「Chapter Five—Epilogue」
 Play Track: “I Love it Loud”, by KISS

The Milano had seen its fair share of illicit activities over the course of its lifetime.

Peter Quill had not always been the (sometimes) gallant Star Lord, and had quite the repertoire of paramours behind him. Thus explaining why it might have been believable, at first, for Nikki to have been his daughter at one point. While it wasn’t a hard rule on his ship, now that they were trying to go legit, most of the Guardians were too busy dealing with their various traumas and duties to explore themselves sexually, to say nothing of the adventures that they endeavored/endured on a regular basis that had almost assuredly gotten in the way of any adult relationships that they might have been able to create.

Gamora and Rocket were less suspect to break this bit of celibacy that had come along since the rest of the crew had begun their lives together on this vessel. But perhaps short of Groot, the one Guardian that nobody had expected to break the shared and sacred bond of “don’t rock the ship” since coming aboard was one Drax the Destroyer.

And boy when he set his mind to rocking the ship, Drax the Destroyer delivered.

All across the *Milano*, crewmates lay awake in various states of uneasiness as the sounds of thumping and suspension squeaking threatened the sanctity of a good night’s sleep. The trip back out into the larger galaxy had left them with some time to recuperate and try to ease themselves out of their hangovers, and it was clear that at least two passengers were definitely *not* taking advantage of the several hours of downtime that came with space travel to the lesser-developed areas.

“Come now, Destroyer!” Lady Hellbender even sounded triumphant in the bedroom, as (unfortunately) every Guardian on board could attest, “I expected you to be as wonderful a lover as you are a warrior! So far \*pff\* I am \*hff\* disappointed!”

“I will endeavor for you, my lady!”

It would take someone as muscular as a Katathian warrior to support the great blue weight of their seventh passenger. With him laid out beneath her, spread out to his full length along his bedroom’s cot, Drax was absolutely buried underneath the avalanche of belly rolls and meaty folds that made up Lady Hellbender’s enormous body. The herculean thrusting that the Destroyer managed despite being outweighed by several hundreds of pounds amounted to little more than a domesticated bucking as the great woman wobbled on top of him.

“Ohhh—Oh now, c-come! I have mounted you and I intend to break you!”

“You straddle me with your vast pillars of thighs—but you will not break this Destroyer before he—*before he—"*

Two people who were already very loud, boisterous people without the added throes of passion further exciting them made for quite the couple. Even if it would likely only be for the duration of the trip, Drax and Lady H were giving it their best efforts to successfully make love to the point of conquest.

It wasn’t so much two people having a post-battle hookup built on quite some time of unresolved sexual tension, as much as it was two battle-hungry warriors looking to get out the rest of that pent-up aggression.

And judging by the way the whole of the *Milano* seemed to echo with tier passion, there was *quite* a lot of aggression pent up inside either of them.

Lady Hellbender’s swollen stomach sloshed in either direction as the green stallion beneath her bucked as hard as he could—at times lifting her off of the woefully undersized cot that would have been more than enough for Drax and an average sized woman. The metal supports that held it to the wall creaked ominously, threatening to give out at any moment the passion became too much to handle. A moment that would surely come sooner rather than later, if things kept going as they had been for…

*How much longer can they possibly go at it?*

For the first time since he was a teenager, probably, Peter held his pillow to either of his ears trying to block out the sounds of one gentleman caller. The ship really wasn’t big enough to hold eight people already, but the fact that two of the largest passengers on board were actively engaging in awkward post-battle warrior sex, complete with battle cries, made the whole thing that much more uncomfortable for everyone involved.

Peter’s knick-knacks were actually vibrating off of his dresser, and he could hear them *over* the sound of his music playing in through the headphones.

Meanwhile, Rocket had already repurposed a nonfunctioning Nova helmet with sound-dampening foam to shove his head into. It didn’t *work*, but it at least made it a little more bearable. The uplifted experiment tried his hardest, and in vein, to tell himself that the subtle swaying of the ship was like being rocked to sleep. He didn’t believe it, but the half bottle of Skrullian Wine that he’d chugged in hopes of getting to bed *at some point* that night was beginning to kick in, and he figured that he’d be counting sparkplugs in no time.

Eventually.

Poor Groot didn’t have too terribly much of an idea of what was going on—but even more poor Nikki was on the *lower level* of the Milano. She not only heard the humping and grinding, but actively felt it in the form of reverberations all around her.

But absolutely nobody had as raw of a deal as Gamora who was not only nursing *another* killer hangover after that long stop on Earth, but also had the discourtesy of rooming *right next* to Drax. So she wasn’t getting the commentary from across the hall or feeling it in the floor—the wall might as well have been *vibrating* with as loud as Drax had that stupid Terran music up disguise he and Lady Hellbender’s grunting, moaning, screaming, and sexual aggrandizing.

“FLARKIN’ KNOCK IT OFF, YOU TWO!”

Gamora in her night clothes might have been one of the most valuable sights this side of the galaxy, if only because she would have stabbed anyone who had caught it without her permission. But hung over and just a few hours away from having had her head in the Milano’s toilet bowl, she was hardly in any mood for any of this horny teenager bullshit—and she wasn’t afraid to make sure that her neighbor was aware of it.

“HEYYYYY” Gamora pounded on the wall in fierce killing blows, “I! WILL! GET! THE! HOSE!”

If the two of them had heard her, they certainly hadn’t responded. Honestly, how could they have? With how dense with muscle and fat Lady Hellbender’s thighs were, Gamora didn’t doubt that they were probably noise deafening. Drax could have been right next to the wall except for the pillowy width of his lover’s leg, and he could have been deaf to the whole d’ast galaxy! With the music roaring and Lady Hellbender making that cot squeak like that, they were probably deaf already.

And if they weren’t, Gamora giving them an earful might nudge them in that direction.

Rousing herself out of bed with near murderous intent (the “near” being very close, given her former profession) Gamora stormed her way out of her chambers and into the hallway that wrapped the central rotunda of the ship. Taking a sharp left, Gamora immediately started to pound on the silver walls of the *Milano* in hopes of catching the two’s attention. The solid red light in the center of the great metal door indicated a Do Not Disturb order, but that did little to stop the Galaxy’s Deadliest (and in that moment, the most hungover) woman.

“DRAX TURN DOWN THE MUSIC”

“Does it really matter if he turns down the music if we can still hear them… you know?” Peter asked from his own doorway, “Aw jeez, you don’t think that Nikki can he—”

“Who *cares?! I can hear them!*” Gamora screeched, pounding and pounding on the door in a rare moment of petulance from the normally stoic straight man of their group, “DRAX IF YOU DON’T OPEN THIS D’AST DOOR RIGHT NOW I AM GOING TO—”

Whether it was random chance, interference of a third party member, or just because Gamora’s fists had actually damaged the mechanics on the door wasn’t clear in that moment. But the absolute *eyefuls* of Lady Hellbender’s giant blue ass bouncing up and down while she straddled Drax the Destroyer and threw her head back in raucous celebration of being almost there.

“FLARK—”

“Do you hear something, my lady? It’s… very difficult to hear with—”

“The murderess! Ha!” Lady Hellbender sort of scoffed as she tried to look back behind her padded shoulder, “Is this another one of *your* additions, Madonna?”

“MANTIS?!”

“I AM SO VERY SORRY.”

Shock of all shocks, none other than the Celestial Madonna herself had gotten a chair to sit in the corner of Drax’s quarters, watching the two fierce warriors go at it while in the nude. She had, at least, been able to reach forward to grab one of the pillows propping up the male third of the equation, leading to his bald green head dropping down to the mattress of his cot.

By this point, most of the Guardians were awake now, and had come to see what the hubbub was about. Which meant that they got a very nice live viewing of not only Lady Hellbender slowly realizing that she’s just shown her ample amounts of back and ass fat to the Guardians of the Galaxy, but also Drax vigorously squishing and squeezing her stomach as he hefted it up, away from his throat.

“Hey, what exactly is going o—”

“HEY NIKKI WHY DON’T WE GO BACK INTO THE CARGO BAY REAL QUICK—”

The brave Star Lord hurried to shield his daughters’ eyes from even the faintest glimpse of what was happening in Drax’s quarters. Rocket and, eventually, Groot found themselves in the cargo bay for their own respective made-up reasons that amounted to not wanting to be involved with whatever the hell was happening there.

“Hfff… hahh… what is it that you would like to… hfffffff… discuss?” Lady Hellbender managed between heavy breaths as Drax continuously bounced her up and down on top of him

“I’M NOT DISCUSSING ANYTHING, NOPE GONNA GO TO THE CARGO HOLD.”

And with that, the trio of those that were the most invested in the completion of this transaction were left alone. With nothing but a cabin on a personal-class starship, a door that was obviously not going to shut on its own, and a rhythm that had only been managed to be kept by Drax’s sheer determination and will—though aided by his seeming inability to become embarrassed. As he continued to manhandle his lover’s mighty heft, he seemed hardly the worse for any wear. Which, if nothing else, kept the strange sort of romance brewing alive.

“They are… phew… not as enthused as your visions of… mffmm… probability suggested.”

“I guess this isn’t the one where they’re all secretly chubby chasers…” Mantis bit her bottom lip in equal parts trepidation and arousal, “I… was kinda hoping that it was…”

Most of the time, this resulted in Lady Hellbender and the Green Meanie stopping and calling it a night. But Mantis had been enjoying getting to watch Lady Hellbender’s body fold and roll in such sumptuous ways—and the contrast against Drax’s rock hard muscles made it all the more… gratifying.

“Take heart—join us as our third, O Madonna!”

“I should warn you that I’m not sure if this is one of the ones where I… survive the encounter.” Mantis’s vigor quickly outweighed her sense of preservation as her face melted into an almost girlish excitement, “Buuuut this is totally worth it!”