



Honeymoon Blues

Gargoyles (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 1114 words

by Arukir

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When Xanatos and Fox go away on their honeymoon, Owen is left running the company. Which is fine, he's done it before, plenty of times (albeit, only for one or two days). So why is he so nervous?

Or: Puck has separation anxiety and doesn't realize it because he never really cared about anyone before, so blames it on work stuff instead.

If you don't know who Jim Carrey is, you need to look up clips of him on YouTube. Great comedic actor.

"Coffee..." Puck groaned, floating into Xanatos' kitchen. It was much too early for anyone to be up, especially someone who typically worked nights, but Puck could hardly sleep. He was too excited, too nervous.

Xanatos had been gone for a week, on his honeymoon, but was getting back in just a few hours. It was the longest Owen had ever been left in charge of running things.

As the coffee maker growled to life, Puck mentally went over all the things he was supposed to have done, things he shouldn't even be thinking about when he wasn't Owen but couldn't get out of his mind.

The company was running smoothly, had made as much profit as it did any other week. The 'special projects' were as on track as they could be without Xanatos present. Xanatos' favorite judge was paid off. The house was clean.

Puck hadn't forgotten anything, he was sure. But what if he was wrong? What if something wasn't how Xanatos expected it to be? What if he'd failed?

Puck groaned, dumping the coffee into a cup before the maker had even finished. Never in his entire life had he cared this much about *anything*, especially not work-related. Disappointing people had always been a plus, not something to get *anxious* over.

Owen basically ran most of the company anyways, he'd actually ran it several times in the past, albeit only for a day or two. Even when Xanatos had gotten arrested, they'd managed to communicate almost daily... Still, it wasn't like any of this was actually *new* to him.

He breathed in deeply, letting tiny bits of his magic loose throughout the room to calm down, cleaning them up just as quickly. It was fine, he'd remembered everything, he'd completed his duties like he always did; efficiently and perfectly.

Well, like he always did *for Xanatos*. Oberon didn't get that sort of dedication from him. Point was, there was very little chance he'd failed at any part of his job, and it didn't particularly matter if he did. It's not like Xanatos would hurt him, after all.

But Xanatos might be disappointed, or even angry, or decide he couldn't trust Owen with important stuff anymore, or think that Puck was tricking him, or-

A loud crash shocked Puck from his spiraling thoughts. He looked up from where he'd been staring at his coffee, and oh dear. It definitely wasn't just a tiny bit of his magic inhabiting the kitchen anymore. Oops.

Puck slowed his breathing (when had he started breathing so quickly?), humming for a second as his eyes filled with green light.

*The Puck spreads chaos
Likes mischief best
But in his own home
Shall not leave a mess*

The light dimmed away, leaving the spotlessly clean, chaos-free kitchen. Puck sighed, wondering at himself. He was an extremely powerful Trickster, the most powerful fey besides Oberon and Titania themselves, yet he was worried a human would be upset with him?

It was preposterous, it was ridiculous, it was... Completely true, wasn't it? Puck grabbed some icecream, slamming the freezer shut a bit too hard, and teleported to the living room. A bit of TV would take his mind off things.

Barely a few hours later, Owen sat on the couch, tuning out the TV as he scribbled down expense reports and filled out paperwork that wouldn't be important for another month or so. The icecream was back in the freezer, a third of it gone.

The latch on the front door clicked open, the sound of familiar laughter soon audible. Owen quickly cleaned up the mess of papers, hurrying to help the Xanatoses with their bags.

"Sir, Madam, welcome back." Owen nodded politely, reaching for the suitcases.

"Owen!" Xanatos cheered, grinning. It wasn't his scheming grin, and it wasn't directed at Fox, so Owen had absolutely no idea what to make of it. "I hope you've been well?"

Owen waited a moment before answering, dragging the suitcases into the living room. "I've been alright, Mr Xanatos. The compan-"

"Can we hold off the work stuff until tomorrow?" Xanatos groaned playfully, plopping down on the couch. "We only just got home, Owen."

"As you wish, Sir." Why had he asked how Owen was doing if he didn't want to hear about the company?

"You were watching TV?" Fox asked, sitting next to Xanatos. "Somehow, I didn't think you did anything recreational."

"It was merely background noise while I worked, Madam." Owen defended, though he smiled inside. He'd missed Xanatos, of course, but was glad to see Fox as well. "Sir, should I start preparing breakfast?"

"Owen, when was the last time you slept?" Xanatos asked, eyebrow raised knowingly.

Owen blinked at him, not answering.

"Owen, sit down."

"Yes Sir." Owen nodded, sitting on the nearest chair. He watched Xanatos and Fox for a few minutes, finding the sound of their talking (even just of their *breathing*) strangely comforting, before he interrupted with, "Sir, I am unsure as to the appropriateness of asking how your honeymoon went..?"

"It was great." Fox answered for them both, sharing a lustful look with Xanatos. "But you'll excuse us if we don't share details."

"Of course." Owen agreed that details were definitely something he neither needed nor wanted. He tapped his knee, a rare display of restlessness. He wasn't used to being idle. "Sir, if I may—"

"Owen, we're not even hungry." Xanatos rolled his eyes, smirking.

Owen smirked back, so subtly and briefly that no one but Xanatos could catch it, and cleared his throat. "In that case, Sir, since we're just going to sit here," he could tell from Xanatos' amused expression he'd picked up on the disdain in that statement, "perhaps a movie would be an acceptable pastime?"

There was some squabbling over which movie to watch, ending in Xanatos picking something called 'Bruce Almighty'. Owen closed the curtains and flicked off the light, shrouding them in darkness as the movie began.

Owen was able to last barely ten minutes before becoming Puck, who quite enjoyed literally everything Owen hated regarding the film. He laughed along, making wittingly mocking comments to entertain the two humans watching it with him.

It wasn't until the next evening, when Xanatos complimented Owen on a job well-done in his absence, that he remembered he'd been wracked with anxiety the last couple of days.

Huh. Maybe Jim Carrey movies were good for your mental health? Yeah, that had to be it.

— end of "Honeymoon Blues" —