

Second Chances

The rogue shook his head solemnly as the plotters were dragged out. *Fools*, he thought. *Cubs playing at being wolves*.

He side-eyed the plumed knight overseeing things. "What's the fate of this lot?" he asked.

The paladin shrugged. "You know how His Majesty is about slavers. Probably the mines. You care?" He sounded surprised.

So was the rogue. "Yeah. The young one. We could Reform him. The Duke's Men, I'm saying."

This made the paladin think. "He had no Reek about him... fine, you can have him. But don't let him enjoy Reforming!"

The rogue grinned, crookedly. "We never did."

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