

If there was something Rocket was good at, it was tinkering. No matter what the situation was, it would always make things feel better.

Bad mood? Tinkering.

Shit day? Tinkering.

Thinking about things or people he *didn't* want to think about? Tinkering.

Just now, he had to deal with a drunk Quill and Drax fighting about god knows what. So of course, tinkering was the solution. The sound of electric drills and motors was more than enough to cover their drunken ramblings. What was ear-bursting to everyone else was like a wonderful melody to him. It helped that his brain never really *stopped*—thousands of potential projects constantly swirling in his mind. His room might be a mess, but it's his wonderful, messy tapestry of potential inventions and undiscovered wonders. There was a workbench tucked in the corner of the room with a variety of tools and controls for the gizmos strewn around the room, the keycard memento placed beside them as a sort of destressing tool whenever he had a mental block.

"What to do today... Eeny," He pointed at his mind-control helmet. "Miny," Then at his calorie multiplication ray gun. "Moe," And finally, to the battle armor he had been building for the past few months.

Ever since he stayed a few years on Earth with the Avengers, he couldn't help but gawk at the amazing armor Tony had. Of course, after failing to steal it a couple of dozen times, he finally settled on trying to not imitate it, but making it *better*. Whatever puny energy source the human had, it had *nothing* on the absolute wonder he had inside his armor. An artificial power stone born out of months of work.

Climbing up the mess of hanging debris and piled-up machinery, Rocket lowered the ropes holding up the battle suit. A loud, thundering *CLANK* echoed across his room as hundreds of pounds worth of metal smashed against the ground. "Shit, I really gotta install some safety features on this... One of these days I'm gonna split my foot open."

He scurried to the front of the armor, giddily opening the slot on the chest plate. The purple, almost ethereal glow of the artificial power stone burst into the room in a blinding shower of light. Goggles down, he couldn't resist the temptation to marvel at his own creation. Quill told him that he had an inflated ego, but Rocket knew that the idiot didn't know squat. His ego was *perfectly* sized for his talent, and the very thing in front of him proved it! Months of work calcified into a perfect reproduction of a stone made from the primordial soup of the universe. It was a struggle to contain his excitement, but the expression on everyone's faces when he finally showed them his completed work would be worth it.

Rocket leaned his Walkman's microphone against his muzzle as he paced around the room "Power exo-suit. Record #42. I think I'm ready to do the first test. Energy levels seem fine, the radiation detector hasn't gone off even after I unlocked the power hatch source, and nothing seems out of order. Will continue recording once the test is done." He paused the recording and left the Walkman on a nearby workbench, fetching the switch to the armor right beside it. A mechanical, cold hissing came from the suit as it opened up for him to crawl inside. "This hunk of junk better work..."

The metal was freezing, cold to the touch of all the parts of his body not covered by his jumpsuit. He clamped his teeth, grinding them together. "Note to self. Install a thermal device..."

Clunky mechanical limbs closed around him, smoke blowing out from the seams as the artificial power surged through the power suit with an ever-loudening hum. Rocket excitedly flexed his fingers, waiting for the energy to course through the armor. "This is gonna be flarking *great*." The mechanical fists clenched alongside his flesh and bone ones, thin violet accents glowing intensely across the activating machinery. "Oh, HELL yeah! It works!" He lifted each finger individually before letting them down. Each digit moved in perfect unison, a complete extension of his whole body, not even a second of delay.

Taking a step forward, the metal crashed against the ground with a thundering stomp. Walking forward, each step made him feel like a powerful titan trampling everything underneath him. The suit could be retooled to be more aerodynamic and less clunky in the future, but for a prototype, it worked *perfectly*. He strolled around the room like an excited kid wearing clothes that were too big on them.

Rarely did he ever get to simply bask in the whimsy of a functional project completely on his own. No prying eyes, no judgment, just him alone with his machines—just how he liked it. "It's gonna be great! I'll bust this out during a mission and they'll all lose their minds! Oh, Quill *especially*." Even lifting entire engines seemed trivial. They were as light as a feather in his hand, only one arm required to carry the massive motor. He raised it up and down, almost as if he was lifting weights. A dry, heavyish laughter burst from his mouth—the sight in front of him so filled with cognitive dissonance that it became hilariously bizarre.

"Time to grab something even heavier..."

His eyes darted around the room. Scrapped robotics parts, firearms, and even disassembled escape pods were all littered across the room. He could've picked any, but one caught his attention almost immediately. The plasma rifle; so wide in length that it dwarfed him being *double* his height and sitting atop the pile of scrap and debris like a relic waiting to be uncovered. He only managed to fetch it from the Avenger's base when Quill and the other guardians were waving goodbye as the spaceship began to throttle into the air. Being such a fine piece of machinery and artistry, the raccoon never dared to disassemble it, so it stood tall as nothing but a shiny souvenir... *until now*.

"Bingo."

Without even thinking, Rocket ran on all fours towards the pile of scrap, escalating it. It was just nature—the fastest way to snatch what he wanted. That animalistic impulse caused the suit limb's bulkier proportions to get caught with each other as he tried to scurry forward. The momentum sent him flying directly towards the scrap heap. His body moved on his own—arms in front of his face to shield him from the pointed edges of metal. He didn't dare to open his eyes at the sound of the methodically piled-up mound of metal junk beginning to fall apart, tarnished and rusty apparatuses all crumbling down like a house of cards. Were it not for the very suit that caused him to trip, his skin would've been ruptured at least a dozen times by the avalanche of scrap. He held completely still until the landslide of metal stopped, the deadly silence that followed afterward leaving Rocket with nothing but the sound of his breathing.

He unearthed himself from the pile of metal, heaving dryly as he stumbled out. Even without blood being shed, the mishap had killed any excitement he could've had for the test. His massive ego had been deflated in a matter of seconds, the perfectionism inside him already thinking about every single detail of the suit that could be damaged if not outright destroyed.

“Shit... Goddamit, months of work gone down the shitter...” He lumbered past a robot head, the soulless eyes of the machine looking back at him. “I knew I shouldn’t have gotten excited. Everything just flarks up when I get my hopes up...”

Slowly, he moved the suit to the center of the room. “Rocket speaking. Release.” More smoke pushed from within the suit as the glow bursting through the seams began to die down—the violet light fading. Slowly, the suit opened up, Rocket not wasting any time in getting out of it as fast as he could. Freed of the iron prison of his own making, he pushed his hands against his back, grunting loudly with his head arched skywards. “*FlaaaAAAAARK!*” He roared, grabbing a wrench from the workbench and threw it in a fit of rage. The metal crashed against the wall, the brassy impact echoing across the cramped room.

Looking over at the suit in disdain, it was an unsightly display of his fuckup. The slot where the artificial power stone he had been admiring so vigorously just mere moments ago, was now forcefully opened—the sliding hatch cruelly bent away from the slot in a way that resembled skin being peeled off from muscle. The stream of purple light still burst forward, now only making Rocket feel like an idiot.

“Flarkin’ stupid thing...” He launched his clawed hands inside the slot, viciously trying to tear the stone away from the mechanism holding it securely. The euphoria of wonder and discovery had eroded, elevating him with nothing to concentrate on but his mistakes. It wasn’t the end of the world, but he just couldn’t temper his rage. Rationality meant nothing when it came to just seeing red. “Why won’t you just... come off?!” His lungs ache as he continues pulling, an intense roaring born from tempestuous frustration simmering to grow louder and louder. “Stupid damned thin—”

He launched backward, back slamming against the floor with a painful *thud*. He held the stone to his chest, pals underneath the fur turning red from his tight grip. For a few moments, he remained lying down, gaze fixed upwards. The drab ceiling met him back; cold air ran through the air ducts, noisy pipes whistled as gas flowed through them, and the clattering of boots from the floor above reached below.

Rocket sighed. Slowly getting up, he gave the stone one last look. “Stupid piece of shit.” He threw it down the floor, shattering instantly. The artificial chemicals inside all flowed out, a puddle of dark purplish goop forming on the floor. Some of the glow still was there—tendrils of light swimming inside the slime like eels skirting through water. His warped reflection on it looked back, showing him a scowl and frazzled fur.

Without any words left to spare, he quickly grabbed up a picker from the workbench and scooped up the remains of the artificial stone before throwing them all into the disposal bin underneath.

The sheer amount of anger pulsating through him had quickly left him exhausted. He could probably try and tinker with something else, but he was sure that if he messed up something again, he’d start foaming at the mouth. There was nothing more than he longed for but the sweet embrace of his shitty, stiff mattress.

Tucked away in the very corner of the room—away from the pile of mistakes and unfinished projects—it welcomed Rocket. The raccoon was ready to rash into a deep slumber as soon as he landed on it, but he felt a strange wet pressure on the side of his arm. Tossing over, he saw a glop of the purple sludge had somehow gotten into his fur. “Ugh.” Without too much thought, Rocket flicked the sludge off his arm and closed his eyes, hoping that tomorrow would be a better day.

*I'm gonna make something that'll wipe the floor with any shmuck that tries to mess with me. I know I will. I'll just figure out something tomorrow...*

///

"GOD FLARKING DAMMIT!" Rocket screamed for the umpteenth time. His throat felt like sandpaper, exhausted from the constant wailing. Everyone on the ship had already asked him to pipe down, but it's not like they could understand. The few clothes he had all shrunk on the wash, and everyone on the damn ship refused to pipe up about who was responsible for laundry the last time. In fact, everyone was insistent that they didn't do laundry, but Rocket knew better. It wouldn't be the first time they went through his clothes and put them through the washer because of how 'bad they smelled', as if Drax didn't smell ten times worse with his natural scent. "This stupid thing... I swear, once I found out who did this, I'm going to throw all your stuff out to space!"

His uniform pants hugged his legs *uncomfortably* tightly. He had barely managed to push them up to his waist—the result of way too much pulling and grunting, and he still had the other half to go. Heaving loudly—his furry chest rising up and down—he looked down at the undershirt and jacket on the bed with a building sense of dread, but he wasn't about to let his team see how much of a freak he was. He only ever let them see the cybernetic enhancements on his back, and that was while intoxicated. There was only one option left.

Stubbornly and against his better judgment, Rocket fetched the undershirt and put it over his head. Immediately, he could tell that passing his neck through the neck hole felt ever so slightly more cumbersome. His ears folded inwards and *harshly* grazed the cotton. The outside was left burning with irritation, Rocket wincing harshly. Seemingly not enough with that, he noticed that the undershirt didn't even manage to go down to his waist. A small portion of his furry midriff was left exposed—it reminded him of the stuff he saw a *lot* of the prostitutes in Knowhere use. He didn't dismiss the profession, but 'takes cock up for money' wasn't the exact image he wanted to give.

Finally, out of obligation more than anything, Rocket grabbed his jacket and quickly tried it on. The area around his armpits and shoulders felt uncomfortable to move, and while it *just barely* covered his entire torso, even slightly raising his arms caused it to ride up and show off his stomach.

"I swear to..."

Clenching his fists, Rocket stomped out of his room to make his way to the cockpit. He ignored everyone except for Groot, whom he spared a dry 'hi' for. With Quill in front listening to one of his tunes, Rocket loudly slammed his hands against the metal door. "QUILL!" He screamed.

"Woahwoahwoah?! What the hell, man?! I told you already that I didn't wash your clothes—"

"I'll find out who I need to shoot in the face later. For now, there's more important things to do, like get me some functional clothes."

"But we were going to—"

"You can drop me off at Knowhere. You can deal with some normal bandits by yourself, can you, Quill?"

"I mean, yeah, but we'd need to turn around and—"

"We *literally* just left. Now stop yapping and turn the stupid ship around! If you want to not have to do these things in the future, then tell everyone to *Stop. Picking. My. Shit. Up.*" He accentuated the last words with more slams against the door before scurrying back out into the confines of the ship.

Now alone, Peter's gaze lingered on the empty doorway to the cockpit. "Did he forget to take the stick out of his ass before getting out of bed? Sheesh..."

///

Sometimes, the galaxy would see random stretches of peacetime. Rocket was happy—he loved his home, but sometimes, it would leave him completely bored to the core. There were only so many times he could listen to the same 50 songs on his Walkman before he got sick of lying in his room and looking up at the ceiling. In so, he began to randomly wander around Knowhere, trying out anything that he hadn't checked out before.

"For the *third* time, raccoon. I gave you the correct size!"

"Don't you *dare* call me raccoon, you overgrown walking pile of lettuce!"

Clothes shopping wasn't something that he enjoyed—mostly because almost all of the clothes available to someone his size were for toddlers. It was only when he found a shop run by a similarly petite alien that he finally caught some interest in getting something other than jumpsuits and uniforms. Getting something actually comfortable for once was nice... or that would be the case if his teammates *didn't* keep throwing his clothes onto the dryer. Not just that, but while he certainly loved the comfortable garments, the fact that the idiot sometimes messed up his tagging and put the wrong sizes on the clothes soured his overall pretty positive opinion.

"You have the receipt! Just *look* down there—"

"I can *read*." He hissed, clutching his satchel as he tried to hold down the urge to go behind the counter and sock the bastard in the face. "Look, I have the receipt and I have the damn button-up here. How about you just give me a replacement already!?"

The shopkeeper pinched the bridge of his nose, pushing down a screaming fit as he took a deep breath. "Leave the bag and the receipt there. You can—"

"Exchange the item for a larger size of something of equal value. Yeah, already did the song and dance, pal."

Quickly snatching a hopefully *correctly* tagged L-sized shirt for someone his height, Rocket scurried into the changing room. The entire ordeal was nothing too major—Rocket was aware of it—but he couldn't help but feel his stress continuously simmering inside his stomach. No matter how much he tried to steady his breathing, he just couldn't stop himself from being *livid*.

Huffing as he took his uniform off, his shirtless gaze met him in the mirror. While usually a sour sight—metal and irritated, fur-less patches of skin across his torso—but now, a strange, foreign sense of pride filled him. He was athletic before, but he never carried too much definition. Now, on the other hand, there was a decent amount of muscle built across his limbs and chest. His shoulders rounded out with hard musculature, both arms were packed with defined lines and rippling biceps. "Woah..." With the hormonal fascination of a teenager, he raised his arms and placed them behind his head. His previously almost flat chest now sported two

mounds that jutted out forward ever so slightly, connecting to his broad shoulders to make his figure far top-heavier than he expected. “Flarking hell, I’ve really been lifting, haven’t I?”

Looking down at his legs, he saw the trousers *barely* managing to wrap around his legs from how his legs bulged out forward with similar musculature. What was once a pair of twigs for limbs were now muscular and sturdy, the cloth wrapped securely around his calves and ankles. “Geez, man...” Looking back over himself at the mirror, he couldn’t stop himself from smiling as he laughed.

Rocket couldn’t help but admire his own reflection, a sense of confidence swelling like a balloon inside him. He flexed his biceps, watching the muscles bulge and ripple, and a small satisfied smile curved on his lips. Veins popped across his arms, blood rushing through his body as his adoration and egocentrism roosted further and further in his mind. “I got the smarts *and* the muscles. Why am I not the leader?”

A loud bang startled him, and suddenly he snapped from his daydream.

“Raccoon-man? You done in there yet?” The shopkeeper’s voice echoed from outside the changing room, jarring Rocket back to reality.

“Don’t you rush me!” He quickly slipped on the new shirt, the cotton soft against his fur. However, whatever comfort he could deride from it quickly faded as he began to have difficulty with closing the garment up. His upper torso forced the shirt to actually wrap around it, causing the spaces between each set of buttons to show his furry body underneath. Brown fur jutted from the gaps, the shirt barely leaving anything to the imagination. “Shit, maybe I did get the wrong size?” He mumbled under his breath. He could already imagine the ‘I told you so’ and the smug smile on the man’s face if he finally relented and upgraded to an XL one. Then again... He looked at how the yellow fabric highlighted his burgeoning shoulders, creases forming in the cloth all around it from how it struggled to wrap around it. “If he tries to talk shit, I could always just threaten to beat him to a pulp. That oughta teach him how to treat a paying customer...”

But suddenly, the sound of a racket came from outside. For a second, he thought that the shopkeeper had fallen over and crashed against one of the many garment racks, but the sound of screaming followed. Immediately, it made Rocket sprint out of the changing room. Kicking the door open, Rocket saw the shopkeeper dangling from the air, held by the front of his shirt by an anthropomorphic rabbit. Rocket couldn’t see his face clearly thanks to the smoke coming from his rocket boots—loud, ear-piercing throttle coming from the exhaust.

“H-he’s there! See!” The shopkeeper shivered as he pointed at the raccoon, an expression of pure terror on his face.

“Oh, there he is...” The voice belonging to the rabbit was gravelly and robotic, sounding as if it was being spoken through a faulty speaker. “Hey, Rocky! Catch!”

The shopkeeper was let go of, and without thinking twice, Rocket leaped to catch his fall. The small alien’s body crashed against his as he slid on the floor, barely managing to catch him before he crashed against the floor. “Ngh!” He grunted, clenching his teeth as he crashed onto a garment rack. Clothes and hangers fell atop the two of them as the rabbit let out a ghoulish cackle.

“Nice catch, Rocky!” The hare clapped, cackling as he saw Rocket climb out of the pile of clothes. “You really are one talented bastard. No wonder you were the one that was giving off all that infinity energy!”

“What?” The raccoon asked. “What the hell are you talking about?! Who even are you?!”

The smoke dissipated, letting Rocket get a good look at the assailant. From his boots, mechanical legs traveled up his frame. He was clad in a bright red, dirty bodysuit that seemed to be geared for space travel just like Rocket’s. However, the most striking feature of their body was a large metal set of jaws that took up the entirety of where their mouth would be on their face. The strange sound of their voice came from a device around their mouth; a pair of metal jaws where their mouth would be with an artificial voice box installed. Their eyes were a bloodshot red, the hare quickly covering them up with a pair of red goggles.

“Name’s Blackjack F. Hare!” They announced. “I never expected to meet up back with ya, in all honesty. Even less for our meeting to be in the middle of a hit, but oh well...” They shrugged. “A rabbit’s gotta pay their debts somehow!”

“F...” Rocket stepped back, feeling like the air had left his lungs. “No. But you were—”

*Rocket, Teefs, Floor go NOW!*

“Dead?” They asked, cocking their head to the side. “Close. Got a ruptured heart, but someone thought that I could sell for a pretty penny. They snatched me, patched me up... and well, here I am, Rocky! Now with a new voice to match me!”

Their sharp but playful masculine voice was so different from the one from their childhood, yet that whimsical edge still remained. They were alive... and a bounty hunter. Rocket would laugh if he didn’t feel like the entire situation was a giant prank the universe was playing on him. He could deal with whatever Floor’s survival meant later. All that mattered now was stopping their rampage.

“What do you want? I’m not carrying anything valuable, Floo—”

“Not. My. Name!” They whined, stomping the air with their boots. “And as for what I want, don’t play coy with me! Someone from your town snitched about your artificial Infinity Stone, and I’m here to take it.”

*God dammit. Did someone overheard me talking about the suit?* He’d shoot the culprit’s brain out later. “I don’t have it anymore. Went kaboom. Just little atoms drifting through space... Blackjack.”

Blackjack scoffed. “If you’re gonna tango with me, you should at least take me out to dinner first, Rocket!” The thrust of his boots turned into overdrive as he launched himself towards Rocket. “That stone is mine, pal!”

“I’m telling you—” He dodged to the side, sending another clothing rack crashing as he just barely managed to sidestep out of the way from Blackjack’s charge. “I don’t have the flarking thing anymore! It’s gone!”

Blackjack stopped himself in midair, turning to glare at the raccoon. “Oh, really? Guess my Infinity reader is broken... NOT!” A burst of fire came from the boots as he launched himself yet again. “Gimme. Gimme. GimmeGimmeGimme!”

“Seriously?! You’re back for five minutes and you’re already getting on my nerves?!” Rocket hissed, clenching his fist before angrily swinging back. His fist *slammed* against the rabbit’s face, time stopping as he felt every ounce of strength transfer to his punch. His muscles rippled

with energy—every ounce of his body mass pulsating like a beating heart as it surged forward, turning the shirt into tatters.

Alongside the ear-piercing sound of cloth ripping apart from pressure, Blackjack's wail pierced the air as he was sent careening off course and out of control. He crashed against the counter, his rocket boots sputtering out and turning off a few seconds afterward.

"God dammit... I really need to make a pair of those." Rocket heaved, slowly walking over to his friend and looking down at them. He gently ran his thumb across his palm to soothe the lingering pain from the crunch. He *really* did get strong, but it was hardly a time to celebrate. A pang of guilt ran through him as he looked at the rabbit, those red eyes of theirs glistening through the lens. *Back so soon, and I had to—*

"Fuckin' hell, Rocky. What have they been feeding you?" He whined, trying to get up but collapsing back against the counter soon after. "You're... really strong." Despite the metal, bear-trap-like claws stuck in their mouth area, it was easy enough to assume that they were smiling under all that iron. They opened their eyes, only for them to grow even wider now that they looked at Rocket's bare chest. "Holy—seriously?! What have you been eating?! You're huge!"

"What I eat is none of your business, F. Hare, and for the last time, I don't have that stupid rock!"

"Well... If you don't have it, I guess I'm just mistaken."

"Hell yeah, you were Now, how about—" However, Rocket suddenly heard something metallic shuffling nearby. A strange metallic appendage emerged from Blackjack's back. His body suddenly reacted before his mind could even process it, just *barely* dodging the lunging metal spider leg that had suddenly sprouted from F. Hare's back. "SHIT!" Rocket cursed as he narrowly avoided the sharp metal limb.

"Dammit!" The rabbit cursed as he tried to get up.

Rocket clenched his fists, adrenaline pumping through his veins as He charged towards Blackjack, throwing himself on top of the rabbit and wrapping his girthy arms around the hare's petite frame. "I'm not letting you go, you overgrown furball!" With his paws over F. Hare's back, he prevented any more metal slender legs from sprouting from whatever mechanism they had on their back.

"Ngh, let me go! It's no fair, you steroid-ridden rat!" Blackjack grunted, trying to push the giant raccoon from under them. "You're too big!"

"Not at all, F. Hare." He said in an angry whisper. "Maybe you're just too small..." Now that he had them completely under their grasp, Rocket could breathe easily. The feeling of the rabbit helplessly struggling under them was pure *bliss*. The turnaround from seeing them gloating to grunting in a desperate attempt for escape was just *too good*. Their pathetic little kicks—The way they clenched their teeth in frustration—Their sharp breaths; it all happened so fast, but he could bask in every succulent detail of their struggle. The rush of adrenaline was so intense that it offset the bittersweet feel of their reunion.

"Ngh, NGH! Mgh..." F. Hare whined, head thudding against the floor in defeat. "Crud."

"That's what I like to hear, runt." Rocket hissed. "So, you still have the legs?"

“Cramped inside a compartment in my back, yes.” F. Hare explained proudly. “And speaking of legs...”

Suddenly, Blackjack shifted their left leg ever so slightly. It wasn't for an escape attempt this time, however.

Rocket felt himself freeze momentarily as he felt the mechanical limb gently brush up against his body. In a second, he was made aware of the fact that an erection had begun to push against his already cramped trousers. His eyes widened in shock and embarrassment now that the adrenaline from the fight had faded, awareness of his out-of-control carnal desires punching him in the face. His mouth hung open, lips quivering as he struggled to come up with a witty reply. With the amount of stress every day, the mood to relieve himself *rarely* came up. To have his body packing so much untethered fervor left his brain in a fuzzy, distant fog. He felt pathetically inexperienced, gripping down on F. Hare as he found himself just barely able to contain his bubbling desire.

“Is that a blaster in your pants, or are you just happy to see me?”

“S-shut up...” Rocket whined, hoping that he could just will the erection away. “It's just the friction of having to wrestle you. Not my fault that you tried to run away.”

F. Hare chuckled in return, their voice filled with lustful *schadenfreude*. “Oh, *suuuuure*. Surprised that you aren't enjoying the ride, Rocket. You're such a big boy now. I bet you know how to use that thing.” They leaned in closer, whispering to the raccoon. “What do you say we have some fun?”

“S-shut your flarking mouth!” Rocket screamed, his face burning like hot coal. “God, you're so annoying! You're just messing with my head!” Immediately, he rummaged through his satchel and hastily took out a pair of electronic handcuffs. “We'll take you back to the Milano. There's a cell in the case we ever pick up assholes like you. We'll drop you off at the nearest prison once we get called for a mission.”

“Cuffs? My my, Rocky.” Blackjack teased, chuckling to themselves as they felt the raccoon's burly hands take hold of his arms. “I never knew that you'd grow up to be such a degenerate—“

“If you say another word, I'm going to crack your neck right here and right now.” The raccoon hissed. He stood up, gripping Blackjack's neck and arms. He could feel his cock rubbing up against the hare's ass. Countless attempts to adjust himself to distance his throbbing girth from the rabbit's rear were made, but he couldn't get that far without risking letting him go. “Ngh, fuck...”

Blackjack held their tongue, simply chuckling as they were walked towards their jail cell.