

All That The Market Has Borne

I looked at the wine. In the light it glowed grey-purple, but it looked more wholesome than I thought it would. “So, it’s made from tears?”

“Yes, my lord,” the wight said. “More or less. Each bottle is made from grapes watered by the tears of the dead.”

I sipped. The wine tasted of melancholy and pleasant regrets. “It seems expensive, though.” I waved my hand around. “I’d expect many tears in the afterworld.”

The wight laughed. “Alas, the *wages* we must pay for those tears are -- well, let us just say that those spirits do not cry for long.”

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