

Nova Outlaw: Chapters 1 to 5

Chapter 1: The Outlaw's Spark

The cargo bay smelled of rust, smoke, and trouble. Jax Orion knew it well—it was the smell of every bad decision he'd ever made.

With his jacket half-zipped and blasters strapped to his hips, he strutted through the docking ring of the starport like he owned the place.

In truth, all he owned was debt, a ship that coughed more than it flew, and a reputation for making enemies faster than friends.

Still, there was a glint in his eye—the same spark that made strangers follow him and villains curse his name. Jax Orion wasn't just anyone.

He was the kind of outlaw the galaxy couldn't decide whether to kill, crown, or cheer for...

Chapter 2: Ghosts of the Starship

The Starlance, Jax's battered freighter, creaked as if it hated him. He slapped the console. "Don't quit on me now, girl. We've got debts to outrun."

The nav-screen flickered, showing red lights where there should've been stars. An ambush. Jax cursed under his breath as a sleek warship slid from the void, its cannons locking on. The sigil on its hull told him everything: Vyra Kane, bounty lord of the Outer Rings, was on his tail.

"Jax Orion," her voice rang over comms, sharp as glass. "Hand over the map fragment, and I might let you limp away."

Jax smirked, though his heart hammered. "Vyra, you wound me. If I had a map, don't you think I'd already be selling drinks on some beach planet?"

He yanked the throttle. The Starlance roared, dodging cannon fire. If he was going to die today, he'd make sure it was with style.

Chapter 3: The Vault of Aegara

Rumors had teeth, and this one had bitten Jax hard. The Vault of Aegara—legendary, forbidden, stuffed with treasures older than empires.

Jax had heard it all his life, but now? Now he had proof. Or at least, a fragment of it: a starmap etched into alien alloy, humming with a power that felt alive.

He held it in his hands, the glow painting his face. "Either this gets me killed," he muttered,

“or it makes me richer than the Syndicate’s throne.”

His ship AI buzzed. “Incoming message.”

A hologram flickered—an old contact, Mira Vey, smuggler queen and sometimes ally. “Jax,” she said, “I heard you’ve stirred the nest. Meet me at Hallowspire. We need to talk before Vyra Kane finds you first.”

Jax sighed, pocketing the fragment. Trouble wasn’t chasing him anymore. He was chasing it.

Chapter 4: Allies in the Ashes

The Starlance drifted into the remains of a shattered asteroid colony, hiding in the debris to shake Vyra’s warship.

Jax powered down everything but life support, letting the ship vanish into the graveyard’s silence.

As the hull cooled, he leaned back, catching his breath. Trouble was only growing, and he knew one thing: he couldn’t outrun it alone.

The comm crackled. “You’re a hard man to track, Orion,” came a voice smooth as silk but sharp as a blade.

It was Kaelen Drix, a rogue mercenary with a cybernetic arm and a reputation for picking the winning side—eventually.

Kaelen appeared on the screen, smirking. “Word is you’ve got a piece of the Vault map. I want in.”

Jax raised an eyebrow. “And what makes you think I’d share?”

“Because Vyra Kane won’t be the only hunter soon,” Kaelen replied. “And you, my friend, need someone who can shoot straight while you run your mouth.”

Jax chuckled. “Fair point. Alright, Drix. Welcome aboard. But remember—I’m the captain.”

“Of course,” Kaelen said with a grin that promised trouble.

Chapter 5: Fire in the Void

By the time they reached the Drift Nebula, Jax was already regretting letting Kaelen aboard. The mercenary had taken over the weapons console and was whistling while cleaning a plasma rifle.

“This map fragment,” Kaelen said, tossing the chip in the air and catching it, “it’s going to

attract the wrong kind of attention.”

“Correction,” Jax said, steering through swirling gas clouds. “It already has.”

As if on cue, alarms blared. A swarm of pirate skiffs burst from the nebula, engines burning hot and weapons locked.

Kaelen grinned. “Guess I’ll get to prove my worth.”

The Starlance shook under the first barrage. Jax weaved through the fire, engines screaming, while Kaelen unleashed a storm of counterfire. Explosions lit up the nebula, painting the void in fire.

“Remind me,” Jax shouted over the chaos, “why I didn’t just retire on some quiet moon?”

“Because you’d be bored in a week,” Kaelen said, grinning as another pirate ship went up in flames.

Together, they cut a path through the swarm, leaving wreckage burning in their wake. But as the last skiff exploded, Jax saw something on the scanner that made his blood run cold:

A massive dreadnought, bearing the sigil of the Crimson Syndicate, sliding out of the nebula’s haze.

The Vault of Aegara wasn’t just a treasure. It was bait—and every predator in the galaxy was already circling.