



Nap Time

Gargoyles (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 474 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Gargoyles (Cartoon) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: David Xanatos, Puck | Owen Burnett

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Xanatos had some very important paperwork to discuss with Owen. Unfortunately, it seems Owen isn't available right now...

Out of all the times Xanatos had gone into Owen's room unannounced, he had never once walked in on him naked. This time was no different, except that Owen had forgotten to wear something much more interesting than clothes; himself.

I'm looking through a bunch of my old notes, and I found this!

Minor edits done on 29 July, 2024. Just to grammar and correcting a few typos, nothing story-wise.

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Owen's normally perfectly made bed was a mess of colorful pillows and soft blankets -- a makeshift nest holding the slumbering, pointy-eared form of Puck. He smiled in his sleep, stretching and making contented little noises as he unconsciously snuggled deeper into the blankets.

He looked so peaceful laying there, Xanatos decided that the paperwork they needed to discuss could wait a little longer. But... An idea popped into the human's head. It was a little mean, he knew that, but it would answer a question he'd had for a while.

Xanatos cleared his throat, then spoke in a calm, clear manner. "Owen, I need you immediately."

Puck's eyes flew open as he sat straight up, disappearing in a cloud of green. At that moment, Owen walked in through the door. When he caught sight of where they were, he sighed a little more emotionally than normal.

"You needed my assistance, Mr Xanatos?" Owen's tone was the same as ever as he faced his employer, but his raised eyebrow and crossed arms said anything his voice did not.

"I had some paperwork I needed to discuss with you, but nothing that can't wait." Xanatos grinned, barely holding back a chuckle. He was right; Owen used magic to do that little trick. "You can get back to your nap, if you want."

Without another word, Owen pushed past him, transforming into Puck as he plopped face-first into the bed. He held his phone up without looking at it, hitting speed dial, and Xanatos soon heard his own home voicemail.

"Hey, boss man, sir." Puck did a terrible imitation of Owen's voice as he left a message. "I'm afraid I'll have to call in sick today, maybe tomorrow too. Or longer." He rolled over and gave Xanatos a flat glare. His voice remained deadpan. "Really bad cold. Cough cough." He actually said the word cough as he hung up the phone, snuggling back into the blankets.

"So, long night?" Xanatos asked, leaning on the doorframe.

"Like you wouldn't believe." Puck groaned. "Maybe if you leave and let *me* sleep, I'll tell you about it."

"I'm pretty sure lifetime of service doesn't account for fake sick days." Xanatos pointed out, still grinning.

"Boss..." Puck looked at him with an expression that would've been unamused if it weren't for his own grin, but was very clearly tired all the same.

"Alright, I'm leaving." Xanatos chuckled. "Have a good nap, Owen."

"Thanks, Mr Xanatos." Puck mumbled sleepily, halfway back to whatever dreamland fae had.

— end of "Nap Time" —