

Spider-Man 251

Chapter 252: Godly Encounter

"So, how long until we arrive?" Peter asked as he watched Quill stuff his face with McNuggets.

As soon as he took hold of the bag of fast food, Quill hoarded it all to himself, moaning with every new bite.

"About 8 hours..." Bereet answers as Quill had his mouth full at the moment.

"Okay, then I'll be back later." Peter says as he opens a portal and steps through.

"Varsh ghe gong? (Where's he going?)" Star-Lord asked after taking a bite of a delicious Big Mac.

Bereet merely shrugged with a disgusted look on her face.

'I can't believe I slept with that...' She thought self-deprecatingly.

As the portal snapped shut, Quill continued eating, as he was far too distracted to care about Peter's movements at the moment.

In a large Chitauri flagship, three very alien-looking people stood around a table, which projected a hologram of the galaxy as well as their current position in it.

"Father is growing impatient." A horned woman whose face is half pitch black, spoke with a raspy voice as she gripped her spear tightly.

[Insert picture of Proxima Midnight here]

"We must obtain the Orb as soon as possible." A long faced man with light purple skin spoke in a deep rumbling voice.

As he finished speaking, odd clicks were heard from his body, as if he was some sort of bug or something.

[Insert Picture of Corvus Glaive here]

"I've discovered that the man who took Father's Orb has an agreement to sell it to an intermediary known as The Broker." A beautiful green-skinned woman with colored hair explains.

[Insert picture of Gamora here]

"Good, it seems that you aren't Father's favorite for nothing." Corvus comments and Proxima scoffs.

"You promised Father that you would retrieve the Orb for him." Proxima states as she glares at Gamora. "So, find this broker and get the Orb."

As the more Senior children of Thanos, Corvus, and Proxima far outrank the likes of Gamora and Nebula, though of course Nebula abandoned Thanos a while ago.

Though it wasn't all about seniority, as Gamora knew that these elder 'siblings' of hers could easily rip her in half.

The Black Order was no joke, after all.

Although the Black order was simply the congregation of Thanos' adoptive children, Gamora and Nebula were never qualified to join.

Only his strongest children were allowed membership.

"It would be my honor." Gamora accepted her orders dutifully, though she had other thoughts on the matter. 'After today, I will never step foot near Father or these 'siblings' of mine ever again...'

"Don't disappoint us, Gamora." Corvus spoke with a pointed glare.

"Your sister was already a disappointment enough for the both of you." Gamora heard Proxima's snide comment as she left the room, ready to leave this hellhole behind for good.

'I never thought I'd say this, but I'm jealous of Nebula...'
Gamora thought as she packed her things and prepared to follow in her lesser sister's footsteps.

Arriving back at home, Peter climbed into bed next to his beautiful girlfriend and finally had the chance to sleep.

'I'll check in on Quill when I wake up...'
Peter thought as he drifted off into unconsciousness.

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"Dad... Dad..." A voice called out as Peter stirred from his deep sleep. "Dad! Wake up! It's already time for lunch."

"Uhhh..." Peter groaned as he hesitantly opened one eye and found his daughter standing at the side of his bed with a frown on her cute face.

Opting to ignore her and hope that she goes away, Peter closed his eye and tried to fall back into the sweet arms of unconsciousness.

"Hey! I saw your eye open!" Lily exclaims as she started shaking Peter's shoulder. "Wake up!"

'Drastic times call for drastic measures...'
Peter thought as he swiftly grabbed his daughter and dragged her into bed with him.

"Ahhh!" Lily let out a high-pitched scream as Peter wrapped her tightly in the blankets and left her trapped in the bed. "Wait! Where are you going?"

"To find some breakfast." Peter says as he strolls out of the room.

"It's lunchtime!" Lily corrected him as she shook back and forth on the bed, trying to escape her bindings. "Don't leave me here! Mom!"

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After spending some time with his family, while also working on the super virus detector and deleter, Peter was ready to head out once again.

Checking his phone for any emergencies, Peter donned his suit and portal'd near the Orb's general location.

"..." Stepping out of the portal, Peter arrived in an empty alleyway on Xander, the Capital of the Nova Empire. 'Where is he?'

Peter has been to Xander before so the sights weren't new to him. Looking around, he spotted Quill and Bereet in the distance.

As he saw them, Bereet wound her hand back and slapped the infamous Star-Lord across the face.

'Damn, I could hear the slap from here...' Peter watched her storm off as Quill held his reddening face. 'I guess they broke up?'

Suddenly, a familiar cynical voice filled the air.

"Xandarians. What a bunch of losers. All of them are in a big hurry to get from something stupid, to nothing at all. Pathetic." Peter turned to see a raccoon talking to a tall human-shaped tree, which was currently drinking from a large water fountain.

[Insert Pictures of Rocket and Groot here]

"Look at this guy! Can you believe they call us criminals, when he's assaulting us with that haircut?" Rocket makes fun of the pedestrians passing by.

As he laughs to himself, Rocket uses a clear glass tablet to scan their faces, hoping to find someone with a bounty to capture.

After making fun of a few people, including children, Rocket locks onto an elderly Xandarian man who was chatting up a pretty young woman.

'Holy sh*t...' Peter thought as he recognized the old man from their meeting in LA a while ago.

Stan Lee...

"Look at Mr. Smiles over here. Where's your wife, old man? What a class-A pervert." Rocket laughs at who is probably the god of this universe. "Right, Groot? Groot?"

Not hearing a reply, Rocket looks over to find Groot with his mouth wide open over one of the fountain's jets.

"Don't drink fountain water, you idiot. That's disgusting!" Rocket reprimands him.

"Mmm." Groot shakes his head pretending he didn't do it.

"Yes, you did. I just saw you doing it. Why are you lying?"

As they were arguing with one another, Stan Lee smiled at Peter and winked before walking off with a beautiful Xandarian woman on his arm, disappearing into the crowd.

Suddenly, Rocket's tablet starts beeping like crazy, which broke Peter from his shocking encounter.

"Whoop. Looks like we got one. Okay, how bad does someone want to find you?" Rocket instantly got to work.

Checking his tablet, Rocket caught sight of Quill in the distance and saw that there's a hefty bounty on his head.

"Forty thousand units?!" Rocket exclaims in excitement. "Groot, we're gonna be rich."

Looking over his shoulder, Rocket finds Groot drinking from the water fountain again and sighs in exasperation.

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Ditching the two criminal bounty hunters for the moment, as he knew they would meet again soon enough, Peter quickly caught up to Quill, who was already in the Broker's shop.

"What is it?" Quill asked the broker as Peter listened in on their conversation from outside the front door.

"It's my policy never to discuss my clients, or their needs." The Broker replies resolutely as he studied the Orb carefully.

"Yeah, well, I almost died getting it for you." Quill says as Peter turns to see a familiar green woman walking his way.

'Gamora...' Peter thought as he pretended not to notice her arrival.

"An occupational hazard, I'm sure, in your line of work." The Broker said uncaringly.

"There were these creepy grey bug-like soldiers. They just started clicking and shrieking at me and then all hell broke loose." Quill explains his encounter on Morag.

Instantly, the Brokers face goes pale.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Quill. I truly am, but I want no part of this transaction any longer." The Broker hurriedly gives the orb back to Quill and starts pushing him toward the exit.

Meanwhile, Peter noticed the arrival of Rocket and Groot, who were hiding behind some nearby bushes, waiting for the right time to strike.

"Woh! Woh, woh, woh! What's going on?" Quill asks as he's shoved out of the store.

"If there's even a chance that the bug-like soldiers you spoke of are who I think they are, then my participation in this deal has come to a swift halt." The Broker states as he locked the shop down with a single gesture.

"Hey! We had a deal, bro!" Quill yells as he kicks the reinforced metal door. "Ouch!"

"Smooth..." Peter comments as he watches the great Star Lord hop around while holding his aching foot.

"Where have you been?!" Quill turns to Peter and shouts.

"I have a life, you know..."

Chapter 253: Sh*t Show

"What happened?" A voice asks as Quill turns to see Gamora leaning against the Brokers sealed shop.

"Uh..." instantly, Quill became infatuated with the beautiful green woman who appeared before him, forgetting that Peter was even there in the first place. "T-This guy just backed out of a deal on me. If there's one thing I hate, it's a man without integrity. I'm Peter Quill, but everyone calls me Star-Lord."

Watching the Great Star-Lord turn into a simpering moron at the sight of a stunning woman, Peter laughed to himself as he enjoyed the show.

"You have the bearing of a man of honor." Gamora states, trying to flirt with her target.

'These idiots are made for each other...' Peter thought as he held back his laughter at the usually stoic Gamora's attempt at flirting.

Although her attempt to woo her enemy was lackluster, Quill fell for it without a second thought.

Playfully throwing the orb up and down in his hand, Quill did his best to look cool in front of the Mad Titans daughter.

"Well, you know, I wouldn't say that. People say it about me, all the time, but it's not something I would ever say about myself." He tries to seem less egotistic, but somehow Quill's words had the opposite effect.

'Here we go...!' Peter thought as he made some distance between himself and Quill.

Suddenly, Gamora launches forward and snatches the orb from Quill's hand.

"Huh?!" He grunted in surprise and pain as she swiftly kicked him in the stomach before running off with her prize in hand.

Acting quickly and ignoring the pain in his stomach, Quill reaches into his coat and throws some sort of short magnetic rope, which wrapped itself tightly around Gamora's ankles and sends her tumbling to the ground.

As she scrambled to get the rope off of her legs, Quill catches up and tries to take back the Orb.

Sadly, Gamora managed to kick him off and mounted his chest, sending punch after punch to his face, which he did his best to block with his flailing arms.

"This wasn't the plan..." Gamora states in regret as she pulled out a long knife.

"Spider-Guy! Some help here would be nice!" Quill frantically yelled for assistance as he saw the knife appear above his head.

As Gamora was about to stab him in the head, a golden portal opened between her and Quill.

"I'll take that." Peter comments as he reached through the portal and took Gamora's knife away with ease. "Besides, you could poke somebodies eye out with this thing."

Staring through the portal in shock, Gamora caught a glimpse of Spider-Man, who waved at her before snapping it shut.

"That's my magician!" Quill exclaimed with a smirk as kicked Gamora off and jumped to his feet.

Before either side could continue the fight, a clothed raccoon appears out of nowhere and latches onto Gamora's back, knocking her down to one knee.

As Gamora is attacked, she drops the Orb on accident and reluctantly watches it roll in Quill's direction.

"Put him in the bag. Put him in the bag!" Rocket yells as he does his best to keep Gamora away from their target.

Hopping into action, Groot extends his roots and goes to grab Gamora, who was thrashing around like an angry bull.

"No! Not her, him! Learn genders, man." Rocket yells as Gamora manages to wrestle him off her back and tries to bite him. "Biting? That's not fair!"

'This is a sh*t show...' Peter thought as he watched in amusement.

As Rocket is fighting with Gamora, Quill uses this opportunity to grab the orb and runs off, though he wouldn't get far...

"Take it easy!" Rocket yells as he's forced to release Gamora, due to her excruciating biting power.

As she manages to free herself from Rocket and Groot's clutches, Gamora throws Rockets aside, picks up a piece of metal, and throws it at Quill's hand making him drop the orb.

As she rushes to pick up the Orb and tries to escape, Quill manages to catch up and tackles her to the ground, though Gamora was able to easily overpower him once again and take the dominant position.

"Fool! You should have learned." Gamora reprimands him with a glare, ready to beat his face in.

"I don't learn! It's one of my issues." Quill replied without any shame as he grabs the orb from her hand and slaps a small rocket thruster onto Gamora's chest. "Bye!"

Instantly, the favored daughter of Thanos was sent flying backward.

Just as Quill thought he was in the clear, suddenly, Groot appears behind him and places a bag over his head.

"What the..." Quill muttered as Groot wrapped the bag in his branches and carried it over his shoulder. "Hey! Let me go!"

"Quit smiling, you idiot. You're supposed to be a professional." Rocket admonished his wooden friend as he caught sight of Gamora heading towards them, looking extremely p*ssed off. "You gotta be kidding me..."

Kicking Rocket aside like the small animal he is, Gamora pulls out another knife and uses it to cut off both of Groot's arms.

'Where was she keeping that?' Peter wondered as he sat comfortably on a conjured beach chair.

As Gamora slices open the fallen bag, Quill popped out and shot her with his gun.

Instantly, a blue current of electricity impacted Gamora's body, sending her crashing to the floor whilst shaking uncontrollably.

Before he could run off, Rocket pulls out his gun as well and aims it at Quill.

"I live for the simple things, like how much this is gonna hurt..." Rocket comments with a smirk as he squeezes the trigger, which shoots a ball of electricity at Quill, sending him shaking to the floor beside the future love of his life. "Yeah! Writhe, little man."

While Rocket was celebrating, he turns to Groot who was sadly staring down at his severed arms.

"It'll grow back. Quit whining." Rocket scoffs as they're all instantly surrounded by The Nova Corps.

'Should I stop them from going to jail, or join them for the fun of it?' Peter wondered as he knew where this whole situation was leading to. 'I do have a good relationship with the current Nova Prime...'

"Subject 89P13, drop your weapon!" A Nova Corps Soldier orders Rocket.

"Oh, crap..." Rocket mutters as he reluctantly drops his gun.

"By the authority of the Nova Corps, you are under arrest for endangerment to life and the destruction of property." A soldier states as they rush in and detain everyone.

Of course, Peter was left alone as he was a good distance away from the action.

"Alright. Come on up." A Nova Corps member arrests Quill and smirks as he recognized him. "Hey! If it isn't Star-Lad."

"Star-Lord." Quill corrects him with a frown.

"Oh, sorry, my Lord." The soldier nods sarcastically as he picks up the Orb.

"Hey, don't touch that! It's mine." Quill yells.

"Well, it's evidence now." A Nova soldier replies as he places the Orb into a clear bag. "You can claim it when you're released from prison."

"Magician!" Quill starts yelling and thrashing against his bindings. "Help! Open a portal or something!"

Hearing Quill's odd ramblings, the Nova Corps look at him like he's insane.

"He might taken some Stardust..." One of them reasoned as he pulled out a gun-shaped object with a small needle positioned at the end of it. "Let's just sedate him..."

"Spider! Help!" Quill exclaimed as the needle was pushed into his neck. "M-Magician..."

Instantly feeling the effects of whatever he was injected with, Quill becomes woozy as he swayed a bit before collapsing into unconsciousness.

"Fascists!" Rocket yells as he's thrown into a small cage, like an animal, and carried away.

While they were all being taken away, Peter stood up and casually left the crime scene.

-Office of Nova Prime-

"I cannot control the actions of others." A high-level Kree official spoke through a large screen. "These people mourn the death of their savior and see themselves as martyrs. Nothing will change that."

"Ronan is dead! These actions won't bring him back." Irani Rael, the current Nova Prime exclaimed in furious anger. "They are bombing civilian areas, schools and homes! These terror attacks on Xandarian soil must stop!"

Although Ronan's death significantly cut down on the number of attacks from radical Kree factions, it did, however, create a terrorist group that killed in the name of completing Ronan's dream of Xandarian Genocide.

"We signed your peace treaty, Nova Prime. What more do you want?" The Kree man on the screen asked uncaringly.

"At least a statement from the Kree Empire saying that they condemn these horrid actions." Irani replies in exasperation. "If you don't care for the victims, then at the very minimum you must see how cowardly these terrorists are. They hide like rats and only strike the weak and helpless. Is that truly the Kree way?"

Knowing how the Kree respect strength and battle, Irani tried to appeal to the officials baser instincts.

"That is your business. Now, I have other matters to attend to." The Kree official frowned at her words as he ended the call in a hurry.

"Prick." Irani spat venomously as she tiredly collapsed back into her chair.

"Hard day?" A voice asked out of nowhere, scaring the hell out of the Nova Prime.

"?!" Leaping out of her chair and pulling her pistol, Irani turned to find Peter leaning against the door to her office's balcony. "Spider-Man? What are you doing here?"

"I need a favor." Peter states as he walks in and takes a seat in front of her desk. "Though after hearing that conversation, maybe we can assist each other?"

Chapter 254: The Destroyer

While Peter was striking a deal with Irani Rael, Quill, Gamora, Groot, and Rocket were immediately taken to The Kyn, High-Security Space Prison.

The Kyn is a huge prison ship, built to make escape almost impossible, as leaving the prison would land anybody in the cold airless embrace of outer space.

In the Xandarian criminal system, if there is overwhelming proof against you, the Nova Corps doesn't bother with a trial as it's a waste of time and money.

Especially when their empire covers most of the Galaxy, making it hard to effectively manage a large-scale court system.

"I guess most of the Nova Corps wanna uphold the laws, but these ones here, they're corrupt and cruel." Rocket explains as they march through the halls of the prison and watch how the guards mistreat the prisoners.

One scrawny orange alien stepped out of line, and a couple of guards rushed up and started beating him with electrified batons.

"But, hey, that's not my problem. I ain't gonna be here long. I've escaped 22 prisons, this one's no different. You're lucky that broad showed up, because otherwise, me and Groot would be collecting that bounty right now, and you'd be getting drawn and quartered by Yondu and those Ravagers." Rocket reveals who placed the bounty on Quill's head.

"I've had a lot of folks try to kill me over the years. I ain't about to be brought down by a tree and a talking raccoon." Quill replies with a small laugh.

"What's a raccoon?" Rocket asks in confusion.

"It's what you are, stupid." Quill answers pointedly.

"Ain't no thing like me, except me." Rocket says as they're being led to their cell block.

"So, this orb has a real Ark of the Covenant sort of vibe. What is it?" Quill ignored Rocket and turns to ask Gamora, who opts to remain silent.

"I am Groot." Groot explains in depth.

"So what? What's the Orb?" Quill shrugs off Groot's wise words and continues to pester Gamora.

"I have no words for an honorless thief." Gamora answers harshly.

"Pretty high and mighty coming from the daughter of a planet harvesting maniac." Rocket cuts in and receives nothing but a glare from Gamora in return. "Yeah, I know who you are. Anyone who's anyone knows who you are."

"Yeah, we know who you are." Quill says confidently as he turns to Groot and asks. "Who is she?"

"I am Groot." Groot explains everything.

"Yeah, you said that." Quill responds in annoyance.

"I wasn't retrieving the orb for my Father, I was betraying him. I had an agreement to sell it to a third party." Gamora explains her plans.

"I am Groot." Groot didn't believe a word out of her mouth.

"Well, that's just as fascinating as the first 89 times you told us that. What's wrong with the Whomping Willow, here?" Quill asks Rocket.

(A/N: Yes, I know Quill wouldn't have been around for Harry Potter but I liked the reference. I wanted to use the apple trees from the wizard of oz but I didn't know how to word it in a good way.)

"Well, he don't know talking good like me and you. So his vocabulistics is limited to 'I' and 'am' and 'Groot'. Exclusively in that order." Rocket explains as Groot sagely nods his head.

"That's gonna get old, real quick..."

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As soon as the four future Guardians were escorted into their cell block, every inmate went ravenous and bloodthirsty as they all eyed Gamora.

"Murderer!"

"I'm coming for you first, Gamora!"

"You're dead!"

"You're scum! You're scum!"

Many of them called for blood as they all blamed her for the deaths of their families and loved ones.

After all, Thanos has brought 'balance' to many planets over the years.

"I hate you!"

"No cell's gonna protect you for long!"

"You're dead! Dead!"

After settling into their cell block, it wasn't long before they were told it was time to sleep.

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"Take her down to the showers. It'll be easier to clean up the blood down there." Quill woke from his sleep just in time to see a group of inmates taking Gamora away at knifepoint.

Jumping into action, Quill rushes after them without a second thought.

"Quill, where you going? Quill. Quill!" Rocket woke up and hurriedly followed after him.

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"Gamora, consider this a death sentence for your crimes against the galaxy." A tannish brown skinned alien man with horns declares as he and his fellow prisoners surround Gamora in the dimly lit shower room.

"You dare?!" Suddenly, an angry voice fills the room, as every inmate turns around and freezes in fear. "You know who I am, yes?"

"Y-You're Drax, The Destroyer." One of the inmates stuttered.

A bald musclebound man with grey skin covered in red markings came walking into the room with a furious rage-filled look on his face.

[Insert picture of Drax here]

"And you know why they call me this?" Drax asks as he prowls forward.

"You slayed dozens of Ronan's minions." An inmate elaborates.

"Ronan murdered my wife, Ovette, and my daughter, Camaria. He slaughtered them where they stood. And he laughed!" Drax said in both anguish and rage. "Her life is not yours to take. I may have missed my chance to kill Ronan, but I will end the life of all who were related to him."

"O-Of course, Drax. Here..." One of the inmate's hands over their knife.

With a pointy weapon in hand, Drax stomps toward his target, though things didn't go as planned.

Just as he was within arms reach, Gamora acted quickly and twisted his wrist, which caused Drax to drop the blade.

Using her foot, Gamora kicked the falling knife upward, snatched it out of the air, and held it to Drax's neck.

"I have no relation to Ronan." Gamora argues.

"He was your father's lackey!" Drax counters, unafraid of the blade on his neck.

"Thanos is not my father." Gamora clarifies with an angry growl.

"That's not what I heard." One of the inmates says as the others all nod in agreement.

"..." Gamora gritted her teeth and took a deep breath before tossing her weapon aside. "When I was a child, Thanos brought his soldiers to my planet and separated everyone into two groups. While his army was doing the dirty work, he gave a grand speech about balance and how he was there to help us survive."

Silence filled the room as everyone, including Quill and Rocket, who were listening from the door, felt the emotion in Gamora's voice as she spoke.

"Once the speech was over, he picked a group, and all of those people were slaughtered like animals. The only reason I'm still alive today is because that madman took a liking to me!" Gamora

says with a bit of heat in her voice. "My real parents died that day, so no I'm not related to Ronan or Thanos... Now, get out of my face!"

"..." Two sides glared at one another in silence.

Meanwhile, Quill was shocked by what he heard.

'Who's Thanos?' He wondered as he felt nothing but sympathy toward the woman he was smitten with.

Before anyone could say a word, a commanding voice spoke over a prison's loudspeaker.

"Inmates 356745, 356791, 356792, 356793, and 356794 report to the entrance of your cell block, NOW!"

"Huh?" Drax grunted in confusion as he heard his number being called.

Eyeing Gamora one last time, Drax was caught up in indecision.

On one hand, he really wanted to chop her head off and hang it in his cell for all to see, and on the other hand, her story was very convincing and similar to his own.

Even the initial group of inmates didn't have the heart to kill Gamora anymore.

"This is not over!" Drax declared as he stormed out of the room, passing Quill and Rocket on the way.

"Let's go, idiot." Rocket calls as he turns to follow after Drax.

"Huh? Why?" Quill asks in confusion.

"Because our numbers were called, you moron." Rocket explains as he starts walking.

"What about Gamora?" Quill asks in worry.

"Her number was called too!"

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Minutes later, Drax, Quill, Gamora, Groot, and Rocket were all stood impatiently at the entrance of their cell block, waiting for whatever they were called for.

"Why the hell would they call us in the middle of the night?" Quill asks as he paced back and forth.

"Who knows, but it could be a good chance to get the hell out of here." Rocket says as he nods to Groot, who nodded back, ready to initiate their escape at any moment.

Meanwhile, Drax and Gamora remained silent and stoic about the whole situation.

"Here they are, sir!" The Warden of this prison spoke with extreme respect as he guided a very important person up to the cell block's gate.

"Good, open it up." A familiar voice filled Quill's ears as he stopped pacing and looked toward the gate expectantly.

"Open cell block 12-C!" The warden yelled and the gate started opening only a moment later.

As the Gate slowly rose upwards, Quill caught sight of the recognizable colors, red and blue.

"Hey, Star-Boy." Peter says with a wave. "I'm here to bail you and your friends out. Did you learn your lesson, Young Man?"

Chapter 255: Suicide Squad Vibe

"Spider-Guy!" Quill exclaimed in excitement as he ignored Peter's incorrect use of his code name. "Where have you been?"

"Spider-Man." Peter corrects him. "And I was making a deal with Irani Rael."

"You made a deal with the Nova Prime?" Rocket asks doubtfully.

"I am Groot?" Groot was surprised as well.

Even Gamora and Drax were shocked by the news.

Though that was mainly because none of them knew who the hell Spider-Man or Guy was.

"Yep, in exchange for us dealing with a Kree terrorist cell, Irani agreed to set you all free." Peter reveals.

Of course, Peter could have easily broke them out of prison with a single portal, but this way would be more fun.

After all, they needed to bond as comrades in order to become the Guardians they were meant to be.

Upon hearing Peters words, the only one who seemed excited by the news was Drax.

"Good!" Drax stepped forward, ready for war. "You will have my assistance, Spider."

"Count us out." Rocket refused to participate as he and Groot strolled out of the cell block. "Me and Groot don't work for free."

"I am Groot." Groot nods in agreement with his friend's words.

Seconds after stepping a few feet out of the cell block, the bounty-hunting duo was stopped by a line of armed Nova Corps members.

"That's good because she also agreed to pay each of us 100 thousand units for our service." Peter offered the carrot, while the soldiers showed them the stick.

When he was negotiating with Irani, Peter knew that the gift of freedom wouldn't be enough to sway people like Rocket and Quill, so he put a price tag on their service as well.

Irani was confused at first, as she had no idea how Peter would lead a band of misfit criminals against a terrorist cell, but the fact that this was the man who killed Ronan assured her enough to agree.

"Why didn't you say so earlier?" Rocket asked as he and Groot turned back around. "That's more than double Star-Kid over there is worth."

"It's Star-Lord." Quill corrects in annoyance. "And I'm in too. 100 thousand units is a good payday."

"Good, because those who refuse to participate will remain in the Kyn for the remainder of their sentence." Peter explains as he looks to Gamora and awaits her decision.

"...Fine." She mutters as she joins the group. "But once this is over, I'll be taking the Orb."

"You mean this?" Peter asks as he pulls the Orb out of nowhere, and spins it on his finger like a basketball.

As soon as the Guardians caught sight of the Orb, each of them locked onto it with hungry looks in their eyes, except for Drax, who had no idea what it was.

Even Rocket and Groot, who only knew it was worth a big sum of money, crafted plans in their minds to snatch it when the time was right.

"My Orb!" Quill rushed up and tried to take it, but Peter tossed it in the air, where a portal appeared and swallowed it whole before snapping shut. "Hey, what the hell, Man?"

"I'll be keeping the Orb safe until we finish this mission." Peter says, leaving no room for complaints or arguments. "Once our end of the bargain is fulfilled and we're all 100 thousand units richer, we can come together and decide how to deal with the Orb."

"Fine..." Quill reluctantly agreed as everyone else remained silent.

"Good." Peter nodded as he turned to the warden. "Have your men bring their belongings, so we can be on our way."

"Yes, sir." The warden agrees easily as he turns to his soldiers. "You heard the man! Bring their belongings and I don't want to hear about anything going missing!"

As the soldiers jumped into action, all of the Guardians were beginning to wonder who Spider-Man really was.

After all, he had enough of a reputation to order the Nova Corps around like it was nothing.

"Umm, sir?" The warden asks nervously.

"Yes?" Peter replies.

"I-Is it true that you killed Ronan the Accuser and his army?" The Warden asks like a child to his hero.

"Yeah, though I didn't do it alone." Peter answers with a nod, trying not to brag too much.

Instantly, each member of the Guardians went wide-eyed as they realized why Spider-Man was so respected by the Nova Corps.

"You!" Drax and Gamora exclaimed in tandem.

"Me?" Peter answers in amusement.

"You took my vengeance from me!" Drax yells in hostility as Gamora decides to keep her mouth shut, for now.

"Sorry?" Peter apologized in confusion.

"Was it painful?" He asks hopefully.

"What? You mean his death?" Peter asks and receives a nod. "Not really. I took his hammer and broke his neck with it. He was pretty weak for some big galactic bad guy."

"You should have taken your time." Drax starts to lecture Peter. "Ronan deserves nothing less than excruciating torture in his dying moments."

"Truthfully, I thought he would be stronger and killed him by accident." Peter explains with a shrug, shocking all of the Nova Corps as well as the Guardians.

"If he was so powerless, then you should have left him alive." Drax argues in rage. "His death was mine!"

...

After some awkward silence, as Peter didn't know how to deal with Drax's illogical anger, everyone had their belongings returned and were set free.

"My baby!" Quill exclaimed as he saw his ship parked in the hangar that the warden escorted them to.

"It was an honor meeting you, sir." The Warden says genuinely as he and his men salute in Peter's direction.

"Thank you for your hospitality, Warden." Peter replies respectfully as he and the Guardians board the ship.

...

"Thank you for your hospitality." Rocket repeats with a laugh as the ship's door seals shut. "You know that piece of sh*t runs one of the worst prisons in the Galaxy, right? He's only being respectful to you because you killed his boogeyman."

"True, but that's no reason to burn bridges." Peter says with a shrug. "After all, who knows when I'll have to fish my new friends out of jail again."

"Look here, you costume-wearing freak." Rocket says to Peter without fear. "I ain't your friend. I'm here for money and that's it. Once this job is done, me and Groot will be on our way."

"I am Groot." Groot turns to Rocket.

"Oh, shut up, you walking plank of wood." Rocket says and storms off.

"I am Groot." Groot ignores Rocket's departure to the cockpit of the ship and turns to Peter.

"You want to be friends?" Peter asks for clarification.

"I am Groot." Groot nods.

"Cool, so do you eat food?" Peter asks as he ignores Gamora's beaming stare. "Or do you just drink water and sit in the sun like other plants?"

"I am Groot." Groot explains intricately.

While Peter was getting to know Groot, Quill and Rocket started fighting over who would be flying the ship.

...

Once they finally flew out of the Kylns hangar, Peter called a meeting to fully explain the mission they were given.

"So, where are these terrorists?" Rocket asks as he was able to somehow convince Quill to let him drive.

"Here, plug this in." Peter hands over the Xandarian equivalent of a flash drive.

"..." As Quill plugged it in, a nearby screen lit up, showing the Nova Empires' second most populated planet, Xanov.

"According to Nova intelligence, Xanov is infested with a terrorist group known as the Sons of Ronan. They practically worships Ronan like a god." Peter explains as Drax perks up at the mention of his most hated enemy. "Our job is to simply find and capture every member."

As Peter explains this, videos and images appear, showing the bombings that the Sons of Ronan have taken credit for.

"We can't kill them?" Drax asked as he watched a school burn on the monitor.

Even Quill couldn't help but agree with Drax's sentiment. Killing children is just messed up...

"Killing is allowed, but a living terrorist is a lot more talkative than a dead one, so try to keep them alive. At least, until we can question them." Peter answers.

"Do we have any leads?" Gamora asks, as even she didn't like seeing the targets of these terrorists.

"We'll be meeting with the Nova Corps on Xanov." Peter explained. "They'll give us everything they have, which will hopefully be enough for us to get a good head start."

...

After answering some more questions, Rocket and Quill rush off to set their destination while everyone else got comfortable for the long journey ahead.

"Where's my sister?" Just as Peter took a seat away from everyone else, Gamora found her time to strike and started questioned him.

"You mean Nebula?" Peter asks and receives a nod. "She is currently on my home planet, living her life away from her abusive father."

"Good..." Gamora says simply. "Is she happy?"

"I think so." Peter nods as he takes out his phone and shows her a picture of Nebula eating ice cream. "She's been learning how to enjoy her life lately."

Gamora smiled warmly as she saw the foreign look of happiness on her angry sister's face.

Although she would never consider Thanos or the Black Order as her family, Nebula always felt like a real sister, especially with how often they fought.

Both physically and verbally.

"You should be careful." Gamora warns him. "Nobody has ever taunted Thanos as you have and walked away unscathed."

"Oh, did daddy dearest tell you about our little discussion?" Peter asks jokingly.

"No, I was there for the whole thing." Gamora says as an amused smirk graced her lips.

"I see you enjoyed the show then." Peter matches her smirk, though she couldn't see it.

"I'm not kidding when I say you should be careful though." Gamora turns serious in an instant. "My 'Father' plans to send the Black Order to your planet soon enough."

Chapter 256: Zola's Data

"What's the Black Order?" Peter asks, though he already knew a fair bit about them from the movies.

"..." Gamora explained everything, hoping that Peter could use the information to protect Nebula.

Based on his knowledge from the movies, the only two in the Black Order that would be tricky to deal with are Ebony Maw and Cull Obsidian.

Especially Ebony Maw, who seemed to be the real brains behind the Black Order.

With his genius-level intellect as well as his supreme power in telekinesis, Maw would be the hardest of Thanos' children to take down.

As for Obsidian, due to his great size, he possesses an incredible level of superhuman strength that could even match the Hulk, not to mention his incredible durability.

And sadly, due to Peter's interference in this world, the Hulk hasn't had much of a chance to do anything.

Since Banner continues to bury himself in research and was never needed to help out the Avengers, this world's Avengers is short one angry green muscle head.

'Maybe I should separate Banner and Hulk somehow?' Peter thought as he didn't see Banner changing his ways anytime soon. 'Besides, when Banner fused with the Hulk in the movies, I found myself missing the lovable idiot...'

Banner would most likely thank Peter for accomplishing what he couldn't.

Although that would be a good plan to deal with Obsidian, Peter had multiple other ways that could also do the trick.

Abomination has been progressing well and could easily become a member of the Avengers, making him a good opponent for the Mad Titans' strongest child.

Otherwise, Peter could either handle the guy himself or put a team together to get the job done.

Though the more he thought about it, the more he liked the idea of separating Banner and Hulk into their own individual bodies...

'When I have some free time, I'll raid Kamar-Taj's library and see what I can find on alter egos and their possible separation.' Peter thought as he listened to Gamora.

"...If we're unlucky, you'll be able to meet two members of the Black Order on our journey." Gamora says as Quill walked by, overhearing her words.

"Black Order? Sounds kinky." He comments as he takes a seat between Peter and Gamora.

Easily seeing through his actions, Peter found his new friend's jealous behavior amusing.

Of course, Gamora was completely oblivious to the meaning behind Quill's actions.

"The Black Order is not 'kinky'." Gamora says in distaste. "They are elite killers who could tear you apart with a flick of their wrist. Even meeting one of them would mean death for us all."

"Okay..." Quill was officially spooked. "Why would we cross paths with them?"

"Because they're after the Orb as well." Peter assumed and received a confirming nod from Gamora.

"Yes, they dispatched me to retrieve the Orb for them." Gamora reveals with a frown. "And soon enough, they'll figure out that I've betrayed them and come looking for the Orb themselves."

"You worked for them?!" Quill exclaims in shock, as he still didn't know much about his current love interest.

"They are my 'siblings'." Gamora said with a heavy dose of sarcasm.

Before Quill could ask a hundred more questions, Peter cut into the conversation.

"Which members did Thanos send to get the Orb?" He asks curiously.

"Proxima Midnight and Corvus Glaive..."

As soon as Peter heard those two names, he tuned out the rest of the conversation.

'I think Proxima and Corvus are the weakest of the Black Order, which is good.' Peter thought as he wanted to give the Guardians a chance against at least one of them.

They needed to grow as a team and couldn't do that without some obstacles to overcome.

After all, even if all of the members of the Black Order came at once, Peter could probably handle them with ease.

Especially since he has full access to the Reality Stone's power.

The only person in the Universe that Peter isn't 100% confident in fighting is Thanos, who currently held the Mind Stone in his grasp.

In Peter's mind, they're evenly matched.

Each of them has an Infinity Stone.

Though Peter has three, he can only wield one at the moment.

When it comes to physical strength, Peter was sure that Thanos bested him in that category, though that doesn't mean he would win in a fight between the two.

Peter may be physically weaker, but he's definitely faster, more dexterous, and has a lot more abilities than the Mad Titan.

If they fought now, Peter would definitely bet on himself, as he felt confident in his skills and abilities, but the odds would realistically be around 50/50.

Of course, this is all speculation about a man that Peter has never met in person.

And they wouldn't remain so evenly matched forever.

'I need to finish putting my conduit together.' Peter thought, as Thanos wouldn't stand a chance against all three of his Infinity Stones.

Just adding the Power stone to his arsenal would be more than enough.

"Wow, your family is worse than mine." Quill admitted as he received a brief overview from Gamora. "I thought being kidnapped and raised by Ravagers was as bad as it could get..."

"Boohoo, life is so hard as a space princess." Rocket appears from the cockpit. "You had it easy if you ask me."

"Hey, it ain't a competition." Quill immediately comes to Gamora's defense.

'Simp...!' Peter thought with a shake of his head.

"Because if it was, you'd definitely win. I mean, what are you? Did some mad scientist put your brain in the first road kill he could find?." Quill asks jokingly.

"I'll show you road kill!" Rocket leaped off of the floor and latched onto Quill's face.

"I think that's my queue." Peter says as he stands up and opens a portal. "I'll be back when you reach Xanov."

In front of Gamora's shocked gaze, Peter stepped through the portal and disappeared.

"How did he do that?" Gamora asks, dumbfounded.

"I am Groot." Groot answered as he extended his roots, pulling Quill and Rocket apart.

"Let me at him!"

While the Guardians were soaring through space, Peter returned to the Avengers Tower, as he needed to at least check in on everything.

They just absorbed a worldwide spy agency, after all.

"Yo, how are things going?" Peter asks as he found Fury in his office.

"Hectic, where have you been?" Fury answers from behind a desk full of paperwork.

"I've been off planet." Peter says as he peeks over at the papers on his desk. "Any problem with the new Shield?"

"Some, but it's been handled." Fury says as he leans back in his chair. "What were you doing off planet?"

"I'll explain later." Peter says as he makes his way to the door. "By the way, your wife moved in with me for safety reasons. Just until Hydra is fully dealt with."

"..." Fury frowned, though he kept his mouth shut, knowing that she would be safer this way. "What about MJ?"

"She practically lived with me before all of this, so nothing has changed." Peter says as he turns back to see Fury's grumpy face before taking his leave. "See yah!"

Heading to his own office, Peter opened a portal and grabbed his laptop.

'I should finish this up.' Peter thought as he sat down at his desk and got to work.

...

A couple of hours later, Peter's door swung open, revealing an eager-looking Captain America.

"Did you find anything that could help Bucky?" He didn't bother with pleasantries and asked immediately.

"Perfect timing." Peter says as he turns the laptop toward Steve. "I just finished scanning the data we stole from Zola."

[Viruses Found: 169]

[Anomalies Found: 13]

[Conscious Minds: 1]

"What the hell does that mean?" Steve asks in confusion.

"It means Zola had a backup plan in case someone killed him and swiped his data." Peter says as he points to the screen. "Click this please."

[Run Cleaner]

"Uhh... Okay." Steve says as he had his pointer finger to tap the screen.

"Your age is showing, old man." Peter comments as he reaches around and uses the touch pad to click the button himself.

Instantly, a loading bar appeared on the screen, which quickly filled under Steve's curious gaze.

[Clean Successful!]

"There we go." Peter says as he turns the laptop to himself. "Now, let's see what Zola has on Bucky."

As Peter unlocked the data and searched the keyword 'Winter Soldier', Steve invited himself to the other side of the desk and eagerly watched over his shoulder.

"Hmm..." Peter hummed as he scrolled through everything faster than Steve could follow.

"What? Can we help him?" Steve asks impatiently.

"They seem to have used some sort of memory-suppressing machine..." Peter says as he continues to scroll. "Ouch, they performed electroconvulsive therapy on him, which severely damaged his limbic system."

"The limbic system is the part of the brain involved in behavioral and emotional responses, especially when it comes to behaviors needed for survival, like feeding, reproduction, caring for children, and fight or flight responses."

Seeing that Steve barely understood what he was saying, Peter explained in simpler terms.

"Hydra shocked the hell out of him, which made Bucky forget himself while also damaging his brain. They then manipulate his broken mind with images and code words, turning him into the killer he is today."

"Is it fixable?" Steve asks hopefully.

"Yes, but we would need to heal his brain and then have someone like Charles uproot all of his buried memories." Peter nods.

Hearing the confidence in Peter's words, Steve couldn't hold back the smile from forming on his face.

Though it soon disappeared...

"How the hell are we supposed to heal his brain?" Steve asks worriedly, as that sounded complicated.

"..." Thinking for a moment, Peter suddenly remembered something. "Follow me."

Chapter 257: Extremis

Taking the elevator a few floors down, Peter escorted Steve through the halls and security checkpoints before arriving in a spacious laboratory, filled with all sorts of healthy-looking plants.

"Maya, are you here?" Peter called out and moments later a beautiful woman in a lab coat peeked her head out of an office door.

Maya Hansen.

"Is there a problem?" Maya asks as no one but Tony visits her lab.

Speaking of...

Just as Peter was about to speak, the doors behind him swung open and Tony came strolling in

"Hey, I came to check-" Tony froze when he found Peter and Steve in front of him. "What are you two doing here?"

"Good timing." Peter says as he walks over to a nearby table and plugs in a flash drive. "Gather around."

Tapping the table a few times, everyone watched as a projection of a brain appeared in the air.

"What happened to the Limbic System?" Maya noticed the damage immediately.

"It's fried?" Tony commented with a frown.

"This is Bucky's brain." Peter reveals as Tony's frown deepens. "I cracked open the data I stole from Zola and learned what they did to make him like that."

"Who's Bucky?" Maya asks in confusion.

"That's not important right now." Peter says as Tony speaks up.

"They cooked his brain, huh?" He asked.

"Yes, probably beyond repair." Peter says as Maya nods in agreement.

Steve frowned at Peter and Tony's poor choice of words.

"Is this person even alive?" She asks curiously and receives a nod from Peter.

Tapping the table a few times, everyone watched as the live cameras from Bucky's cell appeared.

"That's him." Peter says.

"It's a miracle that he's not a vegetable..." Maya comments as she watches Bucky pace back and forth in his cell.

Captain America's fists tighten at the way they're talking about his best friend.

"Can you heal him?" Peter asks.

After dealing with the whole Extremis situation, Maya was hired as a scientist for the Avengers.

Ever since then, she and Tony have been working on Extremis together, as she wanted all those years ago.

Of course, Pepper wasn't so happy in the beginning, as Maya and Tony had sexual relations in the past, but she soon got over her possessive feelings.

Especially since Maya started dating a certain man, though that's not important right now.

"Maybe..." Maya answers unsurely as she hits a few buttons on the table.

Instantly, a video of an armless monkey projected into the air.

"This is Bubbles." She says as she gestures to the holographic video. "He lost his arm in the local zoo when a tiger escaped into the chimpanzee habitat. Watch..."

Bubbles was strapped down to a table and seemed to be heavily sedated.

Suddenly, a pair of arms appeared in the frame, holding a syringe with a golden honey-like liquid inside.

Screwing the needless syringe into an IV, which was already connected to the monkey's bloodstream, a short countdown was heard before the plunger was pushed in, injecting the golden fluid into the monkey.

"Eek! Eek! Ohhhhh!" Instantly, Bubbles was woken from his sedation and screamed in excruciating pain.

Its body seemed to glow in a red hue for a moment before something miraculous happened.

The stub on its left shoulder that used to be a hairy arm began to morph and grow at an extremely rapid pace.

Within seconds, the monkey's missing arm was grown back and the red hue on its skin simmered down until it completely disappeared.

"Wow..." Steve muttered in awe.

Although the arm was currently hairless, which didn't match the rest of the monkey's body, it was back and looked better than ever.

"Is Bubbles still alive?" Peter asks as he knew the usual end of those who are given Extremis.

"Follow me." Maya says as she leads everyone to an empty room, where a one-way mirror showed a small makeshift habitat for a monkey.

Inside this habitat, Peter could see Bubbles with both of his arms, playing on a tire swing that was attached to a fake tree.

"We've run every test and found nothing wrong with him." Maya says with a proud look on her face. "It's completely stable-"

As she said this, Bubbles suddenly let out a loud burp, though that wasn't the only thing he let out.

A long stream of golden fire shot out of his mouth, shocking everyone in attendance.

"-though we haven't been able to remove the fire powers yet." Maya admits as she planned to make a form of Extremis that only heals, leaving out the superpowers so that the general public could make use of its miraculous healing properties.

"Have you tested it on humans?" Steve asks hopefully. "Because Bucky isn't a monkey."

"..." The look on Maya's face said it all.

They haven't started human trials yet...

"No, but Chimpanzees are our closest relatives in the animal kingdom." Peter says as he turns to Maya and Tony.

"What are the odds of it working on Bucky without a problem?" Peter asks, as they knew more about Extremis than him, though he would look into their research soon enough. 'Fire powers and regeneration would be useful...'

Looking at one another, Tony and Maya communicate with their eyes.

"85%" Maya revealed after a moment of thought.

"That's not good enough." Steve instantly disagreed. "I just got Bucky back and I won't risk his life as a lab rat."

"Steve, 85% is really good." Peter tries to reason with him. "It's better odds than a lot of major surgeries out there."

"..." Steve turned silent and contemplative at Peter's words. "What if someone else tests it first? Would the odds go up then?"

"Yes, but you would be risking your life for no reason." Tony answers with a frown.

'True, but he also gets more superpowers out of it so the pros and cons even out...' Peter thought as he looked at Steve seriously. "Are you sure that you want to do this? You just reunited with Peggy. She would be heartbroken if you were to leave her so soon."

"85% is good odds, right?" Steve throws Peter's words back in his face. "Besides, I can't let Bucky get an edge over me. It wouldn't be right."

Peter couldn't help but chuckle.

"Alright, Maya prep the lab." Peter nods and turns to Maya.

"We're doing it now?" She asks in confusion.

"Yup." Peter says as he turns back to Steve. "Go and talk to Peggy. We'll be ready in an hour."

"Make it two!" Maya yelled as she rushed off to set everything up.

"You heard the lady." Peter says as Steve nods and runs off as well.

"So, we're going to give the trained super assassin that killed my parent's fire powers?" Tony asks sarcastically.

"Yeah, pretty much." Peter responds dumbly.

"Great..." Tony sighs as he follows after Maya to help with the prep work.

-Two Hours Later-

After setting everything up, Steve and Peggy came walking into the lab together, right on time.

"If he dies, there will be hell to pay." Peggy whispers as she passes Peter with a serious yet worried look on her face.

"Is everything ready?" Steve asks as he stood in front of a large padded table, which was covered in all sorts of straps.

"Yeah, take your clothes off and hop on." Maya says and Steve starts pulling his shirt off.

Just as he got to his boxer briefs, Maya spoke up in a hurry.

"That's enough. You can keep your underwear on." She says with a light blush on her cheeks while receiving an evil glare from Peggy.

After all, Steve has the perfect human body, thanks to the Super Soldier Serum, so any woman would feel... attracted.

"Ahem..." Peggy clears her throat. "You won't find my boyfriend's eyes down there."

"S-Sorry..." Maya turns away as Tony laughed at her plight.

"...get on the table." Tony says as he held back his laughter.

"..." Silently doing as he's told, Steve lays on the table, which instantly came to life and strapped him down tightly.

"Comfy?" Tony asks.

"Not at all." Steve admits.

"Good." Tony says as he opens a nearby lab fridge and pulls out a syringe filled with a familiar golden liquid.

"Hold still please." Maya says as she expertly puts an IV into Steve's left arm, and turns to Tony. "Ready when you are."

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Peter asks before Tony could connect the syringe to the IV.

"Do it." Steve answers resolutely.

"Sadly, sedation doesn't work when it comes to this, so you'll have to stay conscious throughout the whole process." Tony explains as he screws the needless syringe into the IV.

"Hit me with your best shot." Steve says, eliciting a smile from Tony.

"Someone's been catching up on their music." Tony says as he presses the plunger, injecting the golden liquid into Steve's arm.

"!" Before Steve could utter another word, he felt a searing pain run up his arm and spread throughout the rest of his body at a rapid pace. "Uggghhh!"

Within seconds, Steve's skin began to glow red, as if he were a cartoon character that ate a very spicy pepper.

"Is that normal?" Peggy asks in worry as she rushes to Steve's side.

"Yes, it should be over soon..." Maya explained as she and Tony nervously watched their work in action.

"Aaahhhhh!" Steve yelled in pain, shooting a long stream of fire from his mouth, as his skin sizzled and smoked with heat.

"..." Everyone watched in silence, hoping for success.

After all, the monkey didn't shoot fire out of its mouth in the video.

...

Almost a minute later, Steve's screams settled down and the redness on his skin slowly faded.

"Ow!" Peggy yelped as she grasped his hand, feeling just how hot he really was. "This will go away, right?"

"Yes." Maya replied as she and Tony started using the many machines in the lab to scan Steve's body.

"D-Did it work..." Steve asks as he groggily tries to stand up, straining against his bindings.

"Yes, but stay on the table!" Maya shouts as she heard the metal restraints groan from Steve's strength.

Steve didn't listening and continued to try and stand, though thankfully Peggy was there to help.

"Steve. Steve, look at me!" She gets his attention by grasping his head and burning her hands in the process. "You need to relax, okay..."

As Peggy was doing her work, Maya and Tony ran every scan they could, looking for the slightest red flag.

Thankfully, they found none.

Once Steve's body cooled down, they took multiple samples, such as blood, flesh, hair, and saliva.

Peggy watched in awe as Steve healed instantly after the blood and flesh were taken.

"Amazing..." She muttered.

"How is it?" Peter asks as Tony and Maya look over the data from the samples.

"It worked..." Maya says proudly as she collapses into her chair with a relieved sigh.

"Of course, it worked." Tony says with his trademark smirk.

"Good." Steve speaks up as he lifts his head to look Peter in the eyes. "Because it's Bucky's turn now."

Chapter 258: Long Awaited 'Talk'

Checking the clock, Peter saw that he still had some time before he needed to return to the Guardians.

"Alright." Peter agreed as he turned to Maya and Tony. "Do you have enough Extremis for another go?"

...

While Tony and Maya prepared everything once again, Peter was tasked with retrieving the brainwashed super-assassin from his cell.

Since Bucky wouldn't come willingly, Peter didn't even bother talking and simply opened a portal under him, dumping him straight onto the same table Steve just occupied only moments ago.

"Ugh!" Bucky grunted as he hit the table.

Before he could fully assess the situation, the table straps tightened around his arms and legs.

groan...

The metal bindings creaked and groaned under the pressure of Bucky's enhanced strength.

"Let's fix that..." Peter says as he waves his hand.

Instantly, golden markings appeared on the metal restraints, reinforcing them to a crazy degree.

"Aagghhh!" Bucky shouted as he did his best to break out.

Sadly, the metal wasn't making any sounds anymore and wouldn't break any time soon either.

"You could have done that earlier." Peggy comments from the side as she iced her red hands.

"Sorry..." Peter says as Bucky continues to yell and scream. "Okay, that's enough."

With a snap of Peter's fingers, the room instantly becomes silent, though just by looking, everyone could see that Bucky was still screaming like a madman.

"That's useful." Steve mutters as Peggy nodded beside him.

"You won't be needing this either." Peter says as Bucky's metal arm disappeared.

...

Similar to Steve, Bucky went through the same process without any problems.

He even shot fire from his mouth as well.

Though one thing was different.

Just like Bubbles the monkey, Bucky's lost arm grew back in a matter of seconds, which made Steve happy, as he blames himself for everything wrong with his best friend.

Once the process was completed, Steve rushed up to Bucky's side to check on his wellbeing.

After all, there was a lot of screaming.

Although they couldn't hear it this time around, thanks to Peter's spell, everyone could still see Bucky screaming in silent agony the entire time.

"Bucky, can you hear me?" Steve asks, hoping his healed brain may help jog some memories. "Do you remember who I am?"

As Bucky groggily peered up at him, Steve felt he may have remembered something, though those thoughts were swiftly stomped out as the Winter Soldier lunged his head forward, smashing it against Steve's waiting face.

"Agh!?" Steve was knocked backward as he held his bleeding nose.

"I told you that we still need to unearth his suppressed memories. Simply healing him isn't enough." Peter says as he turns to Tony and Maya. "Scan his brain to make sure his Limbic System is actually healed."

"On it." Maya nods and gets to work.

...

After going through some scans, a 3D image of Bucky's brain was projected for everyone to see.

"It's healed..." Steve sighs in relief as the damage that he saw earlier was now nowhere to be seen.

"Good work everyone." Peter says as he opens a portal below Bucky, sending him tumbling back into his cell.

Seeing the worried look on Steve's face, Peter rolled his eyes.

"He's in his cell." Peter explains as pulls up the live footage, showing Bucky breathing fire at the glass of his cell, trying to escape. "See, now go and rest. You've just been through a tiring procedure."

"What about Bucky?" Steve asks, eager to help his friend.

"I need to talk to Charles about that and he doesn't like invading other people's minds, so it may take a bit." Peter explains with a sigh.

"Just let me know when Charles comes to the Tower. I'll help convince him." Steve says and receives a nod from Peter as he and Peggy leave to get some rest.

As soon as they were gone, Peter turns to Tony.

"You ready for your conversation?" Peter asks.

"Yeah, thanks for keeping Capcicle out of it." Tony says as he could tell that Peter was covering for him.

"No problem. It's the least I can do." Peter says as he opens a portal. "Meet me at Bucky's cell and I'll bring Charles to fix his memories. Once he's done, you can have Bucky all to yourself."

"Thank you." Tony says genuinely.

"Of course, just remember no killing, okay?" Peter reminds him.

At the end of the day, Peter knew that this wouldn't actually be a conversation. Tony and Bucky would fight, and hopefully, come to some sort of understanding.

And with Bucky's newfound regeneration, Tony could kick the cr*p out of him as much as he wanted without any issue.

"I know." Tony nodded as Peter stepped through the portal and disappeared.

"Tony? Are you okay?" Maya came back into the room and asks, as Tony seemed to be in a daze.

"Do we have another dose of Extremis?" He asked over his shoulder.

"Umm, yeah. Why?" Maya confirms as she checks the fridge.

Staying silent, Tony hopped into the table and was immediately strapped down.

"Give it to me."

Stepping out of the portal, Peter arrived in Professor Xavier's office, where the Professor was currently doing paperwork at his desk.

"How can I help you, Spider-Man." Charles asks as he continues to sift through papers.

"I need you to help someone with suppressed memories..." Peter says as he explains Bucky's situation.

...

"I see..." Charles says as he stands from his desk and looks toward Peter expectantly. "Let's go. I have a lot of work to get back to, so we might as well get this over with as quickly as possible."

Although Peter wasn't lying when he told Steve that Charles didn't like invading other people's minds, he may have misled him a little bit.

Charles has no problem invading the mind of another, as long as it's for their own good.

Luckily, a broken and brainwashed super-assassin was right up the Professor's alley.

'Sorry, Steve. But I promised Tony some alone time and you would never agree to that.'

...

Stepping through a portal with Charles following closely behind, Peter appeared in between Bucky and Blonsky's cells.

"Spider-Man!" Blonsky exclaimed as he rushed to the glass wall of his cell. "Can I become an Avenger now or what?"

Blonsky was very eager to leave his cell.

"?" Charles looked at Peter in confusion.

"I'll explain later." Peter says as he turns to Blonsky. "Not right now. I have a meeting with your neighbor."

"Eh?" Blonsky grunted in disappointment. "Fine but hurry it up, will you? I'm dying to see some sunlight again."

"I'll bring your situation up in the next Council meeting, I promise." Peter says as he walks over to the controls and isolated Blonsky's cell.

Instantly, his cell was muted and the glass became foggy, blocking him from seeing outside for the time being.

"Alright, sorry about that." Peter says as he and Charles turn to see Bucky shooting a stream of fire in their direction.

Thankfully, the glass separating them is extremely strong and heat resistant, so no flame that he can produce would ever work against it.

"You didn't say anything about this." Charles comments.

"The fire is new." Peter says as he turns to see a curious look on the Professor's face. "He's not a meta-human if that's what you're thinking."

"I see..." Charles nods in confusion.

"Can you do it from here, or should I put him to sleep so you can go inside?" Peter asks.

"I got it." Charles says as Bucky suddenly collapses to the floor unconscious. "Open it up."

Tapping a few buttons on the control panel, the cell swings open and Charles strolls inside.

"Let's see..." Charles mutters as he sits beside Bucky and places his hand on his forehead.

As soon as he touched Bucky's head, it was like both of them froze in time, remaining completely still for minutes at a time.

Silence filled the cell as Peter waited patiently for Charles to finish whatever he was currently doing.

...

Soon enough, Peter heard the sound of footsteps headed his way.

"Hey, is he-" Tony appears, looking oddly disheveled compared to before.

"Shh!" Peter shushes him and points inside the cell, where Charles was working his magic.

Taking a minute to eye him up and down, Peter could see that Tony's clothes were slightly out of place and his body was covered in a thin layer of sweat.

Not only that, but he was giving off a lot of heat as well.

'Did he think I wouldn't notice?' Peter wondered as he instantly figured out that Tony took a dose of Extremis.

Most likely in preparation for the fight to come...

As Peter was thinking this, Bucky started to whimper and shake in his sleep, as if he was having some sort of seizure.

"Uhhh..." Bucky groaned as a few stray tears rolled down his cheeks.

As this was happening, a frown formed on the professor's face and didn't leave it for the remainder of the process.

This continued for a few minutes before Bucky suddenly calmed down and slept peacefully.

"He's been through a lot..." Charles comments as he felt nothing but pity for Bucky.

"I know." Peter nods in understanding. "Is it done? Are his memories back?"

"Yes, when he wakes up, Bucky should remember everything about himself. Both good and bad." Charles clarifies as he steps out of the cell.

"Thank you." Peter says as he opens a portal. "I know you have a lot of work to do, so don't let me hold you from it any longer."

"No problem. It's times like these where I can appreciate this intrusive power of mine." Charles says as he steps through the portal and ends up back in his office.

Snapping the portal shut after saying farewell, Peter turned to Tony, who was silently staring at Bucky in contemplation.

"Go ahead." Peter says as he motions to the open cell. "I'll lock you both inside."

"..." Without uttering a single word, Tony enters the cell, which locks tightly behind him. "You can go now, Peter."

"Sure, remember-"

"No killing, I know." Tony finishes Peter's words, as he's heard them a million times already.

Walking down the hall, Peter waits until he's out of sight before turning invisible and backtracking to the cell once again.

-In the Cell-

As the cell locked itself shut and Peter walked away, Tony had no idea what he was going to do.

At first, he planned to trick Peter into allowing him the chance to kill Bucky with his own hands, but did he really want that?

'He's been through a lot...' Charles' words replay in his mind.

After learning all that Bucky has been through, and looking him up out of curiosity for his enemy, Tony couldn't help but feel pity for the man.

Though that pity soon faded when he recalled the image of his father's caved-in skull and his mother struggling for air.

"Rise and shine!" Tony exclaims as he gets a running start and kicks Bucky's head like a soccer ball.

Killing or not, Tony would decide that after showing him 1000 times the pain his parents felt in their dying moments.

"Ugh!" Bucky woke with a start as he was punted across the cell and smacked into the glass wall.
'...where am I?'

Leaning against the cell wall, Bucky froze as every suppressed memory he ever had came crashing down on him.

From the happy blissful days as an oblivious child to the sickening assassinations of innocent people, Bucky remembered everything.

"What have I done..." He muttered in horror as he started shaking.

"Get up!" Tony yelled as he waited in the center of the cell. "I'm not done with you yet."

Chapter 259: Beef Squashed

"Wait!" Bucky held his hands up, hoping to calm the situation somehow.

"No." Tony stalks forward and grabs Bucky by the neck.

Lifting him off of the ground with a single hand, Tony chokes Bucky who was still in a state of confusion and refused to fight back.

"S-Stop..." Bucky struggles to speak as he grasped Tony's arm.

"Did you stop when my mother begged you to?" Tony asks as his grip on Bucky's neck tightened. "Could my father even speak as you beat his head in?"

Copying the actions he saw in the video of his parents' deaths, Tony made use of his free hand and started raining super-powered punches down on Bucky's face.

Blow after blow, Bucky's face started to contort and bleed, though it was soon covered in a golden light, which healed any wounds he incurred in a matter of seconds.

Seeing Extremis do its work, Tony took it as a challenge and quickened his pace, hoping to out-damage Bucky's healing ability.

After almost a minute of gasping for air and being berated by heavy punches, Bucky had enough and pulled his leg up, sending a powerful kick to his attacker's stomach.

Instantly, Tony was forced to drop Bucky as he tumbled backward, holding his stomach in pain.

"...Wait ..." Bucky gasps as he fell to the floor, breathing heavily to fill his oxygen-deprived lungs. "... You're... Tony Stark?"

'Did you stop when my mother begged you to?' Tony's words echoed in his mind. 'Could my father even speak as you beat his head in?'

Realization dawned on him as the chilling memory of murdering Howard and Maria Stark surfaced in Bucky's mind.

"I killed your parents..." Bucky muttered in shame and disgust with himself and his actions.

"Just figured it out, huh?" Tony scoffs as he picks himself off the ground. "Get up."

Bucky remained seated on the floor, staring up at Tony in both sympathy and shame.

"Get up!" Tony yelled angrily, though Bucky didn't budge. "I said, GET UP!"

"Just kill me." Bucky said as he waited patiently on the ground. "That's what you're here for, right? Just get it over with. I deserve it."

After seeing all of his horrible actions throughout the years, Bucky was already feeling suicidal, so having Tony here to do the dirty work for him was a win-win for both sides.

One wanted revenge while the other wanted to repent.

Glaring down at Bucky, Tony's hands gripped into tight fists.

"..." Letting out a frustrated sigh, Tony turned away from Bucky and called out. "Open the cell. I'm done."

Bucky looked up at Tony in shock as the cell door swung open.

"Wait! Kill me, I won't resist." Bucky practically begs as Tony ignored him and continued his way out of the cell.

"No." Tony said as he turned to look Bucky straight in the eyes. "You want to die."

The look on Bucky's face was more than enough to confirm Tony's statement.

"Killing you would be mercy." Tony says as the cell seals itself shut. "You don't deserve my mercy. No, you deserve to live every day of your long life, hating everything about yourself."

Bucky just sat in his cage with a dumb look on his face.

He didn't want to be alive anymore. The screams of his victims seemed to always fill his mind, throwing him into a crippling depression.

Without another word, Tony turned away and marched down the hall, leaving Bucky to stew in his cell.

"Wait! Come back!" Bucky scrambled to the sealed door of his cell and started banging on it. "Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!... please kill me."

Peter stayed behind long enough to see Bucky breakdown into tears, hoping for someone to end his suffering.

'It's a good thing that every cell is made to be suicide-proof...!' Peter thought sadly as he rushed to catch up with Tony.

...

"You knew I was there." Peter says as he followed Tony into the elevator and removed his invisibility.

"You were too worried that I'd kill him." Tony solemnly stared forward.

"Can you blame me?" Peter looked at Tony worriedly. "Are you okay?"

"No, but I will be."

After dropping Tony off with Pepper, who is far better equipped to handle Tony's emotions, Peter stood outside Steve's apartment door.

'I feel like a kid who's about to get an earful from his parents...!' Peter thought as he hesitated for a moment before knocking on the door.

"Yeah?" Peggy asked as the door swung open, finding Peter on the other side. "Did Charles agree to help?"

"Yeah..." Peter says as he peeks inside the door. "Is Steve awake?"

"Yes, I am!" Steve eagerly rushes to the door. "Is Charles here already?"

"About that..." Peter sighs heavily as he explains what happened as well as his deception.

...

As he finished speaking, the piercing glares of two super soldiers weighed down on him.

Peter's heart might have been in the right place, as his actions settled the mounting tension between Tony and Bucky, but it was hard for them to see it that way.

pow!

Suddenly, Steve wound his fist back and socked Peter across the face.

Of course, Peter could have easily dodged it but chose to remain still and take the hit.

He deserved it for deceiving them, after all.

"Where's Bucky?" Peggy asks flatly as Steve seemed to realize what he just did and froze.

"In his cell." Peter says as Peggy grabs Steve's hand and pulls him down the hall without another word. "Wait!"

Stopping in their tracks, Steve and Peggy turn to look over their shoulders.

"He's suicidal." Peter reveals with a frown. "If you want him to live past the night, don't let him out. He won't be able to do anything to himself in the cell, especially with his new regeneration."

Nodding her head, Peggy pulls Steve away in a rush to check on Bucky.

'That went about as well as it could have.' Peter sighed as he opened a portal to his house. 'I still have a couple of hours to kill before the Guardians arrive on Xanov...'

When Steve and Peggy arrived at Bucky's cell, they found him sitting in the corner by the door, staring off into the distance.

"Bucky?" Steve tapped the glass.

"!?" Bucky instantly recognized who it was.

Turning to look, he saw both Steve and Peggy looking at him with hopeful eyes.

"Do you remember me?" Steve asks.

"Yeah..." Bucky sounded devoid of all happiness.

"Where did we meet?" Steve asks just to make sure.

A small, almost unnoticeable smile formed on Bucky's lips as he recalled one of his fonder memories, which managed to drown out all of the bad for just a single moment.

"You were getting your scrawny a*s handed to you by a few neighborhood bullies." Bucky's voice held a fond touch to it this time around. "I stepped in and gave them a dose of their own medicine."

"You're back!" Steve exclaims as he rushes to open the cell.

As the cell door swung open, Steve practically ran inside and pulled Bucky into his arms.

(A/N: Truly, a bromance for the ages 😭)

"I missed you, buddy." Steve says as Bucky stiffened for a moment before reluctantly returning the hug.

"..." Bucky eyed the open cell door as they separated. "Can I leave?"

"Uhh..." Steve hesitated as he looked toward Peggy.

"No." Peggy answered resolutely as she stood in the doorway, blocking the path out. "It'll be safer for you in here."

"If this is about Stark, then we already settled it." Bucky argues.

"No, Bucky." Steve says with a shake of his head. "It's about you."

"We know you're suicidal." Peggy states bluntly.

Turning over his shoulder, Steve looked at her as if to say 'really?'

"What? Tiptoeing around the subject won't solve anything." Peggy rolls her eyes and turns to Bucky, who was currently looking down in shame. "It's okay, Bucky. You've been through a lot. We'll find you a good psychologist and maybe get you some anti-depressants as well."

"And once your feeling better, we'll go out on the town and visit all of our spots." Steve says in support. "Did you know Joe's pizza is still open? They closed Freddie's about 20 years ago though."

"Sure, sounds good..." Bucky hesitantly agreed as he did all he could to hold himself back from rushing out of the door.

He knew that he wouldn't get far anyway.

"Good." Steve smiled happily as he walked over to close the door, locking all three of them inside. "No one said you have to be alone in here."

"Thanks, Steve..."

While Steve and Peggy were spending the night with Bucky, hoping to help him through what's probably the worst point in his entire life, it was finally time for Peter to return to space.

After tucking Lily into bed and saying goodbye to his loved ones, Peter donned his suit and opened a portal.

...

Stepping back into Quill's ship, Peter found all of the Guardians sitting around the room, glaring at one another.

Groot was missing some of his bark.

Gamora looked a lot more p*ssed than usual.

Drax had all sorts of doodles drawn on his face, though he didn't seem to notice.

Quill's face and arms were littered with small animal scratches.

And lastly, Rocket was missing clumps of his fur, as if someone pulled them out by the fist full.

"What the hell happened while I was gone?"

Chapter 260: Hypnosis

"What the hell happened while I was gone?" Peter asks as everyone started complaining all at once.

...

After hearing everyone throw their complaints at him, Peter let out a sigh as he put the puzzle pieces together.

"Let me get this straight." Peter speaks as all of them finished whining. "All of this started because you guys couldn't decide on sleeping arrangements?"

After Peter left, Groot was able to separate Quill and Rocket, though the petty arguments didn't stop there.

Soon enough, it came time to decide who slept where and the ship only had two bedrooms.

Of course, Quill being the love-struck man he is, offered the guest room to Gamora, leaving his bedroom as the only other option.

Luckily, Drax didn't mind and fell asleep on one of the couch-like benches alongside Groot, who didn't need much in terms of comfort to get a good night's sleep.

The only problem left was Rocket, who refused to sleep anywhere else but Quill's bed and wouldn't share.

Quill instantly refused and a fight broke out between the two, which eventually woke everyone up.

Groot was the one to break up the scuffle, though he took a small bit of damage in the process.

Whilst Peter was trying to figure out how to deal with this, both Quill and Rocket were sneaking peeks at Drax and doing their best to hold back their laughter.

'They must have done that to Drax before the fight broke out.' Peter thought as he saw a veiny p*nis drawn on Drax's forehead. "Drax, go and wash your face."

"Huh?" He grunts in confusion as he touches his cheek. "Is there food on my face?"

The low snickering of both of his assailants could be heard, causing Drax to grow even more confused.

"You'll see, just go to the bathroom." Peter says as Drax walks off, wondering what the hell's going on.

"While he's washing the graffiti off, I'll add some rooms to the ship so everyone can have their own sleeping space." Peter says as a loud shout could be heard from the nearby bathroom.

"Scoundrels!" Drax sounded p*ssed.

Before heading off to remodel the ship, Peter looked toward Quill and Rocket, who seemed nervous after hearing Drax's reaction to their little prank.

"If I were you, I'd either apologize and hope he forgives you, or find somewhere to hide until things blow over." Peter says as he walks off.

"Quill! Rocket!"

An hour later, Peter used his knowledge of the mystic arts to swiftly remodel the ship, turning the two bedrooms as well as some unused storage space into 6 medium-sized bedrooms with their own personal bathrooms.

One for each of member of the crew.

Although Peter didn't exactly need a room, as he could easily portal home and sleep, he made one for himself anyway.

'Maybe I'll give it to Mantis if she still joins the crew.' Peter thought as he arrived at the cockpit and caught sight of the busy space-faring planet of Xanov growing closer and closer. "Looks like you guys won't be getting back to sleep just yet."

"What did you do to my baby?!" Quill exclaims as he finally saw all of rooms Peter constructed.

He was far too busy hiding from Drax until now to notice.

"What? If we're going to be a crew, then everyone needs their own room." Peter says as Quill came storming over.

"Who the hell said we would be a crew?" Quill asked as he complained. "My bedroom is half the size it was before and most of the storage room is gone!"

"You didn't need that much space and the storage room was completely empty, to begin with." Peter argues with a shrug.

"That's not the point!" Quill shouts in exasperation as a faint beeping sound could be heard from the controls.

"We got an incoming transmission from the Fascist Corps!" Rocket yells as he hesitates to answer the call.

"Answer it." Peter leaves Quill to his tantrum and joins Rocket at a large screen, which lit up just in time for his arrival.

An older pink-skinned man in a Nova Corps uniform appeared, eyeing Rocket and Peter suspiciously.

"Unidentified Milano M-class ship, wait patiently while a patrol ship is dispatched for inspection. Failure to do so will result in your fiery deaths." The soldier warned with a stern glare.

"Damn Nova scum..." Rocket mutters just loud enough for the man to hear.

"Hello, I'm Spider-Man." Peter ignores Rocket's attitude and introduces himself. "Irani Rael should have informed your superiors about my arrival?"

"Please hold." He says as the screen darkens.

"I'm gonna clean my guns." Rocket turns and walks off. "Let me know when we land!"

Seconds after Rocket left, the screen lit up again, and a man who looked to be a much higher rank than the last appeared.

"My apologies for the harsh welcome." The orange-skinned man says with a reverent look on his face. "Ever since the Sons of Ronan appeared, we've had to up the planet's security by a large margin."

"It's no problem." Peter nods understandingly.

"That's good to hear." The Nova Official seemed to sigh in relief. "If you wait in your current position, I'll dispatch a couple of patrol ships to escort you to our headquarters."

"Sounds good. Please prepare all of the relevant information on the Sons of Ronan in the meantime. I'd like to get started as soon as we land."

...

Only 10 minutes later, two patrol ships painted in the colors of the Nova Corps appeared and escorted them to the Capital city of Xanov, Veirus.

"Finally, I can wet my blades with the Sons of Ronan!" Drax exclaims as he holds his dual knives at the ready.

"Well, we have to find them first." Peter says as they land at this planet's Nova Corps main base.

Stepping out of the ship, Peter and the Guardians were greeted by a congregation of high-level officials, who were being led by the orange-skinned man from earlier.

"Welcome!" He says as all of the officials look at Peter in either awe or skepticism. "Please follow me. I've prepared everything as you asked."

"Lead the way." Peter says as they're led into the building.

"As you already know, the Sons of Ronan have terrorized our planet ever since you killed Ronan and his men." The orange man explains as he hands a handheld tablet to Peter. "We've managed to capture a few of their members, but they're all fanatics who would never betray their 'cause'."

"Can't we just round up all of the Kree on the planet?" Quill asks as Peter scrolls through all of the information on the tablet.

"Sadly, no." The man shakes his head. "Although our Kree citizens make up the lowest percentage of our population, that number is still in the millions. We don't have the manpower or the authority to detain millions of law-abiding citizens."

"Where are these prisoners?" Peter asks as finished reading and handed the tablet over to Gamora.

"Follow me." The Nova official in charge says and leads them out of the room.

...

"This is our high-security prison." He says as they pass multiple security checkpoints before finding themselves strolling through the halls of what looked like a high-tech solitary confinement wing. "Each of these cells holds members of the Sons of Ronan."

Gesturing to the sealed doors, the orange man waits patiently for whatever Peter would ask next.

"Hmm..." Peter thought for a moment. "Which one is the highest level member?"

"This one." He replies instantly.

"Open it up." Peter practically orders.

"Are you sure?" The man asks but Peter simply nods. "Alright... Open cell 6257!"

Beep!

A brief high-pitched sound is heard as the door swings open, revealing a scar-faced blue Kree man, sitting on the toilet with his pants around his ankles.

"That's disgusting..." Rocket comments harshly.

"I am Groot." Groot nods in agreement.

"Finish your business quickly." Peter says awkwardly as he swiftly closed the door.

...

Minutes later, the door opened once again and thankfully this time the man was fully clothed and off the toilet.

"Let's try this again, shall we?" Peter says as he strolls into the cell. "I'll ask once, where's the base of operations for the Sons of Ronan?"

"..." The man smirked and simply remained silent.

"Okay, let's start the fun."

...

After his door was sealed shut once again and he was left alone, the scarred Kree man could hear the screams of his comrades, who most likely chose to remain silent as well.

For days at a time, the Kree man was forced to listen to the excruciating wails of his people, growing antsy with everyone passing moment.

'Why have they left me alone?' He thought in confusion and dread for what was to come.

Boom!

Suddenly, the screams stopped and a huge explosion rocked his cell, tearing a hole in the wall big enough for him to fit through.

"Thian!" A voice called from the other side of the hole.

"Gerin? Is that you?" The scarred Kree prisoner asked as he rushed up to the hole.

"Who else would it be?" The voice replied gruffly. "I'm here to save you, hurry up."

"What about the others?" Thian asks in hesitation.

"They're all dead, Thian." The voice says in sadness. "You have to hurry! We don't have much time."

Listening to the voice, Thian rushes through the hole just in time for his cell door to bust open with Nova guards swarming inside.

...

"What did you do to him?" Gamora asks Peter as he stood in front of the scarred Kree prisoner, who was currently staring forward in a hypnotic trance.

Peter never left the cell and only a few minutes passed since he stepped inside.

As soon as the prisoner refused to speak, he quickly formed a spell circle, which shot into the man's forehead and sent him spiraling into a fantasy world of Peter's choosing.

"Quiet." Peter shushed the crowd of onlookers as he stared into the dazed eyes of his mind-scrambled victim. "You have to escape, Thian. Find your comrades and bring about the future that Ronan dreamed of."

"I have to escape? Ronan's dream..." He mutters hazily.

"Yes, but where will you escape? The Sons of Ronan need you. They're hopeless without you. You need to find them as soon as possible." Everyone watched in shock as Peter manipulated the prisoner with ease.

"They need me..." He uttered.

"Yes, now where will you go?" Peter asks.

"T-The Provincial Tower, floor 217." He reveals.

Although he got what he wanted, Peter didn't stop there. No, he kept pushing for more and more information.

Peter constantly changed the scenario unfolding in Thian's mind, dragging the hypnotized Kree terrorist on a crazy journey whilst draining him dry of all relevant information along the way.

Throughout Peters manipulation, he was able to get 8 different locations, such as bases and safe houses, as well as the names and addresses of over 16 high level members of the Sons of Ronan.

And it took less than 30 minutes.

"Sleep." Peter orders as the man collapse onto his bed like a puppet without strings.

"That's the scariest sh*t I've ever seen..." Quill comments as everyone couldn't help but nod their heads in agreement.