

## **Professional Pride**

**The demon laughed like a cliché drenched in blood. “It never fails,” he good-naturedly boomed at the cowering sorcerer. “You wear a set of ornate, flashy magical shackles, and every two-bit would-be Dark Emperor that shows up immediately tries using them to take arcane control of you. That’s always the plan. And they always look so *vexed* when it turns out the shackles don’t work.”**

**The sorcerer finally found his voice. “But you’re Evil! I can feel it!”**

**“Yes, I am. And?”**

**“Why are you serving a Good temple, if you’re not compelled?”**

**The demon shrugged. “They pay on time.”**

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