



Jax's Unbreakable Bond

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Jax, with a perpetual smirk, sat in the prison yard, tossing a pebble. He'd been here five months, and though the walls were gray, his wit was anything but. He found humor in the mundane, a sharp contrast to the dull routine of prison life.



Officer Miller, tall and imposing, patrolled with a gaze that could freeze water. He spotted Jax's antics, a familiar irritation. Their conversations were usually a dance of Jax's barbed jokes and Miller's stern, clipped replies, yet a strange respect simmered beneath their surface.



One afternoon, Jax "accidentally" tripped a guard, earning a stern lecture from Miller. But as Miller turned away, a flicker of a knowing smirk played on his lips – he understood Jax's chaotic good, even if he couldn't condone it. Jax just winked, a silent acknowledgment of their unique dynamic.



Four more months passed, making it nine for Jax. The prison hummed with its usual monotonous rhythm, but their odd friendship continued to grow. A quiet understanding bloomed between the cynical inmate and the stoic officer, a rare beacon in the harsh concrete jungle.



Suddenly, a tremor shook the entire prison. A colossal figure, over seven feet tall and built like a brick wall, burst through a reinforced door with an earth-shattering roar. His eyes blazed with wild fury, signaling the end of any peace within the walls.



Panic erupted as inmates screamed, guards shouted, and the prison transformed into a maelstrom of chaos. The giant wreaked havoc, throwing furniture and shattering windows, igniting a full-blown riot that swept through the cell blocks like wildfire, engulfing everyone in its path.



Amidst the pandemonium, Jax saw his chance to escape, the gates of freedom tantalizingly close. But a nagging thought stopped him cold: he had to know if Miller, the stern officer who secretly cared, was safe. Pushing through the surging crowds, Jax fought against the current of fleeing inmates.



Jax finally found Miller, slumped against a wall in a rarely used corridor. His eyes were wide, unblinking, fixed on nothing, a look of pure terror etched on his face. Heavy, ragged breaths escaped his lips, and his body twitched uncontrollably, covered in a sickening, thick white substance.



"Miller! Hey, Miller, you old grump!" Jax cried, cradling the officer in his arms. He desperately cracked a joke, a final, hopeful attempt to see a smile or hear a sharp retort. Miller's lips parted, a guttural "A... a... a..." the only sound he could make.



With a heavy heart and a surge of protective resolve, Jax hoisted Miller into his arms. He sprinted to a broken window on the second floor, took a deep breath, and leaped out, leaving the roaring chaos of the prison and his old life behind forever. His journey had just begun.