man soon quenched his curiosity by handing over the boxes, which were stacked up just a few feet away from the doorway.

A simple tip of the hat was the man's only goodbye before he trudged his way back the recognizably large, black truck to continue his day of work. Now, nothing stood in the way of Jack tearing into those boxes to reveal what was lurking within. But before he had the chance to even dig his hands into the tape in futile attempts at prying it off, a thought hit him..

Who would even send him anything in the first place? What if these boxes were filled with explosives? What if one of the other evildoers finally considered him a threat and decided to get rid of him before any real trouble could go down?

The thoughts were almost enough to keep him a few feet away from the potential forces of destruction, as if a few feet was enough to shield him from the impact of the explosion.

Keeping his anxious gaze on the boxes, Jack called out to one of his bots, not finding himself surprised when the bot was by his side just at the very sound of his commanding voice.

"Open those up," he ordered loud enough for the contraption to hear, and watched as the robotic version of himself dove down to begin tearing the strips of tape away with ease. Something he
clearly had little patience or skill to do.

Within moments, the boxes had been stripped of their bindings. Time stilled. One flap was pried to the side, followed by three others going in their own opposite direction, and at last the contents were revealed.

Various wrapped objects rested within, each sporting the shiny colors that could only be identified as colors of Christmas. No doubt gifts from his parents.

"Why do you keep sending me this shit…?" he slowly whispered - as though trying to work out an answer through each syllable - voice low enough to keep the meddling ghost from hearing, though he knew she probably did.

Just as slowly as the words came out, Jack sank down to his knees, pale hands gently picking out the gift that lay atop the rest in their opened package and gingerly peeled away the wrapping, as if afraid that everything would become a blur and he'd wake up.

Laying beneath the colorful paper was a large book, easily recognizable as a work all about old myths and legends by the font of the lettering scrawled on the front cover, plastered above a well-drawn portrait of a magnificent dragon cloaked in what looked to be shadows otherwise portrayed as "evil" or "darkness".

For the first time in his years since his parents had ultimately decided to travel for their business, Jack felt touched. Touched by the fact that they could actually remember their son's love and fascination for all things mythical. When was the last time he had even mentioned the topic around them? A few memories popped into his mind here and there, ones of his younger years. Had it been that long already?

Pushing the nostalgic, stomach-churning thoughts out of mind for the time being, Jack observed the details of the enormous book which, when eyed upon more closely, had to have cost quite the pretty penny. He rubbed the pads of fingers over it, taking in the leathery feel of its spine, the smooth gold lining the edges of pages.

"This is so cool," he mumbled as eager fingers flipped through the pages without a moment to lose, mind losing itself in all the words it began to absorb from skimming through various passages of the text. His chest began to tighten and his head practically swelled with all the wondrous ideas that seemed to form on their own.

Now, Jack knew that his parents wouldn't be the happiest if they found out their son was on the side of evil. Or trying to be, at least. But were they aware that dragons, these mythical creatures, existed, and that they had just given their son the one thing he needed to awaken a ferocious side he wasn't even aware of? His heart, even beating a mile a minute, was no match for the excitement.

As trembling fingers gripped the book tightly by the sides, a sadistic, evil grin graced itself upon his lips. Oh, this would make for a sweet revenge.
So the sânге de rău is my lame OC version of the Lao Mang Long soup. The castle does indeed exist, as does Vlad, but the whole legend of Dracula, especially in my case, is not historically accurate nor is it true to the actual legend even if there are all sorts of twists on the legend already.

Any normal night for Jack Spicer meant working on a new design for an even greater version of his precious Jack-bots, mixed in with plenty of rest and self-rewards for a job well done on the aforementioned design. Tonight would be the first in a long time that the technician would break that routine.

For about an hour after he'd discovered the book his parents had sent him, he had locked himself up in his bedroom, being sure to actually lock the door to keep the pesky ghost out (as if a locked door could stop a ghost) and studied as far into the tales of the literature as he could. So far, all he'd retained was knowledge about how and when werewolves had come into existence. Though it felt useless, his eyes continued to skim through the text, desperately hoping to find any tidbits of information that would lift his spirits.

Even Wuya became ensnared in the words splayed across the white pages as she hovered over the teen's shoulder. Turns out there was a chapter dedicated to apparitions and the "other side", something Jack promised to read later on to get the woman off his back. Or rather, his neck. An exasperated left him as he collapsed back onto the bed, allowing the heavy book to slide onto the floor. Everything plan that had formed in his mind now seemed nothing but recipes for disaster. Then again, his plans always were.

"Oh, quit sulking!" snapped Wuya as she floated down to hover near the book. "Even if you did manage to find what you need, you'd never get close enough to Chase Young for an execution!"

"I wasn't planning on executing him, Wuya. I just wanted to, y'know.. capture him and stuff. So everyone knows not to mess with me!" he'd retorted, balled-up fists lifting to rub at sore eyes.

For the shortest of moments, the albino resembled his old self with that determined glint in those red eyes and a fist clenched in the air. But it all faded away too soon, leaving Jack looking as tired of ever. He was tired, in one too many ways. Just the thought of having to cross mountains to get half of the materials needed to win a duel against Chase left him exhausted. Drained was more of a word for it. Like the sluggishness one feels after losing too much blood. Heaving out an exasperated sigh, he slumped back down into a more-or-less comfortable position and turned his back to the apparition glaring at him.

"I just need to sleep.. then I'll be ready to go." But was he?

Sleep turned out to be a failure. Not even an hour after he had fallen asleep, Wuya's annoyed yells of how he had slept enough were beginning to fill the dark bedroom, resulting in the displeased teen nearly falling onto the floor with a start. Now, Jack stood naked underneath the scalding water flowing from the shower head. The ashen flesh covering his figure was beginning to turn a bright, irritated red, but he paid no mind to it for the first few minutes. The heat felt nice. Even if it
was a few degrees too high for most people.

"I have no idea how I'm going to do this," he admitted to himself, eyes staring blankly at nothing in particular. Both hands came up to rub away the tears threatening to spill from his eyes. Why did he have to be such a baby? Even when Chase was on the goody-two-shoes side, he could still kick some serious ass. Jack blamed his strength, or lack thereof. He hid behind little robots and technology that did his bidding and more than often got his rear handed to him when it came down to depending on himself.

"I'll just do what he did and find myself some Lao Mang Lone soup," Jack practically spit out with a heavy snort after composing himself. An eerie feeling came over him that led to chills creeping up his spine, and the light bulb finally came on in that head of his.

Chapter VI: Sânge de rău

The Sânge de rău is a rare form of immortality that is to be consumed only once and replaced with a regular diet of human or animal blood. With immortality comes superhuman strength, speed, and a regenerative process superior to that of a human. The only known side effects are sensitivity to light and severe pains in the abdominal area unless blood consumption is frequent. While the abdominal pains do occur, it has been said that these beings are able to go weeks at a time without feeding before feeling the effects.

Its location was originally at the bottom of the The Lady's River near the infamous "Dracula's Castle", but now holds a spotlight within the castle itself. Prior to the legends, the Sânge de rău is considered the beginning of the creatures known as "vampires" and was found by the most popular of the species: Vlad Tepes, otherwise known in history as Vlad the Impaler and in fiction as Dracula. It is believed that upon realizing the curse of immortality, Vlad hid the Sânge de rău within a chest filled with stones and threw it into the river in hopes to keep it out of reach, though the theory has not been proven.

Origins of its creation and the number of those who have been affected by it are yet to be discovered.

Jack couldn't help but let out a laugh of victory. The book did come in handy after all! He made a mental note to thank his parents for it. After he was ruler of the world, of course.

Once the helipac was all fixed up, the task would—... A cool breeze swept by the teen, snapping him out of the trance he’d put himself in by thinking up plans. His head tilted down to get a look at himself. Naked. He had run out of the bathroom naked. At least he had the pleasure of knowing Wuya probably saw him. Such a sweet revenge for yelling at him constantly. With a pleased sigh, he pushed himself off the wet spot his damp body had created on the bed and headed for the closet. Feeling in an especially dark mood, the Frankenstein tee he normally wore was replaced with one depicting the image of Marilyn Manson, though he stuck with the usual black pants. All that was left was fixing the destroyed helipac.

"Get ready, Wuya," chirped Jack as he strolled by her on his way to the lab, "We're going to Dracula's Castle."

Regardless of the sinister tone lurking beneath the words, the ghost could only mutter to herself
about her foolish partner and his love of inferior monsters.
Gonna try getting the rest of the chapters uploaded today! Some might go through a little editing, so it might be worth it just to skim through even if you've already read this on FF.net.

*It's this perfect harmony*
That tires me so endlessly

*It's the hurt inside of me*
Makes me see the light in me

*It's the perfect color that bleeds*
Twisted into the tapestry

*It's the way you laugh at me*
When I'm too blind to see

The melodic sound of Velvet Acid Christ pumped through the lab, seemingly bringing it to life as sparks flew from the device on the metal table that Jack was bent over. Disregarding the dangers of working with a welding torch without the proper gear, the redhead put the finishing touches on the once-destroyed helipac, a sinister grin stretching his pale lips up to distort the teenager's face into that of an actual madman. A hand, dirtied with black smudges and littered with thin cuts blossoming with small pools of red, lifted the finished product into the air as though it were the first place trophy of a 15-mile marathon.

"Finally!" Oh, he was ready to cry with joy. It'd been at least an hour and a half since Jack had begun working on the destroyed work.

Albeit his face was already damp with sweat and the tears would more than likely blend in. With a huge sigh of both relief and self-satisfaction, the technician strolled on out of the lab and right back to his room, whistling some off-tune song he'd made up in his head. He strolled right past an exasperated phantom, wearing a grin that she would only classify as stupid. But he paid no mind. The taste of revenge was thick in his mouth, and he wasn't about to let something as bitter as Wuya replace it.

"What are you up to this time, Jack?" She spat out, hovering after her technical landlord and stopping in the doorway of his room, her swirls for eyes glued to him as he pried a black coat from the closet and slipped it on. Was the woman, ghost, not listening before?

"I told you, Wuya, we're going to Dracula's castle! I found something that's gonna put an end to all this humiliation and make up for all my stupid past mistakes!" The grin on his mouth just wouldn't leave. And Jack had a feeling it'd be staying for quite a while. "Then they'll all see just how much shit they really have to pay for."

Never once had the phantom heard the little redhead curse. A sense of pride swelled in the ancient being, and had it been possible, chills would have been racing down her spine at the very moment. Jack was serious. More serious than any front he had ever put on. And this time around, Wuya
had the feeling he would be victorious.

The evening air felt nice, though a little colder than usual. But, such was to be expected from traveling over the ocean at such an hour. Nothing could put a damper on his mood. Not the chilly air, not the deep blue water rolling several hundred feet beneath him, not even the phantom who chose to, as usual, tag along. Albeit she seemed a little calmer than usual, which struck Jack as beyond odd. He didn't comment on it, though. Enjoy the silence while you can, his mind told him.

The castle itself wasn't too impressive. Not nearly as impressive-looking as the one most people toured. But, according to the grand book his parents were so thoughtful enough to get him, the castle that attracted the most fame wasn't the right one. In fact, Vlad the Impaler had little to no connections with the infamous place. It was the Poenari Castle that held the goods, and if he hadn't thought to continue through the chapter? He would have been another mindless tourist wandering through thick crowds. Though, how the author of the book knew which castle the blood remained in was a little on the suspicious side... Jack would look into that later.

Blades of loose grass were swept up into the air by the force of the air gusts from his brand-spankin'-new helipac. Most of which were squashed back down by the black, worn Doc Martens Jack had the habit of sporting. He pushed the goggles up into his hair to smooth a few locks of red back, eyes squinting to get a better look at the crumbling castle before he opted to switch the lights on his pac on. Hell, if he wasn't careful, or quick, the place would collapse in on him... But the rush of excitement pumping through his veins forced his legs to carry him forward.

"Let's go, Wuya. Time for Jack to get his prize."
Poenari Castle: A Disappointment

Chapter Summary

Poenari castle is looking to be nothing but a place of ruins. Will Jack find what he needs? Is it what he expects?

An hour into the search, and Jack had successfully found zilch... Fuck, with the way the place was so disheveled and the floor practically covered in rubble, it was no surprise people chose to visit the more popular castle. It was probably the epiphany of a marvelous castle compared to this one. Not to mention the castle had gift shops on every corner, whereas the only thing Jack got from this damn heap of rocks were cuts on the pads of his fingers and a hole in the knee of his jeans. Bullshit.

"Jack, why are we still here?!" Here came the complaints.

"If you didn't want to come, you could have stayed behind, Wuya." Trying to be calm with the ghost was futile. Jack had learned such a while ago. While he remained level-headed with her attitude and took her verbal abuse then, his patience now was teetering dangerously over the edge. And when the sound of her suddenly annoying voice began to reverberate through the air, well, he lost it.

"Do you think I honestly want to be in this shithole searching for something that may not even exist any more than you do?!! Heat pooled within every part of his body, the blood practically boiling underneath the pale skin. "And risking my life for the revenge I may not even be able to achieve?! Go ahead and say it, I know it's exactly what you're thinking, that I'll somehow manage to fuck this one up just like every other goddamn time!"

All Wuya could really do was stare in astonishment. Even as the male stormed off into the inky darkness with nothing more than the light from his pac and a nasty attitude, all she could do was stare. And, surprisingly, she didn't even bother to follow.

"Fuck!" Jack had had it up to his chin in disappointments during this "expedition". Every turn led to a dead end, every room bare of everything but shadows and cobwebs. While his inner monster-lover was geeking out over the fact that this castle may have very well served home for the vampire of all time, his vengeful thoughts left him exasperated.

"I'm never gonna find this stuff," Jack spat out under his breath, peering around the dark walls of stone that only insinuated they created a long hallway. Suddenly, he wished he hadn't raged at Wuya and stormed off without her like a brat.

Chills raced down his spine when the light sound of pebbles clattering together sounded in his ears, and Jack all but squealed like a little girl, body practically shrinking in on itself. Okay, this was a bad idea.

The sounds grew louder, more frantic, as though something was scrambling his way. Then the fight-or-flight kicked in, and the redhead himself was scrambling in the opposite direction of the noises. Sweat beaded on his face and his feet clumsily and consistently tripped over large, broken
pieces of furniture to land him on the ground, though the fear of actual monsters in the dark kept him getting right back up.

Now, the technician found himself trapped in the very last room of the winding hallway. Albeit the noises had stopped, the panic remained.

"Please, please don't eat me! I'll give you my right lung!" The redhead screamed to the door as he fell to his knees and clasped his hands together to plead to the figures haunting his mind. No answer. A few minutes more of kneeling with his hands up like an idiot, and still no answer.

Well.

What a waste of time.

Jack's face, the expression so full of fear and panic and anxiety, morphed to a more aggravated expression. Seemed like he wasn't even good enough for the monsters.

"... Fuck you, then," he growled quietly, dropping his hands to take a seat on his bottom instead of kneeling. It only hit him after his own shadow scared the bejeesus out of him that there was a window in the room, a large one cut into the stone that allowed the moonlight to shine in.

*You've come far for something so meaningless.*

… Now Jack knew for a fact that he wasn't deranged, but the eery voice weaving itself through his mind was something he couldn't deny and brush off. His head turned every which way as he frantically searched for a body to match the voice to, but alas, he found that he was very alone in that room. It couldn't have been Wuya. He'd not seen head nor tail of her since their little spat.

"Who's there?" the technician cried out, voice cracking, as he flew up to maintain a battle stance. Like that would do any good.

_Fear not. One with so much vigor for power should only be rewarded for making it past the demons that litter the castle like the vermin they are._

A rumbling of the stone forced Jack to stumble a bit and keep his ground, and he couldn't help but focus as best he could to try and hear more of the strange accent. The only thing he could hear now was the sharp cracks of stone, and the obscene noises of wood pushing through the small crevice. Jack simply stared down into the darkness for a moment before sinking to his knees.

"This is gonna my stupid idea of the day..." With those final words, he slowly stuck a gloved, trembling hand down into the crack, prepared to retract it at the first touch of something sharp. However, what he felt was smooth, like a glossy wood. His fingers grasped the edge of this object and gave it a small pull.

…? Why wasn't it budging? Was it stuck? What a load of crap this night was turning out to be. But Jack wasn't about to leave now without something to show for what he had gone through. He slid the other hand in to grasp whatever other side of the object he could find and pulled with all his might, a long groan sounding from him as he forced his body back to try and yank the thing out. The groan was replaced with a gasp as Jack eased up to give himself a quick break.

"Ok.. One.. two.. three!" A final tug was given with as much strength he could muster and the frail body went flying back with a rather unmanly shriek, followed by the sound of something hard clattering against the stone floor a few feet away from him. Bright red hues eyed the box from where Jack lay on the floor. Was this it? Was he at last going to get the weapon he needed..?

No point in just thinking about it. The redhead crawled over to the box and examined the lid.
Which was, much to his surprise, barren of any sort of lock. Then again, it had been so long since the box was created and used...

A calloused hand lifted to pry the top away, sliding in to pluck out a delicate, clear bottle shaped filled with thick black liquid that clung to the sides, though the dried parts on glass just above that revealed the true color as being some form of deep red. Perplexed wasn't even a word for what he was thinking.

"So I just drink this stuff and...? How much do I even drink?!" For a minute, Jack did his best to think back on the passage he had read in the book. Hell, it didn't even clarify that part...

"Looks like it's all or nothing," he whispered, a little afraid to be heard by the voice that filled his head mere moments ago. The rim of the bottle was brought to pursed lips, tilted up, and emptied of its contents into the redhead's awaiting mouth to be swallowed down.

Minutes passed.

And he felt nothing.

Another second passed, and all hell broke loose.
O Death

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A low rumble of the earth was the first to catch their attention, a chill in the air the next.

"Uh… Did you just get this weird feeling? Like something bad's gonna happen but you don't know what?"

Raimundo the first to speak.

"Yeah! I bet it's the climate change. You know, my dad was talking about that the other day when I was on the phone with him, but I originally called to tell him one of his credit cards wasn't working and he-"

A short nudge to Kimiko's side was enough to silence her babbling, and she grinned sheepishly in reply.

"Sorry, Rai. All I'm saying is the weather has been weird lately. It's probably nothing for us to be worrying about. Can't we just have one night without trouble or worries? I bet Omi and Clay didn't even notice!"

Ah, and Raimundo could never resist when she puffed her lips in a pout. His cheeks warmed with the blush spreading over them, head lowering some as he mumbled something unintelligible in return; and though mumbled, Kimiko smiled victoriously and dragged him on to the next shop.

Still… he couldn't help but to linger on the fear that zipped through his core, nor wonder where the other two warriors were. It was never a good idea to split up.

Hell couldn't begin to explain the sensation erupting in his chest. His fingers clawed at tight fabric, desperate to rip the shirt off and ease up the immense pressure, but to no avail.

Was he having a heart attack?

Dying?

This is it, spoke some frantic voice in the back of Jack's head, I'm dying.

Little attention he paid to that nagging voice yelling, yelling, yelling at him to get out of there, to call 911; to claw his way through the decaying rubble of the castle and find help from anyone – anyone. Even the monks.

There he knelt, oblivious to the sharp bits of stone cutting into knees and gasping for air that never seemed to come, like lungs were blocked up and—

"G-god- stop!" he screamed, pitifully, voice a mess of sobs and razor sharp yells that only echoed down long, dark halls. Fingers dug into throat, at the fabric clinging to chest 'til tips stained an ugly red. He was desperate to relieve the awful pain, trembling so hard he couldn't tell whether it was his own body shaking or whether the ground beneath him was crumbling open for him to sink into hell.

With the sensation of veins rupturing and blood clogging nostrils, he all but shrieked, crying out in desperation for Wuya; the sound of his own agony bouncing along crumbling, stone walls being
his only reply.

It was as though the darkness dimmed even blacker around him, edges of vision blurring to the point where he could no longer discern reality from the pain wracking chest, stomach, throat.

*I'm dying,* came the voice again, weaker than before.

Jack wasn't aware of how he'd gotten on the floor, curled up in fetal position as if it would help to subdue the pressure threatening to crush him. And it did to some extent… Or perhaps it was death finally coming to engulf him in its thin cloak. His entire body shook now from the relentless chill of dying overtaking him, chest barely moving; how could it? His lungs felt shrunken, his throat swollen shut. He tried swallowing but the sting of suddenly raw and exhausted muscles was too unbearable.

*It feels like all the blood in my body is draining away.*

He felt delusional, ill even at the mere thought of death. And death for what? Having been too much of an idiot to trust folklore and drink what could have been poison?

"I'm so stupid," he rasped out, bitter smile touching blue lips as head tilted to rest its temple against the floor.

Jack wasn't ready for death, but he'd force himself to be at peace with his own mistakes.

The boy's chest swelled once more and, mere seconds passing, deflated slowly in defeat with a final breath.

"Something's happened."

Something not even Chase Young could quite put his finger on.

"I don't like this aura." he murmured to himself, disgust and frustration lacing each word.

Gloved fingers intertwined, lips taut in a thin line.

A long day spent picking out finicky little details that posed as even the smallest threat to him and now – now he couldn't figure out why the air suddenly unsettled him. For a long moment he thought on it, staring hard at the floor with a look in slit pupils that could kill.

All the while, the pathetic, self-proclaimed boy genius never crossed Chase's mind. Not once.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, Jack isn't dead! I like to go by the "death of the mortal body" aspect of becoming a vampire, so it's kind of like the calm before AND after the storm. He'll be up and kicking to feel even more pain in no time. :')

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!