

Fifty-Fifty

I burst into the room, knowing that it was hopeless, but ready to die well. Except that Dr. Horrific was *still* fumbling with the lockbox holding the cursed artifact! A year ago, I might have given him one last, honorable chance. But the literal world depended on me, so I just blasted him.

Behind me, Sammy looked at the corpse as I started shutting down Armageddon. He snorted. “Guess I *did* give him the wrong lockbox key a year ago.”

I looked over my shoulder. “You might have mentioned that!”

“Maybe,” Sammy said. “But I wasn’t really all that **sure**.”

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