

Swap Meet

I looked at the OK, fine, elf. “You got the magic wand?”

He looked at me. “You have the blunderbuss?”

“It’s a shotgun, buddy.”

“And **this** is a searknife,” he said, waving a bundle. “ But I have what you ordered. Have you done the same?”

I smiled, and opened a case. “Remington Versa Max Tactical. Meets your requirements, to the letter. Plus a thousand rounds of mixed ammo. We’ll be happy to resupply, of course.”

“No doubt,” drawled the elf. He unrolled the bundle. “Greenleaf’s Dungeon Special. Fits *your* desires, including the agreed-upon replacement crystals.”

God, I love swap meets.

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