

Establishing A Loophole

“I’m not the demon *of* disease,” I explained. “I’m a demon that *feeds* on disease.”

“But you’re evil?” asked the priest. He sounded... dubious, which I could work with. *If they’re talking I’m winning*, is my motto.

“Oh, absolutely!” I said, cheerfully. “I’m totally onboard with the final victory of Hell, the conquest of Good, all that stuff. But... I gotta eat? So if a human comes in, he’s sick, I eat the sickness, we all come out ahead, right?”

Yeah, he’s buying that, I thought. *I can’t believe this always works. Doesn’t anybody Up Here think about the long-term?*

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