

## Through Brown and Blue Eyes: Pre-Flight Preamble

\*\*\*Kita is *Syncing*\*\*\*

Rootietoots: Holy shit..

TalonTrax: No way!?

DoXIAN: Ayyyyy Kita, where you been, bitch!

Vortron: Who dis bitch?

HRRRRDR: A bitch.. Thats who~

The green tessellated squares of the load screen surrounded Nikita's perspective as her implant started synchronization with the gaming system. Her hands pivoted haptic gloves as fuzzy triangular ears twitched within the headset housings. Her body tingled as the sync reached peak intensity and she exhaled softly, closing her brown and blue eyes. Her fingers twitched, accessing the chat box and she typed rapidly.

Kita: It's a long story..., I'm good though. Ready to rip.

DoXIAN: That's what's up. Toby's not gonna be happy tho.

Nikita's brow twitched and her fingers flew across the holographic keypad.

Kita: He can eat it. I'm not missing this shit... not after the week I've had.

TalonTrax: Yo yo yo, let's do it. Wing me, Kita. I want you watching my six.

T0rbs: No. Kita you're on #8. Fly wing for Vort and provide top cover for Xi on the AWACS.

Kita: That's some bullshit, T0rbs.

\*\*\*Sync Complete- Kita is joining the Session\*\*\*

For a moment, Nikita felt like she was falling. There was no air to breath or even touch. The huskywoman shivered as lungs shriveled. And then the sensation was over. Brown and blue eyes opened, and the husky woman blinked as irises adjusted to the dim lighting of the ready room. Looking over to DoXIAN, she gave the short otter a small wave before regarding the slender wolfman standing behind the podium.

"This is some bullshit, T0rbs," Nikita growled softly, her tail stiff against the combination chair-desk she loaded into the session in. Her fingers pressed to the cool wooden surface, and she shook her head, "I was flying #3 not even two weeks ago."

"Well two weeks ago, we knew where the fuck you were and when the fuck you were going to be around. If you don't like it, you can sit here and flick your bean," T0rbs growled.

"Yo this dude is a douche. I bet he got like... a thimble peen," Tochi commented from outside the simulation, her voice echoing into Nikita's perspective like a voice from the heavens. The husky

snorted back a giggle and crossed her arms, trying to hold composure in the tense simulated briefing. Shaking her head, she set her gaze on T0rbs and gestured to Vortron, some chubby rat man she'd never met.

"I don't know this guy. How am I supposed to watch his wing?"

"Deal with it... I'm sending you the mission packet," T0rbs answered, "Ten minutes until hangar, assholes. Let's get it done."

His hand swiped through the air rather dramatically and a small notification flashed at the edge of Nikita's vision. She carved open the air with a menu and opened the packet. Looking over the digital dossier, her hand swiped the air with clear agitation. Triangular ears folded back as she picked over the detailed threats and mission objectives.

"Hey Kita, it's cool," XIAN offered, reaching out to pat the husky woman on the arm. "We can hang back and kick it. Easy win."

"Damn Nikki, you're like... a total bad ass in this gaming group," Tochi's voice rang in Nikita's ears from reality, "too bad you're such a softie off the Net."

The husky woman rolled her eyes as cheeks burned, saving the packet with a pinch of her fingers. "Whatever, Xi. I mean, no offense. I just really wanted to rip it up. It's been stressful as fuck lately."

"Hey, I can go full power on the dish if you want. We make enough noise, someone will come to see what we're screaming about," doXIAN said, delivering a jerk off emote toward HRRRRDR. The horseman was offering the finger to anyone looking his way. His equine lips pulled back as he wheezed out fits of laughter through large smiling teeth.

Nikita sighed and watched the general banter escalate to threats of team killing in the upcoming battle. "Let's be real... we're all gonna get shit mixed."

"Yeah, probably. But it's nice having you around again. These idiots suck."