

Conniving Good

The brutes were trying to burst through the door again, only to find the duke hadn't forgotten how to use a billhook since the last time they had tried. The 'knight' guarding his equally roguish lord noted that the duke's normally sallow, scheming face was downright chipper. Clearly fighting slavers in cellars agreed with His Grace.

"You know, your Dukeship," idly noted the knight as he tossed a throwing knife in another brute's eye, "folk usually don't tote polearms to this sort of brawl."

"I know!" said the duke. "That's why I've trained on it. The **looks** on their heads..."

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