

The church smelled faintly of leather, glue and dust, the kind of smell that meant someone had been working for hours. Oddball sat cross-legged on the floor, surrounded by scraps of fabric, wire and half-assembled parts that might have once belonged to something mechanical.

Reaper loomed nearby, hunched over the worktable, sewing needle glinting between clawed fingers. It was unsettling how precise he was for someone so... Murderous.

"Hold still.", he grumbled, reaching out to adjust the shoulder piece on Oddball's half finished costume. "You move again, and I'll stitch you to the table."

Oddball froze. "Noted..."

The costume had started as a joke, something Rocket suggested to get them both out of their rooms for once. "Team bounding.", he'd called it. Now it has turned into a serious project. Reaper had gotten invested.

"What even is this supposed to be again?", he asked, threading another needle.

"A mimic moth.", Oddball replied proudly. "They disguise themselves as debris until they strike. Cool, I know right?"

Reaper snorted. "Figures.:

She grinned. "You think it's cool, admit it!"

He didn't answer, but the faint flick of his tail betrayed him.

Across the room, Rocket leaned in the doorway with a mug of tea, watching them with a soft smile. "You two look suspiciously productive."

"We're making something really awesome!", Oddball said exited.

Reaper deadpanned, "We're make a huge chaos."

Oddball laughed, tossing a scrap of neon cloth at him. "Same thing!"

By the time the costume was finished, the floor was a battlefield of thread and different kinds of fabric. It wasn't perfect. The wings were crooked, the colors clashed but Oddball twirled proudly in it anyway.

Reaper watched her for a moment, then nodded once. "Not bad, sushi."

Oddball grinned widely. "Told ya we make a good team! Just trust the process!"