I could just eat you up
by SunflowerSupreme

Summary

Some people probably find the phrase sexy, Peter Quill is not one of them.

Or, it's all Yondu's fault, even if that's the last person he wants to think about when he's trying to get laid.

Notes

This chapter is 100% not meant to be taken seriously. I promise later chapters will be more serious. Also, it’s the possibly the closest I’ve ever gotten to writing smut so…. go me?
And my first GOTG fic, so WHOOOO first times all around.

Someone suggested that Peter probably has PTSD from the whole 'being raised by asshole space pirates' thing and I was going to do a serious exploration of that but instead, I ended up centering on how Peter would react if one of his girlfriends told him he was cute enough to eat. Whoops?

** Aceta is the star system the Krylorians (which is what Bereet, Peter’s pink girlfriend) come from. Basically, I figure Peter prefers semi-human looking girls and it’s probably not insane for someone to have named their daughter after their home star system. I knew a girl once named “China Asia” and I wish I was kidding.

** A-Chiltarians are fuzzy and blue, although mostly human in shape. Kraglin is an A-Chiltarian in the comics and I feel cheated that we didn't get the wacky disco eyes in the MCU. Comic Krags: http://marvel.wikia.com/wiki/Kraglin_(Earth-616)
No tentacles, no fur, no teeth where there shouldn’t be any.

Just a normal woman who could almost pass for human and one kidnapped Terran. Nothing could go wrong. Except that Terran, in particular, was named Peter Quill, and so something always went wrong.

After ensuring that the Milano was under radio silence - allowing for emergency contact ONLY when he was naked was a lesson he had learned the hard way - he turned his attention back to his latest conquest. Aceta was already mostly undressed, and Peter grinned to himself, making a quip about how he didn’t know things were supposed to be moving at jump speed. A cheesy joke, really, but seeing as how he was fairly certain she had been smitten at least in part because of his ship he wasn’t surprised she loved it.

Aceta smiled, holding out her arms as Peter came closer, letting him shrug out of his shirt and toss it across the room. She traced her fingers across his abdominal muscles, murmuring appreciatively. If he hadn’t been aroused before, he certainly was now. He ran his hands around her back, finding the clasp of her bra and playing with it, but no unclipping it. She giggled.

Kissing he was used to, he decided as she pulled him closer, nuzzling face into the crook of his neck and exploring with her tongue. He was not going to remember the time a crewman had attempted to take a bite out of him, not if he wanted this evening to go smoothly. Peter had trained that out of himself, first with bot hookers and then organic women, laying perfectly still and letting them kiss and nuzzle him until he no longer thought about his childhood attack and almost introduction to the stew pot.

“So handsome,” she murmured, trailing her tongue - almost the same pink as her skin - across his shoulder blade. “I could eat you up.”

That was new.

_He was eight and a crew member was looming over him, snarling, “I could eat you up.” He didn’t remember the crew member’s name, the A-Chiltarian hadn’t lasted long on the crew, dying in some accident or another. But he did remember being chased into the narrow hallway, the creature’s furry finger’s reaching for him like some sort of evil Muppet. “Yer barely a mouthful.”_

_Peter had screamed then - Ravegers don’t cry, Yondu had constantly reminded him, but the blue asshole had also constantly reminded him that he wasn’t a real Ravager yet (and technically, screaming wasn’t crying) - and the Cookie Monster Gone Bad had clamped his hands over his ears, giving Peter the chance he needed to duck under his arms and flee._

_He was nine, sitting in Yondu's cabin and bawling his eyes out after a crew member_
had bitten him. The Centuarian had actually seemed slightly concerned, bandaging his arm after cleaning the wound. But he hadn't managed to show any pity, the second he knew the boy was going to live he had told him to stop crying or else. "Remember boy," he had said gruffly, "they ain't allowed to eat you without my permission."

If Yondu had thought he was going to find that reassuring, he had been wrong.

He was ten, having just been rescued by a thoroughly pissed off Yondu from what he would later realize were child traffickers. Of course, Yondu, being Yondu, had insisted that they were intending to cook him. “I coulda let them eat you, boy,” Yondu snapped, shoving the frightened Terran in front of him with a huff.

“I didn’t do anything!” It was (mostly) true, he had been distracted for less than a minute when one of the men had grabbed him, but Yondu never saw it that way.

Any further protests were cut off by a sharp whistle and Yondu’s snarl of, “It ain’t too late ta change my mind.”

He was thirteen and Kraglin had just saved him from a group of hungry looking crew. The first mate was muttering under his breath, “lettin’ eat ya next time, Quill,” as he tied a strip of (more or less) clean cloth over the cut on his arm. “Gotta learn to fight back.”

“They had like, 5,000 pounds on me, man!” Although, to be fair, Peter had weighed more than Kraglin almost the entire time he had known the man.

“Peter?”

He wasn’t eight or ten or thirteen. He wasn’t (currently) on board the Elector, and the speaker wasn’t a Ravager. Aceta was staring with alarmed eyes, although not alarmed enough that she wasn’t trying to crawl across the room toward him. When had he shoved himself into the corner? Why? He had discovered years ago that corners were bad places to hide with no means of escape.

“Peter, did I hurt you?”

“No, it’s just-” a part of him wanted to let it all spill out, to tell her that he was more or less in a hostage situation and that he had been raised by a blue asshole that was probably going to eat him one of these days. He had told someone once when he was nine, but Yondu had sweet-talked the Nova Officer (or, more likely, bribed him) and convinced him that Peter was just being dramatic. He was pretty sure he still had scars from that punishment.

“You should probably go.” There was no way he was getting aroused for at least a few days.

"Peter-" Damn woman, where did she manage to find one with actual feelings? How was there anyone left in this galaxy that cared about anyone but themselves?

"Please."

After he dropped her back off on the Space Station he spent several hours in orbit, lying on the floor of the Milano with his eyes closed. But he wasn't sleeping. Too much had happened. He almost missed the communication beeping, only answering it at the last second. Kraglin’s frustrated
face filled the screen and he wasted no time in saying, "Capt's gettin testy."

Peter groaned. "Come on man!" he protested. "I'm not even late yet!"

"That the Terran?" he heard Yondu somewhere behind Kraglin, but it seemed the blue bastard couldn't be bothered to make an appearance in the screen himself. *Fuck you too*, Peter thought. "Tell him ta git his ass back 'ere or-"

Peter hung up before his Captain could finish his threat. It would be far easier to take extra work rotations or a cuff around the ears for hanging up than it would be to listen to Yondu's threats. He'd rendezvous on time. Probably.

He did make it to the Elector on time (barely) but that hadn't stopped Yondu from shouting or reminding him of how grateful that he should be that he was small and skinny. "Cuz otherwise you'd've eaten me, I know!" The interruption had earned him a smack, but it lacked even Yondu's normal strength.

Later, after everything, after Ego, Peter would realize that Yondu never had any intention of eating him in the first place. Neither did a lot of the crew. Okay, the ones that cornered him when he was 13 definitely had ideas (but they were most likely just being assholes and wanting to scare him), and yes someone had once taken a bite out of him, but then again, both that man and the A-Chiltarian that had cornered him had mysteriously disappeared.

That didn't change what had happened - he was certainly not letting anyone give him a love bite anytime soon - but it made it easier to process. Sure Yondu had been a shit dad, but he had never once even threatened to sell Peter into slavery, so he was better than any role model he had ever had.

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