



Turn Back

Gargoyles (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 719 words

by Arukir

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With Oberon in New York, Puck runs away as fast as he can. But he returns and fights his Lord, despite knowing he doesn't have much chance of defeating him.

What was going through Puck's head between running away and coming back?

Trigger warnings:

1) Owen says 'fucking' once, due to stress.

2) Brief mentions of the possibility of characters dying, but everyone is fine.

Maybe I should switch the fic name to Responsibility. Thoughts?

We have to go back. Owen's mental voice was loud in Puck's ears, distracting him as he tried to pick through wilderness far from the city that had become a second home.

"No." Puck said out loud, sternly. There was no one there to hear him, barely even any animals in the area he'd chosen.

We cannot just abandon Mr Xanatos! Owen actually sounded angry, angrier than he'd ever let himself appear to anyone else.

"We didn't abandon him, we did all we could to prepare him." Puck argued with a biting tone, snapping out in a desperate bid to defend himself from a threat he logically knew Owen didn't pose, "I knew you were dedicated to your work, but this is a little extreme."

It's not about work, and you fucking know it. Owen growled, making Puck freeze. Owen didn't curse, especially not like that. After all these years, how can we possibly leave him, doom him to lose his child? A lifetime of service-

"Doesn't matter at this point." Puck scowled, sitting in the underbrush, trying to pull in his magic as much as possible. Hopefully, no one could sense him out here.

I agree. Owen almost sounded calm again.

"You what?" Puck asked, taken off guard. Owen was almost obsessive about the importance of their contract.

I agree. Owen repeated. A lifetime of service is what we promised, amusement is what we desired, but our bond with him has gone beyond that. He will lose his child, possibly his wife, maybe even his own life. Can you really leave him to such a fate?

Puck felt his chest constrict at that last point. Oberon wouldn't actually kill Xanatos, would he? There was no reason to! Right..?

"I-it doesn't matter." Puck whispered, curling up and wrapping his arms around his knees, head resting on top. "How can I go against the King of the Fey, Owen? I wouldn't stand a chance."

But you might give Alexander one. Owen said softly, sadly. We'll probably be dragged kicking and screaming back to Avalon anyways.

"Not if we-"

*Don't delude yourself, we're both too clever for that. Owen scoffed. At least this way, we might be able to save Mr Xanatos and his family. We might be able to divert Oberon's attention, or talk him out of it, or **something**. You are a Trickster, after all.*

"You know you'll die, don't you?" Puck asked, reaching for more reasons not to return. "If they find out I created a human personality with an actual life of it's own, they'll purge you."

I figured as much. Owen answered drily, utterly unfazed.

"How are you okay with that?" Puck screeched, wanting to be contrary to his counterpart's stoicism, wanting to yell, wanting to not be in this situation in the first place. "How can you possibly be okay with laying down your life? And for what? A human."

Our human. Owen corrected. Puck could feel a tears fall down his cheeks, not really knowing nor caring when they'd begun to build up. There was silence between them for a few moments, until Owen softly added, We're caught either way, Puck. Let's at least let it mean something.

And Puck hung his head and moaned, for he knew it was true. There was no hiding from his Lord, his Master, no escaping the punishment he was sure to face. But leaving

this world, leaving Xanatos, leaving Owen -- the thought had been too overwhelming to not try *something*.

Now Alexander Xanatos was in danger, because Oberon had come searching for Puck, and maybe Fox would be dragged to Avalon too. It was always complicated with halflings, but Oberon might just do it if he's in a bad enough mood.

He shouldn't go back. Fox and Alexander Xanatos weren't David Xanatos. He'd be fine. They weren't Puck's humans, he didn't have to go save them, he could just keep running and hope for the best. They weren't his responsibility.

With a miserable hiss, Puck transported back to the Eyrie Building, ready for the most hopeless fight of his long life. Because, in the end, he knew they really were.

— end of "Turn Back" —