

Rocket the Executioner

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PART 1: EXECUTION

Rocket wiped his brow, flicking some sweat onto the hot, orange sand below. A subtle burst of steam could be seen coming from the ground as the musky raccoon's sweat instantly started to evaporate into the muggy air. He muttered some alien profanities and kept on walking.

Rocket was on the desert planet, Slaimus, with the intent on fulfilling a mission he'd been assigned. He'd received a message from a leader of a jerbax city. The jerbax were small, long-legged jerboa-like creatures who exude a slime-like substance upon their fur to keep them cool in the sweltering heat present all around Slaimus. Another identifying feature of the jerbax were the round fleshy orbs present at the end of their long, furless tails that served a similar purpose to a camel's humps.

The jerbax had been simple, tribal people for a very long time. However, in the past few decades opportunistic salesmen from other planets had managed get their hands on precious jerbax jewels and artefacts in return for giving the jerbax tribes' chieftains advanced technology.

As the chieftains of the jerbax tribes were granted technology that allowed them to have consistently clean water, electricity and the ability to rapidly build relatively large buildings, Jerbax villages quickly turned into cities ran by a small council of 'elder jerbaxes'. Rocket really didn't know much more about jerbaxes or jerbax society than that, but from the message he'd received it was clear the elder jerbaxes harshly punished criminals living in their cities.

The message Rocket had received from one of the elder jerbaxes stated several rebellious individuals had been committing a series of crimes in the jerbax-populated city of Eshara. The elder jerbax believed Rocket would be one of few mercenaries who would be able to appropriately deal with these criminals and so offered the brash raccoon 2000 units for being an executioner for the day. There had been some odd stipulations about Rocket not eating for at least 12 hours before the mission, Rocket only being allowed one escort, and Rocket having to arrive at Eshara by himself, but none of these conditions really bothered the brown-furred raccoon.

Rocket, not one to turn down money or justified violence, gladly accepted this mission. Peter Quill (or 'Star-Lord' as he liked to be called) had somewhat reluctantly agreed to be Rocket's escort and piloted his spaceship, the Milano, with Rocket onboard to Slaimus. Peter had very little knowledge about Slaimus and its denizens, but he found the elder jerbax's message rather suspicious and morally questionable. After an argument with Rocket about the potential dangers of this mission, Peter had eventually caved in and decided they could really use the extra units.

The trip to Slaimus had gone swimmingly up until they entered the atmosphere of the desert planet. After a nasty sandstorm obscured Peter's vision, he was forced to make a sudden landing in the desert below.

They had waited for the sandstorm to pass and went to see how badly damaged the ship was. It wasn't too bad, all things considered, but they both came to the realisation Peter would need to make some fixes to the ship's engine and clean the ship of sand before they could safely take off. Rocket would need to walk to Eshara if he wanted to carry out this mission.

Thankfully Eshara was within walking distance of where they had landed, but just barely, as it was several miles. With Rocket being a rather short creature, and the heat of the desert planet being so warm, having to walk that far (especially on an empty stomach) was a gruelling task.

Dark sweat stains could be seen on the raccoon's blue leather outfit, most notably around his butt crack, armpits and crotch. The rank, sweaty stench emanating from the unwashed procryon's athletic body had become noticeably foul, even for Rocket, after walking for a mile in the scorching desert. Every step he had to deal with his ravenously grumbling stomach, his aching feet and his dreadful stench. He'd be glad when this mission was over.

After about an hour had passed, Rocket saw a patch of palm trees by an oasis, mercifully bathing the area in shade. Letting out a sigh of relief, his pace picked up considerably as he walked towards the trees' shadows. As he got closer, he realised a vast amount of tiny sandstone and glass buildings had been constructed around this oasis too. He had arrived at Eshara!

As Rocket walked closer to the waterfront city, many of the little citizens could feel the ground ominously quake beneath them with each step the raccoon took. Very few of the jerbaxes living in the city had been made aware that this comparatively gigantic raccoon was going to be visiting Eshara. Many citizens fled or hid as well as they could in their homes as they realised Rocket was heading in their direction. The jerbaxes on the outskirts of the city that were frozen in fear, or those who simply assumed he was a well-meaning salesman, soon ended up getting a good whiff of the raccoon's powerful musk.

Thankfully for the more frightened citizens, Rocket didn't need to walk into the city. On the furthest outskirts of Eshara was a sandstone temple, which now acted as an altar for the criminals about to be sacrificed to Rocket. There was a large amount of armed jerbax guards present on the steps and at the base of the temple, but this didn't interest Rocket. The sweaty raccoon kept his gaze on the five jerbaxes on the top of the temple. Four of them wore ragged clothing and had small plastic devices strapped to their ankles. The slime that naturally exuded out onto their light-coloured fur gave them a shiny, slightly green-tinted look. The remaining jerbax wore an elegant hooded robe and appeared to have silver-grey fur. Though Rocket could see less of this jerbax's body, he was quite sure this jerbax was exuding less slime.

Rocket loomed over the temple; his furry arms crossed impatiently. The scent of the raccoon's large, sweaty balls seeped through his outfit and wafted into the faces of the four jerbax criminals and the elder jerbax alike as he waited for instructions. The elder jerbax politely cleared his throat, trying to ignore Rocket's potent stench. "Ahem...greetings, Rocket! I'm glad to see you accepted this job. I apologise if the trek here was excessively warm for a non-native creature like yourself." the elder jerbax said, a slight grin on his whiskered face.

"Yeah...well, I guess there isn't much you can do about that. I'm more pissed that you made me skip a day's worth of meals for the sake of this mission. There better be a good reason, I'm flarkin' starving!" Rocket said, barely managing to hold back his desire to yell at the elder jerbax. As if to accentuate his point, the raccoon's stomach roared with hunger, making Rocket clutch a hand to his lithe belly.

"Oh, don't worry, there certainly is. I'll address that in just a moment." the elder jerbax replied, his grin starting to look more like a cruel smirk. "These four criminals have been responsible for multiple attempts at violently overthrowing the elder jerbax council. They've killed and harmed our guards and damaged our most valuable technology. Jail would be too merciful for them at this point, as would conventional methods of execution. That is why we want you to kill them."

Rocket quickly nodded and reached for a futuristic-looking pistol on his utility belt. Before he could think about pointing it at the rebel jerbaxes though, the elder jerbax raised up a furless hand to halt him. "It's necessary it be a slow and painful death. That is why we demanded you keep yourself hungry until now." the elder jerbax stated. He briefly paused, giving Rocket a moment to realise what his mission really was. "You must eat them and let them stew in your stomach." the elder jerbax said bluntly.

"Oh!" Rocket simply exclaimed in surprise, while the prisoners gasped and screamed in horror at this revelation. One of the prisoners attempted to make a run for it, but a gruff jerbax guard quickly hopped up to him, punched him and painfully tossed him to the ground. The injured prisoner whined and sobbed pitifully.

Rocket looked at the terrified prisoners and thoughtfully scratched at the side of his own furry face, as if reconsidering accepting this mission. However, after several seconds had passed the hungry raccoon gave a casual shrug and said, "Well, whatever. Lunch is lunch." The elder jerbax looked delighted to hear this.

Rocket crouched down slightly and reached for the injured prisoner, eager to put the pitiful jerbax out of his misery and appease his own loudly grumbling gut. Rocket tightly wrapped a clawed hand around the jerbax's slick, furry torso and moved the now screaming creature towards his face. The jerbax's long, furless legs desperately kicked and twitched while his body writhed around, but there was no escaping Rocket's grasp. Jade green slime trickled down Rocket's brown-furred fingers and shone in the sunlight as the ravenous raccoon opened his mouth wide. To the terrified jerbax in Rocket's grasp it must have looked like a great red cave, filled with rows of sharp, yellowed stalactites, had inexplicably opened up in front of him, ready to swallow him up.

Rocket crassly shoved the slimy, little creature inside of his maw. The jerbax's little body broke up some strings of saliva as he was forcefully pushed onto the raccoon's damp, pink tongue. Rocket closed his mouth, engulfing the jerbax in darkness and trapping him inside.

The taste of the jerbax's slime upon Rocket's tongue was surprisingly appealing and refreshing. It had a somewhat fruity flavour, akin to something like a pear. Beneath that, Rocket could pick up the faint taste of the frightened animal's flesh. It was rather tasty, though the bland taste of the criminal's clothing detracted from Rocket's enjoyment.

The hungry mercenary didn't savour his food's flavour for too long though. Rocket took a few seconds to push the terrified animal against the inside of his cheeks, and built up a bit of saliva, before moving the jerbax right back to centre of his mouth.

The rebel inside of Rocket's mouth desperately cried out as he was forcefully moved around by Rocket's tongue. "W-WAIT! NONONONO! PLEASE, YOU DON'T UNDERSTA-!"

Rocket ignored the delectable creature's muffled cries. He swiftly tipped his head back and loudly gulped as a bulge appeared in the raccoon's throat. He'd swallowed the poor, little prisoner whole.

GLLLLRHP...GLLLLP!

Rocket lowered his head back down to a normal position, let out a satisfied sigh, then licked his lips, clearing off only a small amount of the green slime that coated them. Swallowing down that jerbax had been quite filling, but he was still hungry for more.

If they listened carefully, the jerbaxes atop the temple would have been able to hear the swallowed prisoner screaming as he descended down Rocket's throat, terrified and unable to accept he'd gone from being a high ranking member of a resistance to being a larger creature's snack in a matter of seconds.

The three remaining prisoners were all left in shock at seeing their friend being so casually swallowed down into Rocket's awaiting stomach. After being frozen in fear for a few seconds, two of them made a run for it, while the other remained stuck where they were, looking up at Rocket's athletic, sweat-drenched body with awe and fear in their round, reflective eyes.

The escape attempt by the two fleeing jerbaxes was promptly quashed by Rocket as he bent down and grabbed both of the rebellious rodents before the guards could even get involved. "Nice try, but you ain't going anywhere but my gut, pipsqueaks." Rocket said, a callous smirk upon his furry face.

The jerbax stuck in the tight grip of Rocket's left hand desperately wriggled, writhed and cursed out of fear and frustration. The jerbax in Rocket's right hand simply broke down and started pitifully sobbing and begging for mercy while burying his head into the soft, sweat-dampened fur of Rocket's hand.

Rocket decided that jerbax was ready to become his food.

While the jerbax in his right hand continued to beg and sob, Rocket moved his left hand down to his utility belt. He dropped the struggling jerbax in his left hand down into a leather pouch attached to his belt and quickly closed it up, trapping the little creature inside until Rocket was ready to let him out.

Rocket returned his attention to the crying jerbax in his right hand. The musky raccoon moved his right hand and loosened his grip on the criminal jerbax, so the long-legged creature was laying down on his palm. The tiny, tearful creature looked up at Rocket in confusion before Rocket used the thumb and index finger of his left hand to start stripping the shabby clothes off his body.

"Don't think I'm comin' onto you or anything, runt. You'll just slide down easier and taste a lot better without any of this shit on." Rocket told him as he removed the jerbax's shirt and simply let it fall to the ground as he let it go. The jerbax was too overwhelmed by fright and awe to even attempt arguing against the gigantic raccoon, so he simply closed his eyes and whimpered as he was stripped of his clothing.

It wasn't long until the only thing upon the naked jerbax's body was the small device strapped to his skinny ankle. The little rodent's flaccid cock and fuzzy balls were on full display for Rocket. Feeling horribly vulnerable and weak, the jerbax opened his eyes and looked up at Rocket's face. He tried one last time to coax some mercy from the colossal raccoon. "P-please give me a second chance! I have a family...I've got children! I just wanted my children to live comfortably!" the jerbax pleaded tearfully.

"That's really not my problem you banged some jerbax broad and got caught committin' crimes." Rocket replied bluntly. "Now shut up and get in my gut already, ya whiny, little crutakker. I'm still hungry and you're still lunch!" he continued, before opening his mouth and lobbing the tearful rodent inside.

The jerbax let out a shocked grunt as he landed roughly on Rocket's wet tongue. After recovering from his ungracious landing, the jerbax started to get to his feet and beg, "N-NO! PLEASE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I NEED TO LOOK AFTER-"

GHHLLRRHP!

In one swift motion, Rocket tipped his head back and sent the jerbax plummeting into the dark, wet abyss of his gullet. Another noticeable bulge could be seen moving down Rocket's throat before it eventually faded down around his chest.

The assertive raccoon had promptly gulped him down into his stomach and sealed his fate. The jerbax could beg and struggle all he wanted in there, but he was nothing but food for a superior predator now. He'd inevitably be melted down to nothing but mush and bones, along with his similarly trapped friend.

"Mmn...**URRRHP!**" Rocket happily burped, some droplets of slime and saliva leaving his mouth along with his smelly belch. The taste of digested fruit and meat lingered upon his tongue, while his stomach gurgled approvingly, glad to be filled up with food and freed of gas.

After swallowing two rodents whole, the uncouth raccoon's hunger was satiated, but he was certain he could carry on eating.

Rocket was quite content with gorging on food when the opportunity arose. He had a strong stomach and wasn't worried about getting fat, as he had a very active lifestyle. Having an active lifestyle hadn't stopped his ass from getting rather pudgy in the last few years, but Rocket appreciated having some cushioning back there, so he didn't consider that a problem in the slightest.

Rocket's gaze locked onto the jerbax still frozen in fear atop the sandstone temple. The raunchy raccoon gave him a nasty smirk then picked him up by his tail, his right hand's thumb and index pinching one of three orbs present at the end of the terrified jerbax's light pink tail.

"O-oh gods...please no..." the jerbax said fearfully as he was dangled in front of Rocket's smug looking face. Now the mercenary had sated his hunger he was a lot more willing to play with his food, and this unfortunate jerbax was about to find that out the hard way.

"Hey, snack. Thanks for makin' eating you so easy." Rocket said teasingly, his hot, rancid-smelling raccoon breath washing over the tiny creature's face with each word he uttered. The jerbax started to involuntarily cough, the combined stench of Rocket's breath and body odour making him feel queasy. "Heh...can't handle my breath? You're gonna have a pretty awful time dealing with the stink of my stomach if that's the case. Well...since you've made things so easy for me, how about I do you a favour and toughen you up before you I swallow you down?" Rocket asked, a playful grin on his furry face.

The jerbax looked confused and frightened by Rocket's offer. For a few seconds he remained silent, except for a few coughs. As he nervously thought of something to say, he was able to hear some gurgling and growling coming from Rocket's stomach. He eventually responded, "W-w-what? I...I really don't underst-"

**"BWUURRRRRRRRRRRRAAAARRRR
RRRRRAAAHHHRrRrRrRP!"**

Rocket had opened his mouth wide and released a massive, low-pitched belch right in the face of the dangling jerbax, rudely cutting him off. The jerbax whined and shut his eyes tightly as his shiny fur was

blown back by the powerful gust of humid air leaving Rocket's maw. Slime and spittle flew up from Rocket's throat, splashed against the jerbax and slowly dripped down the rodent's face and body.

The jerbax's eyes began to sting as he felt salty tears welling up in them out of both fear and disgust. The lingering stench (and taste, as the jerbax had his mouth open as Rocket belched in his face) was truly dreadful. The pungent stink of rotten fruit and meat assaulted the rodent's sensitive nose. More tears started to well up and trickle down his already wet face as he realised the scent he just sniffed up was probably the smell of his friends digesting.

Rocket playfully blew his lingering burp breath right into the jerbax's nostrils, making the poor creature violently cough and gag. While the jerbax choked on his foul-smelling belch, Rocket started to speak, callously letting more of his warm, smelly breath wash over the rodent's face and fill his nostrils.

"Hm, doesn't look like ya handled that too well either...but I guess that's to be expected from a lil' weakling." Rocket said with a nasty grin. "Well, let's see if I can get you used to the smell of your new home inside my mouth." the sadistic raccoon continued after a brief pause.

While the jerbax continued to attempt to catch his breath and hold back from vomiting, Rocket carefully used his claws to tear off the rodent's scruffy clothing. It didn't take long to leave the frightened creature completely nude.

"P-please... ***cough cough*** ...stop! I... ***cough*** don't want to die!" the naked jerbax pleaded pitifully. Rocket simply flicked the rodent's head and said, "Too bad snacks don't get a say in stuff like that. Now in ya go."

Rocket tipped his head back slightly and dangled the jerbax above his open mouth. "AHHHH!" the captive jerbax screamed in horror as he saw two rows of sharp, glistening teeth, a considerable amount of lingering slime and a cavernous pit of a throat beneath him. Rocket could tear him to shreds or swallow him whole, and he knew there really wasn't a thing he could do to stop him.

The uncouth raccoon let out a few bursts of his hot, rancid breath over the jerbax's body before dropping the little creature inside his awaiting maw. "NOO! ARRRRRGH!" the jerbax yelled hysterically as he plummeted into the raccoon's salivating maw.

As the jerbax entered Rocket's mouth, Rocket chomped down and returned his head to a normal position, trapping the rodent inside a cage of sharp, yellowed teeth. As if that wasn't bad enough, the jerbax's long tail hadn't fully entered the raccoon's mouth when Rocket bit down. The jerbax squeaked and writhed in pain on top of Rocket's tongue as half of his tail had been bitten off. Blood spilled out from the end of the rodent's severed tail and puddled onto the slime and saliva already present on Rocket's wet tongue.

The creature's unfortunate predicament didn't grant any mercy from Rocket. Cruelly toying with his food, Rocket started to use his tongue to push the injured jerbax all around his mouth. "MMMRN! NRRRRMGH..." the jerbax let out muffled cries of distress while futilely kicking its legs.

As the captive jerbax was brashly shoved against the roof of Rocket's mouth and the inside of his cheeks, the naked jerbax was lathered in warm, sticky saliva and licked all over by the raccoon's big tongue. Rocket got a good taste of the fruity-tasting slime and the metallic-tasting blood exuding from the alien creature's body. In addition to those flavours, he picked up some unique, tangy flavours from the naturally muskier regions of the jerbax.

Once Rocket decided he'd had a good enough taste of the jerbax he returned his tongue to its natural position in the centre of his mouth. Feeling dazed and woozy, the prisoner inside his mouth breathed

heavily between pained and frightened squeaks. Rocket decided this would be an excellent time to let the jerbax have another smell of his digesting friends.

While the captive jerbax crawled forward atop the slick, pink muscle beneath him, Rocket rubbed and pushed at his own belly, occasionally thumping his chest with a fist as well. After several seconds of stirring up gas and adding to the fright and agony the jerbaxes already in his stomach were going through, a gassy gurgle could be heard rising up Rocket's throat.

**“MM...MMRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHHHHRRR
RRRRRRHRRrRrRP!”**

Rocket let out a deep, raunchy belch into his closed mouth. While the sound was muffled from the outside, the jerbax inside of his mouth got to hear every gross detail of it perfectly. The loud sound of Rocket's gassy release made the little creature's long ears ring and the vile stench made his nostrils sting.

The humid warmth of Rocket's belch lingered within the fleshy confines of his maw, adding to the already horrendous heat present in the unkempt raccoon's mouth. The captive jerbax covered his nose and mouth, loudly coughing and gagging once more. He felt sick to his stomach and ready to pass out.

“Hmhmhm~” Rocket chuckled with his mouth full. The cruel, ominous sound echoed within his maw.

A matter of seconds later, the jerbax felt the whole world rotate around him. For a moment the tiny creature thought his dazed state was causing him to hallucinate, or that he had passed out and had started dreaming.

He soon realised however; he was simply experiencing what his two unfortunate friends had experienced before being sent to Rocket's vile, stinking prison of a stomach.

GRLLLHP...GLLP!

Three tasty snacks were now writhing and crying in Rocket's stomach. One was yet to join them.

“BUURRRrRrRRAAHHHRRRRHP!” A thick, slimy belch erupted from Rocket's mouth. The repugnant stench lingered unpleasantly in the hot desert air.

“I do apologise if these filthy prisoners have given you indigestion.” the elder jerbax said. He'd simply been enjoying the sadistic show Rocket had been providing up until this point.

“Don't worry about it. I'm sure I've- **URRRRP** - eaten a lot more of a lot worse.” Rocket replied, another nasty burp escaping from his green-tinted lips as he spoke.

Rocket patted his jumpsuit-covered belly. He could feel the three jerbaxes in there squirming around in the dark or futilely clawing and kicking at his stomach's walls. Such lively, fully intact food had left Rocket feeling rather filled up, and much more eager for a drink than more food, but he was determined to finish the mission he'd been assigned.

Rocket took several seconds to breathe deeply and let out some further burps. "Alright...fourth one. Here we go." he said, reassuring both himself and the elder jerbax.

Rocket opened up the leather pouch the final captive rebel was trapped inside. With his furry fingers dripping with jerbax slime, the forthright raccoon swiftly grabbed the jerbax by his slick, little torso and brought him up in front of his face. Rocket opened up his mouth and moved the jerbax towards it at a teasingly slow rate. Bursts of hot, stinking raccoon breath billowed out of Rocket's throat and into the jerbax's frightened face as he allowed the captive jerbax to get a good look at the entrance to the final prison he'd ever stay in.

As the jerbax was pulled in closer and closer to Rocket's maw he shouted in a panicked tone. "S-STOP THIS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO HELP THESE MONSTERS! Y-YOU SHOULD BE KILLING THEM NOT US! THE ELDER JERBAXES ARE KEEPING ALL THE MOST ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY A-AND MEANS OF COMMUNICATION FOR THEMSELVES AND AN ELITE FEW! T-THEY'RE WITHOLDING CLEAN WATER AND ELECTRICITY FROM ANYONE WHO DOSEN'T ALIGN WITH THEIR BELIE-!"

"MMMHHHHRRRRRRP...phwoooo~"

As the jerbax spoke, Rocket's cheeks puffed up with hot, meaty smelling gas which Rocket was generous enough to share with the jerbax as he blew his warm, smelly burp right into his face. That shut the rodent up pretty quickly, though his coughing and gagging was still rather loud.

"You got any way to pay more than 2000 units to me, loudmouth?" Rocket asked after a brief pause.

"W-well... ***cough cough*** ...n-no, not ***gag*** currently, no...but if you kill the elder jer-" the rebel jerbax started to reply.

"None of that's my problem then. I've got enough shit to deal with already without startin' planetary civil wars and gettin' bounties on my head." Rocket said flatly. He started tearing off the jerbax's clothing with his claws so he'd be ready to eat in a matter of seconds.

"N-no, but..." the jerbax started to protest.

"As far as I'm concerned, you're just quick units and food. If I was thinkin' about changing how your planet's run I wouldn't be down here by myself. Don't take me eatin' you personally." Rocket explained.

Once he'd finished removing the jerbax's clothing he promptly chucked the remaining prisoner into his mouth.

As this jerbax had been notably feisty compared to the others, Rocket decided he'd better weaken him a bit before swallowing him down. He didn't want to risk his throat or stomach getting hurt by a frustrated, little rodent with nothing to lose.

Rocket used his tongue to push the jerbax towards his pointed teeth. Up close, Rocket's teeth reminded the jerbax of large, shimmering blades...and it wasn't long until he found out they could do just as much damage as any sword.

Rocket bit down. His sharp teeth sliced into the jerbax's torso and limbs, leaving a series of nasty wounds, but leaving the jerbax alive. The jerbax squeaked and screamed in pain as blood oozed from the gashes. Rocket moved him around his mouth, the taste of the rodent's blood and body strong upon his tongue, then placed him on his teeth again. He bit down once more, wounding the jerbax to

the point that some of his limbs were crippled. Rocket was certain the jerbax would be more worried about clinging to life than harming him now.

The jerbax was left writhing and cursing Rocket upon the raccoon's tongue. "GRRRRRRNGH...y-you ... *cough cough* HORRIBLE BEAST! NNNRGH...if *cough* I had the strength...I'D RIP OUT YOUR-"

GLLLLRP...GUUHLP!

Rocket tipped back his head and forcefully swallowed down the last prisoner into his gurgling gut.

All four swallowed prisoners would be forced to bathe in Rocket's gastric acid. Their bodies would be in agony and their minds would be filled with thoughts of regret, panic and anger as their bodies were slowly melted down into a thick, bloody soup. Their final resting places would be the fat on Rocket's plump, furry ass and the foul, meaty stench of Rocket's breath and gas.

They'd be remembered fondly by many jerbaxes, and their deaths would inspire action within the city of Eshara at a later date, but all Rocket would remember them as were four squirming snacks that gave him very bad gas.

Rocket licked his teeth clean of slime and blood as best he could as the elder jerbax began to speak. "Excellent work, my executioner! I knew you would be well suited to this job. I shall arrange the full payment now." The elder jerbax reached into a pocket on his robe, pulled out an appropriately small electronic tablet and pressed at some buttons on the screen.

Rocket pulled out a smartphone-like device from one of the leather pouches upon his belt and checked he was properly paid. "Alright, nice one. You got any water towers I can have a drink from? That oasis water looks kinda scuzzy." Rocket asked. "Ah, certainly! I can arrange some drinks and dessert be delivered to you before you leave." the elder jerbax replied.

"Great, thanks. Is this executioner gig a regular thing ya need, by the way? I mean it ain't really my business as long as I've got my units, but it seems like you'd be able to get somebody doin' this as a permanent job." Rocket said.

"Ah...yes. Well, executions like this are required occasionally, but they're not an everyday occurrence. As well as this, the previous executioners we've paid tend to not to return for a second time when offered the job...so for now we're fine with temporary executioners." the elder jerbax said.

"Hrm...right." Rocket said, rather warily. "But you have had *some* executioners return, right?"

"Yes...a few." the elder jerbax said, shuffling a bit in place.

"Alright...good to hear." Rocket said, just about satisfied with that answer.

PART 2: CONSEQUENCES

Once Rocket had drank a good amount of clean water and consumed a jerbax bakery's worth of small cakes, donuts and pastries, Rocket contacted Peter and asked him if he'd be able to land any closer to Eshara. Thankfully Peter had fixed the faults with the Milano and was able to very quickly park the ship about a quarter of a mile away from the jerbax city.

As Rocket started to walk off towards the Milano, he felt an unpleasant pressure in his stomach. “Mmmrngh...” Rocket groaned. The strong-smelling raccoon hugged his belly and felt it bloating outwards against his brown furred arms.

GRRRRRRRWWWWWWWWMMMMMMMN...

BLLLLHHHRRRRRRRRGGGRRRRRRHP...

RRRGGGRRRWWWWWWWWWWWWWLLL!

Rocket’s growing belly loudly rumbled and growled as the feeling of pressure inside the raccoon’s stomach grew. “Nnnngh...flark...” Rocket said while wincing and stroking his noisy gut.

PFFFFFFFFRRRRRRRrRrRrRrRHHP!

Rocket’s ringed tail instinctively lifted as a long and loud fart blasted out the raccoon’s jumpsuit-covered rump. The hot gas, reeking of rotten pastries and bloody meat, wafted out over the outskirts of Eshara.

Rocket hadn’t left the city on a very polite note, but then again, he wasn’t a very polite raccoon.

Rocket let out a relieved sigh and carried on walking towards the Milano. He hoped that would be the last side effect those digesting jerboxes had on him, though he wasn’t so sure that would be the case. Each step the sweaty raccoon took towards the spaceship in the distance caused him to feel heavier and more sluggish.

Once Rocket was eventually back aboard the spaceship and in the cockpit with Peter, the T-shirt and trousers-clad human’s eyebrows raised in surprise. “Christ, Rocket! You look awful! What happened here?” Peter asked.

“Geez, that’s a real nice way to- **URRRROHRP**- greet someone who just got us 2000 units...” Rocket said with a frown.

Peter grimaced and wafted at the air in front of him with a hand. The sweaty stench of the raccoon combined with the trashy smell of his burp breath was not something the red-headed guardian wanted to breathe in.

“Alright, sorry... ***cough*** I appreciate you got the units, Rocket, but you smell like death and you look like you doubled your weight...just ***cough cough*** look at yourself at one of the offline consoles and you’ll see I’m not just insulting you!” Peter said, pointing towards the reflective screens of the ship’s consoles.

“Fine...but if this is some dumb Earth prank, I ain’t flarkin’ laughing, Quill.” Rocket said. The gassy raccoon walked over to one of the reflective, black screens and saw his face and upper body. A surprised expression appeared on his face.

“The flark...?”

His face’s furry cheeks had grown notably chubby and rounded. Jade green slime coated his lips and dribbled messily down his multiple chins. While his upper body was covered by his jumpsuit, it was clear his torso had grown larger and fatter, as his outfit looked noticeably tight on him.

Rocket looked down at himself. His slightly bloated belly had become a round, swollen gut begging to burst out of his clothing. With each subtle movement Rocket made it would grumble and growl. His belly had become far fatter and far gassier than before.

He turned his head to look at his backside and saw his already plump butt had become considerably thicker. He'd looked fit and athletic a few minutes ago and now he looked like a fatass slob.

"Oh crutak...how could this have- **BRUUURrRrRAHP**- happened?!" Rocket said in a worried tone, another raunchy belch leaving his mouth as he spoke.

"Well, did you have to do anything strange for this mission or touch any weird alien lifeforms?" Peter asked, seeing if he could guess what changed Rocket so rapidly.

"Oh...well...yeah, I did have to- **BUUORRRRHRP**- eat the four jerbax prisoners they mentioned in the message alive..." Rocket replied.

"Wait, WHAT? You did that without asking any questions?!" Peter asked.

"Well...yeah, I get units quicker that way." Rocket said in a deadpan tone.

"God damn it, I warned you about this, Rocket! We barely knew anything about Slaimus or the creatures living on it! You shouldn't be surprised if the creatures there have stuff like diseases or parasites that mess with your body if you eat them!" Peter said.

"Alright, alright, smartass! I'll-" **PBBRRrRrRP!** "-think about askin' some more questions before I- **URRRrRrRrRP**- accept a mission next time, just think about how you can get me back to normal now!" Rocket demanded.

As the fat raccoon spoke he unclipped his now very tight utility belt, dropped it on the floor and started tugging at his jumpsuit in an attempt to take it off.

"Uh...right. I think the best thing to do would be get back to Xandar. We can get you to a hospital and I can meet up with the rest of the guardians so we can decide what to do after that." Peter suggested.

"Mmn...as long as you don't mention too much about this to the guardians, that does actually sound like a- **BWOOURRRRRRRHP**- good plan..." Rocket admitted. "Before we- **URRRRP**- head off could you uh...help me with a couple of things though? I- **BWUURRP**- feel really uncomfortable like this." Rocket said before letting out another raspy fart into the increasingly rank smelling air.

"Oh, uh...sure. What did you need me to do?" Peter said. He kind of hoped it didn't involve getting too close to Rocket, considering the awful aroma surrounding his fat frame.

"This is uh...kinda- mmmrn- embarrassing, but for starters...could ya help me out of this jumpsuit? It's- **URRRP**- super tight on me and it's really chafin' in all the wrong places..." Rocket said, nervously scratching the back of his own head.

“Um...yep. I can help you with that, if you want.” Peter said, rather warily. Rocket was usually very much against people touching him or getting too close to him, so this seemed like an oddly intimate request. Figures Rocket would ask him to do this while he stunk like hell.

Nevertheless, Peter didn’t want to see Rocket suffer, or be punished by the plump, smelly raccoon later on for allowing him to suffer, so he obligingly walked over to Rocket’s short, chubby frame.

Rocket gave Peter a grateful nod, then lifted his arms up into the air so his human friend could easily grasp any part of the jumpsuit without his arms being in the way. Peter didn’t exactly appreciate this gesture though. As Rocket had his arms raised, his furry, sweat-drenched armpits were on full display and letting out a pungent, musky odour into the air of the Milano.

“No, no, no! ***cough cough*** Put those bad boys down, Rocket. I can ***cough*** pull the jumpsuit downwards and you can... ***cough*** just step out of it when it’s low enough.” Peter insisted, letting out some coughs into his left hand as the scent emanating from Rocket’s damp, unkempt fur became overwhelming.

“Mm...alright, that- **URRRP**- works.” Rocket said, lowering his arms to his widened sides. Peter crouched down and forcefully tugged at the legs of the blue jumpsuit, while taking shallow breaths as to avoid sniffing up the musky scent of his raccoon friend’s crotch.

Peter pulled with all of his might, with Rocket doing his best to help too, but the copious amount of sweat on Rocket’s suddenly much larger body made removing the tight outfit very difficult. After several minutes of Peter coughing and spluttering, Rocket belching and farting, and both of them cursing with frustration, the two of them managed to pull the jumpsuit down to a level where Rocket could simply step out of it.

“Haah...thanks.” Rocket said rather breathily. “N-no... ***gag*** ...prOoblem.” Peter said into his own arm as he barely managed to hold back from throwing up. The stench currently swirling around the Milano’s cockpit was truly vile. The collective smell of Rocket’s meaty and fruity gas lingered unpleasantly in the warm air, and the scent of bitter sweat and hot trash emanating from Rocket’s fat body only grew worse as he stepped out of his sweaty, blue jumpsuit.

Once Rocket was out of the leather outfit, it was revealed he was wearing nothing more than some tight, white briefs. Though from the front it was hard to tell he was even wearing that. His now considerably round and pudgy belly spilled out and overhung his briefs, and the fabric of the underwear was so tight and sweaty it was practically see-through. The colour and bulge of the raccoon’s flaccid cock and large, furry balls were clearly visible. If viewed from the back, it’d be made clear Rocket’s damp briefs failed to cover up the entirety of his round, pudgy ass cheeks.

“I’m just ***cough*** gonna go ***cough*** turn the AC up...” Peter said as he walked away from Rocket with a hand placed over his own nose and mouth.

“Yeah...mmrgh...go for it. I feel like I’m...nnngh...” **PFFFRRRRRT!** “-flarkin’ boiling with all this fat on me.” Rocket said, waddling over to a nearby chair and resting a hand on it to support himself.

Peter walked over to one of the cockpit’s electronic consoles and changed some settings. A few seconds later, the air conditioning on the Milano grew stronger, cooling down the hot, stuffy air slightly, and reducing the noxious stink present around them. It wasn’t a perfect solution, but it was an improvement.

After taking some deep breaths and regaining his composure, Peter asked, "Was there anything else you needed before we head off?"

"Yeah...uh...I wouldn't normally- **URRRRAHRP**- ask for this second thing, but I'm...mrrngh... feelin' pretty bad. Like...physically, and about acceptin' that- **MHHHRP**- mission without question' it at all. I guess the two are kinda feeding into each other...but, mm...anyways, back to the main point." Rocket started to speak, clearly a little hesitant to say what was on his mind.

"I've got a real nasty stomach ache goin' on here...nnggh...seems like there's a whole bu**URRRrRrRN**ch of gas just- "**PFFRRRRP!**" "-stuck in there, despite so much of it comin' out. I was thinkin' maybe you could coax the worst of it out, and y'now...just get me feelin' a bit comfier before we head off." Rocket said.

"When you say coax out the gas...are you talking about me giving you a belly rub?" Peter asked with an eyebrow raised.

"Mmrngh...if you wanna spell it out like that, then yeah, I guess so..." Rocket grumbled, looking away from Peter.

"Haha! I didn't think you'd ever directly ask for anything like that, Rocket. You must really need it bad, huh?" Peter said, in a slightly teasing tone.

"YES! Just...flarkin' get on with already, if you're- **MRRrRrHHUHRRP**- gonna do it..." Rocket said, crossing his pudgy, brown-furred arms huffily.

"Ha alright, gasbag, no need to get mad. Just hop up onto that chair and I'll see what I can do to help." Peter said, putting his hands up innocently.

Rocket did as he was told and clambered up onto the orange-cushioned seat, grunting and quietly cursing as he heaved his heavy, sweat-dampened frame upwards. After a bit of a struggle he managed to get himself comfortable on the seat. His porky arms rested on the armrests, his bloated belly and deep, dark, sweaty pit of an innie belly button were presented to Peter, and his thick legs were spread out arrogantly; allowing the tangy, masculine scent of his crotch musk to waft outwards.

Peter walked up to Rocket and bent down slightly to place his hands upon the fat raccoon's swollen water balloon of a belly. Rocket flinched slightly at Peter's touch, and a loud gurgle came from the procryon's paunch, but he didn't attempt to stop the human from performing his duty.

Peter gently rubbed his hands up and down Rocket's round, furry gut, occasionally pushing down against the raccoon's belly in an attempt to push out some gas. Rocket would softly groan or curse when Peter did this, though he didn't object to the human's methods.

"URRRrRrRAHP!" PFFFFFFRRRRBBRT!

Peter's rubbing and pushing quickly led to Rocket letting out a series of deep, raunchy belches and farts. Peter, of course, had a front row seat to the bloated raccoon's gas and so had the honour of breathing in the trashy stink of Rocket's flatus and feeling the humid warmth of Rocket's hot, smelly raccoon breath against his face.

“Christ... ***cough cough*** that fucking ***cough*** reeks, Rocket...” Peter commented after about a minute of inhaling Rocket’s gas.

“Yeah, you don’t have to tell me. Just push harder; this is the- **URRRRP**- small stuff you’re gettin’ out right now.” Rocket ordered, pointing a clawed finger down at his grumbling gut.

“Ugh, really? ***cough*** Alright...” Peter said. He wafted a hand in front of his own nose in an attempt to dissipate some of the surrounding stink before he got back to work.

Thankfully for Peter it seemed like his body was getting more accustomed to the scent of Rocket’s body and gas. The increased airflow from the air conditioning and his desire to help out his gassy friend probably helped too.

Resuming his work, Peter started pushing his hands down firmly on different spots of Rocket’s large belly while occasionally squeezing handfuls of the raccoon’s soft pudge. The current texture of Rocket’s gut was quite peculiar. Peter could feel how soft the musky raccoon’s fur and fat were but could also feel the tight tautness of his bloated stomach underneath. It was an interesting sensation.

“Unngh...flark~! **UURRRRRRRRRRRRRROOUHRAAHP!** Yeah, keep that up, Quill~!” Rocket said after a short while of Peter’s new method of displacing his gas. A delighted look had appeared on the raccoon’s slimy, multi-chinned face.

After being surprised at the tremendous power of Rocket’s deep belch, and the copious amount of jerbax slime and spittle that had come along with it, Peter remained surprised at how happy Rocket seemed. Peter supposed he must have been feeling very relieved. The red-headed human grinned and kept on working with a slight blush on his face. Despite the horrible stink surrounding him, Peter was intent on keeping his raccoon friend in such a relieved state.

Peter carried on this method of relieving Rocket for about four minutes, occasionally switching to rubbing his hands in a circular motion while pushing downwards. This seemed to yield excellent results as a blissful smile stayed on Rocket’s face. Rocket moaned in delight and repeatedly released long, rumbling belches and farts that wafted into Peter’s face and into his stinging nose. Slime and saliva littered Rocket’s plump belly and deep belly button, as well as Peter’s short hair and moustached face, due to the considerable number of wet belches erupting from the raccoon’s mouth.

Peter had been dealing with the constant cloud of hot gas engulfing him like a champ. While he’d occasionally muffle a cough or gag into one of his own toned arms, he’d managed to power on for a considerable amount of time. As time had passed, Rocket had got more and more encouraging, saying things like “Flark, you’re amazing at this!” and “Mmn, yeah you’re nailin’ it! That feels great!” which was very motivating, and oddly exciting, for Peter. However now four minutes had passed, he absolutely needed a break from breathing in Rocket’s overwhelming aroma. Tears had welled up in his eyes and a queasy feeling lingered unpleasantly in his stomach.

Peter backed up slightly and turned his head to the side. He put up one hand to gesture he was taking a breather and used the other to muffle a series of loud coughs and gags. “H-hey- ***COUGH COUGH*** I’m glad to... ***gag*** ...know I’m- ***COUGH COUGH COUGH***- helping, but I really gotta take a break here...” Peter managed to say.

"Huh? No no! Come on, man! You gotta keep goin'! If you get the real deep down gas now I think I'll be completely cleared out! ...well, at least for the trip to Xandar!" Rocket said, giving Peter a pleading, puppy dog-like look.

"***cough cough*** Okay, okay...jUust- ***gag*** -gimme a sec to catch my breath here..." Peter said. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't been greatly enjoying playing with the raccoon's fat, jiggly gut and hearing him moan with relief. Even if his lungs and stomach probably weren't so keen on the idea, Peter certainly did want to help relieve Rocket some more. "Is there ***cough*** anything I should do to get the remaining gas?" Peter asked.

"Mm...you're gonna have to push extra deep for that. Ooh! How about gettin' your finger into my navel and havin' a real deep poke around down there?" Rocket suggested, rather excitedly.

"Heh...sure! ***cough cough*** You've got more of a plan than me there." Peter replied with a smile, both amused and pleased to see Rocket so eager to have his belly button be played with.

Quill took a quick half-minute breather to recover and waft away some of Rocket's lingering gas before returning to his original position in front of Rocket. Peter tenderly stroked his right hand over the soft, damp surface of Rocket's belly, making the raccoon smile, before moving his hand over Rocket's navel. Peter forcefully pushed his index finger down into the raccoon's cavernous innie belly button.

"Mmnf, f-flark~" Rocket moaned softly. The plump procryon's belly button was very round, very deep and very sensitive. Peter's finger had rubbed at its sides and poked right down to the bottom of it. Rocket's body tingled with delight while his stomach gurgled peculiarly.

Rocket's deep navel was sticky and wet with slime, saliva and sweat that had managed to find its way inside. When Peter's finger had entered inside the sensitive orifice, a wet squelching sound could be heard. With his finger poked deep inside Rocket's belly button, he could clearly feel the toasty body heat of the raccoon's fat belly. While he felt odd about feeling this way, Peter couldn't help but find some erotic pleasure in the situation...

Peter's finger playfully explored around the soft, wet floor of Rocket's navel, gently tickling the fat raccoon. Rocket softly chuckled and squirmed slightly in his seat. Peter grinned at this and carried on with this gentle teasing for a short while before getting to the main event.

Peter moved his finger upwards, then firmly poked it right back down. To Rocket's delight, Peter started fingering his deep belly button. "Mmnf~! Nnnm~! Ahhh~! **URRRP!**" The sounds of lewd moans and raunchy belches could be heard coming from Rocket's mouth while wet squelches could be heard from the plump raccoon's belly button. Rocket closed his eyes and happily allowed Peter to pleasure his navel.

After about half a minute of this passed, Rocket made an off-hand comment. "Mmn...yeah, that's it, bitch, push as deep as you can~" Peter's hand rather abruptly slowed down and eventually stopped as he heard this. Peter gave Rocket a look of surprise and confusion.

"...what? What'd I say?" Rocket said.

"Are you getting turned on by this?" Peter asked him bluntly.

"...are YOU?" Rocket retorted snappily.

Neither of them said anything.

Peter looked down at the erection tenting Rocket's tight, musky briefs. Rocket looked down at the bulge that had been gradually growing around the crotch of Peter's dark red trousers.

They both got the answers they were looking for.

"...just...just keeping doing what you're doing...and start squeezing my gut. We don't have to mention this to anyone." Rocket said, in a rather quiet, bashful tone. He was blushing profusely beneath his fur.

"Got it." Peter replied with a nod.

Peter returned to pleasuring Rocket. He vigorously fingered Rocket's belly button while eagerly grabbing and kneading handfuls of the raccoon's soft, squishy belly fat like dough. Rocket breathed heavily and moaned with arousal, adoring the feeling of his sensitive navel and plump, gassy gut being played with.

As minutes passed, Rocket's already noisy gut started to gurgle and rumble louder and more frequently. At points it seemed like the raccoon's jiggly belly was being shook around from the inside by the loud noises. Several smaller farts and belches were dislodged and let out in Peter's face as Rocket's belly was played with. It seemed like they were indeed getting closer to ridding Rocket of the lingering gas inside him.

Both raccoon and human were getting considerably aroused by this oddly intimate situation. Peter's hands would occasionally stray from Rocket's belly just to squeeze at the raccoon's soft, pudgy moobs, or adoringly pet Rocket behind his pointed ears.

Precum started to messily drip from the tips of their cocks, staining their trousers and underwear respectively. Rocket huffed out hot, heavy breaths stinking of digested jerbox meat for Peter to sniff up. Wrapped up in how aroused and excited he felt, the adventurous human didn't even mind Rocket's stink anymore. At this point the pungent scent of the raccoon's musk, gas and breath was downright intoxicating to him.

Dropping all pretence, Peter eventually started rubbing Rocket's thick, musky cock and balls with one hand, while using the other to continue fingering the raccoon's deep, sweaty navel. The thin, white fabric of Rocket's briefs did little to detract from his enjoyment. "A-ahh...flark, Quill~!" Rocket moaned. The fat raccoon raised a hand as if to stop him, but quickly lowered it back down.

Rocket's belly loudly grumbled and gurgled while aroused moans escaped from the horny animal's mouth. Both Peter and Rocket felt incredible. After two minutes of rubbing Rocket's crotch while fingering and toying with his belly button had passed, Peter seemed to forget he was trying to help free Rocket's gas, as he went in for a kiss.

Not paying any mind to the slime coating Rocket's lips and face, Peter locked lips with the dirty, sexy raccoon. For a moment, Rocket's eyes opened and widened with shock, but they soon closed again as he accepted the athletic human's embrace.

Rocket let out a muffled moan of both pleasure and pain. Simultaneously, Rocket could feel his cock twitching excitedly, and his stomach lurching unpleasantly.

Fortunately for Rocket (but perhaps not so fortunately for Peter) his stomach felt a lot better a few seconds later.

“MMHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRHHHHHHHHRRR
RRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRrR
rRrRrRRRUHRRrRRHP!”

A long, monstrous belch blasted out of Rocket's throat right into Peter's maw. Peter could feel the searing heat of the raccoon's gas fill his mouth and puff up his cheeks. The potent tang of digested meat and pastries spread upon his tongue; the strong flavour making itself known to every taste bud.

Before Peter could even think about pulling away from Rocket's mouth and going into a coughing fit, the raunchy raccoon followed up with another impressive gassy release.

PBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRr
RrRrRrRRRRRrRrRRRRRP
PPPPRRFFFFFFFFFFFFfFfF
ffffFfRRHhHrrrrT!

Rocket's pink, puckered anus opened up and let loose a massive, rumbling fart which finished off with a nasty sounding hiss. The sheer force of the fart caused Rocket's thick, pudgy butt cheeks to jiggle around wildly as his flatus made its noisy exit.

Peter could feel the heat of Rocket's gas hit his torso like a hot wind before its smell wafted up to his nose. The stench of the gassy raccoon's hot flatus was overwhelmingly rancid. The image that came to mind as it entered Peter's stinging nostrils was decomposing roadkill surrounded by rotten eggs.

The poor human couldn't handle this much stink and stimulus at once. After tasting and smelling Rocket's gas for several seconds, Peter broke from their kiss and ungraciously collapsed to the metallic floor. His eyes were closed and his mouth was open and taking shallow breaths. He'd been rendered unconscious. A dark stain was present around his trousers' crotch as he'd orgasmed into his underwear a moment before he descended into a gas-induced sleep.

Rocket was unable to notice this going on as he was too engrossed by an incredible sense of relief and arousal. "Ahhh~! Nnngh~! FLAARK~!" Rocket breathily moaned as his cock continued to twitch and throb excitedly. With a buck of wide hips, and a hot, heavy breath leaving his mouth, a string of hot, white cum finally burst out from the tip of the raccoon's musky cock and seeped through the damp, white fabric of his briefs. Some of Rocket's semen managed to hurtle down towards the floor, while the rest simply dripped down his underwear and onto the leather seat his fat, sweaty ass was sat upon.

"Haa...haah...flark, that felt good~" Rocket said happily, resting a hand upon his fat, but now considerably less bloated belly. "Seems like you were enjoyin' yourself too, Quill! I didn't know y-" Rocket began to speak before noticing Peter's unconscious body in front of him. "Ah, crutak." Rocket muttered.

"Well...I probably ain't in the best shape to be piloting a ship by myself, considerin' I don't know what kinda weird alien shit caused this to happen. Guess I'll just go take a nap." Rocket decided. The tubby raccoon jumped down onto the floor of the cockpit, his plump belly, moobs and butt cheeks jiggling appealingly as he landed.

"Thanks for the help, pal." Rocket said, before crouching down and planting a sweet, little kiss on Peter's forehead. A small, wet mark of slime and saliva remained where Rocket's lips had been.

"I won't forget it." Rocket added with a grin before walking off.

-THE END -