

# Soul-Red Roses

“Inside every bloom is the soul of a murderer.” The sorceress sighed. “You would think they’d look more... *interesting*, wouldn’t you?”

Indeed, I would have. The flowers looked vaguely like daisies, with only a faint haze of metaphysical power to suggest that they were anything special. “There aren’t that many flowers here,” I noted.

“Well, it’s not like I want to cultivate them! If I wasn’t worried about the occult implications, I’d tear them out and plant roses.” She shrugged. “Think about it. If these flowers are also somehow human, then killing one’s murder. I’d rather not end up *here*.”

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