

Promises, Promises

The child stood her ground, and glared at the Great Wyrms of Philadelphia. “I don’t care if you’re a dragon. Those coins aren’t yours. You’re just holding them for us. We gave you a gem to do that! So when Daddy asks for them back, you’re going to give them up.”

The Wyrms smoked one nostril, idly. “And if I don’t want to?”

The girl just glared at the dragon some more. The Wyrms finally chuffed breath in defeat.

“Very well.” More glare. “Fine, yes, I **promise**.”

The Wyrms uncoiled. “Now, let’s have that flight. The one *you* promised *me*.”

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