

The slow clacking of heels reverberated through the giant gaping halls of the cathedral as the slender greed bun made his way through the absolute maze of corridors. Supposedly, there was supposed to be a library in here... somewhere. Although, the longer Puck continued to run into dead ends and roads to nowhere, the less sure he became of that.

Finally though, the sounds of flipping paper reached the overworked secretary's ever vigilant ears as he stepped around, yet another, nearly identical corner. It took everything in him not to *run* towards the sound. Desperate to finally be done with this mundane task and be back in the comfort and luxury of the office. But even he knew better than to go running about causing a disturbance in the Church of all places.

Large wooden doors were propped open to reveal an absolute *slew* of books. Every shape, size, and color. All perfectly preserved and adorned upon the ceiling high shelves covered in the Church's insignia. Heaving a sigh in both relief at finally having found this place, and exhaustion at realizing what a truly monumental task this would be, Puck clacked his way into the library.

Oberon had demanded he get down here, adding a *quite nice* bonus to his weekly pay as an undercover rush fee, for him to look up something about- birds, or whatever. The greed bun couldn't care less frankly. He had heard the carat amount and came running.

Walking up to what looked to be the librarian on duty, Puck put on his best persuasion smile. "Good morning, *darling!* Now, I know this will sound a bit out of the blue, but may I just say you look ravishing today!"

Taking a brief pause to see the tired, yet bemused, expression of the on duty librarian, Puck forced down a smirk. Perfect, they were willing to play ball. "Only about the fourteenth time I've heard that today I'm afraid, you'll have to do a bit better to get whatever you're after."

They were bored, and this was prime entertainment, perfect, they were off guard. All the cerulean eyed bun had to do was entertain, which he was *quite* the expert on. So, dramatically clutching his hand to his chest, Puck pulled his favorite act. "Oh, of course! How could I have been so foolish! I should have expected your beauty to have been noticed by the masses!"

A loud dry laugh made it's way from the bun in front of him, as they covered their eyes with their hands. "WOW, you really know how to lay it on thick, don't you, Romeo?" Nearly falling off their stool from the laughter, they took a breath to regain their balance. "What are you gunning for here, huh?"

Smiling coyly, Puck lightly placed his fingers over their hand as he gave a light laugh. "Why, nothing at all dear beauty. I just enjoy giving the gorgeous a... reminder, every now and again. I do so hope the rest of your day is as splendid as you are." The gesture gave the formerly bored bun quite the tomato face, but Puck didn't stick around for any more flirting. From how light the pouch in his hand was, it definitely was not worth the effort. Guess devotion didn't pay as well as he'd thought.

Oh well. Picking his way through the isles upon isles of books, Puck pushed his curls back as he read through the boring texts. A few accounts of costume feathers, a few accounts of imps... and a fat load of nothing for a REAL feather. Oh well, not his problem!

Closing the last book with a light clap of parchment, Puck gingerly put it back on the shelf. All his job included was the bare minimum, and he had no intention of doing more. Writing down the basics of what he'd learned and waving in the direction of the now scrambling librarian. No doubt trying to find their missing wallet, Puck made his way back to the office, another job done.