Galaxy's Mightiest Guardians - Heroes of the Earth

by BrownieFox

Summary

In which Peter is captured, crash-lands, and captured again. Coming home wasn't going how he'd thought it would.

Notes

Okay, I'm just going to warn you guys that I have no knowledge of the comics, and all I know come fro what I've seen in the movies. Even then, I haven't watched all of them. So most of this comes from headcanon or things that I've gleaned from other fanfictions. If there's any problems, go ahead and tell me, though I make so promises that I'll make changes.

See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter 1

So.

The Guardians of the Galaxy didn’t make as many friends from their occasional ‘good’ deeds as they did enemies. All it really took was Quill wandering off alone during a trip to a bazaar-like planet for a group of thugs that they had might’ve angered at some point (they had all stopped keeping track of who and when a while ago) to jump him. Obviously Quill wasn’t about to go down without a fight, but he was also badly outnumbered and caught by surprise. The ending blow came from the back, sharp and on his neck. An unsettling cracking noise followed it before the world faded.

So.

Terra is strictly off limits, well into Asgardian territory, and seeing as it had almost no space travel or large amounts of priceless substances, it was rarely even a blip on anyone’s radar, known only in passing lately for having dealt with a chitauri invasion. When described, those who knew anything about it tended to call it Neolithic, backwater, not worth the trip, and fun to spook with crop circles. A planet fairly out-of-sight out-of-mind that made both it and its solar system a great place to get away to.

So.

oOo

When Quill woke up handcuffed, sore, and in an unfamiliar ship, he didn't freak out. He just groaned, rubbing his face, sat up, and took note of his surroundings. This was far from the first time he had been in this kind of situation, and it (hopefully?) wouldn’t be the last. His captors, whoever they may be, had at least been smart enough to take his belong some of his belongings away. Damn, he'd been hoping for some real idiots. He was missing his shoes, his coat, all his weapons, and even his helmet, which really sucked. He was also handcuffed, which was just fantastic. The room he was in looked like a bedroom than a cell, and a large window opposite of the door gave him a great view of an area of space that he didn’t recognize, which was just fantastic. The little marbles that orbited a fairly small star looked sad and rather lifeless, though he knew appearances could be deceiving. The only promising one was the one that the ship hovered over, an orb of white, blue, and green.

Lady Luck did seem fit to throw Quill a bone, though, as his kidnappers were clearly either broke or close to it. One glance said that this ship was little more than a hunk of metal that was lucky to be flying and didn’t meet almost any safety regulations - at least the Milano was occasionally up to code. Little random pieces of crap were strewn around the room, much to Quill’s great delight, and in no-time he had found a couple thin pieces of metal that were suitable lock picks and set to work on the handcuffs, which never stood a chance. Back when he was younger, Yondu had made him go through a ton of different capture-escape scenarios, often with his actual well-being on the line. Nobody had ever managed to hold Quill for long yet!... so long as you don't count his whole childhood on the Eclector.

The door was next, and the mechanism needed almost no encouraging for the lock to satisfyingly click open. Peter couldn’t help a huff of amusement, smiling just a bit. These guys were obviously ill prepared for holding somebody hostage, probably their first time. It was almost adorable. Back to the task at hand, Peter kept the door closed, listening carefully for movement before cautiously opening said door, peering into the hallway and still seeing nobody. Next Step of Operation: Get
Back To His Crew: contact his partners, grab his gear, and stall until they got to him. Quill didn't
know where the hell he was, but he was sure he'd figure it out. Didn't he always?

As far as Quill could tell, there were less people on the ship than had attacked him. It made
snooping around easy, and he only had to hide once while a tired alien moved towards the cockpit.
He found his things thrown to the side in what looked like a storage room, and he happily
reclaimed his belongings. And since things were going to well, obviously that was when he felt the
floor shift as the ship began to move.

A quick glance out of the window confirmed that it was the worst case scenario. The ship was
heading towards the planet. While it hadn’t even crossed Quill’s mind to wonder why the alien
that’d walked past was heading to the cockpit, it made sense if they were preparing to enter the
planet’s atmosphere. Which also meant that Quill’s current position in a room full of loose objects
was, to put it shortly, a death sentence, especially in such a janky hunk of metal as this ship. He
rolled his neck, slipped on his headphones, drew his guns, and walked to the cockpit.

There were only three of them. They were obviously idiots, probably thought they’d keep him
around until they could blackmail the other guardians or sell him to somebody or any other action
for revenge and/or units. Honestly, Peter didn’t really care. He took the first two down with two
clean shots, - stunning, not killing, they might have information he needed -  the element of
surprise securely on his side, but the third one was freaking out, drawing its weapon and no longer
piloting the ship. Peter took a shot to the shoulder; pilot took a blast to the heart. But things would
be better if Peter’s first shot hadn’t missed, seeing as it hit the controls.

“Crapcrapcrapcrapcrap!” Peter ran over, but they were entering the planet’s atmosphere fast now
and it was all he could do to get to the seat, shoving the now-dead alien off and sitting in the seat
himself before he was forced painfully backwards. The controls looked completely fried, but
communications seemed to be in working order.

“groot?” Peter was relieved someone was around to answer the call. Groot was finally big enough
to walk around outside of the pot, but he still needed to regularly rejuvenate in fertile soil and make
sure he was getting enough sunlight and water, not much taller than Rocket.

“Hey, sort of in a bit of a situation here. Get Rocket or Gamora to track this signal, okay?”

“Groot!” The tiny tree-man shouted, looking like he desperately wanted to reach through the
projection and wrap around Peter like he had not too long ago. But Quill just shut down the line
and blasted his music into his ears to block out the pounding of his heart. He closed his eyes. He
had survived Ronan, he had held an infinity stone in his hands and lived to tell the tale, he had been
abducted by aliens and not been eaten alive.

Peter Jason Quill would survive this.

It would probably hurt like hell.

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Sam Wilson would go anywhere that Steve Rogers did.

That currently meant bustling through buildings and yelling at people to evacuate.

Apparently there was some UFO heading for this block and showing no signs of stopping.
Suicide-alien-bombers would be new, but at the same time Sam couldn't find it in himself to be
surprised. Steve, Natasha, and he were evacuating the area while Wanda and Vision were in
charge of trying to slow down the spacecraft to minimize damage and hopefully keep the thing in mostly one piece. They knew literally nothing about the aliens doing this, so hopefully they’d be able to interrogate whatever was in there. If things took a turn for the worse, though, Tony was nearby ready to blow it up while it was in the air.

Wanda was successfully able to slow it down, but not enough for a gentle landing. It ended up crashing down in front of one of the evacuated buildings. Sam couldn’t help but wince at the screeching sound as the front of the ship bent inwards and one of the wings were snapped off. For a moment things were still as smoke drifted upwards from the wreck, and the Avengers took this as a chance to surround it, weapons drawn and ready for action. Muscles tensed as a loud *thud* echoed from the ship, followed by two more before what looked like a door was blown off, out stepping their extraterrestrial visitor.

Sam’s first thought was ‘Oh my god, we’re being invaded by Antman’. Of course, they really weren’t. But the thing – guy? – thing’s face (which was either a helmet or just a really weird face) resembled Antman’s helmet, two bright red glowing eyes looking at the place around him. One hand held what was obviously some type of gun while the other dangled uselessly at his side. The alien wore a long red jacket that probably held all types of ‘fun’ items, and Tony took a step forward threateningly, one hand outstretched and ready to fire.

“Listen, this’ll be a whole lot easier if you’d just put the gun down and come quietly.” The alien cocked his head to the side and rubbed the back of his neck. “I’m going to give you to the count of five. One. Two. Three. Four. Five!”

The alien jumped out of the way just in time for the bolt to just clip his side. It shouted something and shot at Tony. At this everybody else jumped to action, shots flying through the air as the alien limped to the other side of his ship for cover, throwing something over his shoulder. It hit the ground and Tony, Sam, and Vision were pulled towards it, slamming into each other and left momentarily disoriented. Vision was able to blast it to pieces after a moment and the three of them quickly flew to where the alien had gone. They found him unconscious underneath Natasha’s foot, one red eye badly cracked and what had been his good arm sitting at an awkward angle. Natasha herself looked to be no worse for wear, but Steve was climbing to his feet.

“So now what?” Sam nudged the alien with his foot. It didn’t react.

“Tony, why don’t you, Vision, Natasha, and Wanda check out the ship? Sam and I’ll bring thing guy to the cells in the tower.” Steve lifted the alien with ease and nodded down at the gun, which Sam picked up. It was a strange design, but what did Sam know about alien gun fashion? He followed Steve to the tower, careful not to pull the trigger.

For the second time that day, Peter woke up shoeless, walkman-less, jacket-less, and just all around –less. This time they even confiscated his socks, and he crinkled his toes up in an effort to warm them up. After his somehow survivable landing, everything had happened so fast. One arms and legs had been injured in the crash, and he got the hell out of the ship as quickly as he could. The natives of whatever planet he was on had already surrounded the ship by the time he’d blasted down the door. One of them started talking and when the words, while almost familiar, weren’t making sense, Peter remembered the cracking noise from when he was first knocked out. Of course it’d be his luck that his translator was broken. The native (that might’ve been a robot??) continued talking, deliberate spaces in between words almost like he was counting…

So then Peter obviously got the hell out of there too.
Behind the ship there were more of them and Quill stunned the one that was rushing at him… only the guy just fell to the ground, didn’t go unconscious. Fan-fucking-tastic, they were really durable aliens. It had distracted him enough (especially, hey, did the guy seem kind of familiar…?) for another person to get the jump on him and painfully yank his arm back and yup, now that Peter had a chance to look at it, it was totally dislocated and still hurt. Before he could really struggle against the native’s hold a piece of metal surrounded in red-glowy stuff hit him in the face and the person behind him used the momentum of it to slam him into the ground.

And now he was here.

So things were going great.

At least he still had his helmet on, though one of the eyes was badly cracked. Standing up, he carefully rolled his shoulder back into place before touching the side of his helmet, grumbling a bit when he got no response. Looked like wherever he was, it was blocking his communicator. Not that that was a big surprise. It looked like his new prison was better quality than the last one. This one looked as one thought a cell would look like: small bed, toilet to the side, desk, and nothing else. The wall with the door was made of what looked like glass, but was more likely than not highly reinforced.

Peter sighed and ran his hands down his face. At least he wasn’t handcuffed this time. And whoever had captured him had made the effort to put braces on his arm and leg. They were very humanoid, which was a relief as that hopefully meant that their biology was similar to most of the others of that shape. There was something almost nostalgically familiar about the language here along with that man he shot.

As if on cue, said man came into view, hands behind his back all militaristic-like. He pressed some button next to the door and started talking and Quill furrowed his brow. Again, familiar. And then it hit him like truck. It reminded him of when he was young. Just a kid, no older than 9, people talking to him, him responding, the following months that stretched on after he was abducted and had his translator chip put in but was forced to learn Xandarian and Common. And when had he started thinking in those languages? And when had his translator started translating into those?

And oh, the guy was still talking.

Peter held up a hand, going through what he could remember of English. But it was like an old song. The melody was there, but the lyrics? Not so much. He’s pretty sure he can still sing all of the songs in Awesome Mix #1 and 2, but he’s not so sure that’ll be helpful in this situation. It’s not helping that now a part of his concentration has devoted itself to reeling at the fact that the planet he’s on must be Terra. The guy had quieted at Peter’s raised hand, which was a relief, and after a moment he finally found some of the words he was looking for.

“My English bad.” Even he could tell that sounded barbaric and heavily butchered, the weird accent he had required from space not helping in the slightest. The man looked a little startled and started to say something else. He was only able to pick out a few words, but it sounded like his name was Steve and he wanted to know who Peter was and why he was here.

“Peter Quill, also Star Lord. Um, accident? ‘I come in peace’?” Yeah Steve didn’t look like he believed that. To be fair, Peter wouldn’t either. Steve opened his mouth like he wanted to say something, closed it, sighed, and then tapped a few things on the side of the door. Two pieces of metal flew off the wall, encircling each of Quill’s hands before snapping together. So much for the no handcuffs thing. At least slap-bracelet-cuffs were something new.

Steve opened the door, eyes steely, and Quill rolled his eyes, but left the cell nonetheless. It
wouldn’t be long until his fellow Guardians of the Galaxy were here and he’d be off of Terra and back to exploring the galaxy and saving world.

He tried to ignore the part of him whispering interest in what had been going on at his home planet since he left.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Quill’s awake for, like, five minutes.
Can wars be finished in 30 minutes?
Will somebody give Quill some English flashcards and maybe a blanket?
Just how drunk are the other Guardians?

When Gamora entered the Milano, arms heavy with supplies, she was immediately greeted by Groot. At first it didn’t strike her as strange. The whole crew had been out for a while; she wasn’t really sure how long. Things had been fairly easy going lately. Upon arriving at this planet, they had gone their separate ways to do what they’d like. Despite having been strangers to each other not long ago, they’d been able to put up with each other amazingly well. Which, really, is bound to happen when four of you shared the experience of being shredded into dust and the other one practically died to save the others from certain death.

Still, one could only listen to Awesome Mix Vol. 1 and 2 so much, or nearly die from a newly created bomb that did who-knew-what, or grow tired of Drax’s obsessive behaviors, and while Gamora wasn’t entirely sure what is what she did that others would find annoying she’s sure that there is something. Perhaps her casualness with slaughter or taking hours in the shower, a luxury that she now had and relished. At any rate, whenever they could spare the time, the Guardians of the Galaxy would take a few days on a nice planet (though not too nice) to not be practically stepping on each other in the fairly small Milano.

Groot, who was essentially a growing child (physically), was often left to watch the ship. At least one of them tried to visit each day during their stay on whatever planet, but there were times when they were in… situations where it wasn’t possible.

“Hello there, am I the first for today?” Groot wrapped one of his hands around Gamora’s, wood shifted to fully encase it, before dragging her farther into the ship.

“Groot!” Only Rocket ever truly understood Groot, but the others had started pick some things up.

“What is it?” Gamora asked. Groot sounded distressed and almost pleading, which was never a good thing. The least she could do was keep a level head about whatever it was, unlike a certain furry crew member she knew. His grip didn’t loosen until they were right next to a screen showing Peter’s face. Groot quickly tapped on it and set the short video going.

“Hey, sort of in a situation here. Get Rocket or Gamora to track this signal, okay?”

Peter was grinng, and Gamora knew that grin all too well. It was the ‘welp, everything’s going to shit but I guess I have no say in it’ grin.

“Why didn’t you call us?” Gamora rounded on Groot, who flinched back a bit at the sudden sharp movement.

“Groot” Groot drew himself to his full (short) height defensively.
“I don’t mean to be accusing.” Groot pointed to the time that the message was received, showing that it wasn’t that long ago. “Okay. Groot, contact Rocket and Drax. Hopefully they’re not too drunk. I’ll track this signal.” Groot nodded and Gamora set to work, fingers flying over screens. Luckily whatever craft Quill was/had been on was easy to trace. While the odds that, of all the planets he’d be at, it would be Terra, was a bit strange, Gamora didn’t think about it too much. She was busy putting the coordinates in.

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Tony looked up as the door to the lab opened and Steve entered, the alien handcuffed in front of him, its head swiveling as he looked around.

“Well, did you get anything from him?”

“Sort of, apparently he doesn’t speak English much. He says his name’s Peter or Star Lord and he claims he came here by accident and is in peace. I was hoping that you had a translator we might be able to use.” Tony looked at the so-called Star Lord, who gave him a small one-handed wave but otherwise didn’t make any trouble.

“We can try, but odds are it won’t be able to translate whatever he speaks.” Tony rummaged through a desk, passing a thing of strawberries towards Steve before pulling out a small translator and placing it in front of Peter. Peter stared at it for a bit, or Tony assumes he stared. Its mask/face made it hard to see facial expressions. Steve points to his mouth and said ‘translator’ very slowly and clearly and at that Star Lord seems to get it.

What followed was a strange series of clicks, hums, whistles, and sounds that were sort of off-putting. The translator came up with a blank and Peter shrugged, none of them had really thought that anything else was going to happen. Tony then led the alien to something that looked sort of like an airport security scanner, closing it and going to a control panel a bit in front of it.

“Is it just me, or does he seem strangely cooperative?” Steve asked as Tony tapped some things and the machine lit up, some parts spinning around. Star Lord barely moved.

“Oh, I don’t doubt he’s already contacted his leader or whatever. Vision’s watching the skies.”

“Have you heard anything about the other two?” Aboard the ship there were three other aliens. Two of them were knocked out, and the third one was dead. From what they could tell, he hadn’t been buckled in and had been thrown around during the crash. A nice message to early drivers out there to always wear your seatbelt.

“Nah, I’m pretty sure they’re still out. Hey, have you gotten the chance to check out this guy’s guns?” Tony walked over to another table with the items gathered from the aliens. He picked up one of the strangely shaped guns and pointed it at the wall. “There’s two barrels and two triggers. The top one is lethal,” A shot hit the wall, denting it, “while the bottom shoots electricity. I figure it’s probably to stun.”

“He shot me with the bottom one.” Steve commented.

“Oh and check this out.” Tony picked up what was by far the strangest thing he had found from any of their new intruders. “Star Lord over there had a walkman on him. These things haven’t been in production for years. I will say, though, for an alien this guy has great taste in music. Here.” Tony handed the orange headphones to Steve, who cautiously put them, nodding slightly to the music. And of everything that had happened to Star Lord, this seems to be the only thing that’s made him angry.
“HEY!  HEY!” The alien kicked the side of the machine.

“Don’t kick that, you… whatever you are. Maybe human. It’s a very expensive scanner and I’d rather not have you break your foot on it.” Tony waved a dismissive hand. Of course, Peter didn’t get the message and continued to make a ruckus.

“If he doesn’t chill out he’s going to ruin the scan and we’ll have to restart the thing.”

“Hey, look,” Steve very carefully took off the headphones and placed them back down. “It’s all good.”

“Dang, man likes his music.” Sam commented, walking into the room. “I can appreciate that.” He made a bit of a face. “Can you call an alien man, or is there protocol when you don’t know anything about their species? Call them ‘grown adult’ or something? Oh, and just so you guys know, I got contact with Thor, he says he’ll swing by as soon as he can.”

“As soon as he can?”

“Yeah, something about a war… probably take care of that in half an hour or so, we might want to set a place for him at dinner.”

There was a small beeping sound and a few different screens lit up, along with the scanner’s door opening, like a crappy 1980’s movie effect. Peter stepped out, grumbling something in alien under his breath, and Steve left with him in tow.

“Anything good?” Sam peered over Tony’s shoulder as the man skimmed through the results.

“So far he looks fairly normal, I would almost even say he’s human, but there’s a few different signatures that I don’t recognize on sight here, so there’s a chance he could be Asgardian or at least of some relation…” Steve reentered the room, alone this time.

“Okay, now this is different.” Tony typed a few things in, his brow furrowing slightly. “There’s an underlying signatures that runs through his entire body – it’s pretty faint, but it’s something I recognize.” Tony paused, and turned in his chair to face the others. “This alien, Peter, carries almost the same signature as the Mind Stone that makes up Vision.”

“Are you saying that Peter’s a rock?” Sam asked, and you could practically see him trying to compare the relatively rowdy man to the quiet and almost uptight Vision.

“Not necessarily… but either he came from an Infinity Stone, or he’s had such close contact with one that it’s changed part of his biological make-up. But wait, there’s more. For one thing, this guys does have facial expressions. It is, indeed, a mask and isn’t a part of his face. So that’s one of those questions answered. And then, do you see this here?” Tony zoomed in on a highlighted mark on the back of the alien’s neck. “We’ve got a clump of alien tech here. I honestly can’t say what is it or what it’s supposed to do, but just in case I’m thinking about moving him to a bit of a thick call in case this things ends up being a big explosive.”

Steve grew still as he processed the new information, and Tony didn’t blame. It was, to say the least, a bit unsettling to think that what they had first taken for a grunt alien had contact with an Infinity Stone and wasn’t dead or traumatized. While it was obviously possible, it did say a lot about the being’s power. And then the fact that it could be carrying a mini bomb on it…

“I don’t think we should wait for Thor.” Steve said carefully, obviously putting a lot of thought into his words. “If Star Lord is really as strong as we think he is, it’s possible we don’t have the time to wait. Maybe he’s not calm because he thinks people are coming for him, but because he
knows he can get out. So I think the best way to go about this is to try and get a read on why he’s here and what he plans to do.”

Tony looked back at the data. He thought about the destruction that had followed the Tesseract, the effects the Mind Stone had had on those around him in the past when it wasn’t a part of their teammate. It seemed like they were forever caught in the line of fire of those stupid rocks.

“Okay, but I’m not going to be the one to tell Vision you want to use Wanda to look into the mind of somebody who could very possibly be insane.”

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After being led back to his cell, Peter was left to his own devices for a while. His hand absentmindedly brushed the switch for his helmet. He considered taking it off, maybe playing around with some of its parts and seeing if he couldn’t get out of here on his own. But even if he did make it out, he was stuck on Earth of an unknown amount of time. And, as weird as it felt to admit, he knew next to nothing about his home planet.

After a while, during which he almost nodded off, the door to his cell opened once more. It was Steve again, followed by the scientist guy that had given his walkman to Steve, and a girl with long brown hair. Peter was willing to forgive Steve, but Scientist still had to redeem himself. All three entered the room, Scientist and Steve standing on either side of the room while the girl approached him. Steve said something, and it took Peter a moment to recognize the word.

“Sorry.”

Red mist was coming from the girl’s hands and Quill backed as far away as he could, back hitting the wall. The mist descended on him and the world around him faded away.

Suddenly, he was kid, staring up as a light descended upon him and-

- Yondu was shoving a jacket at him, and he wasn’t being eaten -
- the orb came loose of the weak barrier –
- why in the world would Rocket even need a leg –
- Gamora’s face was collecting frost –

Everything shifted and came to a rest as the world was falling apart around him-he was falling apart. Purple was everywhere and he couldn’t hold the Power. He would die and he was screaming and there was nothing left but the pain. But at the same time, he was in infinity.

“Take my hand!”

“take my hand.”

It was Gamora.

It was his mom.

He reached for the hand.

And then things righted themselves out. Peter staggered backwards as things went from destructive-apocalypse to white prison cell. He swore he could still feel the pain radiating from his hand and piercing through to the rest of his body, making him fall apart at seams that didn’t exist.
He fumbled for the switch to his helmet, feeling the metal ghost over his face as it receded to the sides of his head. Deep breaths. He’d had nightmares/dreams of that day before, all the Guardians had, but before it had been, well, when he was asleep. And afterwards he’d always had somebody to talk about it with or to just be with, to hold the hand of and remember that they’d survived, they done it together. This time it was just him and three strangers he can barely even talk to.

The girl is looking at him weirdly, something akin to fear in her eyes, and Peter knows without a shadow of a doubt that she’d seen what he’d just been through and had been the cause for him seeing it. He’d been so focused on Mist Girl that he didn’t even notice Scientist had moved until the man had plucked the collapsed helmet from behind Peter’s ear. Peter tried to grab it back but the man had already retreated. Steve guided Mist Girl out the door and Scientist rushed after, quickly locking the door again.

And Peter was alone.

Again.

Peter ran his hand over his face in frustration before running it over the back of his neck. Things had at least been survivable until his wardens or whatever had revealed they had no respect for privacy. He wished he could ask them why, or answer their questions, or at least yell at them in their language. But he didn’t remember enough goddamned words for that to be a thing! Peter gently pressed against where the chip had been inserted so many years ago. If Rocket were here, he’d be able to fix it or at least tell Peter what was wrong.

By the time Peter realized there was a strange smell in the air, the effects were already taking hold and the world faded out.
They had gotten to one of the main rooms, where Wanda sat down and stared into space a bit. At first Steve had been a little freaked out and shook her shoulder, but she explained that she was okay, just trying to make sense of what she saw. After a while, she seemed ready to talk.

“It was weird. Things flew by, the environment was constantly shifting. At first, there was a bright light. Then there was some blue guy holding out a long jacket, an orb, a man with a metal leg, a green-skinned alien freezing in space. And when the scenes finally stopped, it was just Star Lord, standing in the middle of a hurricane of purple, slowly being torn apart as he held something of extreme power in his hand. The green alien was there again, screaming something I could not understand. And then the purple became too much and I was forced out of his head.”

“So basically we still have nothing.” Tony summarized.

“Well, we do know that there’s at least this green alien working with him, so we know that he has things that are going to be coming to get him.” Steve pointed out and, okay, Tony supposed that was better than nothing. But the broken scene that Wanda had collected didn’t do much to tell them about what he was after. Perhaps they could get her to try again in a bit. Musing over this, Tony turned to the screen that showed Peter’s cell and-

“Oh shit, he’s touching the back of his neck.” Tony slammed on some button. Steve and Wanda looked over his shoulder as Star Lord started to sway and then promptly fell forward as the knock-out gas worked its magic. “Looks like we caught it in time. The sensors say there’s no unknown substance in the air, so nothing was released. Okay, Cap, drag that guy out of there.”

“Why?” Steve raised an eyebrow.

“To figure out more about his alien neck bomb. Bring him up here and I’ll take a crack at it. Oh, and check it out, looks like one of our other extraterrestrial visitors is waking up.”

The screen monitoring the other cell grew larger so they could better see what was happening. The alien had a far weirder appearance than Peter, with scales and short pointed ears. It sat up, carefully stretching and taking in its new surroundings. It muttered something in Alienish and checked itself over for probably weapons.

“Hello,” Tony spoke into a speaker and the alien looked around the cell warily. “I know you
probably can’t understand what I’m saying, but—“

“You sure ‘bout that?” The alien snapped back hotly and the Avengers fell silent.

“Cap, Cap after you get Star Man up here, go and interrogate the English-speaking lizard.” Steve rolled his eyes.

“Alright, just make you’re careful. If it really is a bomb, we don’t want it going off while you mess with it.”

“Don’t you trust me?”

“I’m not going to answer that.”

The sleeping alien was lugged onto a table, placed some-what ungracefully on his stomach and Steve went down to English-alien cell while Tony brought up a 3D diagram of the object. Upon further inspection, it didn’t actually resemble a bomb too much. It looked more like a chip, molding fairly well to the curve of his neck. There was a hairline fracture across the middle. If Tony had to guess, he’d say it was powered by the alien itself. While the chip itself didn’t really look like a bomb, but, again, alien. Perhaps it was for suicides when caught, but since it was broken that was no longer an option.

“Is this the extraterrestrial that has been awake the longest? The one you looked into?” Tony looked up as Vision came into the room addressing Wanda. He still found it strange. That was JARVIS’ voice, but it wasn’t his beloved AI. It was like the AI had died, really, as Vision never seemed to acknowledge what he came from or used to be or however that had worked.

“Yes, though I didn’t get much out of him.” Wanda replied as Vision came closer, looking at Star Lord.

“Yeah, well I’m about to get something out of him.” Tony added to the conversation as he picked up a small knife. “Specifically this chip. I’ll be able to look at it easier out of his body.”

Terra was actually a fairly beautiful planet. While diversity was something common to find throughout solar systems and the norm of the galaxy, the amount on Terra was abnormal. From space, the colors swirling across it were a sight to behold.

Of course, the Guardians didn’t spend much time admiring it as they pierced through the atmosphere like a bullet. Drax had been found in the middle of a bar fight while Rocket had slipped into an area brimming with electronics and had been working on something that didn’t look safe or legal. Both had been quick to abandon their activities when they heard that Peter had gotten himself into a predicament. They were both concerned, though Rocket covered it up with excessive swearing and ranting. Cloaking activated, they landed in an open plain as close to where the other aircraft was as possible.

The plan – which could barely be called a plan – was to make as little of a fuss on here as possible. Get in, find out where Peter was, and if he had been captured and experimented by some evil government group. If so, get him out. Wreck havoc as is necessary. For the first part, Rocket was fundamental.

“You want me to do what?!”

That didn’t really mean that he had to like it.
Peter had often talked about the strange ‘raccoon’ creatures from Terra. Things that resembled Rocket and had similar markings, but walked on four legs. And couldn’t talk. And were stupid. And nothing like me Quill oh my God will you stop calling me one. So basically, if they didn’t want to cause a stir there was only one of them that could run around and even then only if he stuck to the shadows and went naked. Rocket had objected at first, because, yeah, he wanted Quill back, but he wasn’t exactly the sneaky type, more of a blow-it-up-and-hope-he-lives type. Not that the others gave him much of choice. They basically shoved a communicator at him, stripped him, and tossed him outside of the ship before locking the door and telling him that they’d unlock it once he went out and found some info.

Rocket ran down alleyways – distinctly not scurried – jumping over piles of junk and occasionally being chased by Terran creatures that were defending their territory. The place was absolutely filthy, and to Rocket it was now clear that Peter’s habit of not cleaning must’ve been learned here, or maybe simply just a part of what Terrans do.

It didn’t take Rocket too long to find the ship Quill had been on, as there was still a bit of smoke rising from it. While he wouldn’t admit it to the others, he was relieved to see that the crash hadn’t been too bad, definitely survivable. The ship itself was surrounded by heavily-armed men trying to keep the public at bay. Then surrounding them was basically a wall of curious civilians and news reporters desperate for information and what had just happened. Most of them were, surprisingly, not panicked at the fact that something had crashed, but rather exited. Rocket slipped between people’s legs, unnoticed in all the excitement and noise, and got close enough to one of the reporters to pick up what she was saying.

“ – there is still yet to be an official statement from the Avengers on the crash, but an eyewitness has decided to come forward with some information. Ma’am, what’s your name?”

“Julie, Julie Crawford.”

“Now Julie, what is it you said you saw?”

“Oh man, it was, like, the coolest thing ever. So I was in one of the evacuated buildings ‘cause I was listening to my music way too loud and didn’t hear that we were possibly going to die. Anyway, I looked out my window and there was a spaceship and the Avengers. And oh my God you have not lived until you’ve seen Captain America’s muscles with your own two eyes. Anyway, this metal-faced alien with glowing red eyes came out and was standing there all menacingly. The Avengers really had no choice but to take it down. In fact, I bet it’s in their tower right now and they’re running test on it. Don’t want to be surprised again. Oh, they’re so brave keeping us safe life this. I just adore them.”

“Thank you Julie.” The reporter motioned for her camera man to turn towards a towering building with a symbol on it. “Viewers, now for your input. Do you think we had a right to engage unknown aliens in combat without giving them a chance to explain themselves? Is it right to pull apart sentient creatures just to protect ourselves from others like it? Use the #rweThealiens and put in your opinions.”

Information collected, the very-much-not-a-raccoon returned to the privacy of trash and darkness.

“You guys get that?” Rocket whispered into the communicator.

“Loud and clear. Any idea where this tower is?” Gamora’s voice replied.

“Yeah, I think I know, but first I’m coming back.”
“Good idea, we need to get a bit of a more solid plan seeing as all the civilians are undoubtedly watching the tower.”

“No, because I am not going to keep running around out here naked! It’s embarrassing!” Rocket snarled back.

“Okay. By the time you have returned we will hopefully have a few of the details.”

“Whatever.”

By even alien standards, the cloaking for the Milano was pretty top of the line. At least, it had been after Nova Corps were done with it, Rocket couldn’t really speak about how it’d been before. The open door looked like a hole is reality of something. Usually when visiting pre-space-age planets, it was highly suggested, almost required, that you use a cloaking setting that made your ship look like a rock or a cave or house, as the not-hole often led to people thinking of the visitors as gods of demons. But it had been unanimously accepted that the Terrans would probably would find a giant rock stranger than possible gaping hole.

“So, what we got so far?” Rocket demanded, pulling on his jumpsuit.

“Well, we searched for these ‘Avengers’ on the local wireless system. It seems that they refer to themselves as ‘The Earth’s Mightiest Heroes’. It appears they have saved a few cities from harm and have dedicated themselves to protecting this world. They are the ones that are responsible for Terra not falling from the Chitauri attack a while ago. Their current base is a large tower with the first symbol to their title on it.”

“Saw it. I’m a good 50% sure that’s where he is.” Rocket picked up one of his guns. “Okay, let’s go bust Star Dork out.”

“That does not seem like much of a plan.” Drax commented, but his hands were resting n his knives.

“We cannot just burst in guns blazing, Rocket.” Gamora objected. “All eyes are going to be on that tower. Whether you like it or not, we’re outnumbered – badly. I am not simply talking about these Avengers, but also military of these Terrans. They may be far behind technologically, but they have fought hard to keep their planet. I do not doubt that they are prepared to do so again.” Which was true.

“groot” Rocket’s head whipped to the small tree, who was currently in his pot and looking rather eager.

“No, no way, that is the stupidest idea I’ve ever heard, and I’ve hear a lot of Quill’s plans.” Rocket stated, but Groot continued grinning.

“groot”

oOo

Peter was really getting tired of the color purple.

He was floating in a vast expanse of nothingness that, if he focused hard enough, was also the infinity on a much weaker level. He was carried through the everythingnothing in a purple cloud that felt like it was corroding his skin away and revealing his bare skeleton to be forgotten in the void. It was all suddenly pierced by a sharp golden light that was even more over whelming than the purple, equal only to that of the time that he held the stone. It was that which pushed him back
to the waking world.

Peter found himself lying on a cold table, which at first glance was equal parts good and bad. Bad, because it meant that he had been dragged away from the safety(?) of his cell and into some other room where they were probably getting another look at his vitals or whatever since he was an ‘alien’. Good, because it meant that his flesh was still a thing that existed on his body. Honestly, this was more than a little rude, but Quill was willing to wait it out. Despite the Chitauri attack, Terrans were still new to the whole ‘life outside of the atmosphere’ thing, and so Quill would do his best to let them see that not all extraterrestrials had it out for-

A sharp blade slid carefully and precisely across the back of Peter’s neck.

—at that was where he drew the line. He could take people looking at the fine specimen that he presented, but when they started to try taking him apart he was the out. The drunken ramblings of Rocket and sleepy murmurs of Gamora came to mind. Both tales spoke of being cut open and having parts of them taken out and examined and put back in, usually with something extra in tow, the skin seamlessly grafted back over so not even scars showed the pain they had gone through.

Peter rolled off the table, falling onto the ground. There was movement all around him and people were talking but he didn’t really care. He stumbled to his feet, one hand on the back of his neck, blood pooling between his fingers. Scientist Guy was closest to the table, hands up non-threateningly but he was still holding the knife and one hand was twitching, ready for action. Red Mist Girl was also there, and she seemed to be saying something that Quill didn’t even try to understand. The third person he recognized from when he first crashed, but it had a panicked time so he hadn’t thought much of the red and green guy. On his forehead sat a perfect little yellow gem, glowing gently and sending shivers down Peter’s spine.

Scientist-Guy took a step forward, and Peter flipped the table he had just been on, making it a debatably better shield between them. He proceeded to knock over anything else within reach. Red mist spread to a few objects and Scientist-Guy put some sort of metal glove on. Red/Green went right through all the fallen things as they were lifted into the air and put to their pre-fallen positions. Red/Green was talking, voice smooth and precise and creepy. So he swung open the door and bolted down the hallway.

Aaaand now there were red flashing lights.

End Notes

So in summary:
Earth sucks in the Galaxy’s eyes
Quill, could you, like, not keep getting knocked out ???
Whoa, bro, we’ve got another alien on our hands

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