

# Persistence Hunting

It would be fair to call that which had been summoned a Monster. But now it was a weary, almost-broken one.

It had been so easy, at first. The prey was weak, falling quickly under lashing tentacles. But there were many of them; one had gotten a lucky strike in. Lucky enough that the Monster decided to disengage, heal itself, then return to the slaughter.

But the prey **followed**: steadily, inexorably. The Monster could never quite rest, and now it was too late. The 'prey' had run it to ground.

Their flint-tipped spears seemed so much *sharper* than before, somehow.

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