

MARVEL MANIFESTOR

Chapter 491 491: Splitting Into Two Groups

Rocket and Groot didn't have any objections.

Rocket had already started working with a nano-repair device slung over his shoulder. Once the blueprint was loaded in, the nanomachines could automatically restore the damaged sections of the ship according to the design.

As for Groot, he remained his usual laid-back tree self. No matter where he was, his level of relaxation never changed, so naturally he had no complaints either.

"He's not a fox, Nebula. Besides, don't you suspect there's something wrong with Ego too? We'll need backup."

Gamora had clearly found the one argument Nebula couldn't refuse.

At the same time, elsewhere nearby, Karl pulled Tony aside.

"Tony, stay here and help Rocket repair the ship. I need you guys to finish as quickly as possible and come support us. I've got a bad feeling about this trip. We're going to need reinforcements."

Tony naturally understood what Karl meant.

After all, he felt the same way. Something about this whole situation seemed off.

"Fine. Once the ship's repaired, I'll come find you immediately."

"Rocket has Quill's location tracker. As soon as the ship's fixed, head straight for us."

Karl reminded him once more.

He had absolute confidence in Tony. With Tony and Rocket working together, the ship would definitely be repaired much faster.

Soon after, the others packed up and boarded Ego's egg-shaped spacecraft, setting course for Ego's planet.

"Well then, Rocket, let's begin repairing this thing. Honestly, this ship is ugly as hell. It completely clashes with the great Tony Stark's aesthetic standards, so we're definitely making improvements..."

The moment Ego's ship lifted off, Tony's arrogant voice echoed out behind them, followed immediately by Rocket's furious shouting and a series of loud clanging noises.

In space, the egg-shaped spacecraft had already entered hyperspace.

Everyone sat together in the cabin while Ego himself rested asleep in his room.

"Mantis, what are your antennae for?"

Quill was the first to ask.

"My antennae?"

Mantis glanced at the soft antennae on her head, which resembled a snail's feelers.

"Yeah. Quill, Karl, and I made a bet..."

Drax said bluntly.

"Buddy... you really shouldn't say that out loud. That's rude."

Quill was speechless. Drax's brain was basically empty space.

Completely unfazed, Drax continued:

"I bet your antennae are for detecting low doorframes so you don't hit your head."

It had to be said—Drax's train of thought was truly unique.

"Exactly. If they're used for literally anything other than avoiding head injuries, then Karl and I win."

Quill immediately chimed in.

No normal person would assume Mantis's antennae served the same purpose as cat whiskers.

Mantis quickly shook her head.

"Of course they aren't for sensing doorframes."

The instant she said that, Quill burst into laughter and high-fived Karl, while Drax wore a disappointed expression.

"They're directly connected to my empathic abilities."

Mantis still spoke softly, maintaining her gentle and timid demeanor.

"When I touch someone, I can feel what they feel."

"You can read minds?"

Gwen asked curiously. It sounded somewhat similar to mind reading.

"No. It's more like telepathy. I can sense people's thoughts... their emotions... and their feelings."

Mantis looked toward Gwen, who sat beside her.

"Would you like to try?"

Gwen nodded immediately. She was curious about how strange Mantis's powers really were.

Mantis took Gwen's hand.

The antennae on her forehead began glowing faintly like fireflies.

"Your heart is filled with love. You deeply care about the people close to you."

With her other hand, she pointed toward Skye, Wanda, and Karl.

"That's pretty obvious. Nothing amazing there. We can all see that already."

Quill curled his lips dismissively.

Truthfully, he was extremely jealous of Karl.

Karl had three beautiful girls by his side, while Quill only had Gamora—even though he genuinely loved her.

Still, from a purely numerical standpoint, he had lost.

Men sometimes compared themselves over the weirdest things, but that was simply part of male nature.

Gwen didn't say anything.

Because she knew Mantis's power was real.

Everything Mantis said reflected exactly how she felt inside.

Next, Mantis reached toward Wanda.

But the instant her empathic ability activated, a surge of scarlet energy exploded within Wanda's mind.

An overwhelming force blasted Mantis straight out of Wanda's mental landscape, while an even stronger psychic power counterattacked and invaded her consciousness in return.

"Ahhh!"

Mantis cried out in pain and instantly withdrew her power, staring at Wanda in horror.

"What happened?!"

Everyone jumped in shock.

Everything had been perfectly fine when she read Gwen moments ago, so why had she suddenly screamed?

"Y-your mind... it's filled with an enormous power. The moment I tried to connect with you, it attacked me."

Mantis clutched her head as she sat back down.

Wanda immediately apologized.

"I'm sorry, Mantis. That power is something I was born with. It's called Chaos Magic. It probably sensed you entering my mind and reacted automatically."

The deeper Wanda's understanding of Chaos Magic became, the more she realized the power possessed something almost like awareness.

It constantly protected her consciousness.

That was the terrifying strength of magic users—magical power naturally formed defensive circuits within the body to guard the mind and soul.

But Chaos Magic was far more violent than ordinary magical energies.

Other magical forces might simply defend.

Chaos Magic retaliated instantly.

"In any case, that's basically how my abilities work. I can also slightly influence emotions. I can calm people down and soothe their minds... or even make certain people more obedient to my suggestions."

Mantis continued explaining.

"My main role is helping Master sleep peacefully. He often thinks about his descendants at night and can't fall asleep."

The moment Drax heard this, he instantly became interested and slapped his chest proudly.

"Try it on me! I want to experience falling asleep instantly too!"

Mantis immediately placed her hand on Drax's forehead.

"Sleep."

THUD.

Drax collapsed backward onto the chair and immediately began snoring with his mouth hanging wide open.

"Wow. That works way better than heavy-duty sleeping pills."

Karl joked.

Watching a giant like Drax sleep like a baby right before his eyes, Karl suddenly felt like he'd discovered a business opportunity.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Tony and Rocket were still working tirelessly to repair the ship.

Night had completely fallen.

Strange animal cries echoed continuously through the surrounding forest, sounding extremely unsettling.

"I think we should light a campfire outside."

Tony glanced toward the pitch-black woods while welding a circuit board.

Rocket and Nebula each carried a nano-repair unit on their backs while continuously scanning the ship's hull.

The programmed nanomachines tirelessly repaired the damaged areas.

"Groot, go start a fire. And see if there's anything edible nearby."

Without even turning around, Rocket ordered Groot—who had been curiously watching them work—to go do something useful instead.

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Chapter 492 492: The Ravagers Arrive

Groot stood up and disappeared into the vast forest outside the ship.

Not long after, he returned carrying several unidentified animals in his hands. Rocket skillfully skinned and roasted them while Nebula and Tony temporarily stopped repairing the ship to fill their stomachs first.

The three of them—and one giant tree—sat around the campfire eating meat.

"Not bad," Tony said between bites. "Tastes kind of like rabbit."

He was enjoying himself quite a bit. He had no idea what kind of creature it was, but edible was good enough. Once he returned to Earth, he probably wouldn't get to eat alien barbecue again.

While the four quietly ate dinner, the sounds of animals in the surrounding forest gradually disappeared.

None of them paid much attention to it. This was an alien planet after all—who knew what strange habits the wildlife had?

Hidden within the forest, however, a group of Ravagers dressed in scavenger gear were silently approaching the crashed ship.

They were Yondu's men.

After accepting the Sovereign Queen's bounty, they had come to capture Quill and the others, though they still didn't know Quill had already left.

Suddenly, one of the Ravagers stepped on something.

A series of mechanical clicks sounded.

"Fuck—"

The man looked up and saw more than a dozen metallic boxes rising from the ground around them.

In the next second, dozens of tranquilizer darts shot out from the devices.

Caught completely off guard, the Ravagers were instantly brought down by the sedatives. In one sweep, the entire group collapsed.

"The traps got triggered."

Rocket glanced at the device on his wrist, immediately tossed aside the meat in his hand, grabbed his blaster, and sprinted into the forest.

"Groot, stay here with Nebula. Tony, you're with me."

Tony swallowed the last piece of meat, his helmet sealing shut as he blasted straight into the air.

From above, his field of vision was far superior to Rocket's, and with JARVIS assisting his scans, Yondu's men had nowhere to hide.

Locking onto the area with the highest concentration of targets, Tony raised his hand.

A small electric shock device launched from his forearm armor and landed directly in the middle of the Ravagers.

Crackling electricity erupted instantly.

Through Tony's visor, he watched an entire cluster of Ravagers collapse unconscious from the electric discharge.

Rocket darted rapidly through the woods. At the same time, he pulled a mine from behind his back, activated it, and leaped into the air before throwing it into the middle of the Ravagers.

"There! Open fire!!"

Rocket's position was exposed the moment he jumped—but he'd done it on purpose to draw their attention.

Still suspended midair, Rocket grinned and pressed the detonator without hesitation.

Bzzzzzt—!

A burst of blue light exploded from the mine.

Everyone within range was suddenly hurled into the air by a powerful force before crashing violently back down.

An anti-gravity grenade.

It could instantly reverse gravity within its effective radius.

And Rocket wasn't finished.

He immediately tossed out another grenade.

The Ravagers who had just smashed into the ground were launched into the air once again before suffering another brutal free fall.

By now, they were thoroughly disoriented.

Before they could even stand back up, Tony's electric device arrived overhead.

Another surge of electricity later, they were completely incapacitated. The fact that nobody had wet themselves was already impressive.

Then suddenly—

A sharp whistle echoed through the forest.

A red-glowing arrow shot out from the darkness and stopped just one inch away from Rocket's eye.

"Fuck... Yondu's here..."

Rocket cursed under his breath while frantically signaling Tony with his eyes to return to the ship immediately.

Tony understood at once and quickly turned back.

Meanwhile, Yondu emerged from the forest with a grin, stopping in front of Rocket.

"How's it going, little rat?"

"Pretty good, Smurf."

Even while captured, Rocket's mouth remained as sharp as ever.

"We got ourselves a nice little contract," Yondu said leisurely while pacing around. "Some shiny gold lady offered us a reward too good to refuse if we handed over you and your friends. Looks like you really pissed her off."

The surrounding Ravagers burst into laughter.

"How'd you find us?" Rocket ignored the teasing and got straight to the point.

"Oh, that was easy enough," Yondu replied casually. "Back during that battle on Xandar with the Kree, I planted a tracker on your ship."

Rocket could only sigh helplessly.

None of them had noticed the tracker, and they'd spent all this time flying around the galaxy with it attached.

"If you just want the batteries, promise you won't hurt the others and I'll tell you where they are."

Rocket compromised.

He knew there was no escaping now. All he could do was buy time for Tony, Groot, and Nebula.

"Well, ain't that lucky for you, little rat," Yondu laughed. "Because I'm exactly the kind of guy who never keeps his promises."

He clearly didn't believe Rocket.

But then his tone suddenly shifted.

"If I did keep my promises, I'd have already turned you all in."

That statement stunned Rocket.

Not just Rocket—even Yondu's own men looked confused.

"What?!" one Ravager blurted out.

Ignoring him, Yondu continued:

"How much are those batteries worth? Couple hundred thousand, maybe?"

"But the Sovereign Queen offered us a million."

The one speaking was the same bearded Ravager who had questioned Yondu earlier.

Clearly, he had no interest in a few hundred thousand when a million-unit bounty was on the table.

This bearded man was the same one who had openly spoken against Yondu back at the Ravager outpost.

It was obvious now—he no longer respected Yondu's authority.

His words were like a stone thrown into calm water, instantly stirring up waves among the crew.

The surrounding Ravagers immediately began whispering among themselves.

Without anyone noticing, Yondu's control over them had already begun to weaken.

"Get this straight!" Yondu roared. "If we hand over the Guardians of the Galaxy, the entire Nova Empire will come after us!"

And honestly, he wasn't wrong.

Xandar had already publicly recognized the Guardians.

Yet even one of Yondu's most loyal subordinates finally spoke up in disagreement.

"Boss, I think you're too soft on Quill. No matter how many times he betrays you, you always protect him. Don't we matter too? We're the ones who've always stood by you!"

The more he spoke, the more emotional he became.

As one of Yondu's most trusted followers, he genuinely believed Yondu treated Quill differently from the rest of them.

No matter how much trouble Quill caused, Yondu always cleaned up after him.

And as he said—Quill had betrayed them countless times already, yet Yondu's punishments were always all bark and no bite.

"Calm down, Kraglin..."

Another Ravager stepped in to stop him.

This speaker was clearly another of Yondu's loyal men.

And Kraglin—the skinny Ravager with the somewhat comical appearance—would one day inherit command of Yondu's crew.

"That's right," the bearded Ravager seized the opportunity immediately. "Kraglin's right. Yondu's gone soft. He's no longer fit to lead the Ravagers. We need a new captain!"

It was obvious he had been waiting for this moment.

He'd harbored rebellious thoughts for a long time already.

Previously, Yondu's strength and reputation had kept him in check, and he lacked a proper excuse.

But now—

The opportunity had arrived.

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Chapter 493 493: Arriving at Ego

"That's right! Kraglin's absolutely right!" the bearded Ravager shouted while raising his weapon directly at Yondu. "Yondu's gone soft. He's no longer fit to lead the Ravagers. We need a new captain!"

The Ravagers behind him immediately raised their guns as well.

At the same time, the Ravagers still loyal to Yondu also aimed their weapons at the opposing side.

Inside the ship, Tony, Nebula, and Groot sat together watching the live feed transmitted from Rocket's body camera, all three deep in thought.

"So this blue-skinned guy's actually on our side?" Tony asked while resting his chin on one hand.

From the earlier conversation between Rocket and Yondu, Tony got the feeling that Yondu wasn't truly their enemy—though he also seemed like the type who could betray them at any moment.

"They're Ravagers," Nebula explained coldly. "Criminals of the galaxy. A bunch of filthy rats."

She knew the Ravagers well. They operated completely outside interstellar law—essentially a massive galactic underworld organization.

"Oh, so basically the guys from Hell's Kitchen," Tony said immediately, finding the perfect Earth equivalent.

And honestly, he wasn't wrong. In many ways, the Ravagers weren't much different from the gangs back in Hell's Kitchen.

After a brief discussion, the three quietly moved toward Rocket's location.

Tony didn't choose to fly. The flames from his armor thrusters would be far too obvious in the darkness.

Meanwhile, tension on Rocket's side had reached its peak.

Both factions were on the verge of open conflict, and Rocket had already wisely retreated to the sidelines to avoid getting caught in the crossfire.

Then a whistle sounded.

The battle erupted instantly.

Yondu controlled his Yaka Arrow through the crowd, the glowing projectile mercilessly harvesting the rebelling Ravagers one after another.

At the same time, Yondu's loyal subordinates opened fire.

The two sides immediately descended into chaotic combat.

Hearing the commotion, Tony's group abandoned stealth entirely and rushed straight into the battlefield.

They chose to help Yondu suppress the mutiny.

After all, Yondu had already made his stance clear—he had no intention of handing the Guardians over to the Sovereign. At least for now, they weren't enemies.

Tony raised both hands.

Energy cannons instantly formed over his palms.

From above, he unleashed a barrage of explosions onto the battlefield below.

Tony deliberately reduced the output of the blasts to roughly the power of hand grenades, but each shot could still incapacitate several Ravagers at once.

Nebula and Rocket continuously fired as well, both of them possessing near-perfect aim.

Combined with Groot's battlefield control, Yondu's side rapidly gained overwhelming dominance.

Meanwhile, the egg-shaped ship carrying Quill's group entered the atmosphere of an unknown planet.

The planet itself was primarily red in color, intertwined with streams of blue energy. On one side of the world, a sun-like star emitted dazzling light.

Soon, the ship landed.

Everyone followed Ego out of the craft.

The planet was lush with vegetation. Strange alien plants flourished everywhere, dense and vibrant.

It looked nothing like a dead world devoid of animal life.

In fact, it resembled Earth's ecosystem remarkably closely.

"Everyone," Ego said warmly, "welcome to my planet."

A platform extended from the ship, allowing the group to stand and admire the beautiful natural scenery around them.

The bizarre yet stunning environment immediately captivated everyone.

Even Gamora and Quill, who had remained suspicious of Ego the entire time, found themselves gradually drawn in.

Among everyone present, only Karl clearly understood that Ego was far from benevolent.

He hadn't brought Quill here out of fatherly love.

He wanted to consume him.

Before long, an enormous structure harmonizing perfectly with the surrounding nature came into view.

This magnificent building—grand, elegant, and seemingly one with the planet itself—was Ego's home.

The group followed him inside.

"You have your own planet, can survive in space without protective gear, and casually wiped out hundreds of ships in a single attack," Gamora finally said after recovering from her initial shock. "What exactly are you?"

"I am a Celestial."

Ego spoke casually, but everyone behind him froze.

Well—everyone except Karl.

"A Celestial?" Gwen immediately asked. "So you're a god? Like Thor?"

Among the people she knew, Thor was the only one she associated with the concept of a god—the Norse God of Thunder and heir to Asgard.

"Something like that," Ego replied with a smile. "Just a very small god."

He gestured lightly with his fingers.

Obviously, the "god" Ego referred to wasn't quite the same as the one Gwen had in mind.

As they walked deeper into the palace, the interior grew even more extravagant.

Every pillar, every brick, radiated luxury.

The intricate patterns were complex yet aesthetically perfect, while streams of blue energy flowed through the architecture like living veins.

Everything blended together in breathtaking harmony.

"I don't know where I originally came from," Ego began explaining as a floating egg-shaped sphere beside him opened up, projecting a holographic display.

"My earliest memory is of being a flickering light drifting alone through the universe."

The hologram shifted as he spoke.

"After millions of years, I learned to manipulate the molecules around me."

A planet slowly formed within the projection.

"As time passed, I grew smarter. Stronger. I continued developing everything around me—layer by layer—until eventually..."

Ego spread his arms.

"...I created the planet beneath your feet."

What he described was so unbelievable that everyone exchanged stunned glances.

Creating an entire planet from nothing?

That was practically the power of God Himself.

But Ego continued calmly.

"Eventually, I began to feel loneliness. I believed there had to be other life in the universe besides me."

"So I created a body for myself."

"I gained touch. Hearing. Every sensation."

"I could even feel pain."

"And through that... I discovered something extraordinary."

"Emotion."

Ego turned toward Quill.

"So I began exploring the universe, searching for life."

"Then one day, I found a planet."

"A living planet."

"It was the first time I had ever encountered life other than myself."

"And from that moment on, I knew I was no longer alone in this universe."

"When did you meet my mother?" Quill suddenly asked.

It was obvious from Ego's story that he had encountered countless people and worlds long before meeting Meredith Quill.

"Not long after," Ego said softly, "I accidentally arrived in a primitive star system."

"The system possessed a glowing star just like many others, but only a few planets orbited it."

"And among those planets..."

"...only one possessed life."

"A blue planet."

The holographic image shifted again, becoming the Solar System.

Among the planets, one blue world stood out vividly.

Earth.

The only life-bearing planet in the entire system.

"I searched for you for a very long time and never found any trace of you," Ego continued while looking at Quill. "Until I heard rumors about a Terran capable of holding an Infinity Stone with his bare hands and surviving."

"That's when I knew."

"You had to be my son."

Ego's words were emotional and sincere.

Even Gamora appeared somewhat moved.

As for Quill—

By now, most of his suspicions toward Ego had completely disappeared.

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Chapter 494 494: A Planet Without Animals

In the boundless depths of space, a massive Ravager ship sailed onward.

Yondu had already eliminated the mutineers who dared betray him. Now, accompanied by the remaining crew as well as Tony, Rocket, and the others, he followed the signal emitted by the tracker.

The destination was extremely far away.

Even at their current speed, the journey would still take several days.

Inside the ship, Tony wandered everywhere, continuously scanning the vessel.

This trip had completely solidified one thing in his mind—

Once he returned to Earth, he was absolutely building his own spaceship.

Groot remained as simple-minded as ever, snoring loudly in his cabin.

Meanwhile, Nebula and Rocket sat together tinkering with a pile of mechanical components.

"You could leave whenever you want, you know," Rocket said without even looking at her, still focused on assembling parts. "Nobody's stopping you."

"I know."

Nebula's response was calm and indifferent.

"Then why aren't you leaving? Can't bear to part with Gamora?"

Rocket continued casually.

"No."

Nebula denied it instantly—far too quickly.

"I just want to kill her myself."

The response came sharp and decisive.

She clearly thought she hid her emotions well.

But Rocket still noticed something.

"Whatever you say," he muttered while fitting several components together, gradually forming the outline of a gun. "Honestly, most of your body's machine now anyway. I figured you'd eventually turn into one of those metal freaks."

"Don't mention that again!"

Nebula's hand swept across her body.

A sharp dagger instantly extended and pressed against Rocket's throat.

"Okay, okay—I won't bring it up," Rocket replied immediately, tossing aside the half-assembled weapon. Parts scattered all over the floor. "Now put that thing away."

"Hmph."

Nebula snorted coldly before retracting the blade.

The two fell silent again.

Only the sounds of mechanical assembly echoed through the room.

In truth, Nebula and Rocket weren't all that different.

Both had been forcibly altered against their will.

The only difference was that one had become machinery—

And the other had become an animal experiment.

Tony leisurely entered the bridge.

Yondu sat in the captain's chair at the center of the command deck, able to oversee both the crew and the endless starfields outside.

Tony curiously looked around at everything.

He was fascinated.

He had already studied Quill's ship before. Operating it wasn't all that different from flying a Quinjet.

But this—

This was a large-scale spacecraft.

The difference between piloting something like this and flying a small vessel was like the difference between rowing a boat and commanding an aircraft carrier.

"Your Terran civilization's still primitive as hell," Yondu mocked casually. "Can't believe you people haven't even seen a real spaceship before."

And honestly, he wasn't wrong.

Compared to the rest of the galaxy, Earth was incredibly underdeveloped.

Even humanity's individual combat capability ranked near the bottom among galactic species.

In many ways, that was one of the reasons Earth had avoided large-scale alien invasions for so long.

It was simply too backward.

Most invaders couldn't even be bothered.

"That's true when it comes to space travel," Tony admitted without embarrassment. "But I'm different."

"I've already made it into space."

"Once I get back to Earth, humanity will have its own spaceships soon enough."

Tony sounded extremely confident.

He had already gathered most of the required data.

What remained were the energy core and the flight control systems—

The two most critical components of all.

With so many people on the bridge, Tony could only secretly scan information in small amounts.

Getting caught openly stealing technological data would definitely be awkward.

"What powers your ship?" Tony asked curiously.

He needed to determine whether the Arc Reactor could support a spacecraft of this scale.

Yondu glanced at him before replying lazily:

"Batteries. Same kinda stuff the Sovereign use."

That was true enough.

The galaxy possessed countless forms of energy technology.

The Sovereign's Anulax batteries were merely one example.

Tony's expression immediately darkened.

As expected—

His Arc Reactor still wasn't nearly powerful enough to serve as the energy core for a ship this massive.

Still, he quickly remembered the several Anulax batteries he had obtained.

Once he got back to Earth and studied them properly, maybe he could upgrade the Arc Reactor yet again.

And at that point...

Perhaps it really could power a spaceship.

Ego Planet.

Quill stood silently before a sculpture of a woman.

Earlier, he had gotten into a huge argument with Ego.

His emotions were in complete turmoil.

He couldn't understand why his father had abandoned his mother to suffer alone from her illness.

She might have survived—

If only Ego had returned to Earth to see her.

But Ego claimed he had his reasons.

The argument escalated immediately.

And during his rage, Quill suddenly awakened a strange power.

The energy could manifest physically.

Earlier, he had instinctively created a glowing blue energy sphere with his bare hands, shocking even himself.

Ego told him it was an innate ability inherited from him.

The closer Quill was to Ego, the more likely his powers were to awaken.

And now—

They finally had.

Elsewhere, everyone sat on the palace steps quietly admiring the sunset.

Mantis sat among them.

"Mantis," Drax suddenly asked, "how'd you end up on this stupid planet?"

Oddly enough, Drax occasionally possessed a very unique instinct.

Many of his blunt remarks unintentionally touched on hidden truths.

Like just now—

"This stupid planet."

He tended to trust his instincts completely.

And strangely enough, those instincts were often correct.

The problem was simply that he lacked any tact whatsoever.

Everyone shifted their attention from the sunset to Mantis.

"When I was still a larva, Ego found me," she answered softly. "Honestly, I don't even know how I was born. He raised me himself and kept me by his side."

"So basically you were a pet?" Drax said immediately.

As always, whatever came into his mind came straight out of his mouth.

Mantis nodded without anger.

"Probably, yes."

"So you used to be a bug?" Gwen suddenly leaned forward with interest. "How does a bug evolve into a humanoid form?"

As a biology prodigy, Gwen found this kind of transformation fascinating.

Everyone knew insects underwent constant metamorphosis from the moment they hatched.

Take butterflies for example—

Caterpillar.

Cocoon.

Butterfly.

That life cycle alone had once overturned humanity's understanding of biology.

But Mantis was different.

She had apparently evolved directly from a larva into a humanoid being.

That was far more extreme.

Then again—

This was outer space.

Who knew what kinds of bizarre lifeforms existed out here?

"Yes," Mantis nodded honestly. "At first I really was a larva. But after emerging from the cocoon, I became this."

"To be honest, I don't understand it either."

"I haven't met many people. For most of my life, it was only Master and me."

Her voice remained soft and gentle.

Sometimes when Ego left the planet, she would remain entirely alone.

"How come there aren't any other living creatures on this planet?" Gamora suddenly asked.

Ever since arriving here, they hadn't seen a single animal.

Not even an insect.

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