

His Little Girl

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His Little Girl

by [ShyFicWriter](#)

Summary

Brahl's an asshole, and makes Reader question if Yondu cares about her.

“Oh! Sorry dude!” You exclaim after knocking into Brahl, causing him to spill a hot drink down the front of himself, making him exclaim in pain. You had been looking for Yondu and in your haste didn’t pay attention as you turned the corner, and this was the result.

Brahl looked pissed.

“Ah- um, is this a bad time to ask if you’ve seen Yondu?” you asked nervously. “I needed to tell him-”

“Don’t bother looking for him, bitch!” he spat, interrupting you. “You really think he wants to see you or hear whatever bullshit you want to tell him? He don’t give a shit about you! In fact he just told me the other day how annoying you are, always wantin’ to talk about shit!” He was lying, of course, no such conversation had happened, but you didn’t know that. He was just angry how Yondu was always soft on you and Peter and how you two always seemed to get away with everything. “Just go back to your chores!” he said angrily, and with that stormed off, no doubt to find some clothes that weren’t coated in a scalding liquid.

You could feel your face growing red and hot tears threatening to spill from your eyes. You quickly turned away and walked back the way you came, hoping no one else noticed. Was Yondu really annoyed with you? Did he really not like you?

While you were absorbed in your thoughts you almost missed that Yondu was walking down the corridor towards you with Kraglin. You quickly avoided his eyes and hastily turned off into another hallway, walking quickly to the next turn so that he wouldn’t be able to find you, assuming he tried. You didn’t want him to see you were upset, or worse, possibly see that he didn’t care. This meant you had to take the long way round to get to your quarters, but if it meant you wouldn’t run into Yondu you supposed it would be worth it.

When you finally reached your quarters you flopped down on your bunk, not bothering to change for bed. Your heart felt heavy. You considered Yondu like a father, did he really not care for you? Were you really annoying him? Maybe you should give Yondu some space if he was mad at you?

Yeah, there was always the chance Brahl was lying just to hurt you, but what if he wasn’t? What if Yondu really didn’t give a shit about you?

You let these thoughts consume you until eventually you fell asleep.

The next day you continued to avoid Yondu. At breakfast you stayed at the other end of the mess hall instead of joining the table Yondu, Kraglin, and Peter usually sat at, grabbing a fruit and leaving the mess hall to eat it in your quarters as you got ready for your ravaging mission that morning.

Yondu took notice of this, but didn’t address it. Yes, it was odd, but maybe you just wanted an early start on the job so you could get back sooner. It was a simple job, but was still clear over on Arima, so it’d be at least two days before you got back even with the hyper-loops. He

saw that Peter was nearly done with his breakfast and got his attention. “Hey, boy, did you have any jobs you were leaving for today?”

“Nope. I’m clear for a few days, why?” he asked.

“I want ya to join the girl on her job in Arima.”

“Why? I’m sure she can handle it.”

“‘Cause I said so, that’s why. If ya hurry up you can probably catch her before she leaves.” Yondu answered, not providing an explanation because he didn’t really have one. Not one he was willing to say, anyway. It was strange of you to not say anything to him before leaving to go on a job, and he wanted Peter to go with you just to make sure everything was fine. If something was weird with you, Peter would be sure to mention something when he got back.

Peter sighed but didn’t argue. He disposed of his tray and left to catch you before you left.

He caught you just as you were leaving your quarters, startling you as you walked out the door.

“Uh, hey? Did you need something?” you asked.

“Kinda. Yondu says I have to go with you on this job.”

“But I can really do it myself...?”

“Yeah, I know. I told him that too, but he was all like ‘Because I said so!’ so here I am. You know there’s no arguing with him,” he laughed.

You grinned slightly as well. “Fine then. Come on.” you relented, leading the way to the M-ship so you could leave.

On the way to the Docking Bay you had to pass through the common area on the ship, and noticed Yondu discussing something with Kraglin on the other side of the room by the large window.

Peter noticed you didn’t stop to say anything to him and spoke up. “Hey, aren’t you gonna tell Yondu we’re leaving?”

You continued walking, trying to get past before your captain saw you. “Nah, the quicker we leave, the quicker we can get back.” you said, trying to act nonchalant. “No need to waste time bothering him. He already knows I have to head out for a job today.” You really didn’t want to explain that you were avoiding Yondu or why.

Peter just shrugged and followed you out. He thought it was kinda weird that you didn’t want to take two minutes to tell Yondu you were leaving, but he let it go.

You didn’t really say much the whole flight over to Arima, lost in your thoughts as you piloted the ship.

Peter tried to start a conversation on multiple occasions, but never got more than a few words out of you each time. Assuming you were just tired, Peter turned on some tunes to fill the silence.

The job itself went just about as easy as Peter thought it might. He wasn't really sure why Yondu made him come with you. You went right to the pickup location, grabbed the items you came for, and loaded them back on the ship before Peter could really even lift a finger.

Peter just stood there awkwardly as you finished up. Eventually he decided to speak. "Hey, you want to grab something to eat? It's just as long a way back."

You considered for a moment and then agreed, not exactly eager to get back right away. You could do with some procrastination.

Peter led the way to a restaurant he knew not too far off and together you grabbed a bite to eat. Again, he tried to make conversation, asking if you had anymore jobs this week. You told him that you didn't yet, and that you wouldn't really know about any others until you got back before you stared back off into space again.

"Ok, what gives?" Peter asked, nudging you in the arm to get your attention.

"What?"

"You've been a total space case all day!"

"No, I'm just... thinking."

"About what?"

"It's not important." You try to brush him off.

"Sure. It's so not-important that it's been on your mind all day." Peter retorted, taking a bite of his sandwich.

"Seriously it's nothing," you try, with a tone that told him to drop it. You were sure he'd think it was dumb, and part of you was afraid he'd either call you a baby, or worse, confirm what Brahl said.

"If it's nothing then why are you blushing?" asked Peter with a smirk.

"I'm not blushing!" you bite back. It's true, you weren't, but you are now. "Just drop it." You glared at him.

Peter rose his hands in defense. "Ok, Ok. I'll drop it." he laughed. "But you gotta take your mind off whatever's bothering you, I'm sure it'll be fine." He was trying to goad you into telling him what was on your mind.

"Peter." You gave him a warning look.

“Ok! I’m changing the subject!” He laughed, defeated. “Did you see the match between Captain Charisma and The Psycho the other night? It was intense!”

You sighed but indulged in his talk about wrestling for the rest of your meal. Wrestling wasn’t totally your thing, but it was nice to get your mind off of what Brahl had said. Afterwards you headed back to the M-ship for some sleep before flying back.

You were a bit more talkative on the way back, to Peter’s relief. He hated long silent flights, they felt awkward. However, as you were about to dock back on the Eclector you started to get silent again. Peter noticed, but he didn’t say anything, even once you were both off the ship and he watched you turn a corner that would have taken you out of your way for the direction you were heading just as Yondu entered the corridor from another hallway further up. Peter continued on to meet Yondu.

“When did you two get back?” asked Yondu, then asking Peter where you were.

“Just a bit ago,” answered Peter. “and I’m not sure where she is now, she broke off down on of those hallways a few moments ago.”

“Hmm. Alright.” said Yondu. He was starting to wonder if you might be avoiding him. He actually had seen you turn down the hall just after he had stepped into the corridor, but he didn’t let on. But why would you be avoiding him? Had you done something and were afraid of being scolded or punished? “Well, since yer here, boy, how did the job go?”

“It went super easy like I said. Like, boring easy. Still not sure why you wanted to send me along.” Peter answered.

“I’m the captain. I don’t need a reason.” Yondu stated sternly, before excusing himself to continue on his way. He would have asked Peter about you, but he didn’t want to look like he was concerned. Besides, he could always just ask you himself what was going on with you.

Or so he thought.

The next few days he could barely manage to track you down.

If he caught sight of you in a hallway, you’d have turned off into the next one before he could call out your name, much less catch you.

You hardly stayed more than a few minutes in the mess hall. If he caught sight of you there it was usually as you were heading out the door, taking something to go eat elsewhere.

By day three he sent Kraglin to track you down and bring you to him, but he came back after an hour empty handed. He said he finally caught up with you as you were doing one of your chores. However, once he said that he was sent by Yondu to fetch you, you sweetly said “I’ll be finished here in just a moment, just let me put this away.”

He waited fifteen minutes, and when he went to check what was taking you so long you had disappeared and he couldn’t find you again so he finally decided to come report back.

Well that confirmed it. You were definitely avoiding him. Even to the point of disobeying an order. Now he just needed to find out why.

It didn't take long for word to get back to you that Yondu was looking for you, and he wasn't happy. You knew that was bound to happen after you dodged Kraglin, but you just couldn't face him right now.

You kept your distance from everyone on the ship, even Peter, afraid the crew might turn you in, or that Peter would insist to know what was up.

Since your chores were done you chose to hide in the engine room the rest of the evening, reading on your media pad.

When it was late enough that you knew most of the crew would be asleep you finally made your way back to your quarters where you knew you'd safe at least until morning.

Or so you thought.

When you opened the door to your quarters you were surprised to see Yondu standing inside. You startled and attempted to back out of the room but you only managed to back into Kraglin, who only looked at you sternly and made sure you walked into the room. Yondu nodded at him and he left, closing the door behind him and shutting you inside with Yondu.

You swallowed as he gave you a scolding look.

"Ya wanna tell me why ya disobeyed an order to meet with yer captain?" he said, crossing his arms.

"I-" you start, your voice wavering.

"I should give ya extra cleaning duties for a month just for that," he interrupted, "but right now I wanna know why yer avoiding me."

"I- I just..." You didn't know how to say it. What if he just confirmed Brahl was right? That you didn't matter to him and you were just some annoying brat that wouldn't leave him alone?

Yondu interrupted again, his face stony. "I'd hope ya wouldn't just avoid me for no reason, now. So, if there's a reason, ya better say so now, girl. An' it better be good. I think it's damn disrespectful for my little girl to just hide from me without so much as a good reason."

Wait. His... little girl? He called you his 'little girl'?

You started to cry. You couldn't stop it. You inhaled in an attempt to control yourself, but your eyes betrayed you, filling up and spilling over with tears. In a feeble attempt to hide it you looked away and covered your mouth.

Yondu's face turned to surprise in an instant and then softened to concerned in another. "Hey, what's this now? Why the tears? Girl, if somethin' happened ya better tell me." He closed the gap between you and enveloped you in an embrace.

You sniveled into his chest, "I'm sorry."

"Girl, what ya sorry for? What's happened?"

"It's stupid. I-I just-I ran into Brahl the other day and spilled his drink on him and asked if he saw you and he got mad and said you didn't wanna see me 'cause I annoy you." You said this all in one breath with your face still buried in his chest. Some of it was of course muffled, but he got the gist.

"Hmmm... did he now?" Yondu said thoughtfully, a hard edge to his tone.

You nodded your head and pulled away, wiping your eyes and embarrassed for crying.

"Ya listen here, girl." Yondu began, "Ya don't need to be listening to Brahl, 'cause Brahl's an idiot, ya hear?"

A smile and a short laugh cracked your face in humor at his words and you nodded, wiping the last bit of tears from your eyes.

"Oh, come here, girl," he said, pulling you into a tight hug. "Ya know I care about ya, don't ya?"

You nodded again and fresh tears started to form.

"Ah! None of that now!" said Yondu as he heard you start to sniffle again, pulling you out to arms length so he could look you in the eye. "There's no need for that!" He tried to sound firm, as if he were scolding you, but in complete honesty he just couldn't stand to see you cry. "Now look here, I'll deal with Brahl. But I do still gotta give ya some extra cleaning duties for disobeying orders."

"Really?" you said in a half whine. That sucked, but truthfully you were just glad to know Yondu did care for you, and that Brahl was a total asshat.

"Yes, really." Yondu responded, a half-grin on his lips. "Can't have the crew thinking I'm soft on ya now." He pretended to think for a moment before adding, "But perhaps it'll only last for a week or two."

You grinned. He was totally soft on you.

"Now ya get yerself to bed. Yer coming with me on a supply run to Xandar tomorrow," he ordered, giving you a quick wink on his way out.

A week later you were just finishing up the last of your extra chores when Peter found you.

“Hey, what’s up?”

“Did you hear about Bahl?” he asked, grinning.

You hadn’t heard anything, but you knew that Peter wasn’t fond of him, so that grin must mean something good. “No, what about him?”

“Yondu gave him a month of extra cleaning duties, including the latrines. Plus he’s been sending him out on the worst missions all week.” he laughed.

You grinned. “Wow, really? What did he do?”

“No one knows, Yondu never gave a reason, but whatever it was it must of pissed him off.” he laughed.

Just then Yondu’s voice could be heard shouting from behind Peter somewhere else on the ship.

“Ya call that clean, Bahl?! Do it again! It better be spotless when I come back. An’ hurry up. I got ya scheduled to leave for a job on Conjunction in an hour.”

You and Peter looked at each other and laughed. Jobs on Conjunction were usually profitable in the in-season, but this was off-season. Whatever the job was, it was bound to bring in little more than scraps. Plus the dessert climate absolutely sucked. Nobody wanted that job in off-season.

“Man, I don’t know what he did, but I really wouldn’t want to piss of Yondu that bad.” Peter laughed.

You laughed too, locking eyes with Yondu as he came into view. He grinned back and gave you a wink as he walked by.

You both knew exactly what Bahl did to deserve this.

You don’t mess with Yondu’s little girl.

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