

Gesture of Good Faith

The Orcish centurion scowled at the town's pathetic walls. The Human militia looked resolute, but they were badly armed and armored. The local ex-warlord had a lot to answer for.

“Look!” he shouted again. “We just want to parlay! Christ and His Mother, we could roll over your walls in an hour!”

From the walls came a voice. “Parlay with monsters?”

The centurion rolled his eyes and waved three legionnaires forward. They were barely enough to bear the freshly-killed corpse of this region's local menace.

The Orc pulled up the rock dragon's head. “**That's** a monster. **We're** just the Imperium.”

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