

Since You Were Gone

By C. Jade Wyton

Daimon, after spending the previous night celebrating a victory with the newly-reunited Dawn Runners, has come home to listen to his daughter update him on all the fun she had while he was gone.

~~~~~

‘And then Vergere— Vergere took me out shopping with her!’ Robin exclaimed before taking what felt like her first breath in ten minutes. It was a deep breath, in through her mouth as her machine couldn’t seem to pump fast enough to keep up with her story about all the things she’d done yesterday. And then, when the breath finally came out, it was accompanied by more words. ‘We got milk and cheese, but the milk was from a cow and the cheese was from a goat. And we got eggs and chicken, but not chicken eggs; we got duck eggs. And we got mutton, which is sheep meat! And steak from a cow! And— And potatoes and sweet potatoes, which are different things, which I didn’t know, and we got onions, and kale, and lemons, and limes, but not as many limes as we got lemons cos the limes are just a “garnish” and the lemons are cos Vergere is gonna show me how to make lemonade—’

Daimon nodded along as his daughter listed more and more items that had been picked up from the store. He was glad that she had a good time. He’d been very worried about her; after perhaps a little bit too rough of a night and finding himself lost in another town entirely, he had been hoping that his daughter hadn’t been upset at him.

Luckily, it seemed like she’d had a lot of fun. The house staff had looked after her and kept her entertained— Something Daimon could not thank them for enough.

‘Dad are you listening?’ Robin asked, pulling on his pant leg. ‘You’re looking out the window!’

‘I’m listening, sweetie,’ Daimon purred, flicking the ear that he had kept turned to his daughter at all times. ‘I’m just enjoying the rain. But I *was* listening.... You were saying you were helping Vergere cook dinner.’

‘Yeah!’

‘Which was chicken and onion soup,’ he continued, to show just how well he had heard her. ‘And Vergere wouldn’t let you use the knife, so...’ he motioned for her to finish.

‘So I had to use scissors to cut up the kale leafs,’ Robin said, her tail lashing excitedly as she grew content that her father really had been listening. ‘But then, when I was done, Vergere didn’t let me help with the stove. Cos it was too hot and she didn’t want me burning myself.’

‘Mhm?’ Daimon hummed, his eyes settling back outside the bedroom window to watch the ripples of raindrops in the pond. ‘So what did you end up doing?’

‘I made Vallance take me into the garden,’ Robin answered. ‘He didn’t really want to —he was waiting for Volante to get back all day so he could show her

something— but Vilano made him, and said it was good for him to have responsibility!’

‘Yeah?’

‘Yeah! So, I made sure he had a lot of responsibility and climbed a tree and made him climb up after me to get me down! But then *he* got stuck and *I* had to climb down and go find Orlando so he could get the ladder.’

Daimon gave a deep, hearty laugh as his daughter described the trouble she’d made. ‘Make sure you tell Aunt Volante about that, okay? She’d love to hear about it.’

‘Mhm!’ Robin gave a nod, rocking on her heels as she did. ‘Orlando got a photo of it, before he got the ladder. He said he wants to hang it up in the hall!’

Another laugh escaped Daimon and he ran a hand through his thick umber mane. ‘Ah, the poor boy.... Oh! It’s getting late, isn’t it? You should get ready for bed.’

‘Mh!’ Robin gave an acknowledging grunt and undid the straps holding her breathing machine on her back. Then, once the machine had been placed carefully onto the floor and the tube unclipped, she lifted up her arms above her head and turned around.

‘Ah, you want my help?’ Daimon asked, moving to her side.

‘Yes, please!’ she purred in response. ‘Dad? That reminds me. I was really nervous about going to bed last night, cos you didn’t come home,’ Robin said as Daimon lifted off her shirt and slipped her nightdress over her head. She pulled at her breathing tube, getting it back in a comfortable position before plugging it back into her machine and continuing; ‘I remember you said I’m not supposed to sleep alone. So I went to find someone. And I found Xynera— She was really nervous cos Auntie Volante didn’t come back, either, so she let me sleep in her room with her!’

‘Did she?’ Daimon felt his fur prickle, a little, at the mention of the dragonborn.

Though he felt bad for her and her situation, he still didn’t *completely* trust her.... Not to be alone with Robin, at least.

‘Mhm!’ Robin nodded. ‘I showed her how my lungs worked, and she thought it was really cool. She offered to try and tweak it to make it run better but I told her that even Auntie Volante isn’t allowed to touch my lungs, and if she did try, you’d pull her head off like a stuffed doll!’

‘Haha,’ Daimon gave a chuckle. Then, he felt himself grow serious. ‘I would.’

‘Yeah! So she didn’t touch my lungs,’ Robin confirmed as she picked up the machine and carried it over to her bed. ‘Because she didn’t want to have her head pulled off.’

‘I haven’t met many people who do,’ Daimon’s chuckle returned, and he helped lift his daughter into her bed. He pecked a kiss on her snout, purring loudly, and then tucked her warmly under the blankets. ‘Sleep well, love.’

‘I will!’ Robin promised, snuggling down. ‘You too, Dad!’

‘I will,’ Daimon purred back. ‘Goodnight, Robin.’

‘Night!’

Another hearty chuckle, and Daimon made his way over to his own bed and lay down.

He closed his eyes, taking a deep, calming breath as he slowly emptied his mind.

And then... it hit him.

He called Volante a bitch today. To her face.

And not only that.

*He'd gotten away with it.*

—END—

If you enjoyed reading, please consider supporting me and my work at  
[cjadewyton.com](http://cjadewyton.com)