

Like Being Welcomed Home

I looked around the -- well. Picture a bandit lair. Now imagine the bandits ruled a continent. That's pretty much the level of taste on display.

My old enemy chuckled at my pained look. "Garish, isn't it? Perfectly so. And all **mine**. Ah, General," she continued as a hulking warlord entered the room, "you're here. Please give our guest the Crystal of Glory. She's on a tight schedule."

I blinked. "Just like that?"

"Just like that. Oh, I know: I was told to secure it, then bring it to the Blood-Drunk Witchlord. But, honestly?" -- she looked around -- "I **like** this world."

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