

Clean Your Own Mess

I snarled as my enemy managed to hold its footing, despite the slickness of the sewer and its own filthy blood. I struck at its head, screaming: “GO BACK! Go back to the darkness that spawned you!”

Finally, my blows had an effect: the monster ducked, slipped, and fell back into the pit -- only to be shoved back **up** and over, from behind. The monster looked at me, opened its mouth, and fell down dead. A knife hilt jutted from its back.

The creature that put that knife there glared at me from the pit. “We didn’t want him, either.”

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