

The Death-Maker

The detective drifted over to the cloud of goop that was the victim. “What’ve we got, ChIn-Si?”

The beat cop gestured with one tendril. “That **was** Sharp-Tip Pete, right until he had a hot date with an exploding bottle.” He gestured with another. “There’s where the tips hit the reef.”

The detective rippled, involuntarily. Overpressure was a *nasty* way to go. “Any leads?”

“Well, we know that Humans are involved, Detective.”

“Oh? Why?”

ChIn-Si held up a evidence bag with a third tendril. The detective squeaked tunelessly at the instantly familiar bottle inside.

“Damn. The perp used a Mentos bomb.”

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