

Love in a Canoe Beer

The naiad was nice, but unhelpful. “I can’t do anything, sorry. He was the one who lifted the curse on me, so he gets to pick which drink my spring will now magically produce.”

“But...” I spluttered in outrage. “*Light beer?*”

That beer-water swilling monster in human form laughed. “Hey, I’m going to need it. I’m going to build my house right over there.” He smiled at the naiad. “A man builds up a thirst, working with his hands. But I’ll be careful. I won’t drink your spring dry.”

The naiad smiled back, just as hungrily. “You can certainly *try.*”

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