

Breaking News

By

Desmond Fallout

<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

A Commission for

<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/fireorca/>

Thank you for your support!

Disclaimer: Not available for redistribution without commissioners approval. Characters portrayed within are the express intellectual property of their creators, used with permission.

“Badge please.”

A rather bored looking security guard took the requested laminated slip for inspection. He was a bit on the young side; A porcupine that was small of stature but thick in mass. Even in an army uniform the results of continuous exercise bulged through taunt fabric. More than likely another gung ho kid that thought ‘secret base’ meant something exciting on a daily basis. His expression rarely changed from deadpan while shinning a pen light across the Press badge for signs of forgery. When he seemed satisfied with that he took long looks at the owner to compare with its picture.

It was an older badge, but not something Misha worried over. The youthful lynx presented in it was still unmistakably her. Sure, her fur had grown out a bit but enough of her cleavage showed that age had filled out other fun places. Something the guard seemed to pick up on. Nice to know she could get an emotion out of him at least.

“Go on in,” he said while returning Misha her badge.

“Thank you.” Misha paused to weigh this quilled rodent over. She was already empathizing with being bored off her stubby tail, and a good fling did not sound half bad. The lack of an expressive personality made it a strong deal breaker sadly. A blast door behind the guard hissed as it lifted open, revealing a long tunnel that gradually slopped down into the earth. “Let’s go, Doug.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Chimed the red fox that had been shadowing Misha with camera gear since their arrival at Area 52. By contrast, his was an overhyped personality; always sporting a smile and carrying on a conversation even when Misha tuned him out for short periods and barely said anything. A good way to annoy a reporter is to never let them get a word in edge wise.

“...three times the force of a nuclear plant.”

“What?” Misha stopped in her tracks, almost making her camera man run into the seat of her miniskirt. Ears burned red at the realization she might be tuning him out a little too well.

“Oh, that’s the rumors some of the army guys gave me. World changing power supply and all that.”

Misha rolled her eyes and they resumed walking. The tunnel had many connected chambers and branching off passages, but none looked like the area they had been directed to

head to. "Every scientist likes to think they can change the world. Yet I've interviewed dozens that have never done anything successful."

"You think this time will be any different?"

"I think I'm going to pretend to be impressed by whatever hack invention they got going here, and then have a bubble bath pretending my meager paycheck wasn't from another pipe dream fluff piece."

"Boss, I think you've been working this job too long."

Misha giggled, her tail stub wagging at Doug though it's skirt hole. "You and me both, kiddo. Now where is this hacks lab anyway?"

Doug started to look around, counting numbers off the nearby chamber doors. "Well we're at lab fifty eight, but it looks like this hall ends at number sixty-three. I'm pretty sure the guy said the demonstration was in lab seventy-two."

"Oh good. Lost in a semi-classified military base. That usually means we'll either stumble across a big secret we're not supposed to know and be killed, or accidentally trigger an experiment that genetically alters us into superheros and/or monsters."

Doug stared at her with eyes like dinner plates. "Freaken serious, boss!?"

"Heck no!" Misha busted out laughing, giving the foxes head fur a tussle. "You need to relax a bit. This gig isn't nearly as exciting as movies make it look."

"The parts you know about it anyway," said a new voice directly behind Misha.

The lynx practically peed herself whirling around to face the new speaker while simultaneously backpedaling to put Doug between them and her in the process. Standing before them was another lab coat of a species that looked fairly fascinating. His markings and face denoted a fox similar to Doug, yet his physique and overly large tail suggested squirrel. The fluffy thing was almost as large as the critter attached to it. Betraying both assumptions were his yellow slit eyes that seemed to glow even in this well lit tunnel. Despite all that, Misha wondered how much blue dye he used to cover all that body fur.

"You must be the press I invited," he said after an awkward pause. Extending a hand out he added, "My name's Desmond Fallout. I'm the project director of Lab seventy two."

"Misha," the lynx straightened herself up with her usual professionalism before shaking the offered hand. Behind the smile she wished nothing more than to kick the guy in his junk for the heart attack. "This is my cameraman, and side kick, Doug. Thanks for having us out here Doctor Fallout."

"Just Desmond, please. When people say it like that I feel like a super villain. Follow me please! We're just about to run the tests." He walked past the pair down a branching hallway. Misha's heels clicking the pavement became the only audible sound for a while. Apparently her host had no need for shoes. Not that you could really get any with digitigraded paws that large. Good lord, it was a wonder he could walk with those and the giant tail. "You would not believe the number of hoops I had to jump through to clear this project for the public. It's been on the classified list since the nineteen fifties, yet not a thing has gone wrong with every breakthrough."

"What? You find an alien here, like at that other base?" Misha giggled at her own quip.

"Actually, yes." Desmond did not falter as they reached some blast doors with the number seventy-two painted over them. With practiced ease he placed one hand on a palm reader, hit keys on a consol with the other, and addressed Misha over the shoulder. "Not necessarily a bunch of grey skinned, big heads, but you'd better see it before I explain the particulars."

Misha and Doug exchanged looks of uncertainty. There was a crack and a hiss to the doors swinging open into a lab that looked vastly larger than the hallways attached to it. The room itself was a cylinder shape centered around a small groove carved into the floor. Suspended above it was a glass ball at least as large as Misha's apartment. It seemed to be filled with some sort of multicolored viscous material. Most of it was clear, but had wisps of various colors swimming around like snakes. At its center floated a strange, large crystal that illuminated most of the room in a soft green glow.

Various machines surrounded and connected to the ball via wires and tubes. From there they appeared to power turbines that made up most of the room's walls. Aside from the trio entering only three other coats were visibly present and working. One of which looked up to give Misha a courteous smile in between their routines.

"Magnificent, isn't it?" Desmond beamed as he stood before the ball of energy in a dramatic, hands on hips, pose. Maybe he thought the camera was already rolling or something.

Which was not that bad an idea actually. Misha gave Doug her 'hurry up and work' signal while keeping eyes with Desmond. "Most definitely. At least that's what I'll say when you explain to my viewers what it is."

"Ah direct and to the point. I like that." Desmond gestured them to follow him around the room, providing Doug with good shots of everything it had to offer. "I'm sure your familiar with the Sinestro Meteor shower from twenty years ago, correct?"

"I remember watching it in grade school. Many people believed it was the end of times."

"Indeed it could have been. This particular piece is just one of dozens that broke off the Senestro comet as it passed through earth's gravity. Despite that, it crashed into lake Michigan with surprisingly low velocity."

Misha blinked before swatting Doug to focus the camera off the mouse girl turning nob's and onto Desmond. "But wait, what about the others?"

"The same really," Desmond said with a shrug. "There were no reported fatalities as a result of the meteor shower, but this was the only one that landed in American territory."

"So you think there's even more in the hands of foreign powers?"

"Perhaps..." Desmond's ears lowered upon noticing Misha scrambling through her bag for a notepad and pen. Upon which she began to scribble furious notes. "My estimated trajectories put most of them in the southeast hemisphere; such as Korea, Russia, China, and India. However I'm not going into political comments about things I can't confirm."

"Of course, professor, but does such material pose a possible threat in the wrong hands."

"Oh, most certainly! The navy seals that fished this thing out discovered it was emitting a very high level of radiation much different to that of radium. It was mostly harmless, but seems to be self sustaining. Since then it has been in this base under countless experiments to try and understand how this mineral was created and provides such energy. That is until last month when I made some breakthrough discoveries."

"And what might that be?" Misha began snapping her fingers at Doug, which was a signal for 'get me my mic or I strangle you.'

Desmond stopped at a consol and hit a few keys. The screen flashed to what looked like an x-ray picture of the rock inside its fish tank. A finger pointed at its center, which was showing large amounts of violet colors opposed to the crystal's outer greens. "I took a sample for composition analysis and discovered that the center of this rock is hollow. And inside that empty space is a living specimen. Turns out the crystals are more of a storage shell for the energy. An egg, if you will. That thing inside is what is truly generating such potent energy."

“Living creature?” Misha finally had a microphone in hand, wasting no time to press it up against Desmond’s snout. “Are you saying you found the egg of an alien animal of some sort?”

Desmond laughed and resumed his brisk walk around the chamber. Misha followed at a moment of sneering annoyance. “Egg, maybe. But that’s hardly an animal in there. Initial scans suggest it to be some form of advanced mold. Perhaps a fungus.”

“So what is it you’re planning to do with this radioactive fungus that’s going to cause such a breakthrough.”

“Simple really. I’m planning to reverse the process we’ve been relying on for decades.” Desmond grinned slyly at their confused ear droops. “My theory is that we’ve been siphoning the specimens energy and preventing it from growing naturally. Logically if we feed a synthesized version of this energy back into it that should stimulate the egg to hatch, as it were. We’d be well on our way to cultivating a renewable energy source that grows faster than bamboo and more potent than petroleum.”

“Very impressive Mr. Fallout,” Misha said with genuine interest this time. Even if this experiment flopped, the spontaneous proof and possible eradication of an alien life form kept alive for decades was worth more than the price of a fluff story. “What’s with the giant ball of goo? Is that to protect us from contamination?”

“No those are actually a mixture of enzymes and proteins I created myself. It should simulate the perfect conditions for fungus similar to the specimens composition to grow. Here’s hoping it will work.”

“That only partially answers the question though. Are we at any personal risk?”

“You guys are probably not in any danger. For me, if this thing goes tits up...sorry can I say that?”

“We’ll edit it out in post.” Misha had little plans to do so.

“Okay. If this experiment goes array not only will I have destroyed a legacy of research, but this base would have to resort to backup generators for a month. Although I hardly feel it’s my fault they removed primary power stations in favor of this thing. Budget cuts, you know?”

“All too well. So! When does the experiment start?”

“Right now actually. I had my assistants here prepping up the power feeders while we were talking.” Desmond stopped at a table to hand Misha and Doug safety goggles. “Science is always done better with a good pair of eye protection.”

“Do they even do anything?” Doug asked while putting his pair on.

“No, the goggles do nothing. But at least they make us look cool.”

Misha exchanged another worried look with Doug before she put on her goggles, if only to humor her host. They were then escorted to a side room where two inches of bullet proof glass separated them.

“This room on the other hand has saved me from being a stain on the wall several times.”

“That’s very comforting,” Misha said. She gestured for Doug to keep the camera on the experiment. Even through their reinforced position, they could hear and feel turbines coming to life. “How confident are you in your research for today?”

“My dear sexy lynx...”

“Flattered, but please keep it professional on camera.”

“Sorry! Ms. Misha, this experiment has been my pet project for three years to the day. I can say I am absolutely certain we will bear witness to something amazing.”

“Than why are we in a blast room?” Doug asked, probably more to himself than anyone.

“We are dealing with an alien life form and luck favors the prepared. Anymore questions?”

“What are the moral ramifications of...”

“Boring! Time for the fun!” At which point Desmond slammed his hand on a giant button against the wall.

Loud sirens filled the lab as the three assistants inside moved to stations opposite the room. Turbines hummed softly, their fans building up speed until their roar could be heard through the blast glass. Instruments were lighting up everywhere to feed information where it could be observed via monitors along the walls.

None of the information displayed had any significance to Misha. It might as well be displaying one of those Japanese cartoons for all she cared. Her attention was more on the large power source being fed enough electricity to power a shopping mall. That green crystal was starting to illuminate bright enough to require their eye protection.

“So far so good.” Desmond seemed to be floating around as if the press he invited were no longer there. “The core density is starting to outgrow the crystal’s. Unless something goes wrong we should see a growth or separation effect in a few seconds.”

“The heck is that...”

A loud crackle of electric discharge cut Misha off. All three furs in the room whipped their heads around to observe the large glass tank in the next room. Visible bolts of static were traveling along the cords feeding into it. That would not seem too abnormal, were they not going back into the generators. The lynx opened her muzzle to comment on this when there came a loud lurching noise followed by lots of smoke seeping out of every turbine in the room. Moments later everything shut down to a grinding halt, leaving them in total darkness. Thankfully the backup lights came on right after, dimly illuminating their chamber in a red glow.

“What was that?”

Desmond’s ears and tail both dropped. “Something went wrong...”

There was no time to react. All Misha caught was a sudden glimmer of green light from the tank and then the entire facility was rocked by an explosion. The force of which caused the shatter-proof glass to shatter, making the trio cry out as they raised arms to shield themselves from shrapnel.

Misha was not sure how long the blast had stunned her. Next thing she could make out was being on her back with sirens threatening to pop her ears off. It was a relief when Doug entered her field of vision. And an irritation when he began to lightly slap her cheeks.

“Hey boss!? Boss?” his voice was a little garbled but coherent enough.

Misha growled and resisted the urge to claw at him. “I’m alive, you dork. What happened?”

“Your guess is as good as mine. Looks like that crystal doo-dad exploded.”

“Wha?” Misha sat up on her elbows to get a glance through the shattered window pane.

The tank was gone; imploded into shards of various sizes partially submerged in the gallons of liquid muck that flooded the room. Of what remained of the crystal laid inside the floor groove destroyed to a less extreme degree. It had merely shattered into two portions of roughly equal sizes. Hallowed out inner crevices, plus lack of light, displayed that thing now lacked a fungal energy core. Desmond himself seemed occupied trying to provide CPR to one of his assistants on the floor. The others had not been lucky enough to have a console blocking the blast. Misha had to fight the urge to vomit at the sight of those poor people.

“Doesn’t matter, the whole base is losing power.” Doug grabbed an arm to help Misha onto shaking legs. That seemed to require more effort than he had expected. “Desmond wants us out of here fast.”

“No argument from me,” Misha said as she straightened up and then looked down at Doug. That was a weird sensation. They usually stood at eye level.

Something cold and wet was running down her legs that diverted Misha's attention. The front of her skirt had been drenched in a sticky green mucus that was trickling down the fur of her inner thighs and calves. The skirt itself seemed to be riding higher than usual as well. She was too grossed out by this to notice the complete disappearance of her panties “Ew, gross! I have to dry clean this. Tell me you got all that on camera.”

“Well...I did...before we got blasted. I dunno if the footage survived.”

“Take it anyway. We might have...um...aaahh!!!”

Doug stood from retrieving the camera to face his boss. Both her hands were now tightly clutching a breast each, as if trying to hold them down. “Uh..boss, what?”

“S-something’s wrong, aaahhh!!” Misha’s face went red as she began to pant heatedly from a strange surge in every nerve at once. Cries faded into strange moans of pleasure while her thighs pressed together, stubby tail waving feverishly. Hands began to knead her ample chest of their own volition in response to a building heat in her loins. “T-they’re...aching...MREOW!”

Misha arched her back in a passionate yowl that drew Desmond's attention over the siren blares. All at once the prized fuzzy cantaloupes that drew in a majority of weekday viewers began to swell in her hands. Their mass overwhelmed her tiny palms, straining the fabric taut before every blouse button fired off the far walls. The bra underneath fared a little better, somehow managing to hold on as the mammarys overflowed their cups. Even her nipples were getting huge, with aureoles spanning across their fronts.

Doug was about to consider filming this when Misha’s bra finally snapped. The garment flew with a rubber band effect right into the vulpine's face that caused him to yelp before crashing to the ground unconscious. Now free of what little support it still gave, Misha’s breasts sagged half way to her navel. Hands could do little to heft them higher. They were more pliable than marshmallow’s.

“W-what’s happening to me?” She tried to turn to Desmond as he ran back into the room. Only now she gawked at having to look down at him like one would a large dog. There came a sudden shifting in her hips, which made her hands fly to them. They were expanding as well, ripping the sides of her skirt as they rode up her thighs, exposing her naked crotch still damp and matted with the green goop. She tried her best to keep some cover pulled down, but when her butt quivered all modesty became futile. Her rear bloated out from under the hem like two growing muffins fresh and soft.

It did not help she seemed to be growing taller in overall body size. Albeit at a much slower pace than her sexual characteristics. The skirt did not last long even after the hips stopped swelling. They, and her blouse, ripped down her broadening curves before she simply ripped off the now useless tatters to let them fall where gravity wanted. Modesty had suddenly become one of the lower priorities.

“What’s happening to me!?” she asked again. Her new size caused the outcry to have more echo, momentarily overshadowing the alarms.

“Containment breach!” Desmond cried back over the noise. Despite her huge cat ears, he was also becoming harder to hear. For starting to look like a small child in comparison to the

lynx, he remained surprisingly calm. “You need to get out before you get too big for the bedrock. Take the cargo access.”

Misha nodded, and then yipped at having to fall to hands and knees to keep from banging her head on the ceiling. The circulating air felt good on her throbbing, exposed, cunny, but panic helped fight the pleasure. She had to get out of here. Off this stupid planet of monsters.

Following Desmond’s instructions, Misha crawled through the door on hands and knees into the lab. Getting the breasts through was fairly easy but the width of her hips could demolish a garage at this point. Still, she made it through and Desmond quickly pulled a ‘break glass’ switch that swung open a good section of wall. Beyond that was a ramp with a glimmer of sunlight far into the distance.

Trying to get to such a passage was a pain though. Even with a gradually increasing stature, Misha’s breasts easily remained the largest growing of her parts. More surprising was that they did not seem to weigh her down any more than their previous size. Nor was there any pain as being on all fours force them to get dragged through glass slush. If anything they started to feel tighter and the puddles were getting thinner. As though they were sucking up all the nutritional goop for themselves.

Equipment scrapped across the floor as Misha shimmied her way to the exit. What could not be moved ended up crunched like paper under her growing weight. That did not bother her so much as the claustrophobia taking hold the more her rear pressed against the walls with each wiggle.

Desmond continued to wave her on up the ramp. Getting on there was a welcomed relief of space, as it seemed designed for big rig traffic both ways.

But she continued to fill out. If anything the open space seemed like an invitation to pick up the pace. Misha could hear her bones popping as they grew. Flesh piles upon flesh making her curves surge out in all the right places. Sinew firmed up and became defined through the thinner parts of her pelt. If anything, the lab was starting to feel like a large toy pen. One that was really tempting to continue breaking.

A strange sensation rocked Misha's belly, barely noticeable among the frequent snapping and increased stretching of her stature. Something was stirring in there, deep inside her. Wiggling around like a bunch of curious worms making her sex pulse and pucker. Veins bulged from under the fur of her breasts. She was not a perfect body, but it was adjusting rather nicely.

“Ow!” No time to think of that now. Her ears were already pressed against the ceiling and there was still a slope to crawl up. That tiny blue rats yelling over these sirens was not helping. Squashing would be a mercy act if it would shut up some of their noise.

Misha shook her head with a startled cry. She would never have thought such cruel things on anyone. Yet they kept pouring in, capitalizing on her panic to distort her focus.

The weird blue insect was yelling again. Right, she had to crawl out of here before her size got too big. Already a bit late for that notion. She had to get on hands and knees after pushing a rig trailer out of her path to begin the ascension. Paws had not left the lab before it became necessary to lower onto her elbows. At least it was not that far a climb. Soon she would finally be free.

Red alarm lights stung at Misha's eyes, giving her a brief pause to rub them. Those noises were not any better. Her ears stung with a force that might pop their drums. In a fit of frustration she lashed out at the nearest source.

Desmond barely had time to duck as a fist larger than a van created a new entrance hole between the ramp and an adjacent lab. That certainly made the hallways slightly quieter. The

scientist had other concerns on his mind. One look at the growing lynx made his fur rise on end. She could not see her own eyes changing; pupils vanishing under a cloud of thick solid red. Ears flicked, catching his attention to her much longer sound receptors as the spanned nearly twice their original length and width.

At least in proportion to Misha's size...

And then she shuffled on past him now dead focused on the bright light up ahead. Ignoring the way her back scrapped against the ceiling, breaking off large chunks of tile and smashing light fixtures. The pain of bulbs cutting through her fur was nothing compared to the sweet idea of escape.

Another punch through the wall helped calm her down a bit. There were several more of those fuzzy bastards inside. Misha's hand jutted in like a large crane trying to grab for a few, but they were slippery things. Most managed to drive out of the way, or escape, while equipment smashed around the walls. A quick death was a bit too good for them anyway. Not after all these years.

"Misha! What the hell are you doing!?"

She turned to snarl at Desmond, giving him a look at her solid red eyes. That face descended down to pin him against the wall with its nose. Hot breath spraying him with snot as a thick green saliva pooled from her open maw. His scent was familiar to some vague memory as the one that granted her freedom, albeit unwittingly. No need for it to meet prolonged suffering.

Misha yelped, regaining enough impulse to barely steer her fist from smashing Desmond through the wall he was pinned against. Thank the gods she still had some control over her own body. That did not change the fact there was another, stronger force vying for the driver's seat. With a pathetic whimper she ripped her hand along the wall while turning to crawl out of the lab as fast as she could. As if the physical act of running could somehow get her away from a mental kidnapper.

Desmond had little choice but to follow. Her backside had grown to the point of pressing against opposite sides of the tunnel. It's constant sashaying, along with the demolition punches, were causing small cave-ins in their wake. The tiny blue squirrel creature was hot on her heels while simultaneously trying not to get crushed under them or any falling debris.

Misha breeched the surface uncertain the relief was her own. Standing up she marveled at the view of being tall to the point she could see the earth curve. Cars and people looked little more than collectable toys. At least the ones she could see beyond her breasts. They looked round enough to have their own gravitational field at this size blanketing down to her navel. Looking back confirmed her butt was just as wide. No doubt if she sat hard enough it would leave an indentation in the soil for a nice pool.

"GRRRRRAAAHHH!!" Misha cried out with a force that set off several car alarms around the bunker. Hands grasped at her head while she fell to her knees. One of which smashed through a three story building that went completely unregistered to her. The impact sent Desmond and most of the personal around tripping off their feet. Her sex began to throb more violently as a feeling like needing to vomit formed in her stomach.

The memories came pouring in a rush. They were with the family on that asteroid right before the shaking knocked them loose. Then the crash and all those nosey creatures unable to just leave well enough alone. Oh the hatred they had for them. To be locked a prisoner inside their own shell, constantly being drained to near death, never being allowed to grow. It was only luck and misunderstanding that granted it the means to escape. They thought it was stupid. A useless plant. But it was still a larva. It could not afford to wait to mature properly.

It needed a host if it ever had a chance of surviving the trip through space.

Misha felt a tear fall from her eyes before all sensations of touch started to fade. She tried her best to push back against the alien, but years of pent up hatred could hardly be stopped by the will of one passive aggressive reporter. And yet there was a strange thought that crossed their linked minds. Possibly remorse at these actions. Maybe even reassurance things would be alright for them both.

Even so, she tried to fight. Misha did not want to go. She wanted to stay as herself.

That was not an option. Soon Misha felt nothing. When the tears stopped and the monster she was becoming began to stand, she realized with horror she was a passenger inside her own body.

The creature stretched back to its full height, having expanded this gorgeous female organism as much as its meager energy reserves could. Even so, it had been far more receptive to the mutations than it could have hoped. They could start to see the atmosphere breaking down into the blackness of space. The complex below might as well be a mole hill at this size. Easily crushed mole hills, as its large footpaw displayed with great relish. It brought one bearing down on the largest structure with barely a feeling to its thick pad. Kicking up lots of debris and leaving a nice indentation in the concrete.

Down below Desmond was amazed he had even survived that assault. Although trying to push off some loose sheetrock revealed his left arm now bent in a way that could only mean many parts of it had broken. An injury that was hardly important compared to the loud sucking sounds from the lynx's sex looming overhead. Glancing up his jaw dropped at watching Misha's vulva bulge and spread. Descending from the lips was a large mesh of green flesh raining its thick ooze down on the complex below. Pelvic muscles flexed and shifted, pushing it out until the mass descended to her knees. After which it blossomed like some morbid flower into a cluster of clawed tentacles. Misha's vaginal lips themselves had been replaced by a vertical mouth of shark teeth.

Even if he could see it, Desmond probably would not have wanted to know about the similar event happening above. A large bulge began to form in Misha's neck. The lump forced its way up the esophagus giving her an almost frog-like appearance. Slowly the creature opened her mouth. Instead of a tongue, out curled several more of the green slimed tentacles, connected by a thick webbing between them.

Their presence was a welcomed receptor to the cold air of this planet. Perhaps a bit crud a mutation but they should be more than enough to navigate the way home. The creature had to make sure its host was prepared enough to travel after all. The excess fats it built up in this forms thickest parts should provide adequate storage for its nutrition while also giving the blood warmth in space. It even found a way to feed while staying safe in the womb.

Satisfied with what it could manage on a whim, the creature sank down into a deep squat. Providing Desmond with one last view of Misha's gapping maw of crotch tentacles before thighs flexed their muscles.

The creatures jump left a shockwave that disintegrated what remained of the complex. Settlements all around the county meet with various degrees of lesser destruction from tremors and winds for an hour to come. It did not care for the affairs of those vile little creatures though. Tentacles both in mouth and crotch flared out to catch and steady Misha's body. Making it nice and level for steering as it left earth's gravity for safe coasting through open, gravity-free, space. Almost immediately all its hatred and sorrow were left behind.

It was going home.

END.