



# Jax (Astral Mates #7)

**Author:** *Luna Hunter*

**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** I hate my alien captain.

So much so that I stole a priceless jet to try and prove that I'm a better pilot than him.

My plan worked. Kinda. I surprised Captain Jax, and he ended up crashing his priceless jet, and now General Kai is mad at us.

Really, really, really mad.

Our punishment? We have to work together. And room together. And share my cocky, arrogant and handsome captain's single bed together.

For a whole month.

I can barely stand to be in the same room as Jax. Just looking at him makes my heart race. Now I have to survive a whole month with this alien warrior by my side?! And share a bed?!

This is a total nightmare.

Me and Jax are never going to get along.

Not now. Not ever.

JAX is book 7 in the Astral Mates series, but it can be read as a standalone. No cheating, HEA guaranteed!

**Total Pages (Source):** 17

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

One

Elara Morgan did not suffer fools gladly.

And Dragans were the biggest fools of all. She didn't rise through the ranks of the Academy as a top ace to be treated as a scrub — but that was exactly what the small clique of Dragan fighter pilots on-board the Ravenous were doing.

They hoarded the Dragan jets; the Hyenas. They claimed that the controls were too advanced for humans to understand. That only men with their power, their reflexes, their pure skill could control them.

Nonsense.

There wasn't a single vessel in the known universe that Elara Morgan couldn't master, given enough time and practice. Her piloting skills were nothing short of legendary.

No one had ever scored a perfect 100 in the Academy simulations. No one had managed to win the so-called unwinnable final scenario; the battle for New Tokyo.

Until Elara Morgan came along.

Her parents — well-respected quantum-scientists — gave her an inborn curiosity for the stars. Their professional connections gave her the opportunity to practice flying from a young age, and she quickly fell in love with the freedom that only flying a plane could give you.

Her extraordinary results got her onboard the USS Frontier , the first human vessel that would travel into deep, deep space. On-board were several prototypes of fighter-jets meant for deep-space combat, and it was Elara's job to gather all the data she could.

That mission turned out a little different than expected. The USS Frontier got sucked into a wormhole, and their entire ship ended up on the other-side of the universe, lightyears from home.

They would surely have died there, until aliens came to their rescue. Actual aliens . And not little gray men either.

The Dragans were tall, muscled, and very, very blue . They wore leather kilts and little else, preferring to keep their impressive chests bared.

They were also headstrong, stubborn and incredibly arrogant.

And no one fit that description better than Jax .

He was the captain of the small-crew of Dragan fighter-pilots, and currently, the bane of Elara's existence.

The humans and Dragans merged crews as they set out on their long journey back home. In some places, these new working conditions worked out quite well. Several relationships had blossomed in the past few years, including General Kai himself. He sired a child with Astra Grey; the first of many half-Dragan, half-human babies.

Among the fighter pilots, the new situation wasn't working out that well.

The Ravenous — the Dragan vessel that was now their shared home — housed a dozen small fighter-jets called Hyenas. These were meant to attack the vulnerabilities

of Torian war-ships.

The Dragan pilots hoarded these advanced jets, never giving any human pilot a chance to fly them.

That stopped today .

The Dragan pilots were out for one of their test-runs, while the human pilots had to stay back in the hangar, listening to their boisterous laughter over the radio.

A single Hyena stood gathering dust in the back of the hangar. Captain Jax had declared it damaged and unfit for duty. Elara thought that was a bold-faced lie.

And she was going to prove it.

“You’re insane, Elara,” Kylie Peters said. “Absolutely insane! General Kai’s going to have your head for this, you know? That’s how the Dragans do things. None of that disciplinary-hearings crap. They go straight for your head. Chop it right off!”

“Nonsense,” Elara answered as she suited up. “You’ve been letting the Dragans rile you up. That’s how they do things on their archaic homeworld perhaps, but that’s not how General Kai runs this ship. Astra would never allow it — and everyone knows she has the general’s ear.”

“You’re putting a lot of faith in the general’s wife.”

“Not just his wife. The mother of his child, as well.”

“Who is also named Jax,” Kylie said. “Who is she going to believe? A trusted Dragan captain with the same name as her baby boy, or some disobedient human woman?”

“The woman, one hundred percent,” Elara said confidently. She methodically checked her flight-suit. All good. “Women have each other’s back. Right?”

“Ouch, Elara! You know I’m on your side, that’s why I’m telling you don’t do this! ”

“If you’re really on my side, Kylie, you’d be suiting up with me. I could use a co-pilot.”

“You know I can’t do that, Elara.”

“Fine. At least open the bay doors for me, then? Can you do that for me, Kylie?”

“Fucking hell, Elara. Even that would make me complicit.”

“Look. Are you on my side or not? What is it? Dragan or humans?”

“ Fuccck ,” Kylie sighed as she ran her hand through her hair. “Fine. I’ll do it. But if the general takes our heads, I’m going to haunt your ass in the afterlife.”

“Deal.”

Elara Morgan climbed into the Dragan fighter-jet. The seat was much too large for her comparatively small human frame, but that wasn’t going to deter her. She grabbed the controls and flicked the power on.

The system booted up instantly. Lights flashed, and the control-stick vibrated ever so slightly as the starfighter came to life.

“See? Out of order my ass. You’ve been holding out on me, Jax. I’ll show your blue ass what you’ve been missing out on.”

On her radio she could hear the hollers of joy of the Dragan pilots as they did their tricks, zooming around the Ravenous . She was going to shut them all up.

She maneuvered the jet towards the launch area.

“Ready?” Kylie’s voice crackled over the radio.

“Ready,” Elara answered.

Red lights flashed, and a minute later the bay doors opened up. The vast darkness of space beckoned her.

Elara Morgan pushed down on the throttle.

Jax was going to lose his shit .

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Two

Flying was one of the greatest pleasures in life.

Jax and his jet were one. It was as if he could control the aircraft with his mind. A simple thought, and he would move to the left, to the right, up, down, sideways.

Bright stars streaked by in a blur.

If it was up to Jax, they would do practice runs every single day. Unfortunately, General Kai disagreed. The Hyena-jets used quite a bit of dillium , the valuable mineral that powered everything onboard the Ravenous , and so practice runs were rare.

Extremely rare.

In the past year, Jax and his crew had only been allowed to fly once a month. The Dragan captain pleaded his case at the last council meeting, and the wise men that ran the ship finally saw reason. General Kai begrudgingly agreed to spare enough dillium for weekly practice runs.

“Amazing!” Roan screamed from the co-pilot seat as Jax did a barrel roll. “Do that again!”

Jax grinned as he grabbed his control stick tightly. He might have... swayed the council by offering some important people a ride. Yvar and Roan were quite interested.

“Hold on to your blue butt,” Jax said as he dipped sharply to the left. The G-forces were intense as the fighter-jet spun around quickly. Roan laughed and hollered.

Piloting a class-A Dragan fighter-jet was the most fun you could have with your clothes on.

Jax’s radar blipped, drawing his attention to his controls. He glanced at it and frowned.

There were only supposed to be five jets out here — but a sixth one just appeared on his radar.

“Alpha Six, explain yourself,” Jax said as he hailed the vessel.

No reaction.

Jax sped towards the renegade vessel. As much fun as he was having, these jets weren’t toys. They were billion-credits worth of killing machines, equipped with all the high-tech weaponry needed to take down massive Torian star-faring war-ships.

“Alpha Six, come in,” Jax said again.

The sixth jet continued ignoring him.

All his fellow Dragan pilots were out here with Jax on their own Hyena’s, so that left two options.

Either General Kai or Commander Tyr personally commandeered the jet, which wasn’t impossible but seemed highly unlikely...

Or one of the humans had just committed treason.



Humans . Why General Kai ever let them on-board the Ravenous still mystified Jax. They were weaker than Dragans in every field, every discipline, every single aspect where it mattered.

Several human pilots had been assigned to Jax's command, but he only ever let them do grunt-work. They lacked the reflexes or intelligence needed to commandeer a jet as demanding as a Hyena.

If one of the humans defied a direct order and fired up one of the jets... that amounted to treason. Back on Dzar , the punishment for that would be severe.

“Alpha Six, identity or I will engage,” Jax said.

“You don't have the balls for that, captain,” the quick reply came. “Besides, you couldn't hit me if you tried.”

Elara Morgan.

Of course. Of course! Only she would be stubborn enough to pull such a crazy stunt. Only the headstrong human female would dare defy a direct command from him.

“Morgan, you return that ship right now,” Jax growled. “I am not joking.”

“I am Jax and I am not joking,” Elora answered, mocking him. “I think only Dragans can fly!”

Roan roared with laughter. “Who is that?” The Dragan warrior asked. “She's got your number, Jax.”

The angry pilot gripped his control stick so tightly his knuckles turned white. From the moment she had been assigned to his command, Elara Morgan had been a thorn in

his side.

All humans were annoying, but none more so than Elara Morgan. The woman was insufferable .

Jax chased the rogue jet. Elara Morgan darted between asteroids, looped around, turned 180 degrees, and shot a laser straight at him.

In order to simulate space-combat the jets could fire non-lethal lasers at each other.

Jax barely managed to evade the shot. A direct strike would've undermined his command and humiliated him in front of his entire crew — who were all listening in on their bickering with bated breath.

This was no longer a game. Morgan was out of line.

“Alright, human,” Jax growled. “Have it your way.”

Elara Morgan shot right past him. Jax turned his ship sharply, using his thrusters. The maneuver was difficult, but he managed.

His jet moved right behind Morgan's. Jax smirked. Got her!

“Sorry, Morgan,” Jax said on his mic. “You got sloppy.”

“No, I think you got sloppy, old man,” Elara instantly responded — and she blasted her thrusters at full-throttle and pulled up.

Right in front of Jax a giant asteroid hurtled towards his jet at breakneck speed.

He had only milliseconds to respond. He banked to the left with all his might — but it

wasn't enough.

The asteroid slammed into his left wing. His jet spun out of control as sparks filled his cockpit. Alarms blared and emergency lights flashed.

Up ahead, a dozen more asteroids hurled straight towards Jax's jet. He pushed down on the throttle, but his vessel didn't move. The damage was too extensive — the ship refused to go.

He was a sitting duck, ready to be slaughtered.

"Too slow, captain," Elara said as her ship banked. "Don't worry, I'll help you out with those pesky asteroids. Just say the word."

Jax gritted his teeth. He would rather die than surrender to this welp .

"Uh, Jax," Roan said from the back of the vessel. "Aren't you going to say something?"

"No."

Giant rocks raced towards the stranded jet. Roan fiddled with the controls, trying to infuse the ship with life, getting more desperate with every passing second, but it was hopeless.

"Ah, you're no fun," Elara said.

Her fighter-jet easily obliterated the asteroids with a few well-placed and well-timed shots of laser-fire. Even in his moment of defeat, Jax had to admit that her shooting was... precise .

“You can thank me later, captain,” Elara spoke. “I’m sure one of your goons will give you a tow. See you back in the canteen!”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Three

LATER THAT DAY...

General Kai looked at the two of them. The Dragan leader was silent, his face a cold mask.

Elara Morgan shifted her weight from left to right. It was obvious Jax caused all of this. Why was she in trouble? Okay, she borrowed a jet without permission, but Jax is the one who flew his aircraft directly into a coming asteroid...

If he was a better pilot, none of this would have happened.

And she saved his life, didn't she? She could have let a giant rock obliterate his handsome face, but no. She didn't let that happen.

If anything, she's the hero!

General Kai was known to be a stern but fair leader. He's managed to keep his crew in line through all sorts of trials and tribulations. He's going to make the right choice... right?

Finally, the imposing leader broke the silence.

"Elara Morgan. You disobeyed a direct order from Captain Jax, your commanding officer. You stole a Hyena-Jet, and as a direct result of your actions, one of our priceless jets is damaged beyond repair. In effect, the Ravenous has lost an important

military asset, and we are now weaker than we were before. Is that correct?”

Elara gasped for air. When framed like that , it sounded bad. Really bad. Chop-chop - off-goes-your-head bad.

“General, I-I?—”

“Is that correct, Morgan?”

Morgan bit the inside of her cheek. “I guess, technically? But sir?—”

“Captain Jax,” General Kai said, ignoring the pleading human. The blue general turned his attention to the pilot who shared a name with his first-born son.

Jax was a common name for a first-born son, but Kai did hope that his own prodigy would turn out different from the fighter pilot in front of him.

Jax the pilot was stubborn, arrogant and misguided. All the worst qualities of the Dragans, rolled into one handsome package.

“Yes, general?”

“You did not integrate the humans into your command, disobeying a direct order from me. Is that correct?”

“No, general. That is incorrect. The humans that you’ve assigned to me are part of our team.”

Elara scoffed. “Yeah, right. We’re allowed to bring you coffee and wipe the floor. No human has piloted a vessel since our crews merged.”

“For good reason,” Jax replied instantly, turning his gaze towards the pesky human. She looked back at him defiantly. Why did Elara Morgan have to be so damn attractive, along with being so annoying? “Humans lack the necessary qualities. Their reflexes are slow, their stamina sub-par, their knowledge of Dragan-systems sorely lacking. Your kind is a liability!”

“Then why did you crash your Hyena into an asteroid, and I didn’t?” Elara countered. “In fact, I saved your blue butt, ‘captain’. Admit it. I’m the better pilot.”

“Why you insolent little?—”

General Kai raised his hand and silence descended upon the council room.

The Dragan leader rubbed his temples and sighed. Getting the Ravenous home in one piece while avoiding space-pirates, worm-holes and other intergalactic threats was hard enough already. Now he had to deal with this petty squabbling?

Kai would prefer a Torian armada to this any day of the week. Torians face their foes head-on, with the intent to kill. These two? They argue, and fight, and dance around their feelings. Can’t they see the truth staring them in the face?

Enough was enough.

General Kai rose from his seat. His leather kilt rustled as he walked towards them, his piercing gaze nailing them both to the floor.

Jax and Elara both gulped, wondering what decision the general had made.

Kai stopped right in front of them. He was taller than all other Dragans — an impressive feat. Elara Morgan was positively dwarfed by the two alien men. Her eyes only reached up to Kai’s pecs.

“Here’s what’s going to happen. You must learn to work together, for the good of our mission. From this moment on, you are each other’s shadow. Where one goes, the other follows.”

“What?” Jax exclaimed furiously.

“You can’t be serious!” Elena said. Her heart launched right into her throat. Be around Jax, all the time ? That’s torture!

“That’s an order,” Kai growled, his deep voice rumbling. “That also means you will share your quarters from here on out. There will be no exceptions to this order. Absolutely none. Is that understood?”

“But general! My quarters are not meant for two!” Jax said.

“Compromise,” Kai said.

“But I only have a single bed. How can that possibly work?”

“Figure it out, captain. Or shall I throw the both of you in the brig for treason?”

“Treason?!” Jax sputtered.

“You disobeyed a direct order,” General Kai reminded him. “You neglected the human crew members assigned to you. Do not test me, captain.”

“Fine,” Jax said, gritting his teeth. “But for the record, I think you are making a grave mistake.”

“For the first time in my life, I have to agree with Jax on this!” Elara said.



General Kai nodded. “Noted. Then it’s already working. Dismissed.”

“But general — how long will this punishment last?”

“As long as it needs to.”

“General!”

“Remind me, Jax. How many credits was that jet worth? The one you crashed by being careless?”

Jax remained silent.

“Exactly. Come see me in a month’s time, and not a moment sooner. Dismissed.”

General Kai swiftly walked away. Elara and Jax stood next to each other, silent. Both crossed their arms and avoided eye-contact.

“We’ll be moving into my quarters,” Jax said. “I assume yours is tiny. My captain’s quarters will give us a bit more space.”

“Fine,” Elara responded. “Let me grab my things.”

This was a nightmare. An absolute nightmare. How was she going to survive in a tiny room with the cocky Dragan?! This was going to be torture! Jax was the most arrogant man she had ever met, and he drove her crazy.

General Kai had it all wrong. This wasn’t going to fix things. It was going to make everything a thousand times worse.

They were never going to get along.

Not now, not ever.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Four

As they wandered through the ship, people stared and whispered. Jax was walking right next to her, his arm brushing against hers with every step.

“Do you have to walk so close to me?”

“General’s orders,” Jax replied. “I don’t like it either, human.”

“Yeah, but do you have to follow them to the letter? Can’t you, like, walk ten feet behind me?”

“No. I am your shadow now,” Jax said. “Where you go, I follow. General Kai has spoken.”

Elara rolled her eyes. Now he’s following orders. Of course he is. The moment it inconvenienced her, Jax was suddenly a stickler for the rules.

Elara hoped she wouldn’t run into any friends with this blue terror shadowing her every step, but she had no such luck. When they got to her quarters they saw Kylie, who bunked next door. Her friend’s eyes grew big when she saw the tall, blue alien walk shoulder-to-shoulder with Elara.

“Uhm, hello Elara. Captain,” Kylie said with a nod. “How did your hearing go?”

“Oka—”

“Terrible,” Jax interrupted her.

Kylie raised her eyebrows. “How so?”

“We must sleep together,” Jax replied.

Elara’s mouth fell open. She wanted to correct him, but she was too shocked to muster a reply.

“Yes, I don’t like it either,” Jax continued. “But the general has commanded it. He believes it will bring more unity to our team.”

“Hold on a dang second,” Kylie said. “General Kai has said it will bring more unity in the team if you sleep with Elara ? That’s what he said? Those were the words our boss used? Verbatim?”

“More or less,” Jax answered. He towered over the two humans, and waited for Elara to open the room to her small dorm with his arms crossed. “Well, human? Are you going to grab your things or not? I want to get this over with.”

“So, is this like, just a captain thing, or this is like a group-team-bonding exercise?” Kylie asked. “Are all the Dragans pilots getting in on this? Because if so, that’s going to be a tight fit.”

“Kylie!” Elara said, finding her voice once more. “What the hell?!”

Kylie shrugged, raising her hands defensively. “Hey, I’m just trying to figure out what kinda weird freaky sex-thing our Dragan overlords have in store for us, alright? Before I’m suddenly next in line! I’m not built for that sorta thing. But good luck to you, girlfriend. You’re going to need it. I’m fairly sure he’s big. Big -big.”

Jax's brow furrowed. "Weird, freaky sex-thing?" He asked. "To what do you refer, human? Is there unusual mating going on?" Jax sniffed the air. "I do smell something peculiar..."

Elara rubbed her temples. At this rate, this was going to be one long month.

"No, blue-brains. That's not what's going on at all. Kylie, forget everything you just heard, okay? The general did NOT command us to do anything like that. We have to work together for a whole month, and that includes rooming together. But there will be no sleeping of any kind. I mean, there will be some sleeping. The snoring kind. Got it?"

Kylie cocked her head to the side. "Kinda? So you two are not...?"

"NO!" Elara shouted as she punched in the code to her dorm. "Never!"

The door whirled open. Her room was small and cozy; just a bed, a tiny desk with a chair, and a locker to keep her clothes in. Bathrooms were shared — such luxuries were for commanding personal only.

And lying there, in the middle of her bed, out in the open, was her sex toy. A blue vibrating dildo that helped her release stress, and made the long, lonely nights out here among the stars bearable.

Elara looked at it, absolutely mortified. Of all the colors in the rainbow, why did it have to be blue?! She had forgotten all about it, with the stress of the meeting, and suddenly being thrust into this new situation and all.

But there it was, in all its penis-shaped glory.

Elara practically leapt into her room and threw her covers over her toy, hoping that

Kylie or Jax didn't see it.

No, screw that. This was her room! Why was she feeling ashamed for what she did in here?!

"Out!" She said, whirling around. "Both of you! Give me some space!"

"Sure, sure," Kylie said quickly. "Not even here, Elara. Good luck with... him . See you at work!"

Jax, meanwhile, refused to move.

"No," he said, arm's crossed. "I'm not going anywhere."

"I just need a moment, is that too much to ask for?"

"Yes."

Elara just stared at the tall, blue mountain. "That was a rhetorical question."

"Okay."

Elara bit her tongue to keep herself from lashing out. Breathe, woman. Just breathe. It's one month. One long ass month. That's all it is.

She grabbed some clothes and her toiletries as Jax watched her every move. His bright eyes never seemed to leave her, as if he was enjoying making her uncomfortable. Bastard .

"All done," she said. "Let's see how much you like it when I invade your space, Jax."

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Five

The annoying human followed Jax to his quarters.

They were attracting many looks from humans and Dragans alike. Elara was openly carrying a pile of her clothing, a pair of her red human panties very visible on top of the heap. If she was trying to embarrass Jax... it was working.

Damn her.

Was she trying to tempt him? To conjure mental images of the headstrong human in nothing but those sheer red panties, her pale human body bared for him, his big blue hands wandering freely across her soft, subtle, submissive flesh? Finally she would know her place as she got on her knees in front of him and opened that mouth of hers, parted those beautiful, thick, juicy lips of hers and stretched out her tongue as she looked him in the eyes and begged him for his...

“Are we there yet?” Elara asked. “I’ve never been to this part of the ship.”

“Yes, almost,” Jax growled. “It’s right here.”

Focus, warrior. Don’t let her tempt you. General Kai is testing you.

He punched in his code and the metal doors whirred open. This was his personal space, his domain, his everything.

It was spartan. A single bed. A desk, a chair. A small kitchen and a cramped shower.

No need for luxuries. The pure basics, which is all a true warrior needed.

“This is it?” Elara asked as she looked around. “These are your ‘spacious’ captain quarters?”

“Yes,” Jax said. “Is it not to your liking, princess?”

Her human scent already filled every nook and cranny of this room. Elara’s smell was intense, but not unpleasant. It had a way of making Jax’s heart race uncomfortably fast. It was one of the many reasons he preferred keeping her at arm’s length.

Elara dumped her clothes and toiletries on Jax’s desk. She placed her hands on her hips and assessed the situation.

“Where do you keep your clothes?”

Jax glanced down at his bare chest and leather kilt. “What clothes?”

“You’re kidding me, right? It’s just that one kilt? That’s all you have?”

“One’s all you need.”

Elara shook her head. That couldn’t be right.

“We Dragan’s aren’t as obsessed with our looks as humans are,” Jax said.

Elara snorted. “Yeah, right. That’s why you spend half the day in the gym working out so you can walk around with your big blue pecs out, right? Because you don’t care? I’ve seen you guys comparing biceps before. You’re not fooling me.”

Jax exhaled through his nose loudly. Elara never stopped talking back. She was



annoying, stubborn, and far too confident in her own abilities. How nice it would be to shut her up. Perhaps with a kiss. Or his big, thick, long...

Jax shook his head. Focus .

“Your bed only fits one person,” Elara said.

“A brilliant observation, Morgan.”

Elara glared at the cocky alien. “Look. I’m not happy about this either, okay? Trust me, you’re the last person in the world I’d want to share a room with.”

Jax scoffed. “The feeling is mutual.”

“Great. Then let’s figure this out, and start with some basic rules. We need to set up some type of system if we are to last a whole month without going insane. I suggest I take the bed, and you sleep on the floor.”

Jax laughed. “Is that what you think, human? Why would I agree to that?”

“You’re the one who caused this mess, remember?” Elara said. “If you had just followed the general’s orders and had not frozen me out, we wouldn’t be in this mess. It’s only fair if I get the bed.”

Jax took a step towards her. Elara moved back until she bumped into the wall. Damn, this place really was tiny.

“Don’t talk to me about what is fair , human,” Jax growled. “If life on-board this ship was fair , I would get to spank you for your insolence.”

Elara could feel his hot breath on her face. Her heart raced. She had never felt like

prey before, but that's what she was in this moment.

"What's stopping you?" She asked, looking into the Dragan's radiant eyes defiantly.

If Jax thought he could intimidate her, he was wrong. You don't become a top pilot without dealing with a few knuckleheads. Elara had heard it all before.

"Don't tempt me, human."

"I have a name, alien . Use it. Call me human one more time, see what happens." Elara shot back.

Jax's alien eyes narrowed. "You're an insolent brat , Elara Morgan," he growled deeply. "Someone ought to teach you a lesson."

Elara could feel the grumble all the way in her chest. There was a strong pulse between her legs as she felt the heat radiating off Jax's body. Her captain was so close to her that their noses were almost touching. Why did this asshole had to have such a sexy, deep voice?!

"Is that someone going to be you?"

In one swift motion, the Dragan captain grabbed both her wrists and pinned them above her head. He easily held them in place with one large hand, while the other moved towards her neck. Elara gasped as Jax tilted her chin up until their eyes locked.

"It just might be," he growled. "Now, are you going to be a good, obedient little human?"

Elara's heart was racing at a million minutes per minute. What was happening? And

why wasn't she stopping him? With her skills, she could break free from his grasp — or at least try — but instead, she stayed there, staring into Jax's eyes, breathing heavily.

“No,” she said softly. “Make me.”

Jax roared deeply. For a moment Elara expected the captain to kiss her, for their mouths to collide, their tongues to wrestle, for the blue god to grab a fistful of her hair as and hold her tightly in his powerful embrace — but instead Jax loudly hit the wall with an open palm and turned away from the human female.

His blue chest heaved with deep breaths. Elara quickly pushed the waves of disappointment she felt away and straightened herself out.

“We'll sleep in shifts,” Jax finally suggested, his voice calm. “That is the fairest solution. Agreed?”

“Sure,” Elara said, her voice still a bit shaky. She desperately needed a moment alone to relieve all this tension, but that was going to be hard to come by....

Really hard.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Six

THE NEXT MORNING...

Elara woke up feeling refreshed. She had many pleasant dreams, even though she could barely remember them. Her bed was a lot more comfy than usual. Bigger too, for some reason. She yawned, rolled over — and looked directly into Jax's bright, yellow eyes.

Ah!

Elara shrieked! Why was her boss here, in her room?!

Jax frowned. "What is the matter, Elara?"

In a flash, she remembered where she was. Jax's quarters. Jax's bed. Her punishment. It all came back to her, and the good vibes she woke up with sank away immediately.

"You startled me," she stammered as she pulled up the thick, soft, black sheets to cover more of her body with. "Don't stare at me like that, it's unnerving."

"It's my room, Elara. I'll do what I want."

"Ugh, fine. Wait, weren't we supposed to take turns sleeping in the bed?"

The big blue alien shrugged. "You were talking in your sleep. I didn't want to wake you."

“Oh. Thank you, I suppose.”

“It won’t be happening again, trust me,” Jax said. “We have to get ready for our shift. Shall I shower first?”

“Sure.”

Her captain stood up, and without waiting for Elara to avert her eyes, dropped his kilt to the ground. For a brief moment the Dragan warrior stood in front of the human in all his naked glory, and her eyes grew as big as saucers as she drank in the fantastic sight.

Then she shut her eyes tightly.

Too late. The image of Jax’s powerful, muscled thighs and his big, blue cock was burned into her retinas already.

“Dude! You can’t do that!”

Jax laughed. “Again, this is my room, Elara. We will see much of each other. Get used to it.”

Elara looked through her lashes, pretending to keep her eyes closed, but actually scanning her captain’s body from head-to-toe. He had his back turned to her as he stepped into the shower.

Damn it. His blue ass was as perfectly sculpted as the rest of his incredible body.

He closed the curtain behind him, and Elara took a deep breath. Finally, a moment where she didn’t have to look at her boss. She closed her eyes and sighed.

This was going to be a long month — especially without her toy. If Jax was going to walk around naked more often, she needed release.

Or she was going to do something very, very silly...

Jax squeezed the base of his manhood.

It was Elara's turn in the shower now. The human female was soaking up her naked curvy body a mere few feet away from him.

Only a thin shower curtain separated the annoying brat from his throbbing hardness.

Rage and lust coursed through Jax's veins. The first night spent together had been absolute torture. He had given her the first shift in the bed, but when it was time to switch places, he couldn't bring himself to wake her.

Why hadn't he? She was a spoiled, entitled human. She needed to be taught discipline, not coddled. And yet, as she slept so peacefully, she looked...

Beautiful.

Jax had watched her sleep. He pulled up his chair to the bed, and watched the small human rest all night long. He watched her chest rise and fall with every deep breath. He studied her face; her nose; her mouth.

And why? Jax had no idea. This made no sense. This brat invaded his space, claimed his bed, and he wanted to...

To claim her .

Perhaps he just needed to get it out of his system. To mate that spoiled thing all over

this room. Pound her submissive human behind on every damn surface. Watch that gorgeous face of hers contort in a mixture of pain and pleasure as he filled her up, as he stretched her beyond belief with his thick Dragan...

Jax squeezed his cock. A big drop of pre-cum slid down his thick, blue length.

It would be so easy to rip that curtain to the side, bend that small thing over and take her, here and now... so damn easy...

Jax shook his head and growled. Keep it together, pilot. He slid his cock back under his kilt. This was going to be a long, long month.

It was strange, showering with her alien boss a couple of feet away. She was naked and wet, and he was right there .

Elara could hear him breathing heavily.

At least there was a curtain separating them. This was as much privacy as she was going to get all month long — only thirty more nights to go.

Her hand slipped between her legs, and Elara bit her tongue to stifle a moan.

She shouldn't.

Jax was right there.

This was wrong .

But she needed the release. Desperately . Being in this small space with that hulking, towering man, it made her heart race and her breath quicken.

Her trusty toy was the only reason she even lasted this long with such a dominant and arrogant jerk for a boss. Now that toy was hidden in her room, and she's all alone with that very same boss, alone and naked...

She closed her eyes and shuddered, the faintest of moans leaving her lips. Ahh..

"Are you okay?" Jax growled in that deep, rich voice of his.

"Y-y-eahhh w-w-why?" Elara stuttered, her legs trembling fiercely. Damn bastard ruined the moment!

"I heard a noise," Jax replied. His voice sounded breathier as well.

"I'm fi-fi-fine," Elara replied, shutting the hot water off. She needed a cold shower to get rid of these wanton thoughts, running through her mind constantly. "Totally... totally fine, Jax."

If only that were true.

30 more nights to go...



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Seven

Breakfast was eaten in silence.

The canteen was bustling with activity. Humans and Dragans alike were eating, laughing, gossiping. Kai sat next to Astra, while cradling his little baby boy in his arms. Harper and Tyr sat next to them, chatting.

Meanwhile, Jax and Elara both ate their meals in complete silence, while constantly glancing at one another.

“So, what’s the plan for today?” Elara asked, breaking the silence. “Are we taking the Hyena’s out for a spin?”

“Fat chance,” Jax snorted. “We’ll be repairing the jet you damaged, human.”

“You mean the one you crashed? Got it.”

Jax snarled. This brat was going to make him explode...

“I’m going to get another cup of kuv ,” he said as he stood up.

“Can you get me one as well, please?”

“Sure.”

Jax walked away, and Elara breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, a moment without her

boss's strong, powerful musk surrounding her.

“And?!”

Kylie sat down next to Elara, slamming her tray down on the table. The sudden sound made Elara jump.

“Tell me everything!”

“What?” Elara stammered. “What are you talking about?”

“Are they as blue down there as they are everywhere else? How big is he, really? Tell me to stop. This big? No, bigger? No, even bigger? Wait, are you serious???”

Kylie held her hands more than a foot apart, her eyes wide, her mouth hanging open in shock.

“How can you still walk?!”

Elara shook her head. Her best friend had mind in the gutter. That's what was happening.

“Shut up, Kylie,” she said, hitting her best friend on the shoulder. “We didn't fuck , okay?!”

“You didn't?” Kylie screwed her face up. “Why not?”

“Are you kidding me? Because he's a total asshole, remember?!”

“Yeah, but, still. Why not? Lord knows we've been on this ship for ever . A booty call doesn't mean anything.”

Elara pinched the bridge of her nose. “Perhaps it doesn’t to you, but you know how these Dragans are. Look at them, look at Kai, Tyr, Yvar, the lot of them! They mate for life. For. Life ! Give them so much as a whiff of your pussy, and you’ve got a seven foot tall alien warrior following you around like a lovesick puppy for the rest of your life. Is that what you want?”

Kylie looked over her shoulder at the table packed to the gills with Dragan-human couples. “I mean, yes?” Kylie said. “They look awfully happy. If I can get a man to look at me like the general looks at Astra, then sign me up.”

“Yeah, well, Jax isn’t exactly like Kai, is he?”

“Good point. So you didn’t do anything last night? Not even hand stuff?”

“Not even hand stuff.”

“Did you at least see him naked?”

Elara sighed. Why was this conversation still going on?”

“Maybe a little,” she admitted.

Kylie’s eyes grew big and a smile spread across her face.

“He was getting ready to take a shower, nothing more! Now hush. I don’t want the entire ship to hear your wild theories. We’re just roommates, nothing more.”

“If you say so,” Kylie said, suggestively wiggling her eyebrows. “My lips are sealed. Yours, on the other hand...”

Elara hit her friend on the shoulder again. “Shut it!”

At that moment, Jax returned carrying two cups of steaming hot kuv . He nodded at Kylie. She was on her crew, but unlike Elara, this one knew how to stay out of trouble.

“Morning, captain,” she said.

“Morning, Peters.”

“Did you sleep well, captain?”

Jax sipped on his black brew. “Excellent, Peters. Why do you ask?”

“Just interested in your sleeping arrangements, sir.”

“Hm. And how interested are you in latrine duties, Peters?”

“Uhm, point taken,” Kylie said. “I’ll leave you two be!”

She stood up, and her vacant seat was filled a moment later by a tall alien warrior named Xander. His black hair was cut short, his blue body covered in scars and tattoos. The warrior was grinning widely.

“Good morning,” he said as he slapped Jax on the back. “I heard the general got you good, Jax. Having to tolerate a soft-skin in your bed. Imagine!”

“Move along, Xander,” Jax growled. “This doesn’t concern you.”

“Oh, I’m fine right here,” Xander said as he leaned forward, looking directly into Elara’s eyes. He looked her up and down as if she was a piece of meat. “Tell me, little one. Have you been helping Jax unsheathe his sword?”

Jax stood up so quickly that his chair fell over backwards. His muscles bulged as he grabbed the big warrior by the neck and yanked him to his feet.

“Watch your mouth,” Jax growled, his voice a low rumble.

Xander pressed his forehead against Jax’s, a wide grin on his face. “Or what? You’re going to pound me like you’ve done this little one?”

Jax struck without warning.

His fist connected with Xander’s cheek and the warrior staggered backwards, blood dripping down his face. He licked it up with a smirk. “That was a cheap shot, Jax.”

“You deserved it, Xander.”

The entire cafeteria fell silent as the two alien warriors squared up. This is exactly what Elara did not want to happen — to become the center of attention. She half expected Kai or Tyr to step in, but they did not.

The aliens were free to set their own picking order.

Elara stepped between the two of them and placed her hands on Jax’s hard, blue chest.

“Enough!” She said. “Both of you! Enough!”

Jax breathed hard through his nose and took a step back. Xander laughed. “Yes, listen to your pet, captain.”

Xander grabbed his food and left.

“Show’s over,” Elara said to the crowd. People returned to their conversations as she grabbed Jax’s arm and dragged him outside. The alien captain followed begrudgingly.

“What the hell was that about?!” She asked when they were alone.

“He insulted your honor,” Jax said. “You shouldn’t have intervened, human.”

“Screw that. I don’t need you to defend me, Jax. I can take care of myself. I’m an adult, you know. Not some damsel in distress.”

Jax shook his head. The little human truly knew nothing of Dragan and their ways, not even after all this time on-board their ship.

“Prove it,” he replied.

“What?”

“Prove you can defend yourself. Let’s go to the ring right now. Strike me even a single time, and I’ll concede that you can defend yourself. Until that time comes, you’ll need me.”

Elara sighed. Why was it always about fighting with these aliens? Of course she knew that Jax was much stronger than her. And much quicker. And just a better fighter in every possible way.

But... he was giving her a chance to land a blow on that smug, handsome, blue face of his. A single blow — that’s all she needed.

She couldn’t let that opportunity go to waste.

“Fine,” she said. “You know what? Fine. You’re on. Let’s go, big guy. You and me. Right now.”

Jax grinned. “Follow me, human.”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Eight

Elara bounced on the balls of her feet, her hands raised in a defensive posture, her heart pounding in her throat.

Jax, meanwhile, didn't move an inch.

He stood as still as a marble statue, a cocky smirk permanently etched onto his arrogant blue face.

The Dragan was taunting her.

Elara knew that, and she was still falling for it.

Jax was a smug, unbearable bastard. All Elara had to do was land one single, glorious punch.

She wasn't an idiot, and she had no delusions about actually beating the Dragan in a straight fight; but a single shot to his chiseled jaw?

Wiping that smug grin off his stupid, handsome, blue face?

That wasn't impossible, right?

The fighting ring was filled to the brim with people. Dragans and humans alike had come out to watch the fight. Yvar and Roan were watching them, their arms resting on the ropes of the ring, and Elara even spotted Kylie in the crowd.



She gave Elara a thumbs up. Elara nodded, feeling suddenly very foolish. What was she trying to prove here?

With so many on-lookers, Jax was never going to let his guard down. A Dragan's honor meant everything to them.

“Come on! Fight!” Kylie shouted. The crowd cheered, and blood rushed to Elara's ears.

Fuck it. This was happening.

She circled Jax, trying to goad him into making the first move.

Her captain, however, didn't move.

“Come on, human. Hit me. Stop dancing around and hit me.”

“You first,” she shot back.

Jax grinned. “Very well.”

The cocky Dragan suddenly rushed her. Jax was big, heavy, and fast, but Elara managed to just barely dodge his grasp.

He tried again, his fingers reaching for her. Once more, she ducked out of the way. Her heart raced — perhaps she had more of a shot than she realized?!

“Hit me, Moran,” Jax growled. “Just try.”

“What's the magic word?” Elara teased as she bobbed and weaved.

“Fine,” he said. “I’ll stop playing around.”

Jax’s next move was lightning fast. Elara tried to move away, but he grabbed her wrist tightly. She tried to pull her arm back, but his grip was like granite.

“Too slow,” Jax said. He let her go. “Do you surrender?”

Elara narrowed her eyes. “Never.”

Jax laughed. “Have it your way, human.”

The Dragan captain rushed her again. Elara tried to duck and dodge, but Jax was much too quick. A fraction of a second later, he held her wrist in his strong grasp.

She tried to break free, but it was impossible.

Jax smiled, and pulled her close.

“I thought you were going to hit me, Morgan? What are you waiting for? I’m right here.”

Elara’s heartbeat was thundering. Sweat ran down her back. Every deep breath of hers was filled with his intoxicating alien musk. Jax was so close to her now. She could feel the heat coming off him, feel his warm breath on her skin.

All she had to do now was stand on her toes and she could kiss him.

All those forbidden thoughts she had in the shower came rushing back in an instant. Jax was handsome. Powerful. Dominant. Her heart raced. All she had to do was lean in, and...

“Hit me,” Jax whispered so softly that only she could hear. His deep voice tickled her sensitive ear. His tongue flicked out to lick his lips.

Her body trembled. Her knees buckled.

This was supposed to be a fight, damn it!

She tried to resist, but she realized she couldn't. Her body was betraying her. Her nipples were hard, her panties soaked.

She wanted him to...

“Come on Elara! Hit him in the nuts!” Kylie shouted.

Elara dug deep, found the last bit of resolve she had, balled her free hand into a fist and swung it wildly at the handsome blue alien.

The crowd gasped.

Right before her fist would connect Jax released her and stepped out of the way.

Her punch hit the air.

Elara stumbled. Her face was red with shame. Jax laughed.

“I told you, human. You need my protection.”

Elara scowled. How dare he?! How dare that handsome blue bastard...

She stormed off.

Jax growled — and followed her. Whenever she went, he had to follow.

No exceptions.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Nine

Elara spent the rest of the week thinking about punching the handsome face of her arrogant, egotistical, smug captain.

If she had only managed to wipe that damn grin off his blue face, perhaps he would've learned some humility. Instead, he was cockier than ever.

And the worst thing was that she couldn't even get some space from him. Wherever she went, there he was.

At work.

At the cafeteria.

At night.

They spoke as little as possible, but the tension between them didn't go away. If anything, it was increasing by the day.

Elara stewed in her anger, jotting down her thoughts while seated at the desk in the captain's quarters. Jax lounged on his bed, his arms resting behind his head.

He looked relaxed and at ease, but that was just a facade.

The alien warrior was just as annoyed as Elara was. He protected the human's honor — and she was angry at him?! He would never understand humans.

In fact, his blood boiled just looking at her.

There she was, furiously scribbling something in her notebook. Headstrong little brat. He had demonstrated his strength and shown her mercy, and this was the thanks he got?

The more she ignored him, the angrier the captain got.

This had to stop. She had to submit to him. One way or another.

“Enough,” Jax growled. “I will not endure your silence a moment longer, you insolent brat. Do you want to go for another round in the ring?”

Elara didn’t look up from her journal. “So you can publicly humiliate me again? No thank you.”

“The ring is deserted at this hour. I’ll kick any stragglers out, if that is what you wish. It’ll just be you and me, woman. No one else.”

The Dragan captain was certain he would win, of course. This time, he wouldn’t just grab her wrist. He let her off easy last time, and she hated him for it.

This time he would pin her down to the ground and make her submit.

Easy.

And then maybe, just maybe, he would take her right there.

In the middle of the ring.

He’d slip his hand under her skintight clothing and see if she was as wet and as eager

as she was in the shower, when she plays with herself, and the captain pretends not to notice her heavy breathing and stifled moans as he slowly stroked himself.

It wouldn't take long to get her to submit.

Her sweet, submissive, human pussy was probably already drenched and dripping for him right now.

All Jax had to do was make the headstrong, bratty human realize that this is what she wanted. What she needed. What she craved .

Jax shook his head. Elara Morgan was driving him insane. Thoughts of mating filled his mind at every waking moment. Every time he looked at her, he wanted to pin her against the wall and kiss her.

One way or another, things had to change.

“You know what? Fine,” Elara said. “Fine. No crowd this time. Just you and me. And if I so much as touch you, I’m taking the bed for the rest of the month. Deal?”

Jax grinned. “Deal.”

The blue alien was correct: the training ring was abandoned. Jax even locked the doors behind them to keep any unwanted visitors out. They were all alone out here.

No one would ever see what was happening in here.

Jax did a quick warm-up, a gleam of sweat covering his broad, muscled chest.

“I’m ready whenever you are, Morgan. Are you ready to submit yet?”

Elara narrowed her eyes. “To you? Never.”

Her heart thumped. She wasted no time and charged right at him. Jax easily stepped aside.

“Your attacks are predictable, human. Try again.”

She did. Again. And again. And again. Every attempt ended the same way — with Jax effortlessly dodging, weaving, avoiding. It was like trying to punch her shadow.

“Ready to give up yet?” The Dragan captain growled.

Elara Morgan gritted her teeth and charged. She launched a furious barrage of kicks and punches, throwing all her anger, her energy, her pent-up frustration into every blow.

Jax blocked, and dodged, and evaded, the cocky smirk on his face getting wider by the second.

Elara threw an especially wild punch. Jax caught her hand.

“You’re embarrassing yourself, human,” he growled, his intense Dragan eyes glaring. “Give up.”

“I’m not done yet,” she said breathlessly. She tried to pull her fist back. It wouldn’t budge.

“Are you sure about that?”

“Positive.”



Jax released her. “You have grit and determination, I’ll give you that, Morgan. But you should know when you’re bested. Surrender.”

She turned her back towards him and exhaled deeply. “What if... what if I surrender to you?”

“Hm?” Jax growled. He hadn’t expected the question.

“If I surrender to you... what will you do to me?”

Thoughts of the bratty human submitting to Jax filled his mind. What would he do to her, given the chance? Sit her down on her knees and make her use that mouth? No — bend her over and spank that big human ass of hers until it’s red and glowing. Wait — how about tying her up, then teasing her clit until she literally begged for release —

Elara suddenly dropped down to the floor and swept his legs in one fluid motion. Jax should have seen it coming, but his mind was occupied by intrusive, unstoppable thoughts of finally dominating the bratty human’s body and mind.

Jax went crashing to the floor.

He landed flat on his back, his chest heaving with deep, angry breaths. A dirty ploy! Typical human strategy!

“Seems I got you, captain.”

Elara straddled his muscular, blue form, and pinned the alien’s hands above his head.

“You’re embarrassing yourself, captain,” she said, her voice husky. “Submit.”

Elara wasn't sure why she decided to climb on top of him — it seemed like a power move at the time, but now her behind was pressing directly into something hard and firm, and she was staring directly into his glowing eyes, and she could feel his musk, his sweat, his essence all around her, and her heart was racing like mad.

Jax growled in anger.

With a burst of raw strength, the powerful alien easily broke her grip. Elara gasped. The Dragan grabbed her waist and flipped them both over. Now his strong hands firmly pinned her wrists above her head.

Elara stared at the blue alien towering over her. Their bodies were pressed firmly against each other.

Her heart raced. Heat pooled between her legs. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds.

This was bad. Very bad.

Jax leaned down. Their noses brushed.

Elara trembled. Oh no.

And then Jax kissed her.

His lips pressed against hers, his tongue tasting her. She moaned into his mouth as she returned the kiss, her body exploding with pleasure.

She felt sweet release in every fiber of her being.

Jax tasted her. Finally . Her lips were hot and wet and eager. His tongue slid into her parted mouth and he tasted her.

Elara groaned. She wrapped her legs around his torso and pulled him closer. She felt his hardness pressing against her stomach, and it only made her heart race faster.

She had been fighting this feeling for so long, but there was no stopping it now.

Jax kissed her deeper, his tongue claiming her mouth fully. He wanted more. He wanted everything .

Elara arched her back, pressing her body against his further. She felt like she was melting, like she was dissolving into nothingness, and the only thing keeping her grounded was Jax and his big, blue body.

His hands released her wrists and he cradled the back of her head. He kissed her harder, insistently, demandingly .

Elara surrendered. She submitted.

After it, it was just a kiss... right?

Their lips parted, both of them panting for breath. For a single fleeting moment, Elara thought she should put a stop to this...

And then Jax growled deeply and flipped her over. Her stomach pressed against the cool floor of the ring as Jax unzipped her pants and yanked them down to her ankles in one swift motion.

She felt the cool air on her naked buttocks and gasped. Before she had a moment to think, Jax spanked her.

Hard.

The sound echoed through the training ring.

Elara moaned loudly, her body shuddering from the impact. Jax growled again, and his hand came down on her other cheek, leaving a bright red mark there.

Elara's face turned flush as her knees quivered. She had never been spanked before — no man had ever treated her like this, and she was surprised to find that she enjoyed it.

Immensely .

Every touch, every swat sent a jolt of pure, unbridled pleasure straight to her thumping clit. She realized she was pressing her hips up, wiggling her ass, asking, no, begging for more.

Every time she argued with her captain, she had never realized that this is what she wanted.

“You’re a brat,” Jax growled, his voice deep and husky with desire. “You will finally submit to me.”

“Yes,” Elara panted. “Yes, sir.”

Jax leaned down and kissed her again, his powerful tongue claiming his mouth. Elara moaned into his mouth, and Jax grunted, his hand grabbing a handful of her ass and squeezing hard.

His fangs bit her lower lip and pulled, and the human shuddered. Jax slapped her ass again, causing Elara to yelp.

The big, strong alien controlled her body completely now.

She was his.

Entirely his.

Jax tore her panties off. She was completely naked now, her ass bare, her legs spread, in the middle of the ring. Elara had never felt more exposed and vulnerable in her life.

And she loved it.

Jax licked his lips and knelt down behind her. Elara's body quivered and tingled with anticipation.

Jax could smell her arousal.

It was divine .

The captain never could have imagined that this day would come. The bratty human had been a thorn in his side, a pest, a nuisance. She had undermined his authority in front of his entire crew. His blood pumped whenever he so much as laid eyes on her.

And now, he saw the glistening moisture of her swollen, dripping pussy right in front of him — and it was the most erotic, beautiful sight Jax had ever seen in his life.

Jax buried his face in the human's wet and delicious cunt.

Elara's fingers scraped across the floor, her face pressing against the cool surface, her eyes rolling back as wave after wave of pleasure hit her.

The alien added two fingers, pumping in and out of her. The human's thighs trembled as he curled his fingers up, feeling her tight walls. Every stroke made the human moan.

Jax pulled his fingers out and licked them clean, savoring the taste. Nothing tasted better than Elara. Nothing .

He buried his face back-in between her cheeks, his tongue lapping at her wet folds, tasting her sweet, human juices. Elara's hips bucked and she squealed loudly.

Anyone still wandering around this quarter of the ship at this hour could hear her wanton moans, but Elara didn't care anymore. She wanted this. She needed this.

She lost her freaking mind as her alien boss licked and lapped and drank and suckled on her quivering, sensitive pussy. His strong tongue flicked against her clit, and every touch got her closer to her sweet, sweet release.

Jax reached around, his big arms sliding up her shirt to toy with her breasts. His fingers teased and pinched her sensitive nipples. Elara cried out even louder. This man knew just how to manipulate her body to get her to lose her shit.

Jax growled in approval, lapping faster, her tongue going up and down her slit and then focusing on her clit again. He suckled on the swollen pleasure nub as his fingers teased her nipples, and Elara couldn't take it for one second longer.

Her entire body exploded with pleasure.

She came hard, her cries echoing through the training ring. Her legs trembled hard, her vision reduced to nothing but stars.

Jax withdrew and licked his lips. Her thighs glistened with her juices. He removed his kilt and grabbed his erect, throbbing shaft. The captain stroked himself as he admired the trembling, sweaty, naked form of the beautiful, submissive human sprawled out on the ground before him.

“Turn around,” he growled.

Elara obeyed, her heart beating faster than ever. She sucked in a breath when she saw her boss’s giant blue member, hard and throbbing.

She had never wanted anything more.

“You want this, don’t you, human?”

“Yes,” Elara whispered.

“Louder.”

“Yes!”

“Say it.”

“I want you, Jax.”

“What do you want?”

Elara whimpered. Her clit thumped. Even now the cocky bastard was going to make her say it.

Fuck it.

It was just sex, right? Just a release she needed more than she needed to breathe.

“I want you to fuck me,” she said. “Please, Jax.”

Jax positioned the tip of his thick shaft at her entrance, and then, he filled her with his

enormous cock in one, smooth motion.

Elara cried out in pleasure as her walls stretched to accommodate his immense size, her vision narrowing until her entire world was just Jax.

The alien growled loudly, his cock twitching with pleasure, the heat from her human pussy completely enveloping his throbbing shaft. He started pumping, slow and rhythmic, as her inner walls squeezed his thickness.

When she was fully ready, Jax gripped her waist tightly and pounded her sweet human pussy.

Elara was stretched, filled and fucked better than ever before. Her captain reached parts of her that she didn't even know existed.

It was overwhelming. It was too much. Almost .

“Tell me how badly you need this, human,” Jax growled as his cock slid in and out of her wet pussy.

“Oh god,” Elara moaned deliriously. “I want this so bad, Jax. Fuck me. Use me. Please, make me yours!”

Elara's mind was spinning, her body completely overwhelmed with pleasure. She couldn't think. She couldn't breathe. All she could do was feel, and she felt incredible.

Jax slammed his cock into her hard and fast, and Elara's world dissolved into pure bliss.

Sweat trickled down the alien's big, blue body. He was close. His rhythm got even



faster and more intense, his cock swelling up even more. Elara's walls squeezed his cock as her body tingled and her skin burned.

Jax leaned down and claimed her mouth with a hard, passionate kiss, his tongue entering her mouth as his cock exploded deep inside of her.

Elara closed her eyes and surrendered to the sensation of being filled to the brim with the alien's potent seed, her mind drifting away in ecstasy. Jax roared as he came, his hot Dragan seed flooding her womb, filling her with his essence.

His hot little human climaxed, pleasure bursting forth from her core to every fiber of her being, her walls clenching his cock, her body trembling, her heart pounding loudly.

When Jax had filled to the very last drop he collapsed on top of her, his alien cock still buried deep inside of her. Elara sighed contently, her body spent, her mind at ease.

They laid together like that for a moment, their hearts beating as one, their bodies entwined.

Jax looked at the red, sweaty face of his mate. Hair stuck to her cheek. Her eyes were glazed over, a big smile on her lips, and his cock pulsed again.

He had gotten the release he craved, the tension between them resolved. She had submitted to him, just as he wanted.

He had pounded her sweet human pussy into submission.

What more could he ask for?

And yet, as Jax gazed into her eyes, he felt something... missing. Some things were still unsaid. Some things were not yet resolved.

Had it all been a mistake?

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Ten

Despite the amazing, breathtaking sex they had last night, Elara's heart ached.

When they returned to the captain's quarters after defiling the ring, Jax was his usual, distant self. He spoke little. He gave her the bed, and refused to elaborate.

It was all very confusing, and it confirmed what Elara had always known: You shouldn't let men get close to you.

Especially not alien men.

And especially not your hot, alien boss.

He just wanted to bust his load inside of her, and that's it. Jax didn't care about her. Not really. He was a smug asshole, and she had been foolish to allow him inside of her.

To think she begged for it! Ugh .

That morning, she kicked Jax out of the room. She couldn't stand to look at him, and she needed a moment alone.

Elara needed to shower in peace, without having to hold back her moans because Jax was three feet away, thank you very much.

The alien waited outside, his back pressed against the door.

Elara remained a complete mystery to him. She had gotten what she wanted, right? Why was she so upset this morning?

Last night, she was begging for it. He had taken her, given her pleasure, and roughly claimed her body. Afterwards, he gave her the bed.

What more did she want?

There was no understanding human women. Kai, Tyr, Yvar, all of them were fools to bond with these creatures.

To think there were still weeks to go before Elara finally left again, and he could sleep in peace, without her scent filling his room and driving him mad...

Kylie Peters walked down the hall, saw Jax, and whirled back around as if she saw a ghost.

“Too late, Peters,” Jax said. “Come here.”

Kylie let her shoulders drop and approached her boss.

“Why are you wandering the halls? Shouldn’t you be in the hangar?” Jax asked.

“I could ask you the same thing, boss.”

Jax raised his eyebrow. “Are you going to give me attitude as well? Is Elara’s influence spreading?”

“No, sir!” Kylie said. “It’s just... well, no one really knows what we ought to be doing without you around to give orders, so everyone’s just been kinda... chilling. I thought I’d go for a quick walk and I just... happened to walk by here.”

“Sure,” Jax said. “You just ‘happened’ to walk past the Dragan living spaces that you have no business being in. Are you spying on me, Peters?”

“No sir! I just needed to check if my best friend needed to talk to me, okay?” Kylie said. “That’s not a crime!”

“No, but not doing your duties is . There are plenty of other Dragans in the hanger, or there damn well should be. Zythar, or Vexel. Aren’t they in charge?”

Kylie bit the inside of her cheek. “You didn’t hear this from me, boss, but with you busy with Elara and all, the other pilots have just been playing Dragan Triple Draw all morning.”

“By Dzana’s beard,” Jax growled.

He was not supposed to leave Elara alone for even a moment — but he also had duties as a captain. Suddenly, these two obligations clashed.

His duties as a warrior and protector were the most important right now, despite the general’s strict orders.

“Tell Elara to find me as soon as she is able!” He commanded Kylie.

“Uhm, yes sir!”

Jax stormed off. He was angry with his seconds, Zythar and Vexel, and not only because they should always be battle-ready instead of playing cards.

No. He also was bristling with rage because they were keeping him from Elara’s side. That’s where he belonged, where he should be.

At all times.

“Yes, yes, I’m coming! Geez! Stop knocking!”

Elara mumbled under her breath as she opened the door, fully expecting an angry, heaving, tall alien warrior.

Instead, her best friend was at the door. “Hi!”

“Kylie?” Elara stammered. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m filling in for the big guy!” Kylie said as she entered Jax’s quarters uninvited. “So this is where the magic happens, hm?”

She flung herself onto Jax’s messy, unmade bed. “Ooh, soft,” she said, running her hands across the jet-black covers. “A little small for the both of you, though...”

“Kylie,” Elara said as she dried her hair. “Stop talking nonsense for a moment. Where’s Jax?”

“Oh, I told him that the Dragan pilots were all gambling, so he stormed off to set them straight. You’re supposed to follow him right away, but we can chill for a moment. So. How are you holding up?”

“I don’t even know how to answer that question,” Elara answered.

Her body still vividly remembered the way the alien man had touched her, but she wasn’t going to tell her best friend that.

Kylie had a way of pulling every lurid detail out of Elara, and she wasn’t ready to relive all of it. Not yet.

“One moment he’s driving me crazy, and the next... It's not so bad. But the moment after that, he’s infuriating .”

“Maybe the general knew what he was doing, getting you both to shack up,” Kylie teased.

“Will you stop insinuating that?” Elara said, exasperated. “Do you want to swap places or something?”

The moment the words left Elara’s lips, she felt a strange feeling come over her. She recognized it right away, and that made her feel even worse.

That feeling was jealousy .

It gnawed at her insides, making her stomach feel crazy. The thought of Kylie, her best friend, in that bed she was now sitting on, with Jax...

It made her see green.

“No, thank you,” Kylie said. “The captain has zero interest in me, and the feeling is mutual. He’s handsome, don’t get me wrong, but he’s not meant for me. You, on the other hand, have been pressing his buttons since day one.”

“I just want to be taken seriously as a pilot,” Elara huffed. “That’s all I’ve been trying to do.”

“You just want to be taken . Seriously,” Kylie repeated. “We agree on that part.”

Elara grabbed a pillow and threw it at her best friend. She received one right back, and suddenly the two were in a pillow fight, thrashing the captain’s room, laughing and shouting — until Elara knocked over an obsidian statue of the Dragan goddess on

Jax's desk as she swung her pillow.

It fell on the floor with a heavy thud.

"Oh shit," Elara said.

"Crap," Kylie said. "That looked expensive."

"Yeah." Elara picked it up, and her heart sank when she realized the goddess statue had broken into several pieces.

She placed the various pieces on the desk and tidied the room as much as possible.

"Let's find Jax and try to do some actual work for a chance."

"And the statue?" Kylie asked softly.

"That's my fault. Don't worry, I won't mention your name. You're safe. I'm already being punished, what's he going to do, punish me more?"

As she said those words, several mental images flooded into Elara's mind. There were many, many ways a bratty human could be punished, after all.

Many.



## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Eleven

Jax stormed into the hangar. Could he not leave his people alone for a second?! As he entered, he saw his crew split into two groups: Humans and Dragans.

The humans were on the left side of the hangar, inspecting the Hyena's and doing their maintenance duties, as they should.

The Dragans, on the other hand, were in the break room, playing cards, shouting and laughing. Jax uttered a curse under his breath.

Why were the humans doing their work — and his own people slacking off?!

He opened the door to the break room. His top aces were playing Dragan Triple Draw, a fun and addictive bluffing game. It was a fun diversion and Jax had played plenty of it — but never on the clock.

“What’s the meaning of this?” He growled.

All his pilots suddenly scrambled, trying to snap to attention, and spilling their cards, chips, and drinks all over the table.

“Captain,” Zythar stammered. “You’re back.”

“Does it matter where I am?” Jax said. “You should be ready for an incoming Torian attack at all times. At all times . Explain yourself.”

The room was silent, and several of his people all looked at Zythar. The alien cleared his throat. “With all due respect, sir, it’s been... many, many rotations since we’ve seen actual combat. We’re all getting a little restless. I thought this was a good way to blow off some steam.”

Jax looked over his shoulder. His human crew members were listening with one ear while pretending to still be working.

“What about them?” Jax said, nodding at the humans. “They’re a lot more bored than you lot are, and yet they have no problem doing the work assigned to them. Imagine that. Humans, more reliable and trustworthy than a bunch of top Dragan warriors. You’re a disgrace, Zythar.”

Jax could barely believe the words coming out of his own mouth, but it was true. The humans, despite their many physical weaknesses, were trustworthy. They did as commanded without fail. Perhaps Jax had been too lenient with his pilots.

It had made them soft. Weak.

No more.

“Today, we’re switching roles. You’re going to polish every last ship we have until they’re sparkling — with nothing but a toothbrush. Meanwhile, our human crew members will get to kick back and play cards for a change.”

“Captain?” Vexel stammered. “You can’t be serious?”

“Try me.”

His crew took one last look at him, and averted their eyes. They got up from their seats, cleared the table, and headed into the hangar silently.

Jax crossed the large hangar in a couple of strides.

“Humans,” he growled.

A dozen people snapped to attention. “Yes, captain?”

“Today, I’m giving you all a break.”

The human pilots were all silent, with stern looks on their faces. Jax expected at the very least for them to crack a smile, but it was like they were expecting the other shoe to drop.

“Sir?” A man Jax believed was called Nathan Scott spoke up. “I do not understand. What do you mean?”

“I mean that is your turn to hang out in the break-room, and it is the Dragan’s turn to get their hands dirty. You are to play cards and have a good time. That’s an order. Understood?”

“Yes, sir!” The human pilots answered in unison, with some confusion in their voice.

Jax walked away, shaking his head. Was there truth in General Kai’s words? Had he not fully integrated the humans into his crew? He thought he was running a tight ship, but now he only saw division.

Perhaps... perhaps Elara knew how to fix this mess.

Elara and Kylie walked into the hangar. They instantly noticed the mood had shifted. The haughty Dragans were grumbling under their breath as they polished the Hyena’s, shooting Elara and Kylie dirty looks, while there came sounds of laughter from the break room. Human laughter.

Had the world gone mad?

Jax marched towards the two of them. “Elara,” he said. “A word.”

“Sure,” she said.

The captain looked at Kylie and nodded at the break room. She raised her eyebrows, shrugged, and walked off.

Jax led Elara to one of the large windows, overlooking the endless expanse of space. Entire galaxies passed them by as the Ravenous continued its long journey back towards civilization.

“What’s going on here?” Elara asked when they were out of earshot of the rest of the crew.

Jax gazed at the stars.

“I don’t know,” he spoke softly.

Elara cocked her head to the side. “Sorry? The all-knowing Jax is stumped?”

“Why did you become a pilot, Elara?” He asked.

“What?”

Jax turned towards the small human. He reached out and tucked one of her stray hairs behind her ear. “You’re a pilot, Elara, and I must admit, a good one. Why? What brought you here?”

“So I did hear you correctly. Wasn’t expecting that question. Uhm, well, it started

with my parents. They were scientists, so growing up my room was filled with posters of stars and planets. I was always drawn to them, I guess. There is so much mystery out there, so much to be explored.”

Jax nodded, his hands clasped behind his back.

“I tried out a flight simulator when I was only eight years old, and I was hooked. Turns out I had a knack for flying. And then...”

Elara sighed deeply. “Then both my parents died. An explosion at their lab. They don’t know what caused it.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, Elara.”

“Thank you, Jax. In a moment, I lost everything, and I threw myself into flying. It was my way of making them proud, I suppose? I don’t know. All I know is that when I’m out there, when I’m flying, I feel...”

“Free,” Jax said.

“Yes. That’s it. I feel free.”

“I know that feeling,” Jax said. “I long to be out there. Being here, being captain, giving orders — it’s not what I want, but it is what my people have asked of me. And I have listened. I thought I was doing a good job, but now...”

Jax looked over his shoulder. The humans had put on some music, and several of them were dancing in the break room. Meanwhile, the Dragan pilots worked away, sweat dripping down their backs. At least they were working now, but the division between his two crews might only be growing.

“Now I don’t know.”

“What’s this? The mighty Jax has some doubts?” Elara teased, poking him in the stomach.

Jax grabbed her hand, breaking into a smile. “I’m serious, Elara. My crew is divided. How would you go about fixing this?”

“So you’re really asking for my help? Wow. Okay. Well, first of all, you should treat everyone equally. So I don’t want to break up the pizza party my friends have got going on, but we probably have to. And that includes giving human air-time in the Hyena’s.”

Jax growled. “Do I have to?”

“Yes. You can form Human/Dragan teams if you wish; pair everyone up with a human co-pilot. That way the humans can learn from their Dragan counterparts.”

“Hm. That is not a bad idea.”

“ And we need some type of team-bonding exercise, to start things over.”

“Team... bonding?” Jax said, clearly not understanding. “Bonding is what one does with a mate. It is not a team-exercise, little one. Not usually, anyway. I have heard of females bonding with two or even three mates at the same time, but that is rare. I do not wish to share you — but perhaps that friend of yours, Kylie? She was talking about group-mating before, right? If you believe it will solve our issues, I can ask Zythar and Vexel if they’re interested.”

Elara’s eyes were as big as saucers as her mouth hung open. “That is... quite a mental picture, but very much not what I’m talking about, Jax. Like, not at all.”

She was silent for a moment, trying to shake that mental image. It was difficult to do so.

“Are you sure? It might bring unity to our crew.”

“I’m fairly sure,” Elara said. “And if that’s something Kylie wants to get up to, that’s her business. No, I was talking about fun and games. You know, taking a break from work. I’m sure you did something like that in training, right? Something that brought you closer together as a group?”

Jax stared off into the distance, his thoughts returning to his days as a cub. “Ah, yes. We had to cross the sulfuric planes of Dzar without any gear; a journey that took weeks. Licking hallucinogenic, toxic moss for sustenance. Helping each other navigate what was real, and what was not. Clinging on to life as we made our way across the extremely inhospitable planes. Good times.”

He turned his attention back to Elara, the good memories bringing a smile to his face. “Is that what you suggest? Good idea, Elara. It certainly brought our team of recruits closer together. I could ask the general if we could make an excursion to a volcanic planet.”

Elara bit her bottom lip. “You’re almost getting there, big guy. I’m looking to foster that team-spirit, but without the almost dying and having to lick moss part. By playing games, and getting people out of their comfort zone.”

“Hm,” Jax nodded. “I do think the almost dying part was very important, but you know humans better than I do. Very well. I will leave you in charge of planning this team-bonding, though I will procure some toxic moss just in case.”

“You do that,” Elara said. “I will take care of the rest.”

“What were you two schmoozing about?” Kylie asked the moment Elara walked into the break room.

“How do you feel about spit-roast?”

“Like a pig you mean? The food? What ?”

“Nevermind — we’ve got a job to do,” Elara said. “And I need your help.”



## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Twelve

The following morning, the entire flight-crew huddled around the break room. Jax stood behind Elara, his hands clasped behind his back.

For the first time in a long time, he was going to take a step back and let someone else lead. It was Elara's moment to prove her leadership skills.

She cleared her throat. Her palms were sweaty, but she was ready. If this went well, it could really change things for the better for her crew.

“Listen up everyone! Today we're doing something a little different...”

The crew listened intently as Elara explained what they would be doing today. Elara was a good speaker. Jax realized he enjoyed listening to her talk.

“Our first activity,” Elara said, “will be a simple treasure hunt. The objective is simple: The first team to find the prize wins. Humans and Dragans will be paired up, and you'll have to work together if you want to win.”

The Dragans nodded. They always wanted to win. The humans in attendance looked a little sheepish. Being paired up with these big blue brutes? Not everyone was convinced.

“There's a catch,” Elara continued. “Everyone will be blindfolded, and tied together!”

The crowd groaned and Jax scratched his chin. Blindfolded and tied? An interesting

choice. He wasn't averse to blindfolding and tying up Elara...

"I have randomly made teams. Please, pair up everyone!"

The teams were formed quickly, until everyone had a partner. Because there was not an even number of humans and Dragans, Elara decided to assign Kylie two Dragan partners; Zythar and Vexel. Jax chuckled when he realized it.

"What will we be searching for?" Zythar asked.

"Yeah, what's the price?" Vexel joined in.

"Jax, I believe you have our prize," Elara said, gesturing at him.

"I do?" Jax asked. He hadn't been involved in the planning at all, although he had watched bemused as Elara furiously jotted down notes all evening. She had taken this exercise very seriously.

"I believe you have some moss, do you not?"

"Oh, yes. I do!" Jax produced a vial containing fuzzy, black moss. "Sourced directly from Dzar. Be careful, humans. This is strong stuff."

The eyes of the Dragan's grew big when they saw their prize.

"Can we keep it?" Vexel asked right away. "If we find it, it is ours, right?"

"You must share," Jax said. "But yes. It is yours."

The Dragans cheered, and the humans looked around and laughed. It's been a long time since the tall, blue men were this excited about anything.

“Great. Jax, please go hide it somewhere in the hangar where it will be difficult to find. Teams, please blindfold each other and tie your wrists together. There are blindfolds in that box, and rope in the other. And no peeking!”

Everyone snickered as they tied their wrists together and then blindfolded each other. The atmosphere was light and playful, exactly as Elara had hoped.

Jax returned moments later, having hidden the vial.

“Ready?” Elara asked.

“Ready,” Jax answered.

“Alright. Everyone: Go!”

The human-Dragon teams raced towards the door of the break room — and instantly bumped into each-other, and the wall, and the doorframe.

Dragons were dragging humans along, moving much too quickly for the humans and their shorter legs, and Kylie was caught in between Vexel and Zythar both wanting to go into a different direction.

“Teamwork!” Elara shouted. “Remember; work together! You can’t do this alone!”

There was more laughter, and slowly the Dragons figured out that they had to adapt their speed and movement to their human counterparts. Pretty soon the human-Dragon pairs were stumbling around the hangar in an almost-coordinated fashion.

The Dragons sniffed around like hunting dogs, as the humans did their best not to trip over boxes, parts, and other obstacles.

“This is great,” Jax said.

“Thank you,” Elara said. “It’s working really well. Where did you hide the vial?”

“In the engine compartment of one of the Hyena’s. The smell will be well-hidden there.”

“Smart.”

“So. When do we team-up?” Jax said.

“Aren’t we already a team?” Elara asked. She giggled as Nathan Scott ran straight into a wall.

Jax dropped his voice down low and leaned in close. “So when do I get to blindfold you and tie you up then, my little human?”

Elara’s panties grew damp in an instant. She swallowed the lump in her throat “Jax...”

He stepped behind her and brushed her hair away. His strong, powerful scent enveloped her. Her heart raced, and she had to grab the railing for support as her knees buckled.

Damn it.

She wanted him.

They hadn’t talked about it since that fateful night in the ring. They had both been ignoring the lingering tension — until now.

“We can’t,” Elara gasped as Jax kissed her behind her earlobe.

“Everyone’s blindfolded,” Jax whispered. “They can’t see.”

“But they can hear.”

“Then be quiet, little one.”

His big hands moved down her hips. She shuddered, and her resolve crumbled away. Jax was such a jerk for doing this now, but the fire inside of her grew and grew and grew...

“Fine,” she whispered. “But make it quick.”

This was crazy.

Her alien boss slowly unbuttoned her jeans. Elara sucked in a breath as he tugged them down to her ankles. There she was, standing in front of the window in the break room; watching her co-workers on their playful blindfolded scavenger hunt, her pants dangling around her ankles.

Jax’s big hands caressed her ass. Her heart thundered in her chest. Surely someone was going to hear them...

“Spread your legs, little one.”

Elara bit her bottom lip and did as ordered.

“Good girl.”

The big alien dropped to his knees behind her. She could feel his hot breath on her

sensitive, naked skin. Was he going to...?

He pulled her panties down and inhaled her scent. Blood rushed to Elara's cheeks as she realized what the alien was doing.

Jax growled. He could hardly contain himself. His little human was soaking wet for him! He grabbed two handfuls of her ass and dove in, burying his face in her sweet, sweet nectar.

Elara gasped and bit her bottom lip so hard she tasted blood. She had to stay quiet, but that was a gargantuan task with a hot alien tongue inside you.

Jax couldn't get enough of her taste. His tongue dove in deep, savoring every moment, as Elara's knees buckled. He focused on her pleasure nub, and within seconds Elara's knees were trembling.

He needed to have her. Now .

The tall alien stood up and lifted his kilt. Elara's eyes grew big when she felt something thick and heavy slap against her naked ass.

Holy shit!

Jax was rock hard. He was massive. How did she even take him before?

Her alien lover grabbed her hair and pulled her head back. She gasped. His voice was a deep growl in her ear.

“You want this, don't you?”

Elara's eyes fluttered.

“Say it, my little human.”

“I want it,” she gasped.

The tip of his alien cock pressed against her dripping wet entrance. Elara braced herself, her palms resting against the glass window. This was going to be intense.

“Be specific, my little human. What do you want?”

Elara’s heart hammered in her chest. He really was going to make her say it, wasn’t he?

“I want your alien cock in my human pussy,” she breathed. “Please.”

A single, sudden push of his hips, and his enormous alien cock sunk into her. Elara moaned. She felt so full! Her body shook and her knees buckled as her alien captain filled her completely.

His hand wrapped around her mouth, stifling her moans, as Jax fucked his bratty human.

Hard.

Elara lost her mind. The alien captain had her pinned against the glass, her cheek pressed against it, as he fucked her from behind with with a passion she had never felt before.

Anyone who peeked at them from underneath the blindfold would see she was getting her brains fucked out — there was no denying that now.

This wasn’t just sex. This was something more. This was bonding .

Jax's breathing grew heavy and erratic as he pounded his submissive little human from behind. His pace grew frantic, his muscles bulging as he held her waist tightly. Her toes barely touched the ground as he hammered himself into her.

Elara bit his hand to stop herself from moaning. She wanted to scream, but they had to stay quiet — as quiet as someone being pounded from behind by an alien could be.

Her body trembled and her pussy tightened. Every single thrust brought her closer and closer to the edge.

In this moment, Elara felt more connected with Jax than she had ever felt before. Her body and soul were his.

Jax slammed his cock into her from behind one final time with a loud grunt, and held it there.

Elara's vision blurred.

She saw only stars as she was overcome by a tidal wave of pleasure, so overwhelming she could barely breathe.

At that moment, Jax's hot, warm seed filled her.

Elara was his, and he was hers.

Nothing else mattered.

“We got it! Yes!”

Vexel, Zythar and Kylie celebrated loudly when they found the vial of moss. At their sounds of victory, the other people removed their blindfolds and headed back to the



break room.

“It’s not fair, they had double the smelling power!” Nathan Cole complained when he realized the pair with two Dragans in them won.

Meanwhile, Elara’s heart was still hammering, and she felt the proof of Jax’s love still inside of her. She was convinced she looked like a recently fucked mess, but Jax assured her she looked perfectly fine.

Everyone was too busy talking to their treasure-hunt-partner to pay too much attention to Elara’s disheveled hair or the gloss on her cheeks. Only her best friend Kylie gave her an odd look, but before she could say anything, Elara clapped her hands together loudly.

“Congratulations to our winners! And I have good news for the others; because this was only the first event! Next up is rope pulling!”

The rope-pulling was a great success, as the human-Dragan teams all worked their hardest. The final event was a relay-race, which the team also enjoyed.

Afterwards, everyone sat in a circle on the floor as Elara had food delivered to the hangar. They ate a shared meal, and Elara was pleased to see everyone was chatting and getting along much better. The Dragans didn’t look at their human counterparts with scorn, and the humans didn’t seem as terrified of the big, blue aliens.

Mission accomplished.

Jax looked at her and smirked, and her heart skipped a beat.

Mission... confused.

### Thirteen

It had been a long day of bonding exercises that went better than Jax had dared to dream. Elara had really outdone herself. She had united the divided crew, and also proven to him that she had excellent leadership qualities.

Jax had underestimated the humans; A mistake he wouldn't make again. He took a quick shower that evening as Elara jotted down her thoughts in her journal.

As he stood under the warm water, his thoughts drifted back to their own personal bonding. Had it been the right thing to do? Jax wasn't sure.

It felt damn good, though.

Damn good.

And when they were alone in the break room, he simply couldn't resist her.

As Elara wrote down her thoughts in her journal, her mind kept returning to their frenzied mating. Over and over again, until her palms were sweaty and her hands were racing.

Her alien boss was a total jerk for fucking her against the window in front of their blindfolded co-workers, but it was also really... hot .

She knew, deep down, that they needed to have an adult conversation about what this all meant.

But, she has also swiped one of the blindfolds... and perhaps she could give Jax a nice surprise...

Jax opened the shower curtain. He first noticed the broken statue of the goddess on his desk. Strange. He turned his head towards Elara to question her, and sucked in a breath.

“This is what you wanted, right?” Elara asked with a trembling voice.

His little human was sitting on his bed on her knees, and she wasn’t wearing a single item of clothing — except for the blindfold covering her eyes.

Her wrists were tied together loosely.

Jax growled with approval.

He had his human all to himself, and he had many, many plans for her.

“Do you like what you see, captain?”

“Yes,” Jax grunted. His eyes drank in the beautiful sight in front of him. Her perky breasts, the curve of her ass, the dark hair trimmed just above her delicious, wet cunt. “Fuck yes.”

He was going to claim her.

He was going to fill her up, again and again.

He would mate his little human until she could no longer stand, and then he’d carry her around the Ravenous and show her off to anyone who cared to see.

Elara was his .

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Fourteen

Jax looked at his sleeping mate, curled up at his side. Her body had submitted to him, and it had the marks to prove it, but Elara's mind remained at large.

Jax could sense the hesitation in the headstrong pilot. What would it take for her to see that he was interested in more than her body?

How could he convince her that she was, in fact... his dunatar? The holder of his heart? His one and only mate?

Suddenly, the Ravenous shook violently.

Jax jumped out of bed, sharp and alert.

He quickly grabbed Elara's clothes, which were strewn all over the room, and threw them on the bed.

Elara opened her eyes just as the alarms started blaring and the red lights flashed.

"What's going on?" She asked, groggily.

"Hurry, we're under attack!"

"Oh shit !"

Elara threw on her clothes as fast as possible. Jax grabbed her by the waist, lifted her

up, and sprinted towards the hangar. This was much quicker than letting her run herself.

This time, Elara didn't complain about the strong alien manhandling her. Every second counted.

The Ravenous shook again as they reached the hangar, this time so forcefully that Jax was thrown against the wall. There was complete chaos on the ship, with people rushing to their stations.

The night crew had already prepped the Hyena's. The fighter-jets were ready for their pilots. This is what they've been training for, and Jax was pleased to see his crew was working like a team.

The team-bonding was already paying off.

"Everyone! To your ships!" Jax called out to his crew. Kylie, Nathan, Zythar, Vexel, they were all ready to ride.

There was a slight moment of hesitation as Kylie, Zythar and Vexel looked at each other. Should they fly together, or are the humans to remain back in the hangar and simply watch, as they've always done?

"Team up!" Jax called out as he walked up the steps to his Hyena fighter-jet, still carrying Elara in his arms. "There's no time to waste, let's go everyone!"

Zythar and Vexel nodded, and Kylie fist-pumped as they raced towards one of the readied jets.

Jax lowered Elara into the co-pilot chair, and then took his place next to her. She instantly turned the coms on, and started talking to the bridge.

“Alpha One, coming in. What’s going on out there?”

“We’re under attack,” the Dragan helmsman named Heiko answered. “Looks like the Dark Sun finally caught up with us. They’ve brought three cruisers and two dozen fighters.”

Elara’s heart skipped a beat. Three cruisers? Two dozen fighters? That’s a heavy load.

The Ravenous was clearly outgunned.

“Permission to engage?” Elara asked.

Jax settled in his seat and grabbed the controls. He waited as they heard officers on the bridge deliberate on the best course of action.

Then, the familiar low growl of General Kai crackled onto their radio.

“Jax, is that you?”

“Yes, general. And Elara Morgan is riding with me.”

“Hm. Good. It’s a mess out there, Jax. The Dark Sun took us by surprise, and they brought heavy guns. We’ve sustained massive damage, and our shields are close to failing.”

“Then send us out,” Jax growled. “That’s what we’re here for.”

“Negative, captain. It’s too dangerous for your crew. We’re going to try and jump.”

At that moment, a barrage of enemy fire hit the ship. Six fighters flew by, their

deadly missiles targeting the hangar.

The Dragan shields just barely managed to hold, the barrier shimmering faintly.

Jax growled in anger, the urge to head into battle filling his veins. He could not, and would not, sit back and let their ship be destroyed.

Not on his watch.

As long as the Ravenous was powering up its hyper-jump, it was a sitting duck. Without the jets outside to harass the Dark Sun mercenaries, they could concentrate all their firepower on the large vessel.

If the Ravenous was to survive this onslaught, Jax and his crew needed to risk their lives. It's what they signed up for. It's what they did best.

Jax pushed down on the throttle without waiting for further orders. Elara grabbed her controls as well, a grim look on her face. They didn't need words — both of them knew what they had to do.

The sleek black jet shot out of the hanger.

Behind them, the other pilots followed suit.

General Kai yelled on the radio in anger. "What are you doing?!"

"Saving your blue ass, general," Elara said. "We're giving you a window to make that jump in."

Jax laughed. The headstrong human truly had no fear, talking to the feared General Kai like that.



As soon as they exited the hangar they were greeted by enemy fire. Bullets bounced off the plated hull. The Hyena danced and swerved, avoiding the worst of the blasts as they distracted their opponents.

Kylie, Zythar and Vexel were on their left, while Nathan and Xarlon were on their right.

One of the large Dark Sun cruisers fired a hot beam of plasma their way. Jax and Zythar weaved out of the way — but Nathan and Xarlon didn't react in time.

From her cockpit, Elara saw Nathan's damaged jet spin out of control. The enemy fighters didn't hesitate: They riddled the jet with bullets until it was nothing more than scrap-metal.

Elara clenched her jaw.

These motherfuckers were not going to get away with this.

Jax banked sharply to the right. Their radar was filled with dots: six enemy fighters were headed straight for them.

Elara didn't hesitate. She flicked a switch and fired the jet's plasma-cannons. The powerful Hyena rocked back as shots of bright, destructive energy were fired.

They took a group of enemy fighters right away.

"Nice shot," Jax growled as he pulled a lever and punched it. Their jet accelerated quickly, pushing Elara back into her seat, as they left the fighters behind and headed towards the large cruiser that had taken out Nathan.

Elara had her hand on the trigger, ready to strike. Pay-back time.

The Hyena zoomed past the giant vessel as its turrets took aim. Jax pulled up the nose, performing a loop-de-loop, avoiding enemy fire as Elara pressed down on the big red button.

Her aim was true. The plasma-beat hit the cruiser's weak point, and a large explosion followed. The giant ship was crippled.

"Good shot, Morgan," Jax growled as their ship zipped away again.

"Nice moves, captain," Elara shot back. Jax was an incredible pilot. If they weren't in mortal danger and doing their hardest to save their friends, Elara could almost enjoy his immense skill.

"Captain!" Kylie's panicked voice called out on the radio. "A little help!"

Jax turned the Hyena to the left sharply and spotted Kylie's jet; being chased by three fighters, right on her tail. Try as they might, Zythar and Vexel couldn't shake them, and they were about to die.

Elara squinted and pulled the trigger.

All three enemy fighters erupted and were blown to smithereens; the shots only narrowly missing Kylie's jets.

"Thanks!" Kylie called out. "Let's finish these fuckers off!"

"Roger that," Elara replied.

At that moment, General Kai's booming voice interrupted their conversation. "Our jump is charged — come back now! That's an order!"

“Negative, general,” Jax answered. There were still two galactic cruisers firing away at the Ravenous , and the Dragan shields could fail at any moment.

“There’s no time! Make the jump, Kai. We’ll be fine!”

“I’m not leaving without you,” Kai threatened. “We leave no one behind!”

“Feel free to pick us up later when we’ve dealt with these fuckers,” Elara said, breaking into the conversation. “But right now, you’ve got to move , general!”

General Kai cursed in his native tongue. “Damn it. Heiko, make the jump!”

The Ravenous turned a bright, blinding blue for a moment — and then it was simply gone .

Jumping sectors like that took a huge amount of energy, which is why it was a last resort. With the energy used and the damage sustained, the Ravenous was still a long, long way from reaching Earth, but at least the people on-board were still alive.

“They did it,” Elara said, breathing a sigh of relief. “We did it!”

“Yes,” Jax grinned. “Well done, team. Now, let’s get the hell out of here!”

Jax sharply turned his jet towards the nearest planet, and beckoned his team to follow. Enemy fire rained down on them as the Hyena’s dodged and weaved.

“Tell me where we’re headed, Morgan.”

“Class B-planet, breathable atmosphere, covered in a lush jungle,” Elara rattled off quickly as she checked her monitor. “Should be a good place to lay low.”

“Excellent.”

Jax pushed down on the throttle and sped his fighter towards the planet as fast as he could. The entire ship rattled and shook violently as they breached the atmosphere. The remaining Dark Sun jets followed closely.

“Uhm, perhaps a silly question, but are Hyena’s built for planetary landings?” Elara asked.

“No. No they are not,” Jax said. At that moment, the ship started making very worrying sounds. “But neither are the Dark Sun ships. We have no choice. It’s land or get shot to bits.”

At that moment, one of their Hyena’s spontaneously combusted.

“Kylie!” Elara shouted.

“Right here,” Kylie answered. “That was Jimmy and Osax. Poor bastards. They had some hull damage.”

Jax pushed on with grim determination. “They fought well. We will honor them.”

The Dark Sun ships that were following them pulled away, the situation getting too dire for them.

Elara pumped her fist — and then their ship shut down, all the screens turning to black. The engine cut off. She shrieked.

“Don’t worry,” Jax said. “I’ve got this. I’ve got this.”

As the planet’s surface rushed up to greet them, Elara prayed that was true...

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 6:55 am*

Fifteen

Jax landed the ship.

Barely.

The Hyena was damaged beyond repair as they crashed into this lush, alien jungle. The windshield was smashed and broken, the wings twisted. They were not flying off this planet anytime soon.

“You okay?” He asked, concern in his voice as he turned to Elara.

“I’m fine,” she said, her voice trembling. “Scared shitless, but fine.”

Jax leaned back into his chair and breathed a sigh of relief. “You fight well,” he said after a moment of silence. “In fact, you’re the best damn co-pilot I’ve ever had.”

“Thanks,” Elara answered. “Shame we’re not going to fly this piece of junk ever again.”

“I can repair many things, but you are correct. This is scrap metal now.”

Elara tried to flip the com-channel on, but nothing happened. She had no idea if Kylie, or any others, had survived their landings. All communication had been cut. The only thing she knew for sure was that she had Jax by her side.

“Do you think the others made it?”

Jax nodded. “They are excellent pilots, each and every one. I’m sure they’re fine.”

“Nathan, Xarlon, Jimmy and Osax aren’t fine,” Elara said. “So many dead...”

“The Dark Sun will pay for their crimes,” Jax growled. “We will honor the fallen tonight. Right now, we have to scout our surroundings and build a shelter. We might be here for a while before the general returns for us.”

“You really think they'll be back for us?”

“I know General Kai, and he leaves no one behind,” Jax said. “But with the damage taken and energy spent, it might be months.”

Elara nodded, her mouth dry. She had already spent weeks in one room with Jax. Now she only had to last a couple of months more. This was fine... right?

She unbuckled herself and climbed out of the broken cockpit. Elara landed in thick green grass, with tall trees surrounding the crashed ship. There was a cool, refreshing wind blowing. The sky was clear blue, a few clouds streaking across — and then the large shadow of a Dark Sun cruiser darkened the sky.

“It seems they do not give up easily,” Jax growled as he hopped out of the ship.

At that moment, several shuttles left the cruiser and headed towards the surface of the planet. Elara’s pulse was jacked up instantly.

If the Dark Sun got her hands on her, she would spend the rest of her life as a sex slave, sold off to the highest bidder on some backwater desert planet.

Luckily, she had Jax with her. Instinctively, she reached out for his hand, their fingers locking.

“I will protect you, little one,” Jax spoke softly. “Even though I know you don’t need protection.”

Elara laughed. “I think I could use a little protection, just to be safe,” she answered.

Jax smiled and squeezed her hand.

The shuttles were headed straight for them. The smoking wreckage of their Hyena was easy to spot from outer space. The two of them ran into the jungle and hid in the bushes as the Dark Sun shuttles touched down nearby.

Elara tried to slow down her breathing. Her heart was pounding in her chest, fear gripping her heart. She was a trained pilot — not a warrior at heart, like Jax was.

The shuttle doors opened and a dozen soldiers clad in black armor rushed out. They carried energy rifles and wore black helmets.

They looked around, their guns sweeping across the thick jungle.

One of them aimed their rifle at the wreckage and fired. A ball of fire erupted from the Hyena, the hull of the ship groaning.

Another soldier joined in, and a second explosion rocked the crashed ship. It split apart in a fiery blast.

If one of those blasts hit them... they would be nothing but ash.

Elara felt Jax getting ready to pounce. She squeezed his hand, trying to hold him back. The soldiers wouldn’t hesitate to kill him.

And she needed him by her side.

Desperately .

The two of them had grown incredibly close these past few weeks. While Jax could be arrogant, smug, and cocky, he could also be kind, funny, and caring. As she squeezed his hand, she realized something important.

Elara realized she loved this man.

Jax pulled himself out of her grasp and, in an instant, charged into the midst of the Dark Sun soldiers. Elara gasped.

“What the fuck—” A soldier yelled before Jax grabbed his helmet and ripped it off. The Dragan grabbed his neck and snapped it with a loud crack.

“That’s for Nathan,” he growled.

Jax dropped the body and leapt to the next soldier, grabbing their rifle and tearing it from his hands. He swung the stock of the weapon into the soldier’s gut, doubling them over, then spun the rifle around and shot them point-blank in the head.

“That’s for Xarlon.”

The other soldiers opened fire, but Jax was quick. He used the body of the soldier as a shield. He fired the rifle at his enemies, picking off two more before the gun jammed. He threw the weapon aside and charged them head-on.

The soldiers scattered in fear, some diving for cover, others trying to get a clear shot of the lightning fast Dragan warrior.

Jax barreled into one soldier and slammed his head into the ground with enough strength that nothing but a pulpy mess remained.



“That’s for Jimmy and Osax,” Jax breathed.

The remaining soldiers opened fire. Jax leapt away, zig-zagging through the trees, dodging their blasts.

He closed the distance between them and made quick work off them.

“That’s for threatening my dunatar ,” Jax breathed as he stood over the broken remains of his enemies.

Elara emerged from the bushes, staring wide-eyed at the carnage Jax had wrought. His blue chest was heaving, red blood splattered across it.

“Jax...” she said. She was in awe of how easily he had taken out these well-trained, extremely dangerous soldiers.

Jax took a few deep breaths. His expression softened as she looked at his mate. “Are you okay, Elara?”

“I’m fine, but are you?” She asked as she got closer.

“I’m unharmed,” Jax said as he flexed his fingers. “Only my knuckles are bruised.”

“Thank you for protecting me.”

Jax grinned, grabbed her hands, and pulled her close. “I would die before I let those animals harm you, Elara.”

She gazed into his mesmerizing, alien eyes. Her heart pounded. Jax was covered in the blood of his enemies, but that didn’t matter.

He was there for her. That was the most important thing.

Jax pressed his forehead against hers and breathed deeply. “I must apologize, little one.”

“What for?”

“I have not treated you — or the other humans on our crew — fairly. I was wrong, and I see that now. You humans fight with honor and dignity. You are hardworking and reliable. And you are... very dear to me, little one.”

Jax tilted her chin up, and gazed deeply into her eyes. His heart stirred.

“You are the holder of my heart, my little human. My dunatar . Elara Morgan, I love you.”

The alien kissed her deeply.

Elara stood on her toes, her heart thrumming as she returned the kiss. This is all she ever wanted to hear. She loved this man as well, with all her heart, but she had been too stubborn and too scared to admit to herself.

But she loved him. She loved Jax deeply.

Jax sighed contently, a big smile on his face. “We must head into the jungle, little one. The Dark Sun will send more and more of their men after us, and we must find Kylie, Zythar, and Vexel.”

“You’re right,” Elara said, swallowing the lump in her throat. Her best friend might still be alive, somewhere on this jungle planet.

She was going to find Kylie, no matter what.

Together Jax and Elara ran deep into the woods, disappearing from sight.

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THREE MONTHS LATER...

Elara woke up with her body pressed against Jax's big blue frame. Her alien protector had one hand around her waist, holding her right breast, as his big blue member was nestled between her cheeks.

They were sleeping in their hut made out of leaves and fallen trees. It had become their cozy home in this alien wilderness.

It only had one bed, and that's all they ever needed.

Elara smirked and pressed her behind back against Jax. The sleepy alien stirred and groaned. She reached down and ran her thumb across his alien member, feeling the veins, the incessant pulsing, the throbbing need. She was already ready for him.

Every morning she woke up ready.

Elara placed the big blue head against her entrance and pushed back. She bit her bottom lip, groaning as he stretched her out and filled her up completely.

It was a perfect way to wake up.

Jax grunted, his hand squeezing her breast as he woke up. "So needy," he chuckled as he flexed his member inside of her.

“Uh huh,” Elara said, biting her bottom lip as she moved her hips. “Always for you, Jax.”

Her alien protector claimed her body, as he did every morning. It was how they started every day, and how they ended every one.

Afternoons were for hunting. Jay taught her all his survival skills, and Elara was a quick study. Her smarts and wit impressed the alien warrior deeply.

In the evening Elara would roast their captured game, as Jax perfected his wood-working skills. In the short time they had spent on this alien planet, he had already furnished an entire home out of all the material he could find.

The Dark Sun mercenaries had stopped following them after a month had passed. Whenever their soldiers got close Jax took care of them, and after losing half a dozen squads, they finally got sick of it and went home.

They were out on their afternoon-hunt in the jungle when they heard a strange, unfamiliar sound.

“Sssh,” Jax said. “Listen. Do you hear that?”

In the past few months, they had become acclimatized to the sounds of the jungle. Elara had started cataloging all the different creatures and critters that shared this beautiful planet with them.

And none of them sounded like this . It was somewhere between a squeal and a... moan?

Jax gripped his make-shift spear tightly as he moved silently through the bushes. Elara followed closely, her heart hammering in her throat.

The sounds got louder and louder. Wet, slapping noises. Grunts and groans; a whole chorus of them. What in the world was this strange, alien beast?

Jax pulled a brush to the side and looked. He barely managed to hold a chortle.

“Look,” he whispered to Elara.

She looked over his shoulder — and wished she hadn’t, because she saw her best friend Kylie Peters and the two alien warriors, Zythar and Vexel in an... interesting position.

For someone who claimed she wasn’t ‘built for that’, Kylie was taking two Dragans at the same time rather well.

“Should we say something?” Jax whispered.

“I think we should give them a moment, or uh, two,” Elara whispered back. “Let’s back away and show up again in a minute?”

Jax nodded, and the two left the trio to conclude their bonding. When the sounds had subsided — a good hour later — Elara and Jax made quite a show out of appearing out of the jungle, practically shouting as they cut their way through the brush.

“Hey! You’re alive!” Jax grinned when he stumbled upon the three of them. Kylie was still zipping up her flight suit, her cheeks glossy, as her eyes got as big as saucers.

“Captain!” Vexel shouted.

“You made it!” Zythar joined in.

Elara ran towards her best friend and hugged her tightly as the Dragan warriors greeted each other similarly.

“I don’t know how you do it,” Elara whispered into Kylie’s ear. “Two of them? You go, girl.”

Kylie looked aghast for a moment, and Elara laughed. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist.”

Her best friend poked her in the stomach. “You’ve been spying on us?!”

“Well, you made enough noise to wake half the planet,” Elara teased. “Don’t worry, we didn’t look... for long.”

Kylie narrowed her eyes and then bursted out laughing. “We got a little comfortable, that’s true.”

“Oh, so did Jax and I,” Elara admits.

Kylie gasped. “You did? Finally?!”

“Yeah, finally ,” Elara says. “Yes, yes, you’re right, you’ve been right all along, sure sure, go ahead, gloat.”

Her best friend smiled broadly, and pulled her in for a tight, long hug. “I would never gloat when my best friend finally, FINALLY realizes she wants to hook up with her hunky, alien boss. I would never!”

“Never, right?” Elara said. “What was I thinking!”

Meanwhile, Jax and his two pilots caught up as well. They looked at their laughing human mates for a moment, and shared a look. They didn’t need words to

communicate. The message was clear: The humans were theirs to protect.

“Have you seen any of our other ships?” Jax asked.

Zythar shook his head. “I’m afraid we’re the only survivors, captain.”

Jax nodded grimly. “So it seems. I’m glad to have found you three, at least. Tonight, we will have a feast, and commemorate our fallen comrades. They fought bravely.”

“That they did,” Vexel agreed. “Good idea, captain.”

At that moment, a large vessel appeared in the sky overhead. Jax's heart-rate skyrocketed instantly, as he thought it was more Dark Sun mercs looking to enslave his mate.

But then he saw the silhouette properly.

“The Ravenous !” He shouted. “They found us!”



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The command room of the Ravenous was filled to the brim, as everyone wanted to greet the heroes that saved their ship.

Kai and Astra, Tyr and Harper, Yvar and Freya, Roan and Nova, Agon and Teagan, Varg and Julie, Dura, Drake, Heiko, Japik, Sikke — almost half the ship had crowded into the command space.

After the heroic sacrifice of their jet-pilots in the battle against the Dark Sun mercenaries the Ravenous had jumped several light-months away, heavily damaged and its power-storage almost depleted.

Luckily, they found a friendly space-station where they could make their repairs, and stock up on supplies. Still, three months had passed before they reached the site of the battle.

Everyone prayed for Jax and his crew and hoped to find them in one piece, but the odds were slim. At first the Ravenous only picked up debris and scrap-metal. Kai's heart ached, but he wouldn't give up on them until their comms had swept every last nook and cranny of this entire galaxy.

After a week of scanning the nearby-planets, they picked up a sign of Dragan life on a nearby jungle world. Jax, Elara, Zythar, Vexel and Kylie were alive!!

The doors to the command room opened. The ship fell entirely silent as Jax stepped inside, his arm hooked into Elara's. Jax saluted the assembled crew, and the entire ship burst into celebration — cheering their names, mobbing the pair, lifting them up on their shoulders, singing, dancing, everything.

Kylie and her two pilots followed moments later, and the three of them were swept away in this frenzied celebration.

General Kai motioned for drinks to be served, and several well-hidden kegs of Dragan ale were wheeled out and served to the happy crew. They all deserved a night of celebration.

Jax and Elara danced the night away together, enjoying the celebrations fully.

When everyone was tired, sweaty, and drunk, Jax wrapped his arm around his mate.

“My quarters or yours?” He asked.

Elara gazed up at her big blue protector. “ Our quarters,” she said.”Your big bed is all we need, remember?”

Jax leaned down and kissed his mate. Elara stood on her toes and returned the kiss.

They were still far, far away from their home-planets, and there were more dangers on the road ahead to count, but for one glorious night... all was right with the world.

THE END!

Thanks for reading!