

The Protectors of the Plot Continuum *belongs to Jay and Acacia, and I only own the characters of Jiwon and Charlie*. Dungeons and Dragons (*Charlie's home continuum*) *belongs to Wizards of the Coast*.

*Thanks to Linstar and Kittyauthor for betaing.*

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Charlie sat on the floor, idly strumming a mandola. Humming along with the notes and swaying from side to side, the bard looked far too awake for six in the morning.

One of the side-room doors opened, and in walked Jiwon. His bushy fox-tail dragged on the floor behind him, its fur sticking out in places, and he had visible bags under his eyes. He trudged over to the table and sat down, blinking tiredly at the empty space in front of him.

"Oh, hi!" Charlie briefly paused playing to wave, then resumed strumming. "How're you?"

"Tired." Jiwon leaned forward on the table and rested his head in his arms. "I think the music woke me up."

"Oh, that's a shame. Whose music was it, by the way?"

"Mrhrm."

"Dunno who that is." Charlie stood up, letting the mandola swing freely at their side. "Anyways, you're not looking too great at the moment. How about I get you some coffee? Can't go missioning on low battery, after all!"

Jiwon stared silently at him for a few seconds, before giving a tiny nod.

"Good enough for me!" With that, Charlie walked over to their room and opened the door. "Does a latte sound good?"

There was no response. Shrugging, they walked inside and closed the door. Jiwon didn't move his head from the table.

A few minutes passed, only punctuated by the sounds of whirring and soft thuds coming from Charlie's room.

The door opened, and Charlie came back in, mug in hand.

“Alright, here ya go!” The mug was placed on the table in front of Jiwon, who looked at it blankly.

He blinked, reached out and wrapped two fingers around the handle. The gumiho picked up the mug and raised it to his mouth, then stopped. “Um,” he said. “Charlie?”

“Yeah, mate?”

Jiwon gently set the mug back down on the table. “I think you forgot the milk?”

Charlie blinked. “I forgot the milk?”

“Looks like it.”

“Oh. Well, alright.” Charlie reached over and took the mug, before turning and heading back into their room.

A few more minutes passed, with more sounds of thumping and splashing and what vaguely sounded like wet meat slapping.

Eventually Charlie came back, filled mug in one hand and deflated bag of milk in the other. They placed both on the table and smiled at Jiwon.

“Right, milk has been added! Hope you like it!”

As Charlie turned to leave, Jiwon spoke up again. “Hey, Charlie?”

“Yeah?”

“...You forgot the coffee, too.”

“Oh.”

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*I decided to try writing something without worrying about expectations too much, and this was the result. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this one a little.*

*-OrangeFox*