

“COCKADOODLE DOOOOOOO!” a guttural cry ripped through the Milano as an antique alarm clock rang its metallic tone, waking up not only Rocket but the entire crew “Wakey wakey eggs and bakey!”

The alarm was a gift from a trader who had recently gone to earth and thought to gift the Guardians a unique-looking timepiece that had an odd-looking avian adorning its peak. The trader had already made a run for it before the Guardians realized just what the timepiece was, and they were sure he was laughing his ass off peddling them the noisy timepiece.

“Ugggggh” Rocket groaned, rolling in his oversized crib knowing full well he couldn’t stop the incessant alarm clock from ringing “Peter, Groot, Mantis, anyone!”

Rocket had been left alone on the ship for the first time in a while, and he was the last to know of it. The other Guardians were off the ship following up a lead on a crime ring that the Nova Corps gave them a tip on. As the Guardians left their ship in the care of its automated security systems, someone else saw it a perfect time to sneak on board the Milano.

“What is that sound!” A familiar voice sounded from somewhere outside Rocket’s room, a voice Rocket hadn’t heard in a long time “Rocket where are you?!”

The large maglock doors whooshed open to reveal just who that voice belonged to. With a playful flourish and a cocky smile, the voice revealed itself to be none other than Blackjack O’hare. Another hired gun like Rocket, a mercenary who wanted money more than glory. Though why he was on the ship was a mystery to all but him.

“What’s all this then?” Behind Blackjack’s red-lensed goggles were wide eyes taking everything in “I don’t see you for weeks and this is what you’ve been up to?!”

Dumbfounded was one word to describe Blackjack, bewildered another. He never chalked Rocket up to the frilly fru fru type; but then again to each his own he thought. But the longer he looked the less it made sense. Baby bottles strewn about, a discarded dress here, and was that applesauce he smelt? Nothing was making a lick of sense for the blue bunny.

“It’s not what it looks like Jackie!” Rocket had barely made it out of his crib as he stumbled around in it trying to stand up just to talk to his former compatriot “I promise, it’s just a... Um... a prank, yeah, just a prank”

Blackjack paid Rocket's terribly lying no heed as he proceeded to look around even more. The changing table is the most prominent piece of furniture to catch his eye. He had never seen such a table, the height, the shape it was alien to him. But as soon as he laid eyes on Rocket in his crib, the pieces soon fell together painting him a full picture of Rocket's current situation.

"This isn't a prank isn't it?" Blackjack finally gave Rocket a look-see, eyeing him from head to toe, or as much as the crib let him see "You've really let yourself go huh?"

Rocket felt the gravity of the situation hit him like a sack of flour. This was Blackjack O'hare he was talking about, seeing him at an all-time low. Rocket was vulnerable, humiliated, and powerless, he couldn't even run even if he wanted to. This was the kind of situation Blackjack had been waiting to get Rocket in for who knows how long.

"Wait what do you mean?" A blush spread across Rocket's face, he was so embarrassed by the remark that he could feel his face just positively burning up "I didn't let myself go!"

Rocket had gained a considerable layer of fat, getting treated like a baby left him more well-fed than fit. And the lack of running away from life and death situations did tend to leave him on the flabbier side. It didn't help that the baby food they kept feeding him was chock full of sugar and carbs that no fully grown adult had any business eating.

"This says otherwise" Closing the distance between them Blackajck opted to pass his arms through the crib's bars to get a handle on Rocket's exposed love handles "Never thought I'd see a bit of blubber on ya, and what the heck are ya even wearin'?"

Rocket up until now had had his hands raised well above his head just to steady himself against the crib's bars. Looking down he finally understood what Blackjack meant by blubber as his shirt was raised enough that a bit of his unwanted belly spilled over the hem of his diaper. This was not the last thing Rocket needed on his mind right now.

"It's nothing," Rocket couldn't help but shuffle where he stood, which was harder with the diaper adorning his crotch "Just help me get out of here! Quickly!"

Blackjack was the last face Rocket wanted to see, heck it wasn't even in his first hundred. But his ugly blue mug was the first one he'd seen in a great while that didn't treat him like a baby, not at first anyway. With how Blackjack was looking at him, Rocket felt all the more vulnerable as he could only imagine what Blackjack was planning on doing.

"Now if you're asking me for help this ain't a prank" Blackjack raised his hand to pat Rocket's face "Ain't it Rocky?"

Rocket was powerless to do anything, and Blackjack knew it. It took him most of his effort just to stand and hold onto the crib. He could barely do anything as Blackjack's hands explored Rocket's face and exposed midsection. The furred hands making their way around Rocket's belly left him shaking as he tried to stifle his laughter, the experience making the raccoon realize he'd grown a bit more ticklish than he'd expected.

"Errr... yeah...just help get me out of this thing and I'll tell you everything" Through gritted teeth Rocket pleaded with his former adversary "Please Jacky"

His pleas fell on deaf ears however as Blackjack's mind raced with all the things he wanted to do to Rocket. For years he'd been the butt of the joke between the two, and this was finally time for his payback. It was time for Rocket's comeuppance, and Blackjack was going to relish this.

"How about no?" Blackjack gave a snide smile as one of his hands gave Rocket's tummy a playful squeeze "I've got a better plan it involves you and this lil' ol' camera I got here"

With his other hand, Blackjack brought out the newest BX-9 holo camera from somewhere in his toolbelt. The camera looked big in Blackjack's paws, but those paws seemed to be just big enough to make use of the camera with no problems. Rocket couldn't help but give an audible gulp as soon as he saw the thing.

"Blackjack, please, I'm beggin' ya," Rocket was desperate, he wanted to get out of this place, and away from Blackjack even if it meant a bit of humiliation on his part "I'll let ya take some pics just help me get outta this joining"

With a flick of his wrist, Blackajck unlatched the crib's side, the bars Rocket was holding onto gave way forcing him to fall face-first into his nursery's plush carpeted floor. It didn't hurt Rocket much unlike how his pride felt. Looking on the bright side he was out of the crib now at least.

“Sounds tempting” Blackjack already began taking pictures, pictures of Rocket in a diaper ass up face down wasn’t his first choice but it was a golden opportunity he wouldn’t dare pass up “But no, I don’t think I’ll help ya”

Rocket immediately tried to stand up, his heavy diaper and mittened fists did little to help him in this endeavor, however. And Blackjack looking down on him wasn’t helping at all. Rocket was at his wits end with the blue bunny whenever they met, and this meeting was no different.

“Why I oughta” Rocket had just raised his head enough to shout at Blackjack before he felt the all too familiar feeling of a pacifier gag on his maw “Hmmmrrrrmmm!”

Rocket loathed to admit it but he had frowned accustomed enough to the feeling of the pacifier gag. The way the leather straps seemed to hug the base of his head had become an all too familiar feeling for the raccoon with just how many times he’d been forced to wear it. As for the suckling, that started as soon as the pacifier met his lips, immediately silencing Rocket from any more protests.

“I saw these in one of the drawers over there” Blackjack’s chest was swelling with pride as he looked down at Rocket “Looks like I was right in assuming it was yours eh Rocky?”

As much as Rocket hated Blackjack, it was all drowned out by just how much his mouth seemed to love his pacifier. Without even a second thought his body relaxed as he suckled on the pacifier. As he rolled onto his back to get into a more relaxing position, Rocket was snapped back into reality as his eyes fell on Blackjack’s grinning face already behind the camera. With a flash and a flurry of giggling Blackjack had taken another photo of Rocket.

“HMMMMMM!” Rocket flailed his arms about, protesting as much as he could against the blue bunny’s teasing demeanor “MMMMMM!”

Rocket tried to throw all the profanities he knew against Blackjack, but the pacifier gag was a tried and tested method that stymied even the rowdiest of babies, especially Rocket. Like any baby with a temper tantrum, Rocket shouted and moaned into his gag all while flailing his arms and legs without any real goal.

“Now shush” Blackjack was having the most fun he’d ever had and he didn’t even need to spend a single credit, this was his heaven “I heard babies don’t talk much now do they Rocky boy!”

Rocket fell silent as Blackjack put away the camera to play with him a bit. Blackjack lowered himself over Rocket, his blue silhouette inch closer to Rocket’s prone figure. Flustered was one way to describe how Rocket felt, this was the closest he got to Blackjack outside of trying to stab him in the middle of a job. Intimate was never a word he thought to describe the blue bunny.

“Hmm, maybe I should say Rocky baby?” A flurry of fingers went and made rounds against Rocket’s exposed belly once more as Blackjack gave him another round of tickling “That is what you are after all”

The tickling went on for a few minutes, but they were the longest few minutes Rocket had endured. He may have been out of the crib but he wasn’t out of the woods yet. Blackjack’s penchant for trickery meant that escaping even with all the other Guardians gone was going to be harder than he thought.

“Now what am I to do?” Blackjack spoke with glee in between his flurries of tickling “I have a cute baby all to myself and so little time!”

Blackjack’s eyes lit up as his eyes fell onto the sight of an open wardrobe. Piles of clothes spilled out, and all the kinds he’d never seen Rocket wear before. Dresses and onesies paired with bibs and bonnets, all alien to Blackjack save that he knew that they would fit the baby currently under his tickling paws.

“Oh, I know, why don’t we start with some dress up” Blackjack finally let go of Rocket as he proceeded to bound over the raccoon just to get to the wardrobe “Let’s get this baby in some cute clothes!”

Blackjack left Rocket panting and puzzled as he proceeded to dig around the lopsided pile of clothes for an embarrassing outfit fit for his rival. Blackjack felt like a kid in a candy store with all the choices he had. Pink? Overdone; baby blue? Too tame: but then his eyes fell on an orange onesie not unlike the jumpsuit that Rocket had worn for so long. If anything this was quite an ironic piece of clothing. Blackjack felt his heart flutter at the thought of Rocket being forced to wear something like this, a remnant of his past self yet all the more different. It was perfect.

“Now let’s get you out of those jammies” Blackjack set aside the onesie for now, looking back at Rocket who was still panting on the floor “And maybe a change too while we’re at it”

Rocket didn't appreciate Blackjack getting too into the whole babying thing, but he could feel that the tickling had taken its toll on him. Rolling onto his front he could feel his diaper squish as it was absolutely sopping and squishy on the inside. Rocket was definitely in need for a change.

"Up you go" Blackjack could barely carry Rocket in his state so he opted to change Rocket on the floor
"And here I go!"

Blackjack couldn't even dream of carrying a fussy Rocket all the way to the changing table that was clearly taller than him, so the floor of the nursery just had to do. Using the skilled hands of a master thief, Blackjack did quick work of Rocket's onesie, then again he used a small blade rather than unbuttoning it. Soon Rocket was lying on his nursery's padded floors in nothing but a soggy diaper and strips of cloth that was once his pajamas.

"Hey watch where ya aim that thing" Rocket spoke into the gag, his retorts coming out nothing more than muffled noise for Blackjack "I know how lousy you are with a knife!"

The diaper proved much more difficult for the blue bunny as he seemed to give the plush padding a quizzical stare. This was the first time he'd seen the garbs, and the tapes were alien to him. It took quite a bit of finagling and groping but he'd finally undone the diaper.

"Oh please, I don't know what you're saying but relax" Blackjack couldn't help but reply to Rocket's muffled protests as he neatly folded up the used diaper and threw it in the general direction of the hallway "I got this, you know how good I am with a knife!"

With baby powder in hand, Blackjack got to work. A dash here, a sprinkle there, Blackjack managed to coat almost all of Rocket's lower half and his face with talcum powder before he was finally satisfied. He'd slip the open diaper under Rocket's tush and hastily tape it up. The diaper change was passable, to say the least, it was riding up on Rocket and sagging at the same time, but at least he'd taped it properly enough that it wouldn't become undone anytime soon.

"And there we go!" Blackjack seemed to pat himself on the back as he beamed with pride looking down at the sloppy change he'd given Rocket "Good as new, now let's get you in costume!"

Before Rocket could even get a word in edgewise he was propped up on his ass, the sudden change in position leaving his head spinning. His senses were soon assaulted by a flurry of pink fabric going over

his head. The dress Blackjack had chosen was a bit of a tight fit, but it was nothing a little elbow grease couldn't handle.

"Woah, I thought I was joking when I said you let yourself go" Rocket felt a sharp pinch on his belly as Blackjack teased him some more "Didn't think it'd make you this cute though!"

Blackjack turned his back to Rocket once more to rummage around his growing pile of baby clothes strewn across the nursery floor. Rocket continued to suck on his pacifier knowing full well that he could do little to deter his lupine adversary. Looking down, a pink dress was the last thing Rocket wanted to wear, but he was at least thankful someone had given him a change; even if it was Blackjack O'hare of all people.

"Aw no need to pout" Blackjack's hands were already on the camera as he turned to face Rocket "We're just about to have some fun!"

flash

flash

flash

Fun for Blackjack meant starting his impromptu photo shoot starring a pouty Rocket sitting on his padded bum. The camera had little use for the flash save for aesthetic purposes, but Blackjack savored the sound as everytime the camera dinged and flash meant another piece to add to his new personal collection of humiliating Rocket photos. His odd hobby of trying to get pictures of Rocket in the most humiliating of situations lasted almost as long as their longstanding rivalry. As Blackjack would tell anyone who'd listen, getting such photos was hard to come by, especially since Rocket became a Guardian of the Galaxy.

"Phew, I think that's enough" Blackjack pocketed the camera for now, all of his freshly taken photos being discreetly uploaded to a private server back on his ship "For now at least"

Rocket could only glare at the blue bunny knowing full well he couldn't get rid of those photos now, especially as indisposed as he was. His glowering was soon turned to more embarrassment as a grumbling came from his tummy. The sound of his hunger was not left unnoticed, so much so that

Blackjack's whiskers seemed to twitch at the sound; the rabbit's whiskers flicked in anticipation of what a hungry baby meant.

"Oh, ho, it looks like someone's hungry," Blackjack teased Rocket by revealing Rocket's rumbling tummy and giving it a few more tickles "Does my widdle baby need a bottle?"

Rocket's tummy seemed to answer for him as another round of hungry rumbling came from it. Rocket's blush deepened as Blackjack fell on his in a fit of laughter. Rocket could only look away but he knew he was hungry, he had just woken up and been tired out by Blackjack so he was feeling a bit more than peckish.

"Don't worry I'll get you something to eat" Blackjack began digging around once more around Rocket's room looking for any sign of food fit for a baby "I think I saw a bottle and some baby formula around here somewhere"

Rocket was beginning to like having Blackjack around, sort of like an impromptu babysitter. But he would not be caught dead admitting that, at least to the blue bunny's face at least. His big was already big as it is and he didn't want to bloat it any further.

"Ta-da! It says here right on the tin" Blackjack wiggled his eyebrows in Rocket's direction as he continued to take charge of the situation "Just add some warm water..."

Blackjack proceeded to read the instructions on how to prepare the baby formula. Once again, the process was unknown to him, but the steps seemed simple enough for him to follow through. The part he hated most was finding the scooper that appeared to have found its way to the bottom of the tin. The lack of a proper measuring tool left the mercenary no choice but to eyeball his measurements, leaving him with a bit of milk that was just a bit too sweet.

"Here ya go baby" Blackjack unceremoniously removed Rocket's gag, but before Rocket could even utter a word, his lips were sealed by a baby bottle being forced between them "It's feeding time!"

Rocket's hunger overpowered his pride as he eagerly began suckling on the baby bottle's teat. The milk was too sweet for him but it was filling enough that he felt himself become full just from drinking over half of the bottle's contents. Sitting contently he was surprised when Blackjack brought him into an impromptu embrace.

“Er... Blackjack buddy, what’re you doing?” A few pats on the back and Rocket was immediately burping “BUUUURP!”

Rocket couldn’t help but blush and bury his face into Blackjack’s shoulder. The sheer sound he made from burping was embarrassing, especially how unprepared he was for it. Blackjack continued to pat Rocket’s back hoping to get all of Rocket’s burps out. They came in small bursts but none compared to that first belch that came out.

“Look at what we have here” All heads turned to see Peter Quill standing in the doorway, with arms crossed and a smile apparent on his face “Looks like someone had a fun time!”

Rocket did a double take as this was not normal behaviour upon seeing your teammate in the arms of an apparent intruder. Especially someone with a strained relationship with the Guardians like Blackjack. Something was amiss and Rocket felt like he was the last to know.

“Wait, Quill” Rocket stammered between burps “it’s not what it looks like!”

Blackjack didn’t stop burping Rocket but he did slow down enough that he gave Rocket a side eye. His buck-toothed smile sent shivers down Rocket’s spine. Rocket could only give a taunting sneer at Blackjack as he was still unable to leave his awkward embrace.

“What?” Peter closed the distance between them as he sauntered closer to the entangled pair “You don’t mean it looks like you enjoyed your new babysitter?”

Rather than chiding or even telling Blackjack off, he gave the blue bunny a pat on the back and a few on the head. Rocket could only look up puzzled as his once former enemy and current warden seemed to be in on all of this. And it was all beginning to dawn on him.

“Babysitter?” Rocket was still dumbfounded, his gaze alternating between Blackjack and Peter as his confusion slowly turned into a realization “You mean Blackjack O’hare, this Blackjack O’hare?”

Peter gave a hearty laugh, followed even by Blackjack. It seems this situation was nothing but a big joke shared by the two, and Rocket was the butt of it. Their apparent baby only pouted and grumbled angrily into Blackjack's shoulder. He felt embarrassed enough that he was practically burying himself into the exposed blue fur available to him in that moment.

"Yeah, how'd you think he got onto the ship in the first place" Peter playfully ruffled both their hairs as he leaned down to be at eye level at the pair "I let him on"

Looking up, Rocket felt bleary eyed as tears began to well up behind his eyes. Today was embarrassing enough thinking it was just all coincidence and chance for him. But to learn it was all orchestrated and planned gave him a new sense of shame and embarrassment that he never thought he could feel. Just how many more people knew of his current predicament that Peter Quill of all people made job listings for a babysitter position.

"When I heard they were looking for a babysitter I had a few questions at first" Blackakc beamed with pride as if awaiting praise for his actions "But when I heard it was for lil' ol' you, I just had to try my luck"

Blackjack seemed to be genuinely happy at his situation, a child-like smile on his face. Rocket could only hazard a guess as to why Blackjack was so eager but he'd hate to think of that now. For now all he knew was Blackjack was a bit too serious about being a babysitter.

"Welcome to the Guardians of the Galaxy Blackjack O'hare" Peter quill stood up once more before speaking in a booming voice welcoming their newest member "You're our new babysitter!"