



Human By Day, Gargoyle By Night

Gargoyles (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 1396 words

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

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Elisa Maza & Puck | Owen Burnett

Characters: Elisa Maza, Puck | Owen Burnett, Mentioned: - Character, Demona (Gargoyles), Manhattan Clan Members (Gargoyles), Goliath (Gargoyles), David Xanatos

Tags: Transformation, Fae & Fairies, Deal with a Devil, In a certain sense of the phrase, Listen it's canon that being around humans had made Puck a better person, which is a fact he's not entirely okay with, he's really confused by his own desire to be nice to others, and causing problems for others is the only way he knows how to deal with it, Slightly Out Of Character, Faeries have to be invited in, faeries can't break promises, threshold magic, One Shot, Though I might write more in this vein someday, Wouldn't it be really cool if a gargoyles reboot did something like this in the middle or near the e, after the whole stone thing had enough time to not be wasted?, Gargoyles, Human, Magic

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The Puck visits Elisa with an... interesting offer.

Probably a little OOC, but I'm working with my own headcanons here.

I moved recently (I won't say where, for safety reasons), and this is my very first fic written entirely in my new home! Yay! I hope you enjoy 😊

"It's not fair that Demona gets to have both worlds," Elisa complained aloud to herself in the safety of her apartment. "She hates humans, yet she gets to be one? If only... If only my friends had that chance." Elisa laughed bitterly. "Man, what I wouldn't give for that."

"Yes, what wouldn't you give?" a familiar voice asked, slightly muffled.

Elisa turned towards her balcony and saw Puck floating outside. She scowled.

"What do you want, Burnett?"

"Well, to come in, for starters," Puck drawled, knocking lightly on the balcony's glass door.

"And why would I let you in?" Elisa asked.

"Because I've got such an adorable face?" Puck tried, being met with an unimpressed look from Elisa. He deflated and said, "I have a... proposition for you."

"I'm not interested in Xanatos's deals," Elisa told him, walking over and grabbing her curtain with the intent of closing it on him. Maybe he'd go away if she ignored him.

"Wait!" Puck pleaded, magically keeping the curtain in place despite her tugging on it. He winced, recoiling from the door. "Damn threshold magic..." he muttered, probably more to himself than to her.

"Go away, Burnett," Elisa hissed at him, giving another sharp tug on the curtain. This time, it moved.

"Listen, did I say that bossy sent me?" Puck asked quickly, just before the curtain could fully close. Elisa paused. "No, I didn't. I'm here entirely on my own merit and no one else's. Believe me, I... I promise that I think you're going to like what I have to say. You know I can't break a promise, Detective Maza."

It was true. She did know that.

Elisa thought for a minute. Then, sighing, she opened the balcony door and said, "Fine, you can come in. This time."

"Ooh, you're getting smarter." Puck zipped into her apartment, floating upsidedown and crosslegged above her couch. "Nice place you've got here. You know, I've only ever seen it as Owen? Looks a lot better when I don't have business on my mind." He frowned, correcting himself, "Well, when I don't have official business on my mind."

"I'm not going to keep repeating myself, Burnett," Elisa warned him. She went to grab a drink from her fridge, moving herself closer to one of her hidden weapons in the process. One could never be too careful with a life like hers. "Now what do you want?"

"Why do you keep calling me that?" Puck asked instead of answering, flipping himself rightside up. He threw his arms up, his face twisting in genuine (or genuine-seeming, Elisa reminded herself) confusion. "I'm not Owen right now, I'm Puck."

"A Puck is a type of Hobgoblin," Elisa said dryly, ignoring the look of surprise that flickered across his features. She was a detective, research was half her job — of course she had looked into her scarily-powerful sometimes-enemy. "Unless you're up to telling me your real name, I'm sticking with Burnett."

"That's... acceptable," Puck agreed slowly, his tone sliding a bit closer to Owen's for a moment. He shook himself, then flew closer to her so fast she barely saw him move (she definitely did not yelp in surprise. Definitely not. She was better trained than that).

"Anyways, now to business! Just how much would you give for your little clocktower friends to get the same 'gift' I granted Demona?"

"Wait, you're the reason she can do that?" Elisa asked. Then, shaking her head, she said, "What am I saying, of course you're the reason. I knew Xanatos was involved somehow."

"Oh for the love of—" Puck growled, straightening in the air and tugging at his side-locks. "I am capable of doing things outside of my employer's will, you know!"

"I doubt that," Elisa muttered, at this point more to rile him up than because she actually believed it. When his eyes began to glow a worrying shade of green, she decided to dial it back a bit. He wasn't exactly Owen, she reminded herself, and teasing the powerful fey could be a lot more dangerous than trading quips with the snarky but mild assistant was. "What makes you think I'd take a deal with you either? I still remember the last time you turned the gargoyles human."

"This would be different!" Puck promised, sweeping his arms around grandly and spinning in a full circle midair. "It would be a day-night thing, just like Demona. And you know what, I'll even forego the transformation pain, free of charge!"

"And what is the charge?" Elisa asked. Despite herself, her interest was starting to be piqued. If Puck was being honest — which was a big if — then her friends could finally experience a normal life. They could walk around in broad daylight, go to shops, make more friends... All without giving up being gargoyles.

But she *had* done her research. Quite a lot of research, actually. Fallen into a bit of a rabbit hole, even, she could admit to herself. Faeries didn't do *anything* for free, after all...

...except clean, for some reason. She was still trying to figure that one out.

Who knew what Puck would demand?

"You've got to understand, Detective Maza," Puck started, seeming uncharacteristically nervous, "I like the gargoyles. Oh, don't make that face — I don't care whether you believe me or not, I really do like them! But I can't just give them a gift *this big*. They'd owe me an equally big favor, and... It's strange, I've never wanted to avoid gaining a favor before, but I really don't want to do that to them, so..."

Puck made a sound that was somewhere between a groan and a laugh, putting his head in his hands. "You humans are so *contagious*, you know that? Especially the little

ones. Gods, what happened to me?" he muttered, going quiet for a minute or so too long.

"Burnett," Elisa said firmly, trying to knock him out of whatever weird mental spiral he seemed to have gotten himself caught in. She waited until he looked up at her to say, "The price for this not-a-gift of yours?"

"Oh, right!" Puck shook himself again, clapping once sharply. "Yes. That's just the thing, though, it's not so much a price as a... trade. Human by day, gargoyle by night. Goliath's Clan gives up half their time as their own species, in exchange for a human giving up half of their own."

"What?" Elisa blinked, not quite sure she was understanding him right.

"Human by day, gargoyle by night," Puck repeated slowly. "For them *and* you."

"Oh." She *had* understood him, then.

"So, Elisa Maza?" Puck asked, his voice echoing slightly with something... ancient. "Just what would you give for your little friends? Would you trade your humanity for theirs?"

"I..." Elisa paused.

Human by day...

She could still work. Still have her friends. Spend time with her family without having to explain any of... *this*.

Gargoyle by night...

That would get her into some trouble at work, since she'd have to refuse any night-shifts. And what about if she ever tried for kids, how would the transformations affect them? And what about...

Human by day...

The gargoyles could see sunlight. Get friends, maybe even jobs. She and Goliath could go on a proper date.

Gargoyle by night...

She could be a gargoyle.

The Puck offers a gift, a service, a trade
By your will, Elisa Maza, a deal shall be made
Human by day, and gargoyle by night
Oh my dear, you'll make such a lovely sight!

Fearsome creatures who would stay
Unchanged by the light of day
Shall remain thus so throughout the night
Yet then be flesh by dawn's fair light

Precious human, so fair and brave
Be changed now by this here knave
Throughout the day wear your true form
But by night be no more as you were born

Demon's gift, Puck will take and twist
I warn you now, this deal carries risk
Be human by day, and gargoyle by night
Here's hoping the choice we've made is right...

— end of "Human By Day, Gargoyle By Night" —