

Tales From The Orion

A Short Story By: C. H. Marlow

Being a pirate captain has its perks. I began my morning, as I so often did, with my chief engineer— Jem—bouncing on my cock.

She was a skinny little thing, a coyote, and a nymphomaniac at that. Her deep voice and small breasts didn't bother me, no to me she was perfect. Even though she wasn't much of a looker, even though she didn't like to bathe more than once a week, and even though we fought like an old married couple; that sweet steamy heat between her legs was irresistible to me.

She knew it too, she knew she had me by a metaphorical leash, but the thing she didn't realize, was just how dependant she was on me. She needed her fix, needed that release at least once a day, and well, the other men weren't too keen on her—sure I knew a few who'd *entertain* her if she begged (she could be a mighty fine annoyance) but they didn't really enjoy it. She was just a whore in their eyes, a sleazy unattractive whore, but she was my whore, and dammit if I didn't love her for it.

She was on top of me for the second time that morning, bobbing up and down, both paws resting on my stomach.

Having her around kept my cabin bathed in a perpetual funk of musk and sex, I liked it, hell I think Jem loved it. The crew though, well they avoided the place like the plague.

Jemmy (that's what I called her when I was in a good mood) let off a moan and trailed a paw up my thick furred chest.

I was getting impatient, she was dragging the shit out like she always did.

I reached a paw between her legs to speed her along, but she slapped me away. "You wanna help," she said, between beleaguered breaths. "You do some fuckin' work and get behind me."

I grabbed her slender hips and lifted her off of me, an easy feat. Her lower lip trembled and her ears lilted as we decoupled. That loss of intimacy, though temporary, only exasperated her desire.

Jem assumed the position, getting on all fours, unable to look away from my muscular lupine figure; she liked watching me fuck her, even from behind.

I thought about teasing her, but refrained. I got in position and slipped my hefty cock back inside her. She let off another moan, her tongue lolled out and as I began to pump, her eyes rolled back.

Whatever it was, whatever fucked up wiring in that little head of hers was, it made this the ultimate action, the only thing worth living for.

I wasn't stupid, I knew if not me it'd be someone else, some other brain dead stud who lived for violence and getting his dick wet. Jem it seemed had jumped from crew to abusive crew since she was but fourteen years old. We didn't talk about our pasts much, but from what I'd gotten out of her, she had a real rough time before joined my team on the Orion.

I moved my hips with moderate speed, letting myself slide nearly all the way out and all the way back in, right down the base of my knot. I knew this drove her crazy and it didn't take long for the demands of *harder* and *faster* to come. I obliged, my thrusts becoming less elegant, and my knot slamming up against her pussy. The ferocity of our romp had my balls swaying and smacking into her. Jem dug her claws into the bed (which I hated) and she began to tremble.

"Oh fuck, I'm-I-ah-ah, fffah! Tie me, ah, oh please, I'm so close, I just nee-" The intercom buzzed interrupting Jem's tangent.

"Hey Roy?" It was Cal, my rather effeminate first mate. "We may have a situation up here."

"Handle it, I'm busy," I barked, my focus staying fixed on plowing the coyote.

"There's a coupe of scouts out here, and they're giving me the creeps."

"We're in an asteroid field, in the middle of nowhere, they're probably just scavengers."

"No way, these guys are running shiny new Harkness class vessels, look imperial, but fuck me I ain't risking a scan."

I grabbed Jem's hips and sunk my knot deep, I was done, and I didn't much care if she was on her third or fourth orgasm, it was my turn. I growled, since I knew she liked that, and let myself go, shooting and emptying my balls inside her for the second time that morning.

She pushed back and pulled forward, gently tugging on my knot, no doubt enjoying the pressure on her pussy. She had been leaking like a sieve all morning, and even now thick strands of pre came dripping from between her legs. She didn't need my paw there, she didn't even need to touch herself, maybe that's why we got along. Sometimes I wondered if it was me she loved, or my dick...I suppose it didn't really matter in the end, so long as we were both having fun.

“Roy, captain?” Cal was still on the intercom. “One of these guys is looking right at us.”

I breathed heavily taking a moment to compose myself. I’d heard Cal, but my brain was still stuck on the sex. “We’re...they can’t see shit,” I said, “we’re in silent running, and in the shadow of a massive fucking asteroid.”

“That’s the thing, these guys have been sweeping the area, moving real weird, they may have some sort of new passive detection sys-ahh, shit! We’re being scanned!”

“Take us off silent running, hail the vessel with a friendly signal, and call general quarters.”

I looked down at Jem, and she was looking nervously back at me.

“I hate to do this to you sweetheart, but I gotta go,” I said.

“You can’t!” She barked. “We’re kinda stuck together if you haven’t noticed.”

“I’m gonna have to pull out.”

She signed. “Ok, just go slow, I’d like to be able to walk the rest of the week.”

I did my best, pulling as gently as I could until her pussy’s tight grasp on my knot gave out. She winced and gritted her teeth, it had no doubt been uncomfortable, but she’d live.

“Sorry,” I said, patting her butt.

Jem shrugged getting to a sitting position. “That little thing? Hah, naw didn’t feel a thing.”

“I’ve got the biggest dick on this ship.”

She snorted. “You *are* the biggest dick on this ship, now get. Go save the day ‘ye smelly wolf.”

I threw on my coveralls and made for the bridge, my erection still stiff, visible and uncomfortable.

Once on the bridge I assumed my position in the captain's chair at the centre of the command isle—the command isle is a triangularly shaped control room where all of the ships higher functions were attended to. At the narrow tip of the isle was the cockpit, where the pilot flew the ship, adjacent to the pilot was the navigators station. Along the outer edges of the command isle were various terminals and stations such as: weapons, communications, detection, and computers.

Behind the captain's chair was a large holo-table, capable of displaying all manner of 3D images. It was most often used for charting long journeys, but doubled as a meeting place and staging area for the ship's officers.

Cal, a gold furred canine, perked up at my presence, and came to stand by my chair. He removed a large silver key from around his neck and handed it to me.

I inserted my captain's key into the upper deck of the console and punched in my security code. Once logged in I had full control of the ship. I could commandeer systems at will, lock doors, activate security turrets, everything—I was her master.

“Did you hail the ship?” I asked Cal.

“We're broadcasting a UUR (universal unencrypted request) for radio contact with the ship's captain, but they aren't answering,” he said.

“Well it's not a crime not to answer. Did you call them out by name?”

Cal leaned on the support railing around my console. “All we got is a serial number, but we punched it in.”

I looked at him. “His name isn’t public?”

“No, that’s what’s got me worried.”

Glen, a raccoon, and our detection officer spoke up, “Captain I’ve got an additional contact bearing level to our 223 (<this is a compass bearing, which indicates the general direction of something in relation to the user).”

“Send out a ping,” I said, “get a fix on it, when he’s in range scan him right away. Coms, keep the broadcast going. Weapons, what’s your status?”

Our weapons officer—Broady—a husky, answered, “All systems in the black.” This meant fully armed, but not deployed. Only I and the executive officer could release the ships weapons.

Glen jumped in again. “Cap, this contact is hauling ass, combat speed.”

“Alright,” I said. “I’ve had enough. Navigation, plot a course for Venture station (located in an anarchy sector—basically the wild west of space) we’re leaving.”

A subtle “Aye aye.” Came from the cockpit.

The computer chimed, “Charging jump drive.”

A moment later both Broady and Glen turned to face me, they shouted, “*Missile!*”

“Evasive-” It was too late, my order was cut off by a low shuddering slam into our hull.

I reached up, opened the clear plastic cover on the weapons release button and hit it with a fist.

“Weps, shoot his ass!” I yelled.

Broady began to focus, manually aiming his chosen turret while instructing the other automated weapons to engage. The Orion had three deployable weapons platforms: two were

beam-cannons mounted on the top, and the other was an auto-cannon mounted on the front underbelly. The beam-cannons opened up, scoring immediate hits, while the auto-cannon remained silent (it would be most effective once our enemy's shields were down).

“ETA on the jump drive?” I asked.

Navigation shouted, “Two minutes!”

“Why so long?”

Cal leaned in. “Shields. We were in hibernation, the reactor wasn't at full power, it's going to take time to get it back up.” I opened my muzzle to protest, but Cal spoke again.

“Already called engineering, they're working on it.”

Engineering made me think of Jem. Made me think of how she was probably running around like mad, desperately trying to safely get our power up. A part of me wanted to call down, but I didn't want to distract her.

“You smell awful by the way,” Cal said, moving back to his console. I glared at him for a moment.

Suddenly we were shook again, but this time it was a lighter rattling coming from above.

Broadly slammed his fists on his console. “There's a fucking striker out there! Bastard just killed my gun!”

“He was cloaked!” Glen chirped, anticipating the grilling he'd get for not spotting the craft.

I picked up my radio and dialed in the hanger. “Blaze? Gonna need you out there ASAP.”

Blaze, another wolf, radioed back, “Oh? I was just finishing my afternoon cocktail.” He sounded cheeky and annoyed as usual.

“Hey, just because you lost the election to be captain this season, doesn’t mean you can slack off!”

“Psht, it was a joke. I’m just finishing my per-flight checklist.”

“Just get your ass moving.”

“I’ll take that as permission to takeoff.”

I returned the radio handset to its cradle in the upper console, and mutter to myself, “Prick.”

Another missile hit, shaking the entire ship violently. I glanced my console, we were at 67% shield integrity. “Weps?” I called.

“Nearly got his shields cracked!” Broady responded.

The ship shook again, this time though it was the comforting sound of Blaze taking off in his strike craft. “Where’s the other ship?” I asked.

Glen turned to face me. “On our tail, cap!”

“Great, we’re getting fucked in the face and fucked up the ass, perfect,” I said, garnering an uneasy chuckle from the bridge crew.

I radioed Blaze. “We got a ship on our ass, prioritize him.”

“No can do,” the wolf radioed back.

“Why the fuck not?”

“Hostile strike craft is the priority. He’s already disabled one of your guns, can’t let him get another easy run.”

I hated that he was right. “Fine, but as soon as he’s dealt with-”

“I’ll get right on it captain.”

I heard the auto-cannon spool up and begin to fire, we were finally going to deal some permanent damage.

As expected though, once the auto-cannon began to fire, the forward enemy vessel turned tail and ran off into the asteroid field. “Ok, turn us around and start shooting his buddy,” I ordered, and the Orion began to orient accordingly.

“He’ll be back,” Glen said, and he wasn’t wrong.

Another missile landed in our rear and the, *low shield integrity* alarm sounded. I looked up, we were at 29%. “Jump drive status!” I yelled.

“30 seconds!” Navigation responded.

“Alright forget the second ship,” I said. “Pilot! Orient for hyper-jump.” I got on the radio again. “Blaze, return to the ship, we’re leaving.”

Blaze snapped back, “I’ve almost got this guy!”

I brought the handset in close to my muzzle. “You’ve got tunnel vision! Get your ass back to the Orion, or we’re leaving without you!” I hung up the handset, and Cal was staring at me.

“He’s a good pilot,” Cal said.

“Then he’ll make it back in time,” I responded, checking my console.

Shield integrity was on the rise. It looked like our reactor power was finally increasing.

A moment later navigation announced, “We’re locked in!”

I reached for the jump button, but Cal stepped over, and I stayed my paw. “Give him a chance,” Cal pleaded.

“I did,” I said. “He’s more interested in scoring a kill than being a part of this crew. That’s not my problem.”

Cal leaned in on the support railing around my console. “Please?”

Not a word you often heard on a pirate vessel. I leaned back. “You’ve got a thing for him, don’t you?” I raised an eyebrow, and crossed my arms.

Cal looked down at his feet. “30 more seconds, and if he’s not back...I’ll launch us myself.”

“Deal.” I nodded and turned to Broady. “Weps keep firing, use everything you got. 30 seconds to hyper-jump.”

I set a 20 second timer, since the jump drive had a built in 10 second countdown once pressed.

Another missile hit shaking us to our core. I reflexively glanced our shield integrity, and it was at 28%.

“This is dangerous,” Glen said.

“Focus on tracking that ship that ran away,” I responded.

Cal nervously rubbed the golden fur on his arm.

Ten seconds.

Another missile hit. Shield integrity was 4% but rising. I reached up and pulled the damage alarm. Red lights enveloped the bridge, and the alarm’s beeping tone echoed through the halls.

Steely eyed and stern faced, I grabbed the intercom handset and announced, “Prepare to take damage, this is the captain.” I handed the handset to Cal and he repeated, with a tremble in his voice, “Prepare to take damage, this is the XO.”

“It’s time,” I said, and without hesitation, Cal reached up and pressed the jump button.

An alarm sounded and the ten second countdown began. As soon as it finished, we’d be gone, and Blaze would be as good as dead.

“You ok with this?” I asked Cal.

He nodded, but looked heartbroken.

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The hull shuddered and the pneumatic catch system howled.

Glen spun around nearly yanking his headset from the console. “*Striker aboard!*”

The bridge crew cheered, some of them nearly shooting from their seats. Cal breathed a sigh of relief, and I couldn't help but give him a little pat on the back.

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LAUNCH!

Space, time, and the universe itself bent around us, and within 10 seconds we arrived at Venture station’s home system. It’d be a two hour cruise out to the station from our jump point. It’d give us time to take stock, time to decompress.

“Alright get a repair crew on that damaged gun and prepare me a status report,” I ordered. “XO, relive the crew and reset all systems on the bridge. Glen, switch to active detection, if these assholes are dumb enough to follow us out here, I wanna know.”

Mellow, a female mouse and our coms officer spoke, “Captain, engineering is reporting a blown door controller in the hanger bay, they’re...hold on. Sir! Sir deck crew’s reporting they’re under attack!”

“What?” I asked jumping to my feet. “From who?”

“I don’t know sir. I heard laz rounds going off.”

“Alright, sound the boarding alarm, and order all crew to arm themselves. XO, get Briggs and his security teams organized.”

I reached up, punched in a code, and a panel on the wall opened to reveal a small armoury. “Everybody grab a side arm,” I ordered, “and lock down the ship!”

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Our security teams searched the ship from top to bottom. It turned out that Blaze hadn’t made it after all. The enemy strike craft he was chasing had docked with us at the last minute, and it’s pilot was now onboard and slinking around. I ordered security to sweep the ship multiple times, but wherever our uninvited guest was hiding, they couldn't find him. As a result, we kept security procedures tight, no one went anywhere without a pass code, and I had stationed armed roving patrols all throughout the ship.

With an accompaniment of men, I personally made my way to every department to checkup on the crew. When I got to engineering, I pulled Jemmy aside, out of sight and out of hearing range from the others.

“You ok?” I asked.

“Hmf, it’s nice of you to worry about me,” she said, putting a paw on my chest and moving in close. “But I’m a big girl, I can take care of myself.”

I reached a paw around her rear and squeezed.

A sly coyote grin crept across her muzzle. “Oh, is that what you want?” She began to unzip her coveralls. “Nothing like a bit of danger to get the blood pumping.” Jem put a paw on my crotch, I was already hard. She let her grimy uniform slip down enough to expose her rear. “You were so well behaved this morning, I think you deserve a treat.” *Treat*, meant anal, a particular favourite of mine.

Jem turned around and spread her legs, handing a small bottle to me over her shoulder. “You know what to do,” she purred.

I drew the zipper on my coveralls all the way down, freeing my erection and letting the cool air of the ship brush my chest. I opened up the little bottle and got my hardness nice and wet, then I squeezed a healthy amount onto a couple fingers and reached between Jemmy’s cheeks. She shivered at my touch as I slicked her up. I stick a finger in, testing the waters and feeling her tightness. “Stop teasing,” She hissed, and I pulled my finger free.

I got into position and pressed my already dripping cock on her ass. It took some work but eventually my tip popped in. Jem moaned and wriggled as I pushed my length deeper and deeper. She claimed not to enjoy getting fucked in the ass very much, but I knew that was a lie,

she just didn't like the extra work involved. 'Poor gay boys are missing out,' she'd say, 'pussy makes its own grease!'"

I got down to the hilt of my knot, and started swaying back and forth. She moved her rear along to my rhythm, unclenching as I pressed in, and clenching as I pulled out. It was like she wanted me in her, and she didn't want to let go. This, now this could only be done with a tight ass. As much as I loved her pussy, and by God I loved it, it just didn't have this level of control. Never thought I'd be so hot for a coyote, but if there was one thing my old man was right about, they were dirty fuckers—in all the right ways.

I grabbed her hips and dug my claws in her thin fur, not hard enough to break skin, just hard enough for her to feel that sharp pressure.

My nose wandered as I pumped her tail hole, I could smell our sex, the unique smell of her rear, the grease and grime of the engineering bay—and there was something else too, something odd, something minty; I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

The thought was soon gone though as I began to feel the pressure in my balls building. Jem had a paw between her legs, and she was biting her bottom lip, I knew what that meant, she was gonna cum soon.

I actually slowed my pace, enjoying the intense heat of Jem's ass and the intoxicating smell of our pungent musk. Jemmy though couldn't take it any longer and she let out a, *fff-f-fuuuck*. Her body trembled as her pussy dripped, she emphatically stroked her clit, even after the initial wave, and a bit of blood tricked from her lip where she had bit down just a little too hard.

I was ready to burst, the pressure was at its apex, I pulled out and shot high coating the coyote's lower back then shooting again between her cheeks. I tapered off with a few more smaller bursts coating her cheeks like a couple of sandy coloured cinnamon buns.

She smiled back at me licking the blood from her lip, but then her expressions changed to that of fear.

“Roy lookou-”

BANG!

Ringing attacked my ears, the world became a haze; my vision faded to black.

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...To be continued?

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About The Author

C. H. Marlow is an aspiring furry fiction writer living in Ontario Canada. He has no formal training or education in creative writing, and is entirely self taught. His dream is to bring his stories to a wider audience, to touch all the emotional cornerstones fiction is capable of, and of course to entertain. In his spare time he enjoys tinkering with computers, having barbecues, and reading a wide variety of books. If you want to know more or just say hello you can follow him on Twitter [@CHMarlow1](https://twitter.com/CHMarlow1)

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