With paint and a plan, I began to do my best to start making traps. I couldn't help but smile as this game brought out my imagination. Gabin Corporations Galaxy Online wasn't the first VRMMORPG ever created, and I had played on headsets they brought out for it. They sucked and were all large drops. I had played a Call of Duty from Activision when they attempted a fully immersed one, which was terrible. All the functions and aims were hard to do, and your body felt clunky.

On the other hand, as I worked on tools, this almost felt like a new reality. This virtual reality was a sandbox for me to play in. I could feel it as I was welded with a tool and a mask that I had brought with me. I loaded springs onto traps and painted things before setting out into the spaceship and hooking up the traps.

Ura watched sometimes, and I pointed things out, “Make sure to step over this,” I told her, or “There is a pressure plate here, Step on it,” and I shrugged. I could see Ura looking at me oddly, and I continued to work, making this spaceship a death trap for invaders. Notifications pinged as I worked, telling me about my new traps, and I brightly smiled as I worked.

They were not overly clever traps but armed with paint; I could make the traps completely blend in with the interior of the ship. “You are making my ship a death trap,” Ura complained, and I looked at her as I mounted a spring-loaded knife to a part of the engine room.

“Yup,” I replied, “My plan is that if things go wrong, we will quickly retreat into the spaceship. Our first hold will be the workshop and then the crew quarters. It depends on how many people they have. I doubt that we will need to with how many traps I am making, but it doesn’t hurt to be careful,” I told her.

“Yeah, it can,” Ura replied, “It is difficult to walk in the ship right now!” She complained, and I shooed her off.

“Trust me and call the people who will pay us the most. I will soon be done,” I told her, and Ura carefully walked away.

Stopping wasn't in my vocabulary as I carefully set the trap in the engine room and stepped over a couple of pressure plates. I wished I could do laser triggers or something, but I didn't have the parts. I wondered if I learned more about making things in the real world, I could make even better traps. I would love to have a system that I could turn on and off for the booby traps. I could even make hydraulic systems and turrets.

My smile grew larger as I changed direction and pulled out parts to make a shotgun. I had already made three spring-loaded knife traps—a couple of drop-down metal spears. A half dozen pressure plates were my favorite. It used a thin steel wire painted to the floor's color with a pulley system. Your foot hits the pressure plate, and it will at least make you lose your balance.

Unfortunately, none of the pressure plates had a follow-up, so I moved on to making more guns to make a gun trap. I whistled away and made my first shotgun but frowned down at it as if it was junk.

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Small two-barrel pipe shotgun. (junk)
A terrible shotgun that is likely to blow up in the user's hands.
—

I hated it, but it was still useful to me. If it worked or not, I would put it somewhere where it would be useful. I got to work and thought of where to put it and got another blueprint for a shotgun trap before I made a handgun trap before I was done. I had what should be enough traps, and I went to install them and paint them before making them live.

“The deal is set,” Ura said suddenly as I finished setting a handgun trap. “Can you help me learn the position of the traps? We have an hour,” She said, and I nodded.

I went over slowly with each trap, followed by handing her a gun and telling her not to use it unless necessary.I told her to run to the crew quarters if things started to go bad as I had not put any traps there, and she could cover the ladder just in case. Ura nodded, and I told her my plan if things went sound. Ura’s face turned a dark shade of blue as I told her before turning purple when I finished.

“That is messed up, but I will not cry over enemies,” Ura said, her voice resolute, and I nodded. “Good,” I told her honestly, “Let's get that Data pad out of the hidden cargo and prepare,” I told her, and she opened the compartment, took it out, and put it with my other data pad in the workshop. I loaded myself up and had my ammo prepared when the Intercom notified us of a visitor. Ura and I slowly made our way to the ramp, and I allowed Ura to do the talking.

“Who is it?” She demanded.

“Tellem! Here for the goods,” A man demanded on the other side. Ura nodded to me, and she opened the ramp. The lift came down, and six Hextars stood with weapons, and my instincts spiked as they all seemed to be jumpy.

One was moving his weight onto limbs quickly like he was ready for action. Although I could be reading into things, something overall spoke bad about this, and I couldn't help but smile. “Ura, Got yourself a Rish Cat? When did that happen?” Tellem asked, and I looked over everything.

“Last load went poorly; thought I would get some muscle to help me out,” Ura said with a smile, “You send the credits, and we can unload the goods,” Ura turned back to business, and Tellem frowned.

“Well, I would like to see the goods first,” Tellem said, and I shook my head.

“Credits first, goods second,” I told him, and Ura looked at me for a brief moment.

“Shut up, Cat,” Tellem snapped at me, his anger apparent. “I want to see the goods so I can confirm quality,” he said.

I looked at Ura, and I shook my head, and Ura nodded.

“This is how it is going to go, Tellem,” Ura said, “You will send me the credits. Or you fuck off, Pick.”

Tension spiked, and Tellem watched, and his anger rose again. Then I saw something on his face, and I felt more tension in my body. “Okay,” Tellem said and snapped his fingers, and one of the guys moved forward with a weird expression I hadn't seen on a Hextar before, and I made a note of the pistol and assault rifle he had. These guys were better equipped than the pirates, and Ura moved forward, and both hands moved over each other.

Ura nodded, “Credits received,” She said, turning to me, “Let's go get their goods,” Ura said, and I was about to follow her when Tellem and the guy that just transferred the credits tried to follow us.

“What do you think you're doing?” I asked, stepping forward and stopping them. from coming up.

Tellem seemed surprised for a moment before he looked me up and down, “Take your cat off me, Ura,” He commanded.

“I don't fucking think so,” I told him, “We are going to put the shipment on the bed and lower it down to you,” I slowly said as if I was talking to someone with mental confusion. “You will take your goods and leave. You can inspect them there and fuck off with them. Now, Back down the ramp,” I told Tellem, and I motioned Ura to move back towards the bridge.

Ura’s eyes widened, and Tellem looked at me with pure rage. “Ura, Call off your fucking cat, or we are going to have issues.”

I heard Ura walk away from the cargo bay, and I continued to stare down the Hextar. “This is between you and me now, Tellem,” I snarled, “There are three ways this is being dealt with. First, you walk down the ramp and wait for the goods. The second way is that we transfer the funds back to you, and you fuck off. The third way is that we pull out guns, and you all die. Pick!” I announced and quietly pulled out my shotgun.

Tellem looked at me with pure rage. I could see the guys behind him were ready for a fight. He looked at me and stepped forward, and I noticed one of his Hextars bring their weapons up. I didn't care anymore, and I wasn't going to die here. I pushed the barrel of my shotgun to his

core, and Tellem froze. A second later, I pulled the trigger, and guts blasted out behind him, and suddenly everything erupted in shouts.

I quickly swung my body, and the first shots were fired from the Hextars, peppering the inside wall a little. I reinforced it for just this and slanted the metal to reduce the likely hood of a ricochet hitting me here. I quickly heard one running up and smiling as I calmly stepped down the passage, ensuring I didn't hit a trap. I turned the corner just as the First Hextar came up and switched guns to my handgun for the increased range.

“Kill the fucking Cat!” I heard a man's voice yell, and I heard a dozen more voices join in. Tellem didn't hear from just the Tree Sap. he was here for a fight, and his men poured in after I killed him. I waited just behind the cover and blindly fired my handgun down the hallway.

I heard one scream and then movement heading over to me. That was when I heard the first trap trigger, and a loud thud as a knife drove home into a Hextar. I turned to look and aimed a shot at a startled gunman looking at the Hextar impaled with a knife through its head.

I grinned at the perfection of the first booby trap, and I sent three rounds into another. That quickly woke them up, and one moved forward and used his dead teammate as a shield to shoot at me.

I ducked back under cover, and I heard more movement making me grin as I felt my rifle press against my back. It wasn't the fight for a sniper rifle, but I had kept it on me anyways. I turned lower than before just to see the moment that stronger Hextar stepped into a pressure plate trap, and the wire wrapped around his leg and tugged on it. It sent him flying back onto his other legs, stopping his charge as the narrow corridors worked in our favor, and I sent three rounds into the center of his mass and two more as his body fell backward, revealing the next face. My gun was accurate, and my Booby traps were not obvious.

“I don't see the Cargo!” I suddenly heard, and I smiled. That hidden compartment was worth too much. I was on the defense, and I could move their objective. In contrast, they had to find Ura and make her reveal the cargo they wanted. Now they would also have to ‘convincer’ her to release the credits. It was hilarious, and I wasn't about to give up the area of the compartment. Instead, I poked out and noticed a barrel aiming at me not far away. I heard a shot fired, and I pulled myself back but felt a sharp pain in my leg, making me curse. He peppered the wall with rounds, and I made myself the smallest target I could, even as my leg burned with a fresh wound.

My arm was still healing, and now I had a gunshot wound in my fucking leg. That was fantastic!

I heard a click, and I pulled out and swiftly got my revenge as I heard guys moving around down the hall. I shot one in the head, got back up to my feet, and saw someone looking in the cargo bay. Instead of letting them do what they wanted, I wanted to remind them to come hunting for me. I shot and missed the guy in the background but completed my objective.

“We have to capture Ura or the fucking Cat!” Someone yelled on the other side, and I ducked behind the cover. More shots fired against the wall, and I backed up carefully, stepping over my traps and retreating to the workshop. I heard another loud thud as they found yet another trap I made, killing another, hopefully. I was busy putting fresh bullets into a magazine after reloading with my spare, and I pulled out my sniper with an odd angle that could only barely see them as they came around the corner from the door.

My ears pressed flat, and the next Hextar came, and my finger stroked the trigger lovingly just as another pushed him forward. The first stumbled forward and fell into a trap I set for those thinking of taking the bridge, and his foot pressed a pressure plate and sent a bullet into him.

The rifle bullet hit the other guy in his lower torso and made him fall to the floor as more dove in. At that point, I pushed aside my rifle, pulled out my shotgun, and sent spikes of pain as I covered the door. A Hextar stumbled into the doorway, and its eyes widened as my finger stroked the trigger and killed him too.

“This isn't worth it!” I heard a cry out, “The authorities will be here soon, and we are fucked if we are not in the air already!”

“No, We can't all die for nothing!” Another shouted, and I smiled as their morale was broken.

I could hear the infighting starting, and now was the time to counterattack. I got up and blood leaked from my leg as I got up. I poked my head out and saw a Hextar with his back slightly in vision yelling, “We need to capture the cat bitch that killed Tellem!” it said, and I smiled, pulling out my handgun and shooting him in the back three times.

I heard him gargling as I must have hit something important, and it fell back, allowing me to shoot its head. The others started to yell and panic set in. I stepped over another trap and shot one pouring towards the ramp.

Bodies were stacked in the hallway, and I shot another as he came from the cargo bay, and I stepped over dead bodies carefully. I couldn't trip, and my ears twitched as I heard the ship outside lifting into the air. I looked around and entered the cargo bay, ducked back, and cursed as bullets littered the wall as a panicked Hextar shot the walls near me till his clip died, and I came out and ended his life with several bullets till I knew he was dead.

I breathed deeply and looked around, and nodded. I headed back to the front and closed the ramp pressing dead meat against the roof as I heard sounds not far away. I moved back and began clearing the ship to make sure there were not any Hextars left over.

I sighed with relief and yelled out, “Ura! The place is clear; just watch the traps!”

Ura soon peaked out, looked at the mess I created, and gasped at the dead bodies. “Holy fuck!” She exclaimed, and I heard a beep and call button from the ramp.

“Looks like we got company,” I said, pointing at the ramp from the hallway, and Ura nodded. “This will be either hard or easy to explain,” I told her.

I began to chuckle at her angry expression at me and pointed at the door again. “I think it's the authorities,” I told her, and she glared and stepped over the traps coming to join me.