

Spider-Man 291

Chapter 291: Blasted to Dust!

'I may need to get out of here...' The Grandmaster thought as he quickly and quietly left his throne, rushing to the nearest exit.

"Where are you going?" Peter asked as the Grandmaster ran face first into a hard wall.

"Ugh!" He grunted as he fell to the floor and craned his neck upward.

The door that he was running to was now gone and replaced with a flat wall as if the exit was never there to begin with.

"?!" The Grandmaster seemed confused for a moment before scrambling back to his feet and looking around the room.

Each door leading into and out of the room had completely disappeared.

Even the exit of the welcome ride was gone.

"What the-" The Grandmaster muttered as he turned and locked his eyes on Peter, who was lounging on the couch beside Genie.

"As the host of this party, it's very rude to leave before your guests." Peter comments as he waves his hand.

Instantly, the Grandmaster fell through a portal and landed butt-first back on his throne.

"How..." He muttered in shock.

The portal was one thing, as Peter already showed him that power when he sent Gamora away, but sealing up the entire room was another.

The Grandmaster has been alive almost just as long as his brother, the Collector, yet he's never met anyone that could do such a thing.

'It's almost like he's bending reality...' The Grandmaster thought to himself.

Though that's just about as far as his thoughts on the situation went.

Unlike his brother, the Grandmaster has lived the majority of his life trapped in Sakaar, leaving him clueless about the existence of the Infinity Stones.

Which was good for Peter, as he didn't need anyone spilling that information just yet.

'Tony would whine about me not sharing my all-powerful toys with him if he found out...' Peter thought as he rolled his eyes. "Magic. Now sit tight and wait until the fight is over. We'll decide what to do with you then."

Peter dragged his gaze away from the shocked dictator as Pepper and Rhodes walked over.

Peter watched as their armor retracted back into the glowing arc reactors on their chests.

"Wow, looking good." He gave them an impressed whistle. "I didn't know Tony was working on nanotechnology."

"You wouldn't, would you?" Tony said accusingly as he strolled over, dragging Bi-Beast's headless body along with him. "Because you're too busy having space adventures without me."

Peter instantly let out a tired sigh.

Yeah, he could have brought Tony along to meet the Guardians, but with Thanos and the Infinity Stones involved, he thought it best not to.

"I'm sorry?" Peter apologized questioningly.

On one hand, he felt bad for leaving out his friend, but on the other hand, it wasn't Peter's job to involve Tony in every facet of his chaotic life.

"You should be." Tony nods as his armor disappeared. "So, what's with the girl? Are you thinking of cheating on Silk? You can tell me. I won't spill your dirty adulterous secrets. Bros before hoes-"

whack!

Pepper slapped Tony upside the head as he took a seat beside Peter, rubbing his sore spot and kicking his feet up on top of Bi-Beast's headless body.

"No, I think she'll make a good Avenger. That's all." Peter shook his head as he turned his attention back to Topaz and Brunnhilde.

"See? Not everyone's a sick pervert like you." Pepper glared at Tony as Topaz was thrown into a pillar, destroying it upon impact. "Shouldn't we step in and stop them?"

"Nah, they seem to have some sort of bad blood between them, so let them settle it on their own." Peter shrugged as Brunnhilde knocked the spear out of her opponent's hands.

"Who's this?" Tony asks as he turns to Genie, who was screaming at the fighters as if he was a coach in the UFC.

"Genie. He's a friend of mine..." Peter gave Tony a made-up backstory as they watched the fight.

At this point in the match, both sides have lost their weapons.

Brunnhilde managed to knock the spear from Topaz's hands, and immediately tossed her Dragonfang aside, evening the odds once again.

Based on the injuries to both sides, Brunnhilde was winning by a landslide.

Topaz was covered in bruises and a few cuts as she huffed and puffed for air, exhausted from the fight thus far.

Meanwhile, Brunnhilde only had a few minor injuries and appeared raring to go.

'I guess that's the difference between an Asgardian physiology and the rest of the universe.' Peter thought.

He didn't know what species of alien Topaz was, but it certainly didn't stack up against an Asgardian.

Especially now that Brunnhilde has completely sobered up.

She hasn't had a sip of alcohol since Peter captured her, and Asgardians have a much higher metabolism than most alien races, so she sobered up fairly quickly.

"Oh, that's gotta hurt." Genie winced as Brunnhilde grabbed Topaz by the hair and slammed her head into the floor.

"I think that ends it." Peter muttered as Topaz remained unmoving on the cracked floor.

Standing from his seat, Peter walked over to Brunnhilde, who retrieved her sword after her victory.

"Will you finish her off?" He asked.

Of course, Peter doesn't enjoy killing, but he has zero empathy for the Grandmaster and anyone related to him.

'Some sort of evil villain gene must run in the family...' He thought as both he and his brother turned out to be psychos in their own weird ways.

One would do anything to grow his collection, which included slaves, while the other seemed to revel in forcing slaves to fight to the death while collecting Champions to battle in his name.

"No, she's not worth the rust on my blade." Brunnhilde replied as she sheathed Dragonfang and looked toward the Grandmaster.

"142, come on. It's me." The man in question started to plead as he had no other way out. "We go way back, don't we? You can't just serve me up to die, right?"

"..." Brunnhilde remained silent for a moment before turning back to Peter. "He's all yours. I'll keep that favor for the time being."

Her voice held no remorse for her former employer.

Brunnhilde spent many years on Sakaar and although she and the Grandmaster met many times for business, she never grew to like him very much.

After all, it's hard to sympathize with a dictator who runs his nation through slavery.

He didn't even know her real name...

"Sure." Peter shrugged as he turned to the Grandmaster, who sat speechless while tightly gripping the armrests of his throne.

"Wait! We can talk about this, can't we? I'm a lot more valuable alive, I assure you. How would you like to be the Grand Duke of Sakaar, huh? I can make that happen..." He started rambling about everything he could give away in exchange for his life, nobility included.

"What's with this guy and the word Grand?" Tony asks as he walks over. "Grandmaster, Grand Arena, Grand Duke..."

"I don't think he has a very good naming sense." Peter nodded in agreement.

"True, he's been calling me Scrapper 142 for almost a thousand years." Brunnhilde added from the side.

"You're a thousand years old!?" Pepper exclaimed in shock. "What's your skincare routine?"

Ignoring Tony's girlfriend, who rushed over to pester Brunnhilde, Peter turned back to deal with the Grandmaster.

"Wait, he tried to enslave us so I'll do it." Tony says as a liquid metal pours over his arm and forms into a red and gold glove with a repulsive at the palm.

"Wait! We can talk about this! There's a lot you don't know about-" The Grandmaster shouted as Tony's palm brightened.

Vsss... Bang

The thruster on Tony's palm charged up before firing off a thick pillar of blue light, which enveloped the entire throne.

The attack was so powerful that it tore through the throne and melted a hole in the floor-to-ceiling windows behind it as well.

Outside of the Grandmasters Palace, the whole city lit up, attracting everyone's attention as they wondered what the hell was going on.

"Damn..." Peter uttered as the blue pillar of light disappeared, leaving behind nothing but a gaping hole, some ashes, and a few burnt pieces of the Grandmaster's yellow robe. "That attack wasn't always that crazy. You really upgraded, huh?"

"Well, I added some runes to reinforce the suit, so it could handle a higher output without melting." Tony explained as his armored glove morphs, revealing countless lines of tiny runes.

"Wow. Looks like I wasn't wrong when I said runes would be your greatest asset." Peter admired his friend's craftsmanship.

"So what now?" Rhodes walked up and asked. "Should we just leave?"

"No!" Tony refused instantly.

"?" Everyone, including Peter, looked at Tony in confusion.

"We can't leave." Tony states with a determined look in his eyes. "This place is a goldmine. There's enough tech and materials on this rock to take over the universe! Not that I want to do that, but I refuse to leave any of it behind."

"And how do you plan to do that?" Peter asked incredulously.

Although he saw the appeal, the work to accomplish what Tony wants is astronomical.

"Well, first we need a new king."

Chapter 292: New Sakaar

"First, we need a new king." Tony said matter of factly.

And as soon as those words left his mouth everyone turned to look toward Peter for some odd reason.

"No, not happening." He instantly denied.

"What? You like this kind of stuff, don't you?" Tony whined as he didn't want to take on the responsibility, only rake in all of the rewards. "I mean, you practically run the Avengers. Why not become a king while you're at it?"

Peter looked at his friend as if he were mentally deficient.

"Because I already have a million other responsibilities. As you said, I run the Avengers, and that's a full-time job. Not to mention my hero work, my girlfriend, my kid, and now I have a new group of space heroes to look after. I seriously don't have the time for this even if I do like the idea of becoming king of an entire planet." Peter ended his rant with an exasperated sigh.

"Spider-Man has a child?" Rhodes muttered in disbelief.

"Yes, and I would like to keep what little time I have to spend with her." Peter adds as Tony starts to lose hope in his plan.

"But... This planet is heaven..." Tony said as he looked out of the window toward the never-ending hills of resources in the distance. "It's a never-ending tech mine. We can't just let it go."

...

The room went silent as everyone could feel how important this was to Tony. There are only a few things in this world that could truly move Iron Man's heart, and this planet seemed to be one of them.

"Well, as I see it, we have three options." Peter says after a moment of thought.

"?" Everyone turned to him, especially Tony who looked very eager to hear what his friend had to say.

"First, We could allow the people to vote on their next ruler and cultivate a good relationship with that person. Once there's some trust between us, we can trade for the junk you want." Peter says though Tony didn't seem that enthusiastic about it.

"I feel like that would take forever..." Tony complained as he wanted to start carting off his tech today.

"Second, we could pick someone from the Avengers to run the place under the Organizations banner, though we would be losing the exclusive rights to your precious hills of space trash." Peter offers another option.

"Hey, it's not trash." Tony counters as he thinks it over. "Would I still get first picks for the tech brought in?"

"I don't know. We would have to call a council meeting to decide that, though I can tell you now that Fury and Erik are greedy b*stards. They won't let you horde all of the good stuff to yourself." Peter shrugs.

"What's the last one?" Tony asks, hoping it's better than the first two options.

"Third, we could portal every Sakaaran off of the planet. I'd have to find a vacant world that's habitable for them to settle on, but that shouldn't be too hard. The Universe is ever expanding after all." Peter says, though once again Tony had something to say.

"Then who would collect all of the technology for us? We still need a civilian workforce to collect everything." Tony sighs in exasperation.

Of course, he didn't plan to treat the Sakaarans like slaves.

They would get a very nice payment for their work, courtesy of the dearly departed Grandmaster.

After all, he has to have a hefty sum of credits lying around from the many millennia of running this place.

"We could always portal a huge chunk of space junk to Earth and sort it there, or you could make some worker robots to do it here and I could pick up each batch once a month." Peter said, soothing Tony's worries in an instant.

"Fine, let's find a planet and kick everyone out." Tony was finally on board.

"I think that you guys are forgetting something important." Brunnhilde spoke for the first time in a while.

"What?" Tony asked with a frown.

"One, what if people don't want to leave, and two, random people appear through the wormholes all the time. You would always have new arrivals to deal with." She explained.

"I'm of the understanding that this place is a sh*thole for most people. The only city is built with rusted scrap, while the rest of the planet is literally just trash. There's not even any flora or fauna, let alone a way to grow any plants on a large enough scale to feed everyone, which means herding animals is probably impossible as well."

"And that's if you're lucky enough for two opposite-gendered animals of the same species to fall out of a wormhole and live. I mean, am I wrong?" Peter asks with a raised brow under his mask.

"True, but many of the citizens here are, for lack of a better phrase, dumb f*ck morons. They may decide that they like it here and just stay. In fact, I'm sure a small amount of them definitely will." Brunnhilde nods to herself. "You have to remember that there are no schools here. Most Sakaarans aren't the brightest of minds."

"Then we'll just have to force them out, I guess. If they're too stupid to see the opportunity we're giving them, then they don't deserve the option to choose for themselves." Peter says uncaringly. "As for the new arrivals, we can always check once a month and portal them to the new Sakaar, and they can try to return to their home worlds from there."

"I like it!" Tony smirked as he started thinking of designs for the labor robots, who would parse through all of the trash for them. "We should find a planet as quickly as possible. And by we, I mean you."

Tony gestured to Peter.

"Sure, but I expect a fair split of the tech from this since I'm helping." Peter says as he receives a nod from Tony.

"We can share everything like we always do." Tony shrugs as Peter opens a portal and steps through.

"I'll be back in a bit." He says with a wave as the portal snaps shut.

"Tony, are you actually about to evict an entire civilization just so you can take their resources?" Pepper asked incredulously. "This is giving heavy Colonizer vibes."

Of course, it wasn't that bad, as the Sakaarans would be getting a habitable planet out of the deal.

A world for a world sounded pretty fair after all.

"..." Tony completely ignore his girlfriend as he stood by the window, eying the world below with a greedy spark in his eyes.

Using the star chart in one of his many alien warships, Peter was able to compile a list of planets that could work for the Sakaaran migration.

Checking them personally one by one, Peter found one planet that fit the description of a habitable and not yet colonized world.

L-221, a green planet, similar to the earth, with a blue ocean covering a little over 80% of its globe, which is about 10% more than the earth, though that wasn't exactly a problem per se.

It was a bit smaller than the Earth as well, but Salkaar is only made up of one Capital City, so they shouldn't have any problems with space for a long time.

"This should do..." Peter muttered as he watched a few alien-looking animals run away, as they weren't used to seeing things like him. 'They better get used to it quickly because your about to see a lot more soon enough.'

...

After testing the planet's air, soil, and water quality, among a slew of other crucial tests, Peter portal'd back to the Grandmasters Palace and found Tony standing at the edge of the broken window with a microphone in hand.

"People of Sakaar! We have slain the man who turned you all into slaves. The Grandmaster is dead!" Tony shouted onto the microphone, like a boxing match announcer.

Looking out of the window, Peter could see a sea of people packed below the palace, as if the pope was giving a speech at the Vatican.

"Not only have we killed your oppressor, but we've also found a way for everyone to escape this wasteland of a planet!" Tony says, immediately piquing the interest of the crowd.

Although they found this whole situation hard to believe, many Sakaarans have always wished to escape.

The lack of food, water, safety, and almost every other basic necessity has made living in Sakaar a living hell for the large majority of them.

"We give you all one week to peacefully pack your belongings and prepare to set off. A friend of mine has already found a much more habitable planet for everyone to migrate to." Tony explained as the crowd stood in disbelief.

Now things were starting to sound a bit too good to be true...

Seeing the looks of those in the crowd with his enhanced eyesight, Peter waved his hand and opened a giant portal in the sky.

Looking upward, everyone caught sight of a green and blue planet, filled with flora and fauna as well as all sorts of animals.

Looking back, Tony was surprised to find Peter standing there but gave him a thankful smirk for his assistance.

"See for yourselves. This is your new planet as well as our exit. Hurry home and pack your things! The New Sakaar is waiting for you!"

Chapter 293: Oath of Fealty

-One week later-

After sending everyone from Sakaar off the planet, including the stragglers who weren't cooperating and decided that they wanted to stay, Peter stood in front of Brunnhilde outside the Grandmaster's palace.

Tony returned to earth with Pepper and Rhodes already, as he needed to start making the robots that would sort the trash on their new planet.

"So, any ideas for your favor, or should I just send you to the new Sakaar with the rest of them?" Peter asked as she was the only one left on the planet besides him.

"..." Brunnhilde remained silent for a moment, eyeing Peter up and down before drawing her sword.

Although Peter removed the disk from her neck a week ago and set her free, she hadn't drunk a single drop of alcohol ever since then, leaving her completely sober for the longest time in many many years.

"Fight me." She declared, hoping to truly ascertain whether he is strong enough to face Hela Odinsdottir.

Of course, he already beat her rather easily the last time they fought, but she happened to be very drunk at that time.

"And what do I get if I win?" Peter asks as his posture remained casual compared to Brunnhilde, who gripped her sword firmly in front of her body. "Because we've already been through this before."

Brunnhilde stares Peter in the eyes for a few seconds before opening her mouth.

"As long as you beat me and agree to kill a special someone, I'll work for you as you asked." Her words certainly piqued Peter's interest.

"Deal, though just to clarify who do you want dead so badly?" He asked.

Although Peter wanted nothing more than to return to earth and experiment with the wishes that he received, he is rather adamant about recruiting the only living Valkyrie to his organization, so he could spare some time for this.

"Hela Odinsdottir..." Brunnhilde spat as if the name itself brought her pain to utter.

Of course, he knew the answer to his question already, but he needed her to say it for both clarification and so he wouldn't look suspicious.

After all, nobody would agree to kill someone without knowing who they are first.

"Huh? I didn't know Thor had a sister." Peter mutters like the A-list actor that he could have been.

"Thor? Is that one of Odin's latest spawns?" She asks in similar distaste.

After all, the former Valkyrie has grown a very well earned hatred of the Asgardian Royal Family over the years.

Although Odin didn't technically do anything to slight her, he took a small amount of the blame for what happened to the Valkyrie, as he was the one to ordered the attack in the first place.

As for Hela, the hatred was more than well deserved.

Everyone else was just unlucky enough to be related to the two.

"Yes, Thor is the new King of Asgard. He took over after-" Peter tried to explain though his opponent didn't give him the chance.

"Enough talk!" Brunnhilde kicked off of the ground and appeared before Peter in an instant.

With a swipe of her sword, she aimed at Peter's neck, hoping to sever his head as Pepper did to Bi-beast only days ago.

"How rude..." Peter muttered as he leaned backward, narrowly avoiding the attack by a few centimeters.

"Hah!" Brunnhilde shouted as she pushed forward and enacted another flurry of sword swipes.

Shoulders, hands, stomach, legs, feet, and even his groin were targeted, though Peter simply moved out of the way of each attack, as if he could see them before they arrived.

"Hey! Watch where you're aiming!" Peter yelled as he sidestepped yet another hack at his family jewels. "If you slice off my golden finger, my girlfriend will be p*ssed."

"Then fight back, coward!" She exclaims as she instantly went for his groin for the third time.

'This girl is ruthless...' Peter thought as he reached down and caught Dragonfang with two fingers. "No more swords for you. You can't be trusted."

While Brunnhilde was shocked by Peter's ability to so easily catch her sword by the blade, he sent an unsuspecting kick to her stomach.

Pow

Instantly, Brunnhilde folded like a lawn chair as she was launched backward, leaving her sword behind in the process.

Bang!

She flew back and crashed into one of the many vacant buildings in the deserted city, breaking the rusted metal wall and disappearing inside.

"You know, this isn't a bad sword..." Peter muttered as he flipped the sword and caught it by the handle. "I've been meaning to find a sword like this for my collection. I have a cool hammer from Ronan and a spear from Corvus Glaive, but I haven't found anything else worth taking yet."

"I don't know or care who those people are, but my sword will never belong to anyone else but me!" Brunnhilde launches out of the building with an angry look on her face.

Like a missile, she shot over and threw a combination of punches and kicks, which all missed the mark, before swiftly reaching to snatch her sword back.

"Nope." Peter muttered as Dragonfang disappeared out of thin air just as she was about to lay her hands on it. "You have to ask nicely if you want it."

Slap!

Peter decided to start the attack for real this time as he used his now empty sword hand to backhand Brunnhilde across the face.

Of course, it wasn't just a normal slap.

He put in enough power to kill most beings in the universe, though thankfully, Asgardians are a rather sturdy race compared to most.

As the slap landed, Brunnhilde was sent skidding across the empty street like a rag doll.

Though luckily or unluckily, she didn't hit anything this time and continued until her body ran out of momentum and slowed to stop on its own.

"Hmm, did I hit her a little too hard?" Peter asked himself as he watched her lay in the middle of the road, unmoving.

Before Peter could get too worried, Brunnhilde twitched a bit before slowly climbing back up to her feet.

As she looked toward him, Peter could see a big red handprint across her left cheek as well as a slow stream of blood cascading down her nose.

Limping over, Peter expected her to start the attack once again, though that didn't happen.

As soon as she was about a meter or two away, Brunnhilde dropped down to a single knee and looked up at Peter with eyes glimmering in determination.

"I, Brunnhilde Alfdottir, sister of the Valkyrie, swear to you that from this moment onward I will be faithful to you with regard to your life, your possessions, and those you care for, in good faith and without deception. I will serve you loyally and without question, fulfilling every order as they're given. I will bring you glory in battle and honor in victory. And lastly, I will be devoted in my duties. I promise you this on my life! May the old gods strike me down otherwise..."

rumble...

As she spoke those last words, dark clouds filled the sky and a stream of branching lightning cracked menacingly.

"..." Peter looked on in shock, as he never expected this to happen. "Uh, is that a coincidence or..."

Throughout his entire time in this universe, Peter has never run into proof of any sort that pointed to the existence of gods.

Except for Stan Lee, of course.

Though he gave off the feeling that he was something far more powerful than a god.

Even the Asgardians, who egotistically thought themselves to be gods, were only very powerful and long-lived aliens.

Yet Brunnhilde just swore an oath to him on the 'old gods' and there was even a confirming response...

"No, the old gods accepted my oath." Brunnhilde said as if the storm clouds and lightning, which have already disappeared, were just a normal occurrence.

"Okay..." Peter muttered as he looked down at her. "You do know that when I said work for me, I meant like a normal sort of employment, right? Kind of like how you worked for the Grandmaster, but with monthly paycheck and a bit more respect."

"?!" Brunnhilde peered up at Peter in disbelief. "You couldn't have specified that before I swore an oath to the gods?!"

"How the f*ck was I supposed to know you would do that?" Peter replied with just as much disbelief.

"..." There were many things that Brunnhilde wished to say right now, though they may invoke her oath, so she decided to simply keep them to herself as she glared at her new Sovereign. "May I rise, My Lord?"

"Uh, yeah..." Peter nodded unsurely as Brunnhilde stood back up and held out her hand. "What?"

"My sword." She said plainly.

"...fine." Peter muttered reluctantly as Dragonfang appeared in his hand. "But you have to stop with the stink eye. It's not my fault that you misinterpreted my words."

"..." Brunnhilde sighed as she took her sword back and sheathed it on her hip.

She knew he was right but refused to admit it to herself.

"Can't you just take back the oath?" Peter asked as he never wanted this in the first place. 'I'd much rather keep far away from any sort of gods...'

"No, the old gods aren't so forgiving..." She answers with a shake of her head, resigned to her new duties.

"Right, so who are these old gods?"

Chapter 294: Evolving

"Right, so who are these old gods?" Peter asked as he now had to worry about whoever these gods were.

"Not much is known about the Old Gods, other than that they visited Asgard once when we were nothing but warring tribes on a planet similar to yours. Before the Asgard you know today was even a thought, they appeared." Brunnhilde explained what she knew.

"What did they want?" Peter asked curiously.

"You'd have to ask Odin or Thor." Brunnhilde shrugged unknowingly. "Only the Royal family was allowed to know."

"Great..." Peter muttered as he waved his hand and opened a portal. "Come on. Let's go."

Arriving in his office at the Avengers tower followed by his new dutiful servant, Peter immediately collapsed into his office chair and let out a sigh.

"Jarvis." Peter called out as Brunnhilde B-lined straight toward the minibar, where she immediately poured herself a drink. 'I guess she's back to drinking now...'

"Yes, sir?" Jarvis replied, dutiful as always.

"I need you to make my new friend here a United States citizen. Hack into whatever you need to. Just make sure you aren't caught. I'd do it myself, but I have some stuff to do after this." Peter orders.

"Yes, sir. I'll have it done by the end of the day." Jarvis replied as he got to work.

"So, what are we doing after this?" Brunnhilde asks as she took a seat on the couch along the wall with her drink in hand.

"I'm going to work on a personal project, but you, on the other hand, will be familiarizing yourself with the city and updating your wardrobe." Peter says as he opens his desk drawer and pulls out a credit card. "Here."

Tossing the card over, Brunnhilde caught it with a single hand and looked it over curiously.

"What is this?" She asked.

"That is my Avengers company card. You can use it to buy clothes and other necessities. Just don't go over the 100 thousand dollar limit." Peter says as he whips out his phone and makes a call.

"What's up, boss?" After waiting a few seconds, a familiar female voice answered the phone.

"Jessica, are you working right now?" Peter asks.

"Yeah, why?" She answers as the sound of pages flipping could be heard in the background.

"Is it Spider-Man?" Loki asked loud enough to be picked up by her phone.

"I need you to come to my office. I have a special job for you." Peter says cryptically.

"Really?!" Jessica sounded excited at the prospect of leaving her office for once. "I'll be there in a minute!"

"Good." Peter says as he looks over to Brunnhilde, remembering her obvious dislike for the Asgardian Royal Family. "Leave Loki behind this time."

After all, Loki would no doubt do something to p*ss Brunnhilde off even if he doesn't reveal his identity...

"Uhh... Okay." She says as Peter hung up the phone and looked toward Brunnhilde.

"An employee of mine is on the way." Peter explains as he writes a quick note and leaves it on the desk. "Show them that note and they'll assist you."

Without another word, Peter opened a portal, leaving his new sworn protector behind.

"Wait a minute-" She tried to stop him.

"See yah!" Peter waved as the portal snapped shut.

...

"Boss? I'm here." A knock could be heard at the door.

"What are you waiting for?" Another voice asked in annoyance. "Just open it already."

As the door swung open, Jessica walked in with an annoyed look on her face as a smirking Loki followed behind her.

"Sorry, boss. Loki wouldn't listen..." Jessica spoke as she found Brunnhilde sitting alone on the couch without her boss in sight. "Uh... Hello?"

Without saying a word, Brunnhilde pointed to the note on the desk.

Quickly reading it over, Jessica's former excitement was snuffed snuffed out, like a candle on the wind.

After all, she thought that Peter was calling her for a mission, not this...

"So, I guess we'll be your tour guides?" Jessica said in reluctance.

"Tour guides?!" Loki didn't sound happy at all. "I am Loki Odinson, a Prince of Asgard. I am nobody's guiding servant!"

Instantly, Brunnhilde rose to her feet and reached for her sword as she glared in Loki's direction.

'Leave Loki behind this time.'

Peter's words played out in Brunnhilde's head.

"Well, you're my servant now." She says matter of factly as she pulls Dragonfang from its sheath. "Do you have a problem with that?"

Peter tried to keep them separated though that didn't seem to work, so she'll just have to make the best out of this situation.

And what would be better than beating the sh*t out of an Odinson?

Maybe a certain Odinsdottir but her time will come soon enough...

"Woah, let's all just calm down." Jessica jumps to step between the two.

Though she couldn't block Loki from seeing the sword in Brunnhilde's grasp.

Dragonfang isn't a one-of-a-kind sword by any means.

No, it was the standard issue blade of the Valkyrie, but what really solidified Loki's assumption was the markings on her wrist.

Each Valkyrie is given that marking on the day of their induction to the sisterhood.

"You're a Valkyrie... I thought the Valkyrie all died gruesome deaths?" Loki couldn't keep his venomous mouth shut if his life depended on it.

Brunnhilde pounced forward, though Jessica ended up being stronger than she thought and easily held her back.

"Choose your next words wisely." The Valkyrie looked ready to kill him.

"I'm terribly sorry. It must be a very painful memory..." Loki's expression didn't match his words as he spoke with a provoking smirk on his smug face.

"Loki stop!" Jessica shouted as it became harder and harder to hold their boss's guest back.

"You must be a traitor or a coward because the Valkyrie are sworn to protect the throne, yet here you are with your blade drawn on a Prince of Asgard." Loki continued, hoping to use this opportunity to acquire an elite Valkyrie guard.

Though things don't exactly go his way.

"Ugh!" Jessica was instantly thrown across the room.

As Jessica crashed into the door, breaking it in half as she flew out into the hallway, Brunnhilde matched toward Loki and jammed the blunt end of her sword handle into his stomach.

"Argh!" Loki coughed up a mouthful of bile as he collapsed onto the floor, finding a sharp blade resting at his neck as he looked up.

'Has Asgard grown weaker in my absence?' Brunnhilde was surprised by how powerless he was.

Though she didn't care enough to comment on it.

"Listen closely, your Highness." Brunnhilde says with a heavy dose of distasteful sarcasm. "This is not Asgard and I am not a Valkyrie anymore. I've already sworn myself to your boss, so keep your mouth shut or I'll cut out your tongue and beat you to death with it."

While Brunnhilde and Loki were settling their differences, Peter stepped into his penthouse, which was still filled with Lily's old equipment.

"So, are you finally going to test out your evolution?" Genie appeared next to him and asked excitedly.

"Yeah, though I'm not sure if I should start small or not." Peter muttered as he paced back and forth in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, which showed a perfect view of the New York City skyline.

In his possession, Peter has a very large amount of Celestial blood from Knowhere...

"I say go big or go home, kid." Genie says dramatically as always.

"..." He didn't want to be swayed, but Peter couldn't help but want to agree.

After all, with his unlimited potential and perfect evolution combined, the likelihood of any complications happening was extremely low.

...

After a moment of silent contemplation, in which Genie started playing game show timer music out of boredom, Peter finally came to a decision.

"Let's start small..." Peter uttered cautiously.

He can't allow Genie to goad him into doing something dangerous.

Celestials are literal gods, after all.

Peter needed to test out his power at least once before going straight into a godly evolution.

"What are you going to do then?" Genie asks in disappointment.

Waving his hand, Peter opened a portal and reached his hand through.

Before Genie's curious eyes, Peter pulled out a case full of blood-filled vials.

Each of them was labeled with different names though they were all familiar.

[Magneto]

[Professor X]

[Storm]

[Black Panther]

...

There were 10 vials in total and this wasn't all that he collected either.

Peter has made sure to collect blood from every enhanced individual that he has ever met.

Though it was harder when it came to people like the Black Panther, as he had to sneak into Wakanda to take his blood.

Meanwhile, it's the protocol for each member of the Avengers to hand over a blood sample for medical reasons, of course...

Though Peter made sure to switch his blood sample with a fake, as he didn't need a clone of himself running around, which was likely to happen in a comic book setting.

"Which one are you going to choose?" Genie asks excitedly. "I vote for Nightcrawler. He has a good teleportation ability."

"Are you sure that you aren't being biased because he matches your skin color?" Peter asked jokingly.

"..." Genie looked away and started whistling innocently.

Ignoring his blue companion's theatrics, Peter reached into the case and pulled out a vial.

[Wolverine]

"Huh? Why him?" Genie asks.

"Because his healing factor will come in handy." Peter says as he loads the blood up into a syringe. "Do you know if it's going to hurt?"

"No idea." Genie shrugs.

"Great, you're about as useful as ever..." Peter muttered as he stabbed the needle into his arm like a heroin junky and pressed down in the plunger.

Instantly, the blood shot into his body.

Pulling out the empty syringe and setting it aside, Peter waited patiently for something to happen.

The feeling of his body tingling was still the same even after a minute had passed.

"Hey, are you sure that you granted my wish? Because-" Peter was about to complain before he felt the tingling feeling increase drastically.

"You okay, kid?!" Genie asked worriedly as Peter looked down to see the small needle hole in his arm heal itself shut.

"I think it's working..." Peter muttered as the tingling he felt changed into excruciating pain as if he were being stabbed by a million knives in every part of his body at once. "Aaaaggghhh!"

Chapter 295: Results

Before Peter's screams could fill the penthouse for too long, he collapsed to the floor and passed out cold.

His brain couldn't register the amount of pain that was coursing through his body, so it temporarily shut itself down so that Peter could retain his sanity.

Though that didn't mean his body was finished with its evolution.

No, Peter continued to twitch and writhe on the floor whilst in his sleep.

Meanwhile, Genie watched with a worried look on his face.

Even after Peter fell to the floor unconscious, he seemed to worry for his master's wellbeing.

When Genie was summoned by Peter, he thought this would be yet another greedy self-centered master.

They would use him for their own personal gains before he was sealed back into the lamp and forced to await yet another undetermined amount of time before the next greedy summoner came along.

Maybe he would be able to twist their wishes out of spite, though that was the only real sliver of freedom he had in his life.

His only real enjoyment during every summoning was the quick update on the outside world that he would receive while reading his master's mind.

A close second to that was the nice long stretch he would always get after exiting his cramped lamp.

Luckily, his latest master wasn't so bad.

In fact, Genie grew to enjoy his company more as time went by.

His mind was filled with all sorts of useful and entertaining information, and he wasn't a complete a*shole like most masters.

Yeah, Peter was greedy, but his greed didn't extend too far past the regular amount that any living being should have.

'He won't even use his last wish...' Genie thought incredulously.

After all, from Peter's perspective, the universe was filled with villains who could accomplish a lot with the help of a few free wishes, leaving him no choice but to hang onto the lamp.

The second Genie was summoned, he was able to learn everything about Peter, and truthfully, he found his master to be one of the very few summoners who actually deserved his assistance.

Peter was a real hero that fought to keep his city, planet, and universe safe from those with twisted minds and self-centered agendas.

And although he knew 'everything', thankfully for his masters sake, Genie wasn't able to access the information pertaining to Peter's past life.

With a snap of his fingers, Genie summoned a comfortable bed underneath his newest master and friend.

"You'll be alright, kid..." He muttered hopefully, as even he wasn't sure how this would unfold.

...

Nearly 12 hours later, Peter remained unconscious in his penthouse, though with every passing hour the pain that wracked his body seemed to slowly fade away.

By this point, Peter was sleeping comfortably on the bed without a single sign of pain or discomfort, which certainly eased his blue companion's nerves.

"When will he wake up?" Genie wondered.

Just as that question crossed his mind, Peter began to stir in his sleep once again.

At first, Genie thought that he was in pain again, though he threw that thought away as Peter's eyes peered open and looked around the room in confusion.

"Sigh, you're finally awake." Genie muttered as he morphed into an apron-wearing mother with curlers in her hair and a rolling pin held menacingly in hand. "Do you know how worried I was?!"

"Lower the volume a little, will you?" Peter said groggily as he covered his sensitive ears.

Although he was both dazed from his impromptu nap and sore from the evolution, Peter couldn't help but feel the slight enhancement to his body.

Wolverine's superhumanly acute senses are due to his very animalistic meta-human mutation. His most improved senses are hearing, sight, and smell, which are currently Peter's main three problems at the moment.

Superhuman Hearing: Wolverine is capable of hearing sounds from a far greater distance than any human, though he isn't quite on the level of people like Daredevil.

Superhuman Sight: Wolverine's sight is improved, allowing him to see further than a normal human.

Superhuman Smell: Wolverine's sense of smell is magnified, similar to an animal, which allows him to recognize and track objects and people just by smell alone.

These three senses were currently out of control, leaving Peter with blurry eyes, throbbing ears, and an overloaded nose.

'I can smell every dumpster and toilet within a mile of here...' He thought in disgust.

Peter was already enhanced far past Wolverine's capabilities, so the added enhancement from the successful evolution seemed to throw his powers out of control for the time being.

"Are you okay?" Genie asked in a much lower tone this time around.

"Yes, I just need some time to get my senses under control." Peter explained as he took a deep calming breath.

Climbing out of bed, Peter quickly started testing his powers, as he wanted nothing more than to get himself back under control.

...

Other than the already mentioned power-ups, Peter also seemed to receive every other enhancement that Wolverine had.

Superhuman Touch: Wolverine's sense of touch gives him greater sensitivity to air direction and temperature differentials in his environment.

Superhuman Strength: Wolverine's strength is increased slightly by his animalistic nature.

Superhuman Speed: Wolverine can move at low-level superhuman speeds. He can just barely attack faster than the normal human eye can follow.

Superhuman Stamina: Wolverine's healing factor grants him superhuman stamina and is partially immune to fatigue toxins generated by physical exertion, giving him greater endurance than normal humans.

"Damn, I don't feel tired at all..." Peter muttered in shock.

Although it was hard for him to get to the point of fatigue before, it was still a fairly regular occurrence during Peter's training sessions.

Now, on the other hand, Peter hasn't felt anything and he has been testing his power under extreme conditions for almost 5 hours, nonstop.

'Would this enhance my bedroom game as well?' Peter wondered as a perverted smirk appeared on his lips.

MJ would be in for a rude awaking...

"Eww... Stop thinking that..." Genie looked like he was about to puke at any moment.

'Then stay out of my head, you nosy b*stard.' Peter rolled his eyes.

Continuing on...

Superhuman Durability: Wolverine has superhuman durability due to a combination of his healing factor and Adamantium skeleton, though Peter doesn't have a metal bone infusion... yet.

Enhanced Reflexes and Agility: Wolverine's reflexes and agility are enhanced beyond the capabilities of the normal human body.

'That's it for the boring stuff...' Peter sighed.

Once Peter got all of those minor enhancements under control and out of the way, it was finally time to get to the good part.

Conjuring a small razor-sharp scalpel, Peter rested the tip against his open palm and swiped it across.

He watched as his skin tore open, but before more than a drop or two of blood could leak out, the cut on his palm zipped itself shut in a matter of seconds.

"Cool..." Peter muttered as he eyed his scarless hand in awe.

Regenerative Healing Factor: Wolverine's body naturally regenerates most, if not all, damaged or destroyed tissues and organs at a rate that exceeds that of any normal human.

The rate of regeneration is proportional to the damage caused. This process is automatic, and Peter seems to have no control over it.

His healing factor, however, does not seem to stop Peter from feeling the pain of his wounds nor the pain of his body regenerating itself.

Though it's more of an itchy feeling than anything else.

After a few more cuts along his body, where he did his best to ignore the pain, Peter brought out some powerful Asgardian alcohol and started chugging it down.

For scientific reasons of course...

Contaminant Immunity: Wolverine's natural healing also affords him virtual immunity to poisons, viruses, diseases, and most drugs. For example, it is extremely difficult for him to become intoxicated by alcohol.

'I guess I'm forever sober now...' Peter concluded as he drank three times the amount that used to get him wasted without feeling a single buzz.

Next, Peter took a small sample of flesh from his body and stuck it under a nearby microscope.

Decelerated Aging: In addition, Wolverine's healing factor provides him with an extended lifespan by slowing the effects of the aging process.

Wolverine was born sometime during the late 18th Century. Although he is almost 200 years old, Wolverine retains the health, appearance, and physical vitality of a man in the physical prime of his life.

"This will come in handy since I haven't used the dragon bone elixir on myself yet..." Peter muttered in appreciation.

As he said this, Peter made a mental note to task the Hand with locating and excavating New York's buried dragon bones.

'I technically don't need the elixir right now, but it may come in handy later on.' He thought to himself.

After testing his cells and witnessing just how slowly they were aging, Peter sat back in his chair and looked down at his knuckles.

'Do I have it?' He wondered hopefully.

Retractable Bone Claws: Wolverine's skeleton includes six retractable foot-long bone claws, three in each arm, that are housed beneath the skin and muscle of his forearms.

Wolverine could, at will, release these slightly curved claws through his skin between the knuckles on each hand.

"Come on..." Peter goaded himself on as he tried to will his claws to appear.

Suddenly, three long claws shot out of each fist, though he wasn't fully prepared...

"F*ck!" Peter shouted in pain as his left hand's claws embedded into his leg, while his other set pierced the table in front of him.

The bone claws are naturally sharp and tougher than normal human bone.

Even without being infused with Adamantium, they are dangerous weapons that can penetrate most flesh and many natural materials.

"I should figure out how to infuse my bones with metal, like Wolverine..." Peter thought to himself, though he would have to be careful. 'Didn't he get poisoned from the Adamantium later in his life?'

Pushing these thoughts back into his mind for future study, Peter could only think of one more power to test.

Animal Empathy: Wolverine has been seen to be able to understand the emotions of animals around him and communicate with them on a very basic level, showing them his intentions so he would not be perceived as a threat to them.

"Should I visit the zoo?"

Chapter 296: Bondage

Although animal empathy isn't very helpful, Peter found the possibility of communicating with beasts to be fairly appealing.

Even if it's only at the basic level of understanding each other's intentions and emotions, it's still a pretty interesting ability.

"Are you going to get a pet?" Genie asked as he followed Peter into the closed Central Park Zoo, dressed as crocodile Dundee.

Due to how late it was, the zoo was closed hours ago, leaving only a few security guards around in order to keep away any would-be troublemakers.

"Maybe?" Peter answered with a shrug as he and his blue companion walked right passed the oblivious police academy dropouts. 'Invisibility is such a useful spell.'

Touring the zoo, Peter was surprised to feel the many ranges of emotions from each animal habitat they passed.

"Dude, I never knew monkeys were this horny..." Peter muttered in shock.

"You think monkeys are bad? Wait until you meet a few rabbits." Genie commented with a disgusted look on his face. "They may be cute, but all those things think about is sex."

"This animal empathy might have been a curse..." Peter concluded as they arrived at the lion enclosure.

Starring in, Peter watched as a large male lion slept amidst his pride of female lionesses.

"..." Instantly, the lion looked up and matched Peter's stare.

Both sides remained still for a moment, neither aggressive toward the other.

"Well, I might as well test it further." Peter muttered as he leaped into the enclosure.

Landing a few meters away from the pride of lions, Peter nonverbally made his intentions known.

Feeling the emotions of the lion and his women, Peter had to hold himself back from laughing.

"They're really aggressive, huh?" Peter muttered and received an annoyed nod from the only other male entity in the enclosure.

As soon as Peter arrived, the lionesses seemed to start complaining and goading the lion into attacking.

Though, the guy seemed to be smarter than he looked and kept calm during the whole situation, ignoring the complaints of his women.

roar!

Just as the females in the group started becoming too much of a bother, the male lion turned and barred its teeth, shutting them up in an instant.

"Can I pet you?" Peter asks as he walks up without a care.

After all, he is strong enough to handle these animals with a flick of his finger, so even without his empathic powers, he still had nothing to worry about.

Feeling acceptance from the large beast, Peter walked over and without hesitation started brushing his fingers through the lion's mane.

"I've always wanted to have a pet lion..." Peter commented as he enjoyed the moment.

"Grrr..." The lion growled as he heard the word pet.

"Uhh, Sorry about that. I meant nothing by it." Peter apologized and watched as the lion huffed in distaste. "Hey, I said that I was sorry. Don't be like that..."

...

After bickering with a lion and his pride until sunrise, Peter said his goodbyes and returned home.

Of course, he thought about taking the lion, as it would be a cool pe... companion to have, but Peter knew that the novelty would wear off soon enough.

Not only that, but if he took the lion then the women would have to follow as well, and he didn't even have enough room for one big cat let alone 5 of them.

'Maybe I can find an interesting alien pet?' Peter thought as he stepped into his bedroom and found MJ asleep on the bed.

Instantly, he remembers his almost infinite stamina enhancement.

-R-18 ahead-

'I have to test it out for science and the good of mankind...' Peter convinced himself as he felt his pants getting tighter near his midsection.

MJ slept completely naked with the white sheets covering only her lower back and butt, leaving everything else exposed for Peter to see.

"You know I'm still here, right?" Genie asks with his hand over his eyes.

"Either get lost or it's back to the lamp." Peter gave him a choice and smirked as his friend turned into a bolt of blue lightning and shot out of the window.

The sound of his exit seemed to stir MJ from her sleep, which was exactly what Peter wanted...

Acting quickly, Peter made sure to lock the door before removing his clothes and using a spell to freshen their bodies body, as if they just stepped out of the shower.

"Huh?... Peter?" MJ muttered tiredly as he crawled into bed beside her.

"Morning, my love." Peter greeted her as his hands began to wander around her body.

"Wait..." MJ spoke weakly as he reached down to grasp her naked a*s whilst diving his face into her neck, peppering it with kisses.

"For what? It's the weekend. There's no school today." Peter smirked as he pulled the sheets away and flipped MJ onto her back.

"It's cold..." She complained as the chilly morning air assaulted her once warm skin.

"Don't worry, I'll warm you up." He pecked her on the lips before continuing down her body.

Chin, neck, shoulders, chest, and stomach before finally arriving at his destination.

"You're really wet for someone who was so hesitant..." Peter parted her legs and looked up to see his blushing girlfriend glance away in embarrassment.

"..." Without another word Peter dove mouth-first onto her hairless lower lips.

"!" MJ's eyes shot open as she felt her boyfriend's mouth circle around the peak of her p*ssy.
"Aaah... ahh..."

Uncontrollable moans escaped her as she felt Peter's tongue brush against her clitoris over and over again.

Hearing that he was doing a good job, Peter continued his assault as he hooked two fingers into her tight hole, pumping them back and forth.

"Oh, f*ck! Auhh..." She exclaimed in pleasure as her hips began to grind up and down against Peter's mouth. "Don't stop... right... there... If you stop... I'll-"

Slap!

Seeing as his lover was getting a bit too domineering for his tastes, Peter pulled back, turned MJ over, and whacked her on the a*s.

Of course, as she's enhanced to a fairly high degree, Peter had to use enough power to kill a normal human, though it only left a red mark behind.

'That's the perk of having superpowers, I guess...' Peter thought to himself.

"Aahhh!" MJ's legs shook as her hand snapped straight to her womanhood, rubbing frantically.

"Did you just c*m from me slapping your a*s?" Peter asked in disbelief.

He knew that MJ was submissive, which was perfect for him, but he didn't know that it was to this extent.

"N-No..." MJ denied weakly, though Peter knew she was lying.

"That's so hot..." He muttered as he sandwiched his steel pole between her legs and rubbed himself up and down.

"W-Wait! Give me a... ahhh!" MJ moaned as Peter slid his member up and down her lower lips, making sure to hit her clitoris with every passing motion.

"Oh, did you get a pedicure?" Ignored her in favor of her freshly painted toenails, which rested on his shoulder. "Looking cute."

Tilting his head to the side, Peter gave her ankle a quick kiss before throwing her legs aside, leaving them wide open.

"You're so beautiful, you know that?" Peter commented as he lined his tip against her twitching entrance.

"Stop stalling..." MJ complained as Peter smirked down at her.

"If you say it, I may be persuaded to hurry things along." Peter said as he remained unmoving.

"..." MJ remained silent as she looked away.

"Okay, if you won't say it..." Peter muttered as he pulled back and stepped off of the bed. "...then I'll just go and-"

"Please... daddy..." MJ mumbled unintelligibly.

"What was that? I didn't quite hear you?" Peter looked over his shoulder and smirked.

"Please f*ck me, Daddy!" MJ spoke loud and clear as he rubbed her p*ssy like a mad woman.

"See, was that so hard?" Peter asked as he climbed back up and pierced right into her.

After all, he didn't need to be too gentle thanks to her enhancements.

"Ohh!" MJ's mouth took an O's shape as she screamed.

Filling her up to the brim, Peter looked down and enjoyed the sight of the small bump below her belly button, which moved as he bucked his hips back and forth.

"Aahhh! God, I love your d*ck! It's the best... aaahh..." MJ exclaimed as all of her inhibitions crumbled.

Slap!

"You love who's d*ck?" Peter asked as he slapped her other cheek to even it out.

"I... Ahh, f*ck... I love... Daddy's d*ck!" She could barely respond.

After enjoying the moment, an evil smirk formed on Peter's lips as he snapped his fingers.

Suddenly, the bed disappeared and MJ felt herself become bound and restricted by silken ropes.

"That's much better..." Peter commented as he took in the sight before him. 'I think the Reality Stone is the best thing that's ever happened to me.'

In the center of the room, MJ hung suspended by ropes that tied up every portion of her body, forcing her legs wide open as she stared down at the ground in confusion.

"What the-" She muttered as Peter walked up and buried himself back inside without a care for her bewilderment.

"Aaaahh!" MJ screamed the loudest that he's ever heard as she grew tighter and tighter with every thrust.

Slap!

"Damn, this must really turn you on." Peter concluded as he smacked her bare a*s yet again.

"N-No... it's just... your sick... Ahhhh!... imagination!" MJ could barely speak properly.

"Liar." Peter scoffed as he grabbed her by the hair and sped up his movement.

"Aahh! My god... don't stop... please Daddy..." MJ exclaimed as her eyes began to roll back and drool dripped from her open mouth.

"I'm about to c*m. Where do you want it?" Peter asked like a true gentleman.

"Aaahh... In my mouth..." MJ admitted as Peter pulled out and spun her around.

"Drink up." Peter ordered as he shoved the tip of his d*ck into her waiting mouth. "F*ck..."

Instantly, MJ's eyes bulged open as she drank from Peter's p*nis like a straw, swallowing every drop that she could.

...

"Good girl." Peter patted her head as he pulled out with a content look on his face.

MJ smiled proudly for a moment though that smile disappeared as she witnessed Peter's soften member immediately grow hard again.

"Time for round two."

-R18 End-

Chapter 297: Guardians 2 Electric Boogaloo

Sovereign, a collective of planets bundled together to form the technologically advanced home world of the Sovereign, golden humanoid beings who've been genetically engineered to perfection.

At least their idea of what perfection is or could be.

Currently, on a high-rise platform far above the planet's surface, a group of armed individuals stood guard around the glowing sun-like spheres that occupied the area.

These spheres powered the entire planet and the Guardians of the Galaxy were hired to protect them.

"Show time, a*sholes! it'll be here any minute now." Quill calls out as he rests his rifle against his shoulder.

"Which will be it's last minute to draw breath." Gamora pulls two pistols from her belt.

"I thought your lady had a thing for blades?" Yondu looked to Quill questioningly.

"Me too..." Quill frowned as he looked toward Gamora.

"I'm not his 'lady' and we've been hired to stop an inter-dimensional beast from feeding on those batteries." Gamora gestures to the small batteries on the contraptions holding the sun-like spheres in place. "How the hell am I supposed to stop something like that with a sword?"

"It's just... swords were your thing and guns were mine, but I guess we're both doing guns now. I just didn't know that." Quill spoke as if his friend chose the same class as him in a video game.

"You gonna let your woman talk to you like that?" Yondu asked without a care for the glare he received for it. "Back in my day if a woman gave me that kinda lip, I'd-"

Before Yondu could continue making his misogynistic views known, two blaster bolts impacted the floor next to his feet.

"Say another word..." Gamora held two smoking blasters in Yondu's direction. "I dare you."

"..." Yondu simply held his hands up and smirked.

Ignoring the most insufferable addition to their crew, Gamora turned to Drax, who was shirtless as always.

"Drax, why aren't you wearing one of Rocket's Aero-Rigs?" She asked as she gestured to the jet pack vests that she and everyone else wore.

"It hurts." Drax answers in distaste as he cups his hands over his chest. "I have sensitive nipples."

Rocket laughed at Drax as he continued setting up some speakers, which sat next to Quills Walkman.

"What about him, what's he doing?" Drax says defensively as he continues covering his sensitive nips.

"I'm finishing this so we can listen to some tunes while we work." Rocket said matter-of-factly.

"How is that important?" Drax asked and everyone, even Quill, seemed to agree with him.

...

While the group began to argue about the musical addition to their work, Groot, who was surprisingly small now, walked over and watched them in amusement.

After his roots were burned by the fire in the Collectors ship, Groot was weakened to a large extent and reverted back to his childhood form, a foot-tall baby tree who seemed to smile much more than his old self.

As everyone continued to argue, lightning filled the sky as clouds began to form, opening a rainbow-colored dimensional rift in the process.

"I am Groot." Baby Groot warned as he pointed to the sky.

Hearing his wise words, each member of the Guardians peered upward just in time for a giant grey tentacle monster with a mouth full of razor-sharp teeth to come hurtling in their direction.

"Oh, well that's intense..." Rocket muttered as the giant beast landed in the center of the platform.

"Roar!" The monster bellowed as it started swatting at the Guardians with its tentacles.

Instantly, each Guardian jumped into action.

Gamora, Quill, and Rocket launched out of the way of its tentacles with their jet packs as they opened fire on the squid-like monster.

Though their weapons didn't seem to do much if any damage whatsoever.

Drax on the other hand, rushed forward like a crazed bull with his swords drawn, trying to slice through the inter-dimensional beast.

Though, just like the long-range weapons, Drax's blades appeared to be useless against the monster's tough skin.

Meanwhile, Yondu kept himself out of sight, behind the beast at all times as he whistled like a madman, sending his new arrow soaring across the platform.

And although he made sure to replace his old broken arrow with the best and latest model available, none of his attacks could make it through the alien squid's skin.

Seeing the Guardians fighting off the inter-dimensional monster, Baby Groot ignored them and plugged the AUX cord into Quill's stereo.

Instantly, the platform filled with the sound of music as 'Mr. Blue Sky' by ELO started to play.

Feeling the music, Groot started dancing his way through the battlefield without a care in the world for his wellbeing.

"Groot!" Quill yelled as he was sent flying by a swipe of one of the beast's tentacles.

"Groot, get out of the way your going to get hurt!" Gamora exclaimed as she passed the dancing tree, firing her gun off whenever she had the chance.

"The beast's hide is too thick to be pierced from the outside!" Drax yelled as he eyed the beast with a glimmer in his eye. "I must cut through it from the inside."

"What? No, Drax! Drax!" Gamora screamed to stop him, though her words fell on deaf ears.

She watched as Drax rushed forward and leapt into the beast's open maw, disappearing down its throat.

"What's he doing?!" Quill asked in alarming confusion.

"He said that the skin is too thick to be pierced on the outside so..." Gamora explains with an annoyed sigh.

"That doesn't make any sense!" Quill exclaims in disbelief.

"I tried telling him that!" She shouts in return.

As the battle continued, Quill soon noticed a weakness in the beast that they could use to finish the job they were given.

"There's a cut on its neck! Rocket, get it to look up!." Quill shouted and Rocket shot off into the sky above the monster's head.

"Alright, you giant sea monkey, up here!" Rocket yelled as he fired down on its head.

The distraction seemed to work as the tentacle monster craned its head upwards and extended its body, revealing the small cut on its neck.

Seeing the opening, Gamora tried and failed to hit it with her pistols before throwing them to the floor and pulling a long retractable sword from her belt.

Just as she was about to rush forward to stab her sword through the beast's neck and end its life, a blue and red-dressed figure ran right past her.

Leaping into the air, the figure summoned a long black spear into his outstretched hand before swiping across the beast's body.

swish!

Landing behind the inter-dimensional beast, the figure turned around just in time to see it freeze in place for a moment.

"That should do it." Peter muttered as Corvus Glaives' spear disappeared from his hand.

And just as the spear vanished, a long cut appeared across the beast's body as it fell to the floor in two separate halves, gushing out a green gooey blood onto the platform.

And out of that goo rose a familiar grey and red figure.

"Yes! I have single-handily vanquished the beast!" Drax exclaimed, somehow thinking that he was the one who delivered the finishing blow.

"Yo!" Peter waved as he walked over. "I see you guys have been busy while I was away. Are we getting paid for this or?"

"It's a job." Quill nods as he lands beside Peter. "The Sovereign paid us to protect this place from that thing."

Quill gestured between the contraptions that held the sun-like fireballs in place, and the dead dimensional alien squid thing.

"I see. Cool jet pack." Peter comments as Rocket walks over. 'I didn't think they would go to Sovereign already...'

Peter only planned to stop by to check in on his crew for a moment, as he wanted to evolve one more time using another vial he had, though that would have to wait now.

"I made 'em." He says proudly as he tosses a towel in Drax's face. "Clean yourself up. You smell like sh*t."

"Good to have you back Captain." Yondu said as he strolled over.

"It's good to be back." Peter replied as he looked to the palace in the distance. "Should we go and collect our payment?"

"We? Our? I don't remember you joining in on this job?" Rocket asked incredulously.

His greed wouldn't allow the cut he was promised to grow any smaller.

"..." Peter remained silent as he simply gestured to the giant tentacle beast carcass, which he just sliced in half.

"...fine..." Rocket grumbled reluctantly.

"Alright, let's go. Careful what you say around these folks. They're easily offended. The cost of a single transgression is usually death." Quill warned as he was the one to accept this job.

"Sure, let's go." Peter nodded as he caught sight of Rocket sneaking some glowing batteries from the platform into his bag. "Rocket? Is that part of the job?"

"!" Rocket jumped as all eyes turned to him.

"I'll take that as a no." Peter shook his head and let out a sigh. "Return what you stole. We're already getting paid. Don't push it."

"Screw these a*sholes! Sovereigns are just a bunch of grade-A obnoxious pr*cks." Rocket exclaimed as he held his bag tightly. "These batteries are worth hundreds of thousands of Units apiece!"

"Sigh..."

Chapter 298: Rambo

After wrestling the batteries from Rocket and placing them back on the platform, Peter and the rest of the Guardians made their way to the golden circular palace in the distance.

When they arrived, beautiful female palace guards with golden shimmering skin silently escorted them through the halls and into a black, blue, and gold themed throne room.

At the back of the room on a golden throne, sat a similarly colored woman who appeared to be the spitting image of a queen in her court.

Ayesha, the Golden High Priestess of the Sovereign race.

At both sides of the room, high-level members of Sovereign watched as the Guardians strolled in.

The looks of disgust at the new arrivals and the air of superiority that they emanated solidified how prejudiced the Sovereign race truly was.

Even Peter, who was seen as an invincible existence in their eyes, was still somehow looked down upon as he wasn't a member of the great and perfect Sovereign race.

Though the High Priestess was able to hide those feelings well, as she didn't want to anger a man who could go toe to toe with the Mad Titan.

"We thank you, Guardians, for putting your lives on the line. We could not risk the lives of our own Sovereign citizens. Every citizen is born exactly as designed by the community. Impeccable, both physically and mentally. We control the DNA of our progeny... germinating them in birthing pods to perfection." Ayesha greets them and explains the reason behind their inaction.

After all, the Sovereigns are a very advanced race.

Though it all just sounded like bragging...

Truthfully, they could have sent out an armed squad or two and handled the dimensional squid with ease.

'They just didn't want to dirty their hands...' Peter thought as he wondered whether he should have allowed Rocket to rob them as he wanted.

"I guess I prefer to make people the old-fashioned way." Quill says as Ayesha gives him a heated glance.

"Then perhaps someday, you could give me a history lesson in the archaic ways of our ancestors. For academic purposes..." She pretty much just invited Quill to her bed.

'Oh, Gamora looks p*ssed...' Peter watched as Gamora frowned and her eyebrow twitched. 'Though she's probably only making that offer to steal a sample of Quill's Celestial DNA.'

"I would be honored. In the name of research, of course... I think that could be pretty, uh-" Quill froze as he noticed Gamora staring at him and quickly changes his answer. "-repulsive. I'm not into that kind of sick..."

Seeing that Gamora was already starting to grind her teeth in anger at Quill's behavior, Peter stepped forward and cut in before he could further ruin his chances with her.

"Your people promised something in exchange for our services. Please bring it so we can be on our way." Peter tried to hurry things along in a respectful manner.

The High Priestess looks toward Peter worriedly before quickly motioning for her guards to do as he said.

"I apologize. Allow me to double the original payment for wasting your time." Ayesha offers, hoping to foster a good relationship with him.

"That won't be necessary-" As Peter was about to decline, Quill reached over and covered his mouth.

"What he means is that we'll gladly accept your kind offer." Quill says as Rocket nods his furry little head in agreement.

Soon enough, a golden palace guard walked in and handed over a single card, which was basically a debit card full of Credits.

"We thank you, High Priestess Ayesha." Quill says as he snatches the card and stashed it away.

Just as they were about to leave, Ayesha called out to them.

"What is your heritage, Mr. Quill?" The High priestess asked curiously.

As the priestess of a race based on genealogy, Ayesha had a keen sense toward the genetic makeup of other beings.

And Quill had to be the oddest man she's ever met.

Even Peter wasn't nearly as complicated, though that would change once he evolves with some Celestial DNA.

"My mother is from Earth." He answers simply.

"And your father?" She asks.

"He ain't from Missouri. That's all I know." Quill shrugged unknowingly.

"I see it within you. An unorthodox genealogy. A hybrid that seems particularly reckless and volatile..." The High Priestess said as if she could see straight through him and into his origins.

"You know, they told me you people were conceited douchebags, but that isn't true at all." Rocket came to Quill's defense as he turned and winked, though every Sovereign in the room saw it.

Looking around, he soon realized this as well.

"Oh... sorry. That was meant to be behind your back." Rocket clarifies, but it does little to fix the awkward atmosphere.

...

As they said their farewell, Drax carried out Rocket by the scruff of his neck. Even now he was still receiving some major glares from every Sovereign in the palace.

"Count yourself blessed that they didn't kill you." Drax said.

"I just wish I still had those batteries..."

"That stuff about my father..." Quill muttered in anger as he paced back and forth on the ship. "Who does she think she is?"

As soon as they set off from the Sovereign home world, Quill's bad mood only seemed to Intensify.

"I know you're sensitive about that." Gamora watched him work himself up.

"I'm not sensitive about it. I just don't know who he is..." Quill said though he wasn't very convincing. "Sorry if it seemed like I was flirting with the High Priestess. I wasn't."

"I don't care if you were." Gamora lies as she walks off in a huff.

"Well, I feel like you do care. That's why I'm apologizing. So, I'm sorry!" Quill calls after her though she didn't reply.

...

"I say we celebrate our payday." Yondu said as they split the money.

"Sounds good to me." Peter says as he hops into the cockpit. "Know any good spots?"

'We have to wait until Ego shows himself anyway.'

Landing on a snowy planet, Yondu escorts the crew to a town that was lit up in neon lights.

Everyone they passed seemed to be wasted to some degree as they went from bar to bar, enjoying their evening to the fullest.

"What is this? Some sort of pirate town?" Peter asked as he saw nothing but shady individuals roaming around.

"Oh yeah, now let's drink!" Yondu exclaimed as his 40 or so Ravagers bellowed in excitement and rushed toward the nearest bar.

"Haha! Wait for me!" Drax rushed after them followed by Quill and Rocket.

Gamora sighed in annoyance as she slowly followed from behind, leaving Peter behind with Groot standing on his shoulder.

"Should we join them?" Peter asked as he could already see some of the Ravagers getting into fights.

"I am Groot." Groot nodded his little head.

...

After following the group from bar to bar for about an hour, where he watched his crew drink themselves stupid, Peter saw someone that caused him to double-take in shock.

"After going in circles for years with this woman I end up marrying. I said, 'Aleta, I love you, girl but you're losing your mind!' Then again, she's always been that way. I could never trust her. You know?" A man that looked just like Sylvester Stallone spoke animatedly.

He wore a jacket with the same flaming patch as Yondu, marking him as a Ravager clan leader.

Stakar Ogord is a legendary Ravager captain and the leader of the Stakar Ravager Clan.

He holds so much influence over the 100 Ravager clans that he might as well be the leader and king of all Ravagers throughout the Galaxy.

'Holy sh*t... It's Rambo.' Peter thought in awe.

Meanwhile, Yondu stood and stared at the man like a deer in headlights, both afraid and eager to speak with him at the same time.

"Stakar. It's been some time." Yondu worked up the courage to step up and greet the man with a respectful bow.

Sadly for him, with one look at Yondu's blue face, Stakar's whole night was irrevocably ruined.

"It seems like this establishment is the wrong kind of disreputable." Stakar states as he storms out of the bar with his men at his back.

"Stakar!" Yondu yelled as he ran after them.

"There's a hundred Ravager factions." Stakar stopped for a moment to speak to the bar's owner, who was trying to convince him to stay. "You just lost the business of 99 of them by serving one."

"Please, sir. Please!" The owner begged as they rushed off out the door.

"You can go to hell then! I don't give a damn what you think of me!" Yondu screamed though he wasn't exactly telling the truth.

In fact, Stakar rescued Yondu from the life of a battle slave for the Kree Empire and inducted him into the Ravagers.

Yondu has always looked up to Stakar, so being treated like this by him was actually quite heartbreaking.

"So what are you following us for?" Stakar asks as he turns to see Yondu follow him out into the snow.

"Are you gonna listen to what I gotta say?!" Yondu asked angrily.

"I've never seen him this emotional before..." Quill mutters as he and everyone else watched the drama unfold.

"I don't gotta listen to anything. You betrayed the code. Ravagers don't deal in kids!" Stakar yelled, piquing Quill's interest immediately.

"I told you before, I didn't know what was going on..." Yondu tried to defend himself.

"You didn't know because you didn't wanna know. All you cared about was trafficking kids for a quick buck." Stakar countered in distaste.

"I demand a seat on the table. I wear these flames, same as you!" Yondu wanted to be accepted once again.

Though that time has long passed.

"You may dress like us, but you'll never hear the hordes of freedom when you die, and the colors of Ogord will never flash over your grave. If you think I take pleasure in exiling you, then you're wrong. You broke all of our hearts." Stakar says in disappointment as he turns and walks off.

Yondu stood rooted to the ground in a whirlwind of emotions as he watched the man he looked up to as a hero grow further and further away.

Off to the side, a few of Yondu's Ravager Clansmen spoke amongst themselves.

"Ah, pathetic. First, the Captain joins Quill's friends crew and now he lets another Ravager Captain walk all over him. We followed him because he was the one who wasn't afraid to do what needed to be done. Seems he's going soft now." A particularly ugly Ravager with the face of a wrinkly ball sack spoke in a hushed tone.

"If he's so soft, why are you whispering?" Another asks with a smirk.

"You know I'm right." He replies.

"You best be very careful what you say about Yondu, especially with the new Captain around." One of the older Ravagers warned.

Instantly, all eyes turned to Peter as a chill ran through their spines.

"You're right... I'll keep my mouth shut..."

'Damn right you will.' Peter thought as he overheard their entire conversation. 'I guess that there won't be any rebellions with me around...'

Just as Peter was about to walk over and say some comforting words to his newest crew mate, a white egg-shaped spaceship flew overhead before landing in the center of town, nearly hitting a few drunk alien girls in the process.

'He's finally here...'

Chapter 299: Family Reunion

"After all these years, I've finally found you."

A man spoke as the egg-shaped ship opened from the middle, revealing an old well built bearded man alongside a large-eyed Asian-looking alien woman with two long fleshy antennae on her forehead.

[Insert picture of Ego here]

[Insert picture of Mantis here]

Quill could feel Ego's stare directed straight at him as he spoke, but that wasn't all.

He also felt this odd connection to the man, as if they were related in some way.

"And who the hell are you?" Quill asks as he and everyone else in the town reach for their guns.

"I figured my rugged good looks would make that obvious. My name is Ego and I'm your dad, Peter(Quill)." Ego revealed, shocking Quill into silence.

Peter watched the father and son meeting with a contemplative mind.

Because Ego's real body is literally a giant brain encased in a planet, killing him now would be absolutely pointless.

'His consciousness would most likely return to his planet, where he would swiftly build a new body...' Peter hypothesized.

Though that wasn't the only reason that he would have to play things slowly.

'And it wouldn't look very good if I just killed Quill's dad for no reason either...' Peter thought as he caught a glimpse of hope in his vice captain's eyes as he stared at his father in a daze.

Peter would have to wait until they're taken to Egos planet and then wait again until Quill's father reveals his true self.

'After all, no villain can ever resist the urge to monologue before their plans come to fruition.'

"Why don't we find somewhere more private to continue this conversation?" Peter steps between Quill and his father.

And as he did this, for barely a second, Peter caught a glimpse of a frown flash on Ego's face.

'Is Quill's god-like Daddy wary of little old me?' Peter smirked under his mask.

Though that wasn't the only person the old Celestial seemed wary of.

Yondu, who was standing next to Peter, also received a similar look as well.

As for the man himself, Yondu was feeling a lot of emotions right now, and none of them had to do with Stakars earlier words.

No, as soon as Ego arrived, Yondu completely forgot about those mundane troubles and felt nothing but dread, fear, and protectiveness.

After all, he knew what Ego had in store for Quill...

He witnessed what happened to all of Egos other children that he delivered.

Ego really needed to find a way to keep him quiet...

"Yes, that would probably be for the best." Ego smiles charmingly as he turns to look at the large group of armed spectators.

"Why don't you go park your ship somewhere less conspicuous and we'll arrange for a private room in that inn?" Peter says as he points to a nearby building.

"..." Ego nods as he turns to Quill. "I'll be right back, son."

Quill's hands tightened into fists as he watched his dad fly off, unsure about how to feel in this situation.

On one hand, he wanted to spend some time with his father.

Get to know him and learn everything about the man that enamored his mother to such a degree.

After all, she would always talk about how amazing his angel/spaceman father was.

And on the other hand, he wanted to pull his pistols and open fire.

This is the man that abandoned him and his mother, leaving him without a father and her to die while being judged by their family.

Because who would believe someone that said they were impregnated by an angelic alien?

Of course, there was also the possibility that Ego was lying, though Quill could feel the connection between them...

"Come on!" Peter said as he swatted Quill across the head.

"OW! What the f*ck!" He shouted in pain as he snapped out of his shocked daze.

"Let's go, you idiot." Peter scoffs as he pushes Quill toward their destination. "We need to talk before he returns."

...

After paying for a large room, which had a spacious living room that could easily fit the whole crew, Peter quickly placed a few privacy spells around the room before turning to Yondu.

"You know something?" Peter asked, causing all heads to turn Yondu's way.

"..." Yondu remained silent as he turned toward Quill with a complicated look on his face.

"Speak up already, you-"

Knock knock...

Quill was about to snap at his adoptive Daddy, though it was already too late.

The real one had arrived.

"Sigh, we'll talk again when we have time. For now, we play along and see what happens. We need more information before anything else." Peter hints at his mistrust of Quill's father.

And they all seemed to understand as not a single crew member spoke up. Even Quill didn't disagree either.

At least not yet...

Opening the door and welcoming the Celestial and his servant inside, Peter took a seat on the room's large sofa with his crew at his back.

"Have a seat." Peter offers as he gestures to the seats across from them.

"Thank you." Ego replied as he sat down with Mantis standing dutifully at his side.

"I believe my Vice Captain has some questions for you..." Peter says as he turns to Quill, who was seated beside him.

"If you're my dad, then where the f*ck have you been!" Quill starts off strong.

"I hired Yondu to pick you up when your mother passed away. But instead of returning you, Yondu kept you." Ego says as he turns to glare in the blue Ravager's direction.

Of course, Peter said to play along so Yondu didn't argue and remained silent.

"Maybe having Yondu here isn't the best idea..." Peter says as he turns to his newest crew member. "Go make sure the Ravagers aren't causing any trouble."

Yondu frowned as he felt the urge to whistle and shoot an arrow straight through Ego's head...

"Yes, sir..." But in the end, he decided to go with the Captain's plan.

Of course, this action seemed to soothe Ego, which is exactly what Peter wanted.

'Yeah, relax and soon enough you'll get too comfortable and slip up.' Peter thought as Yondu stomped out of the room.

"Is he a part of your crew now? Because if I were you, I'd stay far away from people like him." Ego put on a confused face as he spoke. "I have no clue as to why he wouldn't just complete the job. I paid him handsomely too. One of my biggest regrets in this life is hiring him to retrieve you."

"You and me both. He only kept me around because I was a skinny little kid who could squeeze into places adults couldn't. I made jobs a lot easier for him." Quill complains though Peter couldn't tell if he was being serious or not.

"Well, I've been trying to track you down ever since." Ego says as he smiles warmly at his son.

"I thought Yondu was your father." Drax spoke up with a clueless look on his face.

"No, Yondu is his Daddy." Peter says matter-of-factly as he gestures to Ego. "This is his father. There's a difference."

"You shut up!" Quill pointed angrily at Peter as he turned to Drax. "We've been together this whole time and you thought Yondu was my actual blood relative?"

"You look exactly alike." Drax seemed very sure of himself.

"One's blue!" Rocket exclaimed in disbelief.

"No, he's not my father! Yondu was the guy who abducted me, kicked the crap out of me so I could learn to fight, and kept me in terror by threatening to eat me." Quill explains thoroughly.

"Eat you?" Ego looked genuinely appalled. "That son of a b*tch..."

After all, if he actually ate Quill, then Ego's plan would be ruined...

"How'd you locate us?" Peter asks, changing the subject.

"Well, even where I reside, out past the edge of what's known, we've heard a lot about the man they call Star-Lord." Ego gives his son a proud fatherly look.

Of course, he's heard about Spider-Man as well, which is why he frowned earlier.

"What say we head out there right now? Your Captain and crew mates are also welcome. Even that triangle-faced monkey there." Ego points to their raccoon mascot.

"What did he just call me?" Rocket muttered in confusion.

He wasn't sure whether that was an insult or not...

"I promise you it's unlike any other place you've ever seen. There I can explain your very special heritage and perhaps be the father I've always wanted to be." Ego was really laying it on thick.

"We would be honored to visit your home." Peter says respectfully as he rose out of his seat. "Just give us the coordinates and we'll meet you there."

"If it's not too much trouble, I'd like my son to ride with me." Ego says as he gives Quill a hopeful look. "We have so much time to make up for..."

'Of course, you would, you sly old fart...' Peter knew that Ego didn't want Quill out of his sight, as his disappearance would stall his plans yet again. "Sure, some of us can ride with you, while the rest follow along separately. We just have to return to our ship for a second and grab some personal belongings first."

...

After assuring Ego that they would meet him at his ship in half an hour, The Guardians alongside Mantis returned to their ship.

Sadly, Mantis was forced upon them by Ego under the guise of escorting them to his ship, though Peter knew the real reason.

To make sure the key to his plan didn't run off.

Though just as they returned to the ship, Peter tapped Mantis on the shoulder and thought of all the sleepless days that he's been through.

Instantly, the poor girl collapsed into Peter's arms.

"What the hell was that?!" Rocket shouted as the rest of the crew seemed alarmed as well.

"She comes from a race of Empaths. Through touch she experiences other people's emotions as if they were her own." Peter says as he lays her down on a nearby couch. "I just projected some exhaustion on her. That's all."

...

"Okay, we have half an hour before we have to meet up with Quill's dad again. Any thoughts?" Peter asks the Guardians.

"I'm not buying it."

Chapter 300: Plan/Setting Off

"I'm not buying it," Quill frowned suspiciously. "I mean, give me a break! After all this time, he's just gonna show up, and all of a sudden he wants to be my dad?"

"I agree, it's suspicious," Peter nodded as Quill complained. "He gives me bad guy vibes... Trust me, I've got a sense for these types of things."

"And by the way, this could be a trap. The Kree purists, the Ravagers... They all want us dead," Quill added in a huff.

"I know, but..." Gamora frowned in contemplation as she looked Quill in the eyes.

"But what?" Quill asked.

"What was that story you once told me about Zardu Hasselfrau?" she asked.

"Who?" he asked in confusion.

"Do you mean David Hasselhoff?" Peter guessed with a raised brow. "What the hell does this have to do with some old actor from Earth?"

"Right," Gamora nodded. "And as a child, you would carry his picture in your pocket and tell all the other children that he was your father."

Peter frowned sadly under his mask as he recalled this from the movie.

"That's really pathetic..." Drax commented without understanding the vibe of the room.

"Shut up!" Quill shouted at Drax before turning back to Gamora. "I told you that when I was drunk. Why are you bringing it up now?"

"I love that story," Gamora admitted.

"Yeah? Well, I hate it. As a kid, I used to see all the other kids off playing catch with their dad and I wanted that more than anything in the world..." Quill felt embarrassed as the whole crew heard this.

"That's my point. What if this man is your Hasselhoff? And if he ends up being evil... we will just kill him," Gamora shrugged uncaringly.

"Then let me be the bearer of bad news," Yondu stepped up and ruined the moment. "That f*cker is evil."

Peter smirked under his mask as Yondu finally spoke up.

"Care to explain how you know that?" Peter asked as all eyes turned to Yondu.

"Well, it all started back before I picked up Quill. Ego got in touch with me and hired me to traffic some kids for him," Yondu's words caused a few pointed looks to be thrown his way. "At first, I refused."

"What changed your mind?" Peter asked.

"The money," Yondu admitted in shame. "Though he also promised that the children wouldn't be hurt. But that was a damn lie."

"So, you were kidnapping kids and bringing them to my father? And he was hurting them?" Quill was beyond confused. "Guess I should be glad that I was a skinny kid. Otherwise, you'd have delivered me to him too."

"You still believe that's the reason I kept you around, you idiot?" Yondu didn't look very happy.

"That's what you told me, you old Smurf!" Quill responded in kind.

"Once I figured out what happened to them other kids, I wasn't just gonna hand you over," Yondu said in his defense.

"You said you were gonna eat me," Quill glared.

"That was me being funny!" Yondu shouted in exasperation.

"Not to me!" Quill yelled back.

"Damn, you got some serious Daddy issues..." Rocket commented.

"I am Groot..." Groot nodded from his seat on Peter's shoulder.

"Keep quiet, you trash bandit!" Quill just kept yelling.

"Alright, let's all just calm down," Peter interjected as he turned to Yondu. "What happened to the kids?"

"They..." Yondu choked up on his words for a moment. "They... He killed them all."

"What?!" Quill exclaimed.

He wanted so badly for Yondu to be lying that a small part of him couldn't help but doubt this story.

"After bringing him hundreds of kids, I started getting suspicious. I thought, 'Where are they?' So I put a tracker on one of the little gremlins, hoping to find a school or a town where they lived, but..."

"But what?" Rocket asked in curiosity.

"I found a pit, filled with hundreds of skeletons. All of them kid-sized. I brought them to be slaughtered by that monster," Yondu explained in shame and self-hatred. "And that's why Stakar and every other Ravager in the Galaxy will never forgive me..."

"Then I will forgive you in their stead," Peter said as he walked up and rested a comforting hand on the blue man's shoulder. "Everyone deserves a second chance, and this is yours."

"..." Yondu remained silent as he looked at Quill.

"How do we know you aren't lying?" Quill asked suspiciously.

"We don't," Peter said with a shake of his head. "Which is why I say we go along with Ego and see what he's planning. We also need to figure out the other half of Quill's heritage and his father is our only link to that."

"So we're just going to walk into what's most likely a trap so that Star-Douche can learn about what kind of alien his Daddy is?" Rocket asked with a frown.

"Yeah, pretty much," Peter nodded.

"Alright," Rocket nodded as he walked off.

"Where are you going?" Quill asked.

"To clean my guns!" Rocket yelled as he disappeared into the back of the ship.

Smiling to himself, Peter turned to Yondu.

"Is there anything that we should know before heading out?" he asked.

"Yeah..."

After having a quick strategy meeting, Peter, Quill, Gamora, Rocket, Groot, and Drax were led to Ego's ship, which immediately took off upon their arrival.

Yondu and his Ravagers were left with the ship and would meet them at Ego's planet soon enough.

Of course, Mantis was confused when they woke her up, but Peter just shrugged and blamed her 'fainting' on lack of sleep and overwork.

As they took off, Peter couldn't help but admire Ego's ship...

'Once this is over, I'll add this ship to my collection.' Peter thought as he took a seat in a milky white room alongside his crew and Mantis.

"I am Mantis." Mantis introduces herself with a smile and a small bow. "Master is sleeping, so I will keep you company in his absence."

Since Ego is just a giant brain encased inside a planet of his own creation, the human form that he projects his consciousness into grows weaker when he's away.

Which is why he needs to sleep.

"What are you doing?" Drax asks as he eyes her warily.

Although she was trying to be nice, the smile on Mantis' face looked creepy, to say the least.

"Smiling." She answers as her smile intensifies. "I hear it is the thing to do to make people like you."

"Not if you do it like that." Rocket said, wiping the freaky smile from her face.

"Oh..." Mantis mutters sadly. "I was raised alone on Ego's planet, so I don't understand the intricacies of social interaction."

Although she seemed sad for a moment, that seemed to fade as she eyed Rocket in infatuation.

"Can I pet your puppy? It's adorable." She asks, eliciting a glare from said puppy.

"Yes." Drax nods with a mischievous smirk.

"Grrr...rraaahh!" Rocket growled as her hand grew closer before snapping his fangs at her.

"Aahh!" Mantis screamed in fright as she pulled her hand away.

"Haha! That is called a practical joke!" Drax laughed boisterously and was soon joined by Mantis, who had no idea what was happening.

...

"Hey, can I ask you a personal question?" Quill asks after everything calmed down.

"No one has ever asked me a personal question." Mantis nods for him to ask.

"Your antennas. What are they for?" He asks curiously.

"Their purpose?" Mantis mutters as she goes on to explain her empathic abilities. "If I touch someone, I can feel their feelings."

"You read minds?" Rocket mutters as he looks at Peter, realizing that their Captain wasn't lying earlier.

"No. Telepaths know thoughts. Empaths feel feelings and emotions. May I?" Mantis holds her hand out to Quill.

"Alright." He shrugged and grabbed her hand.

Instantly, Mantis' antennas lit up as she felt his feelings.

"You feel love!" She exclaimed with blushing cheeks.

"Yeah, I guess I feel a general, unselfish love for just about everybody around me." Quill started pulling out excuses as he looked toward Gamora, hoping that she wouldn't catch on.

"No. Romantic, sexual love..." Mantis clarifies explicitly.

"No... no, I don't!" Quill denied it in embarrassment.

"For her!" Mantis exclaims as she points at Gamora.

"No!" Quill shouts as Gamora looks surprised by this revelation. "That is not..."

After all, she thought of Quill as more of a playboy, who simply wanted to get into her pants.

Drax suddenly starts laughing uproariously and points at Quill in unending amusement.

"She just told everyone your deepest, darkest secret!" He continued to laugh in Quill's face.

"Dude, come on! I think you're overreacting a little bit." Quill said in annoyance.

"I am Groot..." Groot seemed to agree with Quill.

"Eh, it's a little funny..." Rocket admits with a shrug.

"You must be so embarrassed!" Drax continues cackling as Gamora smirks in amusement. "Do me! Do me, do me!"

Mantis reaches over and touches Drax's chest and immediately starts laughing uncontrollably as well.

"I have never felt such humor!"

...

After everyone was done having a laugh at Quill's expense, Mantis continued her explanation.

"I can also alter other people's emotions to a certain extent." She admits.

"Yeah, like what?" Peter asks.

"If I touch someone who's sad, I can ease them into contentment for a short while. I can make a stubborn person compliant, but I mostly use it to help my master sleep. He lies awake at night, thinking about his progeny." She explains further.

"Oh, really? How many other children does Ego have? I thought Quill was the only one..." Peter asks in interest.

"Umm..." Mantis froze as she instantly realized that she spoke too much. "I don't know... Master doesn't talk about them very much."

'She isn't a very good liar is she?' Peter thought with a smile. 'Though she'll make a good Guardian when this is all over.'

Everyone else couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. They decided to keep an eye on Mantis and made a mental note to look into Egos other children.