

The Foyer

I had hated being ordered to bring a squad of Marines along to First Contact. I hated even more that my functionally paranoid superiors had turned out to be right.

Still, the Marines hadn't found anything to shoot, *yet*. Just bones. Bones, shattered walls, and ceilings - with more bones mixed in the rubble. A slaughter had happened here. It had been done mercilessly, and somehow I knew it'd been done slowly.

That wasn't the worst part. The worst part were the automated messages in the foyer warmly welcoming us, in a variety of archaic languages.

They all sounded so *happy*.

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>

- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>