



Puck's Nest

Gargoyles (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 584 words

by Arukir

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

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: David Xanatos/Janine "Fox" Xanatos

Characters: David Xanatos, Janine "Fox" Xanatos, Puck | Owen Burnett, Alexander Fox Xanatos

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Owen is always there for David Xanatos and his family, even if it's just to provide a bit of comfort. Of course, being a thousands-of-years old fey, the ways he goes about that can get a bit peculiar.

111th fic posted!

It always feels weird referring to Xanatos as David...

David ran through the Eyrie Building, pushing past employees and impatiently jabbing the elevator buttons. The earthquake had been an unexpected development, taking the phone lines with it. He had to make sure his family was okay.

He arrived at the floor the living area was located on, rushing through and calling out his family's names. There was minor rubble around the rooms, a few broken windows, but he couldn't see any living beings.

"In here, David! We're alright!" Fox's voice came from one of the bedrooms, and he followed it immediately.

"Fox, are-" He paused when he got in the room, holding back a chuckle. A massive amount of pillows and blankets had been skillfully piled into a round nest on the floor, Fox and Alexander laying peacefully at its center, Owen sitting next to it with a picture book in his lap.

"Sir, I'm glad to see you are uninjured." Owen nodded at him, adjusting his glasses. Alexander babbled at Owen, trying to reach over the nest walls to grab the book. "Young Alexander, we can continue the story at a later date, I'm afraid we do not have time to do so at this moment."

"You keep reading, David and I can discuss things in the living room." Fox smiled, accepting David's help off the floor. "Now that we know we're all okay, there's not even that much to discuss anyways."

"Very well, Madam." Owen scooted into the nest, putting a protective arm around Alexander as he resumed reading.

"Are you sure you're alright?" David double-checked as they sat on the living room couch.

"I'm fine, Alex is fine, we're all fine." Fox smirked. "Owen's been taking very good care of us."

"Yeah, I could see that." David laughed. "I can't believe he did the nest thing."

"He's done it before?" Fox asked, leaning her head on his shoulder.

"A few times, mostly when I get sick." David snaked an arm around her, holding her close as he thought. "Once, on a particularly tiring trip, I came to the hotel to find him sleeping in one. I don't know if it's a fey thing or a him thing, but I'm kinda afraid he'll stop if I bring it up."

"I think it's sweet." Fox decided. "Besides, it was surprisingly comfy."

"I know, right?" David laughed again, softer this time. "Maybe I should invest in circular beds."

"I bet Owen would like that." Fox sighed, her head drooping as she started to fall asleep. It had been a long day, and her body was finally claiming the rest it desired now that she knew he was safe.

David, starting to fall asleep himself, got a thoughtful look on his face. "Yeah, I bet he would."

A few days later, Owen retired to his room for the night, only to find a rather large surprise. A circular, nest-like bed and mattress had been delivered, along with a variety of pillows and blankets.

The card read 'Sweet dreams, Owen'. Owen stared at it for a few minutes, before looking back at the bed. Alone, where no-one could see him, he let himself grin as he curled up on the mattress.

He'd had a lot of nests over the years, most he built himself. Somehow, the knowledge that Mr Xanatos had gotten this one for him made it more comfortable than all the others put together.

— end of "Puck's Nest" —