

Chosen Mate Of The Beastmen Empire

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Chapter 141

Nyx was completely unaware.

By the time she heard the sound of wind rushing past her ears, it was too late.

In an instant, she felt a tremendous force slam into her from behind, accompanied by a cold, merciless killing intent, pinning her to the ground.

"Ah—" Nyx instinctively let out a cry of surprise.

Immediately, the force on her back lessened slightly, as if hesitating.

The pressure on her shoulder bones hurt, and Nyx couldn't help but let out a few soft groans.

The force on her back grew lighter and lighter until it completely disappeared. A large beast paw grabbed her shoulder and flipped her over.

Face to face, Nyx saw a massive wolf.

Its fur was smoky gray, its eyes a deep blue, and its limbs long and powerful. It looked nothing like Zayne's breed.

While Snow Wolves exuded elegance and aloofness, this wolf radiated a wild, ferocious aura.

The killing intent around him gradually faded. With his eyes unblinking, he stared at Nyx, examining her curiously.

Nyx, still shaken, didn't dare move and let him look at her.

After a while, she calmed down a bit. The way the wolf looked at her seemed not very intelligent, like a wild animal. But the thick black mist surrounding him clearly indicated he was a Beastman.

As Nyx was puzzling over this, Pale Wolf suddenly spoke, "This is mine."

His voice was deep and youthful, but his speech was halting, overly brief, and not very fluent. His ability to express himself was poor.

Nyx was startled. She thought, 'Is he not very bright?'

"Are you saying this is your territory?" she asked, trying to understand his meaning.

Pale Wolf nodded. He stared at her intently. "You... can stay."

"Thank you," Nyx replied, not knowing what else to say.

She had nowhere else to go for now. Since the wolf didn't seem to want to drive her away, she decided to stay a little longer.

Pale Wolf circled around her a few times. "You are different."

Nyx was confused. After thinking for a moment, she asked, "Do you mean I look different from you?"

Pale Wolf happily nodded.

"That's because I'm female," Nyx sighed, shaking her head.

She thought, 'It seems this wolf really is a bit slow. He doesn't even understand gender. But given the state of this planet, it doesn't seem like females live here. If this wolf has been born here, it makes sense he doesn't know.'

"Female," Pale Wolf muttered, tilting his head as if he didn't understand.

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He scratched his ears a few times, and then gave up on thinking and trotted into the building, using his paw to open a door.

"You come here," he called, turning his head to beckon Nyx.

Curious, Nyx followed and discovered a staircase leading to a basement. It seemed to be Pale Wolf's home.

Nyx peeked inside and was surprised to find it unexpectedly tidy. Aside from some simple living essentials, there were only a few weapons and parts neatly stacked in a corner.

She shook her head. "I'll stay outside."

Although the wolf seemed simple-minded and harmless, he was still a strange male. She shouldn't enter his home.

Pale Wolf, however, grew anxious and nudged her with his head. "Sandstorm coming soon."

Nyx was startled. She looked at the yellowish sky and felt a sense of unease.

"You will be swept away." Pale Wolf's tone was sincere, his eyes filled with genuine concern.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Nyx decided to trust him.

After all, if he had wanted to harm her, he could have done so when he pinned her down earlier.

She held Black Mamba tightly and cautiously followed Pale Wolf into the basement.

The door closed, and Pale Wolf pressed a button. With the sound of metal grinding, a heavy, sturdy door

rose.

The basement was now completely sealed. Pale Wolf operated a few more controls, activating the ventilation, monitoring, and defense systems.

The seemingly simple basement now felt like an impenetrable fortress. Nyx looked at Pale Wolf in surprise, realizing he didn't seem so foolish anymore—he appeared quite intelligent.

After finishing his skilled operations, Pale Wolf transformed into his human form.

He was young and handsome, with short-cropped gray hair, a tall and muscular build, and well-proportioned features. However, he was completely naked.

Nyx, embarrassed, averted her gaze, not wanting to look down.

This was already the second time she had witnessed such a shocking scene.

The first time was with Kai, and now, it was with a stranger she had just met.

Pale Wolf seemed completely unaware of his nudity. Without a hint of shyness, he manually put on clothes and walked over to the pile of weapons and parts in the corner, starting to assemble them with skill.

Nyx, after an awkward moment, finally calmed down. When she looked up and saw what he was doing, she was amazed. "Who taught you how to do this?"

Pale Wolf was taken aback by the question and shook his head.

Nyx tentatively asked a few more questions and realized the wolf was clueless about many basic things, even his own name.

However, when it came to machinery, weapons, and combat, he was almost a genius, as if he had lost his memory but retained his most familiar skills.

"Did you suffer a head injury?" Nyx asked.

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Pale Wolf nodded and showed her a scar hidden under his hair.

It looked like a fatal wound. It was hard for Nyx to imagine how he had survived on this planet after such an injury.

Despite Nyx's barrage of questions, Pale Wolf showed no signs of impatience and answered each one earnestly until his stomach growled.

Pale Wolf stood up, rummaged through a storage cabinet, and pulled out a few potato-like fruits. He washed them, peeled them, and, despite his stomach growling nonstop, handed them to Nyx. "Eat it, please."

Nyx shook her head. "Thanks, but fine. Thanks."

Seeing her refusal, Pale Wolf looked shocked and panicked. "You.. sick?"

He had shared food with many children before, and no one had ever refused. Only once, a child who refused

to eat had soon fallen ill and died.

The thought of this beautiful and special female dying soon made Pale Wolf heartbroken.

However, Nyx simply wasn't hungry.

After much explanation, Pale Wolf still looked devastated.

Nyx had no choice but to pick up the smallest fruit and take a bite.

It was a bit bitter and tasteless-hardly appetizing. Not wanting to offend him, she forced herself to swallow it,

relieved she had chosen the smallest one.

Seeing her finally eat, Pale Wolf smiled, a bit silly but genuinely happy.

He quickly peeled more fruits and pushed them toward Nyx. "You... eat more."

Nyx went speechless.

She shook her head. "I'm already full. I can't eat anymore."

Pale Wolf didn't believe her and reached out to touch her stomach.

His movements were quick, and Nyx couldn't dodge in time. Her face turned red instantly. "You can't just

touch me like that!"

Pale Wolf looked genuinely confused. "Why... can't touch?"

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It was just a touch. He hadn't used any force, so it shouldn't hurt

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Facing Pale Wolf's innocent expression, Nyx sighed, "Because I'm female, and you're male. There should be boundaries between genders."

Pale Wolf obediently retracted his hand. "Then, I won't touch."

But he was still confused. "Female? What is that?"

Nyx opened her mouth but didn't know how to explain it to him

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After racking her brain for a while, she suddenly remembered that she had some educational books in her Space Button that she had read before. She pulled them out and handed them to Pale Wolf.

Fortunately, Pale Wolf could read.

He was completely absorbed in the sea of knowledge, his expression dazed, as if he had just opened the door to a whole new world.

Nyx heard his stomach growling again. Those unappetizing berries clearly weren't enough to fill him up. But on this barren and desolate planet, there probably wasn't anything else to eat.

At that moment, Nyx once again felt grateful that she hadn't lost her Space Button.

She usually didn't store too much food in it, but recently, she had collaborated with Seafarion on a new product launch, so her Space Button was filled with several boxes of sandwiches, small snacks, and nourishing oatmeal.

"Here, eat this," Nyx said, taking out a few sandwiches and handing them to Pale Wolf.

In a place like this, sharing food with a stranger was a risky move

But this Pale Wolf had taken her in and even shared his scarce food with her. That alone was worth taking the risk.

Sure enough, Pale Wolf only glanced curiously at her Space Button without any greed or longing in his eyes— let alone any intention to snatch it.

He picked up a sandwich, tore open the packaging, and inhaled a scent he had never experienced before. His eyes lit up, and he wolfed down the sandwich in big bites. But he didn't reach for a second one.

"You eat some," he said, pushing the sandwich back toward Nyx. I eat Helioberry."

He clearly wanted to eat more, but he held back with firm restraint. "You are a female."

He believed that good things should be given to females. Besides this food was originally hers.

Thinking of this, Pale Wolf lowered his head in dejection.

He could only offer Helioberreries-it was simply too poor a hospitality.

But outside, buried in the sand, Helioberreries were the only edible thing. If he wanted better food for the female, he had to trade with the people in the inner city.

The people in the inner city were all scum. They wanted his weapons, but he refused to give them up.

If those people had the power to take him down, they would have already captured him and stolen all his weapons.

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Pale Wolf fell into deep thought.

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For as long as he could remember, he never saw much purpose in life. He drifted along, avoiding conflict as long as others didn't provoke him.

But now, he began to wonder if he should take the initiative and raid the inner city-to get some food and supplies for the little female he had just picked up.

Nyx had no idea what Pale Wolf was thinking.

She tore open another sandwich and held it up to his mouth. "Eat. I have plenty more."

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The supplies in her Space Button were abundant. Even if she were stranded here for a year or so, she wouldn't have to worry about food.

Besides, she probably wouldn't be stuck here for too long.

She had already sent out a distress signal. The Empire would come looking for her soon..

As she was thinking, a terrifying howl of wind suddenly interrupted her thoughts. The heavy door groaned under the

pressure.

Nyx shrank back, alarmed, and looked at the surveillance screen!

The sandstorm was really here. Outside, it looked like the end of the world.

The sky was engulfed in swirling sand and dust, the storm raging as if it could tear the entire building apart. If she had been outside, she would have surely perished-unless she used her mecha to escape again.

"Don't be afraid. I protect you," Pale Wolf said seriously.

He still seemed a little clumsy, but there was a steady reliability about him, giving off an unexpected sense of security.

After everything she had been through today, Nyx was already physically and mentally exhausted. Her nerves had become fragile, and she couldn't help but develop a slight dependence on this Pale Wolf.

The sandstorm raged on late into the night, showing no signs of stopping.

Nyx had no choice but to stay in Pale Wolf's shelter for the night.

Pale Wolf busied himself, fetching water for her to wash up.

The books he read said that a proper male must protect and take care of his female.

Pale Wolf tried his best to be a proper male, but his movements were clumsy and inexperienced, making him appear awkward.

"I can do it myself," Nyx refused.

Pale Wolf had no choice but to retreat dejectedly and turn his attention to the bed.

There was only one bed in the underground shelter, and it had no mattress. For a thick-skinned male like him, it didn't matter, but for a female, it was absolutely terrible.

Pale Wolf paced in circles, trying to find a solution. When he couldn't, he shifted into his beast form, his ears drooping in disappointment. "Lie on me."

He flattened his body, pretending to be a thick, warm, natural fur cushion, hoping Nyx wouldn't find him inadequate.

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He secretly made up his mind to raid the inner city tomorrow.

Nyx declined Pale Wolf's offer and instead pulled out a cushion from her Space Button, handing it to him. She then took out another cushion, placed it on the ground, and sat on it, planning to make do for the night.

She took out yet another cushion and settled Kian on it.

Black Mamba was still unconscious. Most of his external wounds had healed, but the most severe injury couldn't be treated with the healing device. However, thanks to his strong physique, the bleeding had

stopped.

Nyx performed Mental Soothing on him, hoping to ease his pain and speed up his

After a day of constant tension, she felt exhausted and eventually fell asleep.

In the middle of the night, a loud thud woke Nyx.

recovery.

She shuddered, opened her eyes, and was shocked to see the two males wrestling fiercely. She could smell

blood.

"Stop! Don't fight!" She rushed over and pulled them apart. "Why are you fighting?"

Kian's chest wound, which had barely started to heal, had reopened, bleeding profusely.

His face darkened, his breathing heavy, and he gritted his teeth. "He disrespected you."

Just after waking from unconsciousness, Kian had seen the unfamiliar wolf sneaking up to kiss Nyx while she

slept.

As a fellow male, Kian could immediately sense Pale Wolf's restless desire, which infuriated him.

The fight was brief but intense, and Pale Wolf was also injured, lying dejectedly on the ground.

He had had a strange dream where he felt terrible, but Nyx was close to him, making him feel better.

Before this, he hardly ever dreamed, so he couldn't tell dream from reality. Upon waking, he felt genuinely uncomfortable and instinctively sought closeness with Nyx. But now, he realized he had made a mistake, unless Nyx was his mate.

"Be my mate, okay?" Pale Wolf pleaded with earnest eyes.

The books he read said that mates shared the closest bond, and after becoming mates, the female would live

with the male.

Nyx stared at him in shock. She thought, 'Does this clumsy, clueless Pale Wolf truly understand what that

word means?'

She shook her head and patiently explained, "To become mates, both sides must have mutual feelings. I must like you, and you must like me too."

Although many mates in the world were together out of convenience, she still believed feelings were

important.

"I like you very much," Pale Wolf immediately said.

It was the most fluent sentence he had ever spoken.

Perhaps out of urgency, something clicked, and his speech became longer and smoother than before.

"Can you like me?" Pale Wolf glanced at Kian, who looked displeased, and asked Nyx, "Is he your mate?"

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From the moment they met, Nyx had been kind

snake, holding him in her arms and showing obvious concern.

Pale Wolf scrutinized Kian, trying to figure out what made him so special. If he succeeded, he could imitate those qualities to become someone Nyx would like.

The books he read said females could have even if Nyx already had one, he still had a chance.

multiple mates, so

Nyx awkwardly glanced at Kian, noticing his displeasure, and quickly denied it. "We're not mates."

It was the truth.

Kian felt the pain in his chest wound intensify, as if it were tugging at his heart.

Given his status, he would never have the chance to be Nyx's mate in this lifetime.

It was a choice he had made, and he didn't regret it, but that didn't mean it didn't hurt.

Kian took a deep breath, slowly closed his eyes, and tried to calm the frustration in his heart.

Seeing his pale complexion, Nyx thought he might pass out again and quickly pulled him into her arms. Without a proper sickbed here, this was the best she could do to make him comfortable.

In an instant, Kian's body tensed, his low spirits replaced by disbelief and overwhelming joy.

Lying in the soft embrace of the little female, he felt an intense sense of unreality. He thought, 'Am I still alive? Am I dreaming before I die?'

He didn't dare move, afraid he might shatter this beautiful illusion.

Until he passed out again, Kian felt no pain. With the scent of his beloved so close, all he felt was peace and happiness.

Pale Wolf watched from the side, his eyes red with jealousy. He didn't understand this strange emotion, but his heart ached unbearably.

"Not mates? Why be nice to him?" he asked Nyx, confused.

The books hadn't taught him this.

"Even if we're not mates, he's still important to me," Nyx explained gently.

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Though they hadn't met often since knowing each other, they had shared critical experiences, forging a deep bond. Kian had risked his life to save her and was now severely injured because of it. Nyx couldn't remain indifferent

Nyx carefully touched Kian's forehead and frowned at the burning heat.

Seeing the worry on the little female's face, Pale Wolf paced anxiously.

He rummaged through a cabinet, found a box of medicine, and handed it to Nyx. "This is for him."

Seeing the strange black ointment, Nyx's first thought was that the wolf might be trying to take revenge on Kian. But Pale Wolf's eyes were clear-he wasn't the petty, vindictive type.

Even though Kian had beaten him up earlier and he was jealous of the attention Kian received, he genuinely wanted to help.

"My head... used this too," Pale Wolf showed Nyx the scar on his head. "Tomorrow, I take him... to Jorge."

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Hearing that Jorge was an experienced doctor who had healed Pale Wolf's wounds, Nyx felt slightly reassured.

"Thank you," she said sincerely.

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"No thanks... Can I be important too?" Pale Wolf asked tentatively. He wanted to be someone important to Nyx as well.

Nyx found his simplicity endearing and couldn't help but smile. She took one of his paws. "Yes."

It was impossible to dislike such a kind and straightforward male

Overjoyed, Pale Wolf wagged his tail nonstop.

He didn't hold a grudge for being beaten up. As soon as the sandstorm stopped, he carried Kian on his back to find Jorge.

Jorge's home was next to Pale Wolf's, less than 600 feet away, and also an underground room.

As soon as they entered, Nyx was hit by the strong scent of medicinal herbs.

She had wrapped herself tightly to conceal all her female features while traveling. But Jorge only glanced at her and widened his eyes. "A female?"

Seeing how certain he was, Nyx felt her disguise was a complete failure, almost laughable.

Fortunately, Jorge, who was friends with Pale Wolf, wasn't a bad person.

He earnestly advised Nyx, "This is Desolate Planet. The chaos here is beyond your imagination. Stay with Pale Wolf and don't go out. If the inner city catches you, you're dead."

Those vicious people wouldn't stop tormenting a female until she was dead.

Most people on Desolate Planet were either abandoned orphans or fugitives.

The strongest and most ruthless controlled the planet's scarce resources, while the rest struggled to survive in the ruins buried by sand.

Pale Wolf was an exception.

"I dug this kid out of the sand. He's tough—at least an S-level male. Might've been a special forces soldier," Jorge remarked, impressed.

He continued, "He lost his memory but somehow remembers how to handle weapons and fight fiercely. The inner city tried to mess with him a few times, lost a lot of men, and still couldn't take him down."

Pale Wolf wasn't one to seek fights, but if anyone trespassed on his territory, he'd eliminate them without mercy.

After a few attempts, the inner city left him alone. Thanks to him, even the outer city enjoyed relative peace. Having lived under the inner city's oppression for most of his life, Jorge considered saving Pale Wolf the best decision he'd ever made. He was content with his current life.

"Today..... I go to the inner city," Pale Wolf suddenly announced.

Jorge was startled. "What for?"

Pale Wolf stayed silent.

But Jorge wasn't stupid. He glanced at Nyx and immediately understood.

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Females were hard to care for. They had to compete with the inner city for resources to keep her healthy.

"But it's too dangerous," Jorge sighed. "

If Pale Wolf failed, the inner city would lose their fear of him, and chaos would return.

Nyx didn't know what Pale Wolf planned to do in the inner city, but she agreed with Jorge.

Even if Pale Wolf was strong, he was still outnumbered.

She stopped Pale Wolf. "No rush. Let's wait until my rescuers arrive."

Pale Wolf looked up, stunned. "You... leaving?"

He'd never seen anyone leave Desolate Planet and hadn't considered that Nyx might.

"Of course," Jorge laughed, patting Pale Wolf's shoulder. "She's a female. She belongs on Advanced Planet, not this wasteland."

Even males wouldn't stay here if they had a chance to leave, let alone a delicate female..

Males from Desolate Planet shouldn't dream too much.

Though Pale Wolf was capable and good-looking, no female would want a male from Desolate Planet who

could barely speak.

Jorge pulled Pale Wolf aside, trying to comfort him and set realistic expectations.

Pale Wolf couldn't speak, his face full of disappointment. He couldn't imagine what Advanced Planet was like, but the fine food Nyx had given him told him it was worlds apart from here, where they had to eat

Helioberries.

'I'm not good enough for her. No wonder she doesn't want to be my mate,' thought Pale Wolf. His mood hit

rock bottom. He was about to transform and howl outside to vent when Nyx spoke some words.

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Nyx said, "If you're willing, I'll take you with me."

Instantly, Pale Wolf's spirits soared. If he were in beast form, his tail would've been spinning like a propeller.

"I'm willing," he said, unusually fluent.

Jorge was shocked, unable to believe his ears. He thought, 'Pale Wolf has actually won a female's favor? Is this the luck of the simple-minded? To gain a female's affection while living on Desolate Planet.....

After the initial shock, Jorge felt a bittersweet happiness for Pale Wolf.

Nyx watched Jorge cheerfully examine Kian and silently resolved to take him off this planet too.

"This guy's got a strong constitution. He'll recover soon if nothing goes wrong," Jorge said, confident about Kian's condition.

As he checked Kian's body, he noticed something unusual under his skin and frowned.

Without hesitation, Jorge cut into the spot and pulled out a chip-like object.

"This is... a tracker?" asked Pale Wolf.

"Should I destroy it?" Jorge asked Nyx. He didn't know if the tracker's owner was friend or foe.

"Destroy it," Nyx said firmly, thinking it had to be Jaws doing.

Jorge didn't ask further and quickly smashed the tracker to pieces. "Apply the medicine three times a day. Keep the wound dry. Staying in beast form will speed up recovery."

As for payment, Jorge waved it off. "No need. There's nowhere to spend money on Desolate Planet anyway."

He'd lived most of his life without seeing a female. Her trust in his skills was honor enough, and the local herbs were a small gift.

Nyx thought for a moment, and then took out a spare healing device and some nourishing oatmeal from her Space Button, leaving them quietly on the table.

Jorge, busy chatting with Pale Wolf, didn't notice until they were gone.

He examined the unfamiliar items, feeling a mix of emotions. He'd heard females were difficult and temperamental, but Nyx was nothing like the rumors. He thought Pale Wolf was lucky, though a bit clueless. Even after winning her favor, Pale Wolf'd secretly asked Jorge how to pursue a female.

To tease him, Jorge told Pale Wolf that his strengths were his looks and physique, while his weakness was his speech. Jorge advised Pale Wolf to show off his strengths and hide his weaknesses to win Nyx over.

Pale Wolf took it to heart.

Throughout the day, Nyx noticed that the wolf had become unusually quiet, yet at the same time, he seemed to strut around her like a peacock, often wearing very little clothing-almost as he wanted to wear nothing at all.

Nyx felt too embarrassed to even look at him.

After a full day of effort, Pale Wolf realized not only was his behavior ineffective, but Nyx was also avoiding looking at him. Frustrated, he sneaked off to find Jorge again the next day. "You lied to me."

Jorge was stunned for a moment, not immediately understanding what he meant.

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Once it clicked, Jorge burst into laughter, thinking, "This silly guy actually went and did what I suggested!" 4.50% =

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Under Pale Wolf's accusing and resentful gaze, Jorge finally stopped laughing and started giving him some serious advice.

Although Jorge had no experience pursuing females, his life experience was vast. Pale Wolf listened intently, his ears perked

1. up.

Nyx noticed that Pale Wolf was starting to act normal again.

He still hovered around her and tried to be attentive, but his actions were much more restrained. Gone was the peacock-like behavior, replaced by a more mature and steady demeanor..

Ever since waking up, Kian had held a grudge against Pale Wolf, due to his bad first impression of Pale Wolf and out of jealousy.

Kian had lost the right to stay by Nyx's side, while this clumsy wolf could openly fawn over her.

Living together, Kian couldn't avoid it. He had to watch helplessly as Pale Wolf inched closer to Nyx.

Pale Wolf massaged Nyx's shoulders, while Nyx gave Pale Wolf mental soothing. Pale Wolf even transformed into his beast form to serve as Nyx's cushion.

After enduring it for so long, Kian finally couldn't hold back. When Nyx was petting Pale Wolf, Kian coiled around her hand and nestled into her arms. "Pet me too."

Even just once would be enough for Kian.

This was the first time he had actively tried to get close to Nyx while fully conscious. His tail was stiff with tension, fearing she might push him away.

But Nyx was already used to the feeling of a snake coiling around her. She didn't find it strange at all and casually held the Black Mamba, checking his wounds.

The ointment had worked well; the wounds had significantly improved and were almost fully healed.

Nyx's expression softened with satisfaction. But then she remembered that they had been stranded on this planet for six days, and the Empire still hadn't sent anyone. Anxiety crept back in.

She thought, 'What's going on? I have sent out a distress signal long ago.

Kian didn't have an Intelligent Brain, only a message receiver, which often struggled to pick up signals on this desolate planet.

Finally, on the seventh morning, there was some news.

"A massive magnetic storm is blocking the only route. The Empire's ships can't get through yet. It's expected

to take about half a month for the storm to dissipate," Kian reassured Nyx. "Well just have to wait another half month.

With this hope, Nyx's mood eased, and her anxiety lessened. She followed Jorge's advice and stayed indoors to avoid unnecessary trouble.

Thanks to the ample supplies in the Space Button, the three of them lived quite comfortably-better than Pale Wolf's previous life.

To protect Nyx, Pale Wolf stopped wandering around all day and stayed home diligently.

After not seeing Pale Wolf for days, people outside thought he had died.

At noon,

the basement door was suddenly pounded on, and someone outside wailed, "Pale Wolf! Help!"

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As soon as the door opened, a blood-covered child scrambled into the basement. Seeing Pale Wolf, the child immediately clung to his leg, sobbing, "You're alive.

"The people from the inner city thought you were dead, so they went after Jorge and stole all his medicine!

"This is his blood. He's dying!"

Nyx's face turned pale, and she quickly stood up.

"Don't go. It's too dangerous," Kian stopped her, urging her not to act impulsively.

The two males exchanged a glance and quickly divided tasks.

Kian, whose injuries had mostly healed, stayed behind to guard the house.

Pale Wolf grabbed his weapons and went alone to avenge Jorge.

Before leaving, Kian suddenly called out to him and tossed him his Space Button. "Take this."

Inside the Space Button, the only thing Kian truly valued was a yellow fluffy jacket. He took it out and held it close, leaving the rest for Pale Wolf to use as he pleased.

Pale Wolf glanced inside and saw it was filled with high-grade weapons, far superior to the ones he had scavenged and made himself.

Without hesitation or polite refusal, he nodded at Kian.

At Jorge's home, many medicinal herbs had been trampled and ruined. The air was thick with the bitter scent

of medicine and blood.

"Where did you get this?" A burly, bald male tossed a small healing device in his hand, interrogating Jorge.

"Are you going to talk?" He kicked Jorge hard.

One of the lookouts suddenly sensed something was off. "Pale Wolf.

"We need to leave, now!

"Pale Wolf's coming!"

"What Pale Wolf?" The bald male scoffed, thinking it was a joke. That guy's already lost control and died. He

hasn't been seen for days."

Pale Wolf's Loss of Control Index was notoriously high, which was his only weakness.

People from the inner city had seen him lose control multiple times and had tried to kill him, but they never

succeeded.

Now that Pale Wolf had disappeared, they assumed he had finally lost control for good and died in a

sandstorm.

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As soon as the bald male finished speaking, he saw his companion stiffen and collapse.

In an instant, the bald male felt as if his throat had been squeezed shut. He thought, 'Pale Wolf? He's not dead?'

The bald male didn't have any chance to escape, as a terrifying figure descended like a nightmare, kicking him to the ground.

The bald male begged for mercy, "No, please! Don't kill me. I was just following orders!"

Pale Wolf remained unmoved, his expression icy. "All of you... will die."

After begging for a while and receiving a brutal beating, the bald male realized Pale Wolf wasn't going to spare him. In desperation, he sneered, "With those trash weapons of yours, you think you can take over the inner city? Dream on!"

Not only did the bald male find this ridiculous, but Nyx also thought it was unrealistic.

Nyx was deeply worried about Pale Wolf.

The basement's soundproofing was too good, so Nyx couldn't hear anything happening outside. Her mind raced with anxious thoughts.

She thought, 'What if Pale Wolf gets hurt? What if he is captured by those thugs?'

She didn't dare think further, her nose beading with sweat from nervousness.

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worry. Trust him," Kian whispered, comforting the distraught Nyx. "I've fought him before. His combat skills are top-notch. With enough weapons, taking over the inner city isn't a problem."

Even with his reassurance, Nyx remained uneasy.

From noon until evening, even as a sandstorm rolled in, Pale Wolf still hadn't returned.

Nyx couldn't sleep at all, pacing anxiously in the basement.

Finally, the next morning, as the sandstorm subsided, Pale Wolf returned, covered in dust.

He grinned at Nyx, "I'll take you... to the inner city."

Thanks to the weapons Kian had provided, Pale Wolf had completely crushed the inner city. It was now his territory.

Seeing Pale Wolf's goofy smile, Nyx let out a long sigh of relief, her tense nerves finally relaxing.

She checked Pale Wolf from head to toe, making sure he wasn't seriously injured, before fully calming down.

"How's Jorge?" Nyx asked with concern.

"He's... fine," Pale Wolf replied, shaking his head.

Jorge had managed to survive on the Desolate Planet for so many years, which showed how tough he was. He'd already used the small healing device Nyx gave him to treat most of his external injuries. All he needed now was some time to rest and recover.

The inner city was completely wrecked during the battle, with ruins and debris scattered everywhere.

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However, the people who originally lived in the outer city didn't mind the mess. With the permission of the new city lord, Pale Wolf, they happily rushed in, as if they had entered paradise.

Nyx noticed the kid who had come crying to deliver a message the day before. Now, the kid was all smiles, rummaging around for food with other kids.

When they saw Pale Wolf, they swarmed around him, clamoring to hug his legs.

"Pale Wolf!"

"Pale Wolf!"

"You idiot, it's 'Lord Pale Wolf!' The city lord!"

"Lord Pale Wolf!"

Out of compassion, Pale Wolf had often shared food with the children in the past, which made him very popular among them.

Watching this scene, Nyx felt their heart melt. They couldn't help but reach out and take Pale Wolf's hand. "Wait; it's dirty," Pale Wolf said shyly, pulling his hand back. He wiped the bloodstains from his palm before holding Nyx's hand again.

+5

He wasn't the same clueless male who used to change clothes without a care. After learning a few things from Jorge, he now paid extra attention to his appearance, especially in front of Nyx.

The excited crowd gradually gathered around Pale Wolf, kneeling and pledging their loyalty, declaring him the new city lord.

Pale Wolf remembered Nyx's promise to take him away and shook his head, wanting to refuse.

"Take the position for a few days first," Nyx said softly.

The planet's environment was so harsh that when the Empire's army arrived, they would surely reorganize everything.

By then, there would be no need for a city lord.

For now, these people trusted Pale Wolf and relied on his strength. Temporarily taking the role would help maintain stability.

Pale Wolf obediently nodded.

The people present didn't have Jorge's sharp eyes. Seeing Nyx, who was hidden behind Pale Wolf and dressed in layers, they assumed Nyx was a young male.

They didn't know Nyx, but because of Nyx's close relationship with Pale Wolf, they treated Nyx with respect and friendliness.

Nyx received many Helioberrries.

These were the best gifts the struggling inhabitants of the Desolate Planet could offer-precious food.

Deeply moved, Nyx reciprocated by taking out some nourishing oatmeal. Pale Wolf used a large pot to cook the Helioberrries with the oatmeal, distributing it to the people of the Desolate Planet, who had managed to retain their kindness despite their hardships.

The usually unpleasant Helioberrries, soaked in the nourishing oatmeal, became delicious. The children of the Desolate Planet, who had never tasted anything so sweet, licked every last drop of the oatmeal and looked at Nyx with shining eyes.

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"Sir..." one of the lively children said, trying to hug Nyx's leg to express his gratitude.

Pale Wolf quickly stopped him, not allowing him to touch Nyx.

"Why can't we touch her, but you can hold her hand?" the child asked, confused.

Pale Wolf puffed out his chest proudly. "Because I'm important."

3

He was someone important to Nyx-Nyx had promised him that. Besides, Nyx was growing fonder of him by

the day. He was sure he could become Nyx's mate.

Pale Wolf's eyes filled with hope as he tightly held Nyx's hand.

Suddenly, a sharp whistling sound cut through the air.

Kian moved swiftly, raising his gun and accurately shattering an inconspicuous ornament in a flowerbed hundreds of feet

away.

His expression was cold as he turned to Pale Wolf. "Did some escape?"

"That was a surveillance device. It just activated," Kian explained.

Pale Wolf's expression turned serious.

"Three people got away," he said, clenching his fists. "They had a ship. I couldn't catch them."

As the surveillance device was destroyed, the feed on the other end went dark.

Inside the escaping ship, curses erupted.

"Who the hell is that wolf's ally?"

"No wonder he suddenly had so many high-end weapons!"

"Did you see it just now?"

"See what?"

"It was only two seconds. What could you

"A female."

see?"

"Pale Wolf was holding hands with a female."

The staff replayed the surveillance footage, but two of them refused to believe it was a female.

"She's covered up so much. How can you tell? Are you crazy?"

"Since when are there females on the Desolate Planet?"

But the third person was convinced he was right. "I'm not crazy. You're just stupid. If she's not a female, why

is she covered -up

like that? And why is Pale Wolf so close to her? Tch, no wonder Pale Wolf didn't die from losing control."

After arguing for a while, the other two were convinced, their expressions turning excited and sinister.

They eagerly discussed gathering more people and weapons to return and capture the female who had ended

up on the Desolate Planet.

Suddenly, the ship shook violently.

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The three looked around but found nothing unusual, dismissing it as turbulence. They continued their

enthusiastic conversation about capturing Nyx.

49%

Just as they were lost in their fantasies, a gentle voice spoke up behind them. "You said you saw a female? Where did you see her? Can you tell me?"

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When the three staff turned and saw who it was Jaws, they were stunned.

49%

+5

The three had been able to dominate the Desolate Planet because of their connections with the Space Pirates. But the boss they had worked so hard to please was nothing more than a nameless underling in Jaws' eyes.

They never imagined they'd be speaking to Jaws directly. Under Jaws' gaze, the pressure they felt was overwhelming. They froze, unable to speak for a long time.

Finally, one of them snapped out of it and obsequiously played the surveillance footage for Jaws. "Lord Jaws, please take a look."

Another added. "We escaped from Z3413 Star. These bastards took over our territory."

Despite the heavy covering, Jaws immediately recognized Nyx.

His gaze shifted slightly, noticing Black Mamba and an unfamiliar male, both standing protectively on either side of Nyx.

Jaws had no patience for their complaints. As soon as he heard the name of the planet, he raised his hand to cut them off.

"You want to capture this female?" he asked, his blood-red eyes narrowing as he studied the three.

In front of Jaws, they didn't hide their malicious intentions toward the female. After all, it was well-known that Jaws despised females.

"Of course."

"Not just capture her-we're going to have some fun with her."

"We'll make Pale Wolf watch as we take his female."

"After we're done, we'll sell her for a good price."

Normally, the best spoils would go to the highest-ranking person, but rumors said Jaws never touched females and had no interest in them.

"You probably have no interest in females, right?"

"We'll give you all the profits from selling her."

They fawned over him, trying to show their loyalty. But before they could finish, they noticed Jaws' smile had disappeared.

with his ey gaze, he looked like a sheer demon.

When Jaws smiled, he was terrifying enough. But now

An unprecedented fear gripped the three.

"You've said some things I really don't like," Jaws said coldly, his eyes fixed on them as if they were already dead. "It's been a long time since anyone made me this angry. How should I deal with you?"

Realizing their mistake, the three trembled uncontrollably. They had been wrong-if Jaws had no interest in the female, he wouldn't have brought her up in the first place. He had come for her.

The starship that had just escaped the Desolate Planet was forced to turn back. As it approached the planet, the starship plummeted rapidly, crashing like a bird with broken wings, landing precisely on the edge of the inner city.

In an instant, the sky was filled with flames. Immediately after, accompanied by a deafening roar, the starship descended.

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The people of Desolate Planet had never seen such a massive starship before. They stared up at the colossal object in

confusion.

Recognizing the Jaws insignia on it, Kian had a sinking feeling. He thought, "Those escapees have actually led Jaws here!

"I'll hold him off. You run or hide," Kian said, gently squeezing Nyx's hand as a final farewell.

The happy days they'd shared had already left him content. Even if he were to die today, he had no regrets. But Nyx clung tightly to his waist, refusing to let him throw his life away. "Quick, transform into your beast form. I'll take you with me."

A soft, gentle voice interrupted their argument. "Leave? Where to?"

Jaws appeared like a ghost, closing the distance in an instant.

"Long time no see, Lady Nyx," he said, his eyes fixed on her.

+5

Before Nyx could summon her mech, he raised a finger, pointing down at her with a calm yet threatening tone. "If you try to run again, I'll blow up this planet. I mean what I say."

Nyx froze in place.

"Not running anymore?" Jaws had accurately gauged the kind-hearted nature of Nyx, confident she wouldn't let so many innocent people die for her sake.

Just as Jaws reached out to touch Nyx, a precise particle beam shot straight toward his head. He swiftly tilted his head to dodge it.

Another attack followed immediately. Along with it came Kian's close-range assault.

Kian engaged Jaws up close, while Pale Wolf took aim from a distance. The combined efforts of two troublesome S-level males caused Jaws significant trouble. But it wasn't insurmountable.

A fierce battle lust gleamed in Jaws' eyes.

If Kian and Pale Wolf were any other S-level male, they wouldn't stand a chance against Jaws. The fact that Pale Wolf and Kian could hold him off made them rare opponents. He admired such adversaries.

Jaws shook his wrist, refusing help from his subordinates. Fighting one against two, he endured a particle beam attack, indifferent to the blood dripping from his body. At that cost, he slammed Kian hard to the ground.

Then, his gaze locked onto Pale Wolf's position.

In close combat, Jaws realized the male from Desolate Planet was far more troublesome than he'd imagined. Even with both arms broken, Pale Wolf stubbornly continued to fight. Only after a heavy blow to the head did Pale Wolf stagger and fall.

Jaws spat out a few mouthfuls of blood but paid it no mind. He meticulously wiped his hands and face clean, and then stepped toward Nyx.

Like a victor claiming his prize, Jaws bent down, wrapped his arms around the small female, and lifted her into his embrace.

The unfamiliar, blood-stained hold filled Nyx with fear. A pair of cold, bony hands slowly caressed her cheeks.

"Don't touch her!" Pale Wolf's eyes were bloodshot with rage.

Under intense stimulation, Pale Wolf vomited a large amount of blood, feeling a wave of severe dizziness and headaches.

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His consciousness blurred, as if countless long-buried memories were surging from the depths of his mind.

3

49%

The residents of Desolate Planet, filled with fear for Pale Wolf's safety, gathered around him as they nervously kept an eye on Jaws, determined to protect Pale Wolf at all costs.

Jaws didn't spare a glance for the defeated. Pleased with his prize he walked past Pale Wolf and boarded the

starship.

"Go fetch Black Mamba," he ordered his subordinates.

Nyx trembled.

Feeling her shiver, Jaws looked down at her thoughtfully. "Don't worry. As long as you behave, I won't take Black Mamba's life."

As he spoke, he pinched Nyx's earlobe, marveling at its softness, and couldn't resist pinching it a few more

times.

Nyx kept her head down, not daring to move, afraid of provoking Jaws.

"Oh, by the way, that's my gift to you," Jaws said, pointing to the crashed spacecraft as they left. "Well? Do

you like it?"

The three staff who had harbored ill intentions toward Nyx were now completely dead.

Unaware of what had happened on the spacecraft, Nyx could only interpret Jaws' words as a blatant threat.

She remained silent. A flicker of displeasure crossed Jaws' eyes.

He gripped Nyx's chin, forcing her to look up. "heard you were abused in the past."

Jaws' voice was magnetic and pleasant, but his question was anything but friendly. "Do you really not remember anything? Who abused you? What did they do to you?"

+5

3/3

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Since arriving in this world, Nyx had found every male she encountered to be polite and kind, never even raising their

Voices.

49%

+5

This was the first time someone had so rudely grabbed her chin. A sense of grievance welled up uncontrollably, but she quickly suppressed it.

Having lived through twenty years of alternating cold and violent abuse, Nyx had strong mental resilience and soon calmed herself.

She shook her head. "I don't remember anything."

Jaws stared intently at her face, not missing a single subtle change in her expression, and then suddenly smirked, "Lying to me?"

If it were any other male, they might have been fooled by Nyx's innocent and pitiful appearance. But Jaws had seen deceitful females to know she was lying.

He rubbed the smooth, delicate skin of Nyx's jaw, clicking his tongue in admiration. "You've got quite the nerve."

Every encounter with Nyx challenged his understanding of females.

ough

Despite being a fragile female, Nyx possessed the strength to suppress him and the courage to defy him. When fleeing, she didn't hesitate to bring along the injured Black Mamba, despite the burden.

This time, for the sake of the inhabitants of Desolate Planet who had nothing to do with her, she chose to surrender, willingly putting herself in danger.

Jaws was beginning to understand why this little female called Nyx had captivated Black Mamba so deeply, to the point where he'd willingly die for her. Any male would find it hard to resist such a female.

Jaws lowered his eyes, hiding the complex emotions within, and coldly asked Nyx, "Do you think I wouldn't dare to do anything to you?"

As soon as he raised his hand, Nyx reflexively covered her head and curled up. It was the quick reaction of someone who had been beaten often. 'Such a reaction shouldn't belong to a female,' thought Jaws.

He frowned, his raised hand gently landing on Nyx, pulling her trembling, fragile body closer. "Did you think I'd hit you?" he asked.

Nyx didn't respond.

"I won't hit you," Jaws said, holding her tighter. "No one here will lay a hand on you."

Nyx found that his embrace was surprisingly secure-broad, solid and strong.

Unfortunately, the next moment, Nyx heard Jaws' eerie threat "you make me angry, Black Mamba will suffer in your place. Space Pirates have many ways to torment people."

Nyx's eyes widened, and she shook her head vehemently. "No!"

By exploiting Nyx's weakness, Jaws had firmly controlled the disobedient little female.

He decided to abandon questioning and instead explore the truth directly. His cold hands rested on her waist, and Nyx instinctively flinched before forcing herself to stay still.

For Kian's sake, she endured.

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Jaws looked down at Nyx in his arms, his expression inscrutable. His probing was invasive, but his movements lacked any sense of mockery-it was as if he were searching for something.

After a thorough search, he found nothing. He was puzzled, scrutinizing Nyx with disbelief.

He thought, 'Why is there no experimental mark? Whether male or female, no experimental subject in that insane laboratory could escape such a fate. The marks, imprinted through special means, would regrow even if the flesh was cut away, remaining forever.

"Do you have an X-shaped scar on your body?" Jaws released Nyx lifting his shirt to show her the mark on his lower back. "Like this one."

Nyx instinctively looked away, and then awkwardly glanced down at Jaws' exposed waist.

A blood-red X-shaped scar, like a parasitic worm, twisted grotesquely across his skin.

Nyx frowned and shook her head. "No."

Her tone didn't seem fake, and her expression showed genuine unfamiliarity with the mark.

Jaws couldn't help but doubt his earlier judgment. He thought, 'Could it be that Nyx isn't an experiment?'

Long-held beliefs weren't easily overturned. Jaws pondered repeatedly but still couldn't bring himself to believe Nyx was a natural born female.

He thought, 'Perhaps, as the only successful experiment, she is kept flawless and unmarked to ensure perfection.'

"Alright, you can go rest now," Jaws said, pinching Nyx's cheek before letting her go for the time being.

At Jaws' command, Nyx was led to a spacious, brightly lit resting room.

She looked around at the cozy, comfortable furnishings, feeling dazed as she sat on the edge of the bed. She couldn't figure out what Jaws was up to.

He'd

gone through so much trouble to capture her, only to ask two bizarre questions and not even mistreat her. The worst thing he'd done was grope her, seemingly searching for some kind of mark.

'What mark is he looking for?' Nyx thought, utterly baffled.

Once her nerves relaxed, exhaustion took over. Nyx fell asleep, still worried about Kian and Pale Wolf, her brows furrowed as she slept restlessly.

Cold scales brushed against her ankle at midnight, and Nyx felt something heavy coil around her body.

"Kian," she murmured in her sleep.

She'd grown used to the feeling of a snake coiled around her after sleeping with the injured Kian so often. 'But when has Black Mamba gotten so big and heavy?' she thought.

Half-asleep, Nyx suddenly realized something was wrong. She jolted awake, her eyes snapping open.

She saw a Scarlet Python coiled around her, and her heart raced in terror.

Noticing she was awake, the Scarlet Python tilted its head, pressing against her frantically beating heart. Nyx's mind went blank, and without thinking, she pushed him away.

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Only after doing so did she remember Kian's safety. Reluctantly, she lowered her head and apologized. "I'm

sorry."

Jaws didn't respond. Instead, he coiled around her again shamelessly, pressing close.

The python's weight and strength were terrifying. Nyx struggled to breathe, her face turning red.

49%

+5

The python, enjoying the moment, suddenly noticed her discomfort. Like he'd been shocked, he instantly released her and slunk away.

Nyx gasped for air, feeling like she'd narrowly escaped death..

She glanced at the python. Its body was covered in crimson scales, its eyes a striking red—both eerie and beautiful. Its massive size could easily crush her, though it had clearly held back, just not enough.

As if feeling guilty, the python curled up into a dejected ball on the floor.

Out of spite, Nyx got out of bed and deliberately stepped on its tail.

The python shivered, seemingly in pain, but didn't move away or retaliate, silently enduring it.

This docile behavior was completely unlike the Jaws Nyx knew.

She glanced at the thick black mist surrounding the python and began to wonder, 'Has he lost control?'

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If Jaws lost control, Nyx could escape. She tiptoed to the door and peeked outside. There didn't seem to be any patrols.

She quietly pushed the door open, but as soon as she stuck her head out, several guards emerged from the shadows.

could slip out of this room, she had no idea where to find Kian.

Nyx quickly pulled back inside, feeling helpless. E

if

If she tried to escape, it might provoke Jaws and lead to the destruction of Pale Wolf's planet.

Nyx rubbed her temples in frustration, stepping back and sinking to the floor.

Before she could sit down, the python's massive body caught her gently placing her back on the bed and pulling up the

covers.

Nyx turned away, ignoring him.

For a long time, there was no sound. Curiosity got the better of her, and she glanced over to see the python quietly curled up, watching her intently, completely non-threatening.

Nyx clenched her fists. She thought, 'If I kill Jaws now, maybe I can escape without consequences.'

Coincidentally, Jaws hadn't taken her Space Button, which contained a dagger Kian had given her for self- defense.

Nyx sat up, pulled out the dagger, and aimed it at the python's vital spot.

The sharp blade gleamed brightly.

Sensing danger, the python twitched nervously, backing away slightly.

But it soon returned and pressed close to Nyx as if surrendering, its eyes showing a mix of obedience and vulnerability.

Nyx's hands trembled slightly, her resolve wavering.

The out-of-control Jaws seemed like a clingy little animal, desperate for her affection, willing to endure even harm.

She couldn't bring herself to do it.

☹

After much hesitation, Nyx sighed and put the dagger away, summoning her Soul Form instead.

Under the glow of the small sapling, the black mist around the python began to fade.

Jaws' expression shifted. He stared in awe at the radiant Nyx, who looked like a goddess descended from the heavens.

Jaws studied Nyx for a long time, his thoughts racing, 'Why has she saved me?'

He didn't speak, pretending to still be out of control as he coiled around her, quietly observing her reaction.

Nyx's expression remained unchanged, showing no fear or disgust as Jaws had expected.

She wasn't afraid of snakes, but after nearly being suffocated earlier, she wasn't about to let the python cling to her. Calmly, she pushed him away.

"Stay still. Behave," Nyx scolded firmly.

Her attitude toward Jaws wasn't gentle, but she still focused on mentally soothing him. When she noticed some black mist lingering, she ran her hand over his scales.

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49%

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The moment she touched him, Jaws shuddered, rolling into a tight ball in disbelief.

Nyx clicked her tongue, frowning, "I told you to stay still."

Before she could finish, she was stunned

see the python transform into his human form, leaning over her.

'Since when has he recovered?' Nyx thought, surprisingly.

Jaws' crimson eyes darkened as he leaned closer to Nyx, gently pinning her to the bed.

"If I listen to you, what's my reward?" he teased.

Trapped under his imposing figure, Nyx was too nervous to speak. She fell silent.

Jaws, pleased that Nyx hadn't rejected his beast form, wasn't bothered by her silence. After a moment, he continued, "How about I make you jewelry from my scales? You'd wear them, wouldn't you?"

He'd been secretly watching Nyx and knew she'd worn jewelry made from Seafarion's scales during her broad thought stirred a possessive desire in him. He thought, 'Crimson scales would complement her skin perfectly.'

Nyx avoided his gaze, pursing her lips in silent refusal.

The standoff lasted a while.

As Nyx remained silent, Jaws' expression darkened. "Do my scales disgust you?"

He thought, 'Why? Am I so much worse than that fish?'

The

He coldly pinched Nyx's cheek, his tone icy. "If you'd prefer Black Mamba's scales, I'll strip them off and make you jewelry. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Nyx finally reacted. "No," she whispered, her voice trembling. "I'll wear your scales."

Facing the submissive Nyx, Jaws felt no joy or satisfaction. Instead, his anger only grew fiercer.

He took a deep breath and forced a gritted-teeth smile. "Do you really like Black Mamba that much? Are you willing to do anything for him?"

He thought, 'That poor, down-and-out male, now a wanted criminal of the Empire-what's it about him that makes Nyx go to such lengths? Is it because Black Mamba has desperately protected her? But now, he clearly couldn't even protect her anymore.

"Come on, let me show you how pathetic Black Mamba looks now," Jaws said, easily suppressing Nyx's struggles and picking her up without giving her a chance to resist.

He wanted Nyx to see with her own eyes

that a

useless Black Mamba wasn't worth her affection.

The lowest level of the starship was a prison.

The entire prison was pitch black, with a chilling cold that seemed to seep into your bones from all directions.

As a traitor, Kian was held in the deepest part of the prison, under strict surveillance.

His hands were shackled high above him, the specially designed cuffs electrified to drain all his strength. Even if he transformed into his beast form, he couldn't break free-it would only make things worse.

He hung his head low, motionless. But the moment he saw Nyx, his body jerked, and panic and pain flashed in his eyes as he

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struggled violently.

49%

"Let her go! What are you doing?" Ignoring the intensified electric shocks from his movements, Kian threw himself against the cell door with all his might.

He couldn't believe Jaws had sunk so low as to bring Nyx to the prison.

He thought, 'No delicate female could endure even a single punishment here. Nyx would be tortured to death. "Don't hurt her! I'll take her place!" The mere thought of Nyx being tortured made Kian's breath hitch in

agony.

He was willing to endure any punishment for her, even if it were ten or a hundred times worse. "Kian!" Nyx cried out when she saw Kian being electrocuted. She struggled desperately to break free from Jaws' grip, stumbling toward the cell door.

Before she could touch the cold metal, a large hand grabbed her waist from behind and held her tightly.

Jaws lifted Nyx back into his arms, holding her firmly against his chest, not giving her another chance to run to

someone

else.

Even with the cell door separating them and their helplessness, the two still longed to reach each other, struggling against all odds.

'What a deep, mutual affection,' Jaws thought, and his breathing grew ragged, his anger boiling over as he let

out a bitter laugh.

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"100 lashes," Jaws coldly ordered his subordinates.

He thought, 'Since Black Mamba wants to take the beating, I'd let him have it!

The sound of the whip whistling through the air was accompanied by Nyx's screams.

Kian endured the punishment in silence, not even letting out a groan.

But Nyx trembled uncontrollably, her body shaking like a leaf, her hands and feet ice cold.

“Stop screaming,” Jaws said, covering her mouth after just a few seconds. “Doesn't your throat hurt?” Seeing Nyx's pitiful reaction, as if she were the one being whipped, Jaws grew increasingly irritated.

Punishing Black Mamba didn't bring him any satisfaction-it only made things worse.

"Kiss me, and I'll let him go," Jaws offered, giving himself an out.

It wasn't an unreasonable demand. After all, Nyx was in his hands now, and he could do whatever he wanted to her. But all Jaws asked for was a kiss. He didn't even demand it on the lips-a kiss on the cheek would suffice.

Without hesitation, Nyx cupped his face and leaned in.

"No. Stop, Nyx!" Watching Nyx endure this violation, Kian, who had remained silent through the whipping, finally let out a

roar.

A mere 100 lashes meant nothing to him. He thought it wasn't worth Nyx sacrificing herself like this.

In the cold prison cell, Jaws got his kiss, but it felt stolen, unearned, and not truly his.

A tear rolled onto Jaws' cheek, hitting him like a blow to the heart. His grip on Nyx loosened slightly before tightening again.

“Stop.” Jaws kept his promise and ordered his men, “Get Black Mamba some treatment.”

The farce had started abruptly and ended just as quickly.

The subordinates had never seen Jaws so soft-hearted and accommodating. They exchanged bewildered glances, unable to believe it. They had thought Black Mamba would surely be beaten to death. After all, he was a traitor. He deserved to die.

Jaws took Nyx back to her room, tossing her onto the soft bed before storming out, frustration written all over him.

“What do you plan to do with Black Mamba next?” a trusted subordinate couldn't help but ask. He thought, 'Surely he isn't just going to let him off so easily?'

Jaws was silent for a moment, and then said, "Keep him locked up for now. No more punishments."

The thought of Nyx crying left him at a loss. He didn't dare do anything more to Black Mamba. Just a few lashes had made Nyx cry. If he really went all out, she'd cry herself sick.

"She really does love Black Mamba," Jaws muttered, leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes, Nyx's tear still haunting him.

The subordinate thought for a moment before awkwardly suggesting, "Maybe it's because Black Mamba is gentle and obedient around her. Females like males who are gentle and obedient."

As soon as the words left his mouth, the subordinate realized his mistake and quickly shut up. Those words didn't describe

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Jaws at all, and they were sure to provoke the already heartbroken Jaws.

Sure enough, Jaws opened his eyes, his blood-red gaze piercing through the subordinate.

The subordinate shuddered.

Fortunately, Jaws didn't take his anger out on him. He just let out a cold laugh. "Gentle and obedient."

100%

+23

He was already wrapped around Nyx's finger. If he became any more obedient, he feared that she'd be walking all over him.

Setting aside her status as a female, Nyx was just his prisoner. He had already been more than lenient with her.

"I won't spoil her too much," Jaws said coldly.

The subordinate didn't dare argue, but he couldn't help but thought, 'Not spoil her? She's living in a restroom more luxurious and comfortable than the leader's own bedroom.

'If any other Space Pirate has captured Nyx, they would've already taken her by force, enjoying her to the fullest. Only Jaws, despite his tough talk, hasn't dared to do anything, holding himself back out of some strange sense of restraint.'

"Give Black Mamba an injection of inducer," Jaws suddenly said after a long silence.

Hearing the word "inducer," the subordinate thought Jaws had finally come to his senses and decided to conquer Nyx physically.

But upon closer listening, he realized it was for Black Mamba, not Nyx. He felt confused.

While there were inducers designed for males, they were rarely used. Females who wanted to play around usually just used perfumes tailored for males.

Inducers were too intense-once injected, a male would lose all control, becoming like a wild beast, which could easily traumatize a female.

The subordinate thought, 'Why give Black Mamba an inducer? Is this some new form of torture beyond physical punishment?'

He was utterly confused but didn't dare question Jaws. He simply nodded in agreement.

In the restroom, Nyx hadn't even recovered from the shock of the prison visit when Jaws appeared again.

She glared at him with hatred.

"Don't look at me like that," Jaws said irritably.

He picked Nyx up, covering her eyes with his hand, and, after a moment, chuckled meaningfully, "Save that look for Black Mamba."

If Nyx liked Black Mamba's gentle and obedient side, he'd let her see what he was like when consumed by desire.

A male injected with an inducer wouldn't protect her-he'd ruthlessly take advantage of her.

Jaws wondered if Nyx would grow to hate Black Mamba because of it. He was looking forward to it.

Not long after, Nyx was brought back to the prison cell.

This time, Jaws allowed her to enter and visit.

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100%

Nyx's heart was filled with unease. She was sure Jaws had something sinister planned, but she couldn't quite put her finger on

what it was.

As soon as she saw Kian, she forgot everything else and quickly ran toward him. After confirming that his external injuries had truly healed, she let out a slight sigh of relief.

However, Kian's expression was uneasy, his brows furrowed.

The effects of the inducer didn't kick in immediately, but by now, they were starting to take hold.

Feeling a surge of heat, Kian turned awkward, and he urged Nyx, "Stay away from me."

Once the inducer began to work, the sensations it brought were overwhelmingly intense. His tone was too urgent, almost

harsh.

Nyx was startled and didn't know what to do.

"Hurry," Kian couldn't bring himself to coax her gently. Beads of sweat quickly formed on his forehead as he tensed every muscle, struggling to endure. His eyes turned red.

Kian tried to curl up, turning his back to hide his shameful state. But they were too close, so his efforts were barely effective.

Nyx saw his reaction. Her eyes widened, and she reflexively stepped back a few paces. But then she realized that Kian's condition wasn't something he could control.

This wasn't ordinary excitement—Kian seemed to be in agony.

His breathing was rapid, his chest heaving violently, and his entire body radiated an unnatural heat. "Please, Nyx, leave," Kian said. If Nyx didn't leave soon, his dignity would truly crumble before her eyes.

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Since they'd met, Nyx had never seen Kian like this.

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Since they'd met, Nyx had never seen Kian like this.

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He was always good at enduring. Even when injured, he never showed pain or made a sound. But now, his expression had completely changed.

He stared straight at Nyx, his eyes filled with burning desire, yet he still said, "Leave."

Nyx finally realized what Jaws had done. She turned to glare at Jaws, meeting his amused gaze.

Everything seemed to be going according to Jaws' plan, and he smiled with satisfaction.

But the next moment, as he watched Nyx actively embrace Kian, Jaws' smile vanished, replaced by shock.

A male injected with the inducer couldn't control himself. With his beloved female so close, Kian became even more agitated. He couldn't help but lean in to kiss Nyx, his movements losing all restraint and gentleness.

Nyx was kissed breathless. But she didn't show any anger or disgust, instead holding Kian tightly in her arms. "I'm sorry," Kian apologized hoarsely during a brief moment of clarity.

"It's okay. It's not your fault," Nyx whispered comfortingly. "I chose to stay. I want to be here with you."

Hearing his beloved female's soft voice in his ear, Kian felt his rationality burning away faster.

The last thread of his self-control snapped, and he suddenly flipped over.

A wave of heat enveloped Nyx, and she trembled, closing her eyes.

Just as her clothes were being lifted slightly, Jaws burst into the room like a madman. He mercilessly tore Kian Nyx, knocked him to the ground, and injected him with a dose of Purge Elixir.

In the silent cell, all three of them were breathing heavily.

When she regained her composure, Nyx tried to embrace Kian again, but she was intercepted and pulled into Jaws' arms instead.

As the leader of the Space Pirates, Jaws was now filled with rage and jealousy. He felt that injecting Black Mamba with the inducer was the stupidest decision he'd ever made.

Not only had he failed to turn Nyx against Black Mamba, but he'd also witnessed the depth of her feelings for him.

To ease Black Mamba's suffering, Nyx was willing to endure anything-even in this cold cell, and even in front of him.

Jaws felt a burning jealousy spreading through his entire being, like a thorn in his throat.

He couldn't stay a moment longer. Carrying Nyx out of the cell, he noticed her reaching out toward Kian and immediately grabbed her slender wrists, pulling them back to his chest.

The intense emotional turmoil caused Jaws' Loss of Control Index to spike sharply.

After barely managing to return Nyx to her room and ordering his subordinates to keep a close watch, Jaws immediately went to his own quarters and injected himself with a dose of medication to suppress his loss of control.

Shortly after, he injected a second dose, and then a third.

This medication was a temporary fix at best, not a solution like a female's Mental Soothing. Each dose only made the next

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loss of control come faster and more violently.

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After long-term use, Jaws' body had developed a tolerance to the medication, pushing him to the brink of complete collapse.

Outside Jaws' room, his subordinates heard the chaotic noises but didn't dare approach.

Late at night, Scarlet Python, avoiding everyone's notice, quietly slipped into Nyx's room, drawn by her scent.

Nyx wasn't asleep and immediately noticed the uninvited guest. She glared fiercely at the giant serpent. Today's events had taught her the true meaning of "the farmer and the snake"-repaying kindness with betrayal.

She had kindly provided Mental Soothing for Jaws, only to be met with his malicious games.

Her resentful gaze made Jaws shrink back slightly. Without reason or human memories, he didn't know what he had done to upset her.

After hesitating for a while, he still approached Nyx, trying to get closer.

Nyx irritably pushed him away.

Rejected so decisively, the Python curled up sadly.

Still angry, Nyx threw a pillow at him.

The Python took the hit, and then moved to pick up the pillow, and return it to her.

Soon, his head was hit several more times.

The soft pillow didn't hurt him. At first, he thought Nyx was playing with him, but then he realized she was hitting him out of anger. Dejected, he pulled a metal panel from the bed and offered it to her.

He thought, 'Use this to hit me instead.'

Nyx was speechless.

After taking a few deep breaths, she slumped back onto the bed.

The Python cautiously peeked at her expression. She was still upset.

He thought, 'Is it because of me?'

Suddenly, Nyx saw the Python go berserk, slamming into the wall with full force, and she was horrified. She thought, 'Have I made him angry?'

The sturdy wall couldn't withstand the SS-level male's self-destructive collisions, and the room shook violently.

Nyx reflexively closed her eyes and covered her head. If Jaws charged at her, her frail body wouldn't survive a single hit.

The guards outside rushed in at the noise and gasped at the sight of the raging serpent.

They hesitated to intervene, thinking Nyx was doomed.

Nyx also thought she was about to die.

She waited in panic for a while, but the attack never came. Summoning her courage, she opened her eyes and saw the serpent still crashing around.

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Sexing jews in moody, she was word fostead of feeling satisfied, she felt a pang of sadness.

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his current

"Stop! My could help a whisper

At her command, Jaws paused and immediately ceased all his frantic movements.

The powerful being, now docile, lowered his head and crouched at Nyx's feet, covered in wounds.

The guards were in disbelief at the sight. They thought, "Could our leader truly submit to a female?"

Even if Jaws was in his irrational, out-of-control state, this still revealed Jaws' true feelings.

Nyx looked away and turned to one of Jaws' higher-ranking subordinates, trying to negotiate. "If I provide Mental Soothing for him, will you release Kian from the cell?"

The subordinate hesitated.

In truth, once a female fell into the hands of the Space Pirates, she had no say. Even if she refused to provide Mental Soothing, there were ways to force her,

But Jaws clearly had no intention of forcing Nyx. He'd rather endure the pain and inject excessive doses of medication than do anything to her.

Anyone could see that this wasn't because Jaws despised females, as the rumors claimed—quite the

opposite.

The subordinate nodded and agreed to Nyx's condition. "Alright"

Even though it was up to Jaws to decide what to do with Black Mamba, and Nyx technically had no say in it,

judging by Jaws' expression, he probably wouldn't refuse her request.

After getting his word, Nyx stepped back, putting some serious distance between them, and, with mixed feelings, used Mental Soothing on Jaws,

A few minutes passed. Once Jaws snapped out of his frenzy, he immediately shifted back to his human form. Before he even got up from his knees, he impatiently moved closer to Nyx.

"Get lost" Nyx wasn't in the mood to play along. She kicked him hard on the shoulder.

The subordinates gasped in shock. They thought, "Does this little female have a death wish? Isn't she afraid"

of making Jaws

ang

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Nyx's kick landed squarely on Jaws' rock-solid shoulder, making her feel like she'd just kicked a steel plate.

Jaws didn't even flinch, but she winced from the pain in her foot.

Jaws' men watched anxiously as Jaws grabbed Nyx's ankle.

They thought, 'Is he going to break it? Or just pick her up and drag her off?'

The possibilities ran wild in their heads-until Jaws simply started rubbing Nyx's ankle gently.

Since she was barefoot, her skin felt a little cold.

Jaws held her foot in his palm for a while, warming it up. Even when it wasn't cold anymore, he still didn't let go.

Nyx had had enough. She kicked him away.

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"Yeah, that's it." Jaws took the hit straight to the bridge of his nose. He nearly got a nosebleed, but instead of getting angry, he actually smiled, sounding almost encouraging, "Feel a little better now?"

His men exchanged glances, and then hurriedly backed out of the room. There was no way they could keep watching this. They thought, 'If we see our boss humiliating himself like this, would we even be allowed to live afterward? Are we going to get silenced?'

Nyx froze for a moment, and then looked down, staying silent.

Jaws noticed she was still upset. After a moment of thought, he suddenly pulled his shirt open.

Nyx was caught off guard. She instinctively took a few steps back, but he didn't move toward her. Instead, he lowered himself, his tall frame now shorter than hers.

"Do whatever you want to me." Jaws clearly didn't like saying it, but he still added. "You don't have to hold back. I won't take it out on Black Mamba."

Honestly, there wasn't much left to punish. His body was already covered in wounds.

Not just fresh injuries from his earlier rampage, but layers upon layers of old scars. It was a brutal sight, hard for Nyx to imagine the kind of pain he'd been through.

Even though she hated him, Nyx couldn't help but frown.

Jaws caught her expression. He glanced down at his own body and suddenly realized she didn't like seeing these scars. His hand twitched, and he quickly pulled his shirt back on.

"Did that scare you?" He asked in a soft voice.

Nyx turned away, refusing to let any sympathy or concern show on her face.

To Jaws, though, her reaction was as good as confirmation.

He gripped his clothes tightly, covering up his ruined body, and then stood and walked toward the door. "Well, uh... get

some rest."

"Wait." Nyx stopped him.

Jaws paused, looking at her with a hint of hope.

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100%

+23)

"Your men just promised me-if I gave you Mental Soothing, they'd let Kian out of the cell." She straightened her back, locking eyes with him.

Jaws thought, 'Black Mamba? It's always about Black Mamba.'

The expectation in Jaws' eyes dimmed. He forced himself to keep his voice gentle.
"Alright."

Since Black Mamba was a traitor, the fact that he got out after only two days, with just a dozen lashes and immediate medical treatment, was downright unbelievable.

Not just Jaws' subordinates—Kian himself was stunned. He felt uneasy, running through all the possibilities in his head. He thought, 'Did Nyx make some kind of deal with Jaws for my sake?'

Jaws was not the kind of guy who played nice. He wasn't the type to take a loss, either.

Kian wondered, 'For Jaws to make such a huge concession, what exactly has Nyx sacrificed?'

"Why did they let me out?" Kian couldn't hold back and quietly asked one of the guards he used to get along with.

The guard hesitated, clearly uncomfortable talking to a traitor. But out of old friendship, he looked around to make sure Jaws wasn't nearby and whispered, "Because Nyx agreed to give the boss Mental Soothing."

Kian's expression darkened instantly.

'Mental Soothing? A regular Mental Soothing isn't worth much. Did she give him a full, traditional Mental Soothing?' Kian thought.

"Hey!" The guard stopped Kian, who suddenly tried to rush out. "Where are you going?"

"Calm down. That little female's already exhausted tonight. Don't make things harder for her." The guard meant it in the most innocent way possible, but his choice of words had some unfortunate implications. When Kian heard it, his mind went straight to the worst-case scenario. It was like he'd been struck by lightning. He dropped to the floor, powerless. A crushing wave of guilt drowned him.

He thought, 'I couldn't protect Nyx. Instead, I've become a burden to her.'

"Did she get hurt?" Kian, usually so tough, choked up.

"Nah," the guard said casually, shaking his head. His curiosity getting the better of him, he leaned in and whispered, "The boss was totally submissive in front of Nyx. He just lay down and didn't move an inch. I've never seen him like that."

"She even kicked him, right in the face, and he didn't even get mad. He actually let her step on him."

The guard clicked his tongue, thinking, 'It's so pathetic and so undignified. Jaws is this untouchable powerhouse, yet he is letting a tiny little female walk all over him. Hell, he even let Black Mamba—the traitor, his romantic rival-off the hook like it were nothing.'

The more Kian listened, the more something felt off.

As his mind cleared, he jumped to conclusions.

"Are they living together?" He tried to confirm.

The guard snorted, "No way. The boss got Nyx a separate room, and it's even nicer than his own." Why the hell is Jaws pampering a captured female?' Jaws' men all thought it was insane. But the insanity didn't stop there. Back in his quarters, one of Jaws' closest men watched in disbelief as Jaws brutalized his own body, unable to bear the sight

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any longer.

"What the hell are you doing?" Just looking at it made him wince in pain.

Jaws' forehead was slick with sweat. "Making my skin normal again."

His scars had been left untreated for too long. There was no fixing them with a healing device anymore.

If he wanted smooth skin, he'd have to use more violence.

It hurt like hell, but it had to be done.

"Why the hell does it matter?" His subordinate was baffled, thinking, 'Sure, the scars are ugly, but they aren't

in his way.

Jaws didn't answer right away.

After a long pause, Jaws finally muttered, "She doesn't like them."

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Jaws never used to care about his appearance because it was just a useless shell. He never needed anyone's admiration in that regard.

Watching the males of the Empire go to great lengths to groom themselves just to attract females, Jaws only found it ridiculous.

But now, he finally understood what that felt like.

Nyx's disdain for him was harder to endure than having his skin torn open.

His subordinate hesitated for a moment, and then gathered the courage to ask, "Does it really matter whether

she likes it or

not?"

Only the Empire's males, who bent over backward for females, would change their appearance to suit females' tastes.

The subordinate thought Jaws wasn't that type. He asked, "Didn't you say you wouldn't spoil her too much?"

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As soon as the subordinate said this, Jaws' half-smirking gaze locked onto him, making him shudder.

But Jaws didn't get angry. He just let out a soft chuckle and openly admitted that he had changed his mind. "Just pretend you never heard that."

It didn't really matter if Nyx ended up controlling him. After all, he could handle it.

To get a normal-looking skin, Jaws had suffered severe injuries. Even as an SS—level male with incredible regenerative abilities, he still needed a full day to recover.

Nyx had no idea what had happened. She had spent the entire day quietly in the lounge, undisturbed by Jaws. And now that she knew Kian had truly been released, she was in a pretty good mood.

But when she saw the out-of-control python again at midnight, her attitude softened just a bit—at least she wasn't glaring at him anymore.

Still, having a giant serpent break into her room every night wasn't exactly a pleasant experience.

Jaws was losing control way too often.

After yet another session of Mental Soothing, Nyx couldn't help but ask, "Why do you lose control every day?"

She thought, 'Is he like Kai before-struggling with some psychological issues?'

"Are you worried about me?" Jaws gently twirled a strand of her long hair between his fingers.

He sat down right next to her, pulling her into his arms, rubbing his hands over her soft arms.

The males in her household were always reserved and well-mannered-only letting Nyx stroke their beast forms. She had never been on the receiving end before.

Being touched so boldly by Jaws, Nyx couldn't help but throw an elbow at him.

Unsurprisingly, the one who ended up in pain was Nyx, not Jaws.

Jaws sighed and rubbed her elbow, "Didn't I teach you? If you want to hit me, go for the face."

With that, he took her hand and placed it on his face. "Go on, hit me."

After waiting a moment and seeing she had no intention of slapping him, he lowered his head and kissed her hand.

Nyx thought he was crazy.

"I lose control often because I've taken too many inhibitors," Jaws finally answered seriously. "The more you use them, the weaker they get. And once you stop, all the suppressed Loss of Control Index rebounds at an accelerated rate."

Nyx was stunned. "There's no solution?"

"No idea. Maybe not," Jaws raised an eyebrow. "Then again, maybe if you completely soothed me once, I'd be fine."

Seeing Nyx's face turn furious from his teasing, he quickly shut up and burst into laughter. "Just kidding."

Nyx clenched her fists in anger. She wasn't someone who got angry easily, but with Jaws, she always felt like she was on the verge of exploding.

Taking a deep breath, she barely held herself back from hitting him and asked, "Kian's father used the same inhibitors?"

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At the mention of Black Mamba, Jaws' smile faded slightly-almost like getting hit would've been easier to bear. "Yeah."

"That stuff is expensive," he muttered. "I wasn't exactly bad to Black Mamba."

Even after the betrayal, he hadn't cut off Black Mamba's father's supply. He hadn't even taken out his anger on the man.

Nyx blinked. She didn't say anything, but her expression softened.

+23)

Seeing her attitude shift, Jaws immediately seized the moment. He grabbed her hand and guided it under his shirt. "Feel it- no more scars."

Jaws' skin was slightly cool to the touch, his muscles firm yet flexible. His newly grown skin was completely smooth, and it felt amazing.

Nyx momentarily lost focus, letting him drag her hand over his abs, and then his chest. When she finally snapped out of it, her face flushed red.

And Jaws just had to lean in and whisper, "So? Do you like it?"

His voice was unbelievably gentle, his breath warm against her ear, making her waist tingle.

Nyx curled her fingers, yanking her hand away. "No."

The soft warmth of her palm vanished, but Jaws wasn't upset. Instead, he just stared at her flushed earlobes and let out a deep laugh.

As long as he could make Nyx react to him, even just a little, all the pain from before seemed worth it.

Nyx didn't want to continue this topic and made a request. "I want to see Kian."

"No." Jaws clicked his tongue, rejecting her outright.

He thought, "This daring little female takes every chance to push my buttons, always saying what I least want to hear!"

Nyx pouted and stopped talking to him, using silence as her form of resistance.

Jaws kept pinching her cheeks, but she ignored him. When she got annoyed, she just swatted his hands away.

Jaws had never been shut down so many times by one person, yet he didn't dare retaliate.

Twice, he'd tried to get back at Nyx and stir up trouble between her and Black Mamba, only to fail miserably. The whole thing left a deep scar on him.

When it came to Nyx, the only way to get on her good side was to go along with her. He didn't dare to force her lest she got mad again.

Jaws kept lowering his standards, retreating again and again, until he became nothing more than a pathetic toy in her hands. He struggled with himself for a long time but still refused to give in. He didn't want Nyx meeting Black Mamba.

He thought, 'If I let this slide, what would be next? Would she demand to sleep with Black Mamba, too? She is Black Mamba's child-is she expecting me to raise it as well?'

Actually, Jaws didn't mind raising Nyx's child all that much. But right now, his jealousy toward Black Mamba was at its peak. He couldn't stand the thought of that Black Mamba feeling smug.

"I'll take you to see him tomorrow during the day. Just this once." Jaws finally compromised.

Nyx took a step back as well and nodded. As long as she could confirm that Kian wasn't being mistreated and had food and

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water, she could accept not meeting him for now.

After all, they were at someone else's mercy. She had no idea when the Empire would come to rescue her. Pushing Jaws too hard wouldn't be wise.

With Jaws blocking any distress signals, even if the magnetic storm passed, the Empire would have to track the last signal she left on Desolate Planet. If they could at least save Pale Wolf, that would be something.

Thinking about the wounded Pale Wolf made Nyx's expression turn cold again. She shot a glare at the

culprit.

The slight warmth in the air immediately froze over.

Jaws' heart skipped a beat. He thought, 'Why is she mad again?'

After pestering her for ages, he finally got the reason out of her. He was exasperated. "I didn't hit him that hard. He won't die."

Pale Wolf was tough. Even without medical treatment or doctors on that planet, he'd recover on his own.

"But he coughed up blood," Nyx said, still furious. After all, Pale Wolf had gotten beaten up so badly just to protect her.

Jaws ground his teeth with a smile. "Didn't he throw the first punch?"

Not just Pale Wolf-Black Mamba was the same. Both times they fought, Jaws had only hit back in self-

defense.

"What, you expect me to just stand there and take a beating without fighting back?" Jaws leaned in close, wanting to kiss Nyx who took full advantage of the fact that he wouldn't do anything to her.

He added, "Unless it's you hitting me—I promise I won't fight back."

Nyx almost got tangled up in his twisted logic, but she forced herself to think it through and caught the flaw. "No. If you hadn't grabbed me, they wouldn't have hit you in the first place."

At the end of the day, Nyx thought, it was Jaws' fault.

"Fine. I'm the bad guy." Jaws stopped arguing and just accepted it.

He grabbed both of Nyx's wrists, pulled them into his palm, and flipped her onto her back. "The bad guy is about to bully you now."

Nyx was caught off guard and thrown onto the bed. Her heart pounded, her whole body tensing up. She braced herself, but Jaws just lay there quietly, pressing against her without making another move. Carefully, she turned her head to look at him-only to find that he had simply wrapped his arms around her,

closed his

eyes,

and seemed to be settling in for sleep.

She tried to wriggle out of his embrace, but he just held her tighter. Furious, she grabbed a pillow and pressed

it against his face, contemplating smothering him to death.

The lack of air made Jaws' face turn red, the color spreading all the way down to his neck.

His chest vibrated with low laughter. "A little harder."

Even when he was too breathless to speak, he didn't struggle.

In the end, Nyx couldn't go through with it. She let go of the pillow, only to be met with a Jaws she had never

seen before.

His hair was a mess, his eyes were bloodshot and brimming with unshed tears, and his usually striking features were damp, flushed unnaturally. There was something oddly vulnerable and strangely... alluring

about him.

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100%

His eyes stayed locked on Nyx without blinking, as if he were gazing up at a divine being who had bestowed pain upon him. willing to offer himself up as a sacrifice.

Even as he teetered on the edge of suffocation, his arms remained firmly wrapped around Nyx, refusing to let

go.

Nyx struggled a few more times before giving up, realizing there was nothing she could do. She flopped back onto the bed, resigned, and before long, she actually fell asleep in Jaws' arms.

Once he was sure she was sound asleep, Jaws carefully got up and tucked the blanket around her.

His crimson eyes lingered greedily on the sleeping female's face for a long time. He wanted to lean in and kiss her, but afraid of waking Nyx, he ultimately held back.

After three nights of dealing with the out-of-control giant python, Nyx's sleep schedule had flipped. When the starship arrived at Crimson Sands at noon, she was still fast asleep.

Even when Jaws picked her up, she barely reacted. After being carried by him so many times over the past few days, she had passively grown accustomed to the embrace.

Jaws tucked her inside his oversized cloak to shield her from the harsh sunlight outside.

"Quiet." He pressed a finger to his lips, giving a hushed warning to everyone around.

The Space Pirates, who had been excitedly preparing to welcome their leader home, instantly shut their mouths, exchanging silent glances instead.

Only after Jaws had walked off with Nyx in his arms did a wave of heated gossip explode among them.

The Space Pirates stationed at the base couldn't believe it when they heard that their boss had captured Nyx

for days but still hadn't made a move on her.

"What?"

"Unless the boss isn't interested in her?"

"No way. He seems really into her."

"Then, does the boss have some kind of problem, stuff like ED?"

"Uh."

In the interstellar era, even if someone did have ED, it was easily treatable and not a big deal.

But Jaws had always been an eccentric guy. If he did have an issue, he might refuse medical treatment out of

sheer stubbornness.

Concerned about his health and happiness, one of his trusted subordinates hesitated before boldly handing

Jaws an Augmenter.

Jaws was in the middle of preparing lunch for Nyx. Without thinking much about it, he grabbed the vial, assumed it was just a regular nutrient supplement, and downed it in one gulp.

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Augmenters primarily regulate the body and have a much milder effect than inducers, taking time to work. But no matter how mild or slow-acting it was, on a young and already virile male, it was like throwing gas over fire.

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Jaws felt something was off with his body. He grabbed his subordinate's collar with a dangerous smile. "What the hell did you make me drink?"

The subordinate's gaze darted around nervously as he handed over another identical Augmenter. "Uh, this..... this one..."

Seeing how strongly Jaws was reacting, he realized he might have made a huge mistake. If Jaws really did have a condition, there was no way it would've kicked in this fast.

"Are you working for Black Mamba to get revenge on me?" Jaws narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing the loyal subordinate.

The subordinate frantically shook his head. "Of course not!"

Seeing that he wasn't lying, Jaws let out a cold huff and released him. "Don't take matters into your own hands again."

Augmenters didn't have an antidote. The heat spreading through Jaws' body grew stronger and harder to endure.

Jaws felt his breath turn hot. Unlike usual, he didn't dare get too close to Nyx, keeping a safe distance for fear of losing control.

He finally understood just how absurdly strong Black Mamba's self-control was.

Nyx shot him a curious glance, wondering why he was behaving so oddly today.

"Stop looking at me." Jaws' voice was hoarse.

Just a few extra glances from Nyx were already too much for him to handle.

"Huh?" Nyx frowned, confused.

'Fine. Whatever,' She thought. She rolled her eyes at him and focused on eating her meal.

Jaws was never much of a cook-or rather, he had never stepped foot in a kitchen before.

But after investigating Nyx and learning how picky she was, he had made an effort to learn, and his cooking was now good enough that she actually ate it.

He watched as she finished her meal. "Done?"

When Nyx nodded, he picked up her plate and ate her leftovers.

For some reason, Nyx got the feeling that Jaws was exuding pure frustration today.

Even the way he used her utensils and ate her leftovers carried an oddly sensual energy. It was like what he really wanted to devour wasn't the food-but her.

Nyx shivered slightly and instinctively scooted farther away before getting up to leave the room.

Now that they were back in his territory, Jaws had eased up on keeping her under strict watch, letting her roam around freely.

Nyx wandered the area, observing her surroundings, and found that it was nothing like she had imagined.

It wasn't as advanced as the Advanced Planet, but it also wasn't as chaotic and desolate as the Desolate Planet. Surprisingly,

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even many elderly people had settled here.

Life here wasn't exactly peaceful-hot-headed Space Pirates often got into arguments and scuttles- things exer spiraled out of control. When needed, the enforcers stepped in to maintain order,

Under Jaws' iron-fisted rule, Crimson Sands was a chaotic yet structured place,

Unlike when she was on the Desolate Planet, Nyx didn't feel the need to keep herself completely covered, she boldly lesber face be seen and breathed in the fresh air.

Seeing the legendary SSS-level female out in the open, the Space Pirates practically drooled at the syr but des doce the line, only whispering among themselves.

Before long, Jaws appeared, keeping a measured distance behind Nyx.

Instantly, even the hushed murmurs ceased.

Sensing the change, Nyx turned to look at Jaws.

The sunlight bathed her in a warm glow, making her already gentle features look even softer and more radiant

Jaws couldn't resist reaching out to touch her. But just before his fingers made contact, Nyx suddenly spoke, berdings heart cold, "I want to see Kian. You promised."

Jaws' hand paused midair. A bitter wave of jealousy churned in his chest, but in the end, he could only lower his bed in reluctant surrender. "Fine."

It was just a brief meeting. It was no big deal for him. Or so he told himself. But watching Nyx immediately rush into Kiat's arms and cling to him tightly, Jaws couldn't sit still.

He tortured himself by staring at them, but after a few minutes, he couldn't take it anymore.

"Alright, I swear I won't hurt him anymore." He hastily pulled Nyx away.

At this point, the one suffering wasn't Black Mamba-it was him.

To divert Nyx's attention away from Black Mamba, Jaws took the initiative and said, "I can take you to see Black Mamba's father."

Just as Jaws had said, Kian's father was living in a pretty good environment-much better than when he was held at the Supervision Office.

When he saw Nyx, the middle-aged male's expression became complicated. "It's you?"

He knew exactly who Nyx was-the only SSS-level female in the Empire, the one who had saved Kian's life, and the person Kian had feelings for.

'But why is she here?' Kian's father thought.

"Did that brat Kian do something to you?" He looked devastated.

He had always blamed himself for Kian becoming a Space Pirate. If it weren't for him dragging Kian down, Kian wouldn't have ended up on this path.

It was only after realizing that Kian had never crossed the line-that he only killed those who deserved it and never harmed the innocent-that he finally came to accept reality.

But this time, Kian had actually gone and abducted a female.

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'No matter how much he likes her, this isn't the way, thought Kian's father.

"N-no, that's not it!" Nyx quickly denied.

She shook her head frantically, and then glared angrily at Jaws, who was enjoying the show from the sidelines.

Before Nyx could completely blow up, Jaws admitted his crime with a slight bow. "It wasn't Black Mamba. It was me."

Kian's father froze, momentarily speechless. After spending some time here, he had realized that this Space Pirate leader wasn't as vicious as the rumors claimed.

Jaws had a strange personality and liked going against the Empire, but he never killed indiscriminately. In fact, he kept a tight leash on the troublemakers under his command.

"Why would you do something like this?" asked Kian's father.

Jaws didn't answer.

In a daze, Kian's father suddenly recalled that Jaws was an SS-level male with an extremely high Loss of Control Index. Jaws was probably desperate for Nyx's Mental Soothing, which was why he resorted to such drastic measures.

As someone who had suffered from loss of control himself, Kian's father could understand Jaws to some extent. After a long silence, he let out a sigh.

Things had already come to this—he could only hope Jaws wouldn't make things too hard for Nyx. Unable to hold back, Kian's father started lecturing the Space Pirate leader about the Empire's view on how males

should treat their mates.

The Space Pirates usually just scoff at this.

Jaws, however, put on a humble act, nodding repeatedly. "Got it. I'll listen to her, no problem."

Nyx was rendered speechless.

She firmly shoved Jaws aside and said to Kian's father, "Can you shift into your beast form? I'll use Mental

Soothing on you."

Kian's father hesitated at her words.

Males tend to be extremely possessive of their mates. Even in the Empire, no matter how high a male's status was, he still had to compete for favor. Meanwhile, a Space

Pirates leader could do whatever he wanted, keeping any captives he caught all to himself.

'As Jaws' female, is Nyx really allowed to use Mental Soothing on another male?' Kian's father glanced at Jaws cautiously, thinking.

To his surprise, Jaws didn't object at all. Instead, Jaws indulged Nyx completely.

After confirming multiple times that Jaws was okay with it, a Black Mamba slightly different from Kian

appeared before Nyx.

The black mist gradually faded away. Nyx let out a deep breath and smiled faintly.

Watching that rare smile, Jaws couldn't bring himself to look away. He loved that she smiled.

Even after saying goodbye to Kian's father and returning to her room, Nyx still had that smile on her face. Seeing her in such a good mood, Jaws got excited, eager to score a little reward.

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+23)

"That Black Mamba has a yellow jacket. It belongs to you, right?" Jaws brought this up out of nowhere.

Nyx blinked in confusion. "What about it?"

"I want one too," Jaws shamelessly declared. "Something you've worn up close."

Before he could finish, Nyx clamped a hand over his mouth. She had never seen such a brazen male before.

Her face burned. "Keep dreaming."

Jaws hadn't actually expected much. He just wanted to tease her a little.

He pressed a light kiss into her palm while she was covering his mouth, startling her into snatching her soft little hand away.

"A jacket is fine too, as long as it's something you've worn. If you don't give me one, I might just steal one myself—and I'll make sure to take my favorite," Jaws said shamelessly. "Give me something to hold onto, and maybe I'll bother you a little

less."

With his mix of threats and coaxing, Nyx gave in. She shrugged off her button-up shirt, balled it up, and threw it at Jaws.

He caught it neatly, folded it carefully, and kept it for himself, completely satisfied.

"Do you want to go back to the Empire?" he suddenly asked.

Nyx narrowed her eyes at him suspiciously. She wanted to go back. But not knowing what kind of trick Jaws was up to, she stayed silent.

"How was your life in the Empire?" Jaws pressed on. "Did you choose to be with that royal tiger willingly? And was using Mental Soothing on all those strange males really something you wanted?"

As he questioned her, he knelt down, tilting his head to study Nyx's expression carefully, trying to see the truth.

"I lived well in the Empire. I was with Aurelius because I liked him," Nyx said coldly. "No one forced me to do Mental Soothing—except you."

Jaws choked. "I didn't force you either."

Nyx didn't look amused. She thought, 'True, he hasn't forced me, but didn't he capture me to get me to do Mental Soothing?'

After a long silence, Jaws let out a chuckle, shook his head, and left the room.

Nyx flopped onto the bed, staring at the ceiling. Jaws' weird, out-of-nowhere questions echoed in her head. She had no idea what he was thinking.

She rolled around on the bed a few times, and then suddenly heard a knock at the door. Sitting up quickly, she looked toward the entrance warily.

Jaws never knocked lightly like that. The knocking continued for a moment before the door slowly creaked open. A head poked in, revealing a face that made Nyx stare in shock.

"Meli?" asked Nyx.

"Lord Nyx." Meli greeted her softly, her eyes red.

Nyx had mixed feelings toward Meli who had set her up. But remembering that Meli was pregnant, she waved her over and let her sit. "Why are you

here?"

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Meli bit her lip, looking like she was about to cry.

That day, Richa had never planned to let her go. He said he'd release her, but secretly ordered his men to kill her on the way.

A female falling into the hands of a group of space pirates was like a lamb thrown to wolves. Those disgusting males didn't care that she was pregnant. Before killing her, they wanted to use her first

Meli said, 'Luckily, the boss saved me

When Jaws rescued her, Meli had been scared out of her mind. She couldn't believe she had actually been saved

Jaws was the most powerful of all the space pirate leaders, infamous across the galaxy.

Jaws was truly ruthless to his enemies. The way he dealt with those males had made Meli's blood run cold

At first, Meli was terrified, thinking her fate would only get worse.

But after spending some time in Crimson Sands, she realized no one bullied her here. She had her own room, and she had food to eat.

"I don't really want to go back to the Empire, Meli murmured.

She was carrying Griffin's child, and she had kidnapped Nyx. She was too ashamed to face anyone back there.

Life here was stable enough. She could just stay and become a female space pirate.

"What are you saying?" Nyx frowned, "Your family is still waiting for you. Do you really not care about them at all?"

Outside the room, Jaws stood there without moving, silently listening to their conversation.

He thought, 'So, Nyx hasn't just been saying it out of spite. She really does want to go back to the Empire. There are people there who matter to her. Her determination to return proves that the Empire has never mistreated her.

Jaws let out a complicated sigh, rubbing the X-shaped mark on his waist as a deep hatred flashed in his eyes.

He had no trust or goodwill toward the Empire. But if Nyx wanted to go back that badly, he would respect her choice.

Inside the room, Meli's expression slowly turned regretful as Nyx talked to her. Meli said, "You're right. I shouldn't stay here." Just because she had made mistakes didn't mean she could run away from them and leave all the pain for her family to bear.

"But can we even go back?" Meli didn't think the chances were high.

She thought, 'I might be able to return since Jaws has no interest in me. But Nyx? She is an SSS-level female, Jaws' only lifeline. Why would he ever let her go?'

Thinking about the out-of-control python every night, Nyx felt just as troubled.

Sure enough, deep into the night, the python slithered in again, heading straight for her and wrapping a coil around her in a tentative embrace.

Too tired to push the clingy snake away, Nyx released her Soul Form. But when she looked down, something felt off. Unlike before, the black mist around the python wasn't as dense tonight. It wasn't anywhere near the point of losing control. She thought, 'Is he faking it?' Nyx yanked the snake off her without hesitation, crossing her arms and eyeing him.

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99%

(+23)

For a split second, the python looked guilty. But he quickly pretended like nothing was wrong.

He had no idea what Nyx used to determine whether he was losing control, so he was putting on his best performance.

Nyx called him out immediately, "Cut it out. So, you're feeling better?"

He hadn't lost control tonight at all. Now that he was completely exposed, Jaws had no choice but to shift back into human form, grinning, "Yeah. The coat helped

Holding onto the jacket Nyx had given him, he felt much calmer. With a few more injections, he could temporarily suppress the rise in his Loss of Control Index.

Though relying on medication like this would only make the eventual backlash worse, if he was going to let Nyx leave, he had to wean himself off her Mental Soothing.

Jaws didn't try to guilt-trip her. Instead, he changed the subject to something more serious. "The magnetic storm is ending earlier than expected. I'll take you back to the Empire."

Nyx snapped her head up, staring at him in shock.

She was not sure if he was serious.

Her big round eyes were absolutely adorable, and Jaws couldn't help leaning in to kiss her cheek.

Nyx was still too stunned to react. He managed to steal a few more kisses before she finally came to her senses and turned her head away.

The kiss never landed. Jaws struggled to snap out of his daze, staring at Nyx with frustration and murmuring under his breath, "You are so heartless."

Their time together was short, and they were about to part ways soon. Yet, she wouldn't even leave him with a single sweet memory.

It wasn't that she was truly heartless-her feelings just weren't for him. But for Black Mamba, she clearly had emotions to spare.

She had so much love to give, yet she was so stingy, unwilling to share even a little with Jaws.

Jaws lowered his gaze, hiding the jealousy burning in his eyes, and then pulled out a specially designed storage case from his Space Button.

The moment he opened it, five vials of pale pink liquid were revealed inside.

Nyx had no idea what they were, but when Jaws grabbed her arm, seemingly about to inject her with one, alarm bells went off in her head.

"Get away from me! No!" She struggled fiercely. "Don't touch me!"

The difference in their physical strength was overwhelming, rendering her resistance almost meaningless.

The moment the valuable formula left its specialized container, it had to be used immediately, or else it would lose its effectiveness.

Without giving her a choice, Jaws pinned Nyx down and swiftly injected one of the vials into her body.

His touch was surprisingly gentle, causing no real pain, yet Nyx trembled uncontrollably, sinking into despair.

She thought, 'Is it poison? Or an inducer?'

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Seeing the terror on her face, Jaws felt an inexplicable tightness in his chest. Clenching his jaw, he pulled her

into a fierce embrace. "Do you really think I could ever hurt you?"

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It was just a serum designed to enhance her physical condition-nothing harmful. He had gone to great lengths to gather the rare ingredients and have it specially made for her, afraid that an experimental female like her might have too short a

lifespan.

He hadn't told her beforehand, partly because he wanted to mess with her a little. After all, she was always so cold toward

him.

But he hadn't expected her to react like this. She behaved as if she didn't trust him at all.

Jaws no longer felt like explaining himself. Even if he explained, Nyx probably wouldn't believe him.

Letting go of her gently, he closed the storage case, got up, and left without a word.

Nyx, lost in anxious thoughts for a long time, eventually calmed down and realized—nothing was happening. Her body wasn't reacting the way she feared.

Confused, she unknowingly drifted off to sleep. When she woke up, she felt surprisingly light and energized, more refreshed than she had ever been.

She grabbed something nearby and tested her strength—her grip had clearly improved. Her vision, sense of smell, and overall perception had also sharpened. Her entire body had become significantly stronger. Is it because of that serum from last night? Have I misjudged Jaws?' Nyx touched her ears awkwardly. Though Jaws often teased and provoked her, he had never actually hurt her.

Remembering the look of sadness in his eyes when he left the night before, Nyx felt a little conflicted. When breakfast time came, Jaws was nowhere to be seen.

By lunchtime, Jaws' subordinates brought her food, but there was still no sign of him.

No one came to finish off her leftovers either, and they were eventually taken away. Nyx hesitated, pacing back and forth in her room before making up her mind to go check on Jaws.

She thought, 'What if he is angry and decides not to take me back to the Empire anymore?'

Using that as an excuse, she immediately set off.

She arrived at his quarters without any trouble. No one stopped her—on the contrary, they seemed happy to point her in the right direction.

She knocked twice, but there was no response.

"It's not locked, ma'am. You can go right in," one of Jaws' trusted subordinates said respectfully.

He knew that Jaws was highly territorial, but when it came to Nyx, Jaws was clearly different. There was no way Jaws'd be angry about this.

In fact, Jaws would even be overjoyed that she was coming to him on her own.

Without overthinking it, Nyx pushed open the door.

The first thing she saw was a familiar food tray on the table—the same one from her lunch earlier, now spotless.

Nyx was speechless, but at least it put her mind at ease.

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Looking around, she noticed his room wasn't nearly as lavish as she had imagined. It was even plainer than her own quarters.

There was barely any furniture, with no decorations at all.

The air reeked of alcohol, and empty bottles were scattered all over the floor beside the bed.

Interstellar liquor was incredibly strong, with a faint aroma and intense numbing effects. Even one bottle could leave an ordinary person with a massive headache for hours, so binge drinking was almost unheard of

She didn't believe Jaws had consumed this much—it was practically self-destructive.

'Isn't he worried about alcohol poisoning? Nyx frowned deeply, thinking.

Besides the bottles, she also spotted several used syringes.

Carefully picking one up, she examined it. It was different from what he had injected into her—these were the type meant to suppress his loss of control.

She thought, 'Injecting so many at once?'

Remembering what Jaws had said about these drugs, Nyx suddenly felt short of breath.

In her mind, Jaws had always been unbelievably strong, but now, he seemed like he was barely holding on.

As she worried, her enhanced hearing suddenly picked up a strange sound. Following the noise, she traced it to the bathroom-it sounded like... pain?

Nyx's heart clenched. Without thinking, she shoved the door open.

The door slammed hard against the wall.

Inside, Jaws froze and hunched over, gripping something tightly in his hands-something very familiar. His gaze turned dark and dangerous as he stared at the doorway.

If it had been anyone else, he would have killed them on the spot. But it was Nyx.

"Nyx?" he asked.

In response, Nyx disappeared in a flash, slamming the door shut behind her.

She cursed her heightened senses-she had heard way too much. Even after fleeing the room, she could still clearly make out the low, pleased chuckle coming from inside.

She couldn't stay here a second longer.

His subordinates watched her bolt out of the room, utterly confused. They thought, 'What has our boss done? He has scared off the little female, and yet he isn't chasing after her?'

A long time passed before Jaws finally emerged, dripping with cold water, and his eyes tinged with red.

"She's back in her room. Hasn't come out since," someone whispered.

Jaws nodded. "Got it."

The moment he stepped inside her room, a pillow flew straight at him, hitting his chest instead of his face. He caught it effortlessly.

His previous gloom vanished completely. He couldn't stop himself from smiling.

Chapter 199

(+23)

"Give me back my wat bly fuld out her hand

jews reduced. "You ready gave them to me. How can you take them back now?"

The burle keepsake was the only thing keeping him going-there was no way he'd return it.

Nye fumed as you some kind of pervert?"

The image from carlier burned in her mind, impossible to erase

Jews digued, "I'm just a healthy male

11 west usually addicted to this kind of thing. But today, the mix of drowning his sorrows in alcohol, the lingering effects of the bagmenter, and his already terrible mood had all piled up, lowering his self-control. That was why he let himself indulge juss this once

He hadn't expected to be caught red-handed by Nyx.

"What were you doing in my room?" Jaws leaned in with a smile. "Worried about me?"

"Why would I be worried about you?" Nyx denied it immediately. But if she was being honest, she was a little concerned about jaws condition.

With Jaws keeping everything under control, Crimson Sands was relatively stable. If he died, these space pirates would probably start causing real trouble.

Honestly, she thought Jaws needed those restorative agents more than she did.

Remembering the potion from last night, she stole a glance at Jaws and cleared her throat, still unsure how to apologize for the misunderstanding

But before she could say anything, Jaws lowered his head first. "Sorry. Yesterday was my fault."

After reflecting all night, he realized everything had been his mistake.

Nyx had seen the shameless, thick-skinned Jaws plenty of times, but hearing his voice tremble as he apologized for the first time was... unexpected. It left a strange feeling in her chest.

Facing Jaws, she still couldn't bring herself to say the kind of soft words she used with others. She snorted coldly. "Realized your mistake? Just send me back to the Empire, and I won't hold it against you."

As she spoke, Nyx carefully observed Jaws' expression, trying to figure out if he was actually going to send her back.

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Jaws' expression was complicated. After a long silence, he asked in a low voice, "Does that mean all my mistakes will be

erased?"

He was being greedy.

Nyx clicked her tongue. "Meli has to go back with me too."

"Fine," Jaws agreed without hesitation.

"Kian has to come with me too," Nyx added.

"That won't work," Jaws shook his head. Seeing Nyx's face darken, he quickly explained, "It's not about revenge.

"He killed a lot of the Empire's elites. Sure, they weren't good people, but killing them is still a crime. The Empire won't just let Black Mamba off the hook.

"You know he's on the Empire's wanted list. If he goes back with you, it's a death sentence."

Nyx froze. She had overlooked the fact that

was also a Space Pirate.

From the moment Kian betrayed the Empire

their

separation had been inevitable.

"Would you consider surrendering to the Empire?" After a long pause, Nyx looked up at Jaws.

She thought about it. If Jaws brought his entire force and surrendered to the Empire, they might be given leniency. Kian, as one of them, might be spared too.

Jaws sighed and pinched her cheek, "So you want to use me as a shield for Black Mamba?"

After everything he'd been through, Jaws had no temper left when it came to Nyx.

Even if she was blatantly trying to use him for Kian's sake, Jaws was willing to tolerate it.

Nyx covered her cheek, feeling a bit guilty..

She knew her idea was childish. She was only daring to suggest it because Jaws was so indulgent toward her.

, risk imprisonment

There was no reason for him to give up his power,

or even execution, just to surrender to the Empire.

After thinking for a long time, Nyx finally came up with a reason. "You're already losing control. You need my Mental Soothing. The medication won't last forever."

She painted him a pretty picture. "If you surrender to the Empire, I can give you regular Mental Soothing."

Jaws was tempted. Being with Nyx and getting her Mental Soothing regularly was an incredibly enticing offer. Whether he was a leader or a prisoner didn't matter as much. However, he forced himself to stay rational and shook his head.

Jaws reminded her, "Don't put too much trust in the Empire."

Nyx didn't understand what he meant and blinked in confusion.

Jaws smiled as he gently ran his fingers through her hair, braiding a few small sections. "Who knows, we might meet again someday."

Even if he sent Nyx back, he would always keep an eye on her. If the Empire ever turned on her, he would stop at nothing to get her out. He would always be her escape route.

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To go up against the Empire, he needed to strengthen his position by absorbing all the other Space Pirate factions.

Jaws lowered his eyes, deep in thought.

99%

+23)

Nyx had no idea what he was thinking. She touched the neat braids in her hair and argued bluntly, "Unless you surrender, we're not meeting again."

Faced with such an infuriating little female, Jaws took a deep breath and pulled her into a tight hug. "If we won't meet again, shouldn't I take advantage while I still can?"

Nyx instinctively narrowed her eyes and leaned back. But Jaws didn't kiss her.

After a long pause, Nyx peeked at him through half-lidded eyes.

"I won't kiss you, so stop dodging," Jaws murmured, his voice both soft and raspy as he tightened his arms around her.

After hesitating for a moment, Nyx didn't pull away.

She thought, 'No need to crush his spirits completely. A little sweetness might make him behave better!

Jaws' subordinates noticed that their leader seemed to have pacified the little female. The tension between them had eased considerably.

But the rare moment of peace didn't last long. The magnetic storm actually ended ahead of schedule.

Nyx was eager to have Jaws send her back. Under her anxious and expectant gaze, Jaws kept his promise and prepared a ship.

"Hand me your Space Button for a second." He held out his hand to Nyx.

She was puzzled. But after spending these over her Space Button without hesitation.

past few

days together, she had come to trust Jaws a little more, so she handed

Jaws placed a storage box inside, filled with light pink medicine. "Each dose needs to be six months apart. Make sure to take it on time-it's good for your health."

"I also collected some Prism Reactors. Your mecha could use them," he added, placing a small box inside.

"That's way too valuable," Nyx said, conflicted when she saw the Prism Reactors.

She thought, 'Is Jaws giving me gifts to pursue me?'

Their identities and positions were too different. She could never accept that.

Jaws simply smiled, not bothering to explain that the five vials of medicine were actually far more expensive than the Prism Reactors.

"You used up a few Prism Reactors running away from me. I'm just replacing them." He reassured her.

Nyx didn't know what to say and fell silent, pressing her lips together.

She watched as Jaws, like a doting parent, packed her things. He even stuffed a whole crate of vegetables into her Space Button-ones she had particularly enjoyed eating recently.

"These are a specialty from Crimson Sands," Jaws explained when he saw her staring at the box.

He had also packed other special items she liked, though not without ulterior motives. He hoped that whenever Nyx saw them, she would think of him.

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99%

+23)

"Are you really not coming back to the Empire with me?" Nyx couldn't help but ask again.

Jaws didn't answer. Instead, he took out a document folder and placed it in her Space Button. "Only show this

to someone you trust completely. Don't give it to the royal family."

Nyx froze. She thought, 'What could be so secretive? Why couldn't the royal family see it? Not even

Aurelius?'

"Alright, time to go." Jaws said after carefully securing the folder, handing her Space Button back.

He followed her onto the ship. Even after it started, he didn't leave.

It took Nyx a moment to realize what was happening. She was stunned. "You're coming with me?"

She thought, 'Aren't you afraid of getting caught by the Empire?'

Jaws raised an eyebrow. "What else? You want Black Mamba to escort you instead?"

There was no way he'd let Nyx and Meli return on their own.

If Nyx and Meli ran into hostile Space Pirate factions along the way, things could get ugly.

"And if you do get caught, and then what?" asked Nyx.

"Then I'll surrender," Jaws said it casually, with a faint smile, as if he didn't care.

"Seriously?" Nyx's eyes widened.

If Jaws really surrendered and got locked up, she'd make sure to visit him regularly.

Nyx said, "If you behave yourself, I can try to plead for you. I'll do my best to get you a lighter sentence."

Jaws' eyes curved in amusement at her promise.

Off to the side, Meli watched their conversation, her eyes welling up with tears again.

If Griffin were still alive, she would have convinced him to surrender to the Empire too. But Griffin was already

dead. Noticing her emotions, Nyx gently squeezed her shoulder.

It took a while, but Meli finally calmed down. She murmured enviously, "It's nice that you two can still be

together."

Before she could finish, a Neutron Lance suddenly tore through the ship.

In Nyx's panicked gaze, the lance struck Jaws' head with pinpoint accuracy.

The ship shook violently. Meli clutched her head, screaming-until she realized the attackers were Aurelius,

Felix, and Theon. Her screams faded.

They weren't enemies. They were from the Empire. They were their saviors.

But when Meli looked at the wreckage where Jaws had been hit, a strange pain twisted in her chest. She turned to Nyx. Nyx stood frozen, her whole body stiff. A deafening ringing filled her ears as she stared at the

ruined wreckage.

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1. ST.

Time ticked away. The figure never got up,

"He's dead?" Nyx's mind went completely blank.

She thought, 'No chance to surrender? Just got shot dead like that? Isn't Jaws supposed to be really strong? How did he not dodge the Neutron Lance?'

Nyx felt intense shock from head to toe, while her face was burning hot. There wasn't a shred of joy in her heart, just an empty, hollow feeling.

+23

Her eyes stung like there was sand in them. She raised a hand to rub them when she suddenly heard a familiar, gentle voice behind her. "Are you crying for me?"

In an instant, every weapon turned toward the figure that had just appeared.

Nyx whipped her head around and saw Jaws standing there, completely unharmed, looking at her with a smile in his eyes.

Even with all those weapons aimed at him, Jaws showed no fear at all. Seeing Nyx upset over him, he felt completely satisfied-like he could die with no regrets.

"A bionic?" Felix narrowed his eyes at Jaws, quickly assessing the situation.

"Sharp eyes, Your Excellency," Jaws chuckled and nodded.

The relief Nyx had just felt instantly vanished. She thought, 'If the Jaws standing in front of me is a bionic, and then the one who got killed just now...

"That one was a bionic too; don't worry." Jaws walked toward Nyx, wanting to wipe away her tears, but the group of males surrounding her blocked him immediately.

Nyx frowned. She couldn't tell that the Jaws in front of her was a bionic-just like she hadn't noticed the one who got killed was a bionic either.

They were way too real. Every movement or word was exactly like the real Jaws.

Jaws could see her confusion and explained, "These two bionics are equipped with the NeuroSync System. I control them remotely myself. You're not talking to an AI or a pre-programmed response-it's me."

Unlike regular bionics, these ones were practically his clones.

Nyx finally understood. She studied the bionic in front of her for a while, making sure Jaws was really alive. Only then did her tension start to ease.

She let out a long breath, her worried expression fading as she ground her teeth a little.

She thought, "This bastard tricked me again. All that sadness just now? A complete waste of emotions. "Sorry," Jaws admitted his mistake right away.

He hadn't told Nyx about the bionics beforehand-not because he didn't trust her or was afraid she'd try to kill him, but because he'd planned for this exact scene to happen. He wanted to see if she'd feel even a little bit reluctant to lose him. The result was better than he ever expected. He felt an intense rush of happiness, so strong it made his scalp tingle.

"Next time we meet, you can do whatever you want with me." The once-dominant leader of the Space Pirates willingly bowed his head at the little female's feet.

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Nyx glared at him. Her expression was fierce, but she didn't say she never wanted to see him again. That alone made Jaws grin. He thought, 'So kind. So adorable.'

The surrounding males had complicated feelings. Ever since they found out Nyx had been taken by far they'd be on edge, terrified of what he might do to her.

But they never expected her relationship with him to be like this.

Nyx wasn't scared of Jaws at all. She even dared to throw a tantrum at him. That meant she hadn't suffered much at his hands, which was a good thing.

But the fact that she was sad over his 'death' meant she'd developed feelings for the Space Pirate. Jaws had that way

"Nyx." Theon pulled her into a tight hug.

Losing Nyx had nearly driven him mad with guilt. His eyes were bloodshot from sleepless nights, and his face was unshaven, rough with stubble.

Nyx had missed her males too during her time away. She wrapped her arms around Theon's neck, running her fingers through his hair to soothe the big lion. "I'm fine. Don't worry."

She didn't mind his scratchy stubble at all. Smiling, she leaned in and gave him a little kiss.

The smile on Jaws' face slowly froze.

If he hadn't seen Nyx being so soft and affectionate with someone else, he might have been satisfied with the tiny bit of sweetness he got.

But now, the contrast was brutal for him. In an instant, Jaws fell from the heights of happiness straight to the bottom of despair.

"Nyx," Jaws called her name, mimicking Theon's tone.

Nyx ignored him, acting like she didn't hear.

"Nyx." Jaws tried again.

Before he could call her a third time, something cold pressed against his head. Felix moved in swiftly, cuffing him and locking down his movements.

A bionic wasn't worth interrogating, but they couldn't just let him go either—he was still a potential threat.

“Shut up and behave,” Felix warned, completely unbothered.

He thought, 'Flirting with my female right in front of me? Did Jaws think I am dead or something?

Jaws shrugged and didn't resist, cooperating fully. He didn't care what would happen to him—his eyes stayed glued to Nyx. When she finally turned to look at him, he immediately flashed a smile.

Nyx scanned Jaws from head to toe, taking in his handcuffed, pathetic state. For some reason, it felt oddly satisfying

She knew he was just a bionic replica, and he had Jaws' face, his mannerisms—everything was exactly the same. Still, it was as if the real Jaws had been captured.

She thought, “That infuriating bastard deserves to be locked up tight so he'd finally behave!

"You enjoy seeing me like this?" Jaws saw right through her thoughts.

He sighed dramatically and teased, “As expected of a little pervert. It's fine. I'm happy to indulge any of your kinks.

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“Bionic bodies don't feel real enough, though. Next time we meet, you can tie me up instead”

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Jaws' voice was low and soft, his words carrying a hint of a nasal tone that made them sound dangerously intimate,

Nyx's face turned red, bit by bit.

Jaws quickly paid the price for his loose tongue—a solid punch from Felix.

Since the bionic body was controlled by the NeuroSync System, the pain was transmitted straight to Jaws, making him feel every bit of it.

Just like when the other bionic replica had been shot down-Jaws had experienced its dying agony firsthand. Nyx suddenly realized this and hurried to stop Felix. "Don't hit him-stop hitting him."

Even though she couldn't help but speak up for Jaws, she didn't want to see him looking too smug. She turned away and buried her face in Theon's chest.

Theon shot Jaws a deep, scrutinizing look before carrying Nyx away.

The damaged ship was abandoned, and everyone transferred to the Empire's warship.

As the starship returned home, news of the successful rescue of the SSS-level female spread throughout the Empire, sparking nationwide celebration.

Official media released photos from the scene—Nyx being held by her males in turns, looking perfectly fine, as if she hadn't been harmed at all.

Not only was she unharmed, but when her medical report came out, it even gave Zayne a shock.

"Nyx, have you come into contact with anything unusual lately?" asked Zayne.

Compared to her previous records, all of Nyx's physical stats had nearly doubled.

Nyx suddenly remembered the items Jaws had packed for her in her Space Button. "Jaws injected me with

this."

She took out the vial and a document folder, handing them over to Zayne. "And this file. He said it's only for people I trust."

Since Jaws had injected Nyx with an unknown substance, Zayne's face turned pale. He ignored the folder and rushed to analyze the drug.

After running multiple tests, he let out a sigh of relief-it was a false alarm.

The drug was non-toxic, posed no harm, and only had beneficial effects. In fact, it contained an incredibly

rare and expensive ingredient, something practically priceless.

This completely defied Zayne's expectations.

If Jaws had used this drug on himself, it could have easily saved his life in a near-death situation.

And yet, instead of keeping such a precious life-saving medicine for himself, he'd generously given it to Nyx.

Even if Jaws liked Nyx, there was no reason to go this far.

Nyx had been malnourished and weak in the past, but after careful care, she was already in good health.

There was no logical reason for her to need this injection.

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Zayne frowned, his gaze slowly shifting to the document folder.

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Zayne carefully checked the folder first, making sure there were no dangerous items inside before opening it.

As he flipped through the documents, his expression grew darker and darker.

It was a record from an illegal laboratory.

The files were old, stained with dried blood, and slightly damaged, as if they had been salvaged from the ruins. They contained images and text documenting the lab's daily operations-like scenes straight out of hell. The lab's primary research project had been attempting to artificially create high-grade females with S-level or above mental power.

As Zayne read on, a chill ran down his spine. He lifted his gaze to look at Nyx.

According to the records, no successful test subjects had ever been produced-but the documents were incomplete.

The thought that Nyx might be one of the lab's experiments made Zayne's hands tremble. He almost dropped the file as he rushed to find Felix and Theon.

Not only were Felix and Theon at home-Kai was there too. To welcome Nyx back, Aurelius and Seafarion had gathered as well. But there was also one unexpected guest.

Nyx chased after Zayne into the living room. As soon as she saw that broad back, her heart leaped with both surprise and joy. She ran up and hugged him tightly. "Pale Wolf!"

Pale Wolf stiffened instantly, his arms and legs frozen in place. He was unsure where to put them.

Pale Wolf said, "Lady Nyx, please mind your manners."

The voice was familiar, but it no longer carried that hesitant, clumsy tone. Instead, it was clear and fluent. Pale Wolf's once warm and enthusiastic attitude toward Nyx had become distant and polite.

Nyx froze, her arms slowly loosening their grip in confusion.

After hesitating for a moment, Pale Wolf turned around. He bowed his head slightly. "Lady Nyx, I am Erik Read."

"You got your memory back?" Nyx stared at him in shock.

Erik hesitated before nodding. His past memories had returned. He remembered who he was, but the time he spent on Desolate Planet had grown hazy-he had forgotten everything about Nyx.

Based on what Jorge and the people from Desolate Planet told him, he managed to piece together fragments of the past. But no matter how he looked at it, he couldn't believe he had fallen in love with a female at first sight. And that female was none other than Aurelius' intended mate, Nyx.

Erik felt like he was going insane. He couldn't accept this reality.

His family had served the royal family for generations, acting as their hidden blade. He had grown up alongside Aurelius since childhood.

But despite growing up together, their relationship was terrible. They could never see eye to eye-mostly because of their clashing personalities.

He thought Aurelius was pretentious and fake, while Aurelius looked down on him for being crude and only caring about

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weapons.

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Erik couldn't even fathom the thought of falling for the same female with Aurelius. Just considering it made him feel like his world was crumbling.

Thankfully, he and Nyx hadn't officially become mates yet, nor had they confirmed any romantic relationship. Erik might as well put an end to this ridiculous connection now.

Ignoring the strange pang in his chest, Erik forced himself to look away after staring at Nyx a moment too long.

He thought, 'She is just pretty, and that is all. I am not that shallow. I can't possibly love her just because she's beautiful, right? Aurelius' type definitely can't be my type.

Nyx was confused. From Erik's attitude, she understood what he meant. Considerately, she took two steps back to maintain a proper social distance.

In doing so, she accidentally stepped right into Aurelius' arms.

Aurelius wrapped an arm around his beloved little female, smirking as he shot Erik a look.

He thought, "That foolish gray wolf is digging his own grave. Sooner or later, he'd regret this decision and cry his eyes out.'

Meeting the provocation in Aurelius' gaze, Erik clenched his fists.

There was no reason for him to be here. He didn't even know why he had rushed over to see Nyx in the first place.

Cursing himself internally for his stupidity, Erik lowered his head and bid Nyx farewell.

The files were passed around among the males, and the vibe in the living room grew heavier.

Until now, Felix had never associated the illegal experiments from that planet with Nyx. But at this moment, he finally realized—she matched the characteristics of the test subjects perfectly.

This document was even more detailed than the records they had found on that planet.

Felix examined it for a long time, picking up on some key details. His eyes narrowed at the thought of the royal family.

Felix handed the document to Aurelius.

Nyx recalled Jaws' warning. She hesitated, unsure whether to stop Aurelius from reading it. After a moment of thought, she chose to trust him.

As Aurelius flipped through the file, his smile gradually disappeared.

Others might not notice, but from the way this document was written, he could see traces of the royal family's style. Aurelius thought, 'A member of the royal family?'

The identity of the mastermind became clear in Aurelius' mind, and his expression darkened.

Aurelius thought, 'But for now, the more urgent issue is Nyx. If she really is a test subject, she probably only has a short lifespan of a few decades.'

After reading the document, Zayne immediately realized that those vials Jaws gave Nyx were most likely meant to extend her life. But even those precious medicines might not be enough to solve Nyx's lifespan problem.

If there was even a sliver of hope, the Empire would exhaust all its resources to save an SSS-level female. But a few decades was too short-it was unlikely they'd have enough time to develop a cure.

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The living room fell into an oppressive silence.

Nyx looked around at them in confusion, wondering why they all seemed so down.

She thought, 'Is it because of the document?'

She reached out to take the file, wanting to see what was written inside. She hadn't read it yet.

Aurelius instinctively pulled back, unwilling to let her see something so cruel.

But Nyx was faster than he expected. She lunged forward and snatched the document from his hands.

After flipping through a few pages, she couldn't stop herself from trembling.

"Stop reading, Nyx." Aurelius couldn't bear it. He hugged her tightly, covering her eyes.

If she had truly experienced all this, reading this document was like tearing open old wounds.

Aurelius remembered that Nyx had already regained some of her memories.

He thought, 'Does she remember these painful experiences? Does she know she only has a few decades to

live?'

Felix took Nyx from Aurelius' arms, gently rubbing her back as he comforted her in a low voice. "Don't be afraid. As long as

like this again. I'm here, no one can ever hurt

you

"We'll find a way to fix the lifespan issue. And even if we can't, I'll stay with you until the end."

Dying alongside his beloved wasn't such a bad ending for Felix.

Nyx was still dazed by the shock of the document. She lifted her head in confusion. She thought, 'Lifespan? What happened to my lifespan?'

Before awakening, she had thought she was human and had indeed worried about lifespan-so much so that she had avoided relationships.

But after awakening, she learned from the Divine Tree that she was a Beastman female. Her lifespan wasn't any shorter than other Beastmen, so she had let go of that concern and started dating freely. Realizing something, Nyx glanced down at the document. "Wait. You guys don't actually think I'm an experiment, do you?"

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With eyes on her, Nyx felt a bit pressured but still spoke seriously. "I'm not an experiment.

Just saying that wasn't enough-it sounded too weak and unconvincing. Revealing her true origins didn't seem like a bad

idea for her.

After spending so much time with them, Nyx felt safe. She trusted these people completely,

Without much hesitation, she undid two buttons on her shirt, revealing the Divine Tree's mark on her chest.

Seeing that flash of Nyx's skin, the males instinctively averted their eyes, not daring to look.

Nyx's ears turned red.

After spending days around Jaws, she had unknowingly become a bit thick-skinned. It didn't occur to her until now, After spending days around Jaws, she had unknowingly become a

She cleared her throat to hide her embarrassment.

She said, "This mark is a branch from the Divine Tree, a part of its

power."

The males looked at her nervously, trying to ignore everything else and focusing their gazes on the mark.

It just looked like an ordinary tattoo.

But as Nyx confessed the truth, the Divine Tree responded, actively cooperating with her.

Before their very eyes, the mark started to move, detaching itself from Nyx's chest and landing in her hand. It transformed into a vibrant green branch, as if freshly plucked from the tree.

Nyx shook the branch slightly, and it affectionately rubbed against her.

The unbelievable sight left everyone in the room completely stunned.

Nyx carefully chose her words and began explaining according to the timeline. "I am a seed of the Divine Tree."

Without the branch as proof, everyone would have dismissed her words as some kind of myth.

But now, in the face of such an overwhelming revelation, the room fell completely silent.

They thought, 'No wonder Nyx is so unique. The Beast God actually exists?'

After a long pause, Theon suddenly knelt down and solemnly swore to the Beast God, "I vow to follow Nyx forever, to be loyal to her, and to die for her."

According to imperial history, in ancient times, some males would pledge their loyalty to the Divine Tree when courting a female.

It was the most sacred bonding ceremony between a male and a female.

As soon as the words left Theon's mouth, Nyx felt a jolt run through her body.

A strange sensation surged within her-it was as if the connection between her and Theon had deepened in an instant. If she willed it, she could control everything about him, even his life and death.

The Divine Tree was asking her whether she accepted the loyalty he had just sworn.

"I accept it," she murmured.

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For a moment, Theon felt a burning sensation in his chest.

He pulled open his shirt and saw a mark appear there, looking like the Divine Tree, but it was a young sapling, still a bit

green.

Nyx felt a little dazed. She realized that from the moment the oath was made, Theon had been marked by her.

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This mark, belonging to her, appeared on Theon's chest and was deeply etched into his soul. From now on, Theon would belong to her as a male.

"Can you see it?" she released her Soul Form and asked Theon tentatively.

Seeing the lively sapling, Theon's eyes lit up, and he couldn't help but reach out to touch it.

Because of the mark, he and Nyx were connected, and without asking, he knew this was Nyx's Soul Form. He sincerely complimented, "I can see it. It's so cute."

Seeing how much closer Nyx and Theon seemed, the males weren't about to fall behind. One by one, they bowed, swearing loyalty to Nyx in front Of The Beastmenst God.

Nyx had never seen them so eager before. Their faces were filled with longing and desperation, almost pitifully gazing at her, hoping to be marked by her.

This wasn't a shackle; it was a title they had dreamed of, even more formal than registering a marriage in the system. "I accept it." The mark on her chest gave the males a sense of real security, and their eyes sparkled with intense light.

After a long time, the heavy breathing in the room finally calmed down.

"You believe me now? I'm really not an experiment," Nyx said as she recalled the tree and Soul Form, picking up the file again.

Although she wasn't an experiment, she saw an "experiment No. 7" in the file, whose description matched Jaws perfectly. There were more male than female test subjects in the lab. After all, males were cheaper research materials than the rare females. Researchers had altered the males to create strong war machines.

Nyx remembered the blood-red X-shaped mark on Jaws' lower back. She thought, 'So that is the mark of an experiment.'

"I want to see Jaws." Nyx furrowed her brows.

She finally understood where Jaws' affection for her came from. It was probably a special kind of sympathy born from shared suffering.

Like everyone else, Jaws had mistakenly thought she was just a lucky experiment who survived, which was why he treated her so kindly.

The males didn't refuse Nyx's request and accompanied her to find the imprisoned bionic Jaws.

When they found Aurelius there too, Jaws' red eyes coldly glared at him. After a long pause, he spoke slowly, "She chose to trust you."

"Do you deserve her trust?" Hearing Jaws' words, everyone including Nyx turned to look at Aurelius. Aurelius remained calm. "The lab's creator is Edmund Tavener, right?"

"You're pretending not to know it?" Jaws sneered. He didn't believe the royal family was unaware of what its members were doing. After all, Edmund wasn't some low-profile figure on the margins.

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Before Edmund's treasonous ambitions came to light and he turned against the Empire, he was a noble duke with great power and influence. Even when Edmund failed in his rebellion, he wasn't executed but declared

missing.

To Jaws, this seemed like the royal family's way of covering for their own members, sparing his life.

Aurelius remained silent for a while, and then lowered his head. "I'm sorry, I really didn't know."

Before Jaws destroyed the abandoned lab on that planet, he had no idea such a place existed.

This was the Empire's negligence. If they had discovered Edmund's actions sooner, maybe they could have saved those test subjects.

Jaws closed his eyes, refusing to continue the conversation with him. The moment his eyes closed, he went still, like he had died.

Nyx panicked and rushed to him, saying, "Jaws?"

"He's fine. He's just temporarily cut off his connection to this bionic body," Aurelius reassured.

"Who is Edmund?" Nyx asked.

Aurelius hesitated before answering, "He's my uncle, but he's already betrayed the Empire."

As a noble duke, Edmund wasn't content with his position and craved greater, unchecked power.

After his rebellion was suppressed, Edmund went into hiding and disappeared. For years, the Empire never gave up on searching for him.

Aurelius added, "Erik lost his memory and ended up on Z3413 Star because he encountered Edmund during a manhunt and was injured by him."

However, in that battle, Edmund didn't come out unscathed. He lost an eye and fled in defeat.

Nyx listened to Aurelius' explanation, feeling an indescribable mix of emotions.

Aurelius' attitude was firm. For the Empire's enemies, even blood relatives, the royal family would never cover

for them. But to Jaws, any verbal defense would seem weak and powerless, unless the Empire could capture Edmund and execute him publicly.

The bionic sat there quietly, completely motionless.

Nyx stared at the unmoving bionic, letting out a sigh. She hadn't had a chance to clear things up with Jaws about her not being an experiment.

For several days in a row, Nyx visited Jaws, only to find the bionic lying there, as still and silent as a corpse.

It wasn't until the fourth time she found Jaws that she finally spoke to him.

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"How have you been feeling these past few days? Have you lost control?" Nyx asked, worried that Jaws hadn't appeared because he had lost control.

Jaws was taken aback by her concern. "You've suddenly become so gentle with me. I'm not used to it."

He didn't answer Nyx's question directly, shaking his head and teasing her.

Nyx lowered her head, biting her lip.

After learning about Jaws' past, she couldn't bring herself to be angry with him. She felt deeply sorry for what he'd been through.

Jaws smiled, gazing at Nyx, "Actually, you're really cute when you get mad at me."

"Don't bite yourself; bite me instead." He raised his hand and gently stroked Nyx's cheek.

Nyx couldn't help but grind her teeth.

If Jaws would just stop saying those flirtatious things, she wouldn't have to be so harsh with him.

After thinking for a moment, she adjusted her mood and said seriously, "There's something I need to clear up. I'm not an experiment. I don't have the X-shaped mark on me. You've checked."

"Hmm?" Jaws raised an eyebrow. "I don't really remember; can I check again?"

"No, you can't." Nyx's hard-earned composure shattered in an instant.

"Okay. I know you don't have the experiment mark," Jaws laughed as he successfully made Nyx flustered, and then shifted the topic back on track.

"If you think you're not an experiment, and then be it, but you must still take those medicines on time."

Nyx insisted, "I'm really not."

"Alright, I know. You're not," Jaws said indulgently, coaxing Nyx, but clearly not believing her.

He was incredibly stubborn; once he believed something, it was hard to change his mind.

Nyx argued a bit more, unsure what to do with him.

She hesitated, and then reached for a button, only to slowly withdraw her hand. "Next time we meet, I'll prove it to you in person."

Jaws didn't think much about how she would prove it. He was focused entirely on the fact that Nyx wanted to meet him again.

Jaws' emotions stirred, and he really wanted to lean in and kiss Nyx, but he didn't want to use this bionic body to get too close to her, his beloved little female.

"Next time we meet, I'm going to kiss you." He held back, his red eyes locking onto Nyx with a predatory desire.

Nyx blushed and remained silent.

As a special prisoner, Jaws' bionic did not appear in the official photos

However, somehow, the news leaked out, along with a few blurry photos as evidence.

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Before long, someone managed to track down Jaws' damaged spaceship. He thought, 'Has Jaws really been captured by the Empire?'

The intel spread rapidly across every faction of the Space Pirates.

In the shadows, restlessness grew-everyone was itching to make a move.

Whoever could take over and absorb Jaws' forces would become the new boss. The temptation was too great, and when greed took over, caution was bound to slip.

At Crimson Sands, Jaws temporarily cut off contact with the bionic, reviewed intelligence on the movements of other Space Pirates factions, and began happily drafting battle plans.

The bait was successfully cast, and the stupid ones were starting to poke their heads out. It was time for the catch.

"Black Mamba," Jaws called Kian over and assigned him an important task.

Kian's expression was a bit complicated. "Do you trust me?"

He was shocked when he learned that Jaws had sent Nyx back to the Empire. He couldn't believe it until he saw the Empire's official announcement of it.

According to Kian's expectations, once Jaws sent Nyx away without hesitation, he'd come after Kian, dealing with him as a traitor.

But unexpectedly, Jaws acted like nothing had happened and continued to use him as he always had. "Why wouldn't I trust you?" Jaws chuckled, shaking his head. "Every task I've given you, you've completed brilliantly. We need to clean up all that trash to ensure Nyx's safety."

Richa wasn't the only one who had his eye on Nyx. They had to nip any potential dangers in the bud.

By eliminating all the other Space Pirates and consolidating all the factions, he'd have more power to protect

Nyx.

"It's all for her protection," Jaws said calmly. "You can do this, right, Black Mamba?"

Their falling out had been for Nyx. And now, for Nyx, they were back on the same side.

Jaws raised his hand into a fist. Kian paused for a moment, and then extended his own fist and bumped it against Jaws.

Central Planet had a few days of light rain, but finally, it was greeted with a sunny day.

On this clear, bright day, Nyx moved into her new home.

After receiving Beast God's blessing and marking her, she and her male mates had crossed from being in a romantic relationship to becoming formal mates.

Naturally, they had to live together. Though the Marshal's manor was large, it wasn't quite right for them. So, they built a new estate, registered under her name, as their shared new home.

On moving day, Xivar showed up with a huge pile of mech parts, ready to customize Nyx's mech as a housewarming gift. Since Nyx had been abducted, Xivar had been suffering from insomnia, and that had sparked a lot of new ideas. Looking at Xivar's large dark circles, Nyx couldn't help but sigh. "Is nourishing oatmeal not working anymore?"

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"It's ne," Nivar chuckled. "After you came back, I've been good?"

Her insomnia was due to a mental strain she couldn't stop worrying about flyx, and the constant overthinking, made it impossible for her to sleep. Once she confirmed Nyx was safe and sound, her insomnia naturally disappeared,

Nyx gave her another thorough cheek, and seeing that she was indeed looking, okay, she finally relaxed, After a satisfying meal, Xivar energetically toured the manor, teasing Hyx, "This new place is huge, is it for raising kids later?"

"Actually, you probably won't get pregnant soon," she said, rubbing Nyx's soft belly, "Your genes are too advanced. The higher the level, the harder it is to have kids,"

"I've been married for over ten years and still don't have kids, and I'm just a D-level female; var sighed deeply,

"But your mate seems really capable, so maybe you'll be pregnant soon" Before Xivar could finish, Nyx's face flushed brija red, and Xivar couldn't help but laugh, "I was just joking. Ahhh! No tickling!"

Such playful sounds were heard clearly by the males, and their expressions were subtly awkward. They didn't have much of an expectation about having kids—whatever happened, happened—but they couldn't help but imagine the process.

In their prime, with the female they loved right there, it was easy for their minds to wander,

In the Empire, these things were supposed to be led by the female, and the male couldn't bring them up. But considering Nyx didn't know about the Empire's customs, the males boldly decided to try and test the waters, Late at night, after Nyx finished her bath, she found all her mates were in her bedroom.

With so many nervous and expectant gazes on her, she realized something felt off and clenched the sleeves of her clothes.