

Pegasus Express

“Foolish Man! Your distances mean nothing to me. Each week I fly from here to the Great Temple and back in a single night,” sniffed the pegasus as he shook his wings.

The duke leaned back in his field chair, rubbing his beard. “The temple in Grayport? Every week, you say? Tell me, have you considered doing courier work? There’s good money for fast messengers.”

The pegasus looked indignant. “Money? You would offer mere **money** to one blessed with High Magic?”

The duke smiled, and mentioned a number. The pegasus blinked, its wings halted in mid-shake.

“Is that in gold?”

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