

Inheritance

“Yes, I understand the spell will end up consuming me,” the greying man said patiently. “But will it **work**? Will my life force be passed along to my children?”

“Yes,” I said, most reluctantly. “Life force, good fortune, everything that was your potential. But we don’t use that spell!”

“But you **can**?”

“Technically, yes. But we *don’t*. It’s black magic, hey? The sorcery would kill you in three months.”

“Three months? Perfect.” The man coughed, then pulled out what looked to be a medical file. An ominously thick one, too. “Is that a hard and fast rule, or just best-guess?”

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