

Sparks Fly | Rocket x Reader

1 | Bounty Hunting

"If my name was Peter Quill, where would I go to sell a special item for more units?" I pondered out loud, flying my ship through space. I was nearing Xandar which made me groan, it was one of the few planets on my list I didn't want to check to find Quill. I had committed so many crimes there before I became part of the Ravagers. I sighed and flew on down to the surface, to the capitol city there and to somewhere I could land without being recognised by security. When I'd finally found a place and landed I made it my first priority to locate any places or people who'd be looking to buy that orb thing Quill has. Using my scanner, I scanned several buildings and people and came up with nothing. Groaning, I got down on all four of my paws and ran faster than what I could on two to scout out another part of the city, which seemed as if it was huge.

Took me about 15 minutes to navigate the area and scan it, coming up with something unexpected, Quill. He had just come out of a place and was yelling at somebody who was inside. A green woman came round and began speaking to him, but I wasn't close enough to hear it. Within seconds she stole the orb from him and kicked his stomach, knocking the wind out of him. I quickly scurried along on all of my paws to get to him, I needed to get him back to Yondu alive with the orb. A lovely fight between the two ensued mixed with a chase, which I joined in on eventually. I had to keep changing what level of the pathways to run along to best get at them. Just as I was almost there, something small and furry blurred past me and attacked the green woman while a giant tree thing walked up beside me and watched. I stood up on my hind legs and couldn't help but chuckle at the little scuffle between the woman and the furry creature. During this time Quill had taken it upon himself to grab the orb and make a run for it.

"QUILL!" I yelled and scurried after him. In the midst of him turning back to see me, the green woman threw a knife at him which knocked the orb out of his hand. When I got to him, I launched myself up and pinned him down. He was bigger and probably stronger than me, so I basically had to sit on him to get him to stay down. He kicked me off and I fell over the edge onto the lower pathway, where the orb had gone. It hurt my back when I landed, and my ears flattened. *'For fuck sakes Peter!'* Suddenly, he jumped down and placed something on the green woman, who was running with the orb and made her basically fly away after he'd grabbed the orb. Just when I thought this couldn't get any worse, the tree thing put Quill into a giant bag and began walking towards the other furry creature who was talking back to him. Eventually, I got up off the floor and ran towards it. Upon closer inspection, I noticed it was what Peter had informed me was a raccoon. *'Yes, whilst being part of the Ravagers he'd educate me on Earth's creatures as I was a more evolved version of what they called a fennec fox.'* I jumped at the raccoon and we rolled over in a scuffle as the woman headed for the tree thing carrying Quill.

"Get," He pushed my face out of his way, "Off of me!" He complained and we continued to have our little scuffle. I completely ignored Quill at this point, forgetting what I was here

for. The raccoon managed to shove me off and I landed near the woman with the wind being knocked out of my stomach. I groaned and watched as Quill ran away with the orb. All of a sudden, the raccoon shot Peter with a rather large weapon that looked very customised and it shocked him, causing him to fall to the ground. As I was slowly gaining my strength back to get up, me and the green woman along with the tree and raccoon were beamed up by none other than the 'police' of Xandar, the Nova Corps.

"Subject 89P13, drop your weapon," One of them said. *'So, he was a test subject?'* He complied and the officer continued.

"By authority of the Nova Corps, you are under arrest." Whilst we were suspended in the air, two other guards had retrieved Peter and were talking to him.

Now we were all inside the Kyn, one of the biggest highest security prisons in the galaxy. I groaned when the raccoon wouldn't shut up.

"I guess most of the Nova Corps wanna uphold the laws but these ones here, they're corrupt and cruel. But, hey, that's not my problem. I ain't gonna be here long," He continued on and on to the point where I had to block him out but pulling my large ears down. Eventually, my ears began to hurt from being strained so I let them go and they pinged back up to where they previously were.

"What's a raccoon?" The raccoon asked.

"What's a raccoon?" Peter looked down at him, "It's what you are, stupid."

"Ain't no thing like me, except me," The raccoon boasted.

"Oh please..." I mumbled, "I'm surrounded by bloody idiots." My tail swished as I walked, and I knew it was annoying the raccoon behind me. I was taller than him by a bit, especially if you counter my large ears. I deliberately kept hitting him with my tail, trying to annoy him and stop him from focusing on talking. We continued walking and Peter was curious about the orb. When we came across where our belongings were I had to laugh at Peter complaining about some blue guy listening to music.

A little while later, we all had to change into the prison uniform, and I was the second to come out after being soaked in the orange liquid. My fur was all wet and dripping with the substance, causing me to shake as much of it off as I could before changing to the yellow uniform. It blended in with my light creamy coloured fur. Once I was finished, I sat next to Quill on the bench and punched his arm lightly.

"Long time no see aye?" I whispered.

"Let me guess, Yondu sent you?" He questioned.

"Yeah..." I sighed, "Look, I wish it were different, us meeting again and all. I've missed robbing things with you Quill," I chuckled.

"Mhm, they were good times," He patted my head and stroked one of my ears as the raccoon came in. Whilst he was changing, I noticed the strange metal cybernetic things implanted into his back. *'Definitely a science experiment.'* Much like me, his fur was drenched. The green woman, who I now knew as Gamora the daughter of Thanos, came in and then the giant tree creature called Groot. We walked down a hallway and were given a sleeping mat each. When we came into the main part of the prison, there were a lot of prisoners of all kinds of species, colours, and sizes. I grew a little nervous and my ears dropped slightly, causing the raccoon to snicker at me. So many of the inmates were yelling things at Gamora, she was responsible for a lot of their family's deaths and whatnot.

"It's like I said, she's got a rep," The raccoon stated.

"And not a very good one at that," I added.

"A lot of prisoners here have lost their families to Ronan and his goons. She'll last a day, tops."

"The guards will protect her, right?" Peter asked.

"They're here to stop us from getting out. They don't care what we do to each other inside."

"Whatever nightmares the future holds, are dreams compared to what's behind me," Gamora bitterly stated. When Quill turned around from listening to her, he came face to face with a pretty big blue dude. I stayed hidden behind his legs. For a Ravager, I'd never been to a prison before and this was the worst one I'd heard about, so I wasn't exactly very pleased to be stuck in here, especially being small compared to a lot of them and without my gadgets.

"Check out the new meat," The blue guy said in a deep voice, "I'm gonna slather you up in Gunavian jelly, and go to town..." He started and was about to laugh when Groot came over and began to extend his wooded fingers up the guy's nose.

"Let's make something clear," the raccoon began to shout to everyone and pointed at Quill, "This one here is our booty, including the furry one too!" I groaned quietly to myself, knowing he probably knew of my bounty on Xandar and various other places, "You wanna get to them, you go through us, or more accurately, we go through you!"

2|How Many Units?!

I headed over to my cell which wasn't far from Gamora's. The men all mostly slept together in a large cell but for some reason a lot of women, and some men, got their own cells and luckily I was one of them. When the door closed after me, I threw the mat on the bed and sighed.

"What have I gotten myself into?" I pondered out loud. I could still hear the yelling over at Gamora's cell and the crowd of people there was huge.

After the prisoners had calmed down a little and left Gamora alone, I left my own cell in search of Peter. We had a lot of catching up to do. I found him sitting at a table with Groot and the raccoon, whose name I still didn't know. Peter scooted over when he saw me so that I could sit down across from said furry creature.

"You two have a history then?" He asked me and Peter.

"What makes you say that?" I shot back.

"Well he moved to let you sit here with us and you were both talking earlier when we were changing into this crappy uniform," He pulled on the fabric that covered him.

"We do know each other. We were both part of Yondu's Ravager crew," Peter informed him, "I'm going to assume Yondu sent her after me to bring me back, along with the orb, so he wouldn't have to pay anyone the money and it'd stay in Ravager hands, well paws."

"You're not wrong," I awkwardly chuckled, "Except I volunteered. He was going to pick someone else until I stepped up and offered. I knew you would've had a good reason to do what you did, and I wanted to know what it was. I also didn't wanna lose a good friend," I smiled at him, turning to face him. One of my ears ended up landing on the table when I turned and because of their large size it pretty much touched the raccoon almost.

"Suppose that's better to hear than you taking me back so Yondu can beat my ass," Quill patted my head and I turned to look at the raccoon.

"Never got your name," I told him.

"It's Rocket," He paused, "And why're your ears so big?"

I giggled and moved it off the table, so it hung beside me, "I'm F/N, and my species have naturally large ears. Peter says my species are like a more evolved version of a species on Terra, called Fennec Foxes. And you're of course a raccoon." He rolled his eyes when I finished.

It was now later on, probably around the evening sort of time if we were on an actual planet. I could hear a commotion outside my cell a few doors down. I poked my head out slowly, rubbing my eyes sleepily.

"Listen! I could care less whether you live or whether you die," I heard Quill yell outside down the hall.

"Then why stop the big guy?" Gamora asked.

"Simple. You know where to sell my Orb," Peter smirked and I came out of my cell a bit more to join the conversation. Rocket was behind Peter and now I was behind Gamora.

"How are we gonna sell it when we are still here?" She snapped back at him.

"My friend Rocket here, has escaped 22 prisons," He looked down at said creature, his smirk still on his face.

"Oh, we're getting out," Rocket stated, looking all smug with his arms crossed, "And then we're headed straight to Yondu to retrieve your bounty." I rolled my eyes.

"Yondu would probably kill you after paying you anyway, it would save him from losing units," I shrugged and stood across from him and next to Gamora and Peter.

"How much was your buyer willing to pay you for my Orb?"

"Four billion units," Gamora said as if it was nothing.

"The fuck..." I breathed out while Rocket yelled 'What' and Peter said, 'Holy Shit', "That's a lot of freaking units!"

"That Orb is my opportunity to get away from Thanos and Ronan. If you free us, I'll lead you to the buyer directly and I'll split the profit between the four of us," Gamora informed us.

"I am Groot," Sounded from the cell where the majority of the men were sleeping.

"Five of us," Rocket added, "Asleep for the danger, awake for the money as per frickin' usual."

It was essentially the next day and I was slowly beginning to doze off sitting at the table. I was waiting for the others to get here so we could begin to plot our escape. Apparently Rocket had begun to explain it on their way over, so I had missed some things.

"And finally, on the wall back there is a black panel. Blinky yellow light. Do you see it?" I heard him say as they all came over and sat down.

"Yeah," We replied, except Groot of course.

"There's a quarnyx battery behind it. Purplish box, green wires. To get into that watchtower, I definitely need it," Rocket continued to lay out the plan. I looked over at him, shocked. *'He came up with this last night. How..?'*

"How are we supposed to do that?" Gamora asked.

"Well, supposedly these bald-bodies find you attractive, so maybe you can work out some sort of trade," Rocket shrugged. I giggled a little at the thought of Gamora seducing some guys just to get a battery.

"You must be joking," She seemed surprised.

"No, I really heard they find you attractive." *'Why?'*

"Look, it's 20 feet up in the air and it's in the middle of the most heavily-guarded part of the prison. It's impossible to get up there without being seen," Peter chimed in.

"He's got a point. But Groot's tall enough to reach it," I added.

"I got one plan and that plan requires a frickin' quarnyx battery, so figure it out!" Rocket yelled as he got a bit angry nobody was understanding that this was the only way we could escape, "Can I get back to it? Thanks. Now, this is important. Once the battery is removed, everything is gonna slam into emergency mode. Once we have it, we gotta move quickly, so you definitely need to get that last." Just as Rocket finished talking, the lights went out and it sounded like somebody had turned the power off. I looked up and then over towards the main control tower to see Groot, holding the battery.

"Or we could just get it first and improvise," Rocket said in distress. Peter and Gamora left to go get whatever things they needed for Rocket's plan to work. I stayed close by him until I had a decent way of defending myself, such as with a weapon of some kind. He just groaned and rubbed his face.

"We got this," I reassured him. Suddenly, the flying machine things came out and had their lights aimed at Groot who wasn't far from our table.

"Prisoner, drop the device immediately and retreat to your cell or we will open fire," An officer up in the control tower stated over the com unit. Groot got into a battle-ready stance and yelled the words 'I AM GROOT' and then the machines opened fire on him,

which didn't really do much. He knocked several down and I scurried over to one that hadn't blown up. I looked for the wires and other parts that connected the gun to the machine and attempted to disconnect it, so I could use it myself of course. During my little scavenging moment which ended in success, Rocket had hurried over to Groot and perched himself on his shoulder. Some officers came down and were about to open fire on Rocket and Groot, but a larger man pushed them out of the way and began to beat them up. He then threw a gun and Rocket which seemed to make him look very, very happy. He began to shoot from Groot's shoulder, and I came over and stood next to Groot's legs and fired using my larger gun from the machine. So much stuff was exploding and in the midst of it all I could hear Rocket laughing above me which caused me to giggle at him a little.

Eventually, both mine and Rocket's guns ran out of ammo and then Gamora threw something over to him from one of the upper balconies. I climbed up Groot on the opposite side to Rocket and perched myself beside him.

"Move to the watchtower!" Rocket instructed him and he did as told. While he was doing this, Rocket was tinkering away with the battery and what looked to be a guard's wristband thingy that opened the doors for them. When we got to the walkway leading to the control tower Groot extended himself upwards and me and Rocket climbed up, with a little help from Gamora at the top. We waited for the doors to open and funnily enough how we were standing made us look like a bunch of idiotic heroes posing before a battle. The guard surrendered and we took control of the tower.

"Spare me your foul gaze woman," the blue man with the red markings spoke to Gamora with such hatred.

"Why is this one here?" She asked Peter.

"We promised him he could stay by your side until he kills your boss. I always keep my promises when they're to muscle-bound whack-jobs who will kill me if I don't, here you go."

"We? When were WE all consulted on this Peter?" I questioned.

"Oh, I was just kidding about the leg," Rocket began to laugh a bit, "I just need these two things."

"What?" Peter asked with surprise. I just snickered quietly beside him.

"No, I thought it'd be funny. Was it funny?" Rocket couldn't help himself, "Oh, wait, what did he look like hopping around?"

"I had to transfer him 30,000 units!" Peter complained.

"Well, you'll make that back soon won't you," I patted his back while Rocket just laughed to himself and continued working. A flying machine came over and started to shoot the glass of the tower, causing my ears to perk up completely. The conversation wasn't important to me until I heard Gamora speak quietly as if to herself.

"I'm gonna die surrounded by the biggest idiots in the galaxy."

"You and me both," I awkwardly chuckled. All of a sudden, some guards came out wearing more armour and padding and holding bigger guns that looked a lot like rocket launchers.

"Those are some big guns," Peter stated.

"Well done Captain Obvious!" I growled at him, "Because we totally didn't realise them!" They were going to shoot at the glass one by one and each time the cracks were going to grow bigger and bigger. Eventually the glass was going to have to break.

"Rodent, we are ready for your plan," Gamora kind of yelled at Rocket.

"Hold on!" He moaned back in annoyance. A second rocket was fired, making me flinch slightly and hold onto Peter's leg.

"I recognise this animal, and the other one," The muscly man started, "We'd roast them over a flame pit as children. Their flesh was quite delicious." Me and Rocket both glared at him. *'Really! What the actual fuck?!'*

"Not helping!" We yelled. Gamora and Peter seemed surprised at him, Peter was also quite disgusted. A third rocket was shot at us and I pulled my ears down and closed my eyes tightly. *'C'mon Rocket!'* The shouting below us stopped and I opened my eyes slightly. Rocket had turned off the gravity, so everyone was floating.

"You turned off the artificial gravity, everywhere but in here," Gamora thought aloud and then smiled a little bit. Rocket then disconnected the top part of the tower, where we were, and used the machines that were once firing at us to propel it and make it move.

"I told you I had a plan," Rocket spoke very smugly. It was a pretty fun ride through the prison.

"That was a pretty good plan," Peter commended him. I nodded my head in agreement. We went over to grab our things and I stole a backpack from somebody else's stuff to shove all of mine into. The plan was to get to Peter's ship, but I needed some things from mine first. I quickly ran off to my ship on all fours to get there as fast as possible.

"Hey, where you going!" Rocket yelled after me.

"I have to get something from my ship first!" I shouted back at him, "I'll meet you guys out at the ship!"

When I got to my ship, I got inside it and began to scour around for what I was looking for. *'Photo of me, Yondu and Peter? Nope. First paper aeroplane Peter made for me. Nope. A gun Yondu stole for me? Nope. A pocket watch from my father? Yes!'* I snatched the pocket watch from the box of trinkets, said my goodbyes to the ship and hurried towards the Milano, carrying my stuff in the backpack slung over my back, of course. They were almost about to leave when I quickly hopped on and we took off. Peter said to wait near the prison and so we did. I could guess what he was going to get but I wasn't exactly sure.

"Well, how's he gonna get to us?" Rocket whined.

"He declined to share that information with me," Gamora told him.

"Well screw this then! I ain't waiting around for some humie with a death wish. You got the Orb right?" He turned back to look at Gamora who checked the bag Peter gave her.

"Yes," she said before even finding it but then later found it was empty.

"Peter must've taken it to stop us leaving him behind... Smart," I thought aloud.

"Smart? Nah, more like idiotic!" Rocket complained, "If we don't leave now, we will be blown to bits."

"No!" Gamora yelled.

"We're not leaving Quill!" I retorted.

"Or the Orb," Gamora added. Suddenly, a small person came flying out of the prison and was headed towards us. When he got onto the ship, Gamora and Drax helped him up and I crossed my arms.

"Did you seriously just do that?" I shook my head.

"This one shows spirit. He shall make a keen ally in the battle against Ronan. Companion, what were you retrieving?" Drax spoke. Peter pulled his Walkman from his inside jacket pocket and I laughed at the confused face that Drax now had.

"You're an imbecile."

3 | Infinity Stones

I was just chilling on one of the seats near the front of the ship, looking over my pocket watch. Everyone had kind of made themselves at home almost. It was quite a long ride to get to the buyer, apparently he was quite a way away. I turned back around and glanced at Rocket.

"Whatcha doing Rocky?" I teased, getting down from the seat and walking over to him.

"Making a bomb," He didn't bother looking at me, just continued to keep fiddling with the bomb he was making.

"Why're you making bombs?" I questioned, raising one eyebrow.

"In case we need it," He shrugged and turned to face me, "What do you want anyways? A freaking hug?" He sounded a little annoyed.

"Just curious," I turned away and chuckled awkwardly, the tips of my ears going a little red. In the short time I've known him he's kind of grown on me, whether for better or worse, I can't help it. *'Yondu would be disgusted.'* I sighed.

"Hey, you okay?" He waved his paw in front of my face.

"Yeah. Just thinking..." I looked out the front of the ship at the stars and emptiness that surrounded our ship.

"About what?" He looked back at his bomb as he spoke, continuing to fiddle with it.

"A new ship I might buy with my share of the units..." I lied.

When we landed in Knowhere we had to wait for a representative of the buyer to come and retrieve us. So, what better way to waste some time and whatever units we already had than to drink alcohol and gamble. Well, that's what me, Drax, Groot and Rocket planned to do anyway. I wasn't gambling, it wasn't really my thing, but Rocket and Drax were. I was just sitting at the bar, drinking away all by myself. My tail swayed side to side as it hung off the seat and my ears flicked every so often with the amount of noise in here. I chugged down the remaining quarter of my pint and placed it back down.

"Another please," I yelled to the bartender.

"Of course, madam," He nodded and went to go fill the glass back up to the top for me. I was surprised to have Rocket come and join me at the bar.

"I'll have some-some more of this blue s-stuff," He shouted to the bartender who nodded. He sounded drunk, more so than me. I knew I could hold my drink well, but I was starting to feel a little tipsy and jolly.

A few more pints later and I stood there listening to the music dancing. My tail was swaying along with my hips to the beat and my ears were moving behind me as my head followed the rhythm. Rocket was dancing in front of me, still holding a glass of that blue drink and laughing his ass off. Drax was still gambling and Groot had gone off to the side. I had no clue where Gamora and Peter had gotten off to. I caught Rocket watching my hips swaying, causing me to smirk and move closer to him.

"I see-see you watching m-me," I drunkenly said as a smirk played on my lips.

"O-Oh yeah?" Rocket grinned back and moved closer, "So wh-what princess?" I swished my tail round and brushed it underneath his jaw, causing him to growl lowly, "Who knew a sh-shy little fox like you-you could be h-hot?" He hiccupped and put his paws around my waist, pulling my back to his chest. I looked over my shoulder at him and smiled as we continued to dance.

"Who said I-I'm a shy little fo-fox?" I giggled and pulled myself away from him. I admitted to myself that I was drunk and so was he. We'd probably forget all this after we sober up later. He followed me like a lost little puppy back to the bar where we drank some more. He put his arm around my shoulder and slurred out some words to Groot now standing next to him. I smiled at the big tree and put my thumb up to him. *'What a time of my life this has been...'*

Sometime after that little moment with Rocket earlier, Drax got in a fight with Groot and Rocket which pulled me from my drunken state a little and back to reality. Drax was punching the absolute shit out of Groot and everybody was cheering on the fight, except me. Suddenly, Rocket pulled out a gun and aimed it at Drax who was being pulled back by Gamora and Peter. I came over and began trying to help Groot up off the floor.

"Whoa, whoa, what are you doing?" Peter yelled.

"This vermin speaks of affairs he knows nothing about," Drax defended.

"That is true!" Rocket bit back.

"He has no respect!"

"That is also true!"

"Hold on! Hold on!" Quill tried to settle the dispute. I finally managed to help Groot up and then climbed up to his shoulder, perching myself there and watching the argument.

"Keep calling me vermin, tough guy!" Rocket shouted angrily, "You just wanna laugh at me like everyone else!"

"Rocket, you're drunk. Alright? No one's laughing at you," Quill tried to calm him down.

"That is true," I chimed, laying upside down on Groot's shoulder, still sort of drunk.

"He thinks I'm some stupid thing! He does! Well, I didn't ask to get made! I didn't ask to be torn apart and put back together over and over and turned into some... Some little monster!" Rocket began to go from angry to emotional as he poured his feelings into what he said.

"Rocket, no one's calling you a monster," Peter reassured him.

"He called me 'vermin'!" He pointed at Drax and then at Gamora, "She called me 'rodent'!" His jaw chattered a bit, "Let's see if you can laugh after five or six good shots to your frickin' face!" I sat up after he said that. He was threatening to shoot them.

"No, no, no, no!" Peter moved to stand between Rocket, Drax and Gamora, "Four billion units! Rocket! Come on, man. Hey! Suck it up for one more lousy night and you're rich."

This seemed to convince Rocket to turn his gun down. I giggled a little as his face seemed contorted while he thought about Quill's words.

"Four billion units divided between 5 of us leaves each of us with 800 million units! That's a shit ton dude!" I thought aloud.

"Fine. But I can't promise when all this is over I'm not gonna kill every last one of you jerks."

"Ouch. That hurt," I faked looking hurt.

"See? That's exactly why none of you have any friends!" Peter pointed from Rocket, to Drax and Gamora, "Five seconds after you meet somebody you're already trying to kill them!"

"We have travelled, halfway across the quadrant and Ronan is no closer to being dead," Drax spoke bitterly before leaving.

"Drax!" Peter called after him.

"Let him go," Gamora said, "We don't need him." Suddenly, a woman with pink skin wearing a smart and pretty white dress came out from a sliding door and began to speak with a lovely voice.

"Milady Gamora, I'm here to fetch you for my master," She gestured to the doorway she was standing in and we all headed over. I stayed on Groot's shoulder as we followed her into a giant room full of glass boxes with all sorts of creepy and weird shit in them.

"Okay, this isn't creepy at all," Rocket said. *'You said it dude...'*

"We house the galaxy's largest collection of fauna, relics and species of all manner." His voice sent a shiver down my spine. I spotted Rocket growling at something in one of the tanks which growled back at him too. When it spotted me it made a sort of barking noise to which I hid behind my ears until we'd passed it.

"I present to you, Taneleer Tivan, The Collector," A strange looking man white hair turned to look at us. He wore very odd clothing. As he walked towards us he removed these weird glasses off his face. He spoke in a very strange voice that made me shiver more than the girls' voice.

"Oh, my dear Gamora," He kissed the back of her hand, "How wonderful to meet in the flesh."

"Let's bypass the formalities, Tivan," Gamora spoke sternly, "We have what we discussed." He looked over at me and Groot with the same almost dead looking eyes as before. I wrapped my tail around Groot's shoulder and held the end of it in my paws so as to not be potentially taken from him.

"What are those things there?"

"I am Groot," Groot responded and I rolled my eyes.

"None of your damn business..." I mumbled. Everyone else watched him come towards us.

"I never thought I'd meet a Groot. Or a Laxian for that matter. I heard they all died out; whole species killed by a plague. But not this one," He came closer, "Sir... Madam... You must allow me to pay you now so that I may own your carcasses, at the moment of your deaths, of course."

"I am Groot," Groot replied, as he does with everyone. It's a shame only Rocket can understand what he's truly saying. I glared down at Tivan.

"No thank you," I turned my nose up.

"Why, so he could turn you into a frickin' chair?" Rocket asked Groot, obviously understanding him.

"That's your pet?" Tivan asked, nodding to Rocket, still looking at Groot but not at me. Obviously, he knew Laxians were always loyal pets to whoever they travelled with, even if my kind technically died out a while ago, they were still like it when they existed. I was a rare species to see. I was one of the few, probably the only one to actually survive the plague that killed our planet, all thanks to Yondu picking me up of course on the way to get Peter. Peter was about to step forwards to stop Rocket from making a rash decision at the sound of being called a 'pet'.

"His what?" Rocket yelled, anger boiling up again as he reached for his gun.

"Tivan," Gamora warned while The Collector just laughed at Rocket, "We have been halfway around the galaxy retrieving this Orb."

"Very well then. Let us see what you brought," He said and looked at Gamora who looked at Peter. He pulled the orb out of his bag and dropped it before holding it out for Tivan to collect. *'Heh get it. He's the Collector so he collects things? Haha.'*

"Oh, my new friends," Tivan began, "Before creation itself, there were six singularities. Then the universe exploded into existence and the remnants of these systems were forged into concentrated ingots. Infinity Stones..."

4 | Ravager Buddies

"Infinity Stones..." Tivan finished as the orb finished opening to reveal a purple coloured stone that shone rather brightly, "These stones it seems can only be brandished by beings of extraordinary strength." I zoned out the whole conversation at this point. I wasn't interested in some magical stones but both me and Groot were fascinated by the projects around us of other things that were probably the same kind of stones. The projections disappeared after a while which saddened me a little as they were really interesting to me. I turned back to everything else at a pretty good time I must admit.

"Carina," Tivan spoke sternly to the pink girl who neared the stone, "Stand back."

"I will no longer be your slave!" She rebelled and grabbed the stone.

"No!" Tivan yelled. Purple balls of god knows what shot out from the stone in her hand and started smashing things. Gamora and Peter were knocked back and Tivan was knocked over by something. The girl screamed loudly as it must've hurt a lot, all that

power and energy going through her right now. Groot bent down to pick Rocket up and ran towards the way we came in to escape the inevitable explosion. In the midst of him running, something hit me on the back of my head and made my vision a bit blurry. All of a sudden, a bright purple explosion sounded behind us and blew up the whole building, with Peter, Gamora and Tivan still inside. Groot managed to make it out with me and Rocket, falling onto the ground and shielding us from the explosion. The creature that growled at me and Rocket from before came running out and Gamora and Peter followed behind.

"How could I think Tivan could contain whatever was within the Orb?" Gamora asked herself, a pretty stupid question.

"What do you still have it for?" Rocket questioned with shock. I shook my head.

"Why were you carrying that around?!" I inquired with just the same level of shock.

"What are we gonna do, leave it in there?" Peter sarcastically replied to Rocket.

"I can't believe you had that in your purse!" Rocket pointed at the orb.

"It's not a purse it's a nap sack," Quill argued back, defending himself.

"We have to bring this to the Nova Corps," Gamora suggested, "There's a chance they can contain it."

"I agree. It's not safe to have something like that around!" I agreed with her idea. It was the right thing to do.

"Are you kidding me? We're wanted by the Nova Corps. Just give it to Ronan!" Rocket shouted.

"What? So, he can destroy anything he wants? Kill millions of people, children, families!" I growled at him.

"He'll destroy the whole galaxy!" Peter added.

"What're you? Saints all of a sudden?" Rocket asked confused, "What has the galaxy ever done for you? Why would you wanna save it?"

"Because I'm one of the idiots who lives in it!" Peter yelled back.

"We all are!" I glared at Rocket.

"Peter, listen to me. We cannot allow the Stone to fall into Ronan's hands. We have to go back to your ship and deliver it to Nova," Gamora spoke reasonably.

"Right, right, okay. I think you're right. Or we could give it to somebody who's not going to arrest us, who's really nice for a whole lot of money," He tried to take the Orb from Gamora, but she just moved it out of his reach.

"I think it's a really good balance between both of your points of view."

"How is it?" I growled at him and crossed my arms, siding with Gamora.

"You're despicable. Dishonourable. Faithless!" Gamora accused him, "Oh no." We all stared wide eyed at Drax and the fleet he'd called to Knowhere. He'd called Ronan and his army just so he could attempt to kill the blue bastard to avenge his family... *'Somebody save us all...'* I looked at Gamora who seemed pissed. To make matters worse, both me and Peter heard an easily recognisable voice and we both froze as it yelled for us.

"Quill! Don't you move, boy! Or you fur ball," Yondu yelled as his Ravager buddies trailed behind him.

I growled, "Shit! Peter, what're we gonna do?" I looked up to him. Gamora took off towards the mining pods while me, Peter, Rocket and Groot followed. We each got into a pod by ourselves and our doors closed behind us. Groot couldn't fit in a pod, so he stayed behind as we all took off in an attempt to escape the inevitable. Suddenly, a bunch of Ronan's ships began tailing us in search of the Orb which Gamora had in her pod. We flew around for some time, avoiding the ships behind us and trying to protect the Orb. *'Ah, I missed piloting something myself.'* I hummed with content, enjoying being able to fly once again, despite the circumstances. They were shooting green necro blasts at us, mainly Gamora.

"Rocket, F/N, keep them off Gamora until she gets to the Milano," Pete said through the com which connected all the pods.

"How? We've got no weapons on these things," Rocket replied, very confused.

"These pods are industrial grade. They're nearly indestructible."

"Not against necro blasts they're not," Rocket responded.

"That's not what he's saying," It clicked in my mind what he meant, "Wanna smash some stuff?" I asked Rocket.

"Oh!" He thought aloud, finally understanding, "Let's do it!" And with that we began smashing into their ships, distracting them from shooting at Gamora and gaining on her. Suddenly, a necro blast shot hit my pod and I began to descend, fast.

"Rocket! Quill!" I yelled through the com, "I've been hit! I'm going down!" I got myself unhooked from the hands that allowed you to control the pod and I ended up bouncing around the whole pod, accidentally knocking the button that opens the pod.

"I'll come get you, hold on!" Rocket replied and flew back to get me. He knocked the pod onto the top of a building, and I fell back inside it, hitting my head again and groaning. The building held the pod up, but it wouldn't do it forever, so I quickly got out of it and hurried over to Rocket's pod and jumped in. They were small and so it was pretty cramped, but he still managed to control it and catch back up with Peter and Gamora. A few ships were still following her, and I began to worry that Ronan would get a hold of the Stone. Gamora got trapped and had to actually head out of Knowhere to draw them away, even though the pods didn't really work out there. One of the ships shot Gamora's pod and it exploded, sending her flying out the glass window at the front. My breath hitched and I gasped as we watched her floating out in space. The Orb was taken up into Ronan's bigger ship and the smaller ones retreated away. I desperately looked at Rocket.

"We lost..." I mumbled, looking down at my paws, "If I hadn't gotten hit we could've stopped her pod from being shot... If I wasn't such a shit pilot..." Rocket looked back at me while I mumbled to myself, blaming myself for what just happened. He sighed and then looked back forwards, at Gamora and across at Peter's pod.

"Quill c'mon," Rocket spoke softly, "Her body mods should keep her alive a couple more minutes but there's nothing we can do for her. These pods aren't meant to be out here. In a second we're gonna be in the same boat," Rocket turned the pod around and headed back towards Knowhere.

"Quill?" We both asked. Suddenly, I heard him yelling a name I didn't want to hear.

"Yondu! Yondu! This is Quill! My coordinates are 227K324."

"Peter!" I yelled, "Peter what're you doing? Do you have a death wish or something?"

"Just outside Knowhere. If you're there, come get me. I'm all yours." Peter then got out of his pod and flew over to Gamora.

"Quill, don't be ridiculous," Rocket said, "Get back into your pod! You can't fit two people in there. You're gonna die," Rocket continued to shout at Peter, trying to convince him, "You'll die in seconds!"

"Peter-" I began but got cut off on his com as his end beeped and I heard it through mine. *'He took it off. And his mask thing... He's gonna give them to her!'* I started to panic, even more than before when a whole ton of Ravager ships showed up.

"Rocket, let's get out of here. Quickly before Yondu knows I'm in this pod with you," I whisper yelled and we did so. We went back down to Knowhere to retrieve Groot and possibly Drax and then get to the Milano to rescue Peter and Gamora. When we got back to Knowhere, Rocket kind of crashed the pod and it was a bumpy landing, but we made it back, alive at least. Groot was with Drax when we got out of the pod.

"Blasted idiot. They're all idiots!" Rocket complained to himself as we jumped out of the pod, "Quill just got himself captured. None of this ever would have happened if you didn't try to single-handedly take on a frickin' army!" Rocket grew angrier and angrier as he yelled at Drax.

"You're right," Drax admitted, "I was a fool. All the anger, all the rage, was just to cover my loss." I looked down at the floor and twisted my foot awkwardly. *'I wasn't even that bad when my family got sick and died and when I was taken from my home world by Yondu. Sure, I was angry but not that much...'*

"Oh, boo-hoo-hoo. My wife and child are dead," Rocket mocked. I nudged him roughly to get him to shut up because that was uncalled for. Groot also gasped and Rocket continued to be angry.

"Oh, I don't care if it's mean!" He pushed me slightly to the side, "Everybody's got dead people. It's not excuse to get everybody else dead along the way." He wasn't wrong but that's not the point, he was kind of being an ass to Drax. Groot glared at him, and Rocket still seemed pissed.

“Rocket, while true, that’s uncalled for,” I rubbed my arm.

“Come on, Groot. Ronan has the stone. The only chance we got is to get to the other side of the universe as fast as we can and maybe, just maybe, we’ll be able to live full lives before that whack-job ever gets there,” He seemed adamant he didn’t care for Quill or Gamora. I crossed my arms and glared at him. When he glanced over at me, his face softened slightly before he shook his head and began to turn away from us all.

“I am Groot,” Groot said sternly.

“Save them? How?”

“I am Groot,” He repeated. Groot had a point; we could try to save them but at what cost.

“I know they’re the only friends that we ever had, but there’s an army of Ravagers around them. And there’s only two of us!” Rocket argued.

“Three,” Drax stated as he rose from the ground and placed his hand on Groot’s shoulder.

“Four,” I added and stood over with Drax and Groot. Rocket growled at us and balled his paws into fists, seemingly getting annoyed. He repeatedly kicked a patch of grass in frustration. It didn’t look intimidating or angry, it looked adorable.

“You’re making me beat up grass!” He yelled between kicks and sent a chuck flying. After he spent a few minutes calming down while we all stood in silence, I wondered what the plan was. We couldn’t just confront Yondu head on. He’d squish us, his ship was huge. We had Quill’s tiny Milano.

“What’s the plan, Rocket?” He turned around and smirked at me.

“I’m gonna threaten them!” He stated plainly. *‘What a stupidly crazy plan. Real smart Rocket...’*

“Because that is going to work so well...” I muttered to Drax.

We were now sat up in space, in the tiny Milano, aiming directly at Yondu’s ship. Rocket’s plan was flawless, not. He shot at the ship once, then twice before speaking through a microphone so Yondu and his crew could hear him.

“Attention, idiots,” He sarcastically began, he was loving every moment of this, “The lunatic on top of this craft is holding a Hadron Enforcer. It’s a weapon of my own design.” He spoke smugly.

“I swear he’s going to get us killed Groot...” I looked at the tree and he just shrugged back.

“If you don’t hand over our companions now, he’s gonna tear your ship a new one. A very big new one!” He grinned, “I’m giving you to the count of five,” He then started with five and counted down... Like an idiot. I zoned out until Quill started speaking and I only heard him midway through. My ears perked up at his voice and I smiled wildly.

We were allowed to board the ship and park the Milano inside. Quill, Gamora and Yondu came to greet us along with some of the crew. As we exited, I waved meekly at Yondu who glared at me before smiling.

“I see you’re still alive fur ball,” He chuckled, “And you found another furball friend.” I blushed slightly and the tips of my ears went red. Quill and Gamora began leading us to a secluded place to explain to us what they figured out with Yondu. He took this opportunity to speak to me more.

“Sorry for disobeying you,” I rubbed the back of my head.

“You better be,” He chuckled, “I had a right mind to put a bounty on your head.”

“Ouch,” I faked being hurt and held my chest.

“I see you found another fur friend,” He winked at me, talking in a quieter voice so the others couldn’t hear, “I saw you go red earlier.” I swatted his hand away as he went to pat my head.

“I did not,” I huffed and crossed my arms.

“Did to, fur ball, you’ve gone soft.” *‘Psh, what does he know... Did I really like Rocket?’*

Yondu left us all alone and Peter and Gamora began explaining the deal they’d made with Yondu that saved their lives. It was... incredibly stupid to say the least.

5 | Confession

“You call that ‘figured out’?” Rocket complained, “We’re gonna rob the guys who just beat us senseless.”

“Oh, you wanna talk about senseless?” Quill started, “How about trying to save us by blowing us up?”

“Not the smartest idea I must admit,” I chuckled. Rocket glared at me briefly before continuing to argue back at Quill.

“We were only gonna blow you up if they didn’t turn you over!”

“Doesn’t make it any better,” I mumbled, earning another glare from the raccoon.

“And how on earth were they gonna turn us over when you only gave them a count of five?”

“He has a point!” I chimed. Another glare. ‘Geez, what is with the glares? What did I do? Have a brain?’

“We didn’t have time to work out the minutiae of the plan,” Rocket looked at Groot, “This is what we get for acting altruistically,” He shook his head slightly. Groot responded with his usual 3 words.

“It was a shit plan, Rocket, admit it!” I rolled my eyes.

“Shut it you. They are ungrateful,” He finished before glancing at me, a little longer than what was probably normal. The disagreement between Quill, Rocket and Gamora continued and at this point I just tuned them out. Gamora was trying to convince Rocket of the idea to have the Ravagers help us get the stone from Ronan and save Xandar. It was the same thing she’d said multiple times now, so I had no care for the conversation anymore. Until I heard a famous statement from Quill that made me groan.

“I have a plan,” Quill stated to Rocket.

“You’ve got a plan?” Rocket shot back.

“He doesn’t,” I chimed and nudged Rocket with a giggle.

“Yes, I do,” Quill didn’t look so confident anymore.

“First of all, you’re copying me from when I said I had a plan,” Rocket cockily replied.

“No, I’m not,” Quill interrupted, “People say that all the time. It’s not that unique of a thing to say.”

“Secondly, I don’t even believe you have a plan,” Rocket continued to push, crossing his arms.

“Here it comes,” I whispered to Rocket.

“I have part of a plan!”

“What percentage of a plan do you have?” Drax spoke up and asked.

“You don’t get to ask questions after the nonsense you pulled on Knowhere,” Gamora pointed at him.

“I just saved Quill,” Drax stated.

“We’ve already established that you destroying the ship that I’m on is not saving me.”

“When did we establish it?” Drax asked, confused.

“Like three seconds ago!” Me and Quill yelled together. ‘I swear Drax makes me lose brain cells...’ Rocket went on to ask for the percentage, agreeing with Gamora about Drax having no say in this. Quill didn’t even have a quarter of a plan. He had 12%, not even enough to be part of a plan in my opinion. Rocket let out a loud laugh and once again I tuned out the conversation. I loved his laugh, this was the first I’d heard a really genuine laugh from, and I loved it so much. Yondu said I was going soft, maybe he was right. I had fallen hard for this fur ball, my first ever time in love and it was potentially at the end of all life as we know it thanks to Ronan. I sighed and saw that Gamora was taking Rocket’s side over Peters, which caused me to snicker. He clearly had a thing for her.

“I need your help,” Peter stated, “I look around at us. You know what I see? Losers.” I growled at his words, asshole. Nobody said anything, we all just looked at each other as he continued to spout his speech.

“I mean, like, folks who have lost stuff. And we have. Man, we have. All of us,” He looked longingly at each and every one of us, “Our homes, our families, normal lives. And, usually, life takes more than it gives. But not today. Today it’s given us something. It has given us a chance.”

“To do what?” Drax muttered.

“To give a shit. For once. Not run away. I, for one, am not gonna stand by and watch as Ronan wipes out billions of innocent lives,” Quill continued to give his speech. I looked at the floor. Ronan was powerful, how could we ever stand a chance.

“But, Quill, stopping Ronan, it’s impossible,” Rocket said sadly. I brushed my tail along his and he glanced at me out of the corner of his eyes, I saw his fur darken slightly beneath them and so I wrapped my tail around him.

“You’re asking us to die,” we said at the same time, causing me to blush now.

“Yeah, I guess I am,” Even Quill seemed sad as the realisation dawned on him. He walked away from us, not knowing how to continue. Me and Rocket looked at each other, our noses almost touching as they stuck out. I grabbed one of his paws in mine as Gamora spoke up.

“Quill, I have lived most my life surrounded by my enemies,” She stood up, “I will be grateful to die among my friends.” Drax was the next to stand up and speak.

“You are an honourable man, Quill. I will fight beside you,” Drax seethed, “And in the end, I will see my wife and daughter again.” Groot stood up and said what he usually said to us all. I was next to stand on my half of the box me and Rocket shared.

“I’ve known you most of my life, Quill. I’ve fought with you, time and time again,” I smiled softly at him, “I would be honoured to fight beside you one last time and die at your side.” Rocket sighed and looked at my paw then his own and smiled.

“Oh, what the hell. I don’t got that long a lifespan, anyway,” He stood up and joined me, and the rest of us of course, “Now I’m standing. Y’all happy? We’re all standing up now. Bunch of jackasses, standing in a circle.” I nudged his side and he smiled at me.

“You’re the only jackass I see,” I muttered, and we all began to devise our plan.

Once the plan was devised, it was time to gear up. I requested any remaining gear I had on the ship from Yondu, which wasn’t much. A pair of blasters, a small jetpack and an all jacket of mine I’d left behind. *‘Did I forget to mention I’ve been clothed the entire time since we got out of the prison. Oops.’* I slid the dark F/C jacket over the top of my altered shirt and attached my blasters to the holsters on my legs. When I was ready, I headed out of the old room I occupied knowing I was never going to return, to search for Rocket. I needed to talk to him before we made it to Xandar in case we all did die. I passed Quill on my search and decided to ask him if he knew.

“Hey, Quill,” I shyly began, “D-Do you know where Rocket is?” He raised an eyebrow at me before realisation hit him like a brick. He figured out why and smirked.

“He’s back that way, working on a special weapon,” His smirk grew, “Making that move before the mission ay?” He ruffled my head and crouched down to me.

“No...” I lied.

“Psh, liar. I’m proud of you,” He pulled me in for a quick hug, “Go get him!” He gave me a thumbs up and hurried away. The tips of my ears felt so hot, and my face was the same. I picked up my tail and carried it in front of me as I entered the larger room where Rocket was. Weapon parts and old torn apart weapons scattered the floor. He was hunched over something on the far side. I slowly walked towards him and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around and accidentally booped my nose which caused me to stumble back out of nerves.

“When did you come in?” He eyed me, “Where’d the jacket and blasters come from? Quill?” He smirked. I punched his arm lightly.

“Hey, they’re mine,” I laughed, “You think I’d borrow from Quill?” He paused for a moment.

“Maybe.”

“Jerk.”

“So are you,” He shot back. I rolled my eyes at him.

“I actually came to tell you something before we leave,” I rubbed the back of my neck, my face flushing, “I uhm, this is really hard.”

“What is it?” He pried.

“I-I like you, a lot,” I looked down at the floor shyly, “Well, i-it’s a bit more than just like.” I twisted my foot and fiddled with my paws.

“You,” He paused, “You do?”

“I’m sorry, you don’t feel the same, I understand,” I began to turn away and leave him to his weapons, but he grabbed my paw and spun me back round to face him.

“I like you too,” He smirked, “You’re an ass sometimes, but I want it to be mine.”

“I-“ I began before I was cut off by a kiss. It felt nice. My stomach felt all warm and fuzzy and my heart felt like it was doing backflips in my chest. I kissed him back as fireworks rumbled in my head. He liked me back, and we were about to go and die to save lots of other people, perfect.

“Are you okay?” He questioned after pulling away with his arms wrapped around my frame.

“Y-Yeah. Wasn’t expecting that,” I chuckled awkwardly.

“Eh, it felt like the right thing to do,” He shrugged with a cocky smile. I punched his arm lightly again.

“Jerk.”

“Your jerk now,” He winked at me.

6|The End

It was decided that I would accompany Rocket for the beginning of the fight to use some of the extra guns we'd installed on the ship temporarily to shoot down any of Ronan's goons who flew at us. My job was to protect the ship and the other Ravagers as best I could so we could blow a hole in the side of the ship fast enough without being blown out of the sky. Ronan's ship made it into Xandar's atmosphere and the entire Ravager fleet approached it as quickly as we could. His ship was huge, but it'd been a while since I saw this many Ravager ships, it was nice. The bigger ships behind us shot these massive balls of energy at the ship which created our cover to dive down below and surprise them. The ship me and Rocket were in, and 2 others headed closer to the side of the ship to begin working on making an entryway for Quill and the others. Rocket seemed so focussed right now. Not only did he have the fate of the galaxy to drive him, but he now had me, and I had him. I glanced over at him from my seat and reached out to place my paw on top of his as he controlled the ship.

"We've got this," I winked. He smiled at me and began shooting Ronan's ship. It wasn't long before his army started flying out of the ship to attack the other Ravagers. They left us alone for the most part, probably didn't really see us. The ship was taking quite a beating but still no hole yet. Eventually, they'd made a hole for Quill and Yondu to get through.

"Quill! Yondu! Now!" Rocket yelled over the comms. I noticed they were taking some time so booted up the screen in front of me that showed all of what was going on behind us. There were a bunch of Ronan's goons following Quill and Yondu. I prepped the guns I had control of and began to fire at the ships tailing them. Part of one of the ships hit Yondu's wing and he started to spin and plummet towards the planet.

"I'm going down, Quill!" Yondu yelled, "No more games with me, boy! I'll see you at the end of this!" I continued firing down the enemies but more and more just kept coming. One managed to hit the Milano and I panicked, afraid for Quill and the others.

"There are too many of them, Rocket, F/N!" Gamora sounded through the comms, "We'll never make it up there!" Just as she said that the ships started blowing up and dropping like flies left, right and centre. It was the Nova Corp! They got Quill's message. The Milano sped off to where we'd blown the hole and crashed straight into the ship, going through the hole at full speed. The ship was still heading for the planet's surface. We couldn't let that happen. Now that Quill was in the ship, me and Rocket backed off to help the other Ravagers fight Ronan's fleet. Suddenly, the Nova Corp began to form lines in front of the ship and locked themselves in place, forming a blockade. It wouldn't hold forever but it would buy Quill and the others some time to get to Ronan. It was a magnificent sight to see. I'd never seen anything like it from any pilots on any planet I'd been to. The blockade stretched and wrapped around the ship as it just pushed straight into them. Me and Rocket continue flying around the sky shooting down the fleet and protecting the Nova Corps so they could hold their blockade for as long as possible. Ronan's ship was huge so they wouldn't find him immediately and who knows the resistance they'd face inside.

After a few minutes, the fleet began to fly downwards. They were dive bombing the city to distract the Nova Corp!

“Rocket, they’re dive bombing the city!” I shouted to him, worried for all the people. While Xandar had treated me like shit, I wasn’t about to let parents lose their children or children become orphans over some stupid stone. Rocket nodded to me, and we signalled some of the other Ravagers to join us above the city to shoot down the dive-bombing fleet. If we could shoot and destroy them before they hit the ground, there’d be less casualties.

“Keep Ronan up there Sall, we’ll take care of the people down here,” Rocket informed the leader of the Nova Corp, “Everybody shoot them before they hit the ground,” He then told the Ravagers.

“We can limit the number of casualties if we pull this off,” I followed up, “Ready?” I looked at Rocket and he grinned at me. He angled the ship to the sky, and we let all hell rain loose on the fleet. They didn’t stand a chance now. The more Ravager ships that joined us, the more likely we were to shoot down every last one of the ships that dive bombed. We were saving people. We were being heroes. This felt good and it looked epic, nonetheless.

After a few minutes of this, we saw an explosion in the middle of the blockade above. I felt pain, pain for all the people who were dying in their ships. All the people who had just lost a loved one. This reminded me of my home planet, and memories of people dying in the streets flashed before my eyes. I panicked and stopped shooting the fleet, my eyes teary. This event reminded me of that. The plague wasn’t an accident on my home planet. It was deliberate, another race dropped it on us as an act of war. Not everyone died of the plague, and they finished us off easily. My father had hidden me away when they invaded, and I managed to survive. The plague was wiped out before the enemy came to our planet to clean up, so I wasn’t in danger of that as a child when they left. I was alone on my planet for days before Yondu picked me up. I hoped he was okay. I pulled my ears down as the sounds of screams and pain filled my head as the images of seeing my race executed filled my head. Rocket must’ve noticed I’d stopped, he continued to shoot but called out to me.

“F/N? F/N!” He shouted at me, trying to get through, “F/N come back to me!” I shook my head and looked at him with a distraught face. I was about to respond when one of the enemy ships flew into the Ravager ship beside us. My eyes widened. Was this how we died? I shook violently as I gripped the joysticks to control my guns again and shot the fleet with nothing but hatred and pain clouding my brain. Saal’s voice came through the comms as more of the Nova Corp began to get crushed by Ronan’s ship.

“Rocket!”

“Hold on, Saal, just...” Rocket began before another huge explosion from the Nova Corp rang out from the comms and we saw it above. This caused the entire blockade to fail and many, many more of their ships to explode on impact with the ship. Nothing was holding

Ronan back from making the surface. Nothing. For the first time in a while, I saw genuine fear and sadness fall on Rocket's features as he looked up at the ship which came speeding down towards the ground now that the blockade wasn't holding it back.

"Quill, you gotta hurry. The city's been evacuated but we're getting our asses kicked down here." I thought for a moment. If the city was evacuated, then we didn't have to stay here on the ground anymore. I jumped up out of my seat and stepped over the Rocket.

"Swap!" I called out, "I'm a better pilot. You're a better shooter."

"Are you kidding?" He looked annoyed, "No way, I've never seen you fly."

"Trust me," I held my paw out for him to take, "Please."

"Fine!"

"Thank you," I whispered as he passed me and kissed his cheek. I took control of the ship and flew it upwards. I dodged every ship that tried to fly into us as we ascended up to the ship. I did multiple barrel rolls and avoided enemy fire like a champ. Like Quill used to say, once you learn how to ride a bike on Terra, you never forget it. It's the same with flying, once you learn how to do it well, you never forget. I was Yondu's best flyer, and I'd flown so many Ravager ships before compared to Rocket, they weren't the same as most normal ships that other planets had. You had to have a knack for flying them to be able to pull some of the shit I could. After this I'd teach Rocket how to do it just so he could show Quill up, I think it'd be funny.

When we reached the ship, we saw Ronan holding Drax up by the throat. Had they failed at killing him? I looked at Rocket, and he looked at me with a nod. We knew what we had to do. We flew full speed into the ship, aiming straight for Ronan. We both yelled as we crashed into the ship and took everything in our way out. We just royally fucked his ship. As we hit the end of the room, the force must've knocked us both unconscious because the next thing I saw was darkness. There was nothing.

7|Or Not

When I came to, I saw Gamora looking down at me. She smiled as my eyes slowly began to open and I could see we were still on the ship. It wasn't the end for us, not yet anyway. Looking behind her, I saw vines and leaves encircling us all and noticed they were coming from Groot, he was protecting us ready for the impact of the ship crashing. Glancing across from me, I saw Rocket was coming too. Gamora put me down on the floor and my legs felt like jelly, so I just sat on the vines and leaves next to Drax. When Rocket was finished waking up, he came and sat by me as well. We were all in awe of Groot. I held Rocket's paw in mine and looked at him, smiling softly. If this was how we were going to go, at least it

was all together. Rocket let go of my paw and approached Groot who had become part of the sphere around us.

“No, Groot. You can’t. You’ll die,” Rocket’s ears flattened slightly. Groot had been his only friend for so long. It was heart-breaking to watch.

“Why are you doing this?” He pressed on as tears welled in his eyes and trickled down his furry face, “Why?”

“We, are, Groot,” Was all Groot said as the ship got closer to the ground. It felt so surreal. I rushed over to Rocket and hugged him from behind, the vines encircling us in front of Groot. I cried into his back, and we all braced for the impact that was coming. I closed my eyes and awaited what was coming... It was all a blur to me. The crash of the ship, the explosion it made, we were surrounded by rubble and the vines that had once surrounded us were scattered amongst the wreckage. A song played from the Milano tape player Quill had. I groaned and rolled to the side slightly to see Rocket dragging himself towards a large pile of sticks and holding them. My head was pounding but I pulled myself over to him and sat on my knees beside him, resting my paw on his shoulder.

“I called him an idiot,” He muttered. I looked at him with sadness spread across my features as the population of Xandar began to approach the wreckage. I looked around at all my friends, my new family. We all looked like shit. I caught sight of something purple emerging from behind some smoke and panicked, rapidly tapping Rocket on the shoulder. The people around us cowered and whimpered as Ronan came forth, still with the stone in his big hammer. Rocket turned around and stood up, anger written across his face.

“You killed Groot!” He ran at Ronan, growling before he blasted Rocket away with the power of the stone.

“Rocket!” I screamed out and backed away as Ronan kept walking forwards towards us all.

“Behold! Your guardians of the galaxy,” He gestured to us all, lifting his arms, “What fruit have they wrought? Only that my father and his father shall finally know vengeance.” We all glanced around at each other as Rocket worked on fixing up a weapon he found after being blasted. We had to stall Ronan so he could fix something up. But what could we do...?

“People of Xandar, the time has come to rejoice and renounce your paltry gods! Your salvation is at hand,” He continued in a language I couldn’t understand as he prepared to place his hammer staff thing on the ground and wipe out Xandar for good. I coughed as I began to try and stand alongside Gamora and Quill. The music that was previously playing seemed to pick up again and Quill joined in with it.

“Ooh child things will get brighter,” Quill sang as he began to dance to Ronan, distracting him, “Listen to these words. Ooh child things are gonna get easier.” Gamora looked at Quill with confusion while I snickered and stepped over to him, joining in with the song I knew all too well thanks to the man himself.

“Ooh child things will get brighter,” We continued, together.

“Now bring it down hard!” Quill interrupted and began dancing harder.

“What are you doing?” Ronan asked, just as confused as Gamora.

“Dance-off, bro. Us and you,” Quill answered and continued to dance, terribly might I add. I danced alongside him, trying to avoid enjoying this moment before our possible death. Quill offered Gamora to join him, but she rejected him. I snickered at this, and Ronan just seemed to get more agitated with our dancing. He really didn’t understand it at all.

“What are you doing?” He asked again, this time with more anger.

“I’m distracting you, you big turd blossom,” Quill finally informed him as a gun cocked beside us. Drax was holding the big gun Rocket had fixed up and aiming it directly at Ronan. Rocket connected two wires and the gun fired, colliding with the end of his hammer and freeing the stone to fall to the ground, which would’ve been bad. It was almost as if time slowed as Peter lunged for the stone and encased it in his hand. I was sure he was going to die in a moment and looked away. Only to see Peter lying on the ground with the stone in hand, shaking in pain and yelling. A dark purple cloud encased us all and purple sparks flew around. Peter’s skin had gained a purple glow as the stone was slowly consuming and destroying him.

“Peter!” Gamora screamed out, “Take my hand!” Quill’s face began to crack and break away.

“Take my hand!” She yelled again. As their hands touched, they now shared the pain of the stone together and her skin began to crack as well. Drax was next to approach Peter and place his hand on his shoulder, joining them in pain. They were going to split the power between them all and contain it or attempt too anyway. Rocket followed suit and grabbed a hold of Drax’s finger while I grabbed his paw on the opposite side. All five of us now had cracked skin, or fur, and were all yelling out in pain as the stone aimed to consume and destroy us all. A split second and it wasn’t as painful anymore. Five of us sharing its power seemed to negate the pain and we were able to stand and face Ronan now.

“You’re mortal!” Ronan fought, “How?”

“You said it yourself, bitch. We’re the Guardians of the Galaxy. Ronan groaned and was about to attack when Peter opened his hand and used the power stone to annihilate

Ronan and destroy him. Gamora sealed the stone away in the sphere cases we'd made for it and the cloud died down. We all panted and tried to catch our breath. I didn't let go of Rocket's paw, afraid to lose him if I did.

"Well, well, well," An all too familiar voice spoke, I was both relieved but also not impressed to hear it, "Quite the light show." He chuckled and some other Ravagers joined him in facing us. The deal was the Ravagers would help us in exchange for the stone once Ronan was defeated. I didn't like the deal in the slightest. Who knows where the stone would end up?

"Ain't this sweet," He began, "But you got some business to attend to before all the nookie-nookie starts," He tilted his head to Gamora as he approached Quill.

"Peter, you can't. Peter."

"You gotta reconsider this, Yondu," Quill tried to reason with him, "I don't know who you're selling this to, but the only way the universe can survive is if you give it to the Nova Corps."

"I may be as pretty as an angel, but I sure as hell ain't one," Yondu seethed, "Hand it over, son." He held his hand out to Peter. Peter handed him a sphere case and Yondu smirked with a laugh, ordering his men to leave.

"Yondu," Peter started, "Do not open that orb. You know that, right? You've seen what it does to people." Yondu understood what Peter meant but didn't seem like he really cared all that much. I looked at Rocket and smiled, thankful Yondu wasn't going to kill any of us. We watched as they left in one of their ships before Peter mentioned giving him the wrong case. Sleight of hand was a thief's greatest skill, and Peter was no exception to it. We all laughed slightly at the thought of Yondu realising he'd been tricked. Rocket picked up a stick from the ground and started sniffing and crying again. I stood in front of him and smiled softly as I cupped his cheeks while he sobbed harder.

"Keep it," I kissed his forehead, "I'll be a reminder of what he did today." Drax came and sat beside us. As Rocket sobbed more, Drax stroked his head which seemingly made him feel better. He sighed and relaxed slightly at the touch.

Fast forward a bit, the woman in charge of Xandar and the Nova Corp was expressing her gratitude to us for saving the planet and defeating Ronan. We'd all been given a change of clothes and instead of being in Ravager red clothing, we were now in Nova Corp blue, which I felt suited me much better. Rocket stood between me and Drax holding a white plant pot he'd planted the stick in.

"If you will follow Denarian Dey, he has something to show you," Nova Prime said to Peter, "F/N, may I speak with you before you all leave?" I nodded and quickly gave Rocket a peck

on the cheek which made him smile softly at me. The others left and I was now alone with Nova Prime and those of her staff and guards who remained present.

“You wanted to see me, Nova Prime?”

“Yes,” She began, “When you first came to Xandar all those years ago, we were shocked by your presence. Your planet was under our care, but to avoid a war across space we took no action against those who killed your species and planet. I wanted to apologise for that, and for not caring for you when you ended up here when you were younger.”

“I had no idea the planet was under Nova Corp care?” I tilted my head as she crouched down to me.

“Yes, it wasn’t very publicly known. Your species have always been obedient to others and very pacifist like, so we made it our duty to protect you all. We failed in that. But now that you are alive and well and have proved yourself, we would like to offer you to stay here on Xandar with us. Being the last of your species makes you,” She paused and pondered on how to phrase her next sentence, “Susceptible to those who collect rare species or poachers who would want to sell you to the highest bidder. On Xandar you would be safe and protected.” I thought for a moment about her offer. It was nice and thoughtful. It would’ve been nice to be protected and live a normal non-life-threatening life. But I’ve found my family now. I didn’t need the Nova Corps protection when I had Quill and Gamora and Drax, and Rocket above all. I couldn’t leave him, not after he just lost Groot and we finally expressed our feelings to each other. I wanted to see where this would go.

“As much as I would like to live a simple, safe life. I can’t,” I paused, and Nova Prime seemed confused but let me continue, “They’re my family now. I wouldn’t ever change that now. I can’t leave them. So, I will have to decline your offer.” She seemed shocked but smiled in understanding.

“I understand F/N,” She nodded and gave me a small wink which nobody else saw, “You best go and join your family then.”

I hurried outside to find the others and saw them all looking at a brand-new ship, it looked just like the Milano. It was beautiful. I came up behind Rocket and gave him a small hug from behind and listened to Mr Dey as he spoke.

“Your criminal records have also been expunged. However, I have to warn you against breaking any laws in the future,” He stated. I was happy it was gone. I could be free of the past finally.

“Question,” Rocket began, and I giggled as I moved to his side, “What if I see something that I want to take, and it belongs to someone else?”

“That’s stealing Rocket,” I chuckled.

“You will be arrested,” Dey confirmed.

“But what if I want it more than the person who has it?”

“It’s still illegal,” Dey continued.

“That doesn’t follow. No, I want it more, sir. Do you understand?” He looked at Gamora and I who were laughing at him, “What are you both laughing at?” He smiled and me and Gamora led him away towards the ship.

“Why? I can’t have a discussion with this gentleman?” Rocket continued as we walked. I flick his nose gently and got his attention as we neared the steps up to the ship.

“What more could you possibly want that’s not already yours?” I smirked and gestured to myself.

“Good point,” He winked at me, and we all entered the ship to settle in. It’d been a long past couple of days and honestly, I was ready to just sleep. The cockpit had enough chairs for all of us to sit in which was nice of the Nova Corp to keep. Peter put a tape into the tape player they’d salvaged for the ship and he and Gamora looked like they were finally going to get to share a moment together with Peter’s favourite Terran music.

Eventually, we all settled down ready to head off of Xandar on our next adventure. Peter was in the main pilot seat with Gamora standing behind him while Rocket was in the co-pilot seat with me standing behind. Drax was behind in the middle. Rocket had placed the plant pot with the stick in it in front of him and we both looked at it with a smile to each other then the pot as it began to move with a stretch and yawn. Rocket looked back up at me and kissed my cheek and leaned closer to my ear to say something neither of us had had the chance to say properly yet.

“I love you,” He whispered, kissing my cheek again. I beamed at him and kissed him on the mouth, having to turn our faces to avoid poking each other’s eyes with our snouts. It was pure bliss. Fireworks went off in my stomach and my heart felt like it missed a beat. When we pulled away, I was the next to speak.

“I love you too,” I smiled and cupped his face, “You jerk.” Peter looked at us, smiled and then spoke up himself.

“So, what should we do next?” He paused, “Something good? Something bad? A bit of both?” We all looked at each other.

“We’ll follow your lead, Starlord,” Gamora said.

“Bit of both,” He decided and with that we took off. Heading off to our next adventure, together.

-End-