

First Line of Defense

We drift here, deep within what mortals call the Oort Cloud. From here the horrid sun is just another star, no water can run, and garlic is but a faint memory. We are **safe**.

But so are mortals. Our bloodpods, freed from gravity and sunlight, bloom fractal sustainments that Earth could never hope to equal. This place is a dark paradise for us, and we are content with it. The war with the mortals has ended in mutual victory.

But there are other wars. We see an invasion fleet approaching. Marauders, from another star.

I wonder how they will taste?

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