healer

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by Kiwi8_fruit6

Summary

Loona patches up Blitzø after he gets injured on a mission.

Blitzø - her boss, her guardian, her…*sigh*…adoptive father - is an idiot. She's known that for a long time; as long as she's been around him.

But there's a difference between being a clingy, overbearing, immature dumbass in general, and trying to hide a gaping stomach wound. He might have convinced the fatty and Millie with his strained smile and wisecracks, but there's no way Loona could miss the scent of Blitzø's blood, or the way he limps across the parking lot and slumps against the side of the van. She leaps out of the front with an urgency that almost surprises herself, first aid kit snatched from under the seat.

"You are not driving like that," she growls, ripping his buttoned-up coat off.

"Careful of the threads, Looney…" Blitzø mumbles deliriously, groaning in pain as the coat slips off his shoulders. His undershirt is sliced up, revealing a decent gash across his midsection. Glossy black blood begins to flow freely, with the compression of his coat gone. The wounds don't look too deep or life-threatening, but clearly were in just the right place to nick more than a few blood vessels.

"It was ruined when you bought it." Loona pumps hand sanitizer on her paws then presses a clean-ish rag to Blitzø's torso before he can take offence. He yelps.

"The f*ck did you get yourself into?" she asks. "Client said this should be an easy hit."

"…yeah…thought so too." Blitzø grits his teeth, shuts his eyes, and hisses as she keeps the pressure on his wounds. Loona doesn't say anything, focused on the immediate task of stopping the bleeding.

When it's clear that he's not going to answer her, she growls and presses down just a little harder than might be necessary. "How did you let a basement-dwelling neckbeard get the jump on you?"

"…he was really good with a katana." Blitzø groans. "...'n also… his basement was a f*cking maze. Like an intestine of crazy ass hallways. Heh." He cackles weakly.

"Not. Funny. Asshole." Loona doesn't need him making entrail jokes while his stomach's cut open. At least the bleeding seems to be easing.

She grabs a water bottle from the van door pocket; tears the cap off and pours the contents over his wound; the black blood pooled on his skin dilutes to grey-tinged puddles. Then she fetches a bottle of nearly-used-up hand sanitiser, pumps it furiously onto a tissue, and dabs around the gash. Blitzø hisses.

"You could have told M ," she says pointedly. "I bet Moxxie knows first aid. I know he'd probably lord it over you but he's probably got an actual kit at home, the nerd he is–"

"They don't need to know."

Loona's ears shoot up. "Why f*cking not?"

"I don't … I don't..." Blitzø doesn't meet her eyes. "I know they already get fed up with me. I know I piss them off enough as-is. I can't dump this on them."

"And so you dump it on me, huh?" she snaps. "What if I got fed up and left, huh? I'm an adult, Blitz! I could!"

He wilts, and for a moment she wonders if it's from blood loss. But no, the blood on the inside of his jacket isn't nearly enough for that. He just looks miserable; his averted gaze gone someplace far away. "You're right," he croaks. "No kid should have to play nanny for their old man."

"Asshole." She can't stay mad at him; she knows she's hurt him just like she did on the spring break mission. F*ck, she feels guilty. "I'm choosing to stay, Blitz. Don't make me regret it."

He looks up, and in his misty eyes is a ?

She takes a deep breath and digs up memories of the orphanage. "Cause you know I know what it's like to not have anyone in your corner. Noone to fall back on. Noone to trust. This is gonna hurt." she warns abruptly, picking up a stapler from the back seat pocket - Satan knows why Moxxie is keeping office supplies in the van but for once she's glad for his neuroticism - and checking that it's loaded.

"Wha-?" Blitzø focuses on the stapler in her hand. "-Oh, right, yeah…" He grits his teeth and steels himself.

She works efficiently to staple the wound close, and to his credit he only lets out a few groans and huffs. The staples hold. She takes a second to scrutinise her work, deems it satisfactory, and tosses the stapler back onto the back seat. It flips open as it lands and spills a strip of staples. Whatever. Moxxie will clean that up.

"You got me out of there, Blitzø," she picks up where she left off, as she rifles around in the back of the van. Bandages. At least the van has actual bandages, even if they're expired and no longer sticky. "You chose to. That means a lot." She tears off a strip, licks the back of the bandage, and grimaces at the taste before dressing the wound and pressing it flat to his skin. "Besides, I know I'm not getting rid of you that easily."

"I hurt you by getting hurt, though."

"Yeah. It hurts. That you don't seem to give a shit about your own wellbeing. That there's no guarantee, sometimes, that you're making it home with me." Loona swallows before she can get choked up. She still has her pride; and some walls don't come down that easily. "What I'm trying to say is - take some of the energy you baby me with, and use it to take care of yourself more, okay?"

"Okay." He reaches out and takes her paw before she can pull away, looking up at her with big round eyes. "I promise, Loona."

She allows two second's held contact before batting his hand away and picking him up. "C'mon, I'll drive. Get you back home, then it's your job to restitch that if it comes undone."

She climbs in the van (ignoring his tiny whines about being carried), places him gingerly in the passenger seat, and starts the engine. "And I'll take your coat to the laundromat, but you owe me for that, got it?"

"Thanks, Looney," Blitzø murmurs as she pulls out of the parking lot. "Love ya."

"Yeah, yeah, Dad," she mumbles back.

She doesn't need to look across the front seat to know how widely and sappily he's smiling. Sappy idiot.

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