The Devasting Disappearance of Peter Quill

by ExtraEdgyOtter

Summary

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Notes

Wrote this in three hours, starting at 1AM and i regret nothing.
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The title card dropped, revealing the text as Ryan's voice narrated. An airy ringing accompanying as the light fixture swung into the scene.

"Damn, Missouri? Poor kid." Shane remarked. Ryan blinked, staring at him in disbelief "Yeah, forget him going missing, living in Missouri- Is somehow worse than that?" He stammered. Shane rolled his eyes.

"Well, of course it's awful, but like, Missouri. It just adds to his, tragic tale. I can tell he's gonna have a horrible life already." At that, Ryan chuckled. "Oh, man, you have no idea what's coming.

Shane clapped his hands together. "Lay it on me then!"

The scream wiped to black, before a grainy image of the young Meredith Quill appeared on screen, with a timeline bellow.

"Born in 1988, Peter Jason Quill was born to single mother, Meredith Quill. Till this day, it's unknown who his father was, pulling up a blank from all accounts. According to schoolmates, however, the boy often claimed David Hasselhoff was his father."

You must be kidding- Oh my god. This kid. I cannot believe this

He's a child growing up with no father figure- can you really blame him?

For just like, finding a hero and deciding to declare him as his dad?

But why David Hasselhoff? Did- Did anyone ever? Mention the kid to him, like, after his disappearance?

You know, that's a great question. I don't think they did. But, to answer that first one, who knows.

His family seems to say those sorta things a lot

And..What's that supposed to mean?

Oh, you'll see.

"The Quill family described Peter as emotional and reckless, but an overall good kid. He adored music, a passion he shared with his mother. He was obsessed with pop culture, and the technology he had available. Meredith Quill raised Peter at her parents house, and was fairly well known in the community, with Peter's father being a hot topic of discussion for many"

So, you said, like no one at all knows who the father is?

Other than Meredith, no. I'm getting there, don't worry

"Around Peter's 8th birthday, Meredith Quill had been diagnosed with a Terminal brain tumor. No doctor for the surrounding counties had managed to find a cause, as it seemingly had appeared over
night. Her family reported no signs of the tumor beforehand."

So like, this is kinda something really uncommonly talked about, much, when people uhh.. Discuss this case. But to me, like, i don't know much about this, but isn't there meant to be signs, and stuff, before hand?

I don't know, man. But like--You said it was her parents, watching over her? Maybe they were just, like, older. And didn't spot them.

   People always described her, as like, a very..Funky person, that just adored life. Super active. Bubbly, you-you'd think they'd see signs of that, like, slowing down, though.

   Moving on..

"During her tumor treatment, is when things began to take a bizarre turn. While the Quill family insisted that it was simply the tumor talking- Meredith Quill started to say some incredibly interesting things."

With that, the portrait of Meredith Quill had darkened

"From the accounts of Meredith's nurses, the lady started to monologue about Peter's father. She claimed, that he was an Angel From The Stars, and claimed that he was going to take Peter back, to be with him."

Ohh..Oh..Oh crap. Wh-What? Were these accounts, of what she said, ever like--Confirmed by the family?

When questioned, her parents just repeated saying that the Tumor was affecting her, and she wasn't of sound mind, and never directly verified if these accounts were stated, or not.

That sounds like some Cult Leader bullcrap, to me

   (Wheeze) Something like that...

"In 1998, on a late November evening, Peter and his grandparents were notified that Meredith Quill had likely no chance of making it through the night. For several hours, the family visited the hospital. Upon the news, his grandparents and nurses had reported that the boy, kicked and cried, to the point that his grandfather, forced him out of the room"

"Wait, wait, wait. You're telling me that this literal child is told his only parent is dying, and so his grandpa refuses to let him see her? The hell?!!" Shane exclaimed, shifting his gaze from Ryan to the pile of papers the man held, in complete disbelief.

Ryan taped his pencil on the desk. "I know, right? It's- It's a shit move. I couldn't believe it either, but, some people deal with grief differently." He eventually sighed. His gaze shifting back down towards the file.

"Sometime past midnight, Peter had been allowed back into the room, upon Meredith's repeated request. She handed Peter a wrapped box, with a letter. What was in either, is unknown. Meredith's last request was for Peter to hold her hand. A family friend had this to say"

The crinkling of papers could be heard through the audio, before he had continued with the narration. A blackened image of a woman in nurse apparel displayed on screen.

"Peter refused to look at her. His grandpa was trying to make him. He just stood there, looking away.
His mother was going on, about how his dad was going to collect him. How Peter only had to stay with his grandpa, until his dad come. She kept trying to mention his dad, but her father weren't letting her.

*This kid can't catch a break, can he?*

_So you don't think it's weird, that like, the boy didn't take her hand, right?*

*I mean, not really? He's like, eight, right? Of course he doesn't know what to do, he's a child watching his mother die._

Okay, good, yeah. _A lot of people online seemed to have really thought it was suspicious, or a shitty move, or something. But like..He's eight._

"Immediately after the exchange, Meredith Quill passed away. According to those in the room, Peter was kicking, and yelling, and screaming, and trying to crawl onto her bed. His grandpa picked him up, and forced him out of the room once more. He refused to let him in, to let him see her."

"Okay seriously, i hate his grandfather, so much. Literally why? Let the kid grief, for heaven's sake!" Ryan exclaimed. "Jesus Christ, god, i have a feeling he won't be redeeming himself, then?" Shane glanced towards him, with desperation. Ryan shook his head, and gave a low sigh.

"From there, workers reported seeing the child running down the hospital, flying out the door. No one made efforts of stopping him, most accounts say. Witnesses said he ran into the field surrounding it. And that was the last time, any human being saw him."

_That's- That's it? There's no way, that's the last time he was saw? Ever? Dead, or alive?_  

_Basically, yeah._

"Despite this, it took three hours until his family had reported his disappearance to the authorities. At which point, the likely hood of finding a missing child, already drops to only 25%."  

_Okay there's no way there's not a theory, that his grandfather played a part in this. No way that's not at least part of the speculation._

_We'll be getting there, don't worry._

"With that, we have the theories. Theory one, Peter's father, as Meredith claimed he would, returned, and kidnapped the boy."

**David Hasselhoff, of his actual father? I need to know who i'm picturing here**

_(Wheeze) Oh my God. Really? (Wheeze) His actual father_  

_Who's to say his actual father isn't David Hasselhoff, now that i think about it?_  

_I hate you, so much (Wheeze)_

"Peter's father had always been a common discussion among the community, as previously mentioned. They were not married, and according to previous accounts of Meredith, the man in question outright refused to speak with most people in the town. A few accounts of civilians and workers, reported seeing Meredith with a bulky man, with shoulder-length, shaggy hair."

_So, i'm guessing this guy was never confirmed as Peter's dad..?_
You guessed it. Nothing confirming if those accounts were true, either. The only account of this, actually, was from a couple at a Dairy Queen. They couldn't even really confirm if the girl was Meredith or not, just said- that the girl with the guy, looked like her.

So just she-said-he-said, basically?

"Despite this being the most popular theory, there is little evidence supporting this claim. With legitimately no evidence to who the father is, the Quill family denied the speculation, claiming the last words of Meredith, to be nothing but Tumor talk."

"Jesus.." Shane mumbled, propping his head against his hands. "I know, this is just a really, real sad case." Ryan sighed, shuffling his papers.

"Theory two, as supported by the local police and FBI, was that Peter simply ran away. There was an urban city surrounding the hospital, but other than that, for about five miles, was nothing but woods and farm land. There were only two pieces of evidence, of anyone being present in the field that night. One of which, was footprints, small enough to have been Peter's."

Two pieces of evidence? Didn't you say there was nothing? What's the other thing?

Well, nothing solid. Like- nothing they could really confirm was Peter's or not, due to the lack of technology and stuff.. And we'll be getting there soon, don't worry.

"This night was described by locals as an unnaturally foggy night, it's easily believed that a boy as small as Peter would've managed to gone unnoticed as he roamed the fields and woods. A private farm property was a mere four miles away from the city. It is theorized that Peter could've found his way there, and died on the property due to the elements. And, the land owner, not wanting to take the blame, could've disposed of the body."

"That's..That's some dark shit, right there. I couldn't imagine, just, watching my mother died, and being forcibly taken away from her. And then, just, running away, and dying alone in some fields, before some rando farmer burns my corpse, or something."

That..Went a bit darker than it needed to.

Well yeah because i'm pissed! How could an eight year old boy, an eight year old boy, Ryan, run away, and not have anyone alert about his disappearance until three hours later?!

(Wheeze)

"Onto Theory number 3. Peter's grandfather found the boy, and one way or another, disposed of him."

A graphic of a stock image man, face blacked out, was branded on the screen, meant to represent to represent Peter's grandfather. The image quickly darkened, as the graphics continued.

"This is one of the widely accepted, but much darker, theories. As an outsider looking in, this family looks less than ideal. Accounts of family friends had this to say, on the relationship between Peter and his grandfather. Quote, 'Peter, that boy. He's always a foolish child- That's practically all [his grandfather] talks about. I've seen that mess of a kid, my self. To emotional. To reckless- How he's going to handle that boy, if his daughter doesn't recover, is beyond me' unquote"
Shane threw his hands in the air. "I give up! I hate everyone in that fucking town!" He'd exclaim in defeat. Ryan chuckled, running his hand down his face in exasperation. "It only gets worse from here."

"Another account had this to say. Quote, 'Poor Peter, i'll never know how that boy'd cope. His mama's the only one that can handle him- if you'd call it that. [His grandfather] always had a hard time bonding with him, wanted Peter to man up.' unquote."

Fuck, the toxic masculinity sure was in full power in that town, it seems

*I mean- it was 1980, people were even shittier than they are now. I'd imagine it wasn't just that town- but yeah. Poor Peter.*

**Poor Peter**

"With that in mind, many locals suggested the idea, that perhaps, Grandpa Quill, wanted to rid himself of, what to him, is just his bastard grandchild. An interesting detail about the case, was that it wasn't actually his grandfather that had reported him missing, but rather, the hospital"

**What the fuck?! C'mon!**

*Okay but- that can explain itself-

"After an hour and a half of grieving, it was brought to Grandpa Quill's attention of the complete absence of Peter. Family friends searched the hall, but upon questioning a nurse, they came to the realization that it was possible Peter had ran from the building."

**Possible- come the fuck on-**

*I know, I know..*

"When this was brought up the Grandpa Quill, the man immediately started shouting Peter's name, before sprinting from the building. Witnesses claim the man was in distressed, and a few locals had attempted to calm him down, to no avail."

*So, can you, like, kinda feel for this guy? Like i hate him, just a bit, but there's always the chance he is just- an innocent enough guy, with just some toxic masculinity bullshit everyone was full of back then.*

*I mean, yeah, but like, to pry a child away from his dead mother? While he's grieving? That's just a shit move. I'm not disagreeing with you, there*

"When this theory had been brought up to Grandpa Quill, he had this to say. Quote, 'He was just a boy. I was trying my best- i really were. I wasn't thinking. I had just watched my daughter die. I watched her die, and then, the last moment i got to see my grandson, my grandson i promised my precious daughter i'd care for? The last moment i saw him, was of him upset. Of him mad, 'cause i didn't want him interrupting the doctors. I'd never do anything to him, that i thought could hurt him. I'd never do that. I don't know why people'd think that.' Unquote."

Shane dragged his hand across his face in a dramatic manner. "Like, fine. I feel bad for the guy, i do, but he's suspicious, he is." He relented, exasperated. Ryan sighed, glancing away from his papers. "Like, i mean, i'd hope you'd feel bad. He did basically just lose his entire family, in one night. And i hate saying it, but it usually is the family. Maybe it's not in this case- but he shouldn't blame people
"With no evidence to point the blame to anyone, Grandpa Quill was released after a short session of questioning. With no other suspects, it made for a cold case."

**So he's just, Grandpa Quill?**

Well- uh- he didn't want his name released, to the public. He didn't commit any crimes, and all that shit. It's in public records, but, like he was only considered a suspect for a week.

**Fair enough.**

"With that- we have theory 4. Which you'll hate-"

_Don't say it_.

"Theory number 4, aliens."

Shane threw his hands in the air, before bounding out of his chair. Ryan wheezed, nearly tipping over his seat. "Okay! Okay! Listen, there's- there's actual shit behind this, i swear" "No, no Ryan! Okay, yeah, fine, that New York thing happened. And- Thor- but, Thor was literally the first recorded signs of aliens! That's that! They didn't show interest in Earth before that!" Ryan cocked an eyebrow. "Really? I- aliens evade earth, wanting to, i don't know, take over the world, out of no where, but it's impossible for them to have done anything before that?" "Oh, yes, Ryan, I'm sure that the top of their priority list is kidnapping some orphaned boy from Missouri!" The wheezing fit continued.

"The second piece of evidence the night of Peter's disappearance, had been burnt dirt in the field, close to the hospital. While not nearly identical- the only frame of reference we have for such a thing, is the markings on the ground left when living Norse God, Thor, has been found leaving Earth."

Eh? Burn marks on the dirt? Sounds like Thor shit. Yep, must be that. Abducted. I- What's the logic in that?

(Wheeze)

"Now, while we definitely need to take this with a grain of salt, we shouldn't outright throw away some of the last things Meredith said. More specifically, what she said about Peter's father."

"She had insisted that he was a man of the stars. That he was an angel, straight from the stars, and he'd be coming back to get Peter. Those were some of the last words she had spoken, before she died. Before her son, vanished into thin air."

So you're telling me, she fucked an alien?

(Wheeze) Shane-

_How does one meet an alien? Why would someone just- meet an alien, and decide, "fuck it, you're a dad now!"

Shane- (Wheeze)

Or what alien decides humans are hot enough to give a child to? Like, i know media always thinks aliens are ugly, and shit, but like,, then there's Thor, and there's no fucking denying Thor's hot as hell. Surely there's other hot aliens, too, so why wouldn't this guy be out there, y'know, finding hot
aliens chicks?

"Witnesses claim to have seen an absolutely blinding light in the field. Even on the incredibly foggy night, one witness who has chosen to remain anonymous, had this to say, and i quote, 'i had been on a smoking break, when i saw this small child burst through the doors. i can only assume it was the Quill's boy, i had thought about going after him. Before i had time to think of what to do, he's in the field, on his knees. I don't see anyone else. I still can see his silhouette. The next thing i know, there's several blinding lights, beaming down through the fog. i look away, and when the lights are gone, so was the figure.' Unquote."

(Sigh) I hate this, I hate this so much.

Like it or not man. This is likely, I think.

That- that to me, sounds like, a pretty compelling thing

Okay, this is Missouri, in- in almost 1990's, like, maybe they were on drugs, or something.

"No one can say for sure what happened on that devastating day. May it be a psychotic father, disgruntled grandfather, or perhaps, something other worldly, we may never know. With the 30th year since Peter had last been spotted just around the corner, it seems this case will just have to remain, unsolved."

"I really think it is a shame, what happened to him. Like- this kid sounded hilarious, honestly, with the David Hasselhoff thing." Shane chuckled, tapping the desk. "I really think it was the grandfather- but honestly, i really cannot say for sure it wasn't aliens, this time. It's a possibility." Ryan had argued, dropping his papers down onto the surface. Shane had rolled his eyes. "Yeah, keep telling yourself that." "Oh, i will." He smirked.

With that, the video faded to black.
"Hi, my name is Peter, for anyone that uh, just found my channel! I'm Tony Stark's personal intern, and, well, True Crime community, prepare for your mind's to be blown!"

"Oh! Shit, that's starting now- Hi! I'm Peter Quill- also known as Star-Lord. Legendary space outlaw, two-time galaxy saver! You're welcome."

The younger Peter offered a sympathetic smile, his nutmeg brown eyes analyzed Quill, as he stared at the television screen, with an unreadable, yet flabbergasted, expression. The boy's gaze shifted towards Harley, who had been grinning madly. "So, congratulations! You proved those Buzzfeed fuckers wrong, and was raised by aliens!" Harley exclaimed, sprawling across the couch. Peter's gaze quickly flicked over towards the older teen.

"Harley!" He hissed, hitting him lightly on the arm. Harley returned the gesture. "Whaaat..?" He whine. Quill snorted, shaking his head. He looked tense, before releasing a sigh. "It's fine! I just- didn't really.. Think about, what happened to my grandpa after what happened. I- I don't know. I thought he'd miss me- but- for my case to become so large? Hell no- Didn't expect that!" The man forced a chuckle, before glancing towards the boys.

The two teens glanced between each other. "No, I'm fine! Like- I'm basically a celebrity, an actual, earth celebrity, for something other than committing a crime! Wait, shit- Don't worry to much about that, everyone's a criminal in space, for some reason or another. I just so happen to be a legendary one!" Quill rambled on, attempting to break the tension.

"I just- I cannot believe how far technology is! Like, what the hell? I've never seen a TV on earth this big- or in that great of quality- and you said that wasn't like, professionally made, either? Not- not made by TV? How does that work?"

Peter brightened at that, beaming. "Okay- so, cameras, right? What anyone and everyone can do, is just, get a camera, or use a phone- literally every modern phone today, has a camera in it- you can take a video, and then you can just put it online!" The boy exclaimed, attempting to elaborate the process to the outdated man.

"There's a shit ton of sites you can post on. The thing you watched, was from YouTube, it's the biggest for videos. Then there's Instagram, for pictures and shorter videos- Twitter for shorter videos, pictures, but also just text posts- Like sending out a message to the world- and then there's Vine, which is dead, but was great. You had like, seven to ten seconds to make a video, and that's it." Harley chimed in, watching in amusement as Quill stared at the boys in awe.

"What the hell? Why didn't i get this sort of technology as a kid! I would've died- I could totally have done that YouTube thing!" Quill whined, staring back towards the paused frame of the video displaying on the TV hung in Stark's lounge.

Harley gave a shit eating grin. "Good, because i have a great idea. Parker, you got your camera?" The younger teen beamed, nodding his head vigorously before he sprung up, leapt over the couch and went sprinting down the hall, towards the elevator.
"Hope you're ready, spaceboy."

The screen shakes as we hear shuffling, before the curly haired boy had appeared in frame. "Okay, so you're just gonna stay behind the camera?" "Yeah, sure, why not? I take the blame when you-know-who gets mad." The audience could hear a snort.

The boy on screen nodded, beaming in excitement. A desk with various papers spewed across it, along with bits of unidentifiable tech could be seen, along with a Star Wars poster.

"Hi, my name is Peter, for anyone that uh, just found my channel! I'm Tony Stark's personal intern, and, well, True Crime community, prepare for your mind's to be blown!" The boy beamed, before shuffling over. The screen zoomed out, revealing an older man, glancing about the room in curiosity, before perking up, glancing towards the camera.

"Oh! Shit, that's starting now- Hi! I'm Peter Quill- also known as Star-Lord. Legendary space outlaw, two-time galaxy saver! You're welcome." He smirked, eyeing the camera. "I'm looking at the right place- Right?" He glanced back towards the teen, who giggled, nodding.

"These two boys showed me some weird Unsolved show- what was it again? Buzz...?" "Buzzfeed Unsolved." The boy behind the camera chimed in. "Buzzfeed Unsolved! God- about time Terra- I mean, Earth- gets some more advanced technology! Nothing could ever beat the 90's, though. I treasure my Walkman with my life." He chuckled.

"A walkman? Really?" The voice from behind the camera remarked. Quill gave an exaggerated pout, before huffing. "It was a gift! And, it's super cool, too. It was like, a life changing piece of technology, back then! Really!"

Peter cleared his throat. "Anyway! Turns out, Buzzfeed, theory number four was right!" He grinned, visibly bouncing in his excitement

Quill chuckled, glancing off. He seemingly grew tense "I was taken from earth as a kid- in that field. But..In a way, theory one was right- My dad wanted me. That asshat- fucking hate him- got someone who was going to take me to him. The guy- Yondu- didn't. He kept me. He taught me how to fight, he taught me how to pilot, he taught me how to steal." The man's gaze didn't meet the screen, nor the boys. The young Peter seemingly glanced anxiously towards the figure behind the camera.

"He used to threaten to eat me, and honestly life did kinda suck, but, he loved me. More than my original asshat father did. My grandpa never wanted to get rid of me- I..I don't really blame him, for taking me out of the room- I was such a mess, when i was little." He grumbled.

"But, hey! Now i'm a legend in space! I have a cool spaceship, space guns! And- there are some really sexy aliens in space, once you accept that- uh- human genitalia doesn't exactly apply to most species-" "Enough of that!" The young Peter quickly intervened, red in the face.

Quill chuckled, glancing back to the boy. "Sorry, kid, I can't feel to bad for you, when i was given the Birds and the Bees talk by an alien. Who, let me tell you, has a rather disturbing birthing process!" Quill cringed.

Peter covered his flustered face with his hand, as we hear the boy behind the camera hitting some sort of surface, howling with laughter.

Quill perked up, staring at someone at the opposite side of the room. "Gamora! Did Rocket fix the
ship? Or- did one of those dumbasses break something? We're not wanted on this planet now too, right?"

"Hi Ms. Gamora!" Peter chimed in, with a polite wave. "Sup!" Chimed the boy from behind the scene.

"Quill, what'd i walk into?" The lady's voice could be heard questioning. "Um- an online thing? Like- just talking to whoever wants to see it! I guess? It's- I don't know how to explain it. I hardly get it. It's just talking to that device, thing. People think i'm dead! Or- that my grandfather did something to me! So i'm- I'm showing the world i'm good! Great!" Quill grinned, staring seemingly longingly at the figure off screen.

"Uh- Would you like to be in it, Ms. Gamora, Ma'am..?" Peter sputtered. Gamora could be heard sighing fondly. "You can just call me Gamora, yeah?" Peter nodded, before shifting over. "Do you wanna join, just for a little bit, or no? If- If not, you're fine!"

The woman could be heard chuckling, before shifting into the scene, revealing her bright, dark green complexion.

"You doing good, Quill?" She questioned, peering back towards the man. He offered a grin, nodding. "Yep! Fine, all good!"

She eyed him skeptically. "Um, i honestly don't know what we should be doing now, I- this is just been..A very bizarre week." Peter stuttered, shifting his weight. Quill chuckled. "You can say that again!"

"Peter- why do you have the space outlaws in your room?" A voice could be heard from down the hall, making Peter freeze. "Shit!" The boy's voice from behind the camera could be heard, before the screen turned to black.

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