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WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore, or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised.

Chapter 18. “Colonel O’Haire”

Troy eased his wincing and slowly opened his eyes to look at her. She was about the same height as he was. Slightly taller, actually. She had a slight smile on her lips. He could see the muscle bunched up on her arm that was propped on her hip. Her other arm was stretched out and her hand was lightly touching his shoulder. She moved it up the angle of his neck and up to his face. Her hand was a bit rough, but it felt like that was because of her strength. It was so soothing after all the shit he’d been through. It was enough to make him cry tears of relief. He held them back as best he could while she appeared to scan over him again. He glanced up and saw that her ears weren’t standing. They just hung down the sides of her head and neck, then trailed down her back. She must’ve been a lop-eared rabbit.

“You don’t appear injured,” she said as Troy regained his breath. She tilted her head to her left and continued. “Luger’s a sweetheart. It shouldn’t matter that he prefers men. To the others, it does. They weren’t always like that.” She glanced away from him. “Well, at least that’s what I’ve read in our history.” She looked back at him. “It’s just such a foreign concept given our dwindling population numbers. They also don’t like him because he’s not strong and battle ready like they are. That’s still no reason to treat one of your own in such a disgusting way.”

Her voice was so sweet compared to the commanding tone she’d just used. Troy glanced away, then back into her light gray eyes. She had a form of heterochromia where a thin, wavy ring of blue surrounded her pupils.

“I do feel bad for him,” Troy thought as she seemed to wait for a response. Her eyes kept darting around his face and chest. “He didn’t deserve that. There’s nothing wrong with being gay. Hell, Zeke is...was gay. I think. Pretty sure. He had a lot of guy friends and never spoke of women. We weren’t best friends, but we got along well. Luger just...caught me by surprise is all.” Troy glanced down at his hand. “Still, I really

want to wash my hand right now. If this is going to be an everyday thing, I have to let him know I'm not..."

"Listen," she said as their eyes met. "I know your neck is still healing so you can't speak. So just nod if I'm getting through to you."

Troy nodded, then she sighed and glanced over to the side.

"Luger can be...*too* much of a sweetheart. He's been alone his entire life. He doesn't have any friends or family. Well, except that other human that was here for a bit." She looked back at Troy. "What I'm trying to say is that I saw everything I needed to see. I think he likes you. If you're not interested in him like he is you, you *have* to let him know. Let him down easy, though. He can take a lot, but, as I said, he's very sensitive and it doesn't help that I think things are starting to get to him. He's not eating well. He's rarely seen when the others are around. I think he hasn't been able to brush off the taunting and derogatory remarks like he used to. I think he's being abused, too, but I haven't been able to prove it."

She glanced away and muttered something. Troy swore she said, "Like before."

"I think if you talk to him," she continued and looked back at his eyes. "He could easily become a loyal ally for you among all these assholes. He took to the other human just as easily." She chuckled. "The other human had an aura about him that rivaled the Major's. It's a shame he..."

She seemed to bite her lip with her slightly large front teeth as she looked past Troy. She looked...sad. She sighed and looked into Troy's eyes. She smiled.

"Where are my manners? Colonel O'Haire." She pulled her arm back and saluted him. "Colonel Bunny...O'Haire," she said with pride.

If Troy were watching this in a movie, he would have laughed. He didn't think it'd be right to laugh in the face of someone who seems to be on his side. She relaxed out of her salute.

"She's...a Colonel?" Troy thought as he looked over her again. "I suppose that makes sense. But to be ranked above the Major?"

She appeared to glance around, then leaned in towards Troy.

“Yes, I’m ranked just below the Commander General and above the Major. If the Major wasn’t such a meathead, she could easily have passed me during the last promotion exam. If you’ve met the President, I’m sure you know why *he’s* the second in...”

Her eyes squinted and her eyes seemed to cross. They focused on Troy’s neck for some reason.

“Winged Savior,” she said aghast. “What...? Is that...did *she* do that to you?” Troy looked at her with confusion. “That looks like Suka’s handiwork. I suppose it doesn’t look so bad now. Doctor Sparkle said that you were healing on your own thanks to that green stuff. I don’t know if you’ll be eating or drinking very fast let alone talking anytime soon.” She leaned back and brought a hand to scratch the fluff between her breasts. “Well, regardless, you still need to be cleaned up,” she said and grabbed his hand, then winked. “Don’t worry. You don’t have to wash me. My partner should be here shortly.”

She led him over by the running shower. Water splashed Troy in the eyes as she let go of his hand. He reached up and wiped the water from his face and dipped his head so the water ran down his back. He opened his eyes and saw that she was gone. He looked down and saw her kneeling before him. His eyes got large as he saw her head was close to his penis. He was glad it was flaccid.

That didn’t last long, though. She looked up at Troy with the strangest look on her face. Her small muzzle parted her small lips and her small tongue slithered out, then around the tip of his cock.

“How am I ever going to fit all that in my mouth?” She asked in a whiny voice as she cupped his balls.

“Dammit! No!” Troy yelled in his head and tried to squeeze his eyes shut.

He shivered and his eyes lazily opened as he watched her tongue trace a slimy trail from the tip of his cock to the base, then slipped underneath and wagged all the way to the tip.

“I mean...maybe.” Troy felt conflicted.

“Guess there’s only one way to find out. Maybe a hot soak will loosen me right up,” she cooed seductively.

Troy watched his cock helmet disappear into her mouth and she began to suckle on it like a newborn baby. Her mouth was hhot. Perhaps the “hot soak” wasn’t the shower soaking her fur, but her hot mouth soaking his dick.

Troy groaned as her tongue slithered around the entire surface of his swelling cock head. She let out an elongated moan from deep in her throat and took more of him in. The vibration was enough to send him over the edge. He calmed himself and reached down to caress one of her lovely ears. He could feel the suction as she pulled back and his cock sprang from her mouth with a “pop.”

“Pop? Yes! I *need* to snap out of it!” Troy tried to tell himself and dug his fingers into his palms.

She giggled lustfully as she began to stroke the rest of his snatch stuffer to life. Her nose began to wiggle and twitch. She made an “ah” sound and engulfed half of him. She kept twitching her nose as she looked up at him. Her mouth, full of saliva, nursed around his rock solid pole and her hand gently stroked the remainder of his cock as her palm tapped against his pouch full of seed. It wasn’t hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to get him *really* going. Again, she ended nursing school with a “pop.” Her saliva was drooling all over his veiny vessel and a large string snapped off her lips.

“Shhhhiit. Maybe...a little longer,” Troy thought as he enjoyed her lips down there. He’d never had a blowjob before.

“You like it when I twitch my nose? It’s a bit cliché, but the girls say it drives guys,” she said as she fondled his semen storage. “Nutsss,” she finished and gave his scrotum a light squeeze. She giggled as her eyes wandered down to his coated cobra. “Oh, no!” She said in mock surprise as her hands lightly slapped her cheeks. She looked up at him. “I’ve gotten it all dirty. I need to clean it,” she said as a mischievous grin claimed her face and her hands fell down out of sight.

He looked down and watched as she picked up the loofah, then gave it a squeeze. Troy snapped out of his daydream when soap burst from within.

“She barely squeezed it!” He thought as his eyes widened and his desires dwindled.

Troy couldn’t remember a time where he felt this paralyzed, this helpless, or this confused and unsure of what to do. Sure he’d been this paralyzed before, but he was expecting to die. Here, he’s expecting to live. He had a feeling he was about to be in a lot of pain if she squeezed *him* like that.

There's a hierarchy system in all ranks within any society. Whether they be Democratic, Monarchy, Independent, or otherwise. If you held rank, you weren't subjected to certain things. He was no Sociology major or whatever, but this didn't seem right. Here was a high-ranking official - down on her knees - scrubbing his inner thigh by his knee. What *really* concerned him was the occasional giggle she let out. He felt her soapy hand rub along his taint and into his butt crack. She did it a few more times with a clean, wet hand.

"Your skin is so soft. It's almost like a baby's. Like it's," she said and stopped speaking and moving. She cleared her throat as she lowered her head slightly. "Brand...new," she muttered, sounding sad. She closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them as she tilted her head back to look up at him. "I'm sorry. That was uncalled for."

Troy was really confused now. A high-ranking official just...apologized to him? That's unheard of! Well, as far as he knew. Given the current situation, he tried to pass it off as just being a member of this ship with the looseness of conventional normalcy he was so used to. Maybe they weren't so bad.

"If you don't mind my asking," she continued with hesitation in her voice. "Did they really...cut off...*all*...of your..."

Troy was finding it difficult to envision this one as a ruthless killer needed to be a commanding officer. She seemed so different from the other officers he'd met already.

Troy nodded. He straightened up and mimicked being strapped to the table. He brought his right hand up and out with his index finger pointing over her head. He brought the finger to his chest and "cut" along his collar bone. He traced the finger down his side, over his pubic bone, up the other side, then mocked placing his finger on the side table. He brought both hands up under his chin and mimicked grabbing the skin with both hands. He "forced" the skin down, then "picked up" the knife and mimicked cutting as he "pulled the skin" from his body. He "placed the knife back" onto the tray and gripped the "skin" with both hands. He brought it up and held it out before him.

Her eyes were following his movements with a look of pain. "Winged Savior," she gasped. "You were awake during all of this?" She asked, looking and sounding shocked.

Troy shook his head and pointed at the "skin."

"Just that part, huh?"

Troy nodded. He used his left hand to point at his right arm and moved his palm over the length. He did the same to the other arm, then pointed at his back. He brought his right finger up to point at his eyes as he closed them. He pointed at his chest and opened his eyes.

“So you woke up and saw that your arms were...like that? But you watched as they cut...”

Troy nodded. He felt it becoming difficult to swallow and breathe. Reliving that hellacious moment felt fresh in his mind and he could feel his skin tingle. Troy tried his best to hold back the tears. He felt his arms bump up and a shiver ran up his spine as he recalled the sheer amount of pain he was in.

“Dear Winged Savior!” She exclaimed quietly. “That sounds awful. I can’t even wrap my head around that. I’ve been injured before, but that’s just,” she said and trailed off as her eyes darted around as if searching for the word. She looked back at him - her eyes filled with pained compassion - and said, “Sick.”

Troy watched as she looked down at the loofah for a few moments. He closed his eyes and sighed to calm down. He could feel her continue scrubbing his inner thighs and getting higher. She seemed strangely quiet. Perhaps she was being polite and not trying to bring up any other suppressed memories from him. He wouldn’t mind it, though, since her scrubbing and rinsing was stirring something within him.

“Just how big does this thing get?” She asked as he felt her grab his penis.

Troy’s eyes got large and tried to think of boring sports and collecting stamps or something. Her hand was surprisingly gentle and soft. Her palms and fingers felt furry as opposed to padded and squishy like the others.

“I guess that’s none of my business, huh?” She said calmly as she worked her soapy hand down his shaft. “That’s between you and the one you love.”

She soaped up and began fondling his testicles - giving them a squeeze every now and then. It felt like a physical exam.

“Or, if you’re like these other heathens: Anything with a hole,” she said as if disgusted by her fellow manimals.

Troy could feel her hand run between each side of his scrotum and brush up against his penis.

“Seriously, though, from all the historical texts I’ve read about you humans, you, sir, are blessed.”

Troy heard something to the right. He saw his canine guard staring at them with wide, disbelieving eyes. Troy swallowed hard. He felt her stop, so he looked down. He couldn’t see everything with all the soap, but he appeared to have...grown...down there. It sure didn’t look like the six and a half inches he had on Aquarian Alpha.

“They...stole my penis?” He thought and looked over at her in confusion. “What the hell? It looks...larger. Longer. Thicker,” he thought and shook his head as he briefly closed his eyes. “Now’s not the time to feel pride in my manhood.”

He envisioned her squeezing the loofah again. He felt a chill run up his spine and sympathy pangs radiated from his vulnerable testes.

She wiped her eyes of the water and used her hand to lift up his penis. She began soaping up the underside and let the water clear it off.

“Huh. That’s...strange,” she said inquisitively.

She dabbed at something a few times, let the water clear it, then rocked her head side-to-side as she was staring at him.

Troy couldn’t watch anymore. It was bad enough he presented himself in such a way in front of her. He remembered what the President said and felt himself relax. The pain of being so hard started to wane.

She ran her fingers on either side of his penis. She let him go and wiped her eyes again, then looked up as she squinted from the water splashing back on her face from his skin.

“That’s a Doctor Sparkle or Doctor Greene thing. I can only guess what they replaced this part with. I mean,” she said and stood. She turned off the water and turned to look at him. “I know they said you only have, like, four of your original parts. Your skin is still under the green stuff, but I don’t see any abnormal bumps so I suppose that’s normal.” She blinked and her eyes went back to his groin. “She didn’t say *that* was original, though,” she said under her breath. Her eyes slowly rose up as she continued. “You look normal, I suppose.” She twisted her upper half and grabbed the towel from the

tree and began to wipe down his head. "I don't know enough about humans to know what I'm looking for that would be out of the ordinary." She patted his face as she continued her under-the-breath rambling. "Your penis...I just don't know what it looked like before to know if that's normal or not. Not? The canine branch of our species has..." Her thought trailed off to silence as she patted his shoulders and neck. "Hairless is kind of strange to see. I guess there was that one feline branch person." She patted his chest. "Suka was hairless when we found her. It seemed like she became more and more hostile as her fur grew out. The human wouldn't let anyone touch him..."

"What is she going on about?" Troy thought as his confusion mounted. "Why did she say that word twice?" He squinted his eyes as he thought, "Why did she mention canines after repeating it? Who is this other human?"

She kept rambling on and on as she continued to dry him. He watched and partially listened as she gently dried his groin, then his thighs and calves. She was nearly inaudible.

Troy heard something and looked up. His eyes met the white-furred chest of a rather large beast behind her. His "I'll kill you," very dark brown eyes were trained on him with intensity. His main fur was a mix of brown and gray while his chest, underarms, stomach, groin, inner thighs, and under his tail were white. His nose had a black patch around it. His sides had a faint dark stripe and his arms and legs had darker socks and sleeves. He sported a very large set of antlers on his thick head supported by a thick neck and shoulders. He had a chest tuft that looked like hers only much larger. He had a white mask on his muzzle and eyes. He had, what looked like, a goatee that hung below his lower jaw about four inches.

He stepped to the side of her. His left pectoral bunched up as he brought his large left arm up and jabbed a thick finger into Troy's chest. Troy felt the pain radiate from just below his collarbone. He guessed that would leave a mark - if he could see under the green stuff.

"The *fuck* is goin' on here?" He demanded in his strangely higher-pitched voice with a deep, bassy undertone. "Tell me why I shouldn't kill you?"

His "L's" sounded like they were getting caught in the back of his throat, then rolled as if he were throwing them up. It reminded him of the accent from a Russoviat.

"Because, Lieutenant Stokov," Bunny said with disgust as she reached up and grabbed the Lieutenant's thick finger.

She pulled down and twisted his finger and wrist towards her. He cried out in pain as she continued to twist his arm at an awkward angle. The motion nearly caused his antlers to strike Troy in the face.

“Our subordinates and assholes like you taunted and berated Luger causing him to run away and I’m the only one with balls big enough to stand up to them, then cares enough to finish Luger’s job.”

She looked furious but her tone was even and calm. She was scaring Troy. He was grateful she was here, though.

“Colonel O’Haire reporting that our guest has no signs of rash, lesions, cuts, scrapes, punctures, discharge, blemishes, cancerous indicators, or excess heat or cold. His eyes are clear and his tongue, gums, and throat appear normal. No sign of hernia, cysts, or insect invasion. Everything appears normal. Our guest is clear.”

“Let me go, babe. GAH!” The Lieutenant cried out as the Colonel scrunched her muzzle and twisted harder.

“You will show respect in front of your subordinates and refer to me as your Colonel,” she said sternly into his ear. “So,” she said and loosened her grip slightly. “Now that our guest is clear and obviously has yet to do anything to you personally, I suggest you start treating him with a modicum of respect.” Her grip tightened again causing him to grit his teeth and growl in his muzzle. “Do I make myself crystal?”

His grunts of pain turned to chuckles.

“You’re so sexy when you’re administering corrective action,” he strained to say as he stared into her eyes. He leaned in to kiss her - nearly gouging Troy’s eye out with an antler.

She looked flustered as the Lieutenant pulled back and stood upright with a goofy grin on his face. She released his finger and held her hand up in a loose fist up to that tufted spot on her chest. He turned to Troy with a serious look and patted his cheek with his right hand using quite a bit of force.

“Don’t ever forget those that have helped you,” he said calmly and forced a quick smile.

Troy felt those words sock him in the chest. At least it seemed like it was the words. With how crazy his body had been behaving lately, maybe it wasn't the words but rather the adaptation spasms he'd been having since his time on the other ship.

"Mmm," Bunny cooed...or growled. "You being all sweet and...rrrow-uh...that accent," she said as she turned to him and cupped his muzzle in her hands. Troy watched the fur dance up her back as she whispered, "Just drives me crazy."

The couple flirted in front of Troy - speaking baby talk, rubbing their noses together, pecking their lips together, and rubbing against each other - for quite a while.

Troy's eyes looked around the nearly empty locker room. He wasn't sure if she was done with him or not. He didn't want to be rude. She was clearly engaged in more important matters. Troy sighed and began to walk towards the locker room.

"Oh, uh," he heard behind him.

There was a light pattering as feet slapped against the wet floor. A strong, yet gentle hand grabbed his shoulder and whirled him around. The Colonel quickly took her hand back and brought it up by her chest. Troy looked at her in surprise and felt his heart begin to beat rapidly.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you," she said and began to slowly reach her hand out and touched his forearm.

Troy suddenly realized he had brought his hands up to protect his head - his fists clenched, his outer forearms blocking his face, his left leg covering his vulnerable parts - and his knees were trembling. His body reacted as if he were under attack. It was so quick that it didn't even require his direct input.

Her damp fur caressed his forearm. "Winged Savior," she whispered. "I'm so sorry," she said as she reached her other hand up and gently grabbed his hands - wrapping them around his. His hands dropped down in front of him. "I hope that you don't feel you have to react like that around me. Around us."

Troy could barely feel her hands as they glided up his forearms, his upper arms, then around his neck to his back as she pulled him in close to her chest. His right temple pressed into that damp chest tuft as she gave his head a gentle squeeze. It seemed that scare dulled his senses once more.

"I'm so sorry for what you've been through," she said as one of her hands stroked his back and the other the back of his head. "You're safe here. You're safe with me. I won't hurt you. Please believe me. I'm completely crystal."

Her words struck him right in the heart. Her voice was soothing and gentle. He could hear the light thumping of her heart. He could feel his chest and throat tighten as her words and heartbeat calmed him. He sniffled and felt his eyes start to tear up. This was the first time he believed what he'd heard. He slowly raised his arms and hugged her.

"No. Don't do that here. Save it for your room," she said quietly in his ear as she patted his back with a bit of force. "I know you want to let it out, but you can't show weakness like that around the others."

She was right. If they treated one of their own - Luger - like that - on top of how they already were treating him - he wouldn't last long if he broke down now. Or ever.

Troy heard her chuckle girlishly though her chest. "I hope I don't make you smell like a wet Lagomorpha branch of our species. I'll requisition a deodorant spray to be delivered to your room. Just in case. And I'll send word of my findings on Luger's behalf so that the doctors don't worry. That's something we need to do every day: Preventative First-Hand Analysis."

Her hands explored his back and sides. It was like she was exploring or studying his body.

He wanted her to stop.

He wanted her to keep going.

He wanted to go to his room.

He wanted to go home.

He closed his eyes and tried to see if this was all a dream.

He found it didn't work. This was all real.

The Colonel stopped moving her hands and stepped back. Troy loosened his grip around her and looked at her properly. She smiled at him with squinted eyes and a scrunched up nose. She grabbed the towel that slipped from his shoulders and placed it back around his neck.

"There you are, sir. Trey, was it? No," she said as she gently shook her head. "Trent," she said and looked at him sternly as if thinking. "Troy!" She exclaimed quietly and tapped his shoulders with her hands with the smile returning.

Troy nodded and forced a partial smile.

“Troy, it’s been my pleasure to finally meet you. I hope we can talk under more casual circumstances. I’m very busy, but I will leave my door open for you if you ever need to talk. Okay?”

Troy’s smile became genuine and he felt his eyes cloud with tears again as he nodded.

She brought up one end of the towel and patted his eyes. It was uncomfortable and very mom-like. It was embarrassing. She let the towel drop to rest over his chest.

“Make sure to wipe and dry your feet before stepping into the locker area. With your feet skin directly touching the floor, it’s best to be safe. While we try to keep things tidy and sanitary, there have been instances of bacterial infections plaguing feet here. Do it again before leaving the locker room and entering the laundry. I assume your escort is taking you there next.”

Troy nodded. She pressed her lips together in a partial smile and nodded slightly. She brought her hand up and caressed his cheek. She looked into his eyes for a moment. Her smile slowly faded.

“Look, I know things have been rough for you. You’re not alone. Just as Suka and Luger before you, you’ve lost your world. Your family. Your friends. All the troubles and pain you’ve endured up to now. All the troubles and pain you’ll continue to endure. Just know that you have friends and allies that would do *anything* for you.”

Her voice was so calm and soothing. Perhaps she was right. She was here. The smelly one was here. Maybe he’d find more allies or friends. Maybe once Luger calms down, they can talk and find common ground.

Her hand left his face. The warmth from her hand made his face feel cool exposed to the air as it landed on his shoulder again. She smiled and hugged him again.

“Stay strong, Troy. We’re good people,” she whispered.

Troy heard her groan as she squeezed him tightly. She stepped back and flashed him another large smile with her squinting eyes and scrunched nose. She patted his shoulder.

"You should get going. Be a good person to the others and they'll come to be good to you. Don't show them weakness or you'll be exploited and harassed. Being strong is just who we are and what we've become. Remember everything I've told you and I think you'll fit in with us until we can figure out how to return you to your world." She tilted her head to the left and smiled again. "Unless you decide to stay."

Her voice sounded a bit hopeful. Troy felt more strongly about the former as opposed to the latter statement. He wanted to go home.

"Is there even a home to go back to?" He thought, feeling his heart sink into his stomach. "It won't be the same even if I do."

He felt discouraged. He would have to take her words to heart and follow them as his new set of rules to live by. He closed his eyes and sighed to try and compose himself. He would *have* to be strong.

"Until we meet again," she said and leaned in to kiss his forehead. She pulled back and said, "Take care of yourself Troy." She smiled brightly and gently massaged his shoulders. "Friend."

She continued smiling, then withdrew her hands and turned away from him. He watched her rejoin her male companion as they walked over to one of the tubs. He grabbed a bottle and squeezed some of the contents into the water she began to run. Troy forced his eyes to look away as he watched her rock up on her toes, reach her hands high above her, and stretch. Troy was a little too fond of that pose in his "release" searches. She was very pleasant to look at. Her fluffy, four-inch long, rounded tail arching up above her tight butt was a sight he never thought he'd find attractive. Though, he focused more on the butt before tearing his eyes away.

Troy finished turning and stopped by the canine as he began to wipe his feet.

"Guess I need a pussy to get what they see in you. Or *be* one, in Luger's case," the canine growled out as his eyes focused in the Colonel's direction. "Fag that he is," the canine mumbled and snorted from his nose. "Solid advice she gave you," the canine said as he looked at Troy. He nodded his nose down at Troy's feet. "Especially that part. Last one who didn't lost his feet to disease." The canine tapped the gun with a finger. "Keep being a pussy-ass fucktard or spread disease around us and I'll end you myself," the canine said sternly. He leaned towards Troy. "That's a promise," he growled.

Troy felt those words, too. How could he not?

The canine motioned with his head towards the locker area as Troy stepped his dry feet onto the floor. "Let's go. We've wasted enough time here."

Troy looked down at the floor and gently nodded.

As he straightened his torso, Troy's ears popped and began to squeal. He doubled over and grit his teeth to keep from screaming out in pain. It was like a blast of radio static or white noise. A loud ringing covered it up and slowly faded. Troy panted as he calmed down. He straightened up and followed the canine into the locker room.

Everything sounded so clear. Distant voices could be detected and Troy found himself listening to some of the conversations. He heard Luger's name mentioned. He listened closer when a group of females began talking about "the green smoothie."

"For fuck's sake. What now?" He thought as he passed the first row of lockers.