

Tales From The Orion

Part 2: Jem

By: C. H. Marlow

This is part 2 of a multipart story. If you haven't yet read part 1, you can do so at the links below:

FurAffinity: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/32121219/>

SoFurry: <https://www.sofurry.com/view/1465998>

Weasyl: <https://www.weasyl.com/~chmarlow/submissions/1795473/tales-from-the-orion>

“You son of a-”

“Calm down dear,” The smug cheetah said, cutting me off. “He’s got a thick skull, I’m sure he’ll be fine.”

Standing before me, with laz pistol in paw, was a little male cheetah. He was dressed like a pilot, non-descript green flight gear and all, but I knew he wasn’t one of ours, we didn’t have any cats on our crew.

“Fuck you,” I spat.

Kneeling down I pulled my coveralls back on, doing up the zipper just enough as to still show off a little of my breasts.

“In all my years I don’t think I’ve ever smelt such a stench,” he said, “you two,” he pointed his pistol at Roy’s limp body, then back at me, “are the filthiest creatures I’ve ever had the displeasure of sharing oxygen with.”

He stepped forward, keeping his gun trained on my chest, then he went down on one knee, reached by Roy’s neck and ripped his captain’s key free.

I knew what the silver key looked like, it was big, solid, and oversized. I’d felt it brush my chest and back hundreds of times as Roy and I fucked; I’d held it, played with it in my paws—I’d even once put it around my neck when Roy was asleep. No, I had no ambitions of becoming captain, my reputation would never allow for a democratic victory (yes we elect our captain every season). Yet here I was, within reach of the keys to the castle.

“What’s your plan?” I asked, putting my paws on my hips, trying not to look intimidated.

Roy groaned and the cheetah kicked him in the ribs.

“What do you take me for, some movie villain?” He laughed. “Right, this is the part where I monologue and tell you all about my dastardly plans.” The cat chuckled. “I’m not telling you a damn thing.”

The cheetah produced a pair of energy handcuffs and tossed them to me. I fumbled but caught the cold steel cuffs with a couple fingers and held them up with a smirk.

He furrowed his brow and lashed his slim spotted tail. “They’re not for you—pervert.” He pointed to Roy with his free paw. “Leash him up.”

I did as ordered, leaning down and binding Roy’s wrists in the gentle green glow of the cuffs.

“It won’t work,” I said, getting to my feet.

The cat raised an eyebrow and frowned.

“You need the master security code,” I said, rubbing my chin. “Captain’s key is useless without it.”

The cheetah’s shoulders slumped and his face narrowed. “Figures this cess-pit would contain the one security conscious pirate crew in the whole God forsaken outer rim.” He sounded annoyed, and slightly defeated.

I smiled and cocked my hip to one side. “We have a system.” I paused and the cat locked eyes with me. “In the unlikely event that the captain, XO, and chief of the ship should die or otherwise become indisposed, there are backup codes stored in a safe in the Captain’s cabin.” I swished my tail. “The weapons officer has a key, and he secretly distributes three others to trusted members of the crew, but I—” I tapped my head with a claw, “I know the combination.”

The cheetah scoffed at this, and wiggled his nose. “Suppose I believe you. Why help me?”

“You’re the one with the gun, ain’t’chu?”

“Still though.” He looking to Roy’s limp body on the floor.

“Either way, it’s a risk. If I don’t help you, then you shoot me. If I help you, and it goes well, I live to thief another day.”

“And if it doesn’t go well?”

“My former friends blast my ass out the airlock.” I shrugged. “I’ll take my chances.”

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“Stop poking me with that thing!” I said through clenched teeth.

“Keep your voice down,” the cheetah hissed.

We were hiding in a utility closet, waiting for wayward members of the crew to move along. A few crewmen had stopped nearby and sniffed the air, but none went to investigate.

“No doubt your stench is masking my scent,” the cat said.

I wanted to jab him in the ribs for that, but he was partially right, and well, I didn’t want to get shot. “Fuck you,” I said under my breath.

“How much farther?” He asked. “My nose is starting to burn being this close to you.”

“Hey, my stink is the only thing keeping you alive right now, so tough it out you wimp.” I checked the surveillance monitor. “Ok, looks clear.”

The cheetah looked over my shoulder at the display, then pointed with his pistol to the door.

I hit the door release and it slid open. The cat peered out as if looking before crossing a busy street.

“Let’s go,” he said, putting a paw on my back and giving me a nudge.

We ventured down the corridor, I led, and my captor followed directly behind me.

There wasn’t much I could do, one wrong move and I’d have a nice crispy hole in my midsection. I’d toyed with the idea of trying to overpower the smug cat, and even though he was smaller than most men I was used to dealing with, I wasn’t fully confident I could wrestle that damn gun away from him.

I stopped and I felt his pistol press into my lower back. “I have to pee,” I said, not moving.

“Hold it,” he grumbled.

I spun around to face him. “I have been.”

He lowered his gun and his eyes went shifty.

“Hey,” I said, “you’ve been bitching about my scent since the moment we met. You really wanna add coyote urine to the mix?”

“Fine,” he growled.

“There’s a bathroom just up ahead.”

We made our way over and I entered the small restroom. To my surprise the cat followed me in. It was a standoff.

I smirked. “Really?”

“I’m no fool,” he said, “I’m not letting my eyes off you.”

I waved a paw. “Fine, enjoy the show.” I unzipped my coveralls and let them fall to the ground before taking a seat on the toilet.

The cat subconsciously averted his eyes, as if watching me take a piss was somehow more embarrassing than watching me take a dick up the ass. That reminded me of Roy, I hoped he was ok, hoped that wack to the back of the head hadn’t left him a drooling stump. As much as our relationship was about the sex, I’d grown to like the big idiot, I liked our post romp talks, and I’d miss them if anything happened to him.

“You know,” I looked up at the cat, “your chances of making it out of this alive are slim.” He glanced at me then averted his gaze. “I mean what were you thinking when you docked with us?”

He crossed his arms and leaned back against the wall. “Are you done yet?”

“There’s over 30 paranoid pirates on this ship, and only one of you. What makes you think this’ll work?”

The cheetah stood straight letting his arms rest at his sides. “Stop trying to dissuade me and finish your business.” He waved his gun around.

“I just don’t get it. This is a suicide mission, and you’re no rival pirate.” I leaned back. “You a Fed?”

Much to my surprise he answered, “I’m a bounty hunter.”

That explained the clean look, the professionalism, and his reluctance to use his weapon. Don’t get me wrong some bounty hunters could be absolute bastards, but the major powers and MegaCorps of the galaxy preferred to use professionals.

“Who’s your mark?” I asked.

“This ship and its crew.”

“Why not just blow us up then?”

“It’s not a kill contract, you lot are small time game, not a big enough threat to garner that kind of retribution.” He rubbed the fur on the back of his neck. “Our intel indicated you were more organized than the average pirate crew. I suppose my employer took notice.”

I finished my business and got back into my coveralls.

We made our way to Roy’s cabin, all the while I wondered who and why anyone would want our crew alive. Not a kill order, that meant a capture order, or a ‘take them alive if you can’ type deal.

Once at our destination, I punched in the door code and we stepped inside. The safe was on the wall above Roy's desk, I made for it and began putting in the combination, my captor didn't protest.

When the combo was in I reached to open the safe and the cheetah said, "Ah no, step back." I did as he said, and he pulled the handle on the safe with his free paw, opening it with a clunk.

He fished a laz pistol out of the safe and waved it around. "Nice try," he said, chucking the gun back in the safe. "Which one of these is the right code?"

"They're all the same." I said. "For redundancy."

"You better not be pulling a fast one."

"If I am, you can blow my brains out on the spot." I said it with confidence, showed him I wasn't afraid of that happening. It seemed to be good enough, because he waved me to the door after grabbing a random code.

A short silent trek later and we were at the bridge. "Alright you do as I say and follow my lead or I start shooting, got it?" He said. I nodded and the cheetah positioned himself behind me. I was to be his living shield. I prayed to every galactic God I could remember the name of, that the bridge crew wouldn't just start blasting away.

He leaned forward and hit the door control Nothing happened.

"That's right," I said, "the ship's probably still on lock-down, no one can access major compartments without an assigned code."

The cat gritted his teeth. “Call them.” He pointed to the door’s control pannel. “Call them and tell them to open up, make something up, say you need help, just get this damn thing open.” He jammed his pistol in my side and I flipped on the intercom.

“Chief engineer Jem here,” I pleaded, “I’m in need of assistance, code 44.”

The cheetah flicked the intercom off. “What’s code 44?”

“A distress code, you said act like I need help, *I’m acting.*”

The door panel buzzed indicating it was unlocked. The cat hit the open button with the tip of his gun, and we slowly entered. He kept his pistol pressed to the side of my head, front and centre for all to see.

“Alright everyone, listen up! I’m commandeering this ship. You cooperate and you’ll be given clemency, resist and if not I, then surly my companions will kill you.” He paused looking over the bridge crew. “Now, everyone place your weapons on the floor and slide them to me.”

The crew did as he said, not protesting.

“Who’s the executive officer?” The cheetah asked, and Cal stepped forward. “Go, over there,” he pointed to a side wall of the bridge beyond the command isle, “stand by the wall.”

Once Cal was in position, without warning the cheetah’s arm shot out straight, and the low blast of two well placed laz round echoed through the bridge.

My head reflexively turned just in time to see the golden furred canine desperately grasping at his chest, two small holes in his centre of mass, the burning fumes of his flesh and uniform still wafting into the air.

Cal’s back hit the wall, he gasped for air, and slid to the floor. His body went limp; he was dead.

Rage boiled in the pit of my stomach. “You son of a-”

The cat cut me off, “Shut your filthy mouth.” He stuck the warm tip of his laz pistol to my cheek and I felt like I was going to be sick. “Let that be a warning to the rest of you, anyone steps out of line and you end up like your XO, got it?”

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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 of 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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