

The ringing of the alarms throughout the Kree ship was an amusing thing to behold as far as Camille - who much preferred the name Cammihawk - sat within the confines of her cell. Ronan hadn't been around in some time to interrogate her, and she knew from that alone this was unlikely to be tied to the Guardians. But that didn't mean they wouldn't take advantage of the situation at some point. It was far too good an opportunity to pass up. A large war was going on for certain, evident by the constant thumping and explosive noises up and down Ronan's Kree vessel. She wouldn't be surprised if the Shi'ar had laid a trap. There was a thump and a cry nearby as a Kree was sent kicking down the corridor by an unseen force. This was followed shortly by an incredibly terrible joke and a deep yet somewhat misunderstanding response. It was safe to say based on that alone that Peter Quill and Drax had both arrived to help with matters.

"Hello, Is it me you're looking for?" Cammihawk sang out in response heard from Quill;

"I can see it in your eyes, I can see it in your smile."

Peter Quill soon appeared in front of her, dressed as per usual in his red jacket. The mask he also wore had already disengaged from his features and the weapons were holstered. Drax soon followed, his marked chest behind Quill's head. He looked as though he had something to say on the choice of song and then declined to comment, clamping his mouth shut. Instead the large alien threw a fist out at the door panel and gripped the wiring inside. He yanked back, exposed wiring sparking on contact. The containment soon dropped and Cammi stood to her feet, flexing her shoulders and yawning as though her patience had been wearing thin. She grinned, looked at the fallen Kree and started laughing. With a might kick to its neck she ensured he was going to stay down. She was never truly all there and hadn't been for a long time. But still, she was a friend and favoured ally.

"We should go before Ronan notices. The Shi'ar are really making a mess of the area and I don't think anyone expected them to be so quick to fight." Quill tells her, as the trio sprint back down the corridor towards escape.

In the vast body of Ziran the Shi'ar ships were ambushing the Kree, Chitauri, Skrull and any other unfortunates caught within the crossfire. Vulcan didn't want to take any chances, but he knew it wouldn't be time before the Skrull and Kree deposited their greatest warriors towards him. For now the least they could do was hope to surmount a taught alliance and defend themselves. Genis-Vell would inevitably arrive, the so called hero of the Kree. But he would have to contend with more than just the Emperor.

"Send in the Warbirds and anyone else willing to die for the cause." Vulcan commands, taking place atop his throne. Beside him the Klyntar waited, and Lilandra was forced to sit and watch the ongoing battles. "But prepare the Death Commanders for another mission."

The Capital Shi'ar ship boldly stood before the heart, while the other ships circled the enemy within this great body. They fired, hard, knowing they had the foe trapped within the circle. Small ships zipped around in combat and Ronan watched aboard his own command center.

On screen stood Paibok and beside his image was the Chitauri commander known only as Warbringer. They were, understandably, furious.

“Kree ships are incoming Paibok, I do hope your people can do the same.”

“They are.”

Ronan watched him carefully and looked towards the Chitauri. It too promised backup arriving sooner, rather than later. As this promise was finished, the feed cut out. Within the battle outside the Chitauri ship was split lengthways down the middle and a figure in purple floated there, a large mohawk adorning his head. His eyes glared at the Kree and Skrull ships. Behind him were tall and imposing women, cleaning out the Chitauri Capital ship. A large amount of figures with wings flew over the Chitauri ships, their metal armour reflecting the lights of the battle. They made their way to the nearest Skrull Ship and began to rip into it, forcing their way into the corridors.

“Talon. Kyte” One of the raptors spoke. “Head to the bridge.”

“Your word is law, Darkhawk.” The Raptor named Talon replied, sprinting down the corridor and ripping into those who stood in his way. Darkhawk kicked off the hull and looped under it, making his way towards the Kree capital ship, knowing Paibok is within. The bursts of energetic weapons surged around him and he weaved, dodging one blast after another.

And then he smashed through the front of Paibok's ship.

##Earth.

Cable and Captain Britain stared in through the windows of Braddock Mansion, watching the Captain of this world go about his day. Brian Braddock, hailing from a world populated by Mutants, was naturally shocked and had about a hundred thoughts and clashing emotions running amongst his mind. Here, he was merely a child. And yet his father, James, held the mantle still. And of course, he lived. Cable glanced down at Brian, and sighed gently. He had already told them he shouldn't have followed, knowing that they had been unaware of the Multiverse. But at the same time he was also aware that Brian would have learned eventually, he couldn't avoid the Captain Britain Corps forever. The pair of them walked towards the front door and with a hesitant movement, Brian rang the doorbell. James Braddock answered, not recognising either of them for the briefest of moments until Brian said;

“Hi, Dad.”

##The Skrulls

Paibok flew right for the incoming Raptor and threw a right hook. Darkhawk swerved and twirled, avoiding the incoming blow. A sudden jerking motion caught the Raptors wing and slammed him into the ground. Darkhawk span, pulling his wings in close and dashing towards Paibok. The opposing Skrull turned metallic and took the brunt, sliding back before launching his left fist out and following it up with a right. Darkhawk took the blows and kicked out, knocking Paibok away. The amulet on his chest began to glow and a large concussive force was fired from within, connecting with Paibok and shooting him across the bridge into a wall. A barrier of ice appears and separates Paibok from Darkhawk. The wall was as clear as glass albeit moulded to a far different shape. Darkhawk punched through it, attempting to reach for Paibok. However Paibok grabbed his hand in return and shocked him, sending a surge of electricity arcing through the Raptors body and firing him back into a workstation. Paibok moved quickly, not wanting to waste time in taking down the enemy that sought to end him. The other Skrull warriors on the bridge slowly moved in, their weapons armed and ready.

In the other Skrull ship, currently under assault from the Raptors Talon and Kyte sat someone hidden from the eyes of the Kree enemy. A secret weapon, so to speak. His name was Kl'rt, and was angry. His shimmered for a moment and vanished from the eyes of anyone nearby. In the corridor of the Skrull ship, Kyte was thrown against the wall, and a wing ripped away. She slumped to the ground, and Talon watched and waited to see their attacker. They would soon get their wish as a flaming giant of a man grabbed them by the throat and set them ablaze.

"You're going to die here." He told them, throwing Talon down the hall and pointing a finger at Kyte. A small disc formed, made of a simple force field appearing blue and somewhat invisible. It moved against Kytes neck briefly, slicing through it and decapitating the Raptor before they could fully consider what was taking place. Talon roared in frustration, and a blast of energy shot out from the amulet. It collided with Kl'rt and he shot backwards, taken by surprise. He rolls to his feet and launches out a fireball, avoided by the opponent who came in close and attempt to rip Kl'rt apart with his claws, only to find them scraping on a barrier. The Skrull responded in kind and kicked out, and then followed behind the ragdolling Imperial Guard, his plasmatic body vaporising the atmosphere to an extent. Talon rolled, his claws digging into Kl'rts chest as the Skrull soared overhead, and launched him into the ground. Talon then flipped over, running his wings into the side of Kl'rt. The Skrull choked, and was soon knocked out by an incoming blow from Talons fist. Talon then moves down the corridor towards the engines, knowing there will be foes.

Back in the bridge, Darkhawk was getting to his feet. The wings expanded outwards and he curled his body in while turning to the left. The expanding wings cut through several of the incoming Skrulls and he surged forwards at Paibok again. Cut the head off the command chain, and the whole crew falters. Of course, reinforcements would arrive and the other commanders would take over other ships crews if it meant defending. The ship was rocked heavily as an explosion ripped apart one of the back engines. The crew aboard were sent toppling and the alarms found room for yet another one warning of engine failure. The fighters outside zipped to and fro, taking each other down and dogfighting was all they could

think on. But they also had to deal with Gladiator, who would happily tear the Kree, Skrull and Chitauri alliances to pieces. Paibok formed an ice wall in front of Darkhawk and leapt over it, charging a large burst of electrical energy within his hand and punching Darkhawk across the visor. The resulting reaction shocked through the foes system and immediately after that he crumpled, and the suit pulled the Raptor away from the battle.

And then an alarm told Paibok that further Skrull ships were on their way.

##Earth

Cable drank the tea he was given with some difficulty. His hands were too big for the mug he had been given and the left hand was also artificial. The mug rattled a little and he set it down. Captain Britain - his Captain Britain that is - was sat to his right and the other Captain Britain was sat opposite of him. It would be far easier to name them by their real name he realised, and to stop thinking of them both as Captain Britain. Especially after the other one was so alien to him.

"So. You're my son, a version my son at least, from a world populated by... what was it, Mutants?"

"That's correct." Brian explained, slightly exasperated. "Cable and I are both Mutants. We get our powers via genes or technology. Not magic, as you do."

James sighed, trying to take in this news correctly. "And I?"

"You were captain Britain, until you passed away. You were a mutant too. I got my powers via you."

Cable looks between them, trying to ignore the awkwardness as his thoughts floated freely from his body. This discussion wasn't his, perhaps extending his mind across this brand new world would be of benefit. An Astral projection in the form of Cable floated up into the top half of the Braddock Mansion, paying attention to the lack of Psylocke's existence, there were no clues towards her either. He continued to sweep around, looking for records, Televisions, anything to help. His mind searched for the staff, knowing they too would contain information in their heads he could use.

Back in the other room, James shifted in his seat, trying to understand the concept. "You would think I'd have learned of this through the Captain Britain Corps."

Brian furrowed his brow, trying to decipher what his Inter-Universal father had just explained to him. He brought his tea to his lips, the liquid cresting the rim for a moment. "Sorry, did you say Captain Britain Corps?"

“Of course, the organisation on Avalon, made up of Captain Britains and their variants...” James responds, raising his left brow and setting his own tea onto the mat. “You do know of the Corps, right?”

“Until a week ago, I didn’t even realise there was actually a Multiverse.”

“This should be an enlightening experience then. Want to go to Avalon?” James asks, grinning from ear to ear like an excited child.

##Vulcan

Vulcan watched from his throne, pleased with the results of the ongoing fights. He turned to Lilandra and chuckled, gloating was always a fun development. The Red-Gold armour caught the light of the bridge as he shifted.

“I have attained a far greater than you ever could have. Under your rule the Shi’ar would have been weak and desperate. Your allies have fallen and now you sit here under my thumb.”

Lilandra says nothing and watches the ongoing events with anger. It shows on her face, the stare. She looks to Vulcan, and spits.

“Do you know what is coming next? I am going to cement this empire across worlds you have never seen. I will return to my home, to my father's home. I will meet my brothers on the field of battle and I will shred their heads and their chests. And then, then they will meet our father.”

Lilandra says nothing and looks away.

“And Tian shall *burn.*”

##The Chitauri

Across the warzone that was Ziran the commander of the Chitauri ship, Warbringer, watched as the other ships were destroyed. His own vessel had since been cleaved in two, held together only by small portions and a field designed to keep certain weapons out. He saw the Warbird charging towards him and launched over, his hulking frame landing atop the strange alien. He reared a fist back and launched it down, running his hand into the warriors face and cracking her cheek. Long claws sunk into Warbringers veins and he roared in pain as the blood trickled from it. And then another Warbird collided with him and threw him off to the side.

“**Deathbird.**” Warbringer spoke, glaring at the one who had bowled into him. He stood up straight, towering over them both. The pair moved forwards and the Warbringer did so

too, sprinting across the gap and slamming into the pair with his shoulder. They tumbled and he brought an arm out, swiping it into them and sending them cartwheeling across his bridge.

Somewhere within the Chitauri ship the final Warbird was getting to work on lowering the forcefield and destroying anything that seemed important. The ghostly white feathers adorning her head ruffled as her sword arced in the air and resulted in slicing a computer bank apart. She moved to swing again but found she could not, a whip had wrapped itself around her wrist. The whip pulled, her arm went with it and the sword clattered onto the ground. At the far end of the whip stood a pale faced Kree dressed in black.

"You should surrender now." He tells her. A large black swarm appears behind him and floods into the room. Warbird stares him down for some time and then pulls hard on the whip. Wraith loses his balance and the Shi'ar Imperial flies forwards, her fist connecting with his face and toppling him. The black swarm surges towards her.

"My husband will be victorious!" Deathbird calls, launching towards Warbringer and striking off his armour with her claws. He slaps her to the side and she collides with a Chitauri soldier. Warbringer changes shape, becoming something much more lithe and speed driven. His arm whips out for Deathcry and she dodges, ducking under the fist and kicking upwards, connecting with Warbringers face. The Chitauri spits blood out and lurches to the side along with the rest of the crew as the ship begins to kilter off on an angle. He grabs a hold of a workstation as it sets itself upside down.

Back in the fight between Wraith and Warbird the sword sliced through another computer, and an alarm soon blared, warning of a major balancing issue. Wraith ignored it, focused on Warbird. She came in close and her sword cut for him, left from right. Wraith moved back, avoiding the incoming strike and then curling a leg out that connected with her jaw. She took the blow and grunted, ignoring the pain, retaliating by arcing the sword up. Blood sprayed across the area like an exploding balloon. Wraith stood stationary for a moment and then leapt at Warbird. At this moment the ship began to turn over, hitting a ninety degree point and then falling upside down. The pair hit the new floor, avoiding falling technology and other debris. Warbird shot forward with the sword, embedding it into his chest. He grunted in pain, but continued to his feet and walked along it. He gripped Warbird by the head and with a mighty *crack* slammed his head into hers. She fumbled back, clutching her head in pain.

And then the sword was driven into her side, the burning pain rippling through her body. She collapsed, grasping at the handle until she toppled over. She wasn't dead, at least not yet.

Wraith moved down the corridor.

Back in the bridge Warbringer dropped onto Deathbird and threw her ragdolling body down across the bridge and into a door. The door closed, it's sensors betrayed by the capsizing. It caught her leg and without any kind of moral or ethical quandary, crushed her leg. Deathcry leapt onto Warbringer soon after, digging into his face and tearing a cheek open. He swung around and she leapt off his body.

"I will kill you for this!" He roars, bulking out again and slamming his fists down onto the floor. She moves out of the way and rips a blaster from another person's hands and fires at Warbringer. He tanks the shot and moves in close, his fist launching Deathcry across the room like a pinball. She gets up, groggy for a moment, and then springs into action again. Her claws cut through the armour with a precision and embeds itself into the commander's shoulder. He roars in pain, his arm now open to the elements. The claws strike again and rip into flesh, shredding tendons and muscles and marking the limb as a useless extra that dangles at this side. He loses his balance, attempting to throw another punch but she twists and kicks the back of his head, knocking him over.

Head, meet blunt object.

##Vulcan

The Death Commanders met within the Heart of Ziran. There, Vulcan stood and faced them. Zxxx accompanied them, it was time for Raza to be forced to go through some less than wonderful things. Perhaps it would even kill him in time, and that would be such a pity. The power cosmic strained out from the Heart and into the Death Commanders, overpowering them beyond their typical strengths and skills. Their task would likely not be easy, the power boost would do nothing but help them.

"You are to go the other Earth. You are to find the targets... And you are to kill or capture them. Do this successfully and I shall ensure your lives from hereon out are far greater than you could hope them to be."

The commandos nodded and a small portal opened. They stepped in, not wasting time, and landed somewhere within Earth-512. A world where only Mutants dwell.

##Avalon

The two Captain Britain's strode into a portal towards the Otherworld. A mystical realm that was home the Celtic pantheon and by extension a mystical mirror of the British Isles. However the main attraction for James and Brian was in fact the Starlight Citadel. A glimmering and golden tower atop a larger building. It was set, perhaps unsurprisingly where the Braddock Mansion would have been in both their realities. A woman with blonde hair dressed in white came to greet them both, a smile on her face.

"James and... Brian. Well this a surprise. We weren't expecting you to find us for another decade yet."

"You can blame Cable." Brian muttered, watching varying versions of the Captain Britain corps move around them. The costumes and genders all varied dramatically from person to

person and at one point he could have sworn he saw someone who looked suspiciously like Spider-Man. He stood there dumbfounded, and James punched him gently on the shoulder.

“Come, son. We must find Merlyn.”

“Merlyn?” Brian asks, raising a brow. “The wizard, Merlyn?”

James nods. “And the founder of this vast organisation.”

The group strode into the Starlight Citadel, it's dazzling colours amazing Brian. As did the fairies and other mystical folk. He swore, at one point, he even witnessed one of the Celtic Goddesses; Morrigan. But he tossed the idea aside, not quite ready to believe the gods were real.

Merlyn stood before the two Captains in a strange white outfit with yellow additions. His white hair, flowed freely. Brian couldn't help but notice the lack of a beard and suppressed his surprise as best he could.

“Welcome, Brian of Earth-512. I am Merlyn. Your world has been split off from Avalon however the natural order of things still works. Your world, a one where Mutants are persecuted, is one of the many in a similar standing. I offer you a choice today, to fulfil your standing as a member of the Corps.”

Two objects twirl around Merlyn and come to stop before him. One the left was a grand sword, steady and sharp. It would cleave the enemy in two with ease, and would be of great defense or offense. Opposite was a large red gem, rectangular in shape and pressed into a gold frame.

“The Amulet of Right and the Sword of Might are at your disposal. You may choose one, and it will cement your legacy.”

Brian looked between them for a moment and, in the end, reached out for the amulet. His touch sealed the deal and a red glow encased him. Merlyn nodded, and the sword twirled away far up into the citadel.

“Why did you choose the amulet, Braddock?”

“Because destruction will not help those who are troubled by a fear of Humans.”

Merlyn nodded and waved his hand, depicting the events above. “Your friend seeks a target far out of his reach currently. But you can help him, you must help him. For the fate of two worlds rest on the shoulders of Mutantkind. Do not let Vulcan achieve victory, doing so will ensure nothing will live!”

Brian looks between everyone in the hall and simply mutters. “Right... Well I think a catch up may be in order.”

##The Kree

Meanwhile Strel and Gyre, two more Raptors of some importance, shot across the battlefield to the Skrull ship headed by Ronan. Gyre ripped apart an incoming fighter as he went, wing cutting through flesh and steel alike. The Raptors landed inside the hangar and the claws spat out. This was, of course, the moment the Guardians of the Galaxy entered the hangar.

“Oh boy.” Quill responded, slamming his hand on the side of his head as Drax launched forwards at Gyre.

A purple figure moved to position at the front of the Kree ship and cut a path out of the front of the hull and soon moved through it. Ronan stood guard and shouted a command at the soldiers around him.

“KREE. JAFFA!” He shouted, demanding they stay and prepare to fight. The varying races of the Kree Empire all readied themselves. Gladiator didn’t flinch, and he moved forwards, touching down onto the ground. Before he could speak, the local alarm informed Ronan of incoming Kree ships.

“Surrender, Ronan and I can ensure you survive this encounter.” Gladiator warns him.

“Kallark... I will come for your head.” Ronan replies, gripping the hammer in his possession tighter than before. “Jaffa!”

The command rang out in the room and the surrounding Kree started to fire on the Majestor. By the time the triggers had been depressed, Gladiator had already disposed of their weapons and was in the process of throwing them about the room with a relative ease. The purple blur rushed towards Ronan but found himself repelled by an incoming forcefield. The hammer soon connected with the other Alien, hitting the yellow triangle on Gladiators chest and firing him backwards into the largest display. A crack ripped through the display and the result pulled the entire system off the wall on top of Gladiator.

In the hangar Drax slashed for Strel and was met with a kick to the face as the Raptor flew back slightly. He surged in a moment later and slashed a wing for the warriors face and cut the cheek. Drax was understandably upset with the situation. Drax was pissed, to say the least and responded by grabbing the Raptor by the leg and twisting. The Raptor would either have to move with the pull or risk breaking his leg. Across the Hangar Cammi had responded by moving to attack Gyre with Quill, the pair of them either shooting or attempting to cut the other Raptor. Cammihawk's knife glinted off the Raptors wings and she rolled backwards to avoid the retaliation. Quill fired both his weapons at the raptor and his jetpack helped to avoid any incoming strikes. By this point Cammi had activated her own Raptor armour, scavenged and modified to prevent the amulet from taking control. Her armour was notably different, with larger shoulder pads and a cape of some kind, as opposed to wings.

Cammi flew directly for Gyre and collided with them shoulder to stomach. Quill soon followed, spraying the Raptor with ammunition.

Gladiator got onto his feet a few moments later, throwing the display aside and charging down Ronan. The accuser shifted and swung the hammer from side to side like a baseball bat, Gladiator caught the blow and slowly breathed onto Ronan, cooling him in a manner of seconds and freezing him solid. By this point his wounds were healed.

And then the ship rocked as a nearby Shi'ar ship was ripped apart by an incoming projectile. From across the far horizon came a sudden incoming fleet of ships from varying species. From out of the exploding ship nearby came yet another combatant. He was a blue colour with a red band splitting his body into two. A yellow star was fixed between the upper half and the red, its furthest points left and right lining up with the split. At closer inspection his entire body seemed to be starry cosmic sky devoid of pattern.

Genis-Vell had entered the battlefield.

Captain Marvel stopped in the middle of the ongoing fights and watched the ensuing destruction between both sides. The fighters scrambled around under and over the figure, and the Shi'ar ships moved their weapons, pointing them at the hero of the Kree. They fired. The incoming firepower exploded around the Captain and when the energy finally cleared he was stood in the same spot, watching and waiting.

"My turn."

He flew for the nearest ship and ripped into the bridge, spiralling up (in terms of his own sense of direction) and shot straight through the engines of another. The pair was still for a moment, and then the upper most one started to fall into the one below it.

Gladiator floated from his position in Ronan's ship and moved to meet Genis.

"You shouldn't have come here." Kallark states. The recently arriving Kree, Skrull and Chitauri ships draw in closer, firing on the Shi'ar. Genis stares at him for a moment, and draws in close to float opposite the Strontian.

"You knew I would. I have no choice but to defend my people."

"They hold you to pedestal that doesn't suit you, Marvel."

The Captain considers his words for a moment and then looks back to Gladiator. The stars amongst his body pulsate and shine and the white of his eyes stare down Kallark. The Strontian stares back for a moment, and then slams into him. Genis is sent sprawling across the vastness of space until he comes right back at Gladiator, swinging a left hook which connects with Gladiator's cheek. Kallark growls, his turn red and a burst of red fires out from them, burning the Captain.

The pair separate out for a moment, watching the other closely and patiently. Gladiator ignores the stinging in his jaw and Marvel clicks his neck, doing his best to shrug off the burning feeling. Gladiator flies in again, Marvel catches him and spins, throwing him off to the side and then launches a blast of energy at the Strontian, catching them across the shoulder and spinning them. Gladiator vanishes a moment later, leaving only a blur behind as he uppercuts Marvel in the jaw.

Marvel stops and begins to fly back to Gladiator until a gold and red blur connects with the Kree and slams him into the Chitauri ship. Marvel raises his fists to punch Vulcan but it does little. He grabs Vulcans face, trying to burn him with energy but it simply vanishes, ripped violently from his being and into Vulcan. He tries to run, to fly away but he grows weaker by the moment. Vulcan grabs his leg, Marvel falls off course through the vastness of the Ziran and collides with the wing of a starfighter, ripping it in pieces and sending the vessel spiralling off. Vulcan is on him moments later, pummeling the Captain's face multiple times with a furious vengeance and he could no- *snap*

Genis Vell floats away from Gladiator, unconscious and without his powers. The fighting grows silent. And moral soon drops.

In the Kree hangar the Guardians of the Galaxy stand over the sleeping bodies of the Raptors, staring at the events with wide eyes and sorrowful expressions. Ronan stands in the edge of the puncture of his bridge, expression unwavering as he stares down Gladiator.

The Shi'ar have won.

"Surrender." Is all Vulcan says, his cold eyes watching the battle fleets. "Or fall."

The Guardians of the Galaxy look amongst each other, knowing they're fucked. They can't outrun him, nor can they get past the enemy at this point.

