

Mugpie

WHISPERING SONGS

2020

Chapter One

He didn't expect much from this evening. It was lacking anything nicer despite a rather good beginning. Especially if the other person already went for the main course. That was a rather primal intercourse on the couch.

Yuri Calder, a genefreak who used to be a human from Lave: the Alliance of Alioth's space. Not that it made any difference anyway, as (almost) all genefreaks came from Segon system. Nobody else – at least officially – seemed to be interested into genetics beyond the basics such as bettering crops or morally-questionable eugenics, the latter maintained by more dictatorial factions.

Was it really care to Yuri? Not at all. All he cared about was some idealistic bullshit – at least according to the people, humans or genefreaks alike, he had been meeting so far. And money. Surprisingly, being sort of a private eye paid well on Reightler Dock: the space station in the middle of nowhere governed by New Republic.

Speaking of dictatorships, New Republic was a very ironic name. *They weren't that bad* – he thought. But when it came to factual democracy, these guys were light years away from it. He even guessed, at times, why it was “new” in the first place.

The brown-sand pine marten – as Yuri belonged to that genetic group – clenched his fangs. The other man, also a genefreak with fox's genes, hadn't been really delicate. As if his only goal in entire life was to, colloquially speaking, *fuck*. The amber fuzzy didn't really care. He had been too busy anyway. Way too busy with the fur pile underneath, trying to catch the breath.

One interrupted groan later – Yuri couldn't really say if it belonged to him or to the amber banger – it was finished. The fox man dropped onto the ruffled bed sheets and lit up his cigarette.

Yuri's nose already protested and wrinkled at the smell of smoke.

“Hey, you shouldn't smoke here,” he said, still dug down into the bed. Not that the voice was more of a whimper rather than a heavily-toned command.

“Ah.” The vulpine didn't really react to that aside of exhaling that sound. The aggressive smell still floated around the bed, although soon to be drafted out by the radiators somewhere in the walls.

The pine marten grew a bit annoyed but for some reason he had to tolerate the man. Even if it was his own house. Yuri waited a while or two then turned onto his back. It did hurt a bit, so the face made a short twist a bit. Thankfully, it went unnoticed to the fox.

“You know, you weren't that bad,” the latter noted, still glued to his smoke.

Yuri had been thinking if he should comment on that or not, but before he decided upon it, the other man stood up and crushed the half-burnt cigarette into the mug as there was no ashtray to do so.

“It wasn't anything great either,” the fox man added and started to dress himself. “But, business is business.” He pulled out a small piece of plastic from one of the jacket's pockets and placed it onto the small table which had been standing there next to the bed. The same on which the mug turned ashtray had been placed on.

The brown fur looked at that small item. Soon, his eyes were laid upon the stranger. Or actually, it was no stranger: one of these smart guys from the docks who worked on Reightler Dock. Also, one of many genefreaks – or more politically correct Segonians – who were dragged to the spaceport to replenish some empty spots after some short anarchy period that had taken lives of many “normal” inhabitants, that is, humans. Hell, if not the writing on the docker’s jacket, he’d not know even a name. It was Hahn someone-something. Yuri didn’t pick anything but the first name anyway. Too much letters in the surname and all of them sounded slightly gibberish.

“Not a single word?”

Yuri almost immediately picked that amused disappointment in Hahn’s voice.

“Thank you, I guess?” the pine marten said in a bit weaker tone again. “I mean, not that the price wasn’t the one I expected. I expected...”

“To pool some credits out of your pocket?” The fox butted into the sentence.

The marten nodded.

“A fair assumption, but I guess that would be way cliché, even for an informant.”

Yuri looked at the mug and sighed. He decided not to comment about turning his mug with Alliance logo on it into a mere cigarette butts’ holder. This mug was pretty much as dirty as himself anyway at that rate.

"So you went fore more... direct form of payment for the gossip?"

“Info.” The vulpine felt that he needed to correct the sorry-ass

investigator. “The data I gave you should shed some light on the stuff you’ve been conducting, because that human slit-eyes cop wouldn’t find a shit.”

Oh, that slit-eyes cop had more to offer than you can ever imagine, Yuri thought to himself.

“So I guess this is where you go,” the pine marten smiled in a wide-fang way. “Not even going to wait for the breakfast?”

The doors slammed harder than a fresh rookie Commander usually did with the loaned Sidewinder Mk I on the first try. Yuri just sighed and stood up from the bed, then picked the small data chip. *That thing is better be worth it.* As soon as he had done that, there was nothing else to do but to go under the hot shower and act as a fancy courier. After all, it was the New Republican cops who went to him for some evidence in a very delicate case.

Chapter Two

“Calder.” That voice could belong to only one cop on Reightler Dock: Hiroshi Tendo. The top officer of Reightler Dock’s police force that gained position high enough to control the mess caused by various thugs that happened to live on the station. And a guy who was honestly thinking on how that pine marten ended up as a private investigator given how weak the head-start was. “I told you to stay away from that case. More than dozen times.”

“It’s the inborn curiosity,” Yuri exclaimed and pushed the data chip on the desk in front of Officer Tendo. The Japanese-looking human looked at that small piece of plastic with a puzzled face. Or at least The Investigator supposed so, since he could never be sure with Tendo’s expression that was

as expressive as any given asteroid in the planetary rings. “It’s the data chip.”

“I know what the hell it is,” Officer Tendo said calmly and looked at the pine marten. His face had not change at all, despite these eyes just throwing daggers towards the genefreak. “If this thing means what I think, then my wife will have a word with you on why I am not at home this evening.”

“You can always push it to one of these young aspiring greenhorns,” Yuri replied.

“Of course I wouldn’t do that. I don’t trust anyone who just started their jobs.”

“See?” there was a victorious expression on The Investigator’s face. It quickly melted down given the glance the human gave. “I mean...”

“You mean that you need to turn around and exit the doors like a good Reightler’s citizen.”

That met with Yuri’s eyes being squinted so hard he could be an Asian Marten – if these existed, at all?

“It’s out of question.” Officer Tendo snatched the data chip away from the reach of that annoying vigilante. “You know how things work in here, Mr. Calder. You sniff too much, butt into New Republic’s investigation too deep, then end up in some forsaken place.”

On that Yuri had to agree due to some unfavorable circumstances that weren’t even year old. Ironically the ones that crossed their both ways – to the human officer’s advantage and the most annoying curse he’d even came up with.

“That said,” Tendo continued and looked at the marten. If anything, that

Draguanian Japanese needed something to make sure that guy won't butt into the business consisting of black market traders and cutthroat mercenaries. "That said, I have a small job our security cannot just take care about. It's way too... direct to make me send anyone from NR Sec." He was really tempted to use word "stupid", since the client had been very annoying to the pen-pushers down there.

That's right, this is the happy face I wanted to see – Tendo thought as soon as he saw that gleam in the genefreak's eye. I just hope I am making the right choice.

"Your job is to investigate threats towards Star Struck, a genefreak... celebrity, let's put it this way. She had a lot of these through GalNet across Reightler Dock. You see, it wasn't a message outside Draguan Nu so the perpetrator must come from this station. Or any station that is present in this system."

Yuri noted everything on his own datapad very fast yet very carefully. He was always eager if it came to new cases. "So you think it could be some crazy fan? A rival celebrity? Some bored pirate?"

"As for me, it could be even Thargoids not finding her artistic skills good enough. I just want that girl to stop bothering NR Sec office again and again. She's as bad as these Federal celebrities from Sol or Sirius. Sirius especially," the Officer cleared his throat a bit. He never liked to express his opinions, especially around unaffiliated people such as Yuri. "I mean, you could understand her way better than anyone in here, except for a few."

"Why's that? Am I a charmer?" the pine marten grinned at Tendo, but

that middle-age samurai just ignored that. That glare also meant Yuri knew pretty well why he had been kicked from The Tendos' housing in the first place. It consisted of a lot of stuff that were bane to Hiroshi Tendo and his wife's serenity and tranquility while he wasn't in the job.

“No. Because she is also a genefreak.”

The brown fur just blinked in confusion.”

“What, you never heard about Star Struck?” Officer Tendo rose his eyebrow and leaned against his desk. That was his first noticeable expression ever since Yuri entered the room. “I thought you'd be the first to know who's that, given how popular she seems to be around the Segonian circles.”

“You know pretty well I was never into culture. What makes you think I'd even do some research about what she does in the first place?”

“I have heard that she is single.”

The brown-furred genefreak disappeared right away to Tendo's unspoken gratification. It meant that at least entire next day would be spend without any further interruptions such as this.

Chapter Three

She was gorgeous indeed. A gray-white mutt lady – so a domestic-dog genes. Yuri couldn't really say what genes that girl had. But the bio-engineering on O'Leary Vision in Segon made a damn good job.

Star Struck sat on the chair in front of these more popular cafes. It took some time for “normal” people from Reightler Dock to get used to the genefreaks in the public places such as this. Granted, they weren't very

numerous but from the exotic cases the altered humans became a daily life around the station. And the only ones who were a bit shocked, startled or something in between were mere newcomers.

Yuri cleared his throat.

The gray-white canine lady looked at him with her violet eyes. They reminded him of some flowers he had seen some time ago on Sadi Carnot Port in Haritanis system to appease all the visitors. It was a tourist station after all. And sight of fresh flowers always were comforting to a needy eye after days or even weeks in open space.

“Star... Struck?” the investigator started in a bit unsure tone.

“That would be me. Hello there.”

The guy tried his best not to respond with a lame common joke that was widely spread around Reightler Dock’s workers. And it was very lame, considering the somewhat military aspect of entire station. Not a regime, but security dregs with guns everywhere made some days slightly unpleasant.

“My name is Yuri Calder, private eyes. I’ve heard that you are victim to some threats.” Lack of unnecessary chit-chat could push his confidence a little more. Even as a guy with severe attention to details, Yuri lacked self-control and typical police professionalism.

But at least made the stuff work, in the end.

“Ah yes, that officer told me about you,” she replied. The awkward silence followed so the girl continued. “I don’t really know who and why would dislike me. Especially over here in Reightler Dock. I thought this station is more calm given the security.”

Oh yeah, the tightest security made of semi-psychotic sort. “That is right, such a thing also makes me a bit unsure where to begin.” The pine marten pulled out his datapad and placed it between him and the female canine. “Could you tell me what kind of messages these could be?” It became obvious that the investigator is recording.

“To be honest, they weren’t anything that bad. Unless you count quite... amusing stance in them,” Star Struck started. “Then later, the messages I started to receive through GalNet became more and more vulgar. And insulting.”

“Such as?” Yuri leaned a bit in his chair. He felt it was going to be a very amusing presentation of urges made by some bored and horny men. And he was right. Sort of.

“First of all, I got the first such a message a few days ago. It was more like of a solicitation rather than open insult. You know, like in these pairing applications. Except for the fact it had a naked picture of one of a guy with his... you know what I mean.”

“Ah yes,” the investigator sighed. It was very typical for some really bored people to clog more fancy girls’ mail boxes with such a junk. Especially with junk of *that* sort. “It’s not uncommon here, but I guess that happens everywhere. Empire, Federation, hell even in Alliance.”

Star Struck blinked, as it was the guy to take the interruption. He cleared his throat again and excused himself, so the female dog continued:

“As I said, then it only had gone worse. I ended up blocking more and more senders but there was no end to that. As if the person just made a new

account every time I blocked one. Soon, the messages started to startle me as they turned into simple insults I do not even dare to repeat. I can assure you however they were very toxic and suggested very sexual things.”

Yuri raised his eyebrow as if asking if the artist really did such a thing. At first, she just glared at him but quickly sighed with a resigned voice.

“You know how dirty that job can be, Mr. Calder.”

“Just call me Yuri, if that’s better,” the pine marten smiled. So she did. “So it wasn’t a pervert but someone who is wishing you wrong?”

“What makes you think that?”

“Well, I guess the pervert wouldn’t turn into hate speech that soon. Of course, it could also be some sort of provocation. I recall something like that was very loud in Federal space with Jupiter Rochester.”

“The CEO of Core Dynamics, I guess?” the lady leaned her head against hands with a smile.

In this age even the common “Sunday Fliers” knew names of the shipwright companies. Not that it could be hard not to know them – billboards everywhere. Sign of sick consumption and economical degeneracy where society was merely divided into the horribly rich and the indebted poor. Even the systems with the most communist attitude had stations with large shiny billboards. Irony.

“The same. Although it was more about his husband Tomas Turai, I think. Affair after affair, that’s how media work. That’s why I think it could be provocation – not sure on whose call however. Draguan Nu News is quite controlled by New Republic nowadays. I call it excessive. Yet I guess that

station saw a lot of events to made such an approach.”

Star Struck looked at him with a bored face. She expected a bit more focus onto her rather than constant drifting the topic away from her. And Yuri recognized that look. He didn’t really like such people on the first glance – especially some celebrities. And if not the fact they were rather nice girls with good money and nice shapes, he’d just ignore them. Maybe then it would be way healthier to him just to stop getting into trouble.

“So, it could be just some journalist seeking news to sell. I get that, Yuri.”

“Not that anyone could attack you directly as even I think that would be very unlikely. At least not in the regions of this stations being in factual control of the New Republic,” he added. Even if The Brotherhood of Draguan Nu – an anarchistic organization funding all possible mongrels in the system – was responsible for that, there would be no point in harassing some genefreak artist. *Wait, I don’t even know what makes her artist.* Yuri realized he hadn’t made questions in regard to that. The research would be better, but since Officer Tendo had set this meeting in mere thirty minutes, there was no time to even peek at GalNet or DNN. “That raises a question, and in advance I am sorry for ignorance, but what kind of artist are you? My... schedules around this system made me rather lacking time to expose myself to art.”

That’s it, ya fuzzy ball. You’re making good steps – he thought.

“Oh, so for sake of your investigation, I am a fancy singer around Reightler Dock. Quite popular among the population of genefreaks in here.

But I guess even “normal” people enjoy my voice.” The girl’s stance changed to a bit more expressive one. As if finally focus of the pine marten in front of her was entirely set on the girl. So far, the plan to keep “I Am Busy” card was a good move that worked.

“And what is your actual name?” Yuri threw in yet another question.

“Star Struck.”

The brown-sandy genefreak blinked a few times in confusion. “Wait, that’s not your artistic name? I mean...”

“I decided to keep the name as it struck in the end,” the canine girl joked and fluttered her eyelashes at Yuri. “Do you mind moving to my flat? It’s not far and I guess it will be a less commuted and more proper place for more inquisitive questioning.”

Chapter Four

Star Struck’s housing was in the richer areas of Reightler Dock that however still neighbored main markets around this part of the station. It was a nice condo with broad screen that presented the Draguan Nu 1 – the first planet from its parent star in the system. Although, the screen itself was also a window, but Coriolis Effect would make the planet disappear and reappear a few times in a minute, making any watcher reasonably dizzy. It didn’t change the fact the housing was very expensive, being at the far edges of Reightler Dock with the most close to nominal gravity. Only the knowledge that every building on the outer cupola of the station was a reversed skyscraper initially confused that the lowest levels were actually the top ones and the floor was in

fact the roof. But Yuri didn't care about it. Not at that moment.

There always was something feral about the genefreaks, aside of their obvious genetic alternations. The hormones or something akin to them, with genetic memory of its own DNA it seemed like, making a lot of genefreaks more kin to subdue to the primary behaviors. Of course, a lot of normal people also had that but in case of the altered humans it was a side effect which extended that sense.

Stylish magboots and the ones belonging to the investigator were on the side. They weren't waiting much when they had entered Star's housing. Right after the locks had been closed, they both subdued to their instincts.

She held Yuri with her legs as he was thrusting into the genefreak girl. Star Struck was very vocal about it and expressed the pleasure with neatly pitched yelps and moans. Both locked into the most primordial intercourse shared by all sapient: sex.

The pine marten took her harder and harder, needy like never before. The girl gladly subdued and wanted more, screaming even. They didn't need any sort of contraception, as all altered humanoids were sterile in most cases. As if only to encourage their tune with freaky genes.

Yuri kissed and even bit at her neck a bit. She didn't care, thrown around with his feral thrusts against the couch. Neither really remembered when they ended up on it but did nevertheless. Their muzzles locked in the least innocent his, licking and mingling hard as the investigator sped up. He could swear that Star Struck started to be more and more silent, as if out of the stamina, but the legs encroaching his body proved otherwise.

And then, he came. At some point. And yelped, mostly due to the canine girl's claws that sunk a bit too deep into his short brown fur. Yuri huffed and thrust a few more times. Star Struck basically melted under him and released the sleek legs, as they still were one. The man relaxed and adjusted himself to kiss her once again, but still to be inside. The girl moaned and reacted to his pulsing cock with pleasant moaning. She came too. Again. Not sure which time, as she stopped counting after the excessive libido shared between them.

"You... you may be not a professional in being a private eye, yet you have points in different areas it seems," the singer girl complemented him with a chuckle. They remained in the caress for a longer time, still doing small kisses and momentary thrusts which only make Star Struck yelp a bit. Yep, he was a good part.

"I am professional enough," he replied after the longer while and relaxed even more. The quick separation as Yuri needed to switch position met with some discontent almost-growl reaction that had to be reacted with a calm head rubbing through these hair. "Having one curiosity check with the guy who's supposed to investigate your case is also unprofessional."

"Are you complaining?"

"Hell no."

They both chuckled and kissed each other, seemingly ready for the round too.

"Before we go, let's go through a few question. I came here to begin the investigation," Yuri rubbed at the girl's chest that now stood open as she took

her shirt up.

“Quite interesting wording out there,” the canine singer exclaimed and clenched her toes as soon as the other’s tongue touched one of her nipples. The girl’s whistling yelp cut the air.

“Of course,” the pine marten straightened himself up and wiped his own maw out of his saliva. He’d been really overflowing at times given the circumstances. “But primarily, I came here to get some questions. So... Do you have any enemies?”

The girl looked at Yuri and leaned a bit on her side. If this fuzzy wanted to play the prolonging game, he’d get it fully. She grabbed his half-erect manhood and started to rub it in the slowest manner possible.

“I don’t know, I just somewhat started my career. And by “just” I mean that it was around year or year and half ago.”

“So back at Segon, I guess?” Yuri bit his lip a bit and closed his eyes. The slow fap was very relaxing but quite too attention dragging as well. And he had to focus, somehow, on the questions. “That means someone might be just angry at you for taking his or her position. And it can be anyone, sort of celebrity – be it human or genefreak. Strange how such petty things are still on the top, given that Reightler Dock had a very unhappy period under total anarchy and afterwards.”

He tried to word his suspicion but the soft touch didn’t really make it easier for the pine marten.

“But then, with influx of the genefreaks into here could indeed fracture the balance of entertaining power,” he continued. “I know quite a few

popular musicians and actors from The Brotherhood. That's the irony... but great business.

“So, you're telling me that some cunt got cut out from their profits? Sad. But that's business, like everywhere else.”

Star Struck clenched her hand onto the investigator's cock to which he reacted with a silenced moan. There was no doubt he just enjoyed it to the fullest in the same way she enjoyed trying to make his steam of consciousness as hard as possible.

“That's only one of the traces, honestly. I may not know the full story to make my mind up,” he said and opened his eyes.

The singer let her hand go and kneeled in front of him. The pine marten trailed at her head that quickly went towards his underbelly. She took Yuri's precious rod into her maw and started to lick it, then clenched it deep inside, bobbing her head.

That questioning is a disaster, a wonderful disaster – the male thought. Not that he did mind. After all, it was a known singer in front of him, on her knees, pleasing him like some king of pop music. I want more disasters like that.

Chapter Five

Yuri hated this part of Reightler Dock. Especially now as he recalled very relaxing hours with lady Star Struck in her quite expansive, expressive and that third “ex-” word condo. Now, he was just lurking around the part of the station that belonged to The Brotherhood. It was damp and very empty.

Not even the beggar would come and sleep here, as there was some bad vibe around here given the past infrastructure failures and internal gang issues. The investigator could even smell dried out blood.

It wasn't a good start.

Soon, Yuri reached sort of crossroads. He knew where to go since he had been investigating some cases which clearly blamed The Brotherhood of Draguan Nu from the very beginning. The fact that New Republican Fleet slacked a bit, mostly due to feud with Milkyway Miners Union which politically – as well as military – invaded the system, it didn't mean that local security wasn't swooping at the local thugs too. Even – or especially – after The Brotherhood's influence diminished.

The pine marten investigator reached his destination. It used to be a major point for entire criminal ring. Now it was mostly empty, aside of the few old guard members who still stood out there despite depleted resources aside of direct piracy maintained by the new blood.

“Oh look, it's the Fake Badge guy!” one of the thugs mocked him. It was a black guy dressed in a shirt that looked more like an old fatigue. “Why coming here, not happy with the usual entertainment around the main hub, eh?”

Yuri tried to make his poker face, but it looked more like a wince.

“Come on, I don't have time for the childish insults. I am during some private investigation and I thought that I could check your little rat hole.”

One of the Brotherhooders laughed. “If you want to check some rat hole, go to one of your freaky brothels. We got no rat holes in here.”

The investigator just glared at the gang member and crossed his hands. “You know what I meant so I am a bit in need over here. Tell me your price and let’s get over it.”

“Depends on the info you want to get,” the dark-skinned guy said again, this time with sincere interest. If anything, even the bad guys – of course claiming to be the good guys – soaked with the best info available. “If we don’t have it, ask these buttlickers from Starclaw Syndicate.”

“Not if that concerns your organization.”

The trio looked at themselves then at the pseudo-cop again.

“You know what, if it does, why we would even tell you about it? It’s our deal,” exclaimed the third that was rather silent until now. Yuri couldn’t just look away from the eye-fuckingly pink hair that contrasted not only with dampness of this station’s section but with these scars on the face.

“I already said I can pay you. I just need a little info in regard to some assholes who harass the genefreak singer, Star Struck. I mean, even your kind likes music... Don’t you?”

The Brotherhood members surrounded him right away and, with quite white-teeth grins, pulled out their bats. It didn’t mean anything good.

“What if we can just simply take it away from you?” said the pink-hair criminal again. This was one of these moments Yuri just hated and now he just thought on if it was a good idea to even come here. The Brotherhood had a point: he could just ask one of The Starclaws.

“Come on, guys. You know what happened last time you attacked NR Sec in here.”

“You aren’t a cop, freak.”

He couldn’t even pull up a gun that close. One of the thugs connected his bat with his leg, what made Yuri to drop down to his knees. The other one – that guy with screaming pink hair – grabbed him from behind and put bat under the pine marten’s head, holding him that way.

“Now, let’s have a little fun.”

One on one was nothing to Yuri. Even with two on one it wouldn’t be much of a problem. But three of them with one holding behind with a bat that almost squished his throat? No avail. Several punches later they left him on the ground, bleeding. They didn’t touch his sidearm as that exact model was provided with holsters locked with a code – thankfully to Yuri. He also didn’t take any sort of device into here so they couldn’t even rob him.

But it wasn’t all in vain, despite a few new bruises and a broken finger. Lack of cooperation meant there could be something behind. And pine marten became even more interested into the mess behind attacking Star Struck. But then, it was only the tip of iceberg.

Yuri stood up and cleaned his bleeding nose. The male could taste the metallic taste of his own blood, not really tasty at all. Thankfully the ringing inside his head ceased so entire encounter didn’t end up with concussion. It became clear that The Brotherhood might had been responsible for entire situation. But, for what reasons? It’s very unlikely that anyone in that organization would care for some genefreak singer, given their own influx into the Reightler Dock’s culture – as strange as it sounded like. There should be no interest into entire case, unless...

He needed yet another chit-chat with Star Struck. Something was just not right and it should catch his attention from the very beginning. But it failed due to the genefreak libido the girl just used him to her own advantage.

Chapter Six

“I guess you need to give me some damn answers!”

Yuri Calder almost crashed into the genefreak singer’s flat. Even her personal guard failed to stop him but seeing a rabid genefreak investigator with a gun at the hip and a small New Republic’s pin at the jacket he didn’t even want to try his chances. The girl yelled at Yuri right away but after seeing his face and obviously fresh bruises, the girl quickly turned tone into a more intimate one.

“What happened to you? I can mend these if you want.”

The pine marten just waved his hand in anger.

“Do not try to hocus-pocus me. I want a clear answer in regard into what kind of shady business you went along with The Brotherhood?” His voice was just shaken and rather demanding, unlike during their initial meeting and intercourse that happened afterwards.

“What kind of business? I have nothing to do with these thugs!”

“Don’t lie to me if you *ever* want to solve your case. There’s a reason why you were bugging NR Sec in the most annoying way and entire case landed on me. Just tell me and spare the unnecessary drama. And, if you’re going to come up with a tear-jerking story – just don’t.”

Star Struck took a loud breath and looked like a very insulted teenager

at that moment. Yuri didn't even know how old she was – as genefreaks rarely gave out their human birth dates – so that could be a case as well. He just wanted to be cut some slack and get over entire explanation.

“If you want to hear truth, then let it be! I have nothing to hide anyway, at that rate.”

She sat on the couch which still remembered their quite nonprofessional questioning. Now, the private eye genefreak had a very suspicion it was also part of the plan to pull the wool over his eyes.

“Yes, I had a deal with The Brotherhood. It was shortly after they lost control over Reightler Dock and they wanted to gain funding from other sources as piracy didn't get much of that. Especially with very rigid group inside New Republic, Bloodbound Harvest or something, that had been very successful in doing trash cleaning in the voids of Draguan Nu.”

“They're now factual New Republic,” Yuri added up, knowing well the silent coup d'etat against some shadowy leader within the controlling organization that turned out to be surprisingly bloodless and without much harm to Draguan Nu's security.

“I don't care,” the dog girl snapped at the pine marten. “Going back to the subject, they borrowed me a lot of credits and even funded my stuff to get it sold around entire Reightler Dock. Especially with all these genefreaks in here. Now, I am slowly harassed by them day by day as they now want the money back.”

Yuri crossed his arms and looked at Star Struck. He wasn't really happy about entire situation, especially when he simply became a pawn in some

game about annulling the debts from the criminals.

“What did you even think, woman?” the pine marten replied with a rather disappointed tone. He even forgot about the blood-soaked nose. “Why them? Of all possible money makers on this forsaken station? Genefreaks, even! If not Sirius Corporation that has some interest into here.”

“I will give you one simple reason. I didn’t want to become a toy among the corporate agents. But I ended up in even worse mess, despite the fact that The Brotherhood founders didn’t want to sleep with them. Here’s your answer!” The gray-white canine girl just sat there, angry. Not in tears as her voice suggested, but Star Scream also had enough of that mess. “So, what are you going to do with it?”

Yuri stood up and looked towards the door. He didn’t really know himself at that rate. The pine marten hated to be cheated over. Even when it came to the business.

“I should just drop this case, but... I will not. It’s an issue as you are in factual dangers. You ended up to deal with The Brotherhood,” he noted and glanced back at Star Struck. “They aren’t know to be charity guys. They’re criminals. What I can do is just to negotiate something out in order to avoid any greater drama over the media. I shall help you. But hear this: not everyone in here is good. Even New Republic who tends to play the system police state. They had guys who were abusing their positions so hard it almost flipped entire Draguan Nu afloat.”

The pine marten looked at the girl. She just sat there, silent, still angry at the guy but the pressure slowly vented off. Instead of looking at Yuri with

her angry face, it looked like as if her face just let out a lot of air.

“Thank you, Mr. Calder.”

After short silence, Yuri simply left the room and allowed her to be alone and disappeared for a few good hours.

Epilogue

Star Struck placed her datapad onto the table. The main article on the Draguan Nu News was about a very successful album of hers. It provided her with additional few millions to her already fat account. She looked at the fake window and witnessed some mesmerizing view as the planet started to cover the main star as station passed “behind”. That happened quite a few times in a day, but rarely she was able to catch that exact moment when the eclipse happened.

She heard nothing more from the mysterious Brotherhood’s perpetrators, making her assured that the pine marten took care of the situation. Lack of any major scandal in the system news also meant that no one even tried to post these. She wondered why, but quickly forgot about it as the doors opened and she saw a familiar investigator in them. Star Struck sighed and smiled at the man, glad that Yuri still wanted to see her after all the mess.

That alone could be some damn good thing out of this mess.

He was dressed into casual outfit consisting of the brown jacket, t-shirt and jeans. It meant that the brown-furred genefreak was nowhere to go anytime soon – such as system patrol or other space-bound and extremely

boring thing. After the short “hi”, she kneeled in front of him and started to operate around the zipper.

And evidently made sure that the investigator won't go anywhere anytime soon.

Characters belong to their respective owners.

~Mugpie on Weasyl

2020