Hoary squawked in surprise when Orashen yelled her order a second time as she was taking her time. Alison’s vitals were relatively stable, so she was uncertain why there was so much shouting. She had no idea what they had encountered, at least not yet.

The barn owl came into the medical bay after making sure Jackson had control of the ship. She stepped inside, seeing a trail of blood from the airlock to the medical bay.

“What the hell was that thing?” Riptide shouted at Orashen.

Orashen snarled as Hoary stepped into the door. “Not now! Scan the ship, make sure it did not get on board.”

Lexington stood over Alison, both of his claws wrapped around the wound on her arm, blood seeping through his grip. “Where is Hoary!? Why isn’t the bandage working?”

Hoary cleared her throat. “I am here, all of you out.”

Orashen, “Hoary you need an ass—”

This time, Hoary inhaled and let out a squawk like a predator demanding you leave their territory or die. “I said OUT!”

Everyone’s flight instinct kicked in and they filed past her as quickly as possible. The doors closed, and none of them knew what was going to go on inside. Hoary set to work, hooking up a plasma and blood infusion tube first, then cracking apart Alison’s armor on her arm. The gash was worse than what she first suspected; it was all the way up to her neck at the shallowest point, and her arm appeared as if part of it were simply removed from existence.

Outside, the crew was simply adrift, maneuvering at full burn away from the now incinerated grave.

“Orashen, what was that thing?” Riptide knew in his gut what it was, but he wanted someone else to say it out loud.

Orashen cleared her throat nervously as she nodded to him. “A w… w… whisper.” Orashen’s normal cool and calm demeanor, even in the heat of a police interrogation or combat, was shattered, and she was stuttering. “They are rare, but they’re… almost impossible to kill.”

Lexington looked over at her. “I saw an Owl on the *Star of Io*, I mean like the space horror kind. Are they similar?”

Orashen shrugged. “I don’t know if they are similar, but they leave the same kind of wounds.”

Riptide leaned into her, baring his teeth. Not in a threatening way, but in the way of asserting for his pack. “Go on,” He spoke through gritted serrated teeth.

Orashen nodded. “They don’t just tear your body apart, the reason the wound didn’t initially bleed is because everything the whisper touched with its claws simply ceased to exist.” Orashen allowed that to sink in as she took another breath and prepared herself for the explanation. It was a truth that was stranger than fiction, even now after a century of known whisper incidents. “The wounds they leave pass through armor, shields, any barrier, natural defenses, it doesn’t matter. They don’t shear them or rip them apart so much as destroy matter.”

She held up a hand and placed it against Riptide’s teeth to make him stop and keep quiet since he lacked lips. “I know, Einstein’s principle says that matter can be neither created nor destroyed. Whispers and Owls, I do not know if they are related, but much like the exoverse transcendent energy Hoary and myself have access to, they do not obey the laws of physics.

“When they touch you, they rend whatever they touched from reality. Fur, skin, blood, muscle, bone, it doesn’t matter. It ceases to exist. The wound on Alison must have sent her body into shock, both from the pain feedback of her arm suddenly receiving signals that parts of her ceased to exist, and from the pain of having everything inside her suddenly exposed to air. From there, the normal systems of the body that would stop bleeding simply don’t exist in that part of her.

“There are no veins, arteries, or muscles to constrict the exposed ends, so the body has to constrict further up the cardiac chain. There are no immediate plasma or platelet reserves in the area to move to seal the wound. These two factors combine into a mess that cause any wound to take longer than normal to seal. She is lucky the shock didn’t immediately overload her mind and kill her.”

Riptide took a step back as his face moved to one of concern. Lexington stood next to the door, tapping his foot with his arms crossed. Orashen stared up at Riptide with a thousand yard stare, the mind behind it seemingly reliving old wounds of memories being torn asunder to bleed once more.

Riptide picked her up by the arm, the kitsune struggling to stand as fast as the larger Selachii lifted her like a lightweight stone. She stood up, confused. “Come on, waiting out here isn’t going to help. We should get out of our suits and get something to eat or rest. This waiting is killing us.” He dragged her down the hall, tears rolling down his cheeks. Orashen did not know that Selachii were capable of crying. Apparently, their human creators had seen fit to give them that expression. Riptide would never admit he had been crying, he knew it and she knew it, even if it was never said aloud. He grabbed Lexington’s arm with his other hand and led them down to the armory section of the living quarters to remove their armor.

Jackson continued his burn until the engines reminded him that they would need to shut off to cool or he would have to start dumping coolant into them. He let off the burn and the engines slowly worked down to idle, beginning to use the extending radiators to vent the heat into space. He let out a sigh of relief when the sensor suite beeped, heat signatures approaching them.

He brought the sensor readings up and saw it. Something large, much larger than them, was approaching, and they were doing a hard burn towards them.

“Captain? Captain?” He called on the intercom, but Orashen was not available.

They were burning towards them. They could certainly see them–their radiators were out venting heat, and in space that was like firing a flare for everyone to find you on a deserted island. He picked up the external cameras and put them on maximum zoom and definition. At times 250x magnification he could make out the fleet. They were well outside weapons range.

All stark white ships, no insignias or markings on any of them. Further, the ships were a war fleet, a rarity but something terrifying nonetheless. A full sized frigate was at the core, being escorted by two destroyers with eight fighter craft, three heavy fighters, and five ship-dependent light fighters, all in formation heading towards them.

“CAPTAIN ORASHEN!”

Jackson’s calls could not be heard at all. Orashen was inside her quarters in her private shower next to her office. She was on the cold tile with chilled water washing over her naked form, tails curled around her ankles and knees in her chest. She sobbed and could not hear the radio call over the roar of the water pounding against her numb head.

This is what she wanted, to feel numb. To feel nothing right now. One of their number was mauled, and Hoary was the best doctor she had ever met, but she was reminded of something else: the last time she had encountered a whisper. Back then, she had ten students, and the site they were at was determined safe. Imagine that, “determined safe.”

She had spent eleven days fighting for survival. Watching as the whisper picked off student after student. Even though she moved to shield them and tried to get it to kill her, the whisper instead went after the students. One particular moment, she stood in a hallway, arms outstretched, tails upright, only for the whisper to slide into a liquid form that glided between her ankles and systematically tore a young badger woman apart. She heard the horrible screams again and again.

The IRPF initial rescue team had also been utterly killed by the monster. They came with barely three officers and light weapons, expecting a system failure to be the reason for the emergency call, not a whisper. So much hope in the moment when they arrived, watching the first three students enter the rescue buoy that would transfer them to the vessel, only for the whisper to latch on to the outside of the buoy. She tried to warn them, she screamed into the comms, but it was too late, it got their ship.

The three surviving students were ripped apart first, then the officers. She listened to their screams, their terror and agony. The whisper took its time, the longer they kept screaming the slower the whisper worked on them, until they were unconscious. Another IRPF ship arrived and blasted the first out of existence, every little bit vaporized. She spent another two days completely alone at the site. No one knew she had survived. She stayed there in darkness. Her implants kept her alive in the limited atmosphere. All she needed was water and food. She ate…

Her mind trailed off to be numb again. She stayed in that numb state for just a few more moments. The door to her quarters opened and she suddenly became very aware, almost instantly going to her feet. She did not bother to cover herself and dashed from the shower, grabbed the belt of mono-laser sharpened throwing daggers. Tiny, barely the length of a hand from tip to the cloth, feathering at the end. But more importantly, they required very little velocity to cut skin. When flung at full speed they could potentially pierce lighter armor. Riptide was standing at the door as she turned, ready to throw, and stopped herself.

“Oh umm… sorry, my bad.” He turned his head and covered his eye with his hand. A soft yellow formed across his cheek, as if the yellow on his back had spread to his lower face as well; His way of blushing. “I didn’t… umm… Captain, you weren’t answering the door or our call. We, ya know, need you on the bridge.”

Orashen looked at him and quickly dropped the needle dagger, going for a towel and covering herself, blushing in embarrassment. “Yeah, yes, I’ll be there shortly.”

They both felt the vessel lurch as the engine fired to full burn. “Sorry! Umm… brace?” Jackson called over the intercom as they propelled further.

Hoary yelled back, “If you do not decrease your rate of acceleration, Alison will die! Now! Maintain a stable burn!”

Jackson piped back, “Look! There are ships chasing us and they’re well out of weapons range, I’m trying to get out of sensor range.”

“If you do not stop the burn, Alison is dead! Now slow down!” Hoary shouted back with a clatter of tools in the background and the banging of heavy metal on the walls behind her. Orashen crawled across the wall she was pinned to, reaching for an intercom. Seconds seemed to wind into minutes instead as she crawled across the metallic wall and was thankful that everything in the room was magnetized to keep it from flying around the room.

Orashen finally reached over to the intercom and spoke as she pushed the button, “Both of you, stop. Jackson, bring the burn down to 3G, will that allow you to work and keep Alison alive Hoary?”

Hoary took a moment to respond. She couldn’t tell if Hoary was having the same difficulty that she was, or if Hoary was thinking about it. “I can work with that, but I’m not sure how long Alison can at this time. I will update you as soon as possible.”

The sudden acceleration calmed down, and while heavy and hard to move, the crew could move around the ship. Orashen got dressed in a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, not her usual formal garb, but enough to cover her body for modesty. She struggled to move along the railing, down to the central deck, and then to the bridge.

“Jackson, I need you to slow to 2.7G or slower with your burn. Any faster than that, and Alison’s weakened state and my stasis attempts aren’t going to keep her alive.” Orashen could see Hoary on the camera now. She had re-oriented their beds to be in the direction of the engine, so that the place of the strongest gravity was pushing Alison towards the bed. Further, she had magnetized the drip feeds to the side wall that Alison’s bed had been moved to and strapped Alison down. A massive device was positioned over the large wound and Alison was wearing oxygen.

The pulse on the wall monitor was weak as Hoary’s image over the internal camera system fluttered about the room frantically. She was moving between working on Alison, maintaining the devices keeping her alive, and a 3D printer. “Orashen, I need to 3D Print tissue replacements. Alison is missing muscle, bone, skin, fur, and ligaments, all of which will have to be printed and attached piece by piece,” She paused and took a long breath, “Or, I will have to amputate the arm and put on a full cybernetic replacement.”

There was a pause on the comms. The 3D printer couldn’t run while they were in a burn like this, especially the medical one. “How long do you have to make the decision?”

Hoary considered it. She rotated her head to look at Alison as she calculated what to do.

“Hoary, I need an answer.”

Hoary rotated her head back. “If I am to save the arm, I need to start within an hour. If not, it will be useless for the rest of her life. Amputation and replacement will be our only course of action. In her current state, Amputation would be extremely risky. Even if I let her recover, it will become infected. There is no stopping that unless the grafts are put in place.”

Orashen was trying to make sense of this with what little information she knew about treating wounds. “Why? Why would it get infected? Can’t you keep that at bay?”

Hoary tilted her head in a way that only something like her could, at a full ninety degrees to her left. Then she shook her head slowly side to side which made it actually move up and down. “No, her body is too weak to take antibiotics and fight off the side effects. The bacteria inside her are going to cause the infection by themselves. She is cut clean through her bone marrow, and I’ve never seen a wound like this.”

Orashen, however, was forming a plan. She knew that if they kept up the burn, Hoary could not save Alison’s arm and probably not her life. In such an injured state, the felidae was barely holding on with the low-G burn. Any burn above keeping gravity at 1G was going to negatively affect her.

She looked to Riptide. “Get to Engineering, prepare for a full coolant discharge and retract our radiators. We need to go completely ice cold instantly.”

She snapped to Lexington. “Downstairs, get into Alison’s normal place in the weapons harness, I need you to time release two of our remaining torpedoes as well as everything we can lose from the cargo bay.”

Riptide snapped up. “I need those parts for repairs, and what if something breaks?”

“If we explode it won’t matter, and I need them for a debris field so we can see tomorrow,” She barked back and snarled at him to challenge her on this. Riptide slumped his shoulders and started to slide his way back to engineering in a hurry, with Lexington running to get to the lower deck and the weapons console.

The weapons console was a chair with a holographic field around it. Sitting down and setting it up, he could see out of all the external cameras. The point defense weapons that had nothing to shoot at rotated with the turning of his head. He didn’t see the ship, but instead saw a God’s Eye view of the universe around him, with the HUD displaying all the various heat sources and signatures they had detected, including the ships moving to pursue them.

“So… So what is the plan here?” Lexington asked nervously, stuttering as he was not used to operating the weapons chair. They had only had to use it four times since the crew had been on the ship, and Alison was the one who trained to use it.

“Lex, I need you to program two torpedoes as interceptors, but with full yield on their warheads and no primary drive ignition, only maneuver thrusters. We need them to think that our core exploded. I also need you to reprogram the PDS turrets to miss.”

Lex let out a howl of surprise. “You want them to miss!? What if a missile actually hits us?”

“Which is *why* you’re going to keep the calculation ready to correct the missing immediately. We are well beyond the reasonable range to be hit with a railgun that we won’t detect, the surge will show up and we will dodge. They’re going to fire missiles first.”

Jackson chimed in, “How do we know they’re going to shoot at us?”

Orashen tilted her head towards him. “We just blew up one of their ships, even if it was in self-defense, and that ship put a pod on our hull to datamine us. I’m pretty sure that we can safely say—”

On que, the sensor console screamed an alert of several rapid beeps before a soft female voice echoed across the bridge: “Incoming missile, incoming missile.” It was a modified version of a voice referred to by their human creators as “Bitchin’ Betty.”

“Jackson, full burn for just a couple of seconds, then flare out the engines. Hoary, Brace!” She called as the ship suddenly lurched forward, accelerating as hard as it could. Jackson struggled to pull his hand forward until it was over the emergency shutdown button and he removed the cover from it. He waited to press it and flare off their engines. “Riptide, on my signal, dump every single bit of coolant you can into the system. Lex, are those modifications ready?”

Lexington was hastily typing in commands on the keyboard and trying to get the computer to register his brain signals to augment the speed of his commands “I’m working on it.”

“Lex, we don’t have time for this. I need a yes right now or we aren’t gonna need that scrap to be ejected.”

“Ready…” He gulped and added “Maybe?” just a few seconds later.

Orashen groaned at the uncertainty, but that was the best they were going to get. The PDS systems started firing at the incoming missiles that continued to accelerate. Had there been no squishy vectors on board to worry about turning into paste, they could burn their engines at full power until they ran out of fuel. In space, one simply continued to accelerate until you either retro burned to slow down, or a gravitational body acted upon you with enough force to change your course.

They heard the ship vibrating from the PDS fire. Normally they would all be in armor and the ship would be vented, but they couldn’t do that, not with the haste of this engagement, and not with Alison clinging to life in the medbay. Hoary couldn’t keep her alive as well if she were encased either. An actual hit or even shrapnel puncture would spell doom for everyone on board.

“Riptide, ready the core for emergency shutdown.”

Now Orashen’s plan came together in everyone else’s mind. She was going to make it look like the missiles killed them, and then she was going to turn the ship into a cold hunk of metal. Seconds stretched on forever as they watched the first volley of missiles close with them. The PDS systems hit one missile and puffed it out of existence.

“Lexington…” Orashen growled through her command station comms.

“I have to make it look good, right?” Lexington replied to placate her as he manually swirled the PDS system to force it to miss more, still hitting one of the missiles as another missile lock warning echoed across the sensor panel. Another volley of missiles had fired from the frigate, probably because it carried the bigger, longer range weapons.

The fighters surged forward as they continued to accelerate. “Jackson, point us towards Saturn’s rings! We have to hope we drift into them before they can get a visual on us.” The ship’s forward view slowly rolled, as the digital display screen showed the image of Saturn’s rings before them.

Chaff launchers fired automatically, hoping to fool any radar and ladar guidance systems. Orashen had to wait until the missiles were close enough that they would be at the edge of the explosion range. “Hold… Hold…”

“Orashen, I’m losing her!” Hoary yelled back.

The point of no return was getting close. That would be the point the warheads on the missiles would arm, because even if they were shot down at that range, there was a near 0 chance of actually getting out of the blast range.

“Lexington, now!” The ship gave a muted shudder as two missiles were dumped into the void, falling behind them. Orashen waited until the missile explosion radius overlapped perfectly on her display.

“NOW!” The cargo hold opening at this speed made the whole ship shudder and quake as everything that was’t bolted down flew out from the depressurization right as Jackson slapped the emergency shut down button. Through their ears, they heard the echo of coolant and the steam slamming into the super heated pieces of the engines’ outer shells.

The ship now moved on its own inertia as everyone started to float without the engine pushing them. There was no gravity. Ice began to immediately form along the walls and over the vents. Then, the sound no spacer ever wants to hear filled their ears: silence.

The core shut off. Vents turned off, coolant stopped flowing, and engines went offline as the rumble and shaking of various parts of the ship ceased. Within a few seconds, all the lights started turning off. Finally, the view screen flicked out. Orashen yelled as loud as she could, “BRACE!”

A ripple came across the ship, the missiles exploding. Jackson was now flying blind as he tried to right their course against the explosion and maintain heading towards the rings. They were hours away from them. But being at the edge of missile range also meant that the enemy ships would need time to close, and it was hoped they would get far enough away from the debris field that they wouldn’t be detected at all.

Orashen looked around the dark, her tails and strange tattoo-like fur pattern lighting up to provide light in the room. The Eerie glow was discomforting, but now she had a job to do. The weapons center was through their cargo hold, directly below the bridge, but there was no way to access it without passing through their cargo hold. Their cargo hold was now vented to space, with no power to repressurize the room or close the doors. She would need to get a sealed suit to Lexington and close the bay to reduce any cross-section that radar would show, in case it made the pursuers think they were a ship instead of space debris.

She made her way down to the armory first and recovered suits for everyone. One at a time, she issued them out, but dared to not communicate across any radio frequency, since no matter how weak, a signal might reach their pursuers. They couldn’t safely tell if those stark white ships had taken the bait and assumed they were all dead or not.

Once Jackson and Riptide were cared for, she tapped on the door to the medbay. There were the sounds of motion inside and moving of several heavy objects, as well as an airlock opening and closing. Then the door cracked open slightly. “Yes?”

“Do you have a heat source?”

Hoary let out a frigid low hoot of discomfort as her breath rolled across the gap in the door. “Yes, I’ve moved Alison inside the lab, and it should contain any heat signatures from reaching sensors outside, being in the center of the ship.” Orashen offered Hoary her suit, and Hoary shook her head.

“No, I cannot. I need to be prepared to operate on Alison at any moment. How long until I can turn the printer on to make the body parts?”

Orashen was doing a lot of math in her head. The distance they were to Saturn’s rings, the theoretical speed they were traveling at, and therefore time to the rings. Ice continued to form over anything that was exposed to liquid or ventilation systems. “I think about 10 hours. Will she last that long?”

Hoary turned her head around to look at Alison, then back to Orashen. “She will have to. Without power, I cannot operate, and she cannot heal without gravity. Further, I cannot print the new body parts without power, so even if I wanted to amputate, that isn’t happening until we have gravity and lighting. We must simply hope.”

“What should I tell the others?”

“Alison is strong, and I’m a good doctor, so both are your best bets. We cannot have them worrying or demanding entry here. I will do my best to keep warm.” She closed the door with her talons manually, and Orashen set Hoary’s suit against the wall outside as she headed down to Riptide, then to the cargo bay.

The door to the fitness center and loading dock were both closed and sealed. She stood in front of the door. She knew that when she opened it, they would lose atmosphere, precious atmosphere that wasn’t going to be replaced, but if something had gone wrong and Lexington’s compartment was pierced, he would die. If they needed to abandon ship, he would die. She had to do this.

Orashen strapped Lexington’s armor to her back and checked the suit for any damage. She saw none, and then started to take the panel apart next to the cargo bay door. Inside was a manual hydraulic release. She could survive in space for a prolonged period, but not indefinitely, and certainly not long enough to drift to the nearest station, or to hope a ship would find them out here in the dark.

As soon as the door parted, the room filled with the roar of wind as it was sucked out into the vacuum. After just a few seconds, silence echoed through the loading area. Once that happened, she finished rolling the round handle in a counter-clockwise motion to fully open the doors. The cargo bay was certainly much more empty. Now she had to float over to the door and work the hydraulic handle to close the main door that exited from the bottom of their vessel. Each of the two doors had their own handle.

This went smooth as routine, slowly twisting and turning the handles as their panels floated next to her. She kept working the hydraulic handles until they would not move any further clockwise. The doors slowly pulled themselves closed until, with a near silent thud, she felt as if she were in a sealed room. She could not be sure the room was sealed, not without air getting inside here with her. There was simply no way to test without the ship’s sensors to look it over. She just had to have faith they had a good seal.

The next door was weapons control, where Lexington was. She tapped on the door and pressed her ear to it to see if anyone tapped back. Nothing. She tapped again. Still nothing. Her heart started to beat faster, fear and worry began to fill her mind. Was there a breach? Had he been injured by the sudden deceleration? Had Lexington stroked out? The possibilities for injury or death were endless. Space wants you dead, and will do anything to accomplish that.

She ripped off the control panel and reached inside, barely able to see under the dim bioluminescent light she put off, and started to pull on the door’s manual handle. A rush of air greeted her, and now she was in a real race against time regardless as the air for Lexington thinned. He wouldn't have long before he lost consciousness, even Orashen could barely tell there was air in her as her implants were confused if they should be running or not, switching on and off, inhibiting her from finishing this task.

They were designed for no atmosphere, or at least partial, not nearly non-existent. She kept pulling on the handle until she could squeeze inside. Lexington was lying in the weapons chair, motionless.

“Lexington? Lex!” She called out, but he did not move.

Orashen got the door open enough to squeeze in and pulled the suit just barely through. She rushed up to him and threw the suit off her back. He wasn’t responding. She had no idea if he was out of air or what, but not moving was bad. She didn’t bother checking for vital signs and instead nearly threw him out of the reclined seat and began to quickly force his armor on.

Orashen got his chest piece on and then the helmet and pressed buttons on the chest piece to seal the helmet in place to start pumping oxygen into the helmet of the reptile. She was panting against the grain of the thin air she was in. Moment passed. Lexington’s chest could not be seen if it was rising or falling.

Orashen just kept waiting. “Lexington? Can you hear me?”

She spoke through the panting. Another few seconds passed, and Lexington suddenly stirred with a deep inhale, his arms spasming. “What, huh? Who? Oh… Hi, Orashen.”

She dragged him into a hug and held him there for a moment, the only sounds came from the groaning of the *Adrift Sphere* and his breathing. “Why does my head hurt so much?” He asked.

“I don’t know, but let’s get you out of here and upstairs, okay?” Orashen said as she patiently waited for Lexington to finish putting on his armor. They made their way out of the cargo bay, opening the doors to get upstairs, each one giving a shock of rushing air as the atmosphere got thicker. They couldn’t seal the bays behind them because that would cut off air and make the situation even worse.

Suits were not meant for long term survival, but they would last long enough for them to be able to turn the ship back on and see if their pursuers were still there or not.

Lexington looked up at Orashen. “We’re alive? The ship’s in one piece? Did Alison make it?”

Orashen paused and looked at him. “Alison is strong, and Hoary is the best doctor in the system. We just have to hope.”

There was a pause between them as they entered the bridge. Riptide and Jackson were waiting for them, suited up and looking at them. “Why is Hoary’s suit outside the medbay?”

“She is still working on Alison and cannot afford to have the suit interfere. It’s the only place on the ship that can use a remote heater. She will be fine.”

Riptide grumbled, “Even a remote heater will only keep it at around 4 degrees. That’s above freezing, but Hoary isn’t designed for that weather.”

Lexington turned, confused. “What do you mean? I thought that birds were fine above freezing.”

Orashen shook her head. “They are, and they aren’t. It really depends on which species of avialae we are talking about, but most… no, they do not do well with temperatures below 10. Hoary’s species… I don’t know, maybe?”

“Can’t we go in there and check on her?”

Riptide slapped his tail against the ship deck in irritation. “No, she will come out if it’s an emergency, we just have to stay out here, because if we open that door, the temperature will plummet and Alison will most certainly die, and Hoary will be extremely pissed.”

Jackson looked confused. “Aren’t they inside of Hoary’s lab?”

“Yes, but the ambient temperature outside affects the temperature inside the lab as well. Even if it’s airtight, temperature still bleeds in, and if the medbay attached is cold, then the lab will cool off too.”

“So we can really do nothing except wait?” Lexington asked as Orashen turned to him.

“We have to wait until we are sure that no one is chasing us, and hope. So yeah, as far as anyone is concerned, we are dead and just debris floating in space,” Orashen explained. She started to think of things to keep them entertained and tried to figure out how long they should remain floating. Jackson made his way to the airlock of the ship. He would have to stand outside the ship and gauge when he would need some of the power turned on to see and maneuver so they didn’t hit an asteroid or debris inside Saturn’s rings. He was going to have to pilot the ship by feel.

Orashen settled on the idea that they would drift as long as they could, and once they were inside the rings, do a full retro burn to come to a complete stop or land on an asteroid and just sit there. Either way, they were going to have to find entertainment and figure out a way to at least cycle air.

Orashen knew they would need to remain in stealth for a long time, a very long time.

And so, the *Adrift Sphere* and her crew were now adrift.