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“Looking for assistance with catering and various odd jobs. Payment negotiable, please ask for Hypna at The Bull and Wheel Inn.”

A notice had been posted on a nearby community board, it was almost hidden by others pinning their own ads on top of it.

[@goblinboyneedplot](#)))

At said Inn, it was quiet as Hypna did what work she could. Being from out of town, she didn't have a kitchen of her own to do this sort of work in. Thankfully, the innkeeper was amenable to renting out his kitchen to her, as long as she cleaned up and his staff had no trouble. Easy enough.

For now, she'd wait. Orders had been sent out for supplies and she was still hoping someone would answer her ad. If not, she might have to rent out Harley's staff as well. She sat near the bar, facing the door for anyone who might come through. In the mean time, part of her attention was on a list that she keeps scribbling and amending...and perhaps doodling on as well.

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Well it wasn't everyday jobs this simple come to the guild. most people just ignore them cause it's not worth the time for such little pay. Golborne on the other hand knew how to play this to his advantage. Working odd jobs for an Inn meant that he had access to the kitchen. That's a free meal and all the pockets he can pick as he moves from room to room. (also spoons) If he plays his cards right he might smooth talk he way into getting in good with the owner and find out where the safe is. He's never been to the Bull and Wheel Inn, must be on the other side of town. But whatever. Easy job easy money....

Golborne wasted no time to head over in his casual clothes; can't be looking like a thief tonight.

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This hadn't turned out like she had hoped...

If no one showed up soon, it'd be up to Hypna to throw everything together herself. Well, maybe not completely alone, she could likely wrangle in some of the barmaids, but they made better money off tips than what she had brought with her. Even if she was determined to get all this done, she might end up having to send in another request for more coin. It'd be signed, to be sure, but it was another barrier.

Three days ago, Hypna had arrived. It started out as just a trip to get away from the bustle of the Cartel for a bit, but it wasn't long before someone's sob story pulled at her heartstrings and she wouldn't be able to rest if she didn't do something. This weeks' something was volunteering to not only fund but also cook for a local soup kitchen. The Baron would see it as good press, the Cartel giving back to the community, or at least a community.

Deliveries to the back door had come a few times, several large bags of wheat flour, a few casks of cider, and crates of the less 'pretty' produce the local merchants couldn't sell. Most of the crates were sitting outside, Hypna was...procrastinating. She'd give herself till noon, if no one showed up, then she'd have to get down to it by herself.

Every time the front door opened, though, her curly ears would perk up and some semblance of life would spark in her eyes. A small smile on her lips, she didn't want to come off as desperate. This time was no different.

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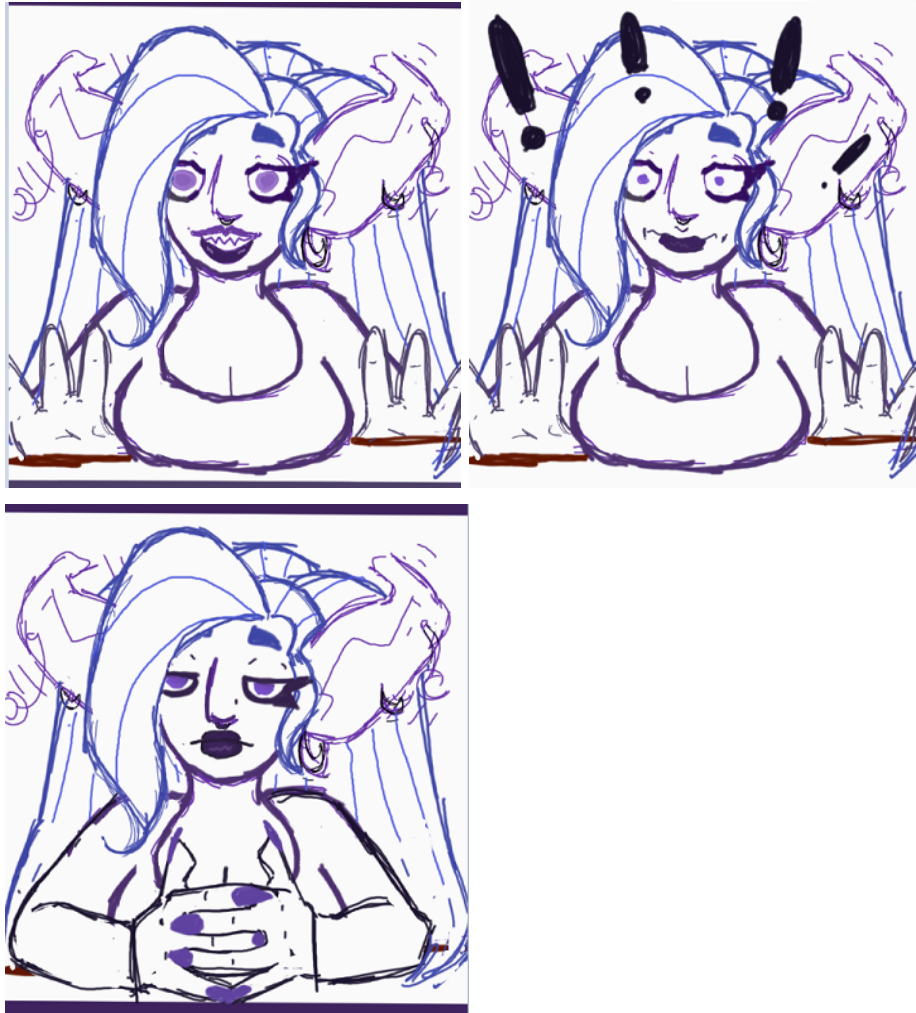
Golborne finally arrives at the Inn, but he had to admit he wasn't all that impressed. The place was okay, he guessed, but it has nothing compared to the noble district. It was cozy looking at best, a bar and a fireplace to keep people going, but apart from that it's pretty bare-essential. Golborne made a note that he's probably not going to steal anything worth wild here. Lets hope the food is worth his time at least.

Golborne could tell that was "Something" here though. You don't just find job requests like these at the guild for nothing.

Whatever it is, he'll have to dig around for it, but first lets get clocked in for now. Would be nice to see who he's actually working for. The bored looking goblin girl at the bar might have more on that considering she's the only one here.

Golborne saunters his way to the bar and says, "I'm here for the job offer, not much for catering, but I'm good at working odd jobs..."

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Someone finally came in! He didn't look like he was delivering anything, at least he didn't appear to have a package with him. There's no guarantee that he was here for the job, though. At least not till he approached and asked.

Hypna's luck was turning, someone was here for the job! Of course she perked up immediately as he spoke, coming to life for a moment and shrugging her typically calm expression for a smile instead. It was only a moment though, and nearly as soon as she realized she was smiling she turns stony-faced once more.

It was absolutely more than just her assumed dignity, she couldn't let this goblin know how desperate she was when there was still a wage to be negotiated, terms to be set, should she write up a contract? Hypna's batty ears were still perked up and twitching as her mind raced, the swaying twin crescent moon earring she wore exaggerating the effect.

Clearing her throat and getting a hold of herself, she swears she isn't usually this animated, and gets down to business. "Oh, excellent. I'll be doing most of the cooking, you'll be working prep, hauling boxes and loading the food to be transported."

Hypna scanned Golborne over quickly, "I assume you'll be able to handle whatever needs to be done? Most of the work will be done tonight, including cleaning up afterwards, and then there's more to be done tomorrow as well."

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"Don't worry Ma'am, I can handle it. Just show me where to start."

Golborne didn't waste any time following Hypna into the back. She seemed to already have a few packed supplies that needed to be moved for transport. But as he passed by rooms, he slowly realized this place was bare-bones minimum, only with the basic equipment and supplies.

"Damn it, there's something here- I know there is. This who soup-kitchen shtik is obviously a cover-up; so what's the end game?" Golborne thought to himself. Regardless, there's a high chance he'll have to wait till tomorrow

to find out. In the meantime, he'll just have to make an "honest" living by hauling these crates to the back... And pilfering whatever he can as it leaves.

As the night goes on, more and more supplies needed to be packed and move. And while Golborne was used to heavy lifting, he didn't really dress for a job like this. At one point Golborne un-buttoned his shirt and wrapped it around his waist as he hauled what he can. But during his way back and forth from storage to back alleyway, Golborne took note on what was worth his time. He was stacking all the good stuff off to the side, easy to swipe the moment no one is looking. But as he was placing down crates, he noticed the second floor. That must be where the owner does her paperwork. If she got this job out to the thieves guild than she must have some dirt on her. Any paper trails Golborne could follow would be in there. Instructions, bounties, assassinations, blackmail, cover-ups, shopping lists; any of it could be tied to something for Golborne to turn a profit. If she's pulling a heist, Golborne could steal it first. If she's after someone, he could warn the target and sell them out later. Any information can be sold in the underground, but he'll need proof first.

Golborne decided that after he finishes work for today he'll need to sneak in through the window later tonight while the girl is distracted.

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As good natured as Hypna was, she didn't get this far without eyes on the back of her head. Not literally of course, she was typically able to feel people move around her in a general sense without other stimuli, like sound or sight. For the moment, she had assigned her new shifty worker a yellow triangle that her mind's eye visualized moving around as she did her own work.

She had enough to worry about. Was worry the right term? There wasn't a quota that she had promised other than what she had planned in her mind. As Hypna continues her work, his presence drops from her attention and is replaced by a list. A very shaky list, constantly adding and removing things as her memory allowed. Though she wasn't immune to distractions.

A bit later into the evening, as he returns for another haul, Hypna turned her head in his direction to ask him something. Whatever it was ended up tying up her tongue, sometime during the shift he had taken his shirt off. Before she made a fool of herself with her jaw open, she turned away to immediately find *something* that needed stirring.

Good Gods, woman, get a hold of yourself. It was ridiculous, she'd seen so many people without clothes not even the most dedicated would be able to count them all. It was obviously just because she wasn't expecting it, that was absolutely it. Or it was because he

was the hottest green goblin she'd seen in two weeks, about when she left the warm corridors of her cartel to come to this village. She knew she was wrong on both fronts.

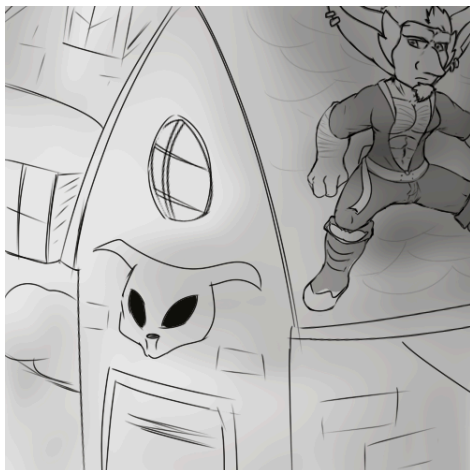
It took a hot minute for Hypna to wrangle herself, her face feeling warmer than the large pot of potato and leek soup that was taking up the hearth at the moment. The next time he came back, she tried once more. "Oh, what's your name by the way?" Completely nonchalant, absolutely making eye contact. *You hopeless, thirsty bitch.*

The rest of the work shift, Hypna would find excuses to peek at him. Like she wasn't a grown woman, a grown woman who typically held no shame. Maybe it was because she was in a strange town

. So many excuses, but work was finished before the night was half-gone. It had gone much faster than she expected, but distractions helped. After cleaning up and once her apron was off, she slipped to the front room behind the bar counter. She had a small pouch stashed for quick retrieval at the end of the night.

"Here's your pay for tonight, come back tomorrow around noon and there'll be more." Hardly waiting for a reply, she handed him his pay and immediately slipped out of the kitchen and up the stairs to the second floor. She was ready to pay one of the barmaids more than they'd see in a week just for hauling up some cold water for a bath.

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With a "Thank you" and a casual goodbye Golborne made his way home with what coin he made that day. It was chump change compared to what he normally goes for, but he knew that would be the case. For now, he needed to make himself more suited for the night...

Stripping down to his thong, Golborne could feel his arms ache from the labor of hauling a shitton of supplies, but he's had worse. With a quick whip down with a damp towel, Golborne dresses in his cat burglar gear and makes his way back to the Bull and Wheel Inn.

Taking the back allies to avoid getting seen, Golborne makes his way to the inn. Making sure to stay out of view from any windows, Golborne effortlessly scales the wall and stands on the roof on the western side of the building. He saw a few lights on downstairs, but his marked room was dark. With a well-practiced stride, he moved as quiet as possible steps to

a window above the stables from the back. The room was dark, but Golborne could see that no one was inside.

Perfect.

With little to no effort, Golborne was able to pick open the window and crouch beside a large bed. There was little light, but Golborne was used to this lighting so he won't need to put on any lights. Golborne could see a table with some notes scattered across it, a closet in the corner, and next to the bed, a medium trunk laid locked.

"Go for the notes first, the trunk could be trapped..." Golborne thought to himself as he made his way across the room. Taking the time to sneak while stepping on the large rug to muffle his steps. Once he reaches the table he could see the scattered mess of notes, receipts, and invoices. It took some time to sort out, but Golborne smirked as he read out piece by piece; a LOT of money was being moved right now. And a few pages were talking about a magical artifact cube thing that Golborne couldn't begin to really understand.

"I knew there was something up..." Golborne thought as he found a side note of a handwritten post-it saying "DON'T FORGET" and an address. That must be where all this money is going. They must be pulling all these funds for this artifact, and wouldn't it be a shame if someone got to it first? Quickly, Golborne wrote down the address and stored it in his bag. Quickly, he puts everything back in order as the messy spread he saw and made his way to a closet.

The Closet was small but filled with exotic clothes that managed to dazzle in what little light there was in the room. Looked expensive, but there was no way he could take any of them. It'd be too obvious that something was missing. The jewelry box in there, however, was closed. With a quick picking, he could see the spread of jewelry inside. He didn't want to take anything too expensive, it had to be something someone would forget about. After all, he did have to come back here tomorrow morning. It would be suspicious if this room was ransacked and he went missing. He needed to add a light touch to this so they won't know what was taken till maybe a few days later at least. He settled with taking a few jewels studded earrings and a small gem. Closing and locking the box, Golborne puts it away and closes the door

All that was left was the chest by the bed.

"Ugh, I'm feeling stiff..." Golborne thought as he rolled his shoulders. He must have overdone it when hauling all the stuff earlier. Whatever, Golborne thought, just power through it.

Slowly Golborne makes his way to the trunk and with a flick of a pick, the lock is opened. But Golborne was having trouble lifting his arms, they felt so damn heavy. And with that Golborne's ears folded back and beads of sweat formed on his brow.

The trunk was filled with sex toys. Dildos, anal beads, plugs, and gags. And a whole slew of BDSM gear nearly overflowing. But that wasn't what was freaking him out. He couldn't move. His body felt stiff and heavy and he could barely move a finger. Damn it, somewhere in this room he must have triggered a trap. Magic was always so damn complicated, but he didn't figure a small place like this would have something this strong.

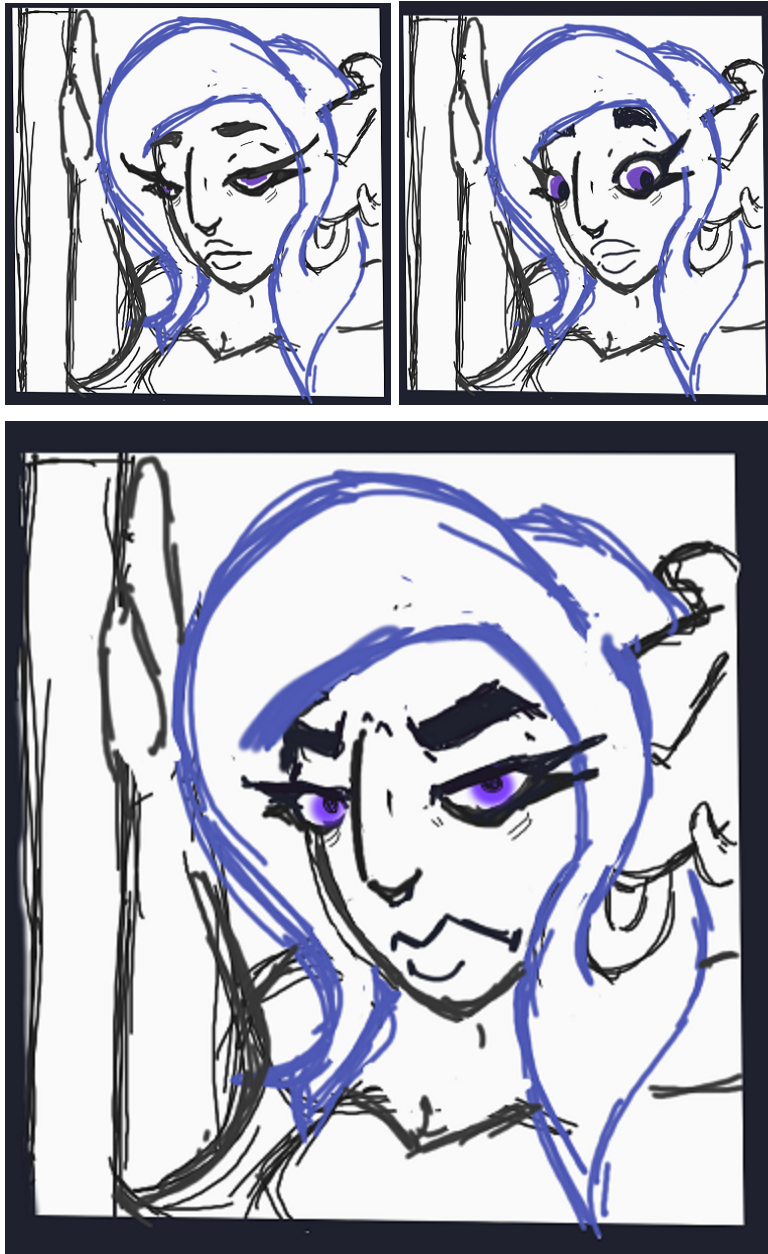
Thankfully it was just paralysis, but he had no idea how long he was going to be stuck like this. Or how long till someone comes back to this room.

"Damn it, how could I have been so stupid?" Golborne thought as he gritted his teeth.

He lost track of time as he tried his hardest to move, but at most he was able to step away from the trunk towards the window, but only got as far as a single step. It was then that Golborne heard something downstairs.

"...I'm screwed..."

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“Are you fucking serious?”

Oh, wasn't tonight turning out to be full of surprises? Returning later in the evening, everyone else in the building had already turned in for the night. Hypna had ended up having to go find a local bathing area to wash up and relax, and now she had opened the door to her room to find another “surprise” waiting.

Stepping into the room, she closed and locked the door behind her. Earlier, she wouldn't have been so ticked off to find a handsome man waiting in her room. If he had just been

sitting there, with his shirt off of course, she may have entertained his company. But no, despite his skin-tight leather outfit, since he hadn't moved since she opened the door then he must have triggered one of the spells protecting the room.

'Tktktk', Hypna's shoes clicked against the wood till she stopped at the rug. Pushing it up with the tip of her foot revealed a sigil drawn in chalk on the wood underneath. She took a slow, controlled breath before stepping closer to Golborne.

"Really? *Really?* You came back to rob me?" It wasn't really a question, and it wasn't like she expected him to respond. Grumbling, she crossed over to the window to lock that as well. It wouldn't stop him but it might slow him down if he makes a move.

"Do you have any idea who I'm here—" Oooh, he managed to get to her '*treasure*' chest and open it. A slow grin grows across her face as she steps around him to retrieve something from the chest. "Ahh, here we go!"

She turns back to Golborne and steps into his field of view. In her hands was a black leather collar, with a nice big padlock to close it. A matching leather leash was also attached, sharing the same ring the padlock was built into. "I think I'm going to have to keep you a bit *tied up* tonight, at least till I figure out what to do with you."

Hypna fit the collar to his neck before snapping the lock closed. It seemed she knew what she was doing, making sure the fit wasn't too tight by hooking her finger between the leather and his neck. Stepping away, she wrapped the leash tightly around her fist before sitting on the bed. Just as she settled down, staring Golborne down, the spell began to wear off.

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