

Just... Somewhere That's Green, Okay?

The demon hadn't had time to corrupt the prospective cultists, so we just stun-sprayed the two youngsters. We'd have done the same for the older guy, only his ticker went sour. Damned shame; this wasn't supposed to be a toe-tagger. "We got anybody for the veil-out?" I asked Gladys.

"Yeah," she muttered, looking at her clipboard. "Boyfriend of the white girl. Violent type. Everybody'll believe he'd burn down a flower shop. What about those two?"

"Wipe everything since the eclipse, put 'em somewhere that ain't here."

"Where?"

I shrugged as the flamethrowers started their scouring. "I dunno. Pick a Levittown."

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