



Shore Leave

SilverHawks (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 1775 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: SilverHawks (Cartoon) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Copper Kidd & Bluegrass (SilverHawks)

Characters: Copper Kidd (SilverHawks), Bluegrass (SilverHawks), SteelWill (SilverHawks), SteelHeart (SilverHawks), Quicksilver (SilverHawks), Stargazer (SilverHawks), Original Alien Character(s), But just in the background - Character

Tags: My first SilverHawks Fanfic, Speech Disorders, Day Off, Shore Leave, Aliens, Alien Cultural Differences, Alien Planet, Alien/Human Relationships, Some implied and some platonic, Identity Issues, Team as Family, Crew as Family, Mirrors, Shopping, Clothing, Psychology, Alien psychology differences, Platonic Cuddling, Introspection, Overstimulation, Non-sexual Overstimulation, why isn't that a tag???, my very first SilverHawks fic EVER, My 193rd fanfic overall, Overtagging, I will make that a tag, Over Tagging, Bluegrass & Copper Kidd's Lessons (SilverHawks), Bluegrass Is Copper Kidd's Parental Figure (SilverHawks), Art

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Copper Kidd goes on shore leave for the first time, visiting a merchant planet with Bluegrass. While there he thinks about some things, has some fun, and buys a sweater — not in that order.

(Countdown until I reach 200 fics posted: 7...)

Now with Fanart at the end!

Update: I found my redone version of the fanart! I've added it right after the old one. It's a little blurry because I saved it from my old phone via messenger, but I'm still proud of it ☺

Bluegrass: Okay, kiddo, yah ready?

Copper Kidd: •Rrr'dii•

Bluegrass: This here's a four pointer — how long does it take sunlight to reach Earth? A) around 6 minutes, B) around 8 minutes, or C) instantly?

Copper Kidd: Hmmm...

(Do you know the answer?)

Copper Kidd: •bii•

Bluegrass: Yah got it, kid, B) around 8 minutes. Good job, yah're gettin' real good at this!

Copper Kidd, smiling: •thnks, Blu'grss•

Kidd whistled excitedly, turning to look at all the market stalls around them. He hadn't seen such color and bustle since he left home, and certainly never this *much* of it.

"Careful, kiddo, don' go gettin' lost now," Bluegrass warned, grabbing his arm before he could be swept away in the crowd. "This merchant planet's real big, ah wouldn' wanna lose yah."

"•Srrr'ii, Blu'grss•" Kidd whistled, frowning. He hadn't meant to start wandering off, but he couldn't help it — he was just so excited!

"It's alright." Bluegrass chuckled, pushing through the crowd. "Hard not tah get a little energetic on yer day off. Yah ever take shore leave afore, kid?"

"•Nnooh, nn'vrrr•" he chirped, shaking his head. Between training, cyborganization surgery, space travel, fighting Mon*Star... He hadn't actually had a day off in the year-and-a-half since he'd first volunteered. But the Mob had been quiet recently, and there were only so many things that the twins would let him dismantle under the guise of repairing, so Bluegrass had offered to take him to a merchant world for a day.

"We'll need tah change that, then," Bluegrass decided with a nod, grabbing his arm again to lead him past the yelling aliens that filled the street. "Time fer me tah show yah how tah have some proper good fun; wha'd'yah wanna do first, kiddo?"

"•Dnn'no•" Kidd pulled on his lip to answer, shrugging. He couldn't think of anything he really wanted to do that he couldn't at HawkHaven. Well, besides explore, that was.

"Well, jus' point out anythin' fun yah see, okay?"

Kidd hummed in agreement, turning his attention back to the market around him. A thousand smells mingled in the air, merchants advertised their products in languages he couldn't recognize, fabrics and pottery dyed a million colors were stacked everywhere — pulled along by Bluegrass, he let himself sink into a slightly-overstimulated state, soaking in every new peculiar thing.

They stopped by a stall selling kitchenware, where Bluegrass let go of his arm to start flirting with the saleswoman. Kidd leaned on the stall near him, tuning his friend out to keep his focus on everything else. He loved HawkHaven, but this was a nice break from the sleek steel and the same handful of nearly-identical rooms he saw day in and day out.

Finally, something did catch his eye; a clothing shop across the dirt street. Kidd pulled at the collar of his flight suit thoughtfully, wondering if he should ask Bluegrass if they could look inside or not. Mimes didn't have much variety when it came to clothes, he was fine with his spare flight suits, but the colors and styles other species favored had always piqued his interest. And it wasn't like there were any other Mimes around to think it was weird, so...

"Yah lookin' fer some new threads, kid?" Bluegrass asked suddenly, following his line of sight. He laughed, pulling at his own flight suit. "Ah gotta admit, it would be real nice tah have somethin' a little different fer our day off. Come'on, let's go check out wha tha locals fancy."

Kidd grabbed Bluegrass's sleeve as he tipped his hat to the saleswoman and strode towards the clothing shop. A few people bumped into them, not at all as organized as a crowd of Mimes would be, and Kidd tightened his grip on Bluegrass's arm. He was, perhaps, getting a little too overstimulated...

Bluegrass chuckled and wrapped his arm around Kidd, pulling him close and creating a little barrier between them and everything else. Kidd hummed appreciatively.

"Good evening, sirs, how may I help you?" the storekeep spoke up in a growl when they entered, tentacles reaching out in a polite wave.

"We're jus' lookin' fer now, thanks," Bluegrass replied, leading Kidd farther into the back before he let go. The crowd was somewhat smaller here, most the sights and sounds and smells from outside blocked out, and Kidd felt like he could breathe a little better.

"Say, they sure got some nice duds around here." Bluegrass swept his hat off, replacing it with a fuzzy green thing that was almost the same shape. "Wha'ya think, kid? Is it nice, or do ah look more dressed up than a ruttin' rooster?"

"•Rll ns•" Kidd chirped, thumb pressed to the roof of his mouth. He startled as something was suddenly plopped on his own head by Bluegrass, pulling it off to see an oversized red cap. "•Ntt mm sty'll•" he whistled in amusement.

"Tell me if yah do find somethin' in yer style, okay?" Bluegrass told him, putting both hats back and pulling down a cape, strutting playfully with it trailing behind him. "We've got some spendin' money, an' it'd be nice tah have somethin' tah celebrate yer first shore leave, don'ya think?"

Kidd nodded more out of habit than anything, moving through the racks with one last warning from Bluegrass to not go too far. He ran his hands along different fabrics, the sensation dulled but fascinatingly different under his metal hand, and eyed the different cuts and colors. They were fun to look at, and were beautiful on those patrons he saw trying them on, but he wasn't really interested in wearing them. Curse of his species, he supposed; fun-loving, dull-looking.

There were shiny orbs floating between the different racks, changing to show one in whatever clothes they selected; maybe it would help him pick something if he saw it on his reflection rather than trying it on... He really did like the idea of a memento, after all, even if nothing really caught his interest all that much. And things might be a bit less boring around HawkHaven for his friends if he gave them a little variety to look at — there wasn't a rule that said dressing up had to be for oneself, right?

He approached one of the orbs, intending to idly swipe through the selection until he found something he thought the others would like, but froze once he actually saw himself. There weren't many mirrors around HawkHaven, and now... Now he maybe understood why.

It wasn't like he hadn't seen himself at all since the surgeries, but it had definitely been awhile, and he always had so much to think about or do he hadn't paid much attention to his new look. He moved his flesh hand down his face, feeling where blue fur and soft skin met orange metal. He moved his fingers lightly over the cold expanse of his neck where his new voicebox resided and the bit of his chest that showed above of his flight suit. He kept expecting there to be fur under his fingertips, but he just felt copper alloy. He wondered if that would ever go away, the expectation of feeling body heat where the chill of his protective exoskeleton now was.

His ears dropped a little, a distressed noise like a high-pitched version of a human laugh quietly spilling from his throat. His home and his people, his body, even his voice — he really had given up everything for this, hadn't he?

"Kid, where'd yah — there yah are, yah had me right worried fer a second there." Bluegrass chuckled, coming into the aisle with his arms filled with clothes. Kidd turned to look at him, blinking himself out of his thoughts. "Look at wha' ah found!"

He held up something from the bundle; an oversized orange sweater with a dumb maths pun spelled out in Limbo Common in a blue scrawl on the front. Kidd accepted it with a smile, liking the fuzzy texture on his skin — he still wasn't particularly interested in wearing it, but he didn't hate it either, and the joke was funny.

"Yah like it?" Bluegrass asked.

"•Yyyys•" Kidd hummed, nodding, keeping his gaze firmly on Bluegrass's face and away from the reflective orb.

"Ah'm glad." Bluegrass's face lit up in a smile, making Kidd all the more glad he'd accepted the sweater. "Oh, yah'll never guess wha' ah heard from this lovely droid girl—" Kidd rolled his eyes "—there's a place near here where yah c'n rent skates an' mess

around fer a few hours. We should have enough tah go after buyin' these, if it sounds fun?"

Kidd hopped in place with wide eyes, chirping excitedly; he loved rollerskating.

"Alright, alright, calm down kiddo." Bluegrass laughed, leading the way to the checkout. "Figured that one would be a hit."

Kidd skated into the control room, balancing a tray of hot chocolate-like drinks on one arm (they'd bought the mix with the last of their spending money for the month), chirping in response to the others' greetings.

"Thanks, kid." Will smiled, taking a mug.

"Yeah, thanks," Heart echoed, taking her own mug and leaning against her brother. "You want any help with that?"

"•I g'tt iit•" he whistled around his fingers, losing his balance. His arms pinwheeled, stopping him from falling but dropping the tray.

"Oops, careful there." Quicksilver caught the tray with a laugh, barely spilling anything. He started passing the last few mugs around.

"•Srrr'ii•" Kidd rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly, taking his hot cocoa with a happy chirp. He spun on his skates into a controlled fall next to Bluegrass, leaning against him for balance. An arm automatically went around him and he nestled contentedly into the pilot's side.

"Have a good shore leave, kiddo?" Bluegrass asked quietly as Stargazer entered the room.

Kidd nodded sleepily, rubbing his face against his oversized sleeve. The texture really was nice, even if he could only feel it properly on his left arm and his face... Maybe that was what made clothing so special, he thought, how nice the textures could feel.

"Everyone quiet down," Stargazer snapped, softened somewhat by his hot chocolate mustache. "If I'm going to do this, I'm not getting interrupted every five seconds, got it?" He waited for everyone's confirmation, then leaned back with a distant look in his eye. "Okay, so the first time I heard about this program, I thought I was being punked. I

mean, it sounded like the kind of stupid shit my old friend Petey was always making up..."

Drinking hot cocoa in a soft sweater, listening to old stories, cuddling with his friend — what more could he ever want?

He'd given up *everything*, yes... But he'd gotten so much more in return.

[image]

— end of "Shore Leave" —