

‘Ware Thorns.

The death mage circled her bowed, unbroken, opponent. “Fool. You have power; even now I can feel it. You could have made hymns to the glory of hymn, sang counterpoint to corruption, and howled the song of Death. But you chose instead to caterwaul the insipid tunes of plants.”

“Not... plants...” grunted the other mage. His fingers flexed, finally releasing the straining ball of life force that had been secretly carried throughout this long, weary duel. His opponent shrieked once as the tendrils of a hundred questing rosebushes suddenly writhed around her, looking for sustenance.

“I AM THE SONG OF FLOWERS.”

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