

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY & X-MEN

# THE BLACK VORTEX

CHAPTER 12

Previously in the Black Vortex...

Billions of years ago, an ancient race named the Viscardi were gifted an object of immense cosmic power by a Celestial. This artifact, known as the Black Vortex, transformed the user, imbuing them with cosmic energy. However, the power of this object caused the Viscardi to turn on each other, annihilating their own race from within.

When Mister Knife, a.k.a. J'Son, Peter Quill's father, obtained the Black Vortex, Peter and Kitty Pryde stole the artifact and recruited the Guardians of the Galaxy and the X-Men for help. So far Gamora, the elder Beast, Angel, Cyclops, Groot, and Iceman have all submitted to the Black Vortex, gaining cosmic powers in an effort to save the galaxy from the hands of Mister Knife.

Spartax and all of its inhabitants have been encased in amber. Thane, son of Thanos, submitted to the power of the Black Vortex and stole the planet for Mister Knife. Knife plans to partner with the Brood in order to build his own empire across the galaxy. The Brood's plan? To burrow into those trapped in the amber's living death, to plant eggs in their heads, and to hatch a whole new army, billions strong.

Now the X-Men, Nova, and the Guardians of the Galaxy will have to race against time to save their friends.

**SAM HUMPHRIES** WRITER   **PACO MEDINA** PENCILS   **JUAN VLASCO** INKS   **DAVID CUIRIEL** COLORIST

**VC's JOE CARAMAGNA** LETTERER   **PACO MEDINA** COVER ARTIST   **ANDREA SORRENTINO** VARIANT COVER ARTIST

**CHRISTINA HARRINGTON & XANDER JAROWEY** ASSISTANT EDITORS   **MIKE MARTS** EDITOR

**AXEL ALONSO** EDITOR IN CHIEF   **JOE QUESADA** CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER  
**DAN BUCKLEY** PUBLISHER   **ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

LEGENDARY STAR-LORD No. 11, June 2015. Published Monthly except in January by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2015 MARVEL No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$26.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO LEGENDARY STAR-LORD, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION P.O. BOX 1527 LONG ISLAND CITY, NY 11101. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALAN FINE, President, Marvel Entertainment; DAN BUCKLEY, President, TV, Publishing and Brand Management; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Operations & Procurement, Publishing; C.B. CEBULSKI, VP of International Development & Brand Management; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Print, Sales & Marketing; JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Jonathan Rheingold, VP of Custom Solutions & Ad Sales, at jrheingold@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 03/20/2015 and 03/31/2015 by R.R. DONNELLEY, INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.





I HATE SPACE.

SPACE IS NOT MY SCENE.

IT IS SO NOT MY JAM.





I WOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE EXCEPT FOR MY BOYFRIEND, PETER...

...THE THINGS WE DO FOR CUTE BOYS.



THE PLANET SPARTAX.

WHERE?!

DON'T PUSH YOURSELF, MAGIK--

I'M FINE, KITTY.

IN FRONT OF DRAX--



SPACE ISN'T MAGIK'S THING EITHER, BUT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT--



IN ORBIT AROUND SPARTAX.

GOT HER.

RAAAUGH--!

KR  
SS  
SHING


--BY THE WAY SHE DIVES RIGHT IN.

THANK GOD, BECAUSE WE ARE SERIOUSLY SHORT-HANDED AGAINST THE SLAUGHTER LORDS.



AND THEN THERE'S THE BROOD.





EVERYONE ON PLANET SPARTAX IS TRAPPED IN AMBER WITH BROOD INFESTOIDS BURROWING THEIR WAY TO THEIR SKULLS--


--SO THEY CAN LAY THEIR EGGS IN THEIR BRAINS.



YEAH, I'M NOT GONNA SLEEP TONIGHT, EITHER.

OR EVER.

IF WE FAIL, IT'S THE WHOLE PLANET...AND THEN THE GALAXY.



SO HOW DO YOU SHOO AWAY BILLIONS OF FLIES SWARMING ON A PICNIC THE SIZE OF ONE AND A HALF EARTHS?

DID I MENTION WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME? (I HATE SPACE.)

PLAN A: KEEP THE SLAUGHTER LORDS OCCUPIED WHILE STORM TRIES TO FREEZE THEM OFF--

KITTY-- THE ATMOSPHERE IS IN CHAOS, I'M STRUGGLING TO--




SURPRISE!

THEY FOUND ME!



DAMN-- STORM'S OUT!



LOOK!

PLAN B: I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT PETER'S GONNA SAY ABOUT IT.

BUT FIRST WE NEED--



**KROROOM**

--CAPTAIN MARVEL!

WITH THE  
**BLACK VORTEX**

