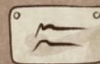
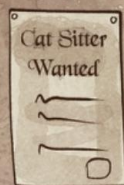


A Wench in the Works

chapter 1



an adventure by
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and **Jakal Ovid**



He had finally done it. Try after try, plan after plan, the rogue Jac of Nanitammon had pulled off the big one. He sat on his wagon of gold, the horse hitched to it struggling from all the weight. His smile wide, his mop of curly brown hair blowing in the wind, and all he could think about was all the nay-sayers. "You can't just try for the big score, you have to work your way up." "You need small jobs, get skills, stop shooting for the moon." Each and every time it would make him boil till the next critique would push him too far and- "STOP TELLING ME HOW TO ROGUE, I'M A GROWN MAN, MOM!" Deep breaths, recenter. He had taken the gamble. He has focussed down big scores with overlooked security opportunities, and now, under the coarse, bulging burlap sheet he was petting protectively in his wagon, was the score of a century.

He bounced and rattled down the raised pier like streets of Freeport, the awkwardly stacked ships that made up the leaning, asymmetrical buildings of the city loomed above and around him. The entire skyline looked like a tidal wave had thrown an entire armada into a giant heap on rocks of the shore, and that's exactly how it came into existence. New ships added to its height on retirement. But the biggest rogue's guild tavern on the eastern continent, built into a giant upside down galleon, "Roguish Ends" was here. And if there was any way to broadcast to the world what he had pulled off, to establish his name in the "annals of adventures with shady intentions" This was the place.

Jac's wagon came to a slow stop in front of the barnacle covered, weather worn bar. He grabbed a bag of gold out of the overflowing chest hidden out of sight, put a security spell on the rest of the wagon and its holdings, and swaggered in through the swinging doors, each half of an old captain's wheel from a ship. Inside every matter of professional thief, spy, and saboteur drank and celebrated like they weren't all rivals. A big troll with blue skin and braids took up an entire corner. A band of bickering goblins piled into a single booth. Two twin dancers, barely covered, gyrated to the music of the house band, their curves swaying and bouncing to the rhythm, sweat making their round, full cleavage reflect the lantern lights of the tavern. This was definitely the place. He threw his bag of coin on the counter, grin big and toothy. "Drinks on me, everyone! Jac of Nanitammon!"

The next hour was a loud, wild, crazy fuck'n explosion of a party. Everyone was happy. Everyone was drunk. Likely everyone was the former, because of the latter, and Jac was the happiest drunkest of them all. "And that's when I knew I had them. **hic** You simply... Sasimplify... ug...you just can't be that rich, and that lazeshy and not expect a pro like me to let you keep your fortune! You know?!" The newly acquired beer friends cheered. The bards bardcored harder.

The barkeep, a well endowed ginger named Jess, and rogue in her own right just raised an eyebrow. "Slow down there champ. You sure you want to do another round?" Poor Jac took a full fifteen seconds before he realized he was staring into her full freckled cleavage. He thought it was poppy seed bread, he was so wasted.

“Um, yesh, another round for everyone!” He cheered. They cheered. Jess added more drinks to his tab. The constant flow of alcohol made the room grow wild, and destructive. The ginger owner even knocked a guy out with a frying pan when he started juggling torches and bottles of rum. “You idiots trying to burn down my place, HEY, the bathroom is that way, moron!” She yelled and fought her way through the crowd, putting down one property damaging idea after another. Meanwhile, the twins had slid in tight on either side of the new big spender. “So nice of you to treat everyone.” The one in the green bikini smiled, as she pressed her breasts against him. “You sure do know how to make us girls feel... special” Her sister in the purple bikini added as she leaned in from the other side. Jac mumbled something, though he didn’t know what he said either. All he could see were four, perfectly shaped breasts, pressed against him as the girls leaned in.



What no one noticed was the goblin hand reaching up onto the counter, and swiping Jac’s still very full bag of gold. “Right, right... Itsh time to settle... settle up...” Jac looked at the bar, down it...under it... Where was his gold? “Um... one shec... second.” He breathed deep, trying to pull himself together. “I have it.. I swear.” But it’s gone. “Let me um... go get my extra from outside.”

He started to move when he felt a grip on his wrist, magical letters blooming on his arm. “Incuse you forget how to find your way back inside” Jess squinted at him, her eyes cold and judging. The poor guy ran for the door as soon as she released him. He was flustered, nervous, and scared into instant soberness.

“Get to the wagon, pay my tab, everything will be fine. Everything will be just peach-” He stopped, eyes bulging, scream stuck in his throat! “They took my treasure!” He stammered

pointing at the empty wagon “And the wagon’s wheels! AND MY HORSE”

“They probably thought you wouldn’t need them, on account of having no wheels” The ginger barkeep called from the doorway.

“They undid my spell lock. I was told by the spell crafter it was fool proof!” Jac was panicking now. He had just rung up an entire chest full of gold for a bar tab, and lost an entire wagon full of treasure at the same time. “This!” He collected himself, fear sobering him up into an indignant flustered. “This is not my fault! I was... robbed! By your patrons! What kind of establishment are you running here?!” The sputtering man crossed his arms in any attempt to put off the blame.

“It’s a bar for thieves.” Jess raised an eyebrow like she was looking at the most clueless ‘rogue’ rogue in all the realm. “Ok, come inside bud, and before he could answer. He felt his wrist grow hot, and tug at him like he was on a leash. “Let’s sort this out over a drink.” Dragged inside, now with a much clearer head, Jac surveyed the damage. All the booze was gone, from the shelves, tables and chairs we splintered and piled up in heaps. There were burn marks from idiot jugglers and other messes too obscene to name. “Here... it’s been a rough night for everyone.” Jessie poured him a glowing cup of something, and he took it without question.

“Thank you” he said in between gulps. “I’m sorry about the damage... and your bar.” He looked down, guilt ridden. “I guess we both got ripped off, huh?” The newly minted thief said with a nervous smile.

“Don’t worry.” Jess said with a smirk and an almost predatory glare. “We’ll work it out...”

Jac felt a bubbling from deep inside, sinking into his pelvis, inflating up into his chest, making him feel hot, and sensitive and shakey... and very very nervous about that look in Jessie’s eyes.

He let out a weak “Help” and then the magic really took hold.

