

“None. None So Black.”

The demon of light cackled, its laughter colored razors slicing through soft things and ricocheting, unhurt, off hard ones. It was if Satan had heard of God's gift of the rainbow, and in his pride decided to create a deadly mockery. The first-response team never had a chance, poor bastards.

So when I came in, the demon was so amused by my presumption that it waited a moment before it sprayed more light-shards at my bodysuit. The suit promptly shredded -- and revealed the [Vantablack](#) lining underneath. Which ate the shards like the nothing that they were.

My turn to laugh.

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>