Sometimes it's worse
by tendderpreyy

Summary

"He mostly moves you around at night; this is how it starts, and at first you aren’t worried at all. Through the pervasive smell of burlap, beneath the rag stuffed into your mouth (reeking of gasoline) you’d swear the air tasted different."

A grossly self indulgent reader insert fix for my favorite pair of criminals from 'straya.

Notes

"You know you caught me crawlin’, baby, when the, when the grass was very high
I'm just gonna keep on crawlin' now, baby, until the day I die
Because I'm a crawlin' king snake, baby, and I rules my den
Don't want you hangin' around my mate; wanna use her for myself"
- John Lee Hooker, Crawlin' King Snake

an idea that wouldn't leave me alone... rating may increase. new chapters will be added. may not necessarily linear but i will try to show the passage of time as best as I'm able.

My first uploaded piece of fanfic in years
Chapter 1

He mostly moves you around at night; this is how it starts, and at first you aren’t worried at all. Through the pervasive smell of burlap, beneath the rag stuffed into your mouth (reeking of gasoline) you’d swear the air tasted different.

Roadhog’s hand heavy at your back (covering it really) you don’t dare risk anything but stumbling blindly forward. Trusting him to guide you wherever it is they’ve decided to keep you for the next job. Junkrat is tittering, hissing it into his metal palm to avoid stirring the heavy night air; almost succeeds, almost covers the familiar rustle of canvas.

The bike…

The sharp crack of pain and subsequent burn of residual engine heat confirms it for you. The uneven taps and squeaks of Junkrat’s prosthetics rattle away, along with the muttering.

The hand trails down to your waist, the other joins it, enveloping and all consuming hot; with blunt and massive fingertips easily bridging the distance between the bottom of your ribcage and armpits.

“Come on.” Roadhog offers, lifting you with no effort at all. The warm, solid, and none too gentle press of him reminds you not to kick.

I couldn’t reach the ground anyway.

The world shifts violently on its’ axis; reaching to stabilize yourself only reminds you of your zip tied wrists, but soon you’re stable again tucked against his bicep. Padded kevlar rasps against your forehead while you suck in breath after breath, and through the fabric and muggy heat the whimpers sound like humming. Roadhog straightens your socks first, and trails the fingers of one hand along your calf and shin slow and gentle; he is looking for something. It tickles, shocking when you consider the massive rings set on those knuckles. Touching along bruises, the dry skin of your knees and pressing gently it feels like Roadhog is testing you like a piece of fruit. Wrinkling your nose, as you feel his callouses scrape over the hair and think

Two weeks you’ve had me. If you cared about things like that, leave me a razor next time!

Not that they would ever do that. Half the time you were lucky to have running water at a safe house.

Hair or no, Roadhog didn’t seem deterred but eventually was satisfied. He tapped your knee, once on each side only hard enough to test your reflexes; enough that your face is red with fury and shame. Gooseflesh rising on your arms while he chuckles; the sound is like gravel shaken up in a bag while his shoulders shudder and shake like a living mountain range and block out any moonlight.

It’s darker than damn near anything… Is it the new moon? You try to tally hours that feel like lifetimes within seconds, and it isn’t like you were ever good at this anyway. ‘Chronically late’ and ‘never in the right place at the right time’, if that ain’t the damn truth… Has to be closer to 5 weeks; there’s no other way. They’re going in circles, and each place is nastier and more god forsaken than the last.

“Oi! Hog, she’s fine. Come one then, load her up.” Junkrat’s screeching attempt at a whisper seems to have broken the spell. Or spoiled something. The tension settles back into the forearm supporting your weight and Roadhog yanks up your thick makeshift socks rolling them above your knee with efficiency. Only a few steps until you’re deposited into the side car; sitting on a padded running
board while Junkrat sits in the low seat with his legs bunched up around you like a basket. Leaning back knocks you into his bony sternum. You try to straighten your own spine and roll your shoulders awkwardly, as slowly and smoothly as allowed by your numbed body.

Roadhog settles onto the bike and it groans like a wooden ship before roaring into motion almost instantly with the packed dirt streets aiding the lolling speed. The stagnant wind that was the closest thing you’d felt to hope in days; clearing your foggy mind, but though couldn’t stop the thought, I could cry under here and no one would notice. A bump and rougher going have Junkrat’s arm pulled around you and into him while he hisses against the burlap, “Quit knocking me… Sit down, all nice and easy, yeah?” it wasn’t as though you had much of a choice; gaining speed made it feel like someone was standing on you sooner or later, and three weeks later you were too tired to do anything other than relax.

The honest to god wind hits your face(sort of) so cold and good it almost feels drinkable. Junkrat must agree from the big gulp of it he takes, ribs shifting against your back like snakes. A song somebody taught you a long time ago says *I’ll keep on crawling till the day I die.* He says, “ It’s a lovely day, a lovely, lovely day…” you don’t hear his peg leg tapping the floor but you feel it, the peculiar double beat of recoil that you can only assume comes from the springs and shocks weaving their way to his knee, eventually thigh. Giggling into your covered hair, maybe to save his own sharp face from the wind; Junkrat mouths words that feel like amyl nitrate, and glycerin.

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“Gotta mix the stuff slow, gotcha? Potassium chlorate and the gas. Getting the wax into the vaseline too; Five parts to it’ll do. That’s first thing though, before you dissolve in the gas…” The road bucks you awake and Junkrat is still chattering away, his hands roaming over your shoulders; with only occasional pinches from his prosthetic before they ran back over his own knobby knees.

“Should’ve led with that part… Bloody, fucking pins and needles! Worse than ants.” He barks and shifts behind you, nearly crushing his canteen in the process. The warning, sloshing, and heavy thud into sheet metal; it’s a valuable sound. For a second your heart skips along with Junkrat’s, synchronized fortunes thrown in with one another. But you were still high and the gravity of clean water faded.

*Try sitting on the floor asshole.* Smiling at the bitter thought with rag stuck to your teeth becomes a blessing; your stomach lurches when Roadhog turns the bike left onto a well worn path.

The acceleration barely slows, but real rubber wheels do a number for hugging the road.

*And of course he corners this boat like a dream.* Your head lolls back, forgetting to spin unhappily for a moment; while you feel the very curvature of the earth itself, the bike rides so low and steady. *Stench of chemicals aside, this trips’ been a dream compared to the last several. The rainstorm that had us moving through abandoned sewers to avoid burns, multiple run ins with small time ‘shit-heel wannabe cock suckers’, Roadhog’s term, and even a night I spent in a literal coffin before things had cooled down.*

The list went on longer than you cared to relive; thankfully the sensation of a newly risen sun warming your limbs snapped you back into the present. The noise of the engine was decreasing albeit slowly, coasting along a new and dusty furrow of land; you scooted back as far as the seat behind you would allow, attempting to avoid the burn and itch of sand already sticking to your exposed arms and sweaty thighs.

“Oof, being friendly now, you little bugger. Too late for any fooling on the open road, Hog drove through the night and he’s looking at maybe twenty kilometers…” Junkrat rests his forearms on your
shoulders and tucks your head under his chin, positively cooing at the flush contact between you despite what he just said.

*Sharp chinned bastard. Friendly nothing, I don’t need sand in my parts until one of you decides I can walk around and piss. Where the hell are we?* The air is drier than anywhere they’ve taken you before and breathing through burlap and a heavy cotton rag is becoming more and more impossible by the minute. Blinking and shaking your head as much as you can an attempt to hold it together pays off, and the bike slows to an amicable roll; rocks and earth crushing underneath the weight of it.

Its quiet here, more silent than its ever been and when the bike stops that steady purr; is when the first trickle of alarm makes itself known down your spine. The combined weight of every air particle above you is crushing into you suddenly, nearly silent noises of alarm lost in the sound of Junkrat stretching beside you and the hiss of shocks as Roadhog dismounts.

*One, two, three, four…* Counting the steps it takes until he’s hefted you off the floor and into his arms. Roadhog runs an absentminded finger up and down over your belly, and goddamnit, in your own chloroform filled mind it was a good idea to giggle.

“Ruddy fucking locks. Rains rusted it all to shit…” Junkrat from what you can hear, is taking his boot to the lock(s?) now and the image of a grown man(and criminal, and thief, and murderer) standing barefoot on his own porch talking to a lock makes you laugh, thankfully muffled.

Roadhog hears it, tucking you closer to the mask still and huffing proudly. Poking at your middle more forcefully until he gets a real squawk of laughter, coinciding perfectly with the sound of a heavy lock thudding against the dirt, and Junkrat’s triumphant hoots and yells.

The ‘spree’ and ‘whap’ of a poorly aligned old door lets you know its just you and Roadhog now. He’s still holding you close, smelling like sweat and the sharp, fake candy smell of whatever’s in the yellow and grey cans they both gulp from periodically.

‘Hogdrogen’ that’s what it said on the side of it. Fucking for real? The world takes us strange places; and this is the drugs talking. Those drugs in fact, the cans. “Too small for the mask” is what Roadhog told Junkrat, “Course they are. ‘Course… Ha. But not too small for a hit of the gas, eh? Come on, you drongo give it to ‘em. I insist; I’m no good at gunning it.” He’d cackled at that before turning to pack.

Suffocating slowly(feeling like it at least) and you still taste him in your mouth. How Roadhog pried open your mouth with two fingers. *He’d punctured a can in the other hand; sucking it into the mask with a barely audible groan, not even bothering to crush it afterwards just letting it fall. The can rolls across the wooden floor and out of sight.*

*You still hear it spinning when he pushes that mask up and crushes his mouth to yours. His mouth is gentle, but the fingers pinching your chin were anything but and they braced you open like a well. Smoke filled up your mouth and nose, you wept considering you were unable to even gasp.*

*Your body had filled frighteningly quick. Why didn’t anyone ever tell you how small lungs were?*

“*Good job...*” Roadhog mouthed or said through the last of the gas, your ears were ringing from lack of oxygen making it impossible to tell. With drool pouring down your chin and sticky tear tracks joining them nothing mattered but breathing in real air.

Lost in memory, you jolt as bag is pulled from your head. Fresh air has you inhaling it down as quick as you can blink away darkness from your wildly dialated pupils. Next Roadhog pulls on the corner of the rag filling your mouth, casting it away fluttering to the wind.
Staring up at the black mask gives you no guesses as to what he wants, or what he is doing keeping you out here; somewhere inside the wooden shack on your peripheral Junkrat is moving things (possibly breaking them) hurriedly and noisily as he seemed to do everything else.

“Thanks…” You offer, hoping for progress or at least less intense staring into your bleary eyed face. Roadhog pushes a finger tip to the tip of your nose, barely a touch at all. It is intended to be affectionate.

After all pain is nothing either of them shies away from. Inflicting or taking; there are so finger shaper bruises, and deeper ones still on your flank and ass. A ‘reward’ of sorts for a great left hook, blue and purple on Junkrat’s jaw for a week.

“You’re gonna be here for a while. No fucking around.” Roadhog says, lowering you to straighten your numb legs and holding your shoulder steady. You take one bumbling step forward, but each subsequent one becomes easier; his hand never leaving your shoulder on the path to the small front porch.

The shack itself appears to be built into and blasted out from the rock walls rising around three of its sides. A natural fissure; or an old riverbed. Practically an oasis, there is a water barrel sitting under one of the windows.

Your heart is thudding wildly even in the shade and shelter the eaves provide, Roadhog opens the door and ushering you through and into the living room where Junkrat has already set up shop on the large couch; with his peg leg laid out beside him.

“Come on then love, sit down and get comfy…” He pats the space beside him, Junkrat’s eyes shine in the sun slanting through the windows (and a few weak spots in the wall).

Easier said than done when your couch is made out of tires and blankets… You kept that to yourself, but sat down anyway. Not really looking at him. Not looking at anything really. Dust motes float in the far corner of the room, alongside a vandalized and barely recognizable picture of an old prime minister that you no longer remember the name of.

Roadhog’s heavy footsteps go past you both and into the back half of the house. The buzz in the air here makes your heart skip and gallop.

You are very afraid, for the first time in a long time.
Here she is... my phone died 1/3rd of the way through drafting this. and considering i only write my best on my way to work, well. Thanks for sticking with it. I think i might need an editor though.

It is thirty seven steps from the front door and all six of its‘ (visible) locks to reach the back half house. It is the most space that you’ve been allowed since they ‘found’ you.

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“Finders keepers, eh? Pretty little thing…” Junkrat had towered over you; at least another twenty centimeters of raw-boned criminal. The wanted posters didn’t lie. The curling tips of his sparse blonde hair smoldered against the dying orange of the sunset. The parts of his body you could see (which was most of him) were covered in some sort of paint mixed with soot and wrapped up in homemade explosives.

“Come on then, love. Up you go. Don’t make me carry you. Needing both of my hands even at the best of times, I’m afraid. And this isn’t... Well…”

The first barking laugh made you jump. The shaking and rattling grenade launcher leveling in your face did more than that, gathering your knees under you (and feet) as slowly and non-threateningly as seemed appropriate.

‘What is the proper way to respond to a criminal abduction?’ the thought interrupts your concentration; the sirens in the distance doing the same to Junkrat’s muttering, a cold hand settles on your shoulder. Pushing hard against you, turning your body away from him and walking it forward. Squeezing into the meat of your shoulder and down to the top of your collar bone.

“Move it, move it…” You’re jogging to keep up with his loping stride. Thighs burning from the unaccustomed weight of his hand and arm. You both move close to the ground. Through back alleys and lopsided staircases that you never knew about, more like falling down the steep ones and shoving into walls even on flat, neglected spaces between buildings.

The grenade launcher’s motor putters away in the darkness. Filling the space between your labored breaths and Junkrat’s uneven, lolling steps. The barrel braces itself on your shoulder, pressing into your wet cheek causing you to let out a frightened sob. The crackle of a walkie covers it quickly, as Junkrat grumbles and with a haughtiness in his voice you can’t even begin to understand.

“Gonna need a pick up Roads. Got us a present. Ah... What do you call it. Consolidation-“

“Consolation.” The answering tone is so deep you can barely understand it over the white noise of your own pants and hiccups.

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The lead you’re on is, interestingly enough, only twenty eight steps long. It’s a heavy chain, the noise of it dragging along the floor, snakelike were nails on a chalk board when it had first been fastened around the belt around your middle.

Nowadays the more petite chain that climbed up your spine and up to the hand beaten metal circlet around your throat bothered you far more. Beads of sweat roll down your back and follow its path down into the worn waistband of the silken boxer shorts that Junkrat and Roadhog were so very kind as to allow you to use.

The floor groans and you feel the boards shifting; you stare down at the surface in front of you, filled to the brim with cans and snacks. They had told you to eat whatever you wanted.

Your hand settles on a can of fruit. Practically a delicacy and the thought of eating something so valuable and rare pushes the corners of your mouth up into a grin.

“Hey.” A voice said ‘hello’, and frozen in the spot with a pulltab still hanging from you’re index finger; you press your body into the cabinets until your kneecaps turn white.

For being the biggest man you’ve ever laid eyes on, Roadhog moves silently amongst the burned out carcasses of furniture and weaponry. Left to lie about like a literal minefield while a series of metal bowls of varying sizes on the table held the chemical compounds to make it a reality.

A moment of silence for the pieces of pineapples pushing past your lips.

The house itself is small but the ceiling has fallen away long ago, leaving only crossbeams and headroom for your captors up to its slanted and shored up roofline.

Cherries come next. All in the palm of your hand and devoured with a smack and its a struggle to ignore the cramping in your jaw.

He’s behind you, watching you like he always does while Junkrat snores on; hunched over the aforementioned table and bowls sagging in a three legged office chair. With your stomach pressing into the crumbling concrete of the counter and enjoying the cool stone its almost normal.

‘The gas only evaporates in a cold and dry spot.’ It isn’t your thought, Junkrat murmurs and shakes in his sleep like he noticed it had gone.

Dangerous shite, all that… Nothing compared to the lithium deutaride them suits got their grubby little paws on…

Your fingers are sticky with fruit cocktail.

They still don’t trust you with utensils.

Flies wheel overhead between shafts of light, avoiding the curling strips of paper stapled to the walls and supports in a way that could pass for clever. Their hairy bodies escaping through gaps only to come back down again. They follow the sun along the peeling wallpaper to warm their wings.

‘If I could fit, squeeze through and be gone… I’d never come back. I don’t know where the next water stop is. I wouldn’t even make it three days.’ The realization is painful. Its not as though you could find your way back. Or even another person who isn’t an illegal scrap collector or flesh pusher.

There is another moment of three people breathing and saying nothing, you’re still eating too. Roadhog settles on the couch behind you and you can hear the tell tale noise of a can of hogdrogen
pushing against the filters of his mask.

The rush of inhalation; the sound alone has your bones singing in a way that they haven’t since your bender days in high school. The sharp smell of it makes you salivate more than you have been already.

‘Like a goddamned dog. Woof…’

Your eyes are still glued to the bottom of the can. Searching the murky half inch of juice for the last pale grape. The sound your fingers make are deafening, chipped nails rolling up the ridged sides. From across the living room Roadhog watches you startle yourself and even after a hit he has the presence of mind to chuckle.

‘Go away, go away, go away…’ The mantra repeats in your head more often than the thought to breathe. Even though he barely says anything, the room is suffocating under his gaze.

No one can get anything past him. Not Junkrat, and certainly not you. The thought of trying sets your hands to shaking so badly that you throw back the remaining contents of the can just to be done with it.

‘I still have something. Even when I’m chained, even when I’m standing here in my underwear.’

“Come here, runt…” Roadhog’s voice echoes faintly with his head tipped skyward, guided by chemicals; and any lingering sweetness in your mouth is chased away in that instant.

You push away from the counter, sulking and sugar smeared with your hair about your face. It still feels startlingly similar to when Roadhog had first met you.

It’s like nothing ever changes, your fortune or lack there of has run dry or maybe there was never anything to draw from to begin with. Unlike the ill wind that had blown you out of your own life; Roadhog and Junkrat’s prospects seemed to only get better by the day.

‘They’re planning something big. I know it. That’s what it means when you lay low with a goddamn hostage.’

“I wasn’t asking. Now move, and sit with me.” His massive hand pats the space next to him before he slings it over the makeshift backboard; there are cushions and pillows belted, stapled and even duct taped into the couch.

‘Home sweet home.’

You cross the room and sit beside Roadhog; legs stretched out in front of you and pressed into the side of his thigh. The chain at your waist is harder to move sitting, but he watches you struggle to arrange it wordlessly. You breathe quietly in a silence that passes for peaceful these days before his palm moves to cover your leg, hot and dry (reminiscent of the mask) before he adds,

“Up you go… pet. Gotta lay down some ground rules.” Roadhog pats the tops of his dungarees before lifting the coil of chain you had just finished moving (purely for his amusement, it was clear now). So up you climb, balanced on his wide and solid thighs gripping the worn fabric by the handfuls for stability; it feels easier being closer to his mask if not psychologically, then certainly your vertabrae will be thankful.

He’s still craning his neck down to look at you, black sun faded leather and the hiss of filters offer nothing into what he wants to tell you; but his arm curls around your hips and something tells you it isn’t only to help you balance yourself.
‘He hasn’t ever really tried this before now, why now?’ Your breath is starting to come faster; chasing the last of the fruit syrup from your mouth and replacing it with the chemical smell of hogdrogen, lingering in the stale air of the house.

‘Junkrat’s flirted sure… made plenty of threats. Spanked me when he thought I’d move faster, pinched me until I caved, and just hung onto me. But never Hog. He likes me though. I know he does…’ The honesty of the thought has you flushing awfully, visible even in the low light.

To say nothing of the slight jolt of pleasure the knowledge gave you.

‘Another angle, that’s all this is. Nothing else; no weird stockholm syndrome problems. Junkrat’s worse cop to Roadhog’s bad cop hasn’t pulled one over on me yet… All this trouble over what was always been a wham, bam, thank you ma’am. I don’t believe it. Why wait until now?’

The slight smirk on your face belied nothing(you hoped), and the flush could’ve fooled anyone into thinking you’d been outdoors in the past weeks.

Roadhog must have found it fetching, his thumb traced the line of your upper lip while he continued in a low rumble,

“You know the deal between Rat and I got worked out? Fifty-fifty, an even split for even labour, time, and expenses.” He said the last part with a lilt, hollow behind filters and definitely smiling back at you. Your own expression didn’t waver until the press of his thumb became cruel enough to catch your lip. The sting furrowed your brows but you didn’t dare shy away.

‘Roadhog said he ‘liked that about this one’.

“We’ve got a plan for you. Thought we could use a bit of comfort since things heated up with the fucking feds; a little something to come back to that ain’t just some shiny bit of scrap. Going legit just made it harder to go without a bit of high society now and then…” He turned your face this way and that, pursing your lips and sticking blunt tip of his thumb inside your mouth.

Choking around the salt and motor oil taste of his fingernail you manage to lock eyes with his lenses; and he’s growling like he did over the walkie that first night.

~

“This was your idea all along Pig-face, if you don’t want the bloody thing now that I’ve gotten my arse out on the line picking out one I just knew you’d like…”

Junkrat’s hoarse squealing was not the thing you had expected to hear this far into what you assumed was a carefully orchestrated kidnapping and soon-to-be-murder. His grip is still iron around your shoulder but his weapon is cocked to stand against a wall while he clutches the crackling radio in his other hand.

“I told you we needed to decide with a clear head. You should’ve waited another couple of hours for a rendezvous…” The other voice is unbelievably gravelly, warped and ultimately disdainful.

‘Am I going to die? I won’t even make it past the ports. One of them doesn’t want me; and the other is… Stranded?’ The tears start to come in earnest again, clinging to the sides of your nose before falling onto the concrete below.

The hand on you is kneading now with nervous energy, twitching and pinching, even drumming onto your shoulder blade itself. Clutching at you as though the deal is as good as done. He’s talking about you again; extolling your physical virtues for the deep voice on the radio.
“Got us a great one Roads, you ought to see em… Not a junker that’s for sure.” The term managed to make it through the blood pumping in your ears, ‘derogatory’ is what most called it now. Junkrat didn’t miss a beat, continuing blithely, “Got some colour to them. Knew you’d like that, creature of habit. You lag. Nice and soft too…” He petered off into another giggle that seemed involuntary, probably the sheer pride he felt standing there with you already in hand.

He let that hang in the swampy, dark air of the alley. Junkrat’s said his piece, now he just seems to be waiting for a confirmation.

To either kill you here and now (you’re sure) or maybe you’ll survive at least until the other one sees you…

“Fine. Get to the warehouses and we’ll get the fuck out of here. This had better be worth it, Rat.” The other voice doesn’t sound angry, more resigned if anything.

Junkrat’s grunt of surprise (apparently) and the subsequent squeeze from his fingers are forceful enough to make you yelp, if anything, that seems to make him even happier. He brings his face close to yours to look at you, grinning ear to ear himself under all the dirt and darkness of the night itself.

“We’ll make it yet, love.”

~

The flies are circling the empty can on the counter. Your sweating and drooling around Roadhog’s finger, any taste has ceased to matter long ago and all that’s really left is the heavy press sliding back towards your throat. The thought of his nail starting to push flattening your uvula back up to your sinus’ while he presses, inexorably towards your throat to block any hope of air; makes you choke of all things.

He hasn’t even moved. Neither has Junkrat for that matter, across the room; where he is muttering in his sleep with an imprint of a rubber washer evident against his cheek.

More of your drool foams up around his thumb but Roadhog doesn’t seem to be bothered by it making tracks onto the pad of his palm.

‘Choke spit slime, ugh…’ Your whole body flushes as you feel him push down and back past the first bumpy knuckle.

‘No rings thank fucking god.’ Every piece of you wanted to push away, kick, to claw, and never stop fighting him until this rubbish hovel was nothing.

You just sit there, however, bug eyed and stiff as a doll on his lap. Maybe this is what he wants from you, like a teddy bear or velvet rabbit (something like that, it had been) to worry until the fur falls and your seams start to show.

“How long has it been?” Roadhog’s voice rolls into your ear, interrupting your train of thought. You suck on his finger, more accident than anything else; but he seems to think it thoughtful. The way his face tilts to your own, and his thighs tensing under you makes you repeat the action a few more times before he withdraws. His hand settles on your hip, wet thumb stroking the side of your thigh before continuing,

“How many times would you say you’ve gotten really fucked? Opened up and worked over. Given the busines by someone who knew what they were doing?” Roadhog is direct almost to the point of physical pain.

‘What could you do, really? Refuse to speak to him? Or throw a tantrum the way Junkrat does?’ Its
different, you know it is. Not to mention he did take his thumb out of your mouth…

“I- uh, well. Maybe three or four times?” It sounds foolish, even to you; and before it had even left your mouth entirely you remembered Roadhog had pushed his way into your throat in the first damned place. His grip on your lower body tightens, his hand is uncomfortably hot against you. He’s chuckling, almost really laughing, with his other hand perched on his shaking stomach.

“Sweet as. Better than none, it’s been a while for both of us… Not a lot of chance for that usually. Until now we’ve not had the time. And believe me, now that we do…” He turns to look at where Junkrat is slumped at the table, metal strewn around him like a feast.

“Rat’s got something cooking up. We didn’t just rush into this; we got the supplies to make this work, Lovely.” He says the last part slow, punctuated by a pinch to the soft flesh on your ass. You can’t even seem to find the air to yelp.

“Got a table back there. It’s a special one. Real suit doctor stuff, with stirrups and all sorts of toys. Rat’s making improvements so we’ll all get our pound of flesh out of it. One man’s junk is another junker’s treasure.” Roadhog’s fingers drum along your thigh and travel towards your crotch. His callous rasp against the front of the underwear and catch before he covers your pelvis with his palm, heavy and warm and all encompassing.

His heavy breaths are masking any sound you make and the only other noise in the house is his partner’s snorts and utterances. The lead attached to you and Roadhog’s body all around has you quaking as while you consider what exactly he is telling you.

The press of his palm again, just a bit harder, insistent. You arch from the heat and pressure and it is very hard to think now, so hard in fact, that you groan and don’t even bother to catch it into your fist anymore. Roadhog rumbles happily at the noises, forcing several more from your throat with barely a press of his damp palm.

“Can’t wait to hear you stretched open and fucked out for the first time. Won’t be my cock, don’t worry. Owe it to him for picking you up in the first place…” Roadhog pinches your thigh again, this time earning a shriek that at once has tears (embarrassment, is your new full-time look) falling from the tip of your nose.

You can’t stop shaking on his lap. The tears still come but you grab onto his thick wrist for balance, you’re more scared of him but a cracked head wouldn’t make any of this any easier.

“It’s like they always say; ‘life’s a bitch, and then you die.’ ” Roadhog mocks you, but he’s wiping at your eyes with a black tipped finger while he does it.

Somewhere, above you a fly is escaping through the rafters and into the sunlight. Somewhere you still can’t see, Junkrat finally startles himself awake at the table, bleary eyes and one side of his face swollen with sleep. The shack seems to breathe again.

You force yourself to do the same. Perched on top of Roadhog’s lap while he strokes you; only occasionally pulling on the chain at your back.

“They do say that. But sometimes, it’s worse.’
Chapter Notes

Phew... Long awaited and smutty. I was nervous about writing this one but I'm secure in my junkrat writing skills.

CHAPTER 3

The sound of metal shearing greets you this morning; the space between your eyes straining into a headache before you’ve even managed to open them fully from your position laid out like a starfish on the filthy floor. Sun is warming every other part of you through some hole in the ceiling or other broken down wall, shining onto a moth eaten comforter.

‘Massive blanket. Gotta be Roadhog’s… I didn’t fall asleep with it. Maybe he felt sorry for me.’

Your fist pushes away the last clinging bits of sleep from your eye and a bit of paper scrap that had stuck to your cheek, with the circumstances of the night coming back. Slowly. Yawning and twisting your neck this way and that to look at the rest of the house, that last night looked like a junkyard. Filled almost to bursting with scrap woods and metals; anything from sheet metal, pitted car parts, and the shiny carcasses of omnis. A forest of wooden chairs had seemingly sprung up from it as well.

All of it was Junkrat’s handiwork. He had started moving things from the back of the house and surrounding property without so much as a word to you or Roadhog. He toiled under some unknown fervor; in some sort of daze, running his hands over their dimensions and surfaces; focused and seeing something only he could.

“He’s just got a bug up his arse about you pet…” Roadhog had told you that night, as he stroked your hair. “He’s tired of waiting. I know Rat wants it to be special. Fun.” There is a tug on your scalp, hard enough to make you gasp and blink.

You pretended to not notice.

“He’ll want you out here with him. What’s the word? His muse. Go to him, Love.” Roadhog’s hand had stopped (thankfully) and he moved away from you.

“Gotta go hunting. Tomorrow’s the day. I won’t be back soon, so it’s up to you two; entertain yourselves… Heh.”

That was the last time you’d seen Roadhog. He must have crept out around the spot on the floor Junkrat had staked out, by proxy you had been slung half into his bony lap.

There was no sign of either of them inside now. Now its a horrid grinding sound that’s coming in and echoing off the walls of the canyon. You stand up, a bit woozy still before you fully notice the heavy chain sitting coiled in a corner of the room. You feel lighter than normal, although the belt around your middle remains along with the circlet about your throat; and by god are you ever awake now.
Outside. I’ve got to get outside and…’ You’re halfway to the door; the pattering noises of your bare feet don’t do the situation any justice at all and the you still can’t finish that thought.

‘And…’ Your hand touches the knob and it turns, half of the locks sway in the wake of your careless slamming.

The sun hits the top of your head and there’s even a breeze mussing your sweaty hair. That sound has finally fucking stopped, no more metal rending but there’s a ringing still in your ears all the same. The world is grey and sun bleached like an old photograph to your aching pupils and you can’t help but raise a forearm for shade.

‘It’s so bright out here I can’t see. Where’s the path? The bike’s not here…’ You take a half step back with the porch biting your heels, and shudder further forward with a lurch.

The sky is impossibly blue now and you take several more fumbling steps forward before you recognize something is deeply, seriously, and badly fucking wrong with another color in the area.

“G’day Love!” Junkrat’s unmistakable yell doesn’t even move your legs, nothing at this point(save that frag launcher) could make you, and you’re hoping that sweat is the only thing making its way in rivulets down your thighs.

You look around for him, to lock eyes with him, call out his name(alias) the way he likes, to ask for help of all things; how did you not look down?

‘The dirt is the wrong fucking color. Disturbed soil; all the moisture’s up top.’

“Watch your step! I been… heheh. Doing some digging. Nothing major, gotta save the real heavy lifting for my number one project of course!”

The sun is beating down onto you good and proper now, you can’t move though; not towards the path veering off to your left, still marked up with treads nor towards Junkrat straight ahead of you where he seems to be sitting under some metal spider creation and waving merrily to you.

‘Like this is the most domestic scene he could envision, not some perverted pre-omnium nonsense; if this was normal he’d have let me sleep in while he worked on something in the garage, how charming.’ The thought makes you feel sick and your stomach growls miserably. You remember that Roadhog normally got you up to feed you and get the stove started, waking up to that fart and egg smell of the gas and the click-click-click until it caught.

‘It’s funny what you miss when it’s gone. Open your mouth, just ask him how to get out of the field. Away from the traps and…’

“B-back into the house! I want to go back to the house.” You raise your voice to carry over the yards between you, even though it’s silent now.

Junkrat just looks at you for a minute, on some level you can’t help but wonder if he’s counting seconds but he has the same toothy grin on that he did the night you met with gold flashing at the corners. You don’t think he would end it this way.

‘He just wants to scare me, like they always do. That’s always what he wants.’

You do your best to straighten your spine when you can’t shift your weight left or right to look into his eyes.

“You sure pet? You only just got here. Just the sight of you has my hands itching… Tell you what,
I’ll do you one better come on over and help me tighten… Heheh, some finishing touches.” Junkrat completely dissolved into giggling, digging his peg into the packed earth all around him just to make you envious from the way he stared into your face.

“But first say please. I want to hear you say it nice. I’ve been working my tail off for you, night and day. Well, one day…” You can’t help but roll your eyes at that and you don’t give a damn if he sees.

‘Wish you’d get on with it, I’m cramping…’ You try to twitch your thigh, still stiff from lack of use and that he sees; his greasy fingers dig into his shorts at the movement. He’s blinking at you trying to reorient himself in this conversation and puts his chin in the metal hand,

“Got all day, Love. If you’re feeling feisty. All you gotta say is please and I’ll let you sit on my lap after I take some measurements, of course.”

‘Rack off pervert, I would kill you if I could. Just nab your leg and you couldn’t run fast enough to catch me.’

A bird wheels over head and there is no wind, no sound save for the hum of a generator somewhere behind you; squinting at your captor through the sunlight the realization hits you, something is different about him.

Junkrat doesn’t seemed to be armed in any way, he looks positively naked without the harness and bandolier; the lines of his body are loose and long against the ridge in the distance. He’s waiting, expectant and patient for the first time ever that you have seen. Biding his time knowing you have to go his way no matter how long you choose sweat and burn standing here.

’ “The hunter lays a trap for his prey…” ‘ That was how he put it before, you hear it low in your ears with pumping of blood.

You don’t have a choice.

Best to rip off a bandaid quickly, or at least that was how you had always heard it told. So standing here in a pair of stranger’s fucking underwear sweating like a pig and petrified, a deep breath manages its way in and out of your lungs.

One last gulp of free air before you swallow your pride.

“P-please… Junkrat, I want to go back to the house.” You make sure to say it loud enough that he’ll hear you, not able to bear the sound of asking again. To go back in that hovel.

The sound of a wrench hitting the ground next to him reminds you of the chain in the house, coiled up and waiting for you too; you don’t see him get up and move, you’re too focused on a patch of red tinted earth directly in front of you.

The warmth and sweat of his hand feels like nothing against your back, as he leans down to look at you in the sun; he’s free of the greasy trails of soot and grime with inumerable freckles standing out against his shoulders, chest only lightly coated in dust and you can’t help your sharp inhalation of surprise.

‘He could’ve been handsome.’

“That’s it, that’s it. It’s only natural you need my help; you’re soft. Gotta keep you locked up and safe…” You still smell his sweat as he tucks you into his side on a serpentining path through the yard. The hot ground stretches out around your feet and each step you take is more painful than the last, but the stretch your legs are getting is worth it.
His boot makes no sound but he’s muttering something under his breath, you’re too far from his mouth to discern anything but you feel his laughter and his lean chest expands like a bellows with excitement.

That metal spider he had been working under, when you approached it looked like some sort of lamp. Unfinished legs half buried into the earth their bottom four inches drilled with empty bolt holes that led into a set of joints before meeting over what appeared to be a steel medical lamp.

“What’s the verdict? Looks sturdy enough to me. Go on closer, give it a real look. I need your most honest opinion!” The giddiness in his voice made your blood boil (more than the sun already was), but you were thankful to get out from under his arm and away.

‘Well here we go. Gotta react with him, match him and make him feel good about it…’

You lean this way and that, walking around it in a semicircle pretending to know what the fuck it is you’re even looking at in the first place. Keeping your eyes lowered but not so low that you don’t see him watching you. The curve of your spine when you turn, the shape of a leg when you run a finger along the edge of one of the bolt holes.

“It looks great. Really um, tall? And very…” Searching for the words is more difficult than you imagined it would be, and your eyes flash to his looking for some hint.

“Very graceful. It looks like it’ll be a great light.” The smile breaking out on his face makes lets you know that was the right answer(Please.). He pushes you on the top of your head and musses your hair with his work glove, it’s playful.

‘For now, how long does it stay playful?’ As you think it he’s pushing his palm down onto you, heavier by the second and his smile looks more like a snarl when he tells you,

“I need you to crawl under her for a tick, I’ve gotta check something. Only be a moment, I promise you, Pet.”

The ground hit your knees quickly, any half healed cuts reopened instantly with the motion and your wrists soon joined the chorus of aches. Figuring crawling like that is what he wanted; feeling his eyes rake over your back and ass, there’s a soft thumping noise and you look just in time to see the toe of his boot push into your flank.

‘Asshole. Absolute fucking child.’

“Don’t keep me waiting Love, can’t be afraid of getting a little… Heh, dirty.”

You’re crawling between the legs and under the light itself now; Junkrat’s almost impossibly long shadow falling over you and mercifully blocking the sun from your head. You glance at the front legs and see the same bolt holes seemingly identically measured with the back set; he’s good at whatever it is he does,

‘Building weapons and weird torture devices. When he isn’t thieving and killing, or kidnapping.’

His boot presses against the seat of your shorts, firmer than before and you hear the creak of shocks in your ear like a warning.

Junkrat’s breathless laughter carrying over it all; your teeth grit in irritation, but you don’t shrink back.

“I need you to turn over. Gotta see how she measures up to you, nothing but the best for us.” His boot lifts and it’s sugar sweet again, “didn’t mean anything by it, honest…”
You roll over (again, not the first and not the last), but the admiring stare he gives you on the dirt surprises you with its intensity. Junkrat kneels to join you on the ground, near your feet and you still feel vulnerable and exposed under a light that didn’t even work yet.

When he grabs one ankle in each hand easily you don’t stifle the yelp. It turns into a strangled sound of surprise at the way he spreads them apart and presses then to the back set of metal legs.

“Just a dry fit, nothing to worry about. Easy as pie.” He’s saying it above you but nothing is easy about this; your legs spread so far open your hip joints ache and Junkrat’s grip is like iron on both of your ankles.

His fingers flutter around your ankles, up to each of your calves, with a smoothing, kneading motion that could almost be pleasant if he didn’t push so fucking hard right away.

“Looks good. You look good, don’t close your eyes… Come on Pet, give us a look at those peepers. I wanna see how cute you look under there.” His wheedling always wins in the end; so you look at him, blinking through the dust to see that gold edged grin.

“That’s the way, pretty as a picture.” Junkrat’s hands slid to the back of your thighs, “You don’t even know why this matters yet… Shh, not yet. All things come in time. Speaking of,” His grip tightens and pulls you down into him in one smooth motion, he’s nearly bent himself in half to be close to your face, with his back crooked at an angle that makes it look broken.

“We got a date back in the house, gotta check in with Hoggie and something else…” Junkrat’s hands spread over your thighs and squeezed, “Gotta get something in you, I can tell your nervous. Just a bit of the good stuff.”

~

It was over just like that. Until you heard the locking noise at your waist and throat, you didn’t even remember the walk back through the minefield. The sound your feet had made against the earth and the red puffs of dust that followed behind you like breadcrumbs, the blasted land too hard to leave prints.

The sound of the screen door replays over and over in your head while you stare through Junkrat’s attempts to find a new can of Hogdrogen in the mess he’d created.

The couch is cold under you, but you fall into one of the dips naturally and somehow that brings you back; the feeling of a coiled spring tucked to your waist. Junkrat’s triumphant yell makes you jump and sit up again, he’s cupping a mostly squished can of hogdrogen with him like its a diamond, but he hands it to you anyway and flops himself down; already looping an arm about you.

“I think if I push on the back it’ll be enough to get the last of it… Open wide,” You push the opening to your chapped lips, hands braced to your cheeks while Junkrat’s palms settle against the other end.

You don’t even have time to think anything (no countdown, no warning), he pushes out the bottom (there’s that hiss, thank god) and you suck in a breath on reflex. Giddy and warm feeling all the sudden from the gold tinted fog around both of your hands. You feel the blood pumping into your hands and feet and between your legs too like a jittery wave before that loose feeling takes over. Somewhere far away, you’re gasping and Junkrat’s laughter sounds like the roar of waves and the salt of your tears and snot while you cough it out convince you of it.

“Greedy today ain’t you? Don’t worry, I won’t tell Hoggie. If the big man didn’t finish her, that’s his mistake; you look positively… electric.” He’s smiling so wide at you he almost couldn’t finish, you
smile back at the sincere tone of his compliment before your brain can catch up.

The can rolls across the floor forgotten by everybody. You sway a bit, feeling like your eyeballs can’t seem to catch up to the rest of your body; but they see Junkrat’s mouth move again and the way he pokes his tongue out to wet his lips before diving in for a kiss makes you flush.

His mouth is hot and the scrape of clear stubble that, before had only caught the sun, is pleasant enough. Junkrat’s moaning against you already, happy content sighs that coincide with squeezing handfuls of your thighs and ass. He licks his way along your lips before nipping once, twice, and then biting you.

You stare at his closed eyelids scrunching up with frustration at your firmly closed mouth. On some level it’s satisfying, but it only lasts a moment before he bites hard enough you gasp with pain and he sees an opening to shove his tongue in your mouth.

‘Fuck. Fuck you. Ouch… Didn’t have to draw blood. No, I wouldn’t let you kiss me like this unless you forced my mouth open with a spoon.’

One of his hands has wandered to your belly and chest, pinching and pulling on your nipples through the tank top. He’s off your mouth and you can breathe again while he’s biting and sucking at you through the material now, just to pull back for the visual. Giggling and drooling against your front Junkrat’s talking again,

“How about we take this back there, eh?” He’s up and off of you in a second, stepping away from the couch and reaching for…

‘Oh.’

For a second you forget how strong Junkrat is, slinging your heavy lead onto his shoulder and motioning for you to follow with his right hand. Trailing behind him you can count the lumps of vertebrae jutting from the speckled skin on his back; and, if not for his coordinated and sharp limbs Roadhog’s hands would wrap even easier around Junkrat’s frame.

‘Easier than mine?’ The thought makes you flush with fear and something much less understandable. You almost miss him. Roadhog was your only other human contact for… Awhile.

The bedroom is surprisingly sparse, but there are plenty of blankets and pillows and of course it’s huge. Big enough for several people.

‘Or three of them.’

As soon as you’re both on the bed he’s on you again, but you’re opening up the first time you feel his teeth scraping your bottom lip and catch just so. His hands clutching aimlessly at your chest until he finds a nipple to pinch, hard; like you’ll vanish if he doesn’t keep ahold of you.

Cocooned in a nest of pillows and stuffed animals is better than you expected and oddly enough it isn’t the worst make out/heavy petting you’ve ever had, kidnapping aside.

“HELLO? Hello?” There’s a barely audible voice coming from behind you. You flip the pillows around your head and push them back until you hit something hard.

The walkie talkie.

“The fuck is going on back there Rat?” Roadhog’s voice crackles, tinny with interference and the wail of feedback. The pillows do nothing for the reception.
Junkrat reaches for it with one last twist and suckle to each of your nipples, sitting up he licks his lips and winks at you before he brings it to his face and presses the button at the side,

“Making babies, if you must know.” Junkrat makes a show of crooning it into the walkie, rubbing the tip of his nose on the speaker.

’He must be kidding. He has to be…’

The lines of his silhouette remind you of old posters hung up in the bars you’d been sneaking into since you were fifteen. Young, fierce musicians studded with jewelry lifted from thrift store racks rammed into their faces. Junkrat is hunching over far enough you can see his bald spots, struggling his belt off from its last filthy stiffened loop.

‘Radiation is what the papers say. Everything I’ve ever read points to crappy genetics and falling, burning, magnesium powder.’

You think of the blondes you’ve met, stayed knowing, if some of them lost it early. It seems like a lifetime ago, and even sober you doubt you’d remember anything like that.

There’s the sound of a zipper descending, like its a mile long until it releases Junkrat’s skinny hips.

The walkie lies forgotten beside you both, but propped on a pillow for easy recovery.

Both of you are panting now in this stuffy bedroom already. Mostly fear on your end, but a small amount of curiosity couldn’t be helped. His warm mouth and hands helped too; the flood of endorphins released from any action were amplified by hogdrogen, as long as you could keep getting that…

You’re reminded of something you read once; a rat with electrodes drilled into its head, starving but pressing a button like clockwork for another orgasm.

After all, neither of them had hurt you yet.

Roadhog even made sure you slept well.

When Junkrat moves his hand down your body to grab your shorts, hiking up your legs. The press of his skin against your backside, of course he doesn’t wear underwear but save that it could almost be normal if you squinted through the high.

“You’re so soft. Can’t wait, I can’t wait to have you. You’re so beautiful, Love. Can’t believe we got this lucky…” Junkrat’s babbling softly above you and his fingers are probing between your legs and you think you hear the sound of him spitting on you before he pushes one of them inside you.

’Oh. Oh his fingers are long…’ Your neck arches back and you push your hips back into the mattress, partially to shrink from him but his hand follows you easily and he just pushes into you harder. When he starts a thrusting motion with his finger scraping along your insides it’s not comfortable, Junkrat must see it on your face and he spits between you again.

You see the line of spittle frozen in time between your spread legs and you can’t believe how ridiculous this all is. That he wants you to feel good. To feel good for him.

The spit helps, and he’s going faster and crooking his finger, your mouth is hanging open when he looks down at you. He laughs into your gasps before kissing you again.

It’s almost all teeth now. One of Junkrat’s hand is shaking with excitement where it’s perched on your shoulder. The squeezing interrupted rhythmically, like a heartbeat.
If his other hand is shaking you don’t feel it. He’s got his wrist adjusted to the proper angle and his fingers are stronger than they look too.

‘When did that sneaky bastard get a second one in?’ Maybe it isn’t just the drugs, maybe you really are having fun. The way Junkrat’s fingers are crammed inside of you, just going to town at the right angle and all way down to his palm and the way he grunts and groans appreciatively makes it hard for you to insist that it isn’t fun.

So does that tight feeling in your gut, that building as he bends down to nip at your chest. He bites through the fabric at first, already wet and transparent, but lets out a stream of curses before he pushes the tank top over the top of your head leaving it around your shoulders and back like a harness.

The wet noises he’s making on your chest are winding you up too, the way he’s grinding his cock onto your side and the slippery trail it’s leaving makes you moan. His cock throbs against you at the sound, swelling and more desperate by the second. He feels big. Bigger than any you’ve had, it made more sense with his height.

His fingers feel good but you wiggle your hips a bit to get a reaction, Junkrat looks at you and puckers his lips before he adds another finger and spreads all three at once. Scissoring you open and rotating his wrist to get you used to the sensation.

You wail and it seems to go on forever in the empty, echoing house, it feels like he’s stirring up into your guts but when he wiggles them back and forth it’s a bit better. Soon when he’s thrusting them again you’re pushing back just as hard.

“F-faster… please, give it to me faster.” The words leave your mouth faster than you can kick yourself for it. You still hope he does it regardless, and you clench around his fingers to help things along. He froze, so he’s heard you alright. Maybe he needs more encouragement,

“Please Junkrat, your fingers feel so good. So fucking good, they, ah. They’re so long, uh.” You really can’t think of anything else.

‘Come on. Work with me…’

“Uh, you’re really good with your hands. Please, the best. The absolute best.” Each word you say feels dumber, but he’s moving again, not fast as you needed, but it would do. Junkrat’s pupils above you look blown and maybe he got a bit of a contact high… No, the way he’s staring at your lips, watching you mouth ‘so good, so good… So fucking good’.

‘He’s eating this shit up. Is this for real?’

“That’s right, Love. Don’t you forget it. No one is gonna open you up like I can; got a plan for you, all sorts of goodies in store. But first things first, gonna have you the old fashioned way. Just you on my cock until you can feel it in your belly…” He growled and tickled below your navel at that before he started thrusting his fingers the way you needed.

Your whimpers were the only sound made aside from the obscene, wet slide of fingers.

‘Oh fuck, this is it. He’s gonna fuck me and… and…’

You gasp in another breath; he’s pushing into you and holding it, twirling the tips of his fingers against the very end of you and then some. It makes you want to crawl away, but there’s something else in the ache and stretch at the peripheral of your nerves.
‘And I want him to. I want to get fucked, I want him to do it…’

“Think that’s enough. Been quite the gentleman…” Junkrat saying to no one in particular as he withdraws his digits. Much to your embarrassment he doesn’t waste a moment bringing them to his nose and licking them for good measure. The sight has you clenching around nothing but he’s gathering up your legs to rest one on each shoulder and the warm cradle of his palm on your ass angles you just so.

When you feel the blunt head of his dick catch on the rim of your hole, you can’t help it, you moan. Junkrat watches your face and moans with you when his cock twitches again, impatiently tapping against you. The slippery trail it leaves along your center makes you shake in his grip. He’s just rubbing, enjoying the motion and rolling his hips like a dumb fucking animal when he could just get it over with and fuck you.

’Not that I’m waiting or anything…’

His hips pressing into you more insistently, you felt the mess he was making down there sticky, shiny and nasty all over you. Junkrat was panting and wheezing above you with his shoulders standing out with the strain of keeping it together.

“You feel so good, just fucking… Just give us a tick…” Realizing he’s asking you the last part you nod numbly, wondering exactly who’s in charge here (still not you). Junkrat’s long, wet and overeager cock still jumping at the apex of your legs while he bites and suckles at your throat and shoulders in place of humping you.

You stare past the wild ends of his hair into the high ceiling. He drags a moan out of you with a particularly harsh suck, so loud you almost don’t hear the walkie.

Almost.

“Sorry. Had some bugs to squash… Heh.” Roadhog’s voice sounds clearer now; he sounds pleased. That’s a good sign. Both you and Junkrat are smiling at the easy feeling taking over the room, like some of the gas was left even now.

“Still at it?” Roadhog asks, and before Junkrat can get a word out edgewise he continues, “Didn’t come yet, huh Rat? Good job. Put our Pet on the line, wanna hear them when you fuck them.”

Junkrat’s still sore about Roadhog’s (clearly) well placed comment, but he shrugs it off quickly. Something else is settling behind his eyes, and he readjusts his grip on your legs before he presses the walkie against your ear with his free remaining hand. You stare up at him, it catches you off guard how adoringly he’s looking at you; like he could do it forever.

“Give old Roadie something to keep him warm out there…” The crackle at your ear is louder than Junkrat’s giggles and snorts. Shoving his hips forward and spearing you in place; the first few inches sink in easily, you’re gulping down air and your hands are up around Junkrat’s bony chest, half pulling half pushing. He reseats himself again, rolling his hips erratically; no rhythm, just pure hedonistic feeling.

The guttural noises you make when he pushes again and again, harder, impossibly deep and bottoms out get him outright cackling above you, when he isn’t trying to butter you up with compliments of how good you feel choking the life out of his cock.

“Good Pet. Taking him so good, like you’re made for this…Heh.” Roadhog’s compliment sends a wave of pleasure through you, your sweaty cheek nuzzled into the speaker as it crackles to life again,
“Don’t let them slack, they’re tougher than you think… Go hard, deep.”

Junkrat didn’t even wait to hear him finish; already jackhammering into you like his life depended on it, lips bent close to your ear so you hear his praising,

“-So, so, so good. Better than fireworks, better than the gas, oh, best fucking hole I’ve had in ages… You’re a real treat, you got good hips.” His hand tightened at your hip where it already kind of hurt. The warning crackle barely stirs him.

“Not so fast Rat… There’s plenty of time.” Junkrat’s indignant screeching was meant to be a disagreement, but he slows his rhythm anyway. You feel him fill with blood and throb when his hipbones dig into your backside, but there he stays.

“Hate waiting…” For being balls deep inside you, Junkrat sounded surprisingly petulant.

“I hate whining, now get them squealing.” Roadhog is growling into your ear, telling you what he wants Junkrat to do to you. What he wants to do with you.

Junkrat grinds up into you, relishing the edge of pain to your cries. He’s pulling out a fraction of an inch before doing it again, pushing in past the point of pain; into some kind of aching that made you breathless.

He repeats the action several times; each one of your cries broadcast across the outback. Junkrat is panting above you, eyes far away and glazed over with pleasure his hips twitching at the end of each push; like an afterthought, or a calling card. You barely hear him pressing the button with each new wail making its way out of you.

“Good set of lungs too. Making our pet feel good’s a better test than any… You still with me, Rat?”

“Yeah…” It sounds like a lie, but he manages to answer between his increasingly uneven thrusts.

There’s sweat dripping off of him and onto you, but somehow it isn’t disgusting right now, so you clutch him close as you can and buck into his grip. You’re drooling open mouthed against Junkrat’s lanky body. His cock splitting you perfectly and deep, bone shakingly deep makes you clench around him, get him deeper, just a little fucking more…

“You’ve earned it Rat, go on. Fill them up. Fill them up with cum so they can’t forget who’s hole that is…”

’No! Not yet. You fucking bastard!’

Neither of them care what you think, even if you were stupid enough to say it. Junkrat pistons his hips even faster, half bowling you over and folding you in two just to get a bit… Farther in. You feel a sharp ache into your bellybutton, like you have to pee just from him pushing into your insides; your hips wiggle into the strange sensation.

‘Just a bit more, come on, pervert. Just a bit more…’

No such luck, however, only a few more thrusts and you hear him whine and stiffen, surprisingly high and breathless in the shell of your ear before he worries it between his canines and pulls out of you. You’re hole aches with the loss, and with a serious case of bitterness.

You feel the cum slipping out and down your ass; you think about how it looks, your sore, fucked open hole leaking a criminal’s spunk. You feel used and full, it feels like he came a lot.
‘It’s probably been a while…’

“Ha. Sound’s like our pet was worked up too. Give em some time to recover before you go in again… And for fuck’s sake; get them something to eat. They’ve got a busy schedule coming up.”

There’s something in the tone of Roadhog’s voice that makes you shudder, even though you’re slick with sweat and other fluids. Somewhere inside your foggy brain, you have enough sense to be scared; like you were the first night here before you’d known anything.

The gas, the endorphins, and yes, the warm body around you makes fear seem foolish and wasteful. It seems like a much better option to wait it out and see what they had planned.

After all, they hadn’t ended up hurting you…

Right?
A.N.

I stayed up past midnight to type this, work in the morning be damned; as I watched my counter hit 1000!!

Thank you everyone for your support. I'm so, so very glad that my pet project has been able to make other folks as happy as it's made me. Really guys, the kind words make me wonder why I didn't draft this out sooner.

I will be trying to maintain a more regular update schedule around the speed of two chapters per month. However, editing is my enemy and any brave, brave soul who could point me to some better(free) online programs to help me make sense of the literary slurry would find themselves on the receiving end of some one shots for funsies.

Deepest appreciations fellow pervs,

C8 aka tenderrpreyyy aka author of ’sometimes it's worse’
Finally get y’all off of that cliffhanger I suppose. Guess who’ll be back very soon...?

CHAPTER 4

You’re surprised to see that yes, Junkrat is capable of starting the stove by himself. In the sinking orange cast of the air he’s efficient and focused at the range; scooping out a can of baked beans with his finger with not a single bit wasted or dropped.

“Want a taste, Love?” He holds a black tipped nail in front of you and looks into your eyes in a way that seems meaningful. Barbecue sauce and peppercorns slide down his knuckle in between your nearly crossed eyes, but his hands aren’t nearly as shaky as they had been earlier.

“Yeah... Yes, please Junkrat.” His grin widens and his finger dances closer to your dry mouth.

“That’s a good one. Nice and quiet after a good pumping, S’what we all needed.” Junkrat’s head raises suddenly to face the front door, his nose really looks like a rat’s scenting the air and frozen mid-thought. Nothing happens, the creak of an old house settling into it’s foundation, and the wind buffs the side of the shack in a constant drone.

The hair on your arms rises, you feel the yawn of Roadhog’s absence almost painfully then.

‘The outback’s a dangerous place. I don’t know where I am; but I’m unarmed, high off my gourd, and chained to the wall. Can’t even reach the front door and my only defense is a man missing two limbs...’ You lean forward, almost imperceptibly so, and try to find Junkrat’s eyes; suddenly desperate for something normal (the new comfort of the only two people who mattered anymore).

You hope it’s your fluttering eyelashes that break the spell; that horrid thousand yard stare, glossy and frightening in Junkrat’s usually sharp gaze. He shudders, fullbodied then turns to face you like nothing had happened; the warmth of his smile almost convinces you it didn’t.

Only remains of sauce still clinging to his calloused finger; but a drip-drip-dripping puddle between you closes the distance. It’s enough.

Your tongue laps its way over his fingernails (bitten or cut down to the quick) and knobby knuckles, behind his back you hear the pot hiss and gurgle but his moans are loudest thing in the house now. Suckling down past the second knuckle you stare at up at the shape he cuts out of the fiery sunset, reeling and almost blinded you think,

‘I can still smell myself on you. I smell your cum running down my leg and I don’t want to be scared anymore.’

It takes until he withdraws his hand, extracts it really; you’re lost in the feedback loop feeling the whorls and patterns of his fingerprints, for you to realize you aren’t scared anymore.

The acrid smell of burning food, the sugar sauce melting to the top of the range has Junkrat turning
on his single remaining heel so quick a scabbed elbow comes so very close to making contact that you count the freckles on it.

‘He didn’t even notice! Could’ve cracked my nose...’ You don’t even feel properly angry at that, staring at his broad shoulders and lean waist cock-eyed and mismatched as his prosthetics.

He’s cursing a blue streak hunched over the pot and scraping the bottom with a wooden spoon that is so clearly massive (and older than both of you) it has to be Roadhog’s, hand whittled and made out of a wood you were almost positive no longer grew since the omnium.

The smell, burnt or not, is good enough you feel the prickles of saliva pushing past your chapped lips before he’s managed to turn fully around.

Placing the pot onto the concrete counter his flesh hand digs your sweaty, tangled hair wrapping and twirling them around his digits; your stomach growls loud enough he certainly hears it, but all he does is tighten his grip.

Junkrat has a whole hank of your hair, close enough to the root it doesn’t hurt more like a pressure, but hard enough that you don’t dare even breathe.

“Got some time till it cools off.” Junkrat’s telling you, eyes flashing with something feral that has zero interest in argument or bartering on your part.

You realize you’re still naked but until now it seemed like such an afterthought, He is too with his cock already half hard and jumping with the beat of his heart against one pale thigh.

“Okay…” You’re swallowing back mouthfuls of saliva one part hunger, one part fear; roiling in your gut like you’ve swallowed a rock even though you’re belly is painfully fucking empty.

‘Sure, asshole. It isn’t like you’ve forgotten to fucking feed me all day and I’m thirsty and sore already. It’s too smart to be an accident. Too cruel and deliberate, wearing someone down like this...’ You’re sure it’s against several international conventions; what Junkrat’s doing, certainly what(who) ever Roadhog is off doing(killing).

He’s backing you into the counter now, looming at full height already pealing off into breathy laughter at the way you shrink and shudder against the solid press of his chest and torso. His cock twitches against your stomach, smearing and tacky with his hands pinching and squeezing your hips and ass; down to the top of each thigh,

Junkrat lifts you with a soft, “Up you go,” you’re gasping and squeaking along with the shocks in his knee but only for a moment because he’s kissing you again; nipping and catching your lower lip. Attempting to open your mouth for him (isn’t that what he wants?), just gets you a bite; pinched between two canines and held there.

Tears fall whether you like it or not, you can almost feel it in your nose. Junkrat lets you go with a lick, lathing the sore spot like he didn’t just fucking do it himself. His dick is still pressed against you, still slipping in his spunk from earlier and catching on the rim of your hole; the blunt press of it and the weight have you panting and torn between the pain on your swollen lip and the other emptiness inside of you.

“One more pop in, I just gotta stick you and fill you up. Just be a tick I swear, then we’ll get you fed… See, it’s right over there.” Gesturing to the food less than two feet from where you are bare assed on the counter like it made a bit of difference.

‘What’s the word of a thief, murderer, and kidnapper? Do the other two balance out the ‘no honor
among theives’?"

It isn’t like it matters; you nod like it’s okay, Junkrat smiles at you again and licks his lips at the sight of your tear-stained reddened face. Your petulant agreement making it all the clearer that he’s already won before he’s started.

He shunts forward without any warning at all, like the gate’s dropped, and they’re off; the noise he forces out of you is guttural and foreign to your own ears, but he moans so loud at the sound it drowns you out almost completely.

Junkrat’s metal hand drags down your thigh, jerking you forward into his bony hips and lengthy cock until you his balls are slapping against you. It feels like he’s in your throat, past the point of pain again and pushing into something that drops your jaw open and locks it there until he withdraws again.

‘Hurry up and fuck me… I’m hungry and all this back and forth makes me woozy. Can’t survive on cum and fear…’

Damned if he didn’t seem determined to test that.

Junkrat’s thrusts are less rhythmic, harsher and lopsided. He’s favoring his peg leg, you find yourself hoping on some level he’s been rubbed raw by sand and his insistence on fucking you more than once in a day(greedy fuck). Junkrat is certainly the type of man to wring the life out of his toys and it’s no wonder he just blows them up instead.

Wheezing above you, he peers down into your face taking in the edge of discomfort at every extra push forward; Junkrat slides you back and forth in the fine layer of dust that seems to cover everything in this place. It’s sticking to your sweat, his sweat dripping onto you from his tensed shoulders and arms curled around to keep you from shying away.

His thrusts are more and more like him using you to rub one out, as his hands tighten on your thighs to grip them and move you over his cock faster and faster. It feels good, despite everything; the ridge along the head of his cock grinding harshly against something that is fan-fucking-tastic.

“That’s the way Love, fucking tight and you’re so wet, oh fuck…” That last bit comes out of him like it’s been punched. Junkrat lowers his head along the line of your throat and shoulder, peppering it with kisses before latching onto the base of your throat, adjacent to your heart.

His bite pattern is a familiar feeling by now; ghosting along your over sensitized skin until he finds his mark. He’s barely pulling out at all now, preferring to watch you squirm against his length and with nowhere to go.

“Mmm…” The noise of displeasure vibrates into his mouth before you can stop it, but you feel him smile against your skin anyway and push even deeper(just to get arise out of you). His cock feels bigger than it did before and you don’t know if it’s possible or if you’re just that swollen and raw and fucked out. Junkrat’s cum is still dripping, pushed out around his cock and pulled back in with each readjustment of his angle.

You can tell he’s getting close. With his skin flushing pink from his ears down to his splotchy neck and chest he’s moaning against you with every shuddering push into your dripping hole.

“J-Just a bit, ah, more. Just a bit more, Pet. You’re so good, so fucking wet and sloppy. Oh, perfect.” With the way he’s sucking at your neck and holding you this could nearly be romantic; a passionate embrace in the kitchen. But the rapidly cooling pan next to you, the sun dappling you both through the holes in the roof, and the hunger pangs bring you back to the real world.
The shock of it brings you closer to orgasm(that’s it) that tension in your gut going all the way down your spread thighs; they’re shaking up against Junkrat’s ribcage. He feels it and one of his hands grabs your calf, stretching it up, up to brace against his shoulder; cock spearing you and splitting you open while you moan and grunt filling up the stuffy acrid air with sound instead of dust.

Junkrat drools and moans into the hollow of your throat suddenly; but he doesn’t quit moving, he’s fucking you through his orgasm and forcing you down onto the base of his dick. He’s arching and grinding against your hips too; a delicious pressure complimenting the way he pushes you apart on the inside, and that’s what does it.

You come around his twitching, red, cock with a silent gasp and your mouth hung open in equal measures awe and indignation. More and more cum is pumping it’s way into your hole and with your clenching it feels amazing; heavy and full and something so very right.

“You’re a real treat, Pet…Pick of the litter, it wasn’t even a competition. None of those worthless Easties. Spoiled little shits.” Junkrat’s off on a tear about people not like us; the way he says ‘us’ makes your face heat up even more, and you run a hand down your cheek to wipe away the sweat and tracks of old tears.

The touch of your own hand is shaky and unfocused with a lack of energy, the thought makes you lightheaded.

“Time for some grub. Can’t have you wasting away on us, gotta… Heheh, keep up your energy. Lots to do…” Junkrat moves away, wipes some of the cum off of his softening cock with one hand before smearing it on a leg. Lifting the wooden spoon and filling it with beans minutely he motions for you to scoot closer.

‘Are you fucking kidding me?’ Of course.

“Gotta feed you, no sass. You-“ he points the spoon at you for effect, and you wish you had the wherewithal to slap it out of his filthy hands, “can’t be trusted. Not yet, gotta prove it to us. Can’t have you having the run of the place; might hurt yourself.”

‘More than you’ve already done. In a way that didn’t make you chub up, god forbid.’

“So open wide!” Junkrat tips the spoon forward and pours the first still slightly warm gulp down into your gullet and it’s almost the best thing you’ve ever tasted. You barely even chew.

The warm sliding feeling in your mouth makes you remember the spunk pooling underneath you on the counter, you remember he just fucked you.

Junkrat gives you another bite, bigger this time; and your aching hole didn’t seem to matter that much anymore. The bites come faster and faster. Until there’s nothing left and you’re still perched on the counter watching Junkrat clear out the bottom of the pot with his finger and slurping like a dog. He doesn’t look at you while he does it; the laser like intensity off of you and focused(for the first time you’ve seen) on self-preservation.

The pot is almost bare by the time he’s done. Junkrat’s back at your side, so close you feel the tickle of the blonde hairs along his upper arms when he breathes out. He puffs up like a bird, running a hand through his yellow hair and rubbing the back of his neck in a way he must think is nonchalant.

It isn’t his movement, something he learned from watching other men; who don’t live in a dusty hovel, who don’t steal and kill for a living, men with faces you see in movies with square jaws and normal lives. It’s sick to watch; the copy of a characature, a life he’s never lived and an ease he’d
never truly understand when he had already been hungry for too long.

You barely hear him when he clears his throat, a quiet ‘ahem’; nearly silent compared to how you had both been not a half an hour before, sweaty and desperate against one another.

"He'll be back tonight. Gotta get you all ready and dolled up for him... Roadhog's brought a whole haul back, just for ya."

Junkrat is beaming down at you and with your full stomach you're beginning to comprehend what he's telling you.

His hands are all over the purple-mottled skin of the left shoulder, then your right. Junkrat's clever digits probing and pressing; an insect specimen caught in a jar, he's determined to catalogue every inch of your frame. Running the pads of his fingers over your skin gives his movements a certain weight, deliberation and care. Burdened with something you couldn't understand; not just yet.

The air feels alight with energy, humming the way it often could with a dust devil; crackling and popping with static electricity, just built up from air and dust rubbed in on itself. But for you, it's like you're holding a live wire.

"He's coming back tonight. Roadhog will be here soon and he's brought gifts and trinkets for me(because he missed me)."

You don't think about who had to die for it; how many bodies you'll have laid at your feet and who they are(were).

Junkrat catches your smile; a private affair, turned away from the questioning amber of his eyes and directed squarely to the floorboards.

He draws back like he's just remembered something, fast as if he was burnt but he still gropes for you in the empty air.

"Think it's high time for you to match us love." Junkrat says it away from you, saunters into the spotting of afternoon sun and arching his back in a surprising show of flexibility.

There's a 'pop' that makes you wince but the happy rumble Junkrat's let out relaxes you. His hand is stretched out to motion for you again; and of course you slide off the counter then and there to go to him.

'Roadhog will be back soon and he'll want me to look nice.' There weren't any mirrors in the house, but you knew damn well you looked every inch like you had been fucked within an inch of your life, not once but twice.

Junkrat isn't taking you to the bedroom, turning to face a different side of the hall entirely; he leads you into a room radically different than the others in the house.

The sunset shines in through a window long ago broken out, but some bars do the trick just as well and there is a fading silk scarf blocking out the harshest rays; a vanity sits in the spot of sun with a real mirror and several bottles of perfume and nail polish lined up like soldiers.

Junkrat stands in the corner; out of the sun and in your peripheral, watching you struggle to breathe and running your fingertips over the smooth dark wood.

"Sit down Pet, black only. That's the rules. Can't let those lovely hands getting wore out, got us a topcoat. Just for you..."

'Don't want to say thank you, but too bad. He did cook those beans up though...' It's too much to
keep it all straight in your head, who did what and why.

Someone a long time ago had asked you 'why, ask why'

Sitting here in the sun with the stink of acetone cutting through the air you still don't know; but you know for sure the knowledge you used before, all that rubbish that you worried about doesn't matter.

Junkrat seems content to watch you, silent and calm for once almost peaceful if not for the directness of his eyes; drinking in your brush strokes.

You don't ask why anymore, but you watch him watching you. There's a question in his eyes too and Junkrat looks at you like you're the answer.

'Shit!'

The brush drips onto your cuticle instead; running under your nail bed like a puddle of oil.

"Why'd you go and do that, Pet? Let's clean it up..."

'Maybe there isn't a reason why any of this happens' The thought seems right at home with the way Junkrat's towling off the excess and throwing it on the floor behind him.

It seemed right to stop asking.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

this was the only thing keeping me going S2G. work is in the pits rn...

'Sitting this way; I’m cramping something awful. Almost unbearable…' You chuckle to no one in particular, foggy and straining to stay awake with the past few hours having taken a toll. Fuzzy darkness moves into the edges of your vision like a miasma. Junkrat forcing you to motionlessness, at attention and chained up like a fucking hound he’s sat on the couch told to sit cross legged.

'Least I got a new thing to wear. Some huge shirt and it's definitely Roadhog’s, bet he'll like seeing that. It's older than I am, soft like butter and maybe I can read newspaper through it.'

There is no sound in the shack, save for your own deep breaths(getting deeper and slower all the time); even the howl of the wind seemed to die, everyone is waiting and,

The term ‘criss-cross applesauce’ hits you,

'Damned if wouldn’t kill for some applesauce now…'

It’s like a shot goes off in the room but you know there’s no guns here; blinking rapidly the pinging impact is replaying itself over again in your head. A tin mug rolls until its handle clatters around the newest dig out of the worn wooden floor. One of many, there’s too many to count but whatever old growth timber had lent itself was still sturdy enough to take it's larger than life inhabitants walking the floor.

Junkrat’s bicep still twitches with residual energy, he’s yelling now, not at you(thank god)

“Goddamn creeping crawlies-!” Almost positive that isn’t how it goes. You look where he’s glaring; a bloated fly is buzzing lazily over the mug, not interested in one more empty thing in this shit heap.

Roadhog still isn’t back yet.

“Roadhog’s late, right?” It bubbles it of you so soft ands sudden that most of your query turns into nothing but inflection. Your voice even sounds fucked out and useless. Junkrat grunts and he’s heard something of it; however, looking at his eyes you wouldn’t know it, sightless and still fixed on the floor. His teeth chatter open and hiss in air; wheezing and croaking out,

“What’d give you that idea?” His arm straightens to his side, still nothing but jumping sinew. Your eyes watch the blur of his outline in the darkness while he breathes out; shaking and rolling his shoulders echoing his spent energy not one minute later, like a snake eating its own tail,

“It’s true… Lovey, what gave me away, I’m curious.”

Junkrat’s eyes meets your own(finally?), sweeping his gaze up and it looks almost plucked out, empty or hollow, and the plugs been pulled.
‘Lights are on but nobody is home… Roadhog’s gone. He’s gone and Junkrat is going postal; now he’s trying to trick me, turn all this back onto me.’

He’s only across the room but it feels insurmountably huge and wide with the cold night air leeching your heat; almost enough to miss his warmth.

No one is moving again and the fly lands atop your thigh at the same moment you find a suitable answer,

“You looked sad just then. I know you miss him.” Technically it is the truth, and that steadies your voice while you attempt to shoo the insect away with a rain of light slaps; the sound thankfully doesn’t seem to carry. Subtly adjusting your spine and arching this way and that away from the fly, aches, and all over bone deep tired. It's enough he hears the rattling and clanging the lead nearly to the mount in the hall.

Junkrat only shivering distantly at the noise you're making, apparent what hearing he still possess is aimed squarely away from you.

Attempting to open your lungs and oxygenate your mind,

‘Get off of me and out of here. I haven’t died yet.’ You were still even a touch pink from the recent sun and rough fucking. Waiting for Junkrat to speak again, you’re considering the life of a fly who couldn’t tell living from dead; danger from safety, and it feels a bit too appropriate. Some pitiful creature skulking about testing every surface out in the open. Desperate to eat, or desperate to use it's twenty four precious hours.

‘Don’t think bugs know about situational awareness…’

“Ha, got me there. Even a guy like myself can’t help but miss his best mate, partner in crime and all that rot.” He’s smiling again but none of it reaches his eyes even as he says, “Big guy will be back in no time, should be hurrying that big arse up and quit showing off... Supplies looked fine.”

You aren’t sure if he’s telling you this to comfort you or if he’s trying to prove a point to Roadhog(who isn’t even here), so you’re nodding in a way that you hope confirms whatever is likely to calm him. He’s got his left ear angled towards the door, listening for the bike or some other signal; but his eyes remain on you.

The way his gaze softens on you makes you shudder but the tension draining out of your own limbs sympathetically can’t be denied either. So you acknowledge neither of them; and when he crooks a finger, beckoning, you don’t think about that either.

Not your legs moving, not the way your heart is leaping almost drowning out the scraping chain, and certainly not the way he tucks you to his chest and under his arm. One of your hands rests on his forearm, tracing out radial veins while your other creeps towards your own navel.

‘Am I keeping his hand away now or remembering it earlier?’

There’s still a fly where you had been before but it doesn’t get any closer, preferring to wheel in elliptical patterns up to the crossbeams; you feel bumps of long healed scar tissue under your palm you think of how Junkrat is here(and whoever left that kiss of a bullet hole on his forearm certainly isn't anymore),

‘Does it realize I’m alive? The living, breathing, and fighting way; or does it know a bigger opportunist than itself already already has his grip?’
Nature has certainly taken it's course with your shaggy hair; days and weeks, now turned to a month(more?). Junkrat's still waiting stock still, but his dirty fingers find their way onto your scalp. He's firm, pushing and rolling down to your neck and the pressure isn't even annoying.

Tonight you were grateful for however he decided to touch you; with clever fingertips chasing away tension you hadn't yet noticed settling in your head.

Every darkened corner of the house seems to writhe and twist like bodies shining with motor oil; it takes several shuddering breaths until they vanish, another symptom of sleep deprivation manifesting itself and finally weakening you that much more. Junkrat's massage is going faster and jerkier by the second when he intones, almost kind,

"Shaking like a leaf now, Pet. Luckily, I know just the thing." He turns you both from the door(that's that, folks) but with each step forward your lead slackens until you step over it while Junkrat rubs the tops of your arms and shoulders excitedly.

It burns and chafes every bit as much as it used to in grade-school. This isn't the school yard but the can he finds under the table has you giggling and beaming at his clenched fist with your own sore body suddenly forgotten.

'For the first time both sides of the food chain can share a smile.'

Junkrat presses on the back of it again, but this time your chapped lips form a perfect 'o' around the other end. Locking eyes with him when you hear that tell-tale 'hiss' brings everything else out of focus.

When you make it back to Earth the whole room's in sepia tones; from the wheat blonde of Junkrat's hair, amber eyes, and down to his sun kissed shoulders. A golden mist still trails from your own parted lips.

Through heavily lidded eyes you watch him close his own to kiss you, puffing away the last of the hogdrogen. His mouth is stale, but the sweet taste of gas covers it so completely and, oh,

Kissing Junkrat feels so good through the adrenaline laced loop of your addled brain you don't hear the sound of an engine echoing up the riverbed.

He's humming into you, a tuneless melody around him forgetting to breathe and huffing excitedly into your mouth. It crescendos when he pulls away with an audible 'smack' and unhappy groan on your part; he's shaking so hard that you sway side-to-side with him. The odd dance is silent and he already has your leash off again, piled up and pushed nearest one corner of the couch. Your eyes are still following his mouth when it forms around the words,

"Hear him, Love? 'And I heard a noise, like thunder.' "

Suddenly rapt now, you're listening to something calming and familiar; it feels like sun drenched stained glass windows and the smell of leather and food.

'Almost like coming home... You aren't home though, and you're never going back. No one will ever know.'

Junkrat's still prattling on, shifting his weight and staring into you with fire in his eyes again.

"One of them four beasts said, 'come and see! And behold' " He's pushing you to the front of the
shack, one tingling foot in front of the other; steering you to the door and all the locks are undone completely like it's nothing new.

Junkrat adjusts his grip to hold both of your wrists easily, still driving you quickly forward; his other hand pressed to your side and belly then, to the doorknob. He's quick and quiet when he wants to be (you remember, or rather you don't remember seeing him often enough and that's the problem) because you both pass into the shadows of the sunken porch silent as ghosts,

'Did he catch the screen with his peg? I can't hear anything and I can't see because it's so dark out here with no buildings. There's so many stars out there...'

The air outside makes every limb of your own breakout in gooseflesh, despite Junkrat's hold on you; behind your hair he's whooping and hollering up the canyon too. Wild and happy yourself at the prospect of the outside twice in one day. Wait, it's not the same day anymore,

'It's cold as hell. But I'm outside...'

It begins with a gurgle of laughter, foreign to your ears at first, and damned if that doesn't make you louder too. You're laughing against the night wind, melding with Junkrat's noisy racket like a couple of wild dogs.

He's hot against your back, breathless you can feel one of his hands over your throat now and splaying his palm up to your chin. Head tilting backwards until you're looking almost straight up to look at him,

"And it's name it said on him was death, and Hell followed with him; not in this case though I mean... Haha, I'm here after all, Love."

Junkrat's mouth opens with what you assume is laughter; the bike is so close now you can't hear him anymore. You're dizzy with memories, drugs, and a twisted sort of excitement,

'Roadhog's almost here, maybe he's brought me something nice... But what will he want in return.'

The thought doesn't scare you (that should scare you), but the glow of a headlight illuminates the area around you while Junkrat grabs your chin and forces you to look dead ahead.

Roadhog pulls into the yard and off to the right, the side car is heavy with something that he's tarped over. He doesn't waste time or gas killing the engine and lights respectively.

Junkrat's standing straight over you when he calls to him,

"About fucking time, Mate... Could've worried me if I didn't have our Little Pet to keep me occupied!"

He pinches your ass, and you yelp but get the message,

"Hello Roadhog, it's really... um, it's good to see you." Your eyes follow his dismount off the bike but Roadhog seems to be gesturing to Junkrat and grunting out,

"Had to stop at the servo and bottle-o... Thanks to you. Also wanted to pick out something nice for our Little Love, they deserve it from the state of them, maybe a biccy or a bit of chocolate. You're an animal, Mate."

Roadhog gives you a once over on his way up to the door. His own arms full of something crudely wrapped in brown package paper and tied with twine in a surprisingly impeccable bow.
His massive hand pats Junkrat's head and pushes him down, just a bit before it comes to you and lingers on your head before pulling your shoulder and bicep,

"Don't want our Pet out here like this... It's too cold."

Roadhog plucks you up by the back of your shirt and away from Junkrat as he passes, doesn't even have to break stride to do it.

"HEY- What's the idea?" Junkrat's asking his retreating, back. Roadhog stops in the door way and you feel his forearm braced under you tense and then relax again, hotter than you remembered and so much bigger too,

'That's the drugs talking, he's the same size as the night before... I'm giddy from that hit too.'

Roadhog’s baritone tickles against your back and side and you're plucking at his vest,

"Don't know where you want all that scrap anyway. It's all what you wanted and then some. Doubled up on lube and meds, made an executive decision... You move it."

You're jarred slightly at the wobble of Roadhog scraping his boots on the doorframe, grunting out,

"I been sweating in that seat for hours. Think from the state of this little one too that we both earned a rest, heheheh..."

Junkrat's muttering for a few seconds to himself(possibly weighing his options) before you hear over Roadhog's meaty shoulder,

"Sure, sure, go give 'em a once over... Got my fill, haha! Not the only one I suspect still full..."

The joke isn't lost on you, from the flush coloring your cheeks and knitting your brows like this is just kidding around and that this is all okay; Roadhog is looking at you and tilting the mask's snout towards you. Chuckling low in his chest when you smile dazedly up at him.

It's almost too easy to feel grateful when Roadhog steps inside and doesn't waste any time crossing the room to put you gently, like something precious on the couch along with the package he held in his other arm.

You giggle when he takes the shirt you were in with him and wipes his hands like it's a rag and fast as though it's offending him. Obvious the sight of you clothed isn't what he wants. He's backing away from you like he's memorizing you're face right now, and you preen under the dim lights.

Until the sound of his heel knocking over your coil of chain cuts through the air, a cacophony to your overstimulated ears. A moment of understanding and lucidity surfaces in your mind,

'He's gonna chain me up. That's all this is about... As if I could run.'

Roadhog is back in front of you and tipping your shoulders forward enough your sweaty forehead rests against his massive thigh, enough so he can lock you about the waist again. His hand hovering over your spine longer than necessary when he tells you,

"Don't like Rat setting you lose like that. You're faster than he is, even if he's too proud to admit it. Tricks and traps won't work on you forever; I prefer something more solid."

Your face is pressed against the stiffened material of his dungarees, sliding in dust and sweat. He's yanking you up straighter until the tip of your nose is crammed into his musky fly, reeking like
sweat, gasoline and maybe a touch of dried cum.

'Guh, feels like you've missed me... I can feel you throbbing through your pants.'

"Come on, let's get you in the bedroom now. I want a show... I brought you your wardrobe for this evening. Missed you, Love."

Roadhog yanks your lead again, scraping your already tender and bitten nipples across his thighs and up farther still; locking your nose into the button of his fly and under his warm gut.

Your face is red with shame and anger but the only thing that comes out of you is a whimper of submission, when you feel another yank it quickly peters into a;

"Aaah, I-ugh... I missed you too Roadhog." It doesn't stick as easily in your throat as you originally believed it would, after all it was mostly true. His protection was sorely missed in the middle of absolute nowhere and nobody. Roadhog fed everyone and kept the shack in what passed for order. There had been plenty to moon over.

You didn't miss this. His inescapable greed and ability to procure or overpower everything he wants.

'Even people... Especially people, he's good at getting what he wants from people. But he won't let anything happen to me, nothing he won't do himself or let Junkrat do.'

Roadhog moves one of his hands down in front of you, pushing his dry knuckles against your bruised lips to finesse his fly open; with a huff of air your mouth opens and gapes like a fish against the exposed flesh. He pulls you straight back and away from his cock, you're not staring crosseyed into his pubes anymore but pulled away to look at what you're working with and,

'Oh fuck, oh shit, oh no. Junkrat was nothing, fuck anyone... Anything. No body can hold a candle to it. Not even one of those church column candles, haha. I am not a professional and I am not qualified...'

Roadhog sees all of this cross your face, uninhibited by the hogdrogen(not to mention lack of sleep) and he laughs at you; squaring his shoulders and shimmying his pants lower on his hips and open to free himself fully,

"Go on Love, give me a squeeze. I wanna feel your hands first; I know you can warm a man up, and I've been through a hell of a gauntlet for all this. Don't want to be leaving your side for a while..."

His cock is only half hard now, worked out through his fly and twitching in the open air; both sets of your fingers lacing absently over the top to circle it...

'Wow... Ugh, holy fuck. This isn't happening. I can't do this... But I know that I need to work with it because there's no choice.'

Your hands squeeze and pump around Roadhog's cock and his grunting is loud enough to even fill you with something resembling confidence. Hands speed up and down with the space between your thumbs still uncovered.

Your face moves forward to puff hot air over his slick glans, now partially exposed from his dusky foreskin. The head of Roadhog's cock is every bit as thick as the rest of him, it's unreal along the curve of your bottom lip.

When you open your mouth and hope he won't just shove forward and break you right here and now, get carried away,
'Crime of passion... They'd just bury me in the yard and be done with it. But Junkrat said I was different, I was special. Roadhog wouldn't have brought me a present if he didn't want me...'

Pre cum beads on the slit of his dick and you lathe it away with a broken sound and it sounds like there's an echo in the house but, no that's Roadhog groaning too. You keep at it licking and kissing along the warm velvet feeling on the crown while your hands squeeze and massage his massive shaft.

Pumping him from base to almost tip feels like it takes an absolute eternity, but the sound he makes at your tenacity to try makes it worth it. He's shaking above you, sweating and groaning with the lenses of his mask fogged and glistening with every push into your fingers.

"Good Pet... You did miss me didn't you? Don't worry, this is just a warm up. Wanted to see your face when you got ahold of it. Junkrat's got an impressive bit of kit that's for sure but... Well." Roadhog doesn't need to finish the statement, or he can't; he's dissolved into wheezing chuckles punctuated by a push of his hips and a sudden glob of pre cum on your tongue.

Your head is swimming, and each shaky breath you take through your nose around the tip of his dick just isn't enough. It feels like you're spinning, all of your limbs tingle like they've touched a bug zapper.

Roadhog's cock throbs between your fingers; a warning even on this kind of a scale, so you moan out loud again for him, pulling back with a drool smeared pout to rewet your lips. From the way he pulls at your hair, gentle as he could manage(those hands were something else) its what he wants to see.

"Look up at me Sweetheart, I want to see you covered in cum... Bet Rat just stuffed you. Didn't bother with anything else, the idiot. His loss. You look like such a whore right now, waiting for my load down there; it's where you belong..."

The last part is ground out low as thunder and you hear yourself wail in agreement, the first hot splash of come covers your forehead and right eye. The next two settling across your nose and cheek.

He covers both of your hands with his own, aiming his cock into your open mouth.

'There's so much cum. I'm gonna drown... Focus, just swallow. Eugh, it's bitter...'

When he's drained out into your mouth and over your face and hair, you open one of your eyes in time to see him fish a handkerchief out of his pocket. The worn cotton clears away your eye and nose, then brushes against your chin.

You open your eyes when he says,

"The rest of it looks good on you... Thanks. That was a nice welcome back, I can't deny it put a bit of speed on the drive. Come on though, I'm not done with you yet."

Roadhog ushers your messy body off of the couch to stand in front of him, pointed towards the hallway. One of your arms on reflex raises to wipe another rope of cum off your face, but it's caught by his hand and he doesn't look at you when he growls out,

"Leave. It. I'm not asking. Get back there and unwrap your present. I want to see you and I know you're tougher than you look; sure as anything you'll want to cum and I know I've got another round in me."
The flies are long gone when you both pass through the living room and towards the back of the house, the lead folding over on itself and dragging like a funeral dirge until Roadhog bends behind you with a huff to grasp it easily.

Your feet seem to know what to do, and so does your mouth apparently.

It doesn’t make you feel sick when you’re in the hall with his body taking up the only exit.

It isn’t like you were naive enough to try anything now. Roadhog had a plan for you, and that was enough for right now; through the haze of hogdrogen and the smell of cum.

It’s enough.
Elbow deep in stiff, unbleached paper it occurs to you that this is the first present someone has bothered to get you in a very long time. The knowledge settles somewhere between resignation and humiliation; there's nothing fake about the dopey smile you're giving the newly unwrapped package.

People had warned you about West Sydney; the city is a lonely place they'd said, impersonal. They had been wrong. Or rather they had no idea how personal the big, bad city could be; not that you did either (until quite recently).

There's a spot of blood on some of the paper; soaked through four layers. A small smear of grime is the only other clue that this isn't a normal present a man could bring home. Roadhog wrapped it himself, he must have considering the lack of gift services in the middle of fuck-all-nowhere. Light perfume wafting off the paper is familiar somehow, but it's hard to smell anything past your own sweat and the stale scent of sex still present from earlier.

"From Junkrat first, and second too... And now?" Cum is still cooling on your naked body but you're still blessedly warm with Roadhog standing close behind you, close enough you can't step back. So you peel back layer after layer, faster and faster until your newly black varnished fingertips dig to the bottom. The feel of synthetic fleece is unmistakable, as is the flush of pleasant surprise across your cheeks.

"Cozier than I thought. Expected some kind of leather harness-thing knowing these two(you don't know them though).... Wait is it-?"

"A uh, kigu... Er, kigurumi. Thanks, it looks warm?" You shake out the garment and hold it against you, reveling in the slide of fabric and flashing of Roadhog's lenses as he tips his head down to look.

"Yeah, try it on. Should fit you fine... Long enough at least." The way he says it has you breaking out into gooseflesh; wrestling the kigurumi on with no more hesitation. Eager to banish the sudden sensation of cold that had nothing to do with temperature. The onsie itself is a dusky, pale pink with large white buttons, a wide and roomy hood as well completed by two soft round ears and a small tail. Roadhog's rough hands smooth over the soft material, pressing and outlining the curve of your body; rubbing thoughtfully over your belly and chest.

"You make a cute teddy. Hmph, it'll do for now. Go lay down and undo the bottom buttons, I wanna see what's the damage on your parts; what with being alone with Rat..."

Only slightly bowlegged now, clambering up to the bed is quick work while Roadhog turns on smaller hand size(for him) lantern.
'Hope with that light you get my good side... Welcome home I guess, weirdo. What's the point of this? He just wants to look because he can, because he knows it's embarrassing.' The thought of Roadhog doing this to simply humiliate you doesn't sit right. It's too much effort and it's too damned special.

Your feet are planted shoulder width apart(and then some) causing a slight ache in your hip joints; to accomodate Roadhog's large frame. His hot palm snaking to grip the softness of your inner thigh to tip your knees out towards the walls. You're shivering and shaking even though it's fairly warm with the hood up and buttoned from your navel to your neck. Exhaling in unison on the bed makes the whole room seem smaller(but Roadhog had that effect on everything); both of you seem to be moving through honey, slow and careful. The world outside the room having fallen away, good as if Junkrat had hauled off and decided to blow the place all to hell.

When you feel the pads of his fingers against you; pulling you apart and slightly open he's more gentle than you thought he would be. The warning prickle of hot tears has you tipping your head away from him and staring into the single swaying bulb above you both.

Until you hear the clasps of his mask and hear Roadhog dragging in breath after breath without the rattling of filters afterwards. You're unsure if he's taken it off completely or merely adjusted it, finding yourself too frightened to look until you hear him ask,

"Look at me, Pet." Staring past the plush line of your own body and blinking away the image of the bulb already preserved behind your eyelids.

'You heard him... Don't scream or do anything that might make him angry; Junkrat's one thing, could maybe get a good lick in before he throttled me... But Roadhog wouldn't even notice if I gave it everything I had, not that I have much.'

Once your pupils adjust and focus you see the mask is off, not only that but Roadhog's silver hair is down too and you barely recognize the stubbled man in front of you.

'You don't recognize him. Never seen his face until now, might be the only one who's seen it aside from Junkrat.'

He isn't what you expected; with large, almond-shaped wide-set eyes and a crooked pug nose almost squashed into his thick, smirking lips and underbite, though the lower half of his face and soft jawline are scarred like he's been burned a long time ago. Roadhog's eyes are lighter than you thought, almost cold in comparison to his partner's and unimaginably green. The color of ethylene glycol, but you never knew the word before Junkrat told you the difference between 'inorganic' and 'organic acid technology'. Once(a lifetime ago) you'd seen it spilled out in the lot near your building; by the end of your shift there was cat was laid on it's side, dead and still next to a green puddle.

You've heard the stuff is so sweet, animals drink it willingly.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue, Love?" He's chuckling at the way you're frozen beneath him(like the cat in your parking lot), like he won't notice you.

"You're um- that is, I mean not what I..." There's no way to tell him he's better looking than you thought he would be. You had expected a monster under there.

When he rubs along your swollen hole with a fingertip, pushing in and twirling everything all ready inside you it's not monstrous at all. Maybe a bit of an aching stretch at first when he rumbles from between your thighs,
"Gotta remind Rat to quit rubbing himself off three times a day. No fucking point if there's no swimmers left." It feels like the bottom of your stomach falls out when he says it; fear and denial coiling tight against your ribcage, the rest of your body is pleasantly, maddeningly warm.

Roadhog drags his thumb across the rim of your hole, smoothing and massaging tight little circles. His thrusting motions gets even faster thanks to Junkrat's cum squelching out around his ministrations. You quake against him when he bottoms out his index finger deep inside and (of course that's when he lets up) growling,

"You did miss me didn't you...? S'cute. Such a little slut, I can feel you clenching. Know I fuckin' missed you."

You're stunned when he leans his face down to swipe his tongue around that knuckle opening you up. Roadhog hums happily and you hear him inhale with his nose so close, your center feels the rush of air. His wide finger working in and out of faster with the added wetness of his tongue and the way it had you relaxing even more into him. His thumb still rubbing firmly into the rim of you when a second finger curls against your backside, pressing alongside the other crooking and rubbing your insides.

The kigu makes it difficult to move much at all, aside from where he has your legs and crotch exposed and stuffed full it's almost impossible to wiggle your arms past the elbow or scoot yourself away.

Not that you would think about it now, and Roadhog's second digit pops inside of you with a groan from him and loud yelp from you.

'Just two fingers and I'm gonna... I think I could come from this. Oh, fuck he's good with his tongue too.'

Your head gets thrown back into the hood when he laps up and down with the pumping of his fingers, there's a slurping, wet sound coming from where he's ducked down between your shuddering thighs. The way Roadhog eats you like he's been starving for days sends a shock to your gut; he's suckling around where you stop and his own fingers start.

The pace of his fingers angles deeper into you, pushing your pelvis into the mattress with the force and speed. It locks your mouth open and gasping to the ceiling again but you're far from soundless now. Keening and chanting a mix of 'please' and 'oh, oh, yes' while he scissors you open around his digits, legs falling impossibly wide now but he isn't holding them any more.

One last lathe to your hole and that's it. You feel weightless and the spasming just makes the pressing tip of his tongue that much better.

Toes curling into the worn blanket you cum hard enough the world is spinning slightly. Your throat is itchy from using it so much and so suddenly, but you're swallowing back drool when you squeak out a thanks.

When he leans back to roll his shoulders and shake out his hands lightly, you see the sheen of wetness running from his stubbled, scarred cheeks down to his chin.

Those green eyes focused on you when he teases, " Like what you see?" It's ridiculous but you swear he's flexing his biceps a bit in the lantern-light. Smiling at the thought, it strikes you how silly you look right now.

'Already won over by the first proper orgasm. He's good though; should be for an older guy... No
"Uh-yeah, no. I mean... Thanks for that. Felt amazing, I've never had someone get me off that way before."

Roadhog snorts at you then, " Your high school sweethearts and office jockey flings ain't half the man I am." Wiping his mouth off he looks at you again, eyeing your soft, pliable chest "Unbutton the rest of it, if you're cold put the hood up; I'm not done with you yet, know you've got another round in you, Pet. And besides, I've waited long enough to get you like this."

Without the mask his voice still sounds smoky; it's surprising(and seductive?) as it is resonating and deep. It sends another throb of arousal between your legs to watch him inhaling your scent deeply off his fingers.

He's drumming his fingers along the sides of his shaft and removing what's left of any clothing; his vest and gloves flung in a heap at the edge of the bed and pooling his blue dungarees on the sunken floor.

Your kigurumi is wide open, nipples hardening in the open air when he climbs on the bed to join you; sitting propped up against the padded headboard rudely nailed to the wall and lacing fingers over the soft rise-and-fall of his belly.

" Feels good to lie down. Fucking finally... Come on, get on my arm." Unfurling his arms and smirking has the desired effect(you can only guess) because you're there in a second; leaning into his chest and shoulder. His hand rubs up and down your shoulder through the fleece.

Tucked into the crook of his arm eerily similar to how you first came into this particular safe house.

You shudder away from the sensation of memories cutting through the afterglow, which happens to be further into his embrace. Whimpering to no one, but Roadhog hears you anyway and laughs low in his chest,

" Shhh, don't worry. I'll take care of you, Lovely. Gonna get good and lubed up before I have you riding me... I'm not an idiot."

His other hand slowly pumps his hard cock and you're mesmerized watching the huge, gleaming dribble of pre-cum traveling down the spongy head and glans.

' Stop fucking drooling. It isn't that impressive...'

Before you can stop it, you're reaching to smear a fingertip into the wet slit. He groans and pushes into your light caress; sighing with satisfaction when you palm over the entire crown of his cock.

" Mmm, good Little Pet... And so soft," to make a point he releases your shoulder to snake under your arm entirely; sliding his hot palm across your sternum and tweaking one of your nipples with his fingers. " So hungry for my cock, too. Don't bother to deny it... I know you like touching me. Can't stop looking at your hand around it. You're hands feel so good, like they were made to wrap around my pecker."

" Y-yes..." Willing yourself not to cry, even if it's true the humiliation isn't any more pleasant. Still your fingers are curling around his throbbing length(trying to, with one hand) and feeling him get impossibly bigger.

" 'Yes'... Yes, what and who? " He's growling at you like an animal, but he expects a polite answer from you clearly.
Dirty old man." "Yes-um my h-hands were made for your cock, Sir?" Attempting to steady your voice out of any upwards inflection felt stupid, but you knew from the way he pinched your nipple that it was the right answer.

Roadhog releases the base of his dick to fish under the pillows for some lubricant, you tap the thick vein on the underside of his cock minutely with every beat of his heart. When he turns to look at you there's something in his eyes that makes you feel like he's already inside of you.

The idea that he knew this would happen coils unhappily in your chest.

"He said he was looking forward to it, that it "put speed on".

" Lube it up and squat over me... Get some into yourself too." He pushes you off him; standing over him on the bed makes this feel almost even. Roadhog's hair is a thick curtain around his jaw and neck; he pushes one side behind his ear and he's breathing heavily when he tells you, "Can smell you from here, Pet. It's a good thing right now of course, but Rat could've hosed you off before I got here..."

'Bet you'd like that. All washed up and perfumed like I'm your lover, and you've come back from a trip.' The thought is bitter and it furrows your brows but you move to squat over the smooth, leaking head of his cock anyway. Dribbling a a small pool of lube into your hand to smooth it over the head and thick shaft. When the motion of your hand makes a wet noise over him he grunts in apparent satisfaction; licking his lips at you when he orders,

"Come on, spread yourself open first; want to see you gaping for me. Show me how fucked out you are... I want as many fingers in that hole as times Rat had you."

Embarrassment colors your entire face; for all Roadhog's chatter about how cute you are(sans bath) he's doing everything he can to make you puffy and splotchy with tears. Pulling the hood up around you only gets another chuckle while his massive hand strokes the side of your thigh.

You don't say anything when you bring down two fingers and they slide in like it's nothing, scissoring them open helps with the heavy ache of absence. Mouth open and his hot, rough palm against your legs, steadying you as lean onto your haunches for a better angle; You can't help asking,

"Can I put ah- can I please put another finger in, Sir?" The hope that he agrees must show in your eyes because he pinches the meat of your thigh softly and nods.

Three of your fingers in your dripping hole are enough to get you moaning loudly and quaking over Roadhog's large frame. Beneath you his cock is still leaking fat drops of pre-cum from the dusky, smooth head.

Spreading all of them into the wetness and stretching the rim of your hole felt like heaven, unconsciously tilting your pelvis forward and down. Roadhog shifts his hips up and you feel the first heavy press of his cockhead

Grinding down to meet it automatically makes you grip your teeth; all of this is exactly what he wants and how.

'It feels so goddamned good I don't even care... Roadhog knows what he's doing. Am I the first one he's had here?" The thought disturbs you, shaking your head to banish it has the round ears flopping too. Searching for his gaze, for something turns has his other hand steadying you and supporting most of your weight.

The sound that leaves your throat when you feel the head stretching your walls completely is loud
enough you don't hear anything else. Between the lube sliding down your thighs and the remains of Junkrat's cum the stretch is unfathomably fantastic.

"Oh, oh, oh... Mmm- motherfucker! Fuck, it's so good..." Drooling down your chin as you say it, watching the slow descent down a few more inches of his length. Flickering your gaze lets you know Roadhog is just as rapt to the sight; his hands readjusting their grip to your hips and under your ass.

Somewhere a seam gives and pops, but nobody stops. Another couple of grueling inches and he's pushing perfectly inside of you, spearing you wider and into the edge of breathlessness. Staring down at his heaving belly and the still exposed bottom portion of his erection drags a whine from the back of your throat. One of your hands settles softly over your lower stomach while the other grabs onto Roadhog's thumb, grunting and arching into your warm body he forces out,

"You can do it Pet, I know you can take my cock. Just drop yourself down..." He pulls your ass cheek apart and spreads your hole impossibly wider as if to make a point.

'No choice now. Just... Just a bit more. It's gonna take enough just to fuck the bottom of his dick.'

You had always heard that last step was a doozy, and it seemed applicable as he bottomed out inside of you; his steady hand bracing you and preventing you from shying away.

Grinding you onto his pelvis, he jerks you up and down on the base of his cock several times, each one drawing you off an inch more only to release you back down. He's grunting loudly and staring; You moan and wail under the intensity of those eyes along with the pressure in your gut,

"Ah- ah, s-s-so good. Your cock's so fucking big, oh god S'fantastic."

His gut pushes into your pelvic floor and puts pressure on everything surrounding his cock; your hips starting to stutter of their own accord, bucking and chasing the friction. The way he's spread you open and with every slow drag up you're getting closer to coming again.

"So fucking good, Love. Taking cock like you're made for this; look at that hole, you're so fucking soft, made for servicing me. No one else can open you up like I can..." Roadhog grinds out, his lip twitching at the broken guttural noise you make at the comment.

When the thick head of his cock emerges from your hole a string of wetness connects you both, it's obscene and the sight of it makes you throb in desperate want. His cock is red and almost every vein is standing out against his skin when he points it at your hole, voice hoarse with arousal,

"Beg for it, I want to hear you beg for my cock. Say it nice and I'll fuck you until you're full and and screaming. Let me hear you squeal, Pet..."

'Of course, of course you need me to beg pretty for you. Fuck...' What leaves you instead sounds like a breathless, "Please, Roadhog. F-fuck me... I need your cock. I wanna cum around it, uh-" You try to take a deep breath, "It's the biggest I've ever had and, oh, I-I-love the way you fit inside me. Please just fuck me..."

"Good-ugh! You. Fucking. Slut." Roadhog let's you drop completely down onto his cock, stars bursting behind your eyes when your ass hits his sack. He's so thick and long it feels like he's in your stomach and throat. Ghosting your palm over your navel you feel the swell of his cock pushing in and fucking you.

'Oh shit, I can feel him fucking me through my belly; feels like I'm gonna die but- So. fucking. Good...' It's that lump of his cock under your hand that sends you into the second orgasm of this
encounter. Shouting in pleasure and disbelief equally; loud enough you can hear Junkrat dropping something in the hall.

Not that you give a damn with Roadhog fucking and grinding through your shuddering release. Clenching tight around him like a vice you groan unhappily at the extra swell of blood your cries seem to encourage.

"That's it Pet, That's it... Let it all out. Coming like a whore just from a good ride. Just needed my cock didn't you, fucking earned it too... You look perfect like this. Needy and willing; just so fucking soft." Roadhog's rhythmic raising and lowering of your body starts to falter, his fingers start to dig bruises into the side of your hip(barely a tingle through endorphins) while he chews his own soft lower lip.

When you feel the first shot of cum you can't do anything but squirm. Groaning and shuddering beneath you Roadhog brings a shaking hand off your pelvis to paw at your chest, twisting your nipple to get one last desperate, over-sensitized gasp.

His cum is already oozing back out of you, no more room inside of you that wasn't currently taken up by his softening member. Taking the majority of your weight in one of his hands he pulls you off, rolling you to the crook of his arm.

You're exhausted and still twitchy from both orgasms, fingers twitching at your sides but unable to coordinate and move to the crux of your legs. Even the will to check any damage was impossible to muster.

Roadhog's heavy breathing slows to a soothing rhythm alongside his almost purr, "Get some rest, I can tell he hasn't let you sleep. You've done a great job...So far."

Without much more time you do sleep. Safer than you've felt in weeks and soaking in a puddle of spunk.

You don't dream.

~

Falling back into your body with a snort and a grunt befitting the man beside you is a surprise. Blinking into the grey twilight of the early morning before the sun is up makes it difficult to rise. Stretching out knots in your spine, twisting this way and that your toe bumps against the padded kevlar of Roadhog's vest.

The smell of perfume clings in the air nearly overpowering the stench of sex, something that had been familiar in it made your gut heave. It's all around you now; activated by your sweat soaking into the kigurumi, or maybe you're only just now noticing how much of it he used.

The rustle and clack of buttons, fasteners makes you flinch and freeze but nothing moves. Roadhog is still(by all appearances) asleep; but you're still nervous enough to shake even as you hook the garment and slide it up the blankets.

' Shouldn't be doing this. Touching his things like this without asking...' Resisting the urge to ask for direction softly, and letting sleeping Junkers lie instead when you hold it against your thudding heart. The vest is a sun faded black, solid and heavier than it looked; still musky from the long ride back to you and Junkrat.
‘One out of two ain’t bad... I guess.’
Unable to resist temptation a second time, pressing your nose into the lining and inhaling deeply.
Your fingertips digging into the lining that would be over his heart until-

‘What’s this lump? Feels like metal, an emergency shiv then? Only one way to know.’ Curiosity and
greed drive you to snap the thread as quietly as you can; exposing something long and solidly
grooved, but not particularly sharp at all-

It’s a key sewn into his vest. Modern and shining a bit in the low light, your fingers fall over the
points and valleys of the design three times before something clicks as badly fucking wrong.
Impossible.

‘This is- this was-’
It’s all so horrifically familiar, a little slice of the city followed you out here. Transported almost as
carefully as yourself. No one had ever warned you how personal West Sydney would be…

Your fist tightens around the key to your old apartment door, it's the one you used to carry(with the
pachimari topper) but it's got a clear ‘DO NOT DUPLICATE’ stamped across it evident through the
patina of wear around it.

‘It’s my old copy. Before I lost it...’
It’s like you’ve been splashed with water when the knowledge hits you, shocking and numb but
suddenly you’re home again with real, open windows blowing your body spray up into your nose. It
was cloying then too-

It takes everything you have not to scream, not to cry or try to run(to where?) so instead you’re biting
the tip of your tongue. Falling into a memory that’s almost like a dream-

Or a nightmare.

~

"I ain't nothing if some little, old distraction stumps me now." In the pitch dark Junkrat is spinning
like a top in front of you, admiring every angle up to the up to the night sky. Even scrapping away
some of the crumbling brickwork from the nearest alley wall.

This kind of behavior from a grown man would be comical in any other circumstances.

Trembling in the murk you watch him search for something in his pocket.

‘It looks like a small knife?’ While you remember how to breathe regularly; Junkrat's really getting
into it. A circular and deliberate pattern and while you're clueless to it's purpose, the artistry doesn't
escape you either. He's boring into one side of the alley, small pits at regular intervals worked easily
into the bricks with the pocket-knife he's using, no not a knife-

"M-my key?! How did you get that! I thought- I knew-!” You've forgotten yourself completely now,
voice getting tighter and higher with each familiar ridge you see pressed against his index finger.
Junkrat turns towards you(just as big and frightening as before, why couldn't you shut up?), smiling
at you in a way that makes your bladder spasm in fear.

He keeps stalking forward and you keep moving back until the wall presses against your sweating
back; it's almost welcome if not for the man in front of you.
Junkrat starts making a hole beside your cheek, says, "Don't move Love, using that ear of yours as a reference point..." Speaking over and through you, almost to the wall itself with a reverence in his practiced motions. "Gotta get us some time, gotta cause a diversion..." When he says it, the key dangles into your field of vision; so close it looks like nothing familiar.

You're smart enough to know reaching for it would be suicide. So you reach for answers instead, "Why... And how? Thought you said I wasn't part of the job. Thought it was supposed to be clean." You can't keep the bitterness out of the statement, can't help mocking him either. He doesn't seem to care or notice; Junkrat is focused on the network of pockmarks he's worked into the building itself.

"A magician never reveals his secrets; even to his lovely assistant," He trails the key down your sternum, hard. It scrubs against your skin and pushes cruelly into the soft spot under your belly button when he continues, "Speaking of, why don't you see what I've got in my pockets for you? A little 'spice' to liven up our first evening together..."

'He says it like this is a date... Like he's taking me for a good time after dinner.' Your eyes stare into his, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of looking away. Watching him watching you reach a shaking hand into the deep pockets of his baggy shorts. Your eyes flit down to the strip of flesh between his waistband and the strap of his hip canteen; hand curling around something dense and heavy, almost like a lump of clay.

'No wonder you're only a snag away from a wardrobe malfunction.' When he turns away to fiddle with more trash in the alley it almost occurs to you to run, but under his breath Junkrat is making sing-song sounds and coos when he finds enough scrap wood to fill his arms.

"That's semtex in your mitt, just gotta lash this together into a doorway... Don't gotta be pretty." Against one side of the alley he's already gotten the two sides of his project held parallel to one another, and with a jerk of his head you grab one of the 1X2' boards to lay between the two bases of the frame. Bracing each side against his shoulder free's his hands to dig into another pocket; there's two small tubes in his hands, the smell of epoxy burns your nostrils when he lays it along the seams.

"Any port in a storm. Can't be too proud..." Junkrat isn't speaking to you, but he's talking to the splintered wood under his metal hand. With a pop from his spine he straightens, almost under your nose and passing over you when he stretches to his full height. The last piece of wood completes the frame; standing in front of it with the lump of semtex in your hand makes you think of old Saturday morning cartoons.

He wordlessly grabs the explosive from your palm; packing it around the frame with a ruthless sort of efficiency incongruous with every other thing he'd done and said so far.

'With the exception of taking me. Very quick at that.'

Junkrat uses some on the other wall as well. No doorway, but you can only assume it's to close the way through. When his metal hand closes around your forearm like a vice, dragging you back the way you came until he's satisfied; ducking behind a dumpster and cramming you into the corner with his lanky body. Mouthing at you through the unimaginable stink of garbage and tang of his sweat,

"-Said plug your ears. Unless you want this to be the last thing you ever hear..." You're surprised when you stuff your digits in your ears to feel the hot press of his flesh hand over one. His metal hand curling over the back of his own neck when he says, "Showtime. And about that key-"

The thud in your chest with the blast makes you gasp aloud into his torso; pushing into him and away from the cold wall-
"It's not mine to say." Junkrat's hoarse with dust inhalation, voice flat and unaware of his own volume now. Not that it matters now with every car alarm on the block wailing and pinging. He drags you back out and up onto shaking legs. The efficiency is back, hard in his eyes and setting his wide mouth into a scowl; he pushes you through the new doorway, into another dark, dusty hole.

Behind you Junkrat pushes the key into the base of your skull, "Get on with it, we've got a ride to catch.”
A most smut packed chapter for all of you patient readers... Thank you for sticking this out with me.

Something is shifting constantly, irreparably, now that both men have gotten what they wanted.

It’s impossible to say when the change began; strapped down in Junkrat’s ‘project’ with the sun blinding you from the skylights, musing on it is the only thing that keeps you focused.

‘Junkrat must hate me now since he’s finally had his way with me in every way he wanted... And now he hates me. There’s no other explanation, but why?’

You focus on not bearing down on whatever you (he) did.

A particularly vicious and well-aimed prod to your insides makes it difficult to relax. Your eyes roll helplessly over him, the haphazard shelving, and the sight of your legs raised and elevated into well padded supports not unlike the ones at the free clinic down the street...

The light above is bolted too, reinforcing (you could only guess) the solidly constructed wooden table. Thankfully, it’s padded like something out of a hospital and covered in drawers-some missing and others with hardware replaced time and time again. The way you are strapped in at the wrists and ankles forces your lower half towards the very edge, closer to Junkrat and whatever live munition he’s decided to violate you with.

“All for your own good Darling; gotta learn to appreciate me; gotta teach you MYSELF-’’ Junkrat snarls and spits above you, the light washing him out completely and doing nothing for the severity of his features. His jaw is working, set forward with his mouth pursed into a humorless line, “and after all I’ve done for you...”

Metal fingers play over the meat of your thigh, up and tickling into the crook of your groin, snagging on hairs and pinching the silkiest part of your leg, “you’ve got to appreciate the ‘little things’ in life, that’s your problem.”

“I’m sorry- ‘m so sorry!” Gasping for breath, you’re twisting your bruising wrists uselessly against their bonds and you can’t stop the truth from escaping between your clenched teeth.

“I’ve done everything you wanted; w-why?” Tears and snot are running past your cheeks and even
into your mouth, but it’s nothing compared to the throbbing between your legs.

Above you, all around you with that fucking work light too, silhouetting him, Junkrat’s eyes are cruel and intense on your red, splotchy face, drinking in every flinch and hiccuping sob. He looks more predator than human when he snarls, inches away from your sweat slicked cheek.

“Can tell you don’t mean it; just another liar. Not giving a bloke any sweetness at all, and looking like a whipped cur when you think I don’t notice. I’m not all there, Love, that’s true enough,” Junkrat chews his lip angrily before whispering, “But I ain’t no mug.”

His other hand works tirelessly between your legs, moving a goddamned weapon in and out of you. Junkrat’s hurt pride and muttering is the least of your worries, as most of your concentration is trained on keeping stillness in your pelvic floor and a mental catalogue of classic anti-tank weaponry.

‘Fits in neatly with the plastic explosives, dirty bombs, and bleach concoctions,’ you think as your eyes slide shut to cut out the litany of sensory information. The tapered shape of the object of violation disappears into your hole over and over again, wrenching seemingly endless moans from your throat, with Junkrat’s voice raising with your volume and higher still with arousal.


‘Please, please, please don’t be unstable; I don’t care what model year this is for fuck’s sake!’ The only sound that comes out of you is a high-pitched, keening whine and you’re praying this isn’t the end. Since he’s clearly furious, each variation spills from his mouth faster and faster.

“The PG-7 heat, the 7L, 7M, and the co-star of our show, the OG-7 HE frag. They’re not even four kilos most of the time... Ya see, I’ve got a plan for your health: it’s got to start you nice and easy. Gotta warm ya up and fit that body of yours for the table. Gotta have something to open ya for us; at the same time too, it’s got to be comfy for you too; and that wasn’t just Hog’s idea either... Fifty-fifty, Darling.”

“I- I can’t take both, I don’t think you could possibly expect-” you cry, interrupted.

“That’s where you’ve gotten it wrong-I do. And I’ll tell ya if you can or can’t take shit. No more of that ‘I can’t possibly’ rubbish. I heard you last night, ain’t hardly right... All this was my idea you know,” Junkrat’s throat gets hoarse from the earbashing he gives you, “Couldn’t resist the sight of you, day after day. I knew nothing else in that fucking pit mattered; the job was a bust anyway. Had to make an executive decision; happiest accident I’ve ever stepped into.”

“Liar,” it breathes out of you with a moan you had tried to bite back.

The rhythm he’d worked into nicely, falters.
Something behind your eyelids snaps when you stare up at him, straight into his blown-out pupils. The ridges of the key are still pressed into your palm from that night, raw and tender in the meaty heel of your palm like a blister that hasn’t quite healed over yet.

“My key. I know Roadhog has it. I lost it nearly a month before... before you took me. I know it’s both of you, watching me for who the fuck knows how long?!” It all rushes out with the intoxication of getting a word in edgewise for the first time.

Junkrat never seems to shut his mouth and apparently that’s rubbed off on you.

“ Couldn’t just be you, I don’t buy it for a second. But why do you lie all the time, what difference does it make?” you ask, blinking helplessly beneath the work light, uncomprehending of the cruelty in his eyes present, even when he claimed to have wanted you anyways.

You feel him remove the HE frag from your insides. Brace yourself for his cock-

His metal fingers-

-Nothing?

The dull pressure isn’t replaced. And Junkrat is no longer hovering over you, no, his calloused fingers are unshackling you fast, like something is wrong. He’s silent and shaking, but you can’t see his face and somehow that feels worse; without his constant stream of chatter, he’s almost businesslike when he frees your lower body.

You stay on the table, rolling your ankles to work the feeling back into them.

Arching over the length of your body, Junkrat makes short work of the restraints on your chafing wrists. You scan his body for the tells and tics you’ve learned in the past weeks, but find nothing.

There’s an air of interrupted professionalism present in the so-called workshop-torture-chamber. Sliding off the table with a small “Oof,” you barely have time to suffer pins and needles before Junkrat ushers and herds you to the doorway. His arm comes around your shoulders, sliding against your naked skin.

You only take one shaking step out, apparently not quick enough, because Junkrat mutters angrily above you, “Not bloody dealing with it myself now; I’m not gonna be the poor sap holding the bag-!” He picks you up smoothly with a grunt of annoyance, carrying you in lolloping steps to the front porch and beyond, taking you back to Roadhog because you’ve caught him in something.

“What did I do?” you question, but there isn’t any time for an answer since he’s talking at you again, parodying some sort of grin, absolutely dripping with condescension at the mess in his arms.

“Smart as a whip; you’re aces really. The score of a fucking lifetime. Hog was right about this... It’s
just what we needed. But you’re such a fucking pain in my arse-!”

He turns the corner into the bedroom where Roadhog had been clearly dozing, ‘had’ being the operative word.

“What the fuck is all that noise about, Rat? Gotta handle them yourself, show ‘em who’s boss,” Roadhog’s baritone is still softened by sleep, but his tone is warning when he sits up in bed with a cracking of joints.

Junkrat crosses the room and lets you go tumbling onto the bed beside Roadhog, ass over teakettle. Roadhog’s massive hand rubs over your raised backside, sliding his fingers in the lubricant from the frag thoughtfully, “Been hard at work out there huh, Rat? Putting our little pet through the gauntlet, making sure everything’s all ship shape?”

Junkrat draws up to his full height, towering over you both, even if he’s only just straightened his spine, you watch over the rise of your shoulder as he faces Roadhog, glaring straight into the latter’s eyes when he grinds out, “Your little one’s been snooping! Cunning as a Dunny rat if I’ve ever seen one, and playing us both for fools-!” Junkrat gesticulates wildly, running his bony hand into the short hairs at the base of his neck, “Found your key is what they’ve done. You’ve screwed it all up, gave our little beauty the drum and now, now-!”

The bed creaks like the boughs of a great tree and Roadhog’s up in one smooth motion with a big hand braced on the top of his knee. The other hand leaves your ass, but the heat remains.

“Get up then if that’s true, pet. Don’t fucking lie to me... You’re first in line,” He isn’t touching you at all now, but looming like a statue when you scramble to stand with Junkrat against the wall.

Roadhog stands and nearly fills up the room when he sets his shoulders, chest open and at ease in his own space. The effect isn’t lost on either of you. “’S that so? Gotten into my things and taking without asking... I expect better than that,” Roadhog doesn’t look at you when he says it, but instead keeps on talking to Junkrat like it’s his problem, like you yourself aren’t tossed about as naked and ill-minded as something cheap and forgotten behind them both.

“We’ve got to teach them a lesson; got to teach ’em what happens when you cross us and take advantage of my goodwill, going and doing me dirty like that-erm-us, I meant us. Really thought you’d’ve smartened up by now...” Junkrat hisses out the last part, and if you didn’t know better, his voice seemed to sting with more than just irritation.

‘Did I really hurt his feelings calling him a liar? Now he’s even angrier than he was before about Roadhog and me; just nonsense because he’s had his fill before and after.’ The thought crosses your mind.

It’s rarer than you think for things to happen as a direct result of Roadhog’s actions. Surprising as it is; you both just seem to fill in the spaces of silence provided by him. Actions dictated by negative
spaces and weighed down by a lifetime of things better left unsaid. Not knowing any better; you could almost guess that the ruined house, that treacherous, emotional precipice you worried around the floor, and even the blasted land, builds itself around him anew.

Every morning, sure as the circling sun.

Junkrat moves cautiously around you, hovering like some great, half-starved buzzard, knocking his lanky arms against your shoulder and smearing you in dirt. The warmth would be comforting if not for the look in his eyes.

As though you’re already dead.

Set deeply into his too-thin face like two raw hunks of amber, they’re fixed on you while he moves to your other side, not at all daring to touch you with Roadhog no longer across the other side of the room.

Somehow (sometime) there was a line carved into the dirt marring your skin, traveling along your backbone as sure as perforations on a piece of paper.

‘Folded and creased but not yet pulled apart, their arrangement was fifty-fifty...’ what Junkrat told you earlier resonates among your own speculation.

A few moments of silence later and Roadhog is ignoring Junkrat, instead, staring over him, through him-

But the second Roadhog makes a move towards you, Junkrat leaps away from the wall, screaming, putting his body between yourself and his much larger partner. It’s foolish and unnecessary, but even if you are stupid enough to say anything, no one could hear you.

When he glances back at you, so quick his blonde hair whips his nose, Junkrat’s eyes are wider than you’ve ever seen and nearly all rolling whites. His voice is breaking so harshly it takes you several seconds to work out what he’s shouting.

“She’s mine! I saw her first and you know it; poaching off your mate; fat, cheating, piece of shit—” Spittle flies from his mouth and he’s raging like a barking dog before you. Roadhog stays silent, save for the rhythm of his steady breaths.

‘Terrifying, what is he on about? Any normal person wouldn’t even think—’ “You big lummox, I won’t let you have her-I’m a battler! You’re in for a biffo.”

The tilt of Roadhog’s head, coupled with the shine off his lenses, lets you know he’s staring straight at you.
“It’s not fair-”

At the same moment you try to find Roadhog’s eyes, one of his bulging arms darts out to sweep Junkrat into the wall, pinning him firmly and easily by the by the crook of one freckled elbow, while Junkrat squawks indignantly the whole time.

Over the noise of your own heartbeat, Junkrat’s stream of curses, and the cacophonous creaking and moaning of the house (possibly breaking apart, falling, and destroying everything), Roadhog’s gravelly tones carry well, “Calm down.”

Junkrat’s peg leg complains loudly with the added pressure of Roadhog’s hand still maneuvering and pressing down over the small of his back, warming and comforting him evenly and steadily. Junkrat isn’t yelling any more, but he isn’t quiet either as he pants noisily through his gaping and chapped lips.

‘This isn’t about me anymore. Did he want this to happen? And who’s he more jealous of?’ The thought pattern freezes with the sound of Junkrat’s dingy shorts pulled to the floor and toed away like rubbish. He’s arching his back, pushing his pallid, skinny ass towards Roadhog with a barely audible mutter,

“Mmph, s-s-sorry mate, fuckin-ngh, please, you gotta-”

“Shut up Rat, you’ll get yours alright? Greedy little shit,” Roadhog’s voice is smoothed by something now, warming you to the core. Junkrat’s and your own complexion are matched and flushing. You’re watching and nearly frozen with awe at the way he shamelessly ruts into the peeling wallpaper, not complaining or disagreeing.

‘Apparently it helps to have Junkrat focused on someone else,’ You’re too scared to move at all, but rather, preferring to watch the scene before you.

“It doesn’t matter anyway... I’ve had enough. Of the lot of you.” Roadhog gestures to you both. Junkrat seems to nearly bristle, biting back a litany of insults, but all you do is fall into his side.

‘Play dead maybe?’ The thought is dismissed quickly with the dry snapping of Roadhog’s fingers moving smoothly from the action to point at a spot between them both.

“Up against the wall, both of you, close so I can keep an eye on you. Whinging all the day long and I’m tired of all the bitching. If you can’t act like fucking adults, either of you-then I’ll fucking smack it into you.”

Junkrat looks like he’s torn between fighting and running back through the door. Surprisingly, though, he does nothing of the sort and instead braces both of his mismatched palms to the decaying
A warning growl from Roadhog is all the motivation you require in order to stand next to Junkrat, your palms splayed and hips cocked back, nearly identical, except you’re both naked, but he isn’t.

Beside you, Junkrat’s features are unreadable and slackened in a way you’ve never seen before and his eyes are far away. His mouth hangs near to open, gusting as heavily and noisily as he does everything. Contrasting to him you’re silent as a grave, awaiting your fate. Possibly your death.

Neither occurs, but you hear the heavy thumps of Roadhog’s feet stalk towards his partner’s exposed back instead of your own and stopping just short of pressing his gut into Junkrat.

“You want it first, Rat? Wanting everything first, your arse whipping included,” Roadhog baits him with a smooth rumble, not touching Junkrat, but his shadow hangs over him.

“Fuck yeah, just make it good-” Junkrat titters out, leg muscles tensing with each of his pushes against the wall.

“You’ll have the first hit with the strop; and you heard him, make it good too. No taps or tickles...”

The way you chat, like this is routine—maybe for you it is...’ the thought directed at Roadhog doesn't matter any more than your stumbling to stand behind Junkrat. Standing back a bit and folding his hairy arms over his chest, Roadhog gives you a thumbs up, an okay to wallop his partner with a belt.

Junkrat is silent in front of you, with each muscle in his back standing out along the broad span of his shoulders. Without his bandolier again, bare and crisscrossed with tan-lines he sucks away your breath too when he inhales, steeling himself for an impact.

As if on cue, Junkrat’s left ass-cheek twitches, getting his whole leg spasming. Naturally, you’re drawing back for a full windup and spurned on by Roadhog’s dark chuckles—landing a resounding hit dead on his right instead, just below the fullest part (as it were) of his ass.

Still standing straight against the wall, Junkrat is wheezing through his nose but still silent. The area you’ve struck is welting and red, and you’re struck by the sight of more freckles too.

Roadhog breaks the silence, saying, “I sure as hell saw that from here. Love, give him two for
“Yes sir,” there’s no hiding the mirth in your voice at that, so you don’t try, nor do you stifle the giggles escaping your lips.

Winding up again, the sight of Junkrat stretching his spine and breathing into the hit is strangely erotic. One more good hit on the same side bursts a few capillaries, making Junkrat’s lean thighs shake with his knees knocking together, or clanging really.

“Ha ha, good job. Now come here and give me that strop back; no keeping,” Roadhog’s voice is steady when he motions to you. Letting you walk towards him (with a spring in your step), only craning his neck back and looking down his snout and over you when he booms, “You stay right there, Rat, right fucking where you belong. No painting the walls either, and if you get a drop anywhere other than our new mate, I’ll take your other arm...”

Mind reeling, you’re unsure of anything in this room but the only exception being your clear role as a receptacle for the two criminals’ cum.

When Roadhog holds his hand out for the strop it doesn’t occur to you to duck or dodge its twin-grasping around your neck easily, instantly-

‘My turn, I suppose...’ the thought is calm, with the stillness of the room. The sound of air escaping under his palm, your toes scraping the floor, and the gurgling noise of choking on your own saliva is the only thing audible over Roadhog’s stern tones.

“The last person who touched my things without asking ended up sidewalk pizza. You’re lucky that I’m a sucker for a cute face and that you look real cute like this.” His grip tightens around you and the world fuzzes at the edges. The pressure of his fingers is even and measured, and although you know it wouldn’t take any effort to keep it up, but Roadhog doesn’t, and sets you down when you can only make out his shape instead, watching you crumple in front of him with your fingers outstretched.

‘Too weak to grab his boots,’ thinking’s the only thing you’re capable of; possessing no voice to even grovel with. Roadhog stalks over you, taking care to not step on any knees or elbows despite the opportunity, on his way over to Junkrat. Must be touching his cock too, from the way Junkrat starts yelping and moaning like it’s the first time he’s been given a wristy.

You’re coming back to life, overhearing what feels like an intrusion (despite the fact that you’re the captive, possible human fleshlight-possible science project).

“Come on Rat, work for it and get that prick nice and ready...” The slick sounds of Junkrat’s wet cock make your eyelids flutter, scrabbling your fingertips against splintering wood knowing damn well who he’s getting ready for.

“Ah, ahn-I can’t fuckin’ last, Roads. Need to cum, please... I can go again in no time, j-j-just need a tick, Mate.”
‘I could kiss him right now, the one pump chump… It wasn’t fair, but he’s not gotten you off in what feels like ages since the tryst between yourself and Roadhog.

You hear Roadhog’s hand making contact with Junkrat’s skinny hind quarters in apparent disagreement. There’s a hoarse sob from the latter while he thrums and beats his body against the wall, with the sound of his prosthesis shaking, rattling apart with him. “No can do. This is for your own good, Rat; need to get you a bit more endurance in, heh, the bedroom. You’re gonna poke our Love right there on the floor and gonna fuck them how I tell you.”

Junkrat’s pitiful whine echoes throughout the room, reaching a nearly intolerable crescendo, and as soon as it came, he winds it back down, swallowing the noise oddly.

The world’s back in the full spectrum of color by the time Junkrat’s footstep and telltale creaks head your way, but the strength is still leeched from your limbs, evident from the effortless way he presses his hips flush to your own, with his cock rubbing wetly across your hole. Both of his hands go to brace on either side of your head and he shoves forward, but missing the mark in his haste. “Arch their back and push their shoulders down,” Roadhog interjects, sounding a bit annoyed already.

“Right, right; gravity’s my friend. ‘M just a bit worked up,” even with his complaining, Junkrat’s pushing into you, settling heavy into your insides with each reddened inch.

“Mnnnnmph! Fff-fuck...” echoes out of you, like a disc skipping and scratched on a loop when it comes several more times.

“Now, focus, Rat. Just try to get it regular and deep; it ain’t a fucking race; savor it... You earned that piece, Boss,” Roadhog says.

Inside of you, Junkrat (Boss) throbs and thrusts deeper inside, pushing his sac right up against your ass. The stretch of him has you bucking back too, squirming under the pressure on your shoulder when it stays there for several noisy breaths.

“I earned this hole, Love... you heard him. Gimme more of that bouncing, yeah? Oh, you’re just the best bloody thing I ever shoved my cock into—oh, oh!”
- Above, Junkrat’s started to crack his hips against you, slapping his own lower body into yours. The pressure from the head of his cock causing the telltale fluttering in your own gut. Just a few minutes more of this is all you need.

“Slow down... Pull part way out and touch ‘em on the way back in. Slide nice and easy like... Slicker than snot, huh, Boss?” Roadhog says.

“Slicker than snot, Roadhog...” Junkrat sounds like he might be biting his lip at the last word, but the way he pulls out to the middle of his lengthy cock and stays afterwards guarantees it. Groaning above you, “Gonna rub that little hole of yours till you make some proper noise for me.” His flesh hand is deft and quick as lightning at tickling pleasure into you when he’s focused.
Drawing out your shudders and spasms on the floor, a particularly well-placed bit of pressure, combined with each agonizing inch of his dick separating your insides again, wrings out a hoarse wail. And another, and another, until you’re sure something terrible will happen if Junkrat doesn’t fill you up all the way-

“P-please Junkrat, fuck me. Fuck me hard, just-just don’t stop.” The hand on your shoulder moves to the back of your head, twisting into your hair painfully when he forces your head to the side, not stopping his merciless fingertips for even a moment.

Your single visible eye rolls in pleasure this time, before fixing on the sight of his beet red face and hooded gaze, the shape of his teeth behind chapped lips when he asks, “What was that, Pet? Can’t hear you over all that lube from earlier... Gonna have to speak up for me if you need something.”

Shouting against the floor, pushed facedown like an animal and drooling like one too, “Please, I said. Please fuck me, Junkrat, I... I-ugh... Guh, I need to cum. Please, just don’t stop!”

Behind you both, Roadhog is chuckling and maybe getting off too since you’ve not heard him until now. Junkrat’s laughter joins it too, and the shame coiling in your gut only pushes your orgasm closer. He keeps fucking you though, deep and hard. Pushing past comfort and straight into jaw-dropping while he speeds up too, whipping into you like a machine and with no sign of slowing or stopping.

“Up. Wanna use that filthy, whore mouth for a minute...” Roadhog says, already coming over. “Nghn- heh heh... Got it,” Junkrat wrenches you up, taking most of your weight onto his lap and forcing himself so deep it’s impossible to think through the pleasure. Tears brim at the corners of your eyes with your scalp prickling unpleasantly, and you’re shutting your mouth tight against pain and any further intrusion.

Roadhog is over you in a second, cock in hand and already stripped down. He points the wet head right at your tight-lipped grimace, smearing pre-come along the seam of your lips and tapping the meaty length his cock against your cheeks. “Not asking, Love. This is the price for being nosey; maybe next time you’ll mind the rules... You’re lucky this is the first time.”

The musky smell of both of them is thick in the air and pumping in quickly through your nose. It’s beyond cruel when that gets revoked too.

(Not surprising, however).

Roadhog’s got the cartilage of your nose pinched delicately between two fingers when he whispers, “Open up, come on lovely. It’s time to say you’re sorry.”

‘Is this the hill you want to die on?’ The thought nags in the back of your skull, alongside the urge to see how far you can take this sabotage. ‘Would they just have their way with me while I was out? Would I have any teeth left after Roadhog pries my jaw open?’

It’s the last one that parts your lips, gasping loudly exactly one time before oxygen is replaced by his cock. It’s a painful stretch to breathe around, setting your jaw off kilter with the strain. Junkrat’s
thankfully got his hand out of your hair, instead grasping and bruising your thigh. He’s still pounding away at you, jammed up so far, you’ll be amazed if you can walk at all after this. The sounds of your coupling, and the sight of you both has Roadhog murmuring under his breath, barely audible through the mask.

“That’s it... I can tell our pet’s close. Don't know how much fucking you’ll get after this, Rat... Not still on about that night, now that you’ve got it proper?”

Despite the teasing (because of?), Junkrat’s rhythm only deepens; making you feel stupidly good and resulting in the worst gobbie you’ve ever given for his larger partner. If he minded though, Roadhog didn't show it, groaning happily at the way your tongue rubs over his glans and the veins around his shaft as you bob your head as much as possible and taking in more cock than you’d previously thought possible. Your hands start to brace against his thick thighs for stability, but on the edge of coming yourself it seems like a better decision to wrap them around the base of his throbbing cock instead. The fluttering in your gut takes you by surprise, barely giving any time before you’re bucking into Junkrat’s rolling hips and clamping down. He can’t seem to stop himself though, still stuffing you even as you cum around him.

“Oh, little firecracker. You look so good when you cum. I forgive you; couldn’t stay mad at you, not unless I was made of stone. Almost done eh? Just a bit more...” his voice is getting higher and the grip he has on your leg is hard enough to throb with warning.

“That’s it, Rat, gonna squirt now that you’ve done good? Come on, Boss. Fuck that wet hole-it’s all ours for the taking. Every hour on the hour, if we want, heh... Like you could even move,” Roadhog glances at you, rubbing his thumb on the lump of his dick under your cheek when he says it. The idea of you immobilized makes Junkrat freeze. Then he’s keening and sputtering a hot cum floods your insides, drawing his hand across your chest for support; keeping you propped up and conveniently positioned.

But Roadhog still wants to use you.

His cock is massaged between your shaking hands, except for the tip in your mouth still sliding backwards to your throat, always stopping just short of properly throat-fucking or suffocating you. He's throbbing now and the salty trickle of pre-cum is almost constant. Each individual vein feels hot and pleasantly presses into every crevice of your mouth.

You feel caught between them, pulled open like a flower, or parted out like a Sunday dinner. It’s unbearably hot now that the endorphins are fading; Junkrat is softening inside of you but, refusing to pull out, instead licking up your sweat-slicked neck, while Roadhog starts to grunt with every twist and suck, quaking with ecstasy and lost in the velvet sleeve of your mouth. His hand covers the back of your head and neck easily, pushing you halfway down on his member and popping past your epiglottis to cum straight down your throat. He waits until every last drop is suckled out of him to withdraw, then begins snickering and snorting at the way your body curls up and dry heaves around him.

When Junkrat lets you go there’s nothing you can do to prevent falling face first into Roadhog’s hairy thigh. He doesn't push you away, but Junkrat doesn’t vie for your attention either for once when he speaks offhandedly, “Need you to stay in here for a bit. Me and Hoggie gotta check the
traps... Don’t figure you’ll feel like dragging your carcass around any time soon.” He's already searching the room for his clothing and effects, like the slate’s been wiped clean again and it’s a new day.

Roadhog pets your hair, like something precious and breakable. It’s hard to not shy away when your throat still hurts so badly you could only nod at Junkrat. There’s adoration shining in his pupils, the way he’s flushed and standing against the bedpost to slip on his boot makes you feel like something’s finally slid comfortably back into place.

“Behave yourself now, Pet. With any luck there’ll be some fresh meat out there and we’ll eat like Easties and suits...” Roadhog says. The thought of food that didn’t come out of a lead lined can is more exciting than it has any right to be. Eating something without the added flavor of nitrates, pasteurization, or possible botulism has you sitting up on the floor and gazing hopefully into his lenses.

“I’ll behave. I promise.” Both men kiss your head on the way out the door and you’re so dizzy with emotion that the locking mechanism doesn’t register until it’s too late...

It’s not until you notice a rat (a big one from the sounds), or maybe a rabbit under the floor, scratching and scrabbling in the dirt. Quick as you can, you’re standing on the floorboards above it and talking,

“I don’t have anything... I’m stuck here too.”

At the sound of your voice it takes off, straight ahead and under the hall; suddenly intent, you walk stiffly to the door. Hand outstretched to exit and stomp over the floor until the critter was gone or quieted down. Still shaky and weakened, you’re leaning against the doorframe and twisting with what little you have left.

The knob won’t budge.

And so your chase ends before it’s really started and it doesn’t take much time at all until you’re sliding under the faded blankets. ‘There isn’t any more time for mourning when they’ve already taken everything else. Tired of counting scars.’ The scratching is back, but you’ve already stopped listening.
8 *an interlude, of sorts*

Chapter Notes

A big fuckin’ thankie-poo to anyone still reading at this point! Due to a myriad of major health concerns that I won't bore anyone with; this particular event took a ton of time to really percolate and payoff the way it needed to.

***THIS IS AN ALTERNATE POINT OF VIEW***
**NON-READER P.O.V.**

He decided to wear his new jacket, knowing it would be colder outside the house than in. The double seams follow along the lines of his body, adding a certain dignity to his shrunken, graceless, crooked spine. The weather-treated outer lining held its shape even when its occupant lacked the stature, made to last by the same sod who outfitted all the Enforcers and fancy-pants lackeys employed by Her Majesty.

‘Grey and black for something like this, spent it all to get us all outfitted like the real thing: for keeping watch outside the target and blending in with shadows. Dark as pitch out here, the only glitter is scrap. Most beautiful place I’ve seen with my own eyes,’ The thought idly passes. Small silver bits and bobs flash like stars dropped to the dirt, only interrupted in the murk by the glint of corrosion and unexplainable pooling liquids of all different sheens. Harrel wishes he had a candle with him now, so he thinks about the one left on the small altar at the bunkhouse. Green, blue, and black; round and thick like a chair leg; something weighty for the deal; he’d found it in the mart looking for a spot of luck.

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Deep in his cups since midday, almost a permanent state since he heard he was “working for the pleasure of Her Majesty” was how Buffer had told it around the milk bar weeks ago. Choking back on the grey, greasy fare and the sheer fucking effort to not turn on Buffer, and shoulder tap them, causing a scene. Instead, Harrel is the better Junker and leaves his shitty excuse for a meal entirely. Only one or two days away from maggots, crawling flies, and working alive with filth. He’s already finished the bread and that’s enough, enough that the impulse to vanish into a crowd overtakes anger and with an offhanded croak to Digs and Addams, he’s getting the hell out of there. The sky above him that night had been far from inky darkness with the constant warring of neon signs for businesses of all stripes lining the crooked street. It wasn’t hard to navigate his way over the more beaten pathways to get where Harrel really intended to spend what bits he had left to his name. Never the type for superstition, but lately Harrel found himself thinking of his mother in a time before time—the gentle lilt of her voice before the smoky altar when she prayed: always for money, for protection of her loved ones, to be unseen by the authorities relocating the neighbors. The way water always filled the cups and the sharp sting of clear alcohol fresh in others, no matter how long the gnaw of hunger and thirst only filled their, her children’s, bellies, as she poured corn liquor over the naked jawbone and muttered like she could hear the figurine slurping it up. It hadn’t helped. He remembers the way she reached for it when it happened, when the sky fell and his father lost his eyesight trying vainly to start the ute outside. He remembers the way it felt to herd his siblings into the hall closet and shut the door behind them.

The rest was a bit fuzzy, and Harrel pushes it away like he always does. Letting these things lie
seems to always get the best results by learning to work around them, changing currents like water over a stone.

He’s heard of a thin king that made deals with devotees, a king whom across the world was a queen robed in black depending on who you asked. Heard talk of the bony hand of a Saint Bernard and maybe a ghost all rolled into one easily consumable alternative to the old missionaries spitting, or maybe just as important. Harrel only knows what he’s overheard.

He needs a deal of his own. Considering Buffer had secured his own future by pledging them all to some grudge held by Her Majesty, the thought is senseless and short sighted enough he can’t stop most of his mouth from spouting, “The whole family cleaning up some cocked-up mess to ‘prove’ something to another wannabe tyrant...”

He’s stopped in his tracks and his tirade’s halted by an altar that’s almost life size: four feet of twisted metal in the shape of a human skeleton, robed in patchwork fabrics thrown over its scapula like the wind is a concern, crowned by necklaces and flowers in every state of decay, delicately braided and looped, and even with an interwoven burlap crown shot through with coins punched through at the bottoms and standing like soldiers.

Candles of every variety spread out from its feet on a series of staggered shelves and boxes. Some aren’t even any more than pools of multicolored wax with wicks stuffed into them, while others are tall and burning down steadily, evenly when they’re big as Harrel’s wrist. Simply dozens of red, white, pink, and green candles.

“Every slob in this city’s begging for a shot, and this is the one that’ll deliver it. Is that the way of it?” He’s drunk and standing in the street talking to no one in particular, reeling in ill-fitting, jump-style boots lifted from some shipment that had been bound for the city barracks.

“Goddamned lapdogs got first pick of everything—before the merchants, before the militias, especially before the bins where the rest of us scum sucking cunts get their gear. Nothing’s wasted these days, eh?”

“Watch your tone rounder, I’ll have none of that from some fucking drunken lout. This isn’t the place for airing those kind of grievances; make your offering or clear out. Plenty of devotees, brothers and sisters here since before the incident without your lot throwing in as well,” The voice is croaking and harsh, unmistakably an older junker Harrel had failed to notice in lieu of a four-foot fucking skeleton.

“Sue me, didn’t see you there, old timer. Didn’t mean to offend,” Harrel places his filthy palms up in supplication; family shrines are nothing to screw with and he’s already a dead man walking. “I-I’m all pissed up and fighting with my mate. Can’t make a good call to save my skin these days. Don’t pay it any mind, my f-fucking shit-faced ramblings.”

The squat figure moves in to get a closer look, but luckily Harrel’s a small lad as it stands even in boots. The two eyes before him are as milky and sightless as his father’s were.

“Bad business? Green then for you, blue one too for good measure—that is, if you’re buying and not just jawing.” They move only slightly under Harrel’s nose, smelling like smoke and something stronger than the stink of unwashed bodies moving around their little conversation.

Harrel buys the candles for chump change at a rickety table, emboldened by guilt when he sees the lines and lines of unused wax soldiers. He has more questions about the curious number of black candles.

None of them burn before the skeleton he’d been stopped by. Harrel’s fingers twitch, curling into themselves on his left side, but never straightening the way they should. Matching his left leg, shorter than its already diminutive partner and swinging out from his hip with every step. (Since he’d hit the
opposite side of his head, thrown around like nothing, and pitched into the walls of the closet as an ankle-biter after mum was long gone.)
Harrel reaches out his right hand faster than his heart is beating, palm swallowing the top of the black candle when the old timer opens their mouth, “Vengeance. That’s for private use; burn it at home: this is the communities’ place.” The tone is firm, but not biting. No one moves when Harrel keeps holding it—just business again. “Give me another bit for it.”

“I don’t uh-uhm have anywhere to burn it, not in the possession of a big fucking skeleton myself.” Harrel still draws the candle to his chest because he wants it good and proper now, goddamnit. He wants this to be his crowning achievement on the evening because there’s no other way to prepare for selling your soul to a politician’s whims. The older junker barks out a laugh, stretching the folds of their face up at the corners and holding them there. For a second, Harrel sees a world before this haggling and baking under a torn-up sky.

“I used to have one like you at home; remind me of him traveler, with that sassy mouth. I’ll give you something: it was his but he never prayed either.” From under the folds of the sweater the old timer was swimming in came a palm-sized representation of the larger skeleton watching over their deal. “Give your last fiver as a cloak; it’s what she’s worth. No, you dolt, not to me,” Pressing the figurine into Harrel’s left hand, the junker nods their head close again. “Give it to her and make your deal; remember Raphael? Tell the angel too.” Harrel nods, swimming in drunken melancholy and lurching back so as not to over balance. They separate now that business is done and Harrel slips the figure and black candle into opposite pockets to even the weight on his already aching joints.

“I can burn them at home; I’ve even saved the liquor. What a premonition that was!” Harrel speaks to the Junkers turned back, oblivious to the conclusion. “Water may be more of a problem...” No one answers. So, Harrel staggers away, suddenly tired of the neon lights and eager to be inside the bunkhouse with the rest of the gang.

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The wind bites at his shoulders again, buffeting the house and covering up the commotion of what’s going on inside. Scrap and refuse rolling around in the winds makes a sort of background hum; the particulars of the bartering going on within is the least of Harrel’s problems. Rather, he’s listening for the rumble of an engine winding its way up the canyon; the sound of a petrol eater spraying gravel in place of hover technology.

‘There’s something noble about that. Her Majesty just don’t approve of off the grid living apparently. I’ve heard you can work on them yourself without a specialist from Uptown,’ The idea of perpetually running transport without waiting lists made Harrel seethe with jealousy.

‘Least we’ll make off with whatever new toy they’ve got locked down.’ Scanning the horizon for the thousandth time, Harrel can see Buffer’s plan burned into his eyelids after having discussed it around the fire for so long.

‘Buffer goes up through the floor, into the stash room, and lifts their new score, rendezvousing with Addams and Digs in the living room where Junkrat will be. All three of us can take him out; he’s only one bloke,’ Harrel thinks, blinking away dust and the nagging shadows at the corners of the yard, he tries to stay sharp, ‘and I keep a lookout for the big one, Roadhog... If he shows hide or fucking hair, we boogie. We’re just here to lift some coin or chunk o’ gin, something for going into the royal collection, never to be seen again.’

Everything is easier at night, when the shadows lengthen; eating up the world entirely, it’s easier to
lean into what you have to do. Nothing like the cold wash of daylight to kill the nerve required for stealing from a pair of legends.

Something behind the shed screams, almost human and hurting and there’s a snapping noise at the same moment. Harrel’s moving towards the sound before he realizes it’s happening.

‘Can’t remember the last time we had fresh critter; after we turn in the goods we’ll eat like Uptowners,’ the thought is intoxicating and he can almost taste uncured meat—something that didn’t need to be smothered in bulldog gravy to ease the tang of rot.

Buffer swore up and down those days were over once they did this, and proved their resolve or some bullshit like that, but they’d be walking tall, or as tall as Harrel would ever be. Digs and Addams never said shit, not since they’d both decided to fuck off from Junkertown proper and start in some other, hopefully greener, pasture. Pinning all hope on Addams’ uncanny ability to understand metals, because with the right stuff she can make anything; and in the interim, Digs would keep his head down, like he always does, and maybe use his newfound reputation to really get in with one of the militias. Buffer said the Queen could have work anywhere, that there’s always a place in her forces.

‘Buffer’s always got something to say these days,’ Harrel can’t look at them anymore; it was like talking to a recruitment vid. No matter what Buffer claimed, whatever pie in the sky line that’s been snaking back up over their lips, it’s better to take the opportunity on something you can do yourself.

Harrel’s digging behind the shed and probing his right hand into some cramped rodent highway for the feeling of mangy fur to close his fingers around, arm primed and ready to drag it out before the smell of blood draws more rats—too many people in Junkertown die rat-bit from infections that never do clear up.

“Come on fucker, ugly little cunt. You’re already dead, hear?” Harrel can’t bite back the words; he hasn’t heard anything from anyone. The yawn of silence when everyone is just a scant jog away, inside the belly of the beast is harder than anything he’s done yet, so he talks to empty air and a dead animal somewhere beyond his reach.

“Fuck!” His exclamation is loud enough that he’s humiliated immediately after, giving away his position in the darkness like an absolute rookie.

When he’d worked so hard to be perfectly hidden, with his own broken up and odd outline against the face of the shed. No matter the effort, his arm is too short to reach properly and only the wiry guard hairs of the carcass touch the tips of his fingers.

‘Guess I used up my wish eh? Prayed over puddle water and rotten tater juice so the rest could make it in.’

Harrel is itchy because fuck-all to do out here except listen well. So, acting against his better judgement seems like the best way for a rush—something to focus on aside from circling the drain about how Buffer is off the deep end and how this job will be the end of everything he’s known.

He wedges his shoulder into the side of the shed, still able to turn his head and watch the driveway. Reaching and off-balancing himself so he doesn’t have to leave his post; the painful stretch of hyperextension echoing all the way up Harrel’s bicep when he finally closes his hand around the limp and cooling body makes his heartbeat swell into his own ears.

It’s so loud he doesn’t hear the boots coming up on his left side. Triumph rings long after the adrenaline has faded when he draws the kill close into his skinny chest; not his kill but almost as good as.

The moon passes behind clouds: must be, because it’s darker than before. Harrel watches his shadow lengthen and he thinks of the skeleton propped up on a milk crate in the bunkhouse and candles burning down to the last. With his arm curled the way it is, he could almost pretend he has a scythe.
The darkness widens, enveloping Harrel entirely and spreading across the front of the shed like a blanket.

It’s the jingling that gets his skin crawling; a sound he wasn’t listening for that worms its way into his head, impossible to triangulate because everything echoes here.

‘Got to be just some piece of scrap rustled by some other fucking animal looking for a free meal,’ Now that he’s stooped and bent it’s easier said than done to straighten up and turn around fully. The wind is howling wickedly now, whipping the fly-away bits of Harrel’s hair into his eyes.

The jingling is still there, but he can’t hear it anymore, with the wind and creaking of old buildings covering everything.

Harrel is still listening for an engine when he feels the hot sensation wicking at his back, soaking into his pants and drip-drip-dripping onto the dirt to join the garbage.

He can’t hear his own breathing in the darkness, and sees not his own shadow, but someone else’s, eclipsing his form and half of the front of the shed.

There’s enough liquid flowing, it’s like he’s wet himself, but it turns out it’s so much worse. That does happen next though, and something else inside of him gives at the same time there’s a cough at his back, over his left shoulder of course.

“Wish she’d send something other than kids and greenhorns out this way. Cheap help gets you where she’s at...”

The deep voice drills into Harrel’s ears and at the same time a neatly sharpened blade twists and really opens him up; it’s steady and in a way disappointed if he had to judge. He’s lost control of everything below the ribs it seems, what little of it there is left; so judging is just what he’ll do.

At some point he’s dropped the varmint and now his guts are hitting the ground too.

No sound escapes Harrel’s lips; dying blessedly and quickly before he even crumples fully to the ground.

Above and cloaked with moonlight around his shoulders, casting shadows wherever he went; Roadhog steps over the pile of meat in front of the shed.

Something rattles the house and sends dust shooting through the open windows, along with any other escape route. The dull thud of a concussive blast tickles Roadhog’s feet through his boots and there’s the stink of more than just blood in the air now.

He turns towards the house. It’s quieter now since the explosion, no doubt Junkrat’s handiwork.

“Good on you, Boss.”

‘Defending what’s yours looks good on him,’ Roadhog feels his pace quicken with the thought of their pet, their love still locked in the room with all that noise. ‘Must be scared stiff, getting a dose of how much worse it could be... It’ll be a good night once we clear out the gut wagon.’

The screen door flaps noisily in the breeze and the door behind it sags off its hinges like a drunk braced against the frame.

There’s more blood than he thought—that’s the first surprise; the second is the sight of Junkrat holding their prize like he’s scared to let go, and for the first time in a long time, Junkrat’s focused on something other than the front door, something other than a perceived threat.

Roadhog passes into the shack silently; there’s two to cover that he can see and both are injured.

Somewhere, another is groaning and apologizing to no one.

More blood meant more kids to gut and something about that almost makes Roadhog feel disgusted. Not for himself, or what he’s about to do and what he’ll enjoy doing, but for a woman sleeping hundreds of kilometers away, snug in her warm bed with a full belly.

‘Can’t be bothered to train them anymore... Just scraping them up off the streets.’ Under the mask he sneers and can’t help saying it, even though it’s his mouth that got him shit-canned from a similar gig
that these assholes are going to die in service of.
“Pathetic-” Roadhog’s never been more sure of his job before, stepping over chunks of plaster and wooden splinters of the table, here with Junkrat and their pet. Providing for his partners, almost like some ancient history, something he’s damned sure he’s better at now. “What’s mine is mine.”

Through the cage of Junkrat’s arms, he can see the upturned face of their pet watching him silently, watching when he lifts one of the intruders by one hand, gripping the top of their sweaty, wild head. Roadhog slows down when he brings up his other hand up, pushing the opposite way enough he feels their jaw creak and bow-
‘Don’t you dare look away,’ he thinks, loud as thunder, but says nothing so as not to spook Junkrat. He’s thrilled when you don’t.
There’s more commotion in the front of the house than ever before. Simplest answer in the world is by far the most terrifying. ‘He must have a visitor, but who on Earth would visit him anyways?’ You’re pacing across the bedroom floor, following along the walls with a hand from one corner to the next. The uneven drag of the walls, brick worn through the wallpaper, and various patch jobs are the only things left.

You’ve long since catalogued every other thing to look at, so the next order of business is to memorize the feeling of the bedroom. You’re sure the bottoms of your feet would show the grain of the wood by now. Instead of checking, you release a yawn that crackles along the length of your jaw and temples. ‘Can’t even make out what he’s saying... He sure as shit isn’t talking to Roadhog.’ The cadence of Junkrat’s speech is all wrong, even through the wall. ‘He sounds like he’s nervous...’ Closing your eyes, you can almost see his mouth in front of you even though it’s only a murmur from back here. The way his lips twist when he takes a halting break in the middle of an explanation, only to rush it all through in the same breath. Now, his consonants are bristling with unfamiliarity and bookended by pauses to let whoever the hell is allowed inside to speak in turn.

‘That’s not right. Not fucking right at all; he’d never let another Junker in here, not with me back here like a sitting duck,’ Before you’ve finished the thought, you’re reaching for the kigurumi on the night stand and sliding it on. ‘Two days past now there’s been a draft in here,’ The air tickles around your ankles. ‘Other than being walked to the outhouse, I’m just a warm hole now,’ With each step your lower body throbs; rubbed, sucked, and bruised with overuse. ‘Junkrat visits twice, sometimes three times, a day, always muttering about how he’ll be dead and buried before he lets anyone else touch their property-’ It doesn’t take much to impress upon you that he was definitely spooked and spooked good.

Standing in front of the door, you can feel the air sucked out under it and racing down the hall, moving too quick to be imagined, like a window’s been opened. Junkrat’s voice is louder, clearer now, but he’s still agitated and now talking to more than one person. Jiggling the knob on the door is still as useless as ever. Gooseflesh rises all over your body, even under the kigu that Roadhog had folded up so nice for you before he’d set off that morning.
The way those massive hands encompassed your hips when he rubbed the head of his dick along your hole and between your shaking thighs. Instead of pushing in and fucking you raw and half asleep, he just barely taps, drumming against you while he adjusts his grip to hold one leg open.

You laid on your side with blankets pooled in front of you, clinging to them like a life raft while his other hand starts to stroke him off now, his scarred, chewed up knuckles kissing the sensitive skin where you began, still held slightly open from the pressure of his cock. “I’ll come back for you…” Had spilled from Roadhog’s lips the same moment he came against your entrance. He tucked the blankets under you to protect you from the draft when he left, swinging open the door but catching it with his hand so it didn’t slam.

Through the haze of sleep, the lock is a familiar sound-final and as good as a lullaby these days. So, you sleep with your fingers still sliding in spunk and heat.

‘Where’s the wind coming from, with the door closed?’ And locked. Something creaks in the corner of the closet, too loud for rotten old timber expanding with temperature differential. ‘Nothing about this is right anymore; it stinks in here and not just like something’s off,’ worry and loneliness push you towards the door. ‘I need to talk to Junkrat, he’ll sort this out. He can’t keep chatting with whoever-the-fuck all day.’ But it’s pure jealousy of Junkrat outside, Roadhog who comes and goes like a tide, and especially whoever-the-fuck is out there who’s just stumbled into your world. That’s what brings you bracing both palms against the doorway, your eyes wandering to the spot just above the knob and bolt, shifting your weight off your dominant leg and aiming to get your trajectory right.

You’ve only ever known people who’ve done this in passing: strangers you’ve met on smoko, crowded around the break area behind the dumpster, only ever watched those durrie stale mouths and coffee yellowed teeth form around the advice, “Keep your foot flat on the point of impact.”

“Seen this on the telly loads of times,” you say it to yourself, breathing deep too and trying not to jolt when your foot connects with the old hollow core. And it’s open in one go, splintered and slamming against the wall. At the same moment, triumph overtakes your guilt for fucking up the house. It’s like a vengeful spirit’s caught you about the shoulders before you’ve taken even a single step outside—already busted. That new smell is all around you, a stranger’s sweat and an elbow you don’t recognize digs into your chest.

The echo of your mistake covers the sound of your yelping as the grip on you doesn’t falter a bit and for one second it has you wondering if this is what a person finally cracking is like. “Fucking shit! Let go-” You struggle viciously until there’s a sharp poke into your flank, just below your line of sight with the kigurumi fluffed up around you.

“I can’t do that; gotta get you back,” says a voice directly behind you, adjusting their grip on your shoulders and sliding the blade into the fleece again to graze your skin. “Besides, what urgent business could a stuffy have anyhow?”

‘It’s not Junkrat or Roadhog, oh God, oh fuck-’ Terror shuts your mouth, silent as they continue. “Don’t move now. Be a crying damned shame to nick something so valuable to Her Majesty, far more interesting than a bit of shine,” the voice grunts as you’re pushed inexorably forward, silence on both your own bare feet and the well-oiled boots of whoever is behind you. “Can’t believe these two were stupid enough to pinch their own transplant, like she wouldn’t send someone to investigate them blowing back North like an ill wind, but I’ll be damned if she’s expecting this...” Along the procession to the living room, the whole hall is caked with a new layer of dust and filth; there’s even
new bits out of the windowsills and it’s obvious a struggle has happened. The stench of copper and something acrid is in the air with the sound of Junkrat still barking out laughter. A smile curls the edges of your dry lips, ‘At least he’s okay. He’s laughing and then he’ll see me—’

“Now let’s go and have a peek at how that boyfriend of yours is faring with my mates. Famous name or no, we’re a real ripper of a time,” The voice sounds sure, but maybe that’s just how Junkers are. There’s never a time when they’ve left himself open for a shot, even if there was anybody to take one; never a moment when your form doesn’t cover their own and that feels practiced.

“You’re all dead. He’s unstoppable, a-and when Roadhog gets back there’s gonna be nothing left of you,” You can’t do anything else other than be an absolute pain in the arse, “Before we’ve turned the corner; you’ll be distracted and mad and then— then—”

“Can it! Think we don’t reckon that one? Been watching your little slice of heaven for ages now. Knew right away these bushies had something good stowed away, special deep,” The low laughter makes you feel sick, or maybe that’s just the smell of blood, now potty-sweet and overwhelming. “Had no idea he’d gotten himself a sweetheart, slippery bastard. Stupid mistake though, he’s too young and that’s his fault.” The glare of moonlight from the hall windows draws your eyes for the first time in days with the way it looks without bars breaking up the landscape, but you aren’t moving forward any further. Another peal of Junkrat’s high and tittering laughter is barely audible over your panting, turned to groaning when the knife breaks the first few, most painful layers of skin, barely enough to bleed at all.

Nothing moves.

“Before we get out there, I gotta ask you... See, I’m no fucking weapon, and we been taking bets on it, see? Bets on whether or not he makes you fuck Roadhog too. I know damn well he does an—and is there even anything left of you after that?” The voice barely chokes it out before contracting a case of the giggles themselves. Shame, anger and disgust color your cheeks, blurring the corners of your eyes with tears, but you don’t dignify the probe with a response. That seems to be the kicker; you both go forward and out into the open a few steps. Even over balanced and nearly in hysterics, your eyes try to focus on the scene you’ve only been previously listening in on.

Junkrat is only a few yards away with his back angled towards the old bathroom, now nothing more than a tiled room with buckets and a rusted drain on the floor. It’s excellent for magnifying his already loud voice along with anything he may or may not detonate. ‘Almost close enough I could run to him...’ The thought passes as urgent as the knife at your back. It’s possible there’s two others in the room with Junkrat but you can’t tear your eyes away from the way he looks with his legs bent and his center of gravity low; readying for a fight. Looking winded but largely unharmed, he feels good enough to wave at you with the fingers in his left hand.

“Ta Darling, don’t worry about all this mess.” Junkrat gestures to the couch that’s been knocked askew and nearly gutted; it’s still enough to break the line of sight with one of the intruders—a young man by the looks of it, barely out of his teens and prone on the floor. Bleeding out now, that’s clear from the smell and from the way Junkrat’s bear trap is connected to him, now that you’re looking.

“A-as though it matters!” you call back out to Junkrat, earning a smile and a painful jerk back into the body of whoever would be marked for death next if you had to guess.

“Just shut it, will you?” The knife moves up along your spine, scraping away sweat and dead skin as it’s moved up, “or I may get clumsier; this—this is shit...”

The intruder closest to the front door which is open and flapping noisily in the night wind, spits rudely on the floor at the comment. “And a fucking coward is what you are, mate. Buff, for shits
sake, Digs is gonna lose his leg for sure; the hell are we supposed to do without that share?” The voice is high and nearly breaking with alarm by the end. The other one, Digs, rolls around a bit on the floor helpless as a swaddled babe with no strength to sit up at all, weighted to the floor with steel and springs. Behind you, the knife shifts, causing a moment of hesitation that makes a lurching attempt to close the distance between yourself and Junkrat seem more feasible by the second. You’re glancing to his eyes for some kind of an okay: a validation or some sign of what was going to happen.

“He’s got to have a plan now. Some kind of contingency plot in place, for sure-” For now, Junkrat’s just looking at them; looking at you too, and he is most certainly measuring something out in his head. The last time you’ve seen that look was out in the yard—the first dry fit for his project with you back up in the dirt. Something’s not quite caught yet; almost a bit fishy with how long he’s letting the stalemate go along. If you didn’t know any better, the speculation of him sweating these people out of their right minds seems like the only goal.

Buff, the one holding you, doesn’t seem to have a retort for his compatriot, but instead just keeps a grip on you, though the knife point has dropped from its ready position. You aren’t the only one who notices, as next to the front door the other burglar is saying, “We’ve got him Buffer, he’s inside his castle and he won’t take it down. There’s nothing he can do to stop us from just leaving! Won’t risk a hair on that one’s head either.” The knife doesn’t move. ‘Stalling, like a bit of timed fuse,’ The realization dawns on you; the seconds dragging on like kilometers in the side car.

“Can’t say I’d be too comfortable blowing the top off this little cottage, fair enough. But I’m good for more than just one trick. Wouldn’t be much of a big man in town if that was the case,” Junkrat announces it shrilly, digging his hand down the back of his pants, adjusting his waistband or shifting in apparent nervousness to the person near the door.

“Fuck, I’m not gonna let you kill Digs or Addams.” Buff seems to find his voice, but can’t bring the knife up with it, “Just hand over the tribute like every other cunt and this’ll all be behind us. Can’t expect her to look the other way while you play house on vacation, is that it?”

Junkrat shrugs at that comment, making a noise in the back of his throat like something’s caught there, “Fat chance of that. Never given up anything since I was an ankle biter. This is more like the beginning of our lives you see? Not some shitty hand-me-down pittance that Her Majesty farms out. She’ll be running scared when I got a few of my own, you’ll hear about them-hah hah; maybe not so much after.” With a shiver, you can see plainly from your angle that Junkrat’s not reaching for Semtex, or even anything homemade. Instead, his palm conceals a cylinder of metal nearly invisible against his shining palm when he tosses it underhand, not even aiming for the person holding you.

“Liar! Don’t listen Buff, fucking stay with me-he’s done; can’t do anything without hitting the stock,” the intruder shouts louder over the sound of the screen door creaking. ‘Is it a one and a half second delay? Or a three-quarter? Junkrat’s mentioned both before... Some pillow-talk,’ You know enough to close your eyes and to bring your hands flat to your ears, uncurling of the knife point scraping your oblique. The small case rolls to the apex of the wall behind you both. Even with the arguing, Junkrat isn’t looking anywhere but you.

He blows you a kiss at the same moment the world ends, slamming his own eyes shut tight.

It’s a flash that’s brighter than anything you’ve seen before-like a fuse box blown out, or some kind of firework; over so fast the only thing left is the ringing in your ears, ricocheting off the walls like a snap of lightning. The sound of thunder follows, but that’s not what it is actually, rather just the sound of the one who’s been holding you falling over and rolling onto his stomach. Opening and
closing bloody teeth with no discernible noise to you, side-stepping his form you can see that whatever was in that metal cylinder had split Buff open like a chook along the spine.

Eyes aching from the explosion and sight of a person still trying to live when their whole back looked like so much meat, you stumble towards the other corner of the room, spurring into motion while the person behind you is still, dying on the floor. ‘Like the fuse has run out,’ the thought is hazy.

Plodding steps reversing the trajectory of his easy throw, looping back to Junkrat like a boomerang, or a trusted toy, with the fleece still keeping you safe from falling bits of plaster and dust interspersed with insulation. The other burglar, Addams, is screaming-or so it looks from the way her mouth opens up to bare every tooth, like a snarling animal with its back to a wall even though she's on the floor too. You only see her for a second before feeling Junkrat’s arms resting on your shoulders, his forearms descending over your throbbing eyes, and blocking the sight of her.

The rumble of his chest tells you he’s talking, but even at the volume he usually speaks with it’s still nothing more than a dull roar. You’re staring up at his stubbled chin and along the long prow of his nose to read his thin lips. “Non-lethal,” He’s staring down at you with blown out pupils, greedily pulling in the sight of you in the darkness. A laugh shakes Junkrat’s entire lanky frame and since he’s pulling your body against him, you’re jittering too.

The dust hasn’t settled yet, but Junkrat’s sharp nose digs against your hood before he growls in apparent unhappiness and yanks it backwards, with a few tangled hairs going along with it, so he can take deep gusting breaths against your scalp and hair. Nuzzling into his forearm, you can feel your own throat vibrating with hums-or whimpers. Soon, there’s a ringing replacing the silence. You’re surprised when you manage to peek over the line of Junkrat’s forearm and towards the door. Roadhog is standing there, silent as ever, and he’s closed the door behind him. There’s already blood down the front of his pants, but it’s obvious it isn’t his. From the tilt of his face you can tell he’s seen you in Junkrat’s arms and he’s still looking at you when he reaches down beside him to pluck Addams up, palming her skull like a cantaloupe, holding her out in front of him with the toes of her boots scraping the floor with her mouth still wide open and moving like a fish.

There’s something other than the sound of blood in your ears now, almost like you can hear under a blanket or underwater the way she’s sobbing when Roadhog starts to squeeze just a bit. The fucked-up, monster-sized hand comes up to one side of her face, tucking a thumb between her teeth, daring her to bite on the ring. The other hand slides down to her brow ridge and eye socket. You can see the way her eyes roll, huge and terrified, when the veins stand out in those massive forearms and Roadhog starts pushing on her head. There’s an airy sound coming out of her, leaving her thrashing body when you see her face splitting apart.

‘My hearing’s come back just in time to listen to them all die.’

Junkrat above you is talking, soft and breathily wetting your hair, “-love you so much, I’d never hurt you never let you get stolen away by villains and filth. Perfect, beautiful, and quick to boot; knew a little flash powder would do the trick, just the thing to give you a chance! And you did not bloody disappoint, came on over like we’d planned it...” His compliments almost cover the sound of a skull splitting and the smell of piss and shit now that Addams is, dead and gone, but you still jump at the way her body hits the ground when Roadhog releases her.

Though he doesn’t make a move to cross the room to get the other: the one that’s still caught in Junkrat’s trap. It’s a beat of silence before you hear the chain at his waist, seeing the way it ends in a wicked looking hook with nails pushed through it, heavy and grating when he tosses it onto the form of Digs with a dull thud and yelp of pain. The sound of Junkrat’s heavy trap skipping along the
planks of the floor is almost too much, but you can't look away from the way Roadhog jerks another person and an iron bear trap back with only one hand. ‘He isn’t even breaking a sweat, this is nothing to him,’ The way his boot rises when Digs slides close enough to it makes you blink, but you don’t miss the dull crunch when Roadhog’s boot tread follows through, ‘Didn’t even look at him; just stomped on him like he was vermin.’

“ Took your own sweet time with it, didn't you? Just leave old Junkrat all by his lonesome to defend what’s ours? I’d give you a piece of my mind if wasn't already knackered,” Now Junkrat’s seen Hog, moving towards the last body closest to the hall. Already complaining with your hair sticking to his chin and tongue, but making no move to let go of you, “Grab that one, the one that had the fucking gall to touch our property. Gotta find out how long they’ve been at it; I knew I heard someone that night you saw fit to be gone, late as fucking usual. Should’ve listened to my gut—”

Junkrat’s starting to whine, but Roadhog doesn’t do anything but hum in affirmation, too focused on Buffer at his feet for any kind of banter. He talks to them in a low, flat tone when he says,

“ ‘We’re gonna be leaving you out for the dingoes. You’re friend out front is gutted—it’s over.’ Junkrat is still muttering, pulling and petting your hair rapidly and too hard to be comforting. He’s turned you both to face Roadhog, watching him stalk past the remaining intruder with bloody bootprints following him like breadcrumbs.

Towards you.

The urge to run away is overpowering, but Junkrat is holding you tight across the shoulders. ‘There’s nowhere left to go...’ the thought races. Roadhog’s hand reaches out to grasp your chin, the roughened pads of his fingers sticky with red blood leaked up to his wrist, twisting bits of gore and viscera into his arm’s grey hair, but his fingertips are gentle, just cradling the weight of your head easily and calmly. ‘This is the most relaxed I’ve ever seen him,’ It makes you flush: the knowledge that Roadhog looks more vulnerable in this moment now than even after sex, stark naked and on his broad back, ‘Even behind the mask, it’s the way he stands and moves...’

He only lets your chin go after turning your head this way and that. Slow and careful, testing the vertebrae in your neck, waiting for any pops or traces of whiplash. Roadhog inhales sharply before talking over your head at Junkrat, “Don’t do that again. You could’ve hurt them, it was too close and those fucking flash bangs are shit.”

Junkrat ‘harrumphs’ and shakes his head like the words are just insects. He can’t keep the sarcasm out of his voice when he says, “Can’t help you mate, they’re non-lethal. Just a bit of shock and awe; that little thief was in the perfect position. I knew our pet would be smart enough to give them the slip—not one to waste an opportunity right, love?” You smile up at the mask, nodding and staring past bloodstains.

Roadhog seems unconvinced and unwilling to let Junkrat get the last word in, “Had plenty of them chucked at me and I’m telling you, they’re dangerous. Just ask him,” He jerks his thumb back at Buff, still barely alive. Junkrat says nothing, but Roadhog’s hand drops from your jaw and he turns around to grab Buffer, scraping him up off the floor like a bit of trash. He picks up more bodies behind you, grunting with each subsequent victim-turned-example tossed onto his meaty shoulder.

Junkrat starts to steer you towards the door, steadying your weakened legs and leading you around the remains of the furniture while cooing and whispering hoarsely to you, “That’s a good little one, come on then. Gotta duck into the shed quick-like; I’ll be grabbing the scrap wood to string up the fucking filth who touched you—” His hand tightens on your shoulder, diging into the sore spot from your initial flight from the bedroom, but you don't shy away when he continues with a grin, “Don’t worry, you’re coming along too. You could use the fresh air, I’d wager, and besides—” Junkrat stops
on the porch when he hears Roadhog following behind you both.

The wind stirs up dust and the smell of death in the cool night air.

“Someone’s got to hold the nails while I’m tossing the frame together. Got to make a statement to anybody who might be out there: no one touches what’s ours.” Junkrat steers off true to his word, hobbling towards the shed and leaving you alone with Roadhog.

Silent as the corpses he’s carrying. He just fixes you with a look behind the mask, leaning closer and looming in a way that makes the blood rush between your legs when he tells you, “Stay close. I don't want you out of my sight...”

Your answer is automatic and honestly shocks you as much as it does Roadhog when you say, “I wouldn’t dream of leaving it, I need you.”
Apologies to all for taking so goddamned long; it's been rough lately. Lost my job, moved, now trying to get back into school so I don't necessarily have to spend the rest of my life bringing folks food. Wish me luck.

Anyone who is still reading is a star, I cannot state enough how much everyone's continued support means to me.

The ceiling spins and it has nothing to do with blood loss.

You can still see it; closing the lids of your eyes isn’t like sleeping at all anymore, just waiting or rotting inside your own sweaty husk. More than a flash burned into your mind now, framed out by delicate, spiderwebbed capillaries; the way gutted and broken bodies swing in the hot, dry air.

Lying about like a housewife these days eating bon-bons or some wastrel while Junkrat and Roadhog move around you like a storm of destruction changed to a frenetic sort of spring resurgence. Building and growing back some semblance of a home and comfort, or the best that you’re bound to get.

‘But for what? They don’t care about living in a dump, and they don’t really care what I think... Why go through all the trouble? And after everything...’

Revisiting the memory was your only recourse, treading ground already memorized like a safe passage through a minefield. That day as well worn as a wagon wheel grooved to the inside of your skull. The entirety of your existence condensed down to a few moments; a bit over a month just tragedy after tragedy strung together with occasional moments of a communal sort of boredom, waiting on the edge of something neither of them would spell out just yet.

‘But I’m so close to it, I know I am. Just standing too close to it so all I see are blurs of color instead of the whole fucking picture yet.’

~

“All hands on deck now, Love. Get in there for us and hold that scum’s legs together so I can get a grip.” Junkrat calls merrily over his shoulder, not wasting a second when he turns to Roadhog and tells him, “Gimme a boost Hog... Gotta nail them up good and proper.” There’s a length of rope around the middle of the corpse, holding the flaps of their abdomen closed and pressed tight against the length of wood. There was nothing to hold in anymore(all the insides pulled out postmortem with that cruel hook for no other reason than pleasure) and you’re thankful for it all the same; but looking up you could see the swarming black flies moving in and out of their belly, sucking up the last pooling bits of blood, rubbing their filthy, little hairy legs and fucking and laying eggs inside of the privacy of a body cavity.

It’s hotter than you’ve ever felt, like living in an oven. No wind for relief, and it’s eerily silent like the whole world has been scorched to death. The whole ridge line soaking in light and blinding heat.
You’re swallowing back saliva, and tears; wishing for the thousandth time that you had been left sitting within eye sight but out of the way of whatever this is. A perverse gibbet, a warning to everyone who would pass; one part ritual, one part psychosis. Watching Junkrat clamber onto Roadhog’s sturdy shoulders, careful to plant the tread of his peg on the padding of his vest. Under any other circumstance would be near to comical with two grown men standing in the dying sun like a jungle gym. If Junkrat’s constantly shifting, uneven weight was any strain Roadhog made no outward indication.

Silent as the grave, almost respectable.

Since tossing down the corpses onto the earth like stinking, empty flour sacks and loosely tying each of them to a respective post to be hoisted with one of his arms massive, bulging arms set deep into the earth. The only time his head even turns it’s to incline it towards you, and his breathing is still steady; not deep or greedy like you’d come to expect. Peaceful and slow and you find yourself matching it, calming the wildness of your own leaping heart. Holding a dead man’s legs together; in front of the towering, double horror of Junkrat and Roadhog with a long shadow cast off to the side and nearly mirroring the dead would-be thief tied to the pole and marring the vast expanse of fucking nothing before you all.

Your heart thuds heavily within your breast, moving thick syrupy blood into every aching limb. An ever present reminder of your luck, how it could always be worse and how you’re still alive; alive but breaking apart somewhere on the outskirts of your brain. A seam giving way where you can’t see.

‘Their sweat is almost enough to drown out the stink... Almost.’

Junkrat curses somewhere above you, at the same moment something glittering and small falls, turning right in front of your nose. Falling nearly inaudible onto the dirt and rolling to touch your foot.

“Whoopsie, get that for me will you?” There’s a lilt in his voice but you know it’s not a question at all. So you let go, bending at the waist but not before you’ve backed away from bare, rigor stiffened toes and the wooden beam. Until you’re pressing against the front of Roadhog’s hips.

Your own shaking hand closes around the nail at the same moment Roadhog’s comes to rest on your lower back. The same hand that killed every single used-to-be person left to roll on the ground like garbage. Weight of his hand and forearm, not even really pushing ensures you can’t straighten your spine.

Swimming in fabric, you’re still grateful for the coverage it affords; a sunburn when you’re touched and worried on constantly would be unbearable. But it still doesn’t make it any easier to focus around the sick feeling of slowly overheating.

Clenching the nailhead so hard into your palm that a half moon bruise is forming; a small stigmata to match the one the person above you was about to receive(not that they minded anymore). The cold metal warming between layers of your still living flesh, the only oasis is just as intolerable as the rest of this within seconds.

Roadhog moves his other hand, engulfs your own, prying your fist open with fingers so tense and big you almost forget to breathe again. Self preservation wins out, so you breathe while he takes the nail in hand; a pearl from an oyster, passes it to his partner above. But his hand returns to fold over yours again, yanking back towards him so hard your shoulder pops warningly.

A whimper leaks out of you, and the image of your own body strung up next passes before your eyes.
like a mirage but you’re still hoping he won’t just haul off and pull your arm out completely. He wouldn’t have bothered to save you if he wanted to pull you apart himself wouldn’t he). To prevent it, there’s no choice but to follow the steady and insistent pull and despite the heat you’re shivering now. With each passing moment feeling him get harder and bigger in his dungarees, his ever increasing heartbeat tapping out through the zipper and through the dusty onsie he seems to like so much on you.

“Steady on! We all know this is what really gets you stiff, big fuckin’ sick-o... Just lemme put in this last nail and we’ll have some real fun, eh? You’ll go first, I’m nothing if not grateful, merciful even!” Junkrat’s talking to the tops of both your heads, ordering Roadhog around like he’s king of the castle; addressing a kingdom of nothing but monsters, and witnesses. Maybe he is one, because Roadhog doesn’t say anything, not even to give him guff because he’s already getting what he wants. With that big hand about your own, you feel the exact moment Junkrat insults him his pulse jumps; sending more blood elsewhere.

Your too dry throat works in disbelief, sweat crawls across your back and it’s hard to even be surprised anymore. You’re thinking still bent in half while sweat drips in and around your eyes, cutting a trail under your nose and lips, ‘What the fuck? Corpses and killing, that’s what gets him off? Used to think I’d found the bottom of the barrel, turns out the bottoms false; it’s always fucking worse with these two.’

Soaking with fear but you aren’t crying. ‘Not yet...’ A nail drives home, beaten in with the side Junkrat’s hand and final as a starting gun and echoing in the sky above. The sound of Junkrat jumping down, the way he hisses when his peg creaks and whines beneath him may as well be miles away. Your universe is down the space you and Roadhog occupy, his decision not to tear you apart taking the place of gravity and time itself.

Roadhog doesn’t waste a moment separating the two halves of your kigurumi, with a hand moving from your back and pushing the buttons from holes; but the other doesn’t leave your hand and wrist. Careful to hold you immobile until the last possible moment, helpless like an animal caught in a trap. After the last button he yanks the whole suit back and bunching over your hands and arms. Lets your hand breathe for one blessed moment before it’s wrapped and tangled in fabric.

‘Like one of those jackets they used to have in the bughouses. Tied up like a gift or just the tangled up ribbon’

He wrenches your shoulders up and almost completely above your head, over balancing and holding you there with your joints screaming, hurting so badly silence is the only option. With your hands useless, he presses between your shoulders with four fingers until you can’t pitch forward anymore.

Over the sound of blood rushing into your head, he intones, “The faster you wiggle out of the legs the sooner this is over. Bet you could grab your fucking ankles if I let you go, but I won’t so don’t kiss that ass goodbye yet... As if you’d get out that easy, heheh.”

Somewhere in a book, you’ve seen this; under a heading that read ‘stress positions’. Kicking off the padded feet of your onesie, to stand bare foot and immobile as the bodies in front of you. Hopefully saving your ligaments. ‘This is a way to interrogate prisoners. Detention centers in most countries, PMC para-military shit...’ The thought is chilling, you don’t have the brain power to wonder who taught him.

The sun hits your legs and it isn’t clear if that’s better or worse but you can barely feel anything at this point anyway. Everything that isn’t Roadhog moving you, twisting you, just seems to fade into a sort of background hum. Time slows down, barely moves over your heat exhausted form; like a
lifetime has passed here on the hump that marks the high point of the land.

When Roadhog can access your hole, freely and in his own time, in front of god(apparently) and everybody is when the pain stops. Straightening a bit, still bent and bowed but your shoulder blades aren’t drawn together unnaturally anymore; though your hands are still cocooned like you’re in mittens. Breathing is possible again, so you take what you can.

The air is still rank with blood, sweat and murder.

Two bubbling, desperate breaths later you feel his finger tip probing you. Big and dry but blessedly smooth with his flat wide nails trimmed(jammed full with blood underneath); he slides his mask up, spits loud and rude onto where he’s touching. The sensation of thick spittle sliding down, the way he slides it around your hole gathers tears around your eyes. His fingers are so big, it’s bound to be a tight squeeze. It’s nothing like the last time you were with him, there in the bedroom feeling safe and nearly happy.

It feels like you’re a bit of wood he’s notching and dovetailing into, or a pilot hole screwed in under a drill before the final finishing screw; bowing and deforming around the wideness of his relentless digit. As shameful as it is, the discomfort only lasts a few, tense moments. When you start to open around him he laughs from his belly, shaking you with him.

The two of you standing, the indicating points on the face of a sundial; something wrong and out of place in the world. A time outside of time; until his voice brings you back from where your mind had since melted, pooling into your forehead.

“ See? It’s not as bad as all that little runt, since you’re already used to this. Can already feel you getting wet...” Roadhog sounds positively tickled, almost giddy as he’s spreading your insides apart; telling you the worst truth possible. Turning his finger to point and press towards the ground, rubbing back and forth on that peculiar rough spot hard enough, insistently enough he can feel your legs start to shake. Almost like you need to piss but can’t and won’t because what if it made him angry.

‘ Please don’t do it this way. Not like this, not outside like a rutting dog.’ You think desperately but the only thing that comes out is something to the tune of, “ P-please, ugh.” An odd sort of gulping noise around the sound of your unwilling orgasm. Clenching and spasming around his finger while he wiggles it back and forth to prolong the moment, stretching it and you out like warm, sticky candy.

“ Good, see that wasn’t so bad? You’re damned lucky I care about you; otherwise I’d just use you fast and hard as I want, leave you split and nearly as fucked up as these sorry pieces of shit.” Roadhog’s voice fills your ears, bent close to the back of your head with the bulk of his body hot on top of your back, at the same time his finger leaves your still spasming hole. Turning your head to look for Junkrat out of reflex , for either confirmation or denial(or comfort) it isn’t clear; but his silhouette is, perched ass down on one of the dead, watching you both like a vulture. Grinning like this is the best thing he’s seen in the whole bloody world, like this is the closest he’ll get to the movies.

A droplet hits your cheekbone from above(assumedly sweat from Roadhog, already backed off enough to drag his straining zipper down), but blessedly cool and different from your own sheeting perspiration. You don’t think about it, you can’t.

Opening your mouth todrag in stagnant air you ignore the taste of death as you feel twitching head of Roadhog’s cock pulsing against you. “ Help...” The sound leaves you again with the next gust of carbon dioxide, not particularly directed at anyone; but Junkrat’s always eager to take everything
and he tilts his head to take in your plea. Gives you a doleful look to mirror your own before the facade cracks gone in a second and replaced with something sharp and craving.

"Already ‘helped’ you plenty Lover, now it’s time for you to help him. Poor Roadie’s coming apart at the seams for you. Never seen him so arse over teakettle for anything like he is for you; may as well be shouting from the rooftops to his best mate."

Roadhog pushes your insides apart slowly, methodically and without saying anything to Junkrat. The moan he lets out is loud enough to startle you, but you’re speared and unable to move. Roadhog’s grip adjusts for a moment and through the fleece you can feel the heat of his palm around your hand. He doesn’t give you time to get used to the previous inches before he’s sliding the next inexorably home.

His body is unbelievably solid and his gut is heavy, but it’s a bit of shade. The sun isn’t pushing anymore, but something else acts on you now. With skin almost numbed to heat, dead as the ones above and below you. Another droplet slides through your shaking hair.

Junkrat is still talking, filling up the silence and negative space outside your body, “You’re a good one. He don’t let just anyone see him like this, makes him shy you see? Doesn’t want everyone knowing his business so intimately. But Piggy can’t resist with you; can’t hardly help it I’m afraid. And don’t that just make you the luckiest? Bringing out the best in a couple of boys like us.”

Roadhog straightens to his full height and starts thrusting, so slow and shallow at first his belly barely moves from the back of your hips and ass. Teasing you or pacing himself, it doesn’t matter; because the act does wonders for opening you up. There’s a perverse wet sound coming from between you both now; getting louder and louder the faster he goes. Almost feeling good, almost enough to get you moaning too.

With Junkrat staring into your face, the quirk of a smile on his lips; you’ll be damned if you let him see it. So you bite your own lips instead. You watch him, watching you with sunlight sliding down his broad shoulders like honey; kicking out his legs and crossing his peg over the other ankle, before he shifts again and taps the tread of his boot with it instead. Perfectly in time with the powerful thrusts behind you, like a metronome. His voice is clearly audible; high and tight with excitement over the lower moans of his partner, “Gotta ask you though, did it get you hot too? When he came in and finished them all off, I know I was. Or was it the flash bang that gets you all juicy sounding the way you are now?”

Roadhog squeezes your hands through bunches of suffocating fabric, moves quicker with his partner’s questioning and you know he’s listening too. The air is alive with stale heat and cloying, too hot for thinking, for questioning. Let alone fucking (but here you are anyway).

Your mouth opens, nothing but saliva falls out; pattering silently onto the ground, but the flies swarming and drinking it up certainly aren’t. To drown out the buzzing and maybe get this over with (please) you force every ounce of strength left into your vocal chords, still quiet as a dull roar.

“Both...” Falls out of your face, swallowed up almost instantly with Roadhog grunting and cumming behind you. Loud as the explosion at the house, an all encompassing and bone shaking growl he releases your hand and nearly falls forward; but there’s sound of wood splintering in his palm as he steadies himself on the gibbet. Something inside your pelvis strains, gives; sharp and insistent first then dull, hot and throbbing.

A flurry drops hit your face, raining down onto your shoulders too; and craning your neck to see them you don’t see more sweat at all. Thick, blackish blood dots your frame like negative constellations. Blood shaken from the body above you, the last bit they had to give. From the corner
of your eye, you see stars appearing on the upper half of the sky; chasing the falling sun.

Casting your eyes down first while your vision narrows to a pinprick, then rolling helplessly back at Junkrat before you see no more. You hear him laughing, then telling Roadhog, “You better not have fucked them to death. Big, bloody fucking monster you are, taking our love like this. Out in the garbage and filth... Now we wasted all the fucking daylight.”

“Yeah, and what does that make you? The voyeur who watched me do it. She’s still breathing, just fainted I think. Scared of a little blood or maybe just heatstroke.” Roadhog eases you up onto his shoulder, “Let’s go back, some sleep will do us all some good.”

You can’t tell the difference between dead and not, where you start and the other bodies begin anymore; time loops back on itself again and the sound of Junkrat’s cackling sounds like the chain hook clanging across the floor dragging offal with it; Roadhog’s boots tamp the ground with each step, sounding like concussive blast of the grenade.

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It’s been only a bit more than a day since the ‘little incident’ (by your measure anyways). That was what Junkrat took to calling it, and of course Roadhog took his lead on that. Mentioning it when he thinks you aren’t listening; worrying it over like a dog with a bone,

“Our little prize is sick or hurt, special deep. Can see it on her face, limping around all hunched like an old maid. And you’re the one to blame; you rode her too hard and now-!” He always stops before finishing the thought, wrings his calloused left hand with the cold metal of the right; restarts his circuit of checking the halls and bedrooms.

‘Now they’re arguing, so much for closing rank in our happy little home. Or rather Junkrat’s bitching about me, about what Roadhog did even though he suggested it in the first fucking place. What’s the point? What does he even care?’

Roadhog says nothing; just rubs his big hand over your sore middle or presses it into your back in soothing, little as he can manage circles. He doesn’t seem worried in the least, but then again nothing seems to alarm the mountain of a man; not Junkrat’s caterwauling or your own discomfort. He’s pinching and pulling lightly on your nipples; more sensitive than ever today, rolling each of your breasts in his hands as if to test their weight. Feeds you extra helpings of hogdrogen, chased with meat and cans of spinach from his supply run every few hours like clockwork.

‘As though stuffing me from the other end will help anything at all. At least he’s good for a hit, always good for that...’

Several times today Junkrat’s walking the floor, surveying his gutted kingdom with a pair of sharp, critical eyes in place of pawing at you; spelling out perceived structural issues to no one in particular and running his mismatched palms along the walls. He doesn’t fix any of them; preferring to move on and complain about the next kind-of-not-really problem.

Until he checks the closet in the bedroom; finds the source of the draft you’d noticed, just big enough for some scrawny thief to wriggle into. A spot of dry rot broken open, big enough someone almost nabbed you and if they’d taken you out the same way Junkrat would’ve been none the wiser. But they got cocky instead, tried to take you through the front and now they’re dead as dust with half the meat on their back blown apart; food for bugs and birds. It takes Junkrat most of the early evening to patch the floor; on his hands and knees with the hammer and nails but he doesn’t ask you for help.

There’s a permanent mark in one corner of the room. A smoke ring, like cutting into a chicken and
the house is just meat, the bones are the only three people holding it up. Washing the walls isn’t a concern, but sticky blood was scraped and scoured from the floor with roofing scrapers and an almost fervent sort of energy. Both of them eager to erase the presence of the intruders; the stench of death and decay lingered, despite brown plastic bottle after bottle of isopropyl alcohol flung across the floor. Scrubbed into the splinters with rags and scraps of clothing that didn’t belong to anyone anymore.

You smell blood everywhere now; with every step it gets stronger and you’re still stepping around corpses long gone, the chain at your back still dragging behind every single one of your twenty seven paces towards the front of the house. The sound little more than the same drone of the wind hitting the walls, not even an afterthought.

The belt anchoring it feels tighter, biting into your middle and resting atop the most tender patch of your stomach just below the bellybutton. The wideness and sturdy shape almost manage to support your abdominals, almost enough to make it bearable. Still the feeling of bloating drives you to pace the rooms as much as you’re able, flitting between cold concrete countertops and bracing your trunk to the remains of the couch before exhaustion takes hold and you finally fall a dreamless, dead sleep.

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When you wake, gripping handfuls of your middle and pushing them back in towards your spine; it’s pitch dark. Holding in your guts, that currently feel like they’re coming out and apart like the people outside(used to be people, just animal food now).

Junkrat sits across from you, watching and leaned so far forward on his now wheelless office chair the other two legs cut the air like two more metal fingers. Without unbalancing himself he extends his left hand out to you first, says, “Come here Darling. Looks like you been dreaming up a hell of a fright, don’t fret. I got first watch and nothing gets past me, not anymore…” His other hand comes up next, shining and soaked in moonlight bright enough to cast shadows across the floor.

You don’t bother to correct him, don’t bother to tell him, ‘I don’t dream anymore. I doubt I ever will again maybe it’s the drugs. Better off either way; I can’t stand waking up after, still here. Still stuck.’

Slowly you sit up, stand eventually and mince your way forward to his waiting arms; something lets loose inside you. First you think it’s just the rush of endorphins, the thought of his warm spindly hand on your sore body is better than it has any right to be. Until you feel something trickle slow and wet down your ankle.

He sees it cut across your face, the lines of alarm forming on your forehead and between your brows. You both look down at the same time but Junkrat’s face is closer to your hips and he wastes no time grabbing a handful of shorts.

The sound of wet fabric is accompanied by a sharp inhalation from both of you is so similar to the first time you scared him in the sidecar.

‘But this time it’s not water.’

“You piss yourself? No shame in it, happens to the best of us.” But then Junkrat smells the air, smells you and smiles wide enough the moon catches every single one of his teeth. His grin floating when he tells you, “You smell like our first Seppo job, like a whole bag full of old pennies… Bleeding like a, heheh- stuck piggy.” He parts his fingers in front of his own face, then holds all of them up to you; shining and wet, nearly invisible now in the dark. “Supposing in this case it’s the piggy that stuck you!” Barking out a laugh he pulls you forward now, hip first into his sharp nose and mouth.
‘Just my time of the month... Nothing big, nothing wrong either; Roadhog didn’t tear something outside and I’m not dying slowly. Or faster than they’d planned it. Thought I’d skip it for sure with all the upset lately.’ You remember back to year twelve, when your cycle wasn’t very regular and the nurse told you it was normal enough in times of stress to miss one.

“You know only the old ones are the only ones with any copper left. The ones those yanks hide away deep in vaults; shining like nothing else you seen before. Bag marks only on the ones I nicked, never even been put into circulation. Couldn’t imagine how they shined.” Junkrat reminisces at the same time he’s yanking down the soggy shorts, pushing his long nose between your shaking, slick legs.

You aren’t really listening to him, still talking, muffled now between your sticky thighs.

“Smells good. Strong and healthy, most girls up here don’t have the flow anymore; not that it matters with most blokes shooting blanks or worse.” His forehead taps against your pubic mound, staring down now into the pool of fabric at between your ankles when he continues, “Hell of a kiss mark, like your cunt’s wearing lipstick. Big as a dahlia or one of them ink blot tests for those not with a full quid...” The tip of his nose looks like it’s been dipped in paint, or like a dog digging through the trash behind a butcher shop. Both of his hands brace against the insides of your thighs, pushing them open and apart and keeps the right hand just below your minge while he breathes deep and slow. Shaking on nearly buckled knees, you keep your legs separated even when his left hand spreads your center open like a book.

His tongue peeks out to taste you, it comes as a surprise; even as you watch Junkrat lathe your hole long and slow. He’s moaning loud enough to wake the dead, certainly loud enough to wake Roadhog; but with the way he’s moved one of your thighs over his good ear it’s doubtful he’s aware.

Another a slow drag through blood and excess discharge, hot and pressing against your swollen nethers. Swiping up to clean around your clit and back down again between your inner lips; pushing his tongue inside and sucking when your hand tangles into his sparse hair.

From the way he’s shivering and shuddering, Junkrat’s getting off on tasting your blood; hopelessly aroused by the scent and the slight edge of your sweat all around now. His hands are spoken for, unable to touch himself with one digging it’s metal fingertips into the softest part of your upper thigh while the other holds you open so he can lick at your sensitive clit. Your hips cant and roll to follow his tongue, chasing the smooth flicking and pressure he’s putting above your entrance.

“Oh-oh fuck... I’m close. Don’t stop... Don’t stop that.”

His attentions are enough to get your vision narrowing to focus on one thing; an orgasm.

‘It always helps the cramps. Better than a night cap or heat pad, who knew he’d be so interested in something like this. Just the monthly cleaning really...’

The thought makes you smile to no one, tipping your head back and your hips forward at the same time. He’s got his whole tongue stuffed into you now, moving his face side to side like he’s eating for his life, for an extra centimeter of give. His nostrils huff up small bubbles of blood and you find yourself hoping he has enough sense not to drown.

Every muscle in both your legs are locked up as good as if you’ve died yourself, stiff as a board and light as a feather or some such nonsense. His right hand is gripping the meat of your thigh hard enough to bruise, but that hardly seems to matter now. In fact, it just makes the contrast of syrupy pleasure washing over you more potent. Enough you forget to be quiet, forget he’s not being selfless here and that there is definitely some other angle-
“J-Junkrat!” His name falls from your lips when you come, “Yes, yes, yes just like that!”

He keeps moving his tongue and lips over you, slowing down until you’re so raw and overwhelmed it brings tears to your eyes. The only reason he stops is because you’re boneless and sagging, silent except for harsh little pants through your mouth. Junkrat lets go of your thigh with a good natured pinch, patting your pubic mound like an old friend and smiling fondly up at your face.

The heady smell of blood and combined sweat hangs thick enough you can taste it.

“Just wait till I tell Hoggie about this. That you’re a great bleeder, and fit as a fiddle. Knew we made a good choice, not that I ever doubted it! The plan will still work, mark me; got us a good chance!”

‘So much for sick and hurt deep. Glad you’re over that particular nugget; just let things get back to normal, as they ever are.’ You don’t say that, just tell him instead, “I’m glad…”

“Now I’ve got to jot something down, just be a tic outside in the shed. But you’ll stay here, or better yet go lie down in a real bed with Roadie! And er- tell him I owe him. He’s always right in the end, goddamned cunt psychic is what he is…” Junkrat trails off, takes a moment to wipe his chin half heartedly on his right arm; smearing blood on his prosthetic and giving it a patina that makes your flesh crawl.

With no further instruction he’s gone, and your feet are moving again. Carrying you towards the bedroom door that still swings open and leans severely to one side like a drunk.

There’s bloody half footprints like breadcrumbs, marking your procession.

‘Nothing that can’t be cleaned in the morning; and really what’s a bit more blood in the house? But it’s different- because this time it’s mine.’

Roadhog is already up when you walk in, sitting up propped against the wall with his mask on the pillow beside him. He barely looks at you, tells you, “There’s plugs and rags on the bedside table, and new shorts. Didn’t know what you’d prefer so I brought both.”

“Junkrat says he owes you, says you’re a- a cunt psychic.” They aren’t your words(don’t shoot the messenger), but it’s embarrassing all the same to say it. Worse when he laughs.

“Psychic nothing, just I can fucking count. I’m not that goddamned old, still remember how it was; before everyone got too fucked up, or most of them.”

You pull the shorts on quick, almost forgetting the toiletries; one in each hand weighing the options. Until you remember something about blood poisoning with tampons, not knowing how many he’s brought or how many you’ll bleed through. So you don’t ask about anything he’s said and instead pull the crackling paper from the back of the pad to in place of conversation.

“Get in, I’ll rub your tummy and keep you warm.” The offer is too good to refuse, and it’s not like that’s an option. “Gotta keep you safe and healthy, comfortable as you can be until it’s time.”

“Until what time?” You’re asking, clambering over his legs to curl yourself around Roadhog’s side and leaning up into the arm he lays over your shoulder.

This time he’s the one who doesn’t answer.
This one's a bigg'un; so settle in. Gaining speed now I think, reaching real terminal 
fucked up velocity.

Thank you all for the continual outpouring of support and reviews! Kind words feed me 
throughout school work and through the adjustment period in my new digs. Tons has 
changed in my life and I'm so glad I can count on all of you ;D

“ Upsie daisy Darling, time for a surprise!” With Junkrat’s hand firm on your shoulder it’s clear he 
isn’t taking feigned sleep for an answer. He’s shaking you, hard enough it makes your neck crack. 
Cupping your head in the crook of his long thin palm, balancing the curve of your skull within the 
spread of his knobby fingers; raising your sleep warm face from the pillows and dropping it.

“ Ugh, what?” You're croaky and bleary from a shitty night’s sleep. “ What’s going on now?” His 
face hovers, close enough to make you go crosseyed with the tip of his nose touching your own. ‘ 
Really want to know what’s so bloody good it can’t wait. Didn’t sleep worth a lick just had my eyes 
closed is all. Thought I heard someone tapping on the roof all night, windows too...’

“ Can’t spoil it. I promise you it’s worth dragging your arse out of bed for; couldn’t be better, can’t 
rightly remember the last time-” He giggles and interrupts himself, drumming his hands along the 
shape of your body outlined under the blanket. ‘ I’ll carry you myself if you won’t walk. Supposing I 
can’t expect you to jump out like a shot when you’re still leaky. I don’t mind, really.”

“ N-no it’s fine I’ll get up, just give me a minute-” You’ve not even had the time to sit up before he’s 
flinging the blanket off of you and wrapping you up in his arms; dragging you to the edge of the bed 
and straightening his spine to take the majority of your weight.

Junkrat laughs above your head, loud and giddy at the way you have no choice but to hold on for the 
ride when he’s got your legs over the crook of his right arm. His leg on that side whines a bit louder, 
but his uneven steps are stable enough.

The hallway smells a bit like wet paper, a subtle sort of rot that you’re not that familiar with yet. The 
way a pile newspapers left out in a downpour smelled the last time the refuse crew had been on strike 
back home. Looking out the window at the end of the hall it’s foggy and weeping from the inside; 
too opaque to see any hint of the outside world but swirls of color. The whole world’s gone and the 
house is the only thing left.

“ That tapping and knocking I heard last night, it was just rain...” You’re saying it up at Junkrat’s 
stubbled chin. Watching his hair bouncing and falling into his eyes instead of staying put in it’s usual 
swept up and back bird’s nest, it’s obvious he’s been out in the downpour; and that smell is probably 
him.

He’s looking down at you when you both step into the living room, very nearly tender from this 
angle when he asks, “ What’s all that? Tapping, eh? Nothing coming to get you love, don’t you 
worry... You’ll be here forever and ever.” Junkrat angles your face into his chest, hiding your face in 
his pectorals and collarbones. “ Don’t look before I say so. Don’t spoil the surprise; just keep those
lovely peepers on yours truly…” His voice echoing when he tells you.

He stoops a bit to let your legs swing down, from the shock of cold on the bottoms of your feet it’s easy to tell your standing in the bathroom.

“Alright lover. Turn around and tell me you ain’t impressed!” He’s got one hand clamped over his own mouth, blocking most of the high keening noise in his throat when you turn and see what all the fuss is about. A galvanized steel tub sitting in the middle of the floor, the kind used for animal troughs; already filled nearly a third of the way with steaming clear water.

“With it pissing down rain the way it is, since partway through the night; we got more water than we know what to do with. No way for it to keep neither, it’ll go stale. So we thought a day of luxury was in order after that fucking Hell- nothing but the best for our best, isn’t that right Roads?”

From where he is at the range, Roadhog gives a grunt of affirmation; clearly audible over the steady bubbling of a stewpot beside a large metal kettle. He’s doesn’t turn around to look at you, until the kettle goes off; whistles like an old train coming into it’s station. Grabbing the handle bare-handed and crossing the distance to the bathroom in only a few steps; he talks over the sound of cascading water, “Strip both of you, it’s laundry day too; may as well boil enough water all at once. But check the temp before you get in; our fingers are too scarred up to tell shit. Enough nerve damage between the two of us for five blokes.” Roadhog turns around again, scooping another kettle full of water from the rain drum that’s been dragged inside to sit beside the stove.

Junkrat’s removing his clothes beside you in no time at all, only one near fall from stepping out of the stiff pool of his shorts then he’s naked as a babe in the warm, humid air. Following his lead, pulling the sweat stained tank top over your head and shucking boxers down. He gathers all of it up in a big roll; with the deep, red near to purple of your pad facing up towards Junkrat’s flushing face. You don’t miss the way he takes a big whiff of it, before he peels it off and throws into an empty coffee tin by the door.

“Gotta bury that stuff special deep in the latrine, got me? What do they call it; an attractive nuisance. Every animal out here has a better nose than me and I’d know that smell anywhere now... They’d have it dug up and strung across the yard like Christmas decos; little bits of your innards on display, can't have that.” He dumps everything into a smaller tub of the same make, pushed into the corner of the tiled bathroom.

Climbing into the tub, sticking your big toe into the first few centimeters of water and balancing on one foot like an old cartoon. ‘It’s hot, but not too bad. First warm water I’ve felt in over a month...’ What leaves your mouth is a breathy, “Oh yes.”

Junkrat gives you a megawatt smile, but passes you over with only a single hungry glance at the flush on your body from he heat. His sights set on Roadhog; the only one in the room who isn't stark naked. Shimmying up behind him and nipping and kissing at his broad back and shoulders; reaching around the front of him, groping over his crotch and grasping handfuls of his stomach.

“I’m busy Rat, get off…” Roadhog says, but there’s no bite behind the words. He still shifts backwards from the range to give Junkrat more room to maneuver his hands.

“Ha! In a bit hopefully, mate!” Junkrat mutters it against his back, growling when he finally fineses the button and fly situation. He slides Roadhog’s pants down, waits for him to toe them aside and away. You watch Junkrat nearly crash his head on the side of the range anyway, giggling at him with warmth soaking into your bones, chasing away the persistent aches.

Junkrat throws Roadhog’s dungarees on top of the other bits and bobs of clothing, like blue frosting on a particularly lumpy, unappetizing cake. Stirring the dry tangle of fabric with his peg, cackling
over the sound of the kettle going off again. He’s admiring the form of you, lying down with most of your legs submerged and your nipples hardening with the air feeling cooler than it had before. You close your eyes with the sight of him, appreciative, imprinted into the backs of your mind.

There’s a sound of him moving something, and a shadow falls over you and eclipses any light; Roadhog with the kettle, telling you to move your feet for another dose of hot water. ‘It’s better than it has any right to be.’ You peek up at Roadhog through your eyelashes, watching the way he’s careful to not splash you or pour it too close, then close them with something like trust curling around in your chest. ‘Feels a bit like heaven. The closest I’ve ever been to a spa in my entire life. I know some folks go every month, hell, every week. Guess those places must keep their doors open somehow.’

You think absently about other people left behind; ones who won’t ever see you again and they’ll just think you got canned or moved up in the rat race. Or they won’t care enough to think anything at all because you were still just some low wage hump; perpetually one paycheck away from being a panhandling derro, like the people your boss always told you to shoo away. One bout of flu away from being chased out of the parks with water cannons and dogs.

‘I guess it could be worse for me. Now I got a free place to live and food... Not really free but, it’s not most debasing thing I’ve ever done. Guess what they say is true; crime may not pay, but neither does retail.’

“Falling asleep on me now? No fair pet; you got to stay with me long enough we can trim those claws back a mite.” Junkrat’s voice thankfully interrupting your increasingly bitter thoughts, wrenching your eyes open to look at him; the first thing you see is the small knife in his hand.

“Now don’t give me that, I won’t hurt you. It’ll be just like a fancy suit manicure when you get right down to it. She’s fresh sharp- sharp as a razor. I shaved up some of my arm hair to make sure, don’t say I never done nothing for you-” Junkrat leans forward in his favorite chair, plucking your hand out of the water; quick and sure as a cat catching a fish. “Wouldn’t want to chew up those lovely hands, I’ll even slap on a new coat of paint on you after we’ve all had a soak.”

“P-please don’t...”

‘What if he decides to peel up my nails? What if I move and he takes the tip of my finger?’ A litany of horror flies through your mind at the possibilities. You’re frozen despite the temperature of the water, eyes wide open and stinging with the effort to keep them so.

Junkrat ignores you, already starting on your thumb. He’s focused and silent (for once), removing jagged little half moons of keratin while his the hand that holds your wrist and palm steady starts a sort of massage. Pushing and pulling on sore joints pleasantly enough your heart stops thundering into your eardrums.

‘It’s almost relaxing; a bit hard though, like always he’s a bit rough.’ Something inside your palm crackles, seemingly in agreement. He’s done with the first hand in no time, with the pink tip of his tongue poking out from the side of his mouth. That wheat blonde hair is a shade or two darker than usual and lank with heat and humidity; making him look softer about the edges, even wielding a wicked looking paring knife. But his eyes are just as sharp, watching little pieces of you fall onto his pallid upper thigh.

Roadhog’s steps make the whole floor creak now, wood swollen with moisture. He’s pouring another kettle between your legs; and to make room for more water, save yourself the indignity of
having another limb yanked out of the water you’ve braced both legs along the sides of the tub.

“Hey, sit up.” Roadhog tells you, holding up hogdrogen. The can you’d know anywhere now, with the delightful yellow, chipping paint job. You move a bit, sitting straighter; while Junkrat moves around you both to get at your other hand.

Roadhog takes the first suck out of the can, breaks the seal with an sharp breath in. He holds it, to the count of three or so then he’s sucking in a bit more and leaning over you like a veritable angel of mercy.

‘Don’t think they have angels for illicit drug use...’

He tips up the mask, just enough that his lips and the bottom of his nose are exposed; there’s a line around where the mask ends, and standing over boiling water has sent dirt down his thick neck in rivulets.

When he crushes his lips to your own all you taste is heaven. That loose sensation buzzes into you, from eyeballs to toe tips. Roadhog moans a bit into your mouth and you’re twice as loud in response; deciding suddenly you wouldn’t give a toss if Junkrat up and sliced off every thing to the first knuckle.

‘Wouldn’t even feel it.’

Roadhog’s still kissing you, giving you carbon monoxide instead of letting you get any fresh air; making your high deeper, better. Until you can barely feel the water around you or the slight pressure of Junkrat cutting away your ragged nails. The only thing you’re feeling and smelling is him and that fake, fruity scent of hogdrogen as it settles over the top of your bathwater like a gilded fog. He pulls away enough to let you take one breath, with your lips brushing his own. Roadhog’s hand dips beneath the mist, beneath the water and straight between your legs. Rubbing you firmly enough the water churns and turns pink around where his thick wrist has disappeared.

“You’re so hot and wet down there... Can’t tell the difference between your insides and the bath, pet.” Roadhog spreads you apart a bit more, lets you leak and seep out before he’s withdrawing his hand and turning back with the kettle in hand once more.

A pathetic whine leaves you as his back retreats; Junkrat is done with your feet, and perfectly positioned to look into the rosy water surrounding your lower body. The knife’s been placed on the floor and kicked out of the way, but Junkrat’s eyes are still shining with black overtaking gold and from the way he smiles it looks like he’s gotten a bit of a contact high when he says, “I’ll have a go now, get you all loose and shaking, happy endings only at my place; talk about a real relaxing soak.” He stirs the water with his left hand, spreading you apart and rubbing around your clit. A bit too hard at first but the fuzzy feeling consuming your brain makes you chase his roughened fingertips when he draws them away.

Only long enough to reposition, plunging two of them into you with a grunt.

He’s rotating and flicking them, widening you and brushing a spot that makes your muscles freeze in the hopes he’ll linger on it. Your legs still bracing on the smooth sides of the steel tub, start to shake and make a sort of tapping sound when your flesh lifts away before settling on them again and again.

Rhythmic and steady as Junkrat’s ministrations, as Roadhog’s circuit to keep your water warm and comfortable, like the rain outside that made this all possible.

You’re nearly there when Junkrat removes his fingers; shaking his hand out first and then wrapping
his fingers around his own swollen, red dick.

“Hop on then, that is if you wanna chase that particular dragon. Can’t resist you like this; can’t never resist the sight of you all pink and wet... Outsides matching your insides.” He pumps himself the whole time he’s talking, the exact amount of seconds it takes you to stand shakily and clamber over the sides of the tub. He’s wringing out fat drops of precum from the tip of his cock, moving two fingers down to pinch the base to aim true when you straddle him and sit down.

“Oh fuck! God, that’s good...” Your exclamation gets swallowed up by the sound of Junkrat grunting, moving you closer and closer, clenching both hands around the softest part of your hips. Lifting and bouncing you like you’re nothing, he’s moaning louder than the kettle is whistling somewhere behind you both.

“Ngh- yeah, yeah... Just like that. You’re so fucking gooey inside, and so bloody warm. Like a fucking furnace.”

It’s clear from the way he’s bucking up into you and whipping you back down on his cock that he won’t last long. But from the fast pressure building up, neither will you; the slide of him is fast and hard enough that the filthy noises coming from between your bodies is like a metronome.

Covering the sound of more water, poured in dutifully by his partner; rubbing a hand over his own clearly interested dick.

Junkrat moves his hands under your ass (pinching just a bit with his right), using the extra leverage and dropping you down from the thick head of his cock over and over again. It’s so good your mouth hangs open, gaping, but only until he shoves his tongue there; tasting the shout welling up from your diaphragm with a boneshaking orgasm.

The sound of Roadhog’s heavy steps moving back to place the kettle back where it belongs, warming on the stove is barely noticeable.

You’re riding the wave and clenching so hard you don’t hear him cum too. You feel the tip of his cock pop out though, pushed out from the force of your quaking abdomen; feeling his last two shots splash up against your swollen, twitching hole. Your arms loop around his shoulders for stability, resting your forehead on the firm muscles in the crook of his neck and just breathing in the combined scent of cum and coppery blood.

“Come on Rat, fun’s over. Time to get them back in the drink so I can wash all that hair... Can’t leave a job half done just because you’ve got what you want.” Roadhog is somewhere behind you both, amusement clear in every syllable falling over you and waking you from the afterglow.

“Fine, fine, fine... You’re right about that one, mate. I’m up next for water though, cramping up something awful since these clouds blew in; every scar and pucker on me is acting up. Stiffer than a dead goat, excepting my pecker now.” Junkrat tells him from where his chin is digging into the top of your head, before slapping your ass to get you moving. Untangling yourself from him has your legs feeling like a baby deer, shaking and unsure on your way back into the tub.

Roadhog is already back and poised behind the tub nearest to your head, with a dark brown bottle and comb almost entirely hidden by his huge fingers. “Was just pressed when I picked it up; it’s oil for your hair, mine too. He doesn’t need it though, not enough up top to bother, heheh...”

“Hey now! Just don’t like that slimy shit all over me is all. Dirt don’t hurt anybody...” Junkrat squawks, tinny sounding from how it echoes through steel walls of the tub.
Dribbling the first cooling, fragrant drops onto your dry scalp does feel a bit decadent.

‘Really is like a day at the spa. A fancy oil treatment, they were all the rage in the mags at the drugstore.’

He combs it out into the very ends of your hair; out and over the edge of the tub where you can hear it pattering into the bottom of a bowl. The light scratching from the teeth nearly put you back and ready to sleep again; it’s not until he starts rinsing it out that you look up and into his eyes, still covered by the mask.

“Thank you Roadhog, this... It feels really, really good. Never had anything like this done before, truly.”

“Hmph, don’t doubt that, glad you like it. Soaps a bit hard to come by in these parts, luckily pressing tea tree leaves or lavender gets the job done well enough. Well enough to keep most of us from getting louse-y.” He’s rinsing your hair over and over and combing it through until it’s heavy and shining like silk, from the look of a few shorter bits around your face.

Combing his fingers through your new clean hair and massaging your scalp, you lean into the pressure and purr. Just massaged, fucked, and now your hair is clean; it’s like a dream. Better in fact than anything you’d been treated to in recent memory.

“Got you a towel waiting too, pool’s closed now, pet. Rat needs his flea dip more than you if we’re honest.” Roadhog helps you out, let’s you lean completely on his wide forearm while his other hand wraps you in a threadbare, piling beach towel.

There’s still a bit of shine playing at the edges of your vision, like looking at prisms scattered on the ground. So you just stand there in a haze while he rubs the excess water from your skin, herds you towards what remains of the couch. Placing one foot in front of the other is hypnotic and more interesting than noticing he’s not leading you to the seat, but towards the arm. It hits your knees with no sound, but you squeak out an ‘ouch’ for effect (so he’ll touch your shoulder, steadying you).

But Roadhog just pushes you over the edge instead, with your chest and stomach mashed into the faded pillows. The towel he’d wrapped around you is still in one of his hands, making sure you don’t slide away. Your back arching and hips pushing until you feel him, solid and heavy behind you.

Guts still throbbing pleasantly from his partner, feeling a bit swollen and sensitive the first bit of contact between you. Roadhog doesn’t push in right away; preferring instead to lay his erection over the crack of your ass, measuring up to your tailbone, asking, “You want this? Ask nice for it then, since once wasn’t enough for you huh?”

“Mmhm, please Roadhog...” Face first in the couch and drooling fucking everywhere it’s easy to forget what little dignity you may have had before. ‘As if before matters anymore. Only thing that’s worth a toss is what I’ve got right now.’

“Please? ” He echoes you in baritone, moving his member down so it catches on the slight gape left between your legs, sliding smooth and almost into place.

The kettle is rattling on the burner, slightly askew or maybe just warped from overuse. But not whistling yet, not hot enough to compete with your voice.

“Please fuck me... You’re right, once isn’t enough. I need it more, I need you...” You’re tongue is sticking to the cushions, drying out more and more by the second. But between the blood, begging, and Junkrat’s load still leaking out of you you’re wetter than ever between the junction of your
thighs.
“Damn right you need me. Once ain’t enough for this greedy body of yours; we knew you were one of us, under the skin. True as anything, I’ll give you what you want. But you’ve gotta give us what we want...”

“Wha- Ouah!” Before you can ask him(tell him they’ve already gotten it, taken everything and every part) he’s pushed the head of his cock into you.

Panting around you’re own clumsy tongue, nearly choking on it and the excessive steam building in the living room, when he pushes farther in and puts his hand on the small of your back guiding you into the best possible angle for the deepest fucking. Roadhog chuckles at the sounds you're making with each of his small thrusts, pats your flank like a faithful animal.

“Good pet, keep making those sounds and I’ll shoot as fast as Rat did... Cum inside how I know you fucking like. It won’t be long now I figure; a few more months at the most till you’re full up.” He's moving faster, telling you something that makes your belly prickle in a way that has nothing to do with him speeding up. Pushing deep into you and then pulling out to the tip when he continues, “Gonna put you up the duff, you’re gonna be the biggest treasure we ever got. All ours too.”

He’s reaching under you with the other hand, manipulating your clit with one huge finger when he slams back in. The feeling of him bottoming out inside you, sack swinging hard enough to smack and add a pleasurable throb on your pubic mound; still isn't enough to mask the shrill, wordless noise of surprise.

As if to answer, the kettle starts the first flat tones of it’s whistling.

“Wha-?” The world is unbalancing, and it has nothing to do with inebriation now. He’s still moving harder and faster with each passing moment, each dragging second spent berating yourself for not seeing it sooner- ‘ Junkrat told me the first time, he told Roadhog over the walkie he was “making babies”... God, god, what the fuck? Why didn’t I think?’

“Don’t give me that, it’s been obvious really. The only reason you didn’t realize it was because you didn’t want to look hard enough. Didn’t think it could get any worse, that’s your mistake- Ngh...” Roadhog sounds positively gleeful at the wrecked sobs hiccuping out of you now. His grip tightening around your flank, bruising it and pulling you back on each thrust. “If it takes a while so what? We’ve got all the time in the world, no one’s looking out for you but us.”

You don’t say anything, because admitting it was true would make it worse. The knowledge still brings tears gathering to the corners of your eyes when you feel your body shuddering and shaking again, pushed into another orgasm. Clamping down around him, is still good, he’s so big it’s like he never ends. A blessing and a curse in your case; a cock so good you’d never want to be without it, and from the sound of it you never will be.

The boiling water behind you screams, overflowing and hissing into the flames below; splashing and messing the burner, but no one moves.

Roadhog’s hips slap against your own once, twice, three more times before he stills; buried deep enough inside you could swear it’s his girth clogging your throat instead of just feeling stupid and blind. He whispers hoarsely into the shell of your ear, leaning over you and covering you with his body, “If it doesn’t keep this go, we’ll go on fucking you until it takes. Keep you full as a tick...”

Even with Roadhog over you and blocking out any light, even with the mist fogging up the house and the rain eating up the landscape beyond the windows; you’re seeing clearly for the first time.
Chapter Notes

Another alternate POV, filling in some blanks about Reader's life before... well, before all this. I wanted to experiment with an oral style of storytelling; give a sense of the outside world with dialogue only, no language for actions to color any perceptions.

(Maybe to illustrate how far removed Reader is at this point, from her old world.)

SYDNEY MISSING PERSONS REPORT #1143,

[NAME REDACTED] REPORTED MISSING

UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS SINCE MAY 1, 2077

INITIAL REPORT FILED BY BUILDING MANAGER, ELLIOT MERRIS

FOLLOWING TRANSCRIPT:

INTERVIEW #1

ELLIO MERRIS: “You see, my heart cries for these kids, really it does; but what do they expect to happen? They run with the wrong crowds, I think it’s all that dance shite myself, getting in with thieves, derros, and drug pushers and the like... One minute you’re raising a little angel and then one day you look up and their waving the middle finger and climbing into some hoon’s ute and speeding off into the sunset never to be seen again. I can't imagine what her parents are going through-”

OFFICER NYE: “They haven't been able to be reached as of yet. Mr. Merris, when was the last time you saw [NAME REDACTED]?”

ELLIO MERRIS: “Well, she always paid on time before, nary a complaint about noise or smells from the neighbors. So when the fifth rolled around and rent was late; I opened the place up, I ain’t running a charity for low wagers. You give those people a centimeter and they’ll road haul you for a bloody kilometer, I been doing this for ages. Renting to these types, out of the goodness of my heart, you see, most of them can’t keep a steady job because of the drinking and drugging. And I charge beans compared to most of these city walkups. You know why? Because I get mine at first and last, you see? Thought this one was different though, had a steady job at that little dive cafe on the Northern and Western Line in Blacktown, always saw her coming and going at the same times sure as the tide. Last I’d seen her, on Mayday, she come home about the same time as usual, six thirty or something like it. It was raining when I looked out my window.”

OFFICER NYE: “She wasn’t out participating in the protests?”
ELLIO MERRIS: “Not that I ever saw. Kept to herself like I said, kept her head down. Never had any complaints about any unsavory characters hanging about her place. Until earlier that week when some big bloke brought a whole mess of flowers, leaned them up on her door; red carnations as big as a fist and white gardenias wrapped up in butcher paper... Stunk up the hall for days afterwards. Every one of them was already half rotten, I been married for twenty long years but even I know; that’s no way to impress a bird.”

OFFICER NYE: “So you saw [NAME REDACTED] the night of Mayday, and that was the last time? Then she vanished, just like that?”

ELLIO MERRIS: “Something like that, mate. Strangest thing though, saw [NAME REDACTED] come home and then leave again. Must’ve only been long enough to drop her shit off, skedaddling off to some hot date or what, beats me. Not that hot, I suppose, still was buttoned into that shift for waitressing like she couldn’t wait to leave.”

OFFICER NYE: “We checked the footage in the building, she took the fire exit out the back. Lot of stairs, seemed odd. We’ve got a word for that kind of odd; sounds fishy to us. Passing over the elevator, even after a full shift? Any idea as to why that was? Did she exhibit any erratic behavior, frightened or cagey? Did she abuse drugs?”

ELLIO MERRIS: “No sir, didn’t seem any more off than usual. Hardly ever spoke though, excepting to hand me an envelope of pineapples. If she was using, it was wrapped up tight; never found her drooling, half in half out her door like some of these louts. Asked me for a new key around the fifteenth of April, and I told her nobody gets keys who ain’t on the lease. See, the kid’s place is at the end of the second floor hall, real tucked away, there’s a spot the camera can’t quite see. Last bloody thing I need is rounders and shady characters loitering in my hallways, dirtying up the place. Lost it, is what was said, but [NAME REDACTED] had a funny look about her. Just chalked it up to embarrassment at the time, but she looked like hell. Like she hadn’t been sleeping well. Paid for it that day, though, and I had it cut up quick; I’m a man of my word.”

OFFICER NYE: “So there’s a key unaccounted for in the building, and then she takes off. Wouldn’t make much sense to me; pay for another key and then take off like a shot in a few weeks.”

ELLIO MERRIS: “That’s how these kids are these days, that’s what I been getting at. I’m just a bloke who wants his money, and see, these low-wagers don’t understand that. They think they should live for free, not working and partying all the day long. Believe in abolishing money if you can believe that tripe. So you want to know what they do?”

OFFICER NYE: “What would that be Mr. Merris?”

ELLIO MERRIS: “They disappear into the Outback is what. They think it’s a brand new land grab see? There’s whole communes of them, way I’ve heard it, rutting and drinking hooch, scratching a miserable life out of dirt like animals. They got recruiters coming in, all the derros you fellows clear out of the parks, god bless you; and they’re pouring poison into these kid’s ears. Telling them how life’s better out there, away from ‘the system’ turning little Johnny and Susie Q into government hating terrorists. I seen it on the news, and they just run a print in the Tribune. Now, you know what a bag buddy is? It’s the friend you get to come into your place after you’ve gone away, clears out all the dildos, porno, drugs, and other such things. Stuff you can’t stand mum and dad seeing after you’ve taken off, things that would disappoint them. My bets on that old key being passed off so she could leave quick.”

OFFICER NYE: “You believe [NAME REDACTED] ran away of her own volition? She wasn’t forced?”
ELLIOIT MERRIS: “No sir, I didn’t see anything like that. Just got tired of it all, I guess. Got tired of being a working slob, picked up and left. As though there’s any other way to survive here, search me if I can make any sense of it. Way I was raised, we work or we don’t eat. But I guess that isn’t good enough for those people. Started hitting the bottle too, from the sounds of her bins, her nerves were cracking up since before that key. Low-wagers nowadays with their hands held out like the rest of us are made of bloody money, while they blow payday on stubbies; guess I just hoped she was different…”

OFFICER NYE: “Mhmm, are you aware we apprehended a young man on the fourth of May? He was caught breaking and entering into the scene, no key found on his person.”

ELLIOIT MERRIS: “Fuck- er, sorry. I didn’t know that, lemme guess, filthy little wastrel just wanted to take her shit and leave, eh? Turn the place over and pinch enough for a quick dime bag, I’d wager. Not like she’s using it anymore. Place was as bare as can be when I got in, just clothes in the closet, a bed in the corner and a hotplate; and one of them fancy rice makers that does porridge as well. Still in the box though, didn’t even use it. No doubt a gift from mommy and daddy. And some little no account took everything else worth a damn, fuck me…”

OFFICER NYE: “Not that we could find on him, Mr. Merris. He’s a person of interest, said he’s been looking for [NAME REDACTED], that they had plans the day previous. We haven’t been able to find a facial recognition match on our records or your buildings cameras, Mr. Merris, you don’t recognize him in this picture?”

ELLIOIT MERRIS: “Can’t say I do, never seen him before. Like I said, she never brought around any boyfriends. He’s probably the one who cleaned up the place, bag buddy, remember? Got all the leftist literature out and pipes, so it would all look so tragic. If I want tragedy, I’ll turn on the telly; I just want my fucking money... Can I go now? That hell-heap won’t keep itself in check. I think it’s that bloke you need to be asking about her.”

OFFICER NYE: “Of course you’re free to go Mr. Merris, thank you for being so cooperative. This has certainly been illuminating, just talk to Darian at the front desk on your way out to make sure you’ve signed off on your account of the events.”

ELLIOIT MERRIS: “Sure, sure, you ever find her be sure to tell her the late fee is still due as well; I ain’t running a charity here.”
Starting to lose it this chapter, reality setting in and all that. Thank you to all of you still sticking with me after 50k words. I would say I'm speechless but that would be disingenuous; instead I'm struck generally with verbal diarrhea and an even greater thirst to impress and improve upon this work.

You're all the real stars of this show.

“You’re monsters, both of you are.” The words leave your mouth before you can stop it. Falling onto the chipped plate, beneath it, the newly acquired card table from the shed.

There’s the squeak of silverware from both of their places, the sounds of chewing, swallowing, and sucking in air and at first you wonder if Junkrat and Roadhog are just ignoring you for the sheer humiliation of it. Not even letting you bait them into a(nother) circular conversation about your new reality, even though they always won out in the end because no matter what, you were still here.

Several more seconds of silence follow, with adrenaline roaring into your ears and extremities; an odd sort of numbness and hyperawareness all rolled into one. The food before you is all at once, tasteless, colorless, odorless, but still overwhelming to sit in front of. The faded ring of tiny blue flowers around the edges of the plate, sickly blue violets linked with some kind of bright pink, five petaled flower you recognized but couldn’t for the life of you remember the name of. It all seems to spin and twist like it’s still growing.

“Monsters eh, that’s what you think about us, is it? Love? Just a couple of nightmares sprung up from shadows to steal you away and gobble you up.” Junkrat fiddles with his fork when he says it, passing the utensil between each finger, then starting it back towards his thumb again and again.

“Well, let us have it again then. Want to hear all about how we mucked up that shitty life you had before; I never get tired of this one.” He doesn’t once take his eyes off you.

“Don’t have to think it. I know it. I know it was you two, stole my key and left those flowers, I bet. Followed me for I don’t know how fucking long, just waiting so you could grab me and all for this. It’s beyond crazy, beyond cruel.” You know he’s making fun of you, playing for something, watching you get angrier and angrier, until tears come and roll into your mouth with each syllable.

“Why me though? Why couldn’t you just nab some other unlucky one, a Junker like you or someone who wanted to escape. I don’t... I didn’t want this.”

‘I just want to go home. Just hoped they’d get tired of me and then...’

Roadhog chuckles at that, belches lightly and sits back in the couch, hands folded atop his stomach; watching you cry and Junkrat letting his own meal get colder and colder in favor of eating up your sadness. Waiting for something, or maybe just satiated watching the both of you revisit ground that’s been trodden so many times it’s packed down, hard, like the floor of a root cellar.
‘Idiot, they’d never just let you go. Sell you to some other psycho, or a whole nest of them; maybe these two are the best. Maybe they make sense when you come from a whole community of weirdo’s.’

“So you’d wish this on another poor soul? That’s what this is. You don’t care what we do, as long as it isn’t to you, is that about the way of it? Not much of a moral high ground if you ask me; hardly a leg to stand on, in fact, and I’d say I’m an expert in that particular bloody arena if, I do say so myself.” Junkrat stabs his fork into the small hump of food, without taking his eyes off the tracks of tears leaking down your face. “You’re just as selfish, long as you and yours got, fuck the rest of them. That’s why, we saw we could make a proper Junker out of you; you’re strong and quick. Besides, we wouldn’t be the first ones of our ilk to want some new blood, won’t be the last either, mark me. Don’t have much of a choice anyhow, if you want babies. Least we did the dirty work ourselves, like honest blokes. Not outsourcing that kind of labour to some other fuck to put their arse on the line, unlike some folks out here…”

Roadhog digs his own large spoon into your porridge, brings it up to your lips and tickles the cupid’s bow of your mouth until it opens. Chewing takes lifetimes, but both of them wait until you swallow and think of something to say, “So you do your own kidnapping, how noble. And you picked me because- because I worked like a dog for nothing so you thought I’d take to being trapped and bred like one, in the middle of this godless hell-hole.”

Junkrat smiles wide and winks at you. “Now you’re getting it, see, god’s never in Oz this time of year. Know what they think about ones like you anyways, don’t lie, almost as bad as they think about us. Don’t play dumb, they’d have you chained up in that kitchen for the rest of your days. Sweating out the best years of your life for bloody nothing, making some suit gobs and gobs of money. At least here you’ll be valued and treated to a life, a real one at that; not just some crappy second hand, hand me down affair.”

“So some fucking life. So I’m just here to incubate the next generation of anti-feds; some freedom.” You’ve been here before, reciting the plan back to them like a trained animal with your tongue split. Constantly, for days since the deluge of hot water and chilling knowledge confirming what somewhere, special deep inside you already knew.

‘Why didn’t I notice?’

You sit stock still, watching Junkrat’s lips stretch back over the length of his teeth, his surprisingly pink gums; and from the peripheral of your vision Roadhog tries to press another helping of slop into your own dry mouth.

Turning away, something settles into the tips of your fingers, across your back like a sunburn; the wretched heartbeat inside of your neck struggles and starts, then keeps beating. The edges of the plate are smooth under your fingers the weight of it is nothing but dust.

Throwing it against the wall brings back memories; a spell of snow that hit the whole continent when you were just an ankle-biter yourself. Snow that stayed for the better part of a year; killed off everything in the garden down to the roots. The rain of violets down to the floor look like bruises, and the pink bits of petals exploding on contact with the wood but making no sound you can hear—

“Oleander flowers…” You gasp remembering, suddenly what they were. ‘Poisonous and ornamental, how many times did you pass them on the way to work? They were the first thing to come back in the gardens after the snows, couldn’t kill the roots even with a freeze.’

Junkrat doesn’t move towards you, but slides his own plate towards you; watching with something reflected in his eyes like curiosity, like knowing something will happen but not exactly what. You
pick it up, consider for one hot second just throwing it to the same patch of wall. But his proximity is suffocating, with his calf close enough you feel the nearly invisible, blonde hairs brushing against your own. His gold eyes blinking and blinking again, looking down past your face and resting on the plate between you both. His sharp, pointed chin tucked tightly against his Adam’s apple. Waiting.

You aim for his head, a glancing blow, with a red dot blooming wicking into his scalp, little as a spot of lipstick. Before he’s batted it away like it’s nothing, like your fury is nothing. The sound the plate makes hitting the floor is covered by the sound of both of you throwing your chairs back in the rush to leave them. Your feet slap against the wooden floor, the chain at your back drags.

‘Run, run fast. Just run and remember what happened when he caught you the last time.’

In that instant it’s like Junkrat turns wilder, baying out laughter with his jaw snapping open and shut. Just behind you, catching up. A ways back in the kitchen Roadhog’s outline doesn’t move, except his arms are folded on the table, probably watching to see what you’ll do next.

The bedroom door is leaned against the frame, looking almost like it shuts again, you’re throwing it back to slow him down. Stooping and crawling into the closet, to the patch job on the floor; wrapping yourself up in your arms, like it’s enough to keep you safe. Your eyelids slamming shut against the whole world and you’re shaking apart, still thinking of dead flowers.

‘Flowers in mum’s garden blooming and growing again after the freeze, growing near the cafe between the buildings, stinking up the hallway like it’s a funeral parlor, painted, fake flowers falling on the floor like snow...’

The shape of him towers over you, tall and terrible and thin until he bends at the waist to comb your sweaty hair away from your forehead with one claw-like hand, more gentle than he’s ever been. His voice is hoarse, telling you with the surety and honesty of a lover, “You... You’re a little monster, after all. Meant to hurt me that time, but I’m faster. You’ll get quicker, and even if you never get fast as me, I’ll still love you.” His throat jumping when you open your eyes to look up at him, at the way he’s picked up your chain and wrapped it partway up his forearm like a leash.

Junkrat is looking at you, the truth of you opened up and pried apart inside your own head, seeing you hunched over on the floor and curling into yourself so hard like you’ll disappear with another sucked in breath.

His pride, your shame.

“Remember, this was the day you’re really born. Forget that rot before, this is the start of the real you. When you aren’t what they think anymore, when you couldn’t go back to what they always wanted... All ours now. ” He’s barely whispering, and you’re barely breathing.
Another weird one. I've been absolutely desperate to write this tidbit for some time... wanted the drop to be absolutely perfect. The timing needed to be right for this. Here's hoping I continue to hit the mark on this worldbuilding business.

REPORT #1143

SUSPECT: TAYLOR WILMOTT, KNOWN ALIAS’: TIPPER
AGE: 33
D.O.B: FEBRUARY 6, 2052

CHARGES: SUSPECTED KIDNAPPING, BREAKING AND ENTERING, POSSESSION OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, VIOLATION OF A RESTRAINING ORDER, MULTIPLE PAROLE VIOLATIONS.

EVIDENCE COLLECTED: ONE LEATHER BOUND JOURNAL SEIZED FROM SUSPECT, 45 AUD, ONE LIGHTER, ONE BLUE INK PEN, ONE MANILA ENVELOPE FILLED WITH RADIO TRANSCRIPTS(CONTRABAND).

*THE FOLLOWING MATERIAL IS NOW PROPERTY OF THE SYDNEY POLICE DEPARTMENT, MISSING PERSON’S DIVISION*

From the Field Notes of Taylor “Tipper” Wilmott

March 25, 2077

I’m at Sammy’s again, so it must be Thursday; Mondays I spend around the thief quarter, outside the Macca’s and listen for the word about town, Tuesdays I stake out my spot in the park to sleep when I can and drink a stubby and feed the rats under the bushes, watch them run back and forth with mouthfuls of sticks and dried grass, and on Fridays I run parts from the tow yard on 85th Street. Tonight, I’m at Sammy’s, pouring over my notes from the last bout of interviews for the manuscript. So it has to be Thursday, I’m having trouble keeping days straight, but it hardly seems to matter anymore. Organizing my information is more important, so here goes:

Prior to the inception of the Population Redistribution Act*- when the Prime Minister endeavored to improve relations between the coastal cities and the Outback settlements, their first tactic was to study birthrates. Find out exactly how the disaster had devastated the North and by extension, the people who opted to stay. What sort of terrible chain reaction was set in motion, when it all went sky-high
and no one set another boot in former A.L.F. territory to pick up the pieces. The fallout from the
Omnium stretched out into the horizon, in every direction, the wealthy people who lived in major
metropolitan centers, by the sea, were lucky; blessed by wind patterns that blew the worst of it away,
everyone else, not so much.

Most of this, you’ll have to go for on trust, no official piece of paper is going to confirm something
this confidential. Nowhere will you find any documentation mentioning this information. On paper,
what few examples there are, the authorities refer to it as “Incident Relations”.

Incident Relations required government officials to go out into the wild country in unmarked panel
vans to provide free prenatal and postnatal care for women and children. A goodwill measure
extended to the families of former traitors, dispensing food and providing financial compensation for
those who agreed to participate. This plan killed two birds with one stone for public health officials,
firstly, giving them real in real time information about the results of heavy radiation on a mass scale,
information that would serve humanity in the future to control the damage should this sort of thing
ever happen again. That, and it gave them an ‘in’ to these communities, a possibility to improve
relationships with whatever power structure remained, now crippled by sickness, mass death, and
resource shortage.

What they found wasn’t what they planned, even though the A.L.F. was gone, dead, and buried with
all members either dead or in lockdown save for one top ranking former cell leader still at large. The
whole place was well in hand, brought to heel within seven years by a party referred to within their
files as ‘Majesty’. The previously unknown party was a wildcard, one that had already circled the
wagons of whatever was left. Suddenly, food and cash were not going to cut it. The only ones who
got in, who weren’t shot on sight, were the doctors. Luckily for them, medicine was still in short
supply, and those who knew how to dispense it, even more so.

The involved public health officials sent back periodic radio reports, disguised as a small time
community cattle farming report. Monitoring the signal, you could hear the radio personality passing
out the gory details. Facts that could turn the stomach of anyone who knew the code, but, back then,
no one but officials could crack it.

Always started out with a hearty “Good morning Yulara, the market is in an uproar-“. Talking about
heads of cattle and their prices, the subsequent fall of the Northern Territory headcount.

“Cattle numbers have taken a dive, a nearly forty nine percent drop down from three million head
to one-point-five-four. Persistent weather troubles in key cattle producing regions have heavily
reduced the size of breeding herd, and potential pool of finished cattle.” - An excerpt from a
transcript, dated to December, 2059

The fact of the matter was, Yulara, once an old resort town, no longer even existed; let alone farming
beef. Anyone could’ve traced the signal, found out the truth of it, but nobody did.

The term ‘weather troubles’ meant things like dry lightning, radiation storms, and acid rain. ‘Cattle’
of course, were people; conveniently drop the unit of measurement back down to the hundred
thousands instead of millions, and you have the first sampling of birth-rates ever taken in the
Northern Territory since the Omnium. The next several months, the trends just got worse, forty
percent drop, fifty, sixty, and then bottoming out at a staggering eighty seven. Confirming for the
coastal government what was already well known by those who remained- that the people were
dying, and not enough children were being born to replace them. Unless something was done, the
whole Northern Territory was well on it’s way to becoming the largest site of human extinction in
modern history. It was the nearly unanimous recommendation of every health official involved to
take aggressive measures to combat this.
Only small traces of the transcripts still exist on the outside, the rest, stashed so deep in some secret Fed vault no one will ever find them. To my current knowledge, the responsibility of transmitting these reports rested on only one man, every month, like clockwork. A man named Marlin Wilmott.

By the end of that first year Marlin Wilmott requisitioned another van, citing a work related car accident, despite there not being another living soul for miles around where he was stationed. Reports had shown the car was riddled with shrapnel, picked up another kilogram in weight with all the scrap fired into it when all was said and done and the driver’s side door ripped clean off the hinges. Miraculously, he did survive, and even more shocking is the fact that he happily went back to work after medical leave, albeit with a handicap in the form of a missing left arm; from the same ugly hook he claimed took the door. That point on he referred to himself as ‘the fish that got away’. Most of the other workers stationed out there, weren't so lucky, most of them presumed dead and missing for the past thirteen years, or worse. There were rumors of them being taken, taken by those who remained, colloquially referred to as ‘junkers’ and assimilated into their own population. Of course, historically speaking, the easiest way to assimilate a group of persons into your own culture is to marry them off to your own trusted citizens.

Eventually, Marlin Wilmott, went missing too. No matter how careful a person is, accidents do happen. Soon enough, the Prime Minister was willing to talk to ‘Majesty’, asking for their terms, and finding them to be acceptable in return for an uneasy sort of peace. Willing to give them what they want, with the express condition that junkers never attempt to make contact with the coast again, with the favor returned on their end full-stop. There was only one message on record that ‘Majesty’ sent on the same channel as their farm report; my sources say it only said two words; ‘Healthy breeders.’

Marlin Wilmott was never found, leaving behind myself, his son and a husband of twelve years.

Today exactly three hundred people, under the age of thirty five disappear without a trace every year, for the last thirteen years. Exactly three hundred. Every single one being from poorer districts of major metropolitan centers, low wagers with clean records and strong backs. Ones who work hard and honest, keeping their heads down so someone else higher up can step on their neck. Vanishing like smoke. The official cover story for this, is simply that young people run away all the time.

Every single soul on government payroll will deny this, but it’s true. All of it is connected; the Population Redistribution Act, even if it doesn't officially exist. The splitting of society into low-wagers and no. The unsung health workers, and their recommendation to take aggressive and enterprising measures to change the future of the North to preserve the lifestyle that the lucky ones get to enjoy. Our tax dollars become the springboard for what would eventually become government sponsored kidnapping and sex trafficking.

They claim kids run away all the time these days, any state run media will tell you quick enough. But, when you really think about it, is it really that hard to accept it might be something even worse?

NOTES
* Still not sold on this name, do more research and find out the real codename if possible. Dad's notes never mention it directly.
Back at the house now! Thank you all for reading faithfully, and always supporting my craft(lol). Can't wait for the next little bit of this, now we're reaching some real action.

“Could’ve behaved, but you shit the bed on that instead...” Roadhog growls, tugs on your hair again, hard enough your mind goes blank and blood roars in your ears.

“I- I’m sorry, alright. I’m so so sorry.” You’re gasping out and trying to struggle out of his grip even though it’s worse than useless. ‘It’ll just make him even angrier. I’m dead, I’m so so dead.’

Below, you watch the grain of the wood swim for just a second, toes dragging uselessly along the floorboards. Roadhog has one arm curled behind your back, like a praying mantis but backwards, and you’re feeling just as insignificant as one at this moment. His other hand is tangled in your hair, fingertips scraping along your scalp to steady his grip on you.

‘Is this it? He’s had it with me and snapped, forgotten the reason I’m here at all. Now nothing can save me... All that and for what?’

He lifts you up higher, arching your back around his gut so he can raise his leg and kick the door open. The screen clatters against the siding, then swings back against the door behind him. You’re squealing with pain and the shock of the harsh sun in your eyes, and when he looks down, through the lenses you can tell his eyes are cruel and hard as the light outside.

“Shut up. I don’t even want to hear you screaming, how’s that for a fuck-up? Junkrat might go for that bullshit fighting routine, a slap and tickle, but let’s get this straight,” He lumbers off the porch, turning sharply to face one of the sturdy posts thats holding up the eaves and sets you down, naked as can be, into the dust. ‘I don’t suffer fools. And what you did in there, was foolish; exactly what did you think you were doing? Proving a point?’

“Y-yes, I just- I wasn’t thinking and-” You hear the lead your on wrapped twice around the post. Watching him produce a padlock out of his pocket and fastening it there, makes you stop cold. “No... No,no,no, please I- I uh- I didn’t mean it!”

He kneels close to you, knees popping loudly, but if it hurts he shows nothing in his eyes. Roadhog takes your face between two blood slicked fingers, with the other hand wound into your hair. Looking up, even when he’s crouched, he blocks out the sun like some terrible, vengeful god with the shape of his shoulders and broad back.

“You shouldn’t have bit me. Lucky I didn’t pop you one for it... But you’ve got to learn some manners, we’ve been patient long enough. Been kind, feeding you and keeping you warm, safe as can be. Now it’s time for some training,” He wipes his blood on both your cheeks, across your forehead in a wide line, anointing and marking you as a reminder. ‘If you act like an animal, then
You’ll sleep outside like one.”

You remember an albatross from a story you read in grade eight, lashed around someone’s neck and left to rot.

Roadhog stands and turns away from you, doesn’t look back on your yelps and great hiccuping sobs. From his steps back to the house, there’s dust rising around him, his black boots show grey with it, and its a cloud around you, stomped up by him. His hook jingles warningly, the chain swings at his hip, punctuating, when he announces to the air,

“ Don’t you even think of fucking with that lock.”

Mixed up inside, and squatting uncomfortably on small rocks and hard packed dirt your hand moves up to touch the top of your head, parting hair, one way and then the other until you touch a spot that even makes your crying stop. When you open your eyes, they’re so flooded with tears the world doesn’t look real anymore; stuck to your hand is a thick hank of hair with the roots still attached and pink with blood. You go down to one knee, then sitting, and finally lying on the earth. Blood starts to dry and itch, tightening on your forehead and cheeks, and when you close your eyes, that diesel smell of Roadhog’s fingers is still clinging into each nostril. Raising an arm to wipe it away only pulls a bit on your face. Now both forearms are streaked pink, and using your hands to wipe away tears just leaves the speckles of bloody fingerprints.

“ I’m so sorry.” You tell the sky wheeling above, despite everything, it’s unbelievably blue and cloudless. ‘ I’m sorry I was ever born. Sorry I ever took that gig out in the middle of Blacktown in the first place, and even sorrier I went out that night...’

In the house you can hear them both, laughing, Junkrat’s barking hyena cackle and Roadhog’s rumbling guffaw before they peter off into a wracking cough.

It’s quiet where you are, with only the continuous slug of your pulse to keep you company. The loneliness sets into your bones, a leeching sort of cold that even the sun can’t chase from your fingertips and toes. A sharp rock beneath your palm bites when you close your fist around it, and even that pain is faraway as an echo. Far as their voices stirring in the house.

‘ I miss them already,’ You can’t think about how fucked up that really is. ‘It’d kill me deader than I thought Roadhog was going to.’ Face turned to the horizon, towards whichever direction you betted on being to Sydney; you’re sweating in place of crying, and being lonely in place of being scared.

If anyone had been around to ask, you’d say it was a shitty tradeoff.

~

Napping in the sun is it’s own form of torture. Everywhere you turn something aches, or chafes, or stings with the start of a sunburn. Gut cramping hunger pangs wrack your frame, stomach chewing on itself with no water or food. Your hands venture under what little soil can be scraped up, wedging it deep under each fingernail, scouring what’s left of the blood out of the prints on your fingers. The rock you’ve been clinging to like an anchor, is brought to your chest, over your still beating heart; then, down to your stomach to rest on the belt that keeps you tied to the post.

Somewhere below, around your calf, a bug delivers a bite that will work its way up to a rash. But you don’t stir, pain that used to make you cry, wasn’t anything more than a tickle nowadays.

‘Nothing compared to being alone,’ You can’t really say how long it’s been, the sun had moved three finger lengths down since Roadhog had tied you to the porch. ‘ Things that would send me
running back before, I don’t even think I’d notice.’

Fear was the first horizon you’d passed, pain was the next, then humiliation, and after that...

You didn’t want to think about it.

The spree-whap of the screen door opens your eyes fast as can be. Sitting up, the rock falls into your lap between your crossed legs. ‘He’s coming to get me, I’ll prove how sorry I am—’

Junkrat is standing there instead, quirking his head one way and then the other as a smile splits his face. His hands are at his sides, loose and easy when he approaches.

“ I ain’t him and I don’t have the key either, hate to break your heart, Love.” His eyes and grin don’t share the sentiment. “ Just out to have a leak, really... I’m not supposed to talk to you. Ruins the point, he says, won’t matter for shit if I give you attention. He says you won’t learn nothing.”

“ But here you are.” You say, hunching towards your own knees and where Junkrat is standing beyond them, beyond your reach.

“ Here I am.” He confirms, stepping closer.

With every move, his peg leg squeaks and clatters, but past that, you swear you can hear that canteen slung low on his hip, sloshing with the best sound you’ve ever heard.

“ You thirsty, Pet? I bet you are, left out to bake like a lizard. How would you like to make a deal?” Junkrat’s eyes are alight with mischief and he’s close enough to touch.

Your hand wanders out to cling onto the fabric of his shorts, just below the canteen. You don’t try to keep the desperation out of your voice, “Yes.”

He leans into your touch, puts his hand over the spot of pulled out hair and pushes back, tips your face to look up the line of his stomach and chest. “How’s a gobble sound, you get me off. And if you can be a good Pet, I’ll give you a sip off my canteen here. Our little secret, no need to tell him...”

You’re already fiddling with his zipper before he’s even finished his offer, taking his half hard cock between your lips when he continues.

“ But you better hurry up, I gotta go something fierce.”

Pretending you don’t hear that last part, you’re sucking his cock like it’s the last thing you’ll ever do; his hand settles in your hair, over that spot of blood and presses down. Junkrat groans when your jaw drops open a bit more from pain, pushing forward so the head of his dick blocks your air then pulls back just long enough you can take a breath.

“ That’s a love, letting me have my way with that pretty mouth... Good to know you’re sorry. Or you’d better be, because if you bite me,” He draws you off him, only to jam his metal thumb into the corner of your mouth to hold your mouth agape, “ I’ll knock out each and every one of those pearlies. You got me?”

“ Yesh.” It comes out barely recognizable, careful so as to not give him the impression you’re thinking about it. His hand tastes like exhaust smells, and the tip of his finger scrapes at your cheeks; but you don’t dare make a face at it. ‘I won’t do it again. I won’t make the same mistake twice.’

“ Good! We’re all beginning to understand each other here. I knew you’d come around, never lost faith in you, even for a second. Gotta forgive the big guy, he’s a pessimist at heart, we can’t all be as
cheery as yours truly.” He removes his thumb, replaces it with his cock against your cheek and shudders with the heat. “God that’s good...”

Junkrat’s shoving back and forth, slow for several thrusts, then fast like a piston for others; like he can’t decide what to do. No matter the speed, he’s always moving; his thick cock makes your jaw ache, with spittle making a sticky fall down your chin. Each and every forceful push goes deep into your throat, forcing you to swallow repeatedly around him to chase away the urge to vomit.

‘Somehow I don’t think that would stop him. But it’ll be just acid without any food, burn like hell and make that water taste like shit.’ You remember, suddenly that you’re trying to outrun the clock. ‘He won’t care if I puke, if he pisses in my mouth, or cums. Any which way he wins...’

You start moaning around his cock, start chasing it when he pushes down into your gullet; both hands bunching in his shorts to try to keep him from drawing back. Junkrat follows easily, throat fucking you with a hoarse and choked off cry. He looks towards the door of the house, but when he looks back down to you, both of his eyes are just slits.

“You- you little devil, that’s gonna get me in trouble. Can’t hardly keep my bloody mouth shut with you sucking cock like it’s your sole ambition. Ain’t that a thought? Your mouth just open and waiting all the time, waiting for me like you’re made for it...”

Moaning around his length at that seems like it would be the right thing to do. So you’re vibrating your throat around him as much as possible, feeling him throb and hoping he’s too hard and too far along to even think about taking a leak now.

“Hnnn, gotta speed up... Don’t know how much longer I can hold it, yeah? Gotta make it really good, just let me—” Junkrat grabs one of your hands off the tops of his thigh, pushes it down under your mouth and around his balls. “Gimme a squeeze would you?”

You do.

Rolling them in your palm as much as your able, then pulling lightly when they try to draw up again. Above you, he tosses his head back towards the sky, panting and huffing while he thrusts faster and faster into the vice of your throat. He’s running with sweat and exertion, trying to finish quickly and quietly.

“Mmph, oh shit, oh yeah. Yes, yes, yes, please...” He’s babbling now, and his hips shake at the end of each push forward. In your palm his balls are drawn up so tight you can’t pull on them anymore.

Swallowing another five, maybe six times is all it takes. His palm slides backwards, off that spot of pain to support your neck and keep you still while he empties down your throat. When you look up, he’s looking down at you, glassy eyed and smiling. You watch his eyes get sharp again, watch his abdominals jump and twitch too,

“Get off me—”

He pushes you off, hard enough you fall back onto your ass and haunches with your dirty knees pointed up at the dying sky. He turns away, taking his dick in hand still dripping a bit with spit and sperm and pointing it to the ground. He huffs again, without any pleasure this time, the side of the ass cheek you can see is tense enough you could bounce a coin off it. Finally, he gets it, pisses on a scruffy little bush near the house, close enough you practically smell it.

“Close call if I’ve ever had one. Now, if I was an absolute ass I’d’ve made you drink it... But I’m a good one.” He shakes himself a few times, shoving his still chubby cock back into his fly, “Fuck, I love you. You’re just... Just aces.”
Sitting there, your stomach jumps at the phrase. It echoes over and over again, rattling around in a head that’s too empty, too worn out to point out the contrast between what he’s saying and what they’ve done to you.

‘ “I love you.” No one’s said that to me since I left home.’

Junkrat looks at you, adoringly and comes over to stroke your hair again. Taking the canteen off his hip with the other hand, the one on your hair moves again, to push his metal thumb into the corner of your mouth. “Open up, Darling. Give you just a bit, yeah? As a motivator for good behavior. Now look at me...” He twists off the cap, holding the canteen several inches above your open, waiting mouth. Junkrat tips it the barest inch, then a bit more, until clear water falls in an undulating stream. Swallowing the first gulp, then the second, with your eyes locked with his own, until the third you were expecting turns out to be nothing but air.

“Won’t give it all to you, or at least not this easy... Still love you though, but enough to want what’s best for you.” Junkrat and his canteen, move away, beyond your reach again as much as the far off horizon.

You’re still hearing what he said when he tromps up to the porch again, when he disappears into the house.

‘Now I’m alone again, he said he loves me, but why would he leave me alone?’ Your body feels numb, worse than numb. Crawling with the sensation of anger and disgust. One hand drops between your legs, where that sharp rock fell. Bringing it back to tuck against your stomach, against the belt; you push it against it, dragging it up and down in short, little motions. Below, a pile of leather shavings is forming, faster and faster with each passing moment. The more you think about them, the quicker your hand moves, white knuckled around your only friend at the moment.

While your eyes are set on the sun dipping past the ridge, and whatever lies beyond the far off horizon.
YeeEEsh... this took me long enough. Enough time for no less than two mental breakdowns and two psych meds switches. More plot folks, cuz i cant be stopped, thank you for reading as always. If I had enough forever stamps I would send each and every one of you a thank you letter.

Looking down at your feet, there's nothing but dirt. Each step sends up a little puff of it up, up to your shins before wind whisks it away.

' The ground is too hard to leave any footprints, least I have that going for me.' Sweat sheets down your face like a thousand tears, salty and delicious when your tongue makes another lap over your lips. Dripping off the end of your nose to soak into the blanket you'd found by the shed, more rolls down your aching legs and waters the ground beneath.

A fair distance away, you can make out the shapes of scrubby bushes and stunted, gnarled trees all bowed the same way the wind pushes you. Shaking every hair on you, standing on its end with nerves. ' No lie, if I don't find somewhere to hunker down and something to drink I'll be dead in another day.' Rocky outcrops and buttes rise up on your right like knuckle bones but to the left and dead ahead it's kilometers of nothing. The sun is high above, hot and mean enough everything is bleached near unrecognizable and colored wrong as a too-bright telly.

Your body getting weaker and weaker with each step in an endless day-glo world. Your feet blistered, hurting so bad that fine dirt feels like glass by the time you've noticed something underneath it all. Squatting down on the balls of your feet, one hand reaches out to move away the powdery coating and underneath is a short yellow line running parallel to a solid white stripe. ' Paint and asphalt. A fucking road, I found a fucking road. What are the odds-' Standing up and following the hard left it takes you pass some kind of dead animal, a flat round of fur and occasional, jagged lumps of bone, so desiccated that any insects have long moved on. Moving fast enough your lungs sting, you look at the tire tracks zig-zaging over it's pulverized body. Some used-to-be mongrel with three legs left not doing it any good now, what little hair it has swings in the hot, dry breeze, same as the bodies put up on gibbets. Black tar bubbles out of the broken, beat up sides on the road, smelling of chemicals and enough like petrol you're cringing and shrinking with the memory of Them.

Your feet on the tracks left in dust, following death.
“Thing is, most folks don’t even know what they’re looking at. They see a panel van that’s plain, decent, utilitarian grey and they just don’t look any farther.” Tipper inhales, then exhales a cloud from his dart. Drinking sarsaparilla in the light of the alley, the both of you looking like proper delinquents out after curfew.

You make a sound, affirming, or at the very least understanding.

“It’s true. I swear on my Mum’s grave.” He coughs a bit, “You see the bastards popping up like bloody weeds right before someone turns up missing. All the sudden like, their whole block is a hotspot for these things, just driving round and round. Student Driver is what it says on the bumper, but you tell me, where’s the school?”

“Around I’d imagine,” You’re yawning, focusing on Tipper’s sallow face accented by the yellow light just above the backdoor. The smell of garbage is everywhere; your conversation floating in it, a dingy in the ocean. “Do you keep track of every Driver’s School in the city? Every clueless teenager or scared instructor is a government sleeper, right?”

“You make your fun, but we both know I’m right. You know damned well there isn’t a defensive driving course to be had for low wagers. All those things happen while we’re making someone else money, get it? When was the last time you saw a for-real class in our end of town, during our free hours?” Something falls over down the alley, a lid rolls, pirouetting on the asphalt like a coin before it falls on it’s side with finality.

“I don’t know that, never went for any higher learning myself.” You’re slugging back the last of your drink, “But I’ve seen your pictures. It is odd... I’ll give you that much. The way they’re always there, but you’re really telling me they just roll up and snatch people away, just like that? Thieving us and delivering us into someone else’s hands who’s paid for it?”

Both of you turn your heads in time to see a shape loping away on four spindly legs with a lump of something cradled between it’s teeth.

“Just like that.” He agrees, saluting the dog’s retreating backside and finishing his drink. Tipper throws the bottle, breaking it into innumerable sparkling jewels in the dark.

~

Spots start dancing out in front of you, little headlights zipping past and always just out of your reach. The roar of your heartbeat sounds enough like road noise that you could be back in Sydney if it wasn’t so bloody hot. You stick out a thumb, hitching at nothing but a pile of rocks. Somewhere, something gives out and then you’re kneeling down just panting and spitting.

Spitting nothing but dust, and upchucking bile, your painfully empty guts chew on themselves.

’I need water, I need food. Too hot to even think.’ More sweat makes its way between your parted, peeling lips and you drink it in like the finest cool water, crawling to the rocks and what little shade pools beneath them. Your hand digging into softer dirt, clawing and worming away from the sun until something hurts worse than your sunburn, sudden and stinging. The other hand flung on top, swatting at the spot until you’re painted red and brown with dust. Through the stuff clinging to your eyelashes you can see it just flexing one leg for the last time the fat, body of a large ant. On the back of your hand, guts and bug parts slide almost back down to the earth but your lips get there first.
Sucking on your stinging skin, your other hand is now wrist deep scooping up skittering bodies by the palm full and pushing them between your teeth.

'When was the last time I ate this good?' Another squashes and pops against the roof of your mouth, releasing it's innards in a small rush. 'Back in Sydney? No I could barely afford beans and potatoes,' Their heads and legs feel chewy, numerous as grains of rice. 'Not Sydney, but back home... Back with them.'

~

Laying back on your stained mattress never felt so good, the fan above spins, squeaks and shifts imperceptibly knocking itself loose from the mounting. The cracks in the ceiling and water damage map a sort of landscape in an outdated popcorn texture.

Your microwave dings in the living room, and you rise to greet a Styrofoam cup of plastic-y noodles. Standing with your belly pressed against the side of the sink, slurping salty and nearly boiling water you can still hear the way the fan shakes. Nothing else moves. Elbows on the counter, squinting at the box in the corner of the main room you read the packaging over and over.

MULTIFUNCTIONAL ELECTRIC FOOD HEATER

MINI RICE MAKER

STEAMER

* steamer basket, rice paddle, ladle, and measuring cup included

It looks good, looks better than good; something out of a fancy dorm or office conference room. The picture on the front of the box is the device but surrounded by shining, fresh vegetables; sliced beets and quartered broccoli, rings of peppers in every color from the rainbow, and piles of white cauliflower florets like snow. Things you'd never afford fresh, mostly not even the cans packed in water. Most of your food came from the petrol station, or the dinged and out of date bins outside ALDI store. The box was waiting outside your door tonight when you got home, pretty as a picture. Like it had been delivered, only it lacked a post mark and you'd never bought the damned thing.

It's price tag and bar-code were blackened out by a sort of greasy powder or coating. Something you didn't want to know anyways; you weren't thick, and could tell a hot item when your eyes clapped on it. The real question being why it was left in front of your door at all was what kept you from cracking it open and firing it up.

Staring at it like a bomb or trap, the last partially uncooked noodle slides down your throat.

You, still hungry, eyeing the bag of sticky rice leaned up against the wall but without vegetables it
was a poor meal. With the garden of bounty on the front like some kind of a test or joke, you can’t help but remember what your mother told you long ago,

‘ “If it looks too good to be true, it isn’t, nothing in this world is free.” ’ Her voice an echo long gone, your own fresh and loud and hungry over it, “Yeah, but I paid about fifteen for that bag of rice.” It sounds bitter and stupid out loud, petulant when you mutter, “ But I’m no thief, not even an indirect one.”

Above, the fan shakes itself a little farther from it's mounting, getting closer to the floor with each revolution. But it will last until morning.

Still hungry, you find that you do the same.

~

What had to be at least five blocks of distance means you're more out of breath than before. Hot air and even hotter tears from exhaustion are shaking your frame, the fat globs of water clouding your eyes and falling heavy and fast-

' Just the way They would've liked it.' The thought is enough to stop it. Their voices rattling around in your mind, jostling over the other.

“ Come here runt...”

“ It's only natural you need my help; you're soft.”

“ Don't want to be leaving your side for a while...”

“ -I'd never let you stolen away by villains and filth!”

“ No one's looking out for you but us.”

“ All ours now.”

“ I love you.”

Out here, it's silent; no birds to call and everything is still and waiting for something to happen.

You hit some kind of dead-end, inside and out, falling down hard onto your knees and biting your tongue on the way down. Copper fills your mouth and nose and it's almost like a hit of Hogdrogen. Almost as good with the freedom fueled endorphins running through you. Getting up isn't an option anymore, your traitorous body breaking out into shivers and stiffening, alternating with cramps down your legs in waves. Half of you moves along the ground while another version of you observes the pathetic progression. You vomit, but don't feel it. Nothing but bile and ant parts come up from your
stomach, green, yellow, and black speckles standing in streaks on top of the parched earth waiting to soak in.

' Something doesn't add up anymore,' curling into yourself, ' I miss them and wish they'd make it go away, if they were here with me they would help-' another wave of pain, blood turning to syrup and ceasing pumping into any extremities. ' I'm gonna die out here-' Mind going funny and desperate with past events wheeling and filling in the spaces and cracks that have opened up around and in this not-really-you.

Somewhere, two feet scrape, walking against the remains of asphalt, and no one says a word.

Somewhere, a shine becomes a sparkle that becomes an honest to goodness approaching spot over a shoulder, and no one says a word.

Somewhere, a nobody scratches the back of her hand for several straight minutes, thinking of drugs and no one says a word.

Somewhere, the sun moves closer to the earth, closer to the rocks until it sits there gold and hazy like a certain can of absolute heaven, and no one says a word.

Somewhere, a shadow becomes longer, and that shining spot gets closer, bigger, without the accompaniment of anyone at all.

Somewhere, someone swims in memory, none of it a comfort, each scene worse than the last but settling into a rose tinted longing, and even if someone spoke(they didn't) it wouldn't have mattered.

Somewhere, someone is trying to find their way out, out of town, out of trouble, and perhaps out of the world they'd found themselves born into and not one soul has anything to add.

But a car grumbles, somewhere close.
A woman stumbles, wrapped in a blanket and sniffling, at the side of the road. Clear ropes of snot dripping from her chin before she pushes it away with a closed fist. Her nose and face are flushed; sunburnt, windburnt, and every other kind of scuffed up. Hair is healthy and thick from a lifetime of regular food, age vague, and there’s nothing in her stance to suggest maiming, just exhaustion. Her jaw is set, with what promises to be a decent set of teeth behind it.

Rolling up slow and steady behind her in the van, I see two eyes squinting in the night.

“Hop in, if you don’t want to get dead by sunrise.” Telling her, just to be kind.

“I won’t.”

“Don’t you know what season it is? Are you touched?” I’m pressing on, “It’s winter time, don’t you know it’s dog season?”

That makes her stop, swing her head around to look directly at me, and oh those eyes will fetch me a fair bit.

“I’m not afraid of dogs.” Her voice is husky, thick and slurred. “Leave me alone, I’ve got bigger problems than someone’s dumped mutt.”

“What about a pack? Something with a hundred teeth and a hundred claws, they get crazy when the wind goes cold. Howling and running wild along the roads. Hunting.” I keep my foot off the gas, coasting with each one of her dizzy steps. “They run down roos and emu easy as pie. Most of the time they don’t find any bones, just a pile of fur, feathers or hair. Bullets and clothes and things they can’t digest from run down people.”
She’s silent, glassy eyed and mute. Stopped beside my window like a statue. I can practically smell the sale.

“Where are you headed?” I ask.

“Civilization.” And somewhere, not far off enough, some mongrel howls. Doesn’t take more than a second for others to join in.

“Well, I’ll be. I happen to be headed to the only decent place for a thousand kilometers.” I know she smells it with every window down. Nothing busts you faster than some other scared girl’s piss still reeking in the backseat.

She makes a face, sniffs again when she rounds the hood and sits shotgun. Her eyes soaking in every pit and patch job on my dash, but she closes the door behind her. Rubbing her nose again, there’s pink in the snot on her fist.

I just hope she can’t smell the bullshit flaking off my mouth through it.

~

She doesn't talk. She sweats, shakes, and pukes out the window occasionally. Kilometers come in under the grill, pass through under the tailpipe and she hasn’t said shit. Where that blanket starts pressed up under her ear I see her pulse jumping hard and quick like a trapped animal. Her bare feet push against the dash, leave a dirt streak too, then go back down on the running board again; but I’m trying to make conversation anyway.

“Where are you from?”

Nothing.

“What’s your name?”

Still nothing.

“How’s that withdrawal treating you?”

“Fuck. Off.” Her heels are on the dash again, each toe crusted with dirt, but I’ll be damned because every single one is there and accounted for complete with freshly trimmed nail.

“No shame in it, we all deal with this pit however we can. But tell me, you’re not some soak who’s gonna die on me before we get anywhere. If you’re feeling likely to drop dead, warn a fellow, eh?” I have to admit it is pretty funny, the idea that I’d pick up a cherry number like her only to have her body give out from lack of poison. It’d be too rich, but me, I’d still be poor as a church mouse.
Her still giving me a glare that could stop my ever-loving heart if I still had one, she asks, “What brings you out driving in the ass end of nowhere,” her pupils big and dark like a pair of matching bruises. “What makes you pick up strangers for nothing?”

“Not sure I’d call it nothing. A community service around these parts, really. Taking care to bring in new blood and fresh faces; gets pretty close and tight in this piece of paradise, same families making love and war for near on a decade. Tell me, where is it that you called home? Some bushie-burg or...” Letting it hang, even though I know the answer; I took one good look at her and knew I had an Eastie born and bred. Making it sound all noble doesn’t change the fact that I’d chew my arm off to keep her in here with me.

“Hell. Or something like it, but the longer I’m out here I’m not so sure,” She shrugs when she says it, or shudders, its hard to tell which from the way she’s been shaking anyway. “Now where are we going?”

“Why our shining capitol, Junkertown, only decent place in all the North. Not to mention the only place to hawk my wares. Don’t tell me you ain’t never been to the market.” How weird is this? I look at where the blanket has fallen down and there’s some kind of necklace on her. Some plain little circle of shiny silver metal, some kind of jewelry. No latch or fastener that I can see, like its a part of her, some kind of package deal.

“I don’t get out much these days.” She breathes out, looking at me like I’m some kind of savior. “But that’s for the best, I’ve heard its dangerous out here.”

I won’t lie, there’s something about that bit of shine that makes me sweat bullets.

~

We’re so close I can taste it, I mean to say is the whole affair is going to be the best slice of the pie I’ve ever gotten. Just having some bird drop into my lap like a potato, with nary a jack in sight to muck up the whole exchange or take a cut.

The whole time I’m regaling her with the legendary summer of roughly two years past. Watching her wrapped up in her own arms. Tucked in some blanket even when it’s a fucking scorch. Beads of sweat roll down her throat and under that little collar bit. Spinning a yarn to save my life just so she doesn’t turn on me, my teeth drying out with how much smiling I’m doing.

“Now, don’t laugh, but these days a cut of pork butt in Junker town will cost you about a third of an ounce of the yellow stuff, gold that is. Or an entire sock filled with large caliber hollow points. Picture kids chewing on the dirty end of some tied pillowcase, and you knowing that whole thing is
filled with broken bits of quartz.

It isn't fair but it works.

Some folks only option is trading scrap. People going out with nothing but bolt cutters and enough water to last the day, lucky ones with the boot of their cars empty, them not so lucky with wheelbarrows and backpacks. Some careers expand and focus on one theme or particular object to sell. Nine out of ten of these solo artists will still end up so hungry they can barely move; they'll try roadkill, or critters that act wrong.

By the time they eat the bloody things they're already jumping with worms, maggots and fly eggs. Rotten enough that cooking it doesn't matter.

A night at the bunkhouse will run you a whole day's worth. Sure, you'll get scabies and be crawling with lice the minute you lay that head of yours down, but you'll be happy for the privilege to pass out there every night because sleeping on the street is worse.”

Pause, for dramatic effect. Her eyes aren't on me, but on each and every rickety shit-shack we're passing; nothingness exploding into dozens upon dozens of corrugated metal shanties and people going about their dirt farming and hooch brewing.

“ So imagine our surprise when some career grog pusher comes in for a couple fried snags, paying with two carefully pounded discs of gold. Now her knees are going she' been at this so long and she's never had so much as a pot to piss in to show for it. Word around town was that the bit she brought in was worth the rent twice over, even the blind sow finds an acorn once.

Until the very next day some other cocksucker pays with the same kind of rounded and flat gold bit; buys himself a shop to live and sleep in, and orders a nice new ammo press right off the steelman's catalog. All of this, mind you, costs enough he would've been ratholing- no, his daddy, and his daddy's daddy, and his daddy have been saving it all up. Rumor was that some big time cat burglars and bank robbers retired in Junkertown, that some asshole was just giving it away.

When some kids started turning up with them we knew that's exactly what it was. Suddenly our economy is killed, reborn, killed, and reborn again in every nook and cranny of the city. Little booms in every stall and milkbar; circles inside of circles with money moving into the pockets of every piss drinker, stand-over bloke, and swagman. People bought real croc skin boots, belt buckles studded with gems, and custom made rifles that made the skinny teenager pull to one side when they walk through town.

And that meant all that wealth of the Queen's best families suddenly doesn't mean quite so much anymore. Land bought up left and right and suddenly the flophouses aren't so profitable. Gold moving out and in the lower quarter but none into the hands of slumlords. Nuggets exchanged for bread and cows, supply and demand. No one forced all these folks to spend their money; now that the inflation wasn't an issue, all of it just seemed reasonable.

They can't call it robbery, even though that's what it was.” She snorts at that, folding her arms across her chest, eyeing storefronts now that we've made our way properly into civilization. Neon signs of every color all competing. Businesses that never existed before that summer, with little rooms above packed with people. Tracing the paths of the catwalks above the road with her pointer finger, I see her nails are clipped down to the nailbed. Like a pampered pet who slipped a leash and ran. I try to
keep the excitement out of my voice at that.

“Plump and fat with gold, no one was collecting scrap anymore, no one scraping through trash to eat, no more starving gangs ready to kill for beans. All the dirtbags filthy stinking rich, and all the has-been aristos making nice to maybe get at that money. All those years where nothing trickled down, now none of it trickling up.

Then some lone nut rolls into town, telling us all we're in the presence of the richest bloke in the whole Deep North. This little shit is missing an arm and a leg to show for it, but he keeps the stubbies coming with the yellow metal. Unfathomable amounts of the stuff, flooding the market with bits rolled flat and rounded like a coin. Calls himself the 'King' and tells everyone who'll listen about some hoard he's got out there; piles of ore, rivers of it just lying about out further than anyone else had looked and he's giving out drops of it. It had to be him, no one else had that much and he still spent it on rain barrels, furniture, other assorted bullshit. Like he's stockpiling comfort and shipping it off to some imagined future.

Now it isn't long until this youngblood is public enemy number one.

Talk about frustrating, Her Majesty spends years bringing every family worth a shit into the fold, portioning out land, and making sure the population won't outpace the resources. Then it's all going tits up thanks to some rat. Suddenly every asshole is their own authority, and no one is scared of things like starving or dying of exposure. Folks doing more than survivng, really living now. Everything is still topsy turvy excepting one market, because some things are always in demand.”

Now, me, I'm letting that speak for itself. The way my hand comes off the steering wheel and onto the top of her shoulder, tracing down her arm until I get to a wrist that fits almost perfectly into the space between my thumb and middle finger.

“ In fact I consider it a public service, bringing in people.” She tries to jerk her whole body away, but there's no place to go. Her breath puffing out little, wet clouds onto the dashboard when I mash her face against it, pushing into her so hard my whole arm aches. “ You see, darling. New faces are in short supply, breeders more so. And my next shipment won't be in from Sydney until the next month. You were just in the wrong place at the wrong time, bummer of it. Someone let you get away and what's that they say about another man's trash is another's treasure.”

I drag her in close, close enough I can smell her sweat at the crook of her neck. I move that circlet of metal around with my other hand, the whole thing pounded out flat and neat and fastened with a screw so small and delicate I'll need to call someone to remove it.

I'll be damned if it isn't real, and fine silver.

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