

Kawaii Necojin-Chuu

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When Spencer decides to move into a condo and spontaneously hires a necojin-chuu, his world is turned upside down when he is placed with a male necojin who seems more than ready to serve.

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Chapter 1 - Mix-Up Chuu	2
Chapter 2 - A Little Close For Comfort	4
Chapter 3 - That Crazy Girl, Right?	5
Chapter 4 - I'm A Little Teapot...	6

1 - Mix-Up Chuu

Spencer approached the stout building, a warm wind ruffling his dark, black hair. Chrytalline blue eyes stared at the thing as if it were poisonous. '*Just because Garrett thinks it's a good idea to get a cute little necojin-chuu doesn't mean you have to...god Spencer...I wonder if it's there.*' He sighed and took a few steps forward-he'd just recently moved into the large downtown condo after a job promotion at the university. He jammed the key in the lock and slowly opened the door, happy to see noone occupied the space between him and his long awaited bed. It layed out in the open, a very versatile layout for himself. The table sat in the middle of the room, around a foot off the floor and littered with yesterday's dishes. He sighed, setting his breifcase down next to the opening to the kitchen and passing the bathroom to his bed. He sprawled out on it, happy to have a bit of relaxation.

After only a moment, the door was knocked on. Spencer sighed wearily and drug himself up, answering to the second knock, 'Yes?' He yawned and opened his eyes fully. A cheery girl in an interesting uniform stood in the doorway. 'Hello, Spencer Clartez?' Spencer nodded, rubbing at an eye. 'I am here with your necojin-chuu! Remember, you may not harm your necojin-chuu for the duration of their time and they must be well fed. Someone will check in tomorrow and then every week there on.' She smiled happily and pushed forward a short boy. 'Err...' Spencer's voice wavered. 'I thought I'd requested a girl?' The lady shook her head, looking at her clipboard, 'Uhm...no, look, it clearly says male.' She showed him and sure as hell, there it was, male filled in. 'I must've been confused, the boxes should be before the word...' The girl smiled and cocked her head, 'Sorry, you should really read through your form. There's no refunds, I'm afraid, but I can bring him back if you want...' Spencer sighed and looked to the boy. He had short, brown-ish black hair and pretty blue-green eyes. The thought of having him around didn't seem too bad. A guy buddy to hang with-like roommates. 'Ah, just leave him here, I suppose...since I payed...' The girl smiled and clapped, 'Go ahead, Jeremy, don't be shy. I'll see you two tomorrow.' The girl waved and with that, she was gone.

The boy just stood there, his blue-ish ears twitching. A tiny, fluffy tail jutted out from his black shorts and a large, white tunic covered half of them. 'Well, do come in.' The boy stepped forward adn took a few steps into the house, his tiny tennis shoes squeaking. 'So how old are you?' Spencer prodded. He didn't seem too talkative. The boy turned, his dull eyes seemed to gleam with happiness and yet, nothing at all. '17. My name's Jeremy by the way...' Spencer nearly fell over-the boy looked twelve! What was that supposed to be about? 'Oh...I'm 22...I mean, Spencer, call me Spencer.' The boy nodded and looked around, 'Interesting...' Spencer twitched a bit and opened a closet, rummaging through it briefly and removing a few blankets. 'What are you doing?' Jeremy asked quietly. Spencer looked back nervously, 'Oh, getting blankets for a bed...we can go and buy a mattress later.' Jeremy smiled matter-of-factly. 'No bother, I'll just sleep with you,' he turned back and looked around. Spencer flushed, '*What the...*'

Jeremy plopped to the floor next to the table and began to stack dishes. 'I'll take care of these and if you want me to make dinner...' Spencer quietly shoved the blankets back into the closet and shut the door, 'Uhm...I could get those and if you want, we can get take-out.' Jeremy turned to him and stood, balancing bowls and plates amongst his hands, 'It's alright. I would like take-out, what do you plan on?' Spencer blushed, the boy spoke so formally towards him...it was *awkard*. 'Err, how does sushi sound?' The boy stopped at the sink, dropping the dishes into it and turning on the water. His tail seemed to

perk, wagging adorably, 'Sounds...great.' His voice was strained, as if he wanted to let out a bundle of energy. Spencer smiled and picked up the phone, 'Sushi it is...'

2 - A Little Close For Comfort

So there he lay, a belly full of sushi and a belly covered with...Jeremy's arms. As nicely as Spencer had tried to prepare a bed for him, he still insisted on sleeping next to him. Now, the necojin's scrawny arms were wrapped about Spencer and an endless, subconscious purr curled in his throat. Spencer blushed and covered his face. 'This is so weird...' His voice remained quiet, but he felt he needed to actually say it to believe it. He struggled to move, but only succeeded in causing Jeremy to cuddle a bit closer. Spencer sighed and wrapped his arm around the boy, pulling him a bit closer. It was the only way he could seem to get comfier.

A short time later, the sun that'd been shining down on Spencer was blocked out by a face shape. Suddenly, he was jabbed at in the shoulder. Spencer sat up, blinking wildly when he realized that Jeremy was sitting in his lap, looking at him curiously. 'You sleep alot...' Spencer frowned, his face a few inches from Jeremy's, 'I was comfortable...' Jeremy laughed a bit, 'Yeah, you're arms all over me.' Spencer flushed and layed back down as the young necojin got up and walked to the table, his tail swaying sassily with his swagger. He looked back before sitting down, 'I made some breakfast...just some sweet rice, but it's pretty good.' Jeremy closed his eyes and leaned forward, taking a good bite of the concoction. Spencer sat up again and shoved off the blanket, 'Sounds good.' He sauntered to the table and sat, cross legged, across from Jeremy. He took a short bite and smiled-it was good. Jeremy looked up, the sun shining on his small, pale face perfectly, 'You should put clothes on...' Spencer gave an irritated sigh. He was wearing pajama pants...mostly because he'd slept with another male, but he didn't think he could stand wearing a shirt to bed. 'Right...'

While Spencer walked to the chest of drawers, pulling out a shirt and pulling it on, Jeremy watched him, head in his hands playfully. Spencer turned, noticing this immediately, 'What?' Jeremy shook his head, 'Cute.' Spencer's eyes twitched subconsciously as he reapproached the table and sat down once more, eating the table while preying on the little boy. '*He's so weird...cute of all things...*' Spencer shoved a few large bites in his mouth, watching carefully. 'Do you have work?' Jeremy asked simply. Spencer was caught off guard, 'Well...uh, yeah. Later tonight...I have night classes at the uni.' Jeremy nodded politely, 'Is there anything that needs to be done?' Spencer shook his head, 'Err...no, thanks though?' 'I haven't done a thing to deserve any appreciation,' Jeremy's formal voice came. Spencer was easily irritated by this, but he ignored it instead.

'So...do you have anything you'd like to do?' Jeremy looked up, his ears perking as he finished a bite of rice. 'I've always wanted to goto a park...I suppose.' Spencer shrugged, 'Sure.'

3 - That Crazy Girl, Right?

Suddenly, the door was being pounded on. Spencer glanced over to it and took another bite. 'Damn it...!' Jeremy looked to him sternly, 'Aren't you going to answer that?' Spencer's eyes lifted to Jeremy's, 'Nah. Probably just Garrett trying to see my neconjin-chuu...!' Jeremy smiled deviously and got up, walking to the door and opening it. Spencer was about to completely demolish the little brat, but it wasn't Garrett. It was the crazy girl from the day before. 'Spencer Clartez?' Spencer set his elbow on Jeremy's shoulder, 'Yes?' The girl smiled, 'Hi, I'm here to see how you're taking care of your neconjin-chuu.' She smiled and tipped her head, golden curls falling across her shoulder. A short smile curled on Spencer's lips. 'Come right in...!' The girl let out a short giggle and pushed past the two. Spencer turned to watch her backside momentarily. Why hadn't he noticed how girly and adorable this girl was yesterday?

Suddenly, he felt a slap on his shoulder.

'Spencer. She is my superior, stop making google eyes on her,' Jeremy growled. It seemed...odd. Yesterday, Jeremy had been completely formal and sweet. Spencer frowned and swatted him away, following the girl. 'Everything seems in good check, you guys may carry on,' she said cheerfully. Spencer smiled, 'Actually,' he paused to look at her nametag, 'Melody, we were about to go to the park. Would you like to come?' Jeremy stepped forward, 'That was rude, Spencer. Don't bother someone when they're at their work!' Spencer shot him a look. 'Actually,' Melody cut in sweetly, 'I have time off for lunch after this, I'd love to come.' She smiled and looked to Jeremy. 'Great!' Spencer said neatly. '*Stupid cat should mind his elders...*'

So there they were, walking through a gorgeous park with Melody in between them.

Jeremy was stuck looking away from them both while Melody and Spencer chatted endlessly. 'Yes! I know how you feel! I always have to train the neconjin and it's such a p-oh, geesh, I'm going to be late...!' Spencer frowned, 'Aw, well hopefully we can do this again.' Melody nodded, 'Thanks again, you and Jeremy have fun!' She smiled widely and turned on a heel to start back toward her little pink and red and white company car.

'Wasn't she nice?'

Jeremy looked back to Spencer unhappily, 'Sure...!' Spencer offered up a confused look as Jeremy strolled on down the path. 'What's your problem, kitten?' Jeremy shook his head, 'Doesn't matter, okay? I'm just some stupid chuu anyway.' Spencer set a hand on Jeremy's shoulder. 'No, not just *some* companion. You're Jeremy. You're very nice and courteous and a very efficient dish washer.' Spencer laughed a little, but Jeremy just brushed off his hand and walked ahead.

Sowwie it's so piecey.

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4 - I'm A Little Teapot...

Spencer sighed and shoved his hands into the pockets of his slacks. He didn't get what the little brat's problem was.

'Are we going home now?' Jeremy asked suddenly-he didn't even bother to turn and face Spencer.

Spencer made a face at the necojin's backside before answering, 'Yeah, Mr. Grumpy shorts.' He could've sworn he'd heard a "good" come from Jeremy's lips, but he couldn't be sure. Spencer felt like he should find out what was wrong, though. To do so, he pulled out a hand and reached out to tug on Jeremy's shoulder. 'Seriously, kid. What's wrong?'

Jeremy turned to Spencer, his blank eyes now replacing his once angry ones. 'I don't know what you're talking about,' he answered mindlessly.

Spencer frowned at the response, 'You wanted to goto the park. As soon as I invite Melody, you get all pissy and want to go home.'

Jeremy stared at Spencer, eye to eye for what seemed like an eternity. 'It's no matter. In fact, I don't even know what it is,' he said as-a-matter-of-factly.

Spencer sighed and gave up, proceeding to his tiny blue Prius. He opened the door for Jeremy and then walked around to his own.

The car ride was quiet.

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