One does not simply get Hairball to leave Natasha alone. Bribery is involved. So is a healthy dosage of pleading, ego-boosting, and screaming. Oh, you don’t believe? That will have to be remedied this instant. Why it was only this morning when Natasha woke up and instead of finding Clint, she found an orange cat in her face.

“WHAT THE HECK?” Natasha shot back and promptly shoved the cat off the bed. This was a perfect example of the wrong response. Hairball, having woken up from Natasha’s yell, activated his Pym shield. The cat started ricocheting off the walls, knocking into various dressers and lamps on his journey round. Natasha rolled off the bed and clung to the side of the bed in order to dodge the oncoming barrage. This was not how she liked to spend her mornings.

“CLINT!” She didn’t like having to ask for help, but what was she supposed to do? Shooting the thing would have only resulted in getting a bullet reading back for her head.

“Wee! This is fun!” At least Hairball seemed to be having a good time.

Tony poked his head through the doorway at exactly the wrong time as Hairball flew into his face. “Or that works too,” Natasha said blithely as she peered over the bedside. She reached a hand up to her drawer and pulled out a shirt and pants before slipping them on. She stood up and looked over towards the door where Tony was lying in a daze with Hairball in his face.

“I’m beginning to seriously consider going rogue,” Tony moaned as he pushed Hairball to the ground. Hairball flopped onto the ground and flicked his tail innocently. The particle field had dispersed and all that was left was a normal cat, a normal cat that was just asking to be skinned alive.

Clint came down the hall and snagged Hairball by the back of his neck. “At this rate, we may all join you,” Clint quipped as Hairball yowled in anger. “Where shall I dispose of this vagrant for the noble lady?”

Natasha raised an eye brow and replied, “An incinerator would be preferable, but if not, dump him with a SHIELD babysitter. Hopefully the poor man won’t be mad by the time his duty is over though.”

“You’ll never catch me, copper!” Hairball shrieked as he tried to flail away. He waved around his claws as Clint expertly held him as far away as possible.

“I have already caught you. And I swear, I’m going to get you declawed. We’ll see how you like walking around with little stubs. You’d totally deserve it,” said Clint with a roll of his eyes.

“REDWING! I’ll pay you twice what he bribed you with!” Hairball called out.

Call for the devil and he shall come. Redwing zoomed down the hall before circling above the scene. “Four filet mignon?