

Smuggling Run

The human looked at the demon, then at the two angels precisely beating up the demon, then at the third angel carefully disassembling the demon's demonic motorcycle. Something was **wrong**. Everyone was being far too relaxed about the situation.

“Got it!” the third angel said. A cloud of vapor rose from the now rapidly-decomposing bike. The angels stopped punching the demon; they all helped themselves to coffee.

Pouring his own, the human asked, “So that vapor was...”

The demon chuckled. “Souls. Takes a hundred of ‘em to run that bike.” He turned to the lead angel. “See you next year?”

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