

Milya Serphies leaned back against the wall of the ship, her thick brown tail twitching to try and find a comfortable position behind her. She, like many of the others on the carrier wore a full suit of body armour over top a nearly skin tight suit. She was thankful that they had the body armour. Not just to defend her soft sandy underbelly, but to not make her look as heavy as she was.

She never really had a problem with her body image, it was just a preference to wear something a little more concealing. The alligator stood at nearly six foot in height and had a very curvaceous figure with wide hips and a generous D-cup chest. Her belly definitely showed that she ate well without overdoing it.

“How much longer till we get fighting?” the Gator asked with another irritated twitch of her tail as she leaned over to whisper the question to the jaguar sat across from her; Milya’s hands shifting the pulse rifle in her hand, checking it over once more.

“Easy there snappy, first we have to punch a hole in and then fly our crafts through the breach, clearing any resistance to make way for the rescue. Our reports tell us this is a slaver ship and will enter hyperdrive in 30 minutes time. That happens we lose them and the hope of rescuing the poor souls on board,” a shapely Jaguar said as she leaned against the other side of the fighter bay, her choice of weapon being a pair of energy claws she wore on her hands.

She wore a green flight suit with a lightweight chest deflector armour. Her round, full D cup bust drew many an eye as well as her toned, shapely thighs. “Your craft is equipped with your usual armament; a salvo of rockets and a fully loaded 40 cal gatling gun. Mine, well you know me, I like to take a more stealthy approach,” she said, patting her smaller scout craft, armed with a pulse canon and a plasma sniper.

“*Jane Greenpaw, Milya Serphies, to your crafts!*” the intercom sounded in their hanger.

“Well then, see you on the other side huh?” Jane said with a playful flick of her long brown hair, flashing Milya a playful look with her hazel eyes before vaulting inside her craft; a resounding boom sounding as their corvette battlecraft fired its plasma cannons, creating an opening for them to breach.

The gator followed the command of the intercom. “I’ll see you there, then.” She nodded in return, her ruby eyes glinting before she climbed up into the cockpit of her own ship. She wasn’t as graceful as the jaguar, and it was obvious why. “I’d say I’ll go in first, be a bit of a bullrush...” She paused as she watched Jane’s ship faded from sight as it went out of the ship and to the breach.

It wasn’t the distance that made her ship fade though, Jane’s ship had a cloaking mechanism. Milya drove forward, she heard Jane through the headset built into her helmet. “How’s it looking out there?” She said as she raced forward, A few ships flew from the ship that they just attacked. “Jane, incoming, five o’clock.” She said and made to cut off the ships, firing a burst from her gatling gun as warning to the ships, a few of the rounds exploding as they hit the ships’ shields.

“Go on inside, I’ll catch up...unless you wanna handle these pipsqueaks.” She said and chased the smaller ships, locking onto one and firing a missile that took out the one’s shields completely. She felt a powerful vibration through her ship as the other had snuck up on her and began to target her engines. “Fuck me.” She cursed out her favorite phrases.

A sudden flash from the black cut the slaver’s craft off its attack as her plasma round tore through both shield and ship; being slavers they didn’t exactly have the best of equipment as they went on functionality and saving where they could.

“Mmh, maybe when we get back luv,” Jane said through the com on her craft with her rosette tail flicking playfully against her seat, a playful laugh in her voice for they had become acquainted before with each other.

The gator gave off a chuckle at Jane’s retort, grinning widely. “I’ll have to take you up on that.” She said as she swerved off to avoid a weaker missile from the fighters. She didn’t mind anyone else on line catching their banter. Milya wasn’t at all prudish about her sexuality.

Another slaver fighter came flying in with its laser rifle firing towards her before a burst from Jane’s pulse canon struck its shield, forcing it to break off its attack. “Go! You’ll be better for punching through, I’ll cover you,” she shouted, getting her serious face on as the enemy became more cautious knowing there was a stealth jet around.

“Sounds like a plan. I’ll see you on the inside.” She said and fired another stream of rounds at one ship as she shot forward into the carrier. Their own corvette blasted a fair size hole into the side of it, allowing them to easily fly in without scraping their own fighters on their entrance. “We’ll have to go through an airlock, but once we are, we might have to go on foot.” Milya said and looked at the scannings she’d taken as she hovered just inside the hull.

“Where’s the rest of them?” She asked and looked around, seeing a few more fighting vessels, not too dissimilar to theirs. “I know they’re just dirty slavers but you’d think they would have a stronger defense?” the Gator grumbled and moved her ship forward to the airlock, her thick tail tapping the ground behind her seat.

“That’s because the fucking cowards are abandoning ship and each taking a slave with them! Fuck!” Jane cried out as she radioed their ship. “Jane to Starbird, hit the fleeing crafts with stasis missiles! They are trying to run with some of the slaves!”

With a growl Jane punched it, spinning and shooting at any jet engine she could to stop them as the slavers fled the craft before flying through the airlock. “Follow me, they should be kept in the hold according to our spy among them,” the jaguar said through her com to Milya. “There are bound to be others who stayed here among with the captain who will hope to somehow make out with the rest and get away.”

Docking her craft at the airlock, Jane donned her oxygen/battle helmet shaped to her own head so it fit snug before popping the hatch and hopped out, clicking a button on her claws to activate them as they glowed blue.

Milya gave a soft rumble. "Right, Hopefully the others can nab the ones that got out." The Alligator followed Jane's ship, letting her disable the ships that tried to escape down corridors that would have meant their escape. As soon as Milya touched down and turned her fighter shift off with a low whine. "I hate this thing. Doesn't help that I have such a long snout..." She groaned and put her own helmet on before she climbed out of her ship.

Their helmets helped them see in the dark with night vision, though they were relatively low powered and the blue glow helped make out the corridors better as they travelled.

"So. How many do you think they managed to get out?" She asked Jane as she watched the claws glowing blue with energy. They gave the pair a little light through the dim hallway. "From what I managed to scan, there are still at least two dozen biological entities on board, including us." Milya continued forward, flipping the safety off on her rifle. "Another hundred meters ahead Jane, we'll need to take a right, then down a flight of steps." She said as she called up the diagram of the scan in her helmet.

They followed Milya's direction, hearing more chatter on their coms about the fight going on outside. The gator followed Jane down the steps to the cargo bay.

"Wait..." Jane commanded as she thought she heard a sound, holding a paw up for her friend to halt before a pair of slavers jumped out at them from the corner of the turn off.

"Milya watch out!" Jane cried out in alarm as one aimed his gun at her whilst the other came at Jane with a plasma sword.

The gator did as commanded and came to a stop, raising her weapon towards the sound that could be heard around the corner. Milya wasn't nearly as quick as Jane, though she didn't need to be. The alligator was always a great marksman; thankfully the same could not be said about the slavers.

Reaching up above her head the nimble Jaguar blocked the downward strike before baring her fangs. Parting her claws, she forced him to backstep before she closed the gap quickly between them and sliced his paw off in a spray of blood, the slaver screaming under his helmet.

A pulse of energy hit the wall just to Milya's left, she squat down to avoid the spray of sparks that came from the metal and electronics within the wall. Aiming down the barrel of her own gun, she squeezed the trigger and took out the other slaver's leg, his own screams joining his companions.

"Cheeky sons-a-bitches." She growled and paced over, knocking the gun away with a whip of her tail before she grabbed a pair of handcuffs from the belt of her uniform. "How're you going to put yours under arrest?" Milya teased as she kicked the male over and roughly fixed the cuffs around his wrists.

Choosing to ignore her friend's smart-aleck remark she bent down to the slaver. "Look, I can save your life but in return you have to tell me. I promise I'll take you into custody," she Jane said as she raised her helmet so he could see she was earnest.

"F-f-fine, there is an ele-electrified gate ahead. The code is 28-72-89," he said in a high pitched tone as he clutched at his severed limb, going into shock.

Reaching into her suit's pocket she extracted a light, steel band before placing it over the stump and pulled tight before working a miniature screw that gradually tightened the band with a lot of whimpering from the bandit, clearly a canine variety under the helmet before he passed out from the pain.

"Well mine will live, not sure about your guy who you have left to bleed out," Jane said with a roll of her eyes before tossing her a spare band. "Here, unless it's too late," she said with a grim smile before peering around the corner to make sure there was no more.

Milya flicked her thick tail and rolled the other back over as Jane got the information. "How many slaves... Damn, he's already out." She sighed and caught the band and wrapped it around his calf above the wound. "He's still alive, just not sure about his leg. I'll remember to bring some compression bands myself next time, too." She said softly, feeling guilt over being ill-prepared again.

She tightened the band as well, getting soft whimpers from him. "Since we're putting on a tourniquet, he may lose the foot if we don't get him back out of here in a few hours." Milya set him up against the wall next to his friend. "We should almost be there." the gator whispered to the feline.

Milya looked down at the two. "We probably shouldn't just leave them here like this."

"We'll need the extra space in your fighter craft for any slaves we rescue hun, I'll stow these two inside my craft in the rest area, mind giving me a helping paw?" she said with a flick of her ears.

The gator nodded and hefted up the one she'd shot, thankfully he was a light canine, easily hung over her shoulder as they walked back to the ships. "Comfy?" she asked in jest as she set him in Jane's ship. After making sure they were secured so they couldn't take the ship if they woke, both Jane and Milya went back down the path towards the slaves' holds.

Looking around the corner again, she saw nothing ahead of them but she heard the soft mumbles of deep voiced beings and a smaller cry from a female. "We're very close..." Milya said, feeling heavy hearted as they walked towards the cargo hold, the whispers getting louder by the second.

Reaching the gate, Jane's thick tail lashed before finding a bit of debris on the floor and threw it at the door. Sure enough it bounced off with an electric buzz, singed black on one side. Keying in the code, the door opened with a hum as the electric field deactivated and waved for you to cover me.

“Okay slavers, surrender or...” Jane started, her ears back and claws activated before she looked around as the few slavers, about five, had their paws up in the air with their weapons on the floor.

“We surrender,” a butch boar with an eyepatch said who they assumed was the leader. “When we were hit most of my ‘crew’” he said with a spit, “abandoned me. Only a select few stayed but the more we waited it out the more we thought on how we’d rather go to jail alive then die fighting.”

“Well...that was unexpected but honestly, it is preferred to needless bloodshed,” Jane said before radioing in to their ship. “This is Jane, we have the slavers in custody, prepare to...”

Milya stared in disbelief when she saw the small group of slavers standing there, already surrendering before they even entered the room. She watched them closely, as her partner made the call into the Starbird.

“LIKE HELL WE WILL!” The boar bellowed and quickly picked his gun up, hitting a button on his watch before firing a bullet that caught Jane in the leg with a cry. “If we are to go down it will be in Hell’s flames!”

The gator, despite her size moved quickly, ducking out of the way and firing her own gun back at the group.

Milya managed to shoot the boar in the shoulder before he had another chance to fire on them, in case she hadn’t taken him completely out. She didn’t hesitate with the others either and fired a blast into each of their chests. After the gator heard her partner’s yowl of pain, she wasn’t aiming to take them in now; nor was she taking any further risks.

“Jane!! Are you okay?” She said and knelt down next to her friend, seeing the blood starting a small pool under her leg. “Come on, we’ve got to get you out of here....” She said and began to call on coms for medical help as she used her other hand to apply pressure to the wound, apologizing profusely when Jane would give off cries of pain.

“N-never mind about me,” Jane growled out as she clutched her bleeding leg, sirens started to signal a self destruct countdown had been initiated, “look over there. There is only one slave left,” she said, indicating a naked morph huddled in her cage. “Those bastards probably was going to try and salvage her when we boarded; a sabertooth by the looks of it and probably part of an illegal cloning program.”

Hobbling over to the dead boars watch she ripped it off before flipping it open. “Shit, we have five minutes! I can extend it with my hacker tool for a few extra minutes but get the leg out!” she said as she plugged her claws into the device, a hologram readout popping up as she pressed an up button, buying them three more minutes.

The gator growled as she heard the loud sirens sounding on the ship. “Okay.” She said and clipped

her weapon back to the strap so she could freely use both of her hands as she walked over to the saber. The feline was stark naked as she sat against the wall. "They must have just been getting ready to move her before we came in. Can you walk?" She asked the sabertooth, reaching out to touch her shoulder, seeing that a brand of '2147' was imprinted on her shoulder.

The saber just huddled against her cage more, fright clear in her eyes and the sirens only pushed her fear up more as her breath came out in panicked, rapid pants.

Getting no response, she quickly ducked under the sabertooth's arm and lifted her up, just barely able to get her up to her feet, being almost a whole half foot shorter. "Damn, you're a big girl." She said, seeming to not notice a very important factor to her; too busy to get rushing out of here before they blew up. "Come on, Jane, let's go!" She reached out for the jaguar's hand to lift her up into her arms as well.

The saber seemed to understand to a degree as she took her weight off of the reptile and allowed herself to be led on, much similar to a scared child being guided to safety.

"I'm okay damn it, you focus on leading that lug on," Jane said through clenched teeth as she just managed to keep pace at a fast hobble, the blood soaking into her fur turning it russet coloured.

Making it back to their crafts she radioed their ship, "This is Jane Greenpaw, evacuate now! The ship is going to detonate in three minutes!" she said into the com.

"Roger that, we'll engage warp drive to put distance between us and the explosion. We'll wait for you with hope for your survival," the voice said from the the corvette. "Milya, you loaded up yet?"

The saber was being stubborn, looking from one craft to the other with wide, amber eyes in fright. "Nooooooo!" she cried out. "Will hurt me, use me," she cried out, trying to pull away from the gator.

Milya gave off a gasp as she was tugged back away from the ship by the sabertooth. Thankfully, she was the one with the grip on the feline's wrist with her notoriously strong hands. "No, no one's going to hurt you, I promise." she said quickly, hearing Jane call out that they had only three minutes left.

"We're here to rescue you and keep you safe. But I need you to get into my ship." She said and opened the cockpit as she dragged the saber closer. It was a real tug of war between the two, pulling a good foot one way or the other and never making any ground.

"Go on, I'll be fine!" Milya said to the voice back on their own carrier and Jane while she continued to argue with the giantess of a feline.

Jane gave an angry growl before opening the hatch up again and after applying a gauze to her wound, gently climbed out. "I'm sorry but we don't have time for this..." Jane said, trailing off before

approaching the scared Saber.

Placing her paw on her shoulder she said in a soft voice, "Forgive me."

Milya watched Jane come up beside her and the sabertooth and hold onto her shoulder. The alligator quickly removed her hands from the larger feline; she knew what was coming, specially by the soft voice that Jane used.

The Jaguar's claws suddenly crackled and her grip turned into an electric surge.

The saber cried out in pain before suddenly going limp. Jane didn't like it and knew she probably would never trust her, but she had to get them safe. "You don't have to say it, I can be a bitch at times," she said with a sad smile at her friend before she helped her in.

Sighing softly, Milya looked over at Jane as she held onto the saber. "I wasn't going to say anything," she said and returned the weak smile as they hefted the marked feline into her larger ship and strapped her in so she wouldn't tumble about the cockpit.

"We have a minute left! Fuck!" Jane growled before hopping in. "Punch it!" she cried through the com as her jest roared into life and hit the thrust jets to propel her exit out of the airlock.

Hearing the sounds of the count down, the reptile quickly climbed into the pilot's seat, barely shutting the hatch before she put her ship into full throttle. Being heavier meant she accelerated slower than Jane's ship; and the extra hundred and some odd pounds didn't help too much either. Milya followed Jane out of the slaver carrier, having only ten seconds remaining to get a safe distance away. Hitting her thrusters as well, the fighter shot forward, just as the vessel behind them exploded.

The blast wave shook her ship, make her growl and worry that she'd be shaken to pieces as she heard resounding clangs as a few bits of debris smacked into her. Once she was flying more smoothly, she tapped her coms. "Milya Serphies here. Everyone make it out alright? Jane?"

"Yeah...I made it too..." came Jane's crackled response, "but my wound has worsened and I'm losing a lot of blood..." the jaguar's voice sounded triedly on the com, crackling and showing something was damaged slightly on the alligator's ship.

"Glad to hear you made it, Hun." She said with a light sigh as she slowed the ship down, conserving what energy it had left. "Just don't you die on me. Guess we shoulda saved one of the bands for you..." Milya gave a forced laugh as she followed Jane, watching over her.

"Don't worry girls, we have med prepped on deck, just stay awake long enough to guide yourself in Jane," a gruff male voice sounded on her radio.

"Sure...I can do that," she said, her words sounding a bit slurred as she forced herself to stay

awake, her craft wobbling as she put all her focus on control.

Meanwhile in the back of Milya's craft, the slave stirred slightly, "No...why hurt...tired...scared..." she mewled, feebly struggling before passing back out again.

"I'll see you there." A pause came as the saber spoke from her seat, drawing her attention over to her. "You're okay...We're sorry we had to do that." She whispered reassuringly to the feline in her co-pilot's seat and gave a shake of her head when she passed out once more.

"Command, Serphies here. We're coming back three passengers heavy; a slave we saved, and a couple of slavers." Milya said into the communications, giving an update as they approached their corvette.

"Understood, the medics will have to take a look at them as well." The gruff voice said again as they flew into the opening hull of the ship, landing on the floors as the door closed and the airlock hissed to fill the room with oxygen.

Jane's craft only just stopped short of crashing into the bay as she focussed everything into keeping conscious before opening the hatch up.

Almost drunkenly, the Jaguar stumbled out, swinging her legs over, a rain of blood falling from her now crimson furred leg. "Its okay...I'm...o-kaaaay," she slurred before tumbling forward, only for a vixen medic to catch her short of thudding onto the metal floor.

"Shh it's okay, quick doctor bring the IV drip and alcohol cleaning solution and surgical stitches. We need to stop the bleeding or we'll lose her," she said across the bay to a wolf with an operating trolley.

The wolf came over quickly and brought out the IV and handing off the cleaning solution to the vixen. "She's losing too much blood, We'll have to get some o-pos into her as soon as possible." He gave a soft bark, tail waving.

"Seems that scum hit her with an old fashioned pistol, we'll have to get the bullet out or it will only cause more harm," the vixen said in a soft growl.

Milya climbed out of vehicle and walked over to Jane, "Jane!" the gator looked down at the jaguar. "They got you good, huh?" She forced a chuckle as she sat at feline's head. Looking down at her leg, she saw how bad it was when the vixen cleaned off the fur around the bullet wound.

"Yeah...s-seems so...didn't have time to properly plug it up," Jane said in a weak, trembling tone as they quickly worked to extract the bullet, applying as much pressure around the wound to ease up on the bleeding as she was hooked up on a few portable trollies to IV and transfusion.

"Come on Jane, we're not losing you, I swear that," the vixen growled again as she managed to

extract the bullet before working away to clean the open wound before the wolf quickly began stitching the hole.

“If you do, I’ll bring you back so I can kill you myself.” She said in forced jest. A jackal and house cat came rushing over with their own trolley. They patted her shoulder to get her attention.

“There are others, yes?” the house cat said with a thick Russian accent.

“Right...Here, we’ve got two injured in Jane’s ship. They have compression bands on, so they will need attention, starting on the one with his hand cut off.” She said; triaging for the medics.

“Good job girls,” a heavy set bear morph said as he walked up to the docking bay, “these two we can get some good intel from regarding the slave trading ring that has been plaguing our solar system.”

He walked up to the downed jaguar and knelt before her, grabbing her hand, “As captain of the Starbird, I want you two to know how deeply grateful I am for your assistance, and we’ll use all our resources to get young Jane here back up to strength. Her bills until she can work too will be paid for plus an additional bonus in your pay cheques for the prisoners.”

“Thank you, Captain.” Milya saluted to the bear as she stepped passed her and to Jane. Milya walked back over as the medics pulled the two out of the smaller fighter ship and laid them down on a couple of stretchers. The alligator watched the vixen finish stitching up her leg.

“We’ll get her out of here and back to the bay to rest. She’ll be out of commission for a few weeks.” the male wolf said to the bear and helped the vixen move Jane onto her own stretcher.

Milya’s attention was pulled away from Jane once more by a tapping on her shoulder. “And the third?” the jackal raised an eyebrow.

“Here.” She said and went over to her ship and unstrapped the sabertooth and lifted her out of her own fighter. “She’s not injured...but she--It might not hurt to have her checked up on.” Milya brought the sabertooth to the floor.

“Ahh yes I remember you saying about a slave you rescued, tell me; was there something odd about this one you rescued?” the ship’s commander, Commander Coland as he had introduced himself when they were assigned to his crew, said as the bear morph peered inside the fighter craft only for a growl to meet him followed by a flash of long teeth before he backed away. “Ahem,” he cleared his voice, “this might require more a woman’s touch,” he said.

“Leave me alone, only want hurt, only use me,” the saber said in a thick accent which the bear muttered was from the Oshtar system; a pocket of their galaxy where the colonies had mixed tongues and accents.

“Yeah, this is her...this is all that’s really odd with her, Commander. She’s been heavily trained to be a sex slave. I don’t know for how long, I can only guess from a young teen.” She said and retracted her paws from the feline as she spoke up.

“They’ve trained her, but it’s nice to see that she puts up a bit of a fight.” Milya paused and heaved out a sigh. “I promise, We’re not going to hurt you. Nor use you; we help others just like you.” She climbed in and settle down next to the saber with open paws so that she could show that she meant no harm to the feline. She figured now that they weren’t about to be blown to pieces, that she could take her time with her.

She looked up and down the saber’s body now, making sure that she didn’t have any visible injuries, her eyes seeing the 2147 mark again. Milya gave a sigh as she continued her distanced inspection.

As the commander looked her on, he found himself doing his best not to admire or ogle her. Everything about the sabertooth was perfect from her towering seven foot frame, her large, round E cup breasts, strong but curvaceous frame, amber feral slitted eyes and thick tail, and that coat of fur that seemed to highlight all her areas including her thighs and long legs.

“Ahem, yes, well hopefully we can get her to understand better when we build up trust. Though one detail you two left out,” he said as he looked hard at the slaves crotch through the craft, “she’s a hermaphrodite.”

Dun, dun ,duuuuun! End of part 1 ^.^