



Mugger

Gargoyles (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 447 words

by Arukir

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

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Puck | Owen Burnett, David Xanatos, Random Mugger That Only Gets One Line (I Think I'll Call Him Charlie)

Tags: Coffee, Magic, Mugging, Knives, Random & Short, I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping

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Owen is on a coffee run when he encounters a mugger.

Inspired by the following quote (though I ended up not using it, lol):

"Any last words?"

"Do you think I'm cute? Be honest."

Part of me feels like I should refer to Xanatos as David, especially if I do his POV, but it just never feels right.

Owen hurried along the city streets, balancing coffees along one arm. Owen did not run if he could avoid it, but he still moved quickly -- he hadn't missed a meeting in ten years, nothing as stupid as a long line at a cafe was going to change that.

It was a good thing he knew a shortcut. He just had to go through a few alleys and over a half-broken fence, then he'd only be half a block away from Xanatos Enterprises. There was still no way he was making it in time to help Mr Xanatos prepare...

The foolish mortal had better not 'forget' the speech Owen had so carefully crafted *again*. Improv had its place, and explaining why three more labs exploded to the Board was not that place, no matter what David thought.

So caught up in his mental rant, Owen didn't even realize that someone had followed him into one of the alleys, not until he saw the glint of a knife out of the corner of his eye.

"Got any last words?" The mugger chuckled, advancing.

Owen studied the man and the knife. He could disarm and fight him, but that would take up time he just didn't have. Hmm, well, he did have another option. After all, who would believe the crazed ramblings of a mugger?

In the span of a blink, Owen was gone, making the man startle in shock. He twisted around, trying to find his prey, and instead somehow found himself stumbling right through the door of the nearest police department.

Owen was ten minutes early, coffee balanced on his arm and speech clutched in his hand, strolling through the conference room door as calm and collected as ever.

"Damn, I thought I actually managed to lose that this time." Xanatos grinned, taking the speech. He sipped at his coffee, briefly glancing at the paper. "Excellent work, Owen. It's sure to wow them."

"If wowing them is our goal, we could always tell them the truth." Owen deadpanned, setting out the coffees for the soon-to-be-arriving Board Members. He took a slow drink of his own tea before adding, "Of course, that might have the unfortunate effect of necessitating a move to an insane asylum."

"You know, that might be fun." Xanatos hummed, reading over the speech to memorize it. "Owen, add 'getting declared legally insane' to my bucket list."

"Already done, Sir." Owen answered, smirking briefly.

"Always one step ahead, aren't you?" Xanatos asked, tucking the rolled-up speech into his jacket.

"Of course, Sir." Owen nodded. Deep inside him, the Puck laughed.

— end of "Mugger" —