

“So... You just gonna sit there all awkward, or do you wanna talk about something?” asked Charry, looking towards Viola, who took a moment to register she was being spoken to, but upon realization looked away from the window and towards him.

“Forgive me, I’m not used to conversing with talking felines.” Viola replied a voice that seemed disinterested, yet with an attempt at a genuine smile on her face, while shifting to face him. “What would you like to discuss?”

“I dunno, the silence is just awkward, and you look bored waiting for Crimson to come back. I could honestly care less about whether you want to talk or not, I’m just offering.” The cat bluntly stated looking away from the vampire again.

The room is filled with a momentary silence, Viola glances over to Charry, who’s sitting curled up on a rocking chair. The cat was right, the silence was awkward, but he clearly wasn’t going to break it.

“What... are you...?” Asked Viola, cautiously.

“I can give you two different answers for that, a lie you’ll believe, or a truth you won’t.” answered the cat, putting an emphasis on the last part, almost daring her to pick the truth.

“I’m a vampire, you think I’m going to process supernatural things as though I’m a human?” she challenged right back.

“Oh, right, forgot you were interesting for a second...” the cat shot back at her.

“Crimson’s right, you are an ass-pain.” Viola stated in agitation, in hopes the cat would tone it down a notch.

“Crimson’s a lotta things, but a liar isn’t one of ‘em, she really means it when she says she cares about you, y’know that, right?” The cat said in an uncharacteristically caring tone.

“Wha- I- you are so unpredictable! You know that?!” Viola sputtered while in a flustered state of shock and annoyance.

“Yeah, you’d be used to it by now if you ever bothered talking to me.” Charry stated, his usual snarky nature has returned.

“It’s not exactly a welcoming quality...” Viola murmured, while sinking back slightly in her chair.

“Would you rather I started meowing at you or something?” Charry threatened, a glow forming in his eyes.

“Oddly enough, no.” Viola answered, before remembering that she still hadn’t had her question properly answered. “By the way, are you ever going to tell me why you can talk, or were you hoping I’d forgotten about that?”

“You willing to listen to it without having a million follow-up questions for me?” asked the cat, as he sat up, preparing to recite his past events.

“Well, that entirely depends on how enticing the story is.” Viola responded with a smirk.

“... Good enough.” The cat said, smiling a little at the attempted sass, “What if I were to tell you that I’m a demon trapped in the body of a cat?” he questioned.

“I have no reason not to believe it, but feel free to prove me wrong.” Viola’s smirk grows a bit, it’s clear she’s becoming more comfortable with the friendly teasing.

“Well, there’s your answer then, good talk.” Charry replied quickly, before curling back up and resting again.

Silence once more, loud silence, making things way more awkward than the last break in noise. Charry clearly had more to say, but was he trying to pry it out of Viola? The cat truly was hard to predict. Just as Viola stood up to go and brew herself some tea, she interrupted by the cat, who sat himself up once again and yawned.

“You know, I’m used to Crimson always asking me to elaborate when I cut a topic short like that- I was sorta expecting you to do the same...” the cat awkwardly admitted.

“I figured that’s all you were willing to tell, feel free to go on though, I’ll listen.” Viola isn’t the most expressive individual, so it’s really hard for the cat to know if she’s genuinely invested or not, especially when she says vague things like that.

“I may be illiterate, but reading you might as well be impossible to anyone! How the heck do you and Crimson get along so well?” Charry asks in an exasperated tone.

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Viola pauses to think about that question... Why *do* the two of them get along so well? Could it be their shared love for calm activities and environments, could it simply just be due to how she’s supernatural, and witches tend to be fascinated by those sorts of things? Should she ask her? Or would that be considered rude, the poor girl’s mind starts to spiral.

“Bad thing to ask?” the cat cautiously inquired.

“No... I just... don’t have an answer.” Viola seems shocked at her sudden realization.

“Fair enough, I have zero idea how she hasn’t just booted me outta here yet either.” The cat replied with a chuckle.

“You don’t think...?”

“She’s not gonna kick you out, Fangs, don’t worry.”

“Right, right, I’m overthinking...” Viola takes a quick pause, thinking of how to change the subject, “So, why exactly were you forced to be a cat?” she asks, her usual lack of emotion gaining a new hint of anxiety.

“Well, I guess the other demons realized I wasn’t really too big on the whole ‘being a threatening menace’ thing, and I think they put me into a cat’s body as a form of mockery? Not really sure...” Charry seems to be sugar-coating things a bit, but he continues on. “I was dropped into the middle of this forest, right in the middle of a horde of goblins, pretty sure the intention was killing me, but in execution, Crimson’s mom ended up saving me before it was too late, and apparently ‘every proper witch needs a companion’, so I ended up finding a home, and the other demons just assumed I was a goner.” He chuckles a bit at that last part. “Stupid demons.”

“That checks out.” Viola says quietly, she seems fairly unfocused.

“You okay, Fangs?” asks the cat, his voice filled with genuine concern.

“I just hope you’re right; I hope there is a good reason Crimson’s so friendly towards me... It’s not a feeling I’m used to, and I’m really afraid of losing my place here.” Viola’s almost whispering as she utters the words, she seems almost on the verge of tears.

“Hey, I’ve lived here for years, and you’ve seen how much of a pain I am to be around. This is your home now, the only person who can kick you out if it is yourself.” Charry responds.

“Yeah... I guess- no, I know you’re right, it’s just...” Viola seems pretty distraught.

“You’re loved here, Fangs. And that fact’s not gonna change.” Charry looks about as concerned as a demon-cat possibly can.

“You’re right, yeah.” It’s clear in her voice that Viola needed that little bit of reassurance.

“Don’t hesitate to talk to me if you ever feel lost here, I’ve been told by Crimson that I give good advice, but I don’t wanna waste it all on her.” Charry seems shocked when Viola chuckles at his joke... it’s clear she’s become a lot more comfortable with him than before.

With almost perfect timing, the door swings open, and Crimson and her mother walk through the door.

“Charry played nice while we were gone, right?” the older woman asked as she followed her daughter through the doorway.

“Yeah... He did.” Viola said with a smile.