

Being a receptionist for the local adventurers' guild affiliated inn was a pretty comfortable job as far as Ayana was concerned. She just had to write down numbers, assign rooms to people, keep up with the mail, and help organize the goings on around the inn ranging from cleaning to cooking.

Oh, sure it sounded like a *lot*, and it could be considering her boss was a bit of a slave driver in his old age, but Ayana was *good* at her job and let nobody tell you otherwise. She knew the ins and outs of this inn better than the owner, she dealt with adventurers aplenty and knew how to handle them. Particularly when the dining hall got rowdy when the more 'excitable' type of adventurers stayed over.

Like right now, as one of the adventurers stood up from his chair, knocking it over and accusing the man in front of him of cheating at cards. "Why you double-timing-! I ought to-!"

"Swallow your ego and admit you lost fair and square," Ayana's firm voice said, making the adventurer freeze on the spot before he could draw his sword.

The hand on his shoulder helped.

Ayana knew how to put them in their place and keep them from wrecking the place if they got one too many drinks or their overinflated egos got bruised easily. A stern look and a warning were usually all it took.

But when that failed, her good old amazon strength came into place.

The adventurer looked into Ayana's green eyes, which were narrowed as if to say 'I have no time for your nonsense', and muttered a shaky apology to her and the other place. Picking up the chair and sitting with his head down, almost touching the table as to avoid her attention.

Amazons had a 'reputation', and just a receptionist or not, they knew not to push their luck with one.

"Hmph" Ayana huffed and went back to the reception, ignoring the looks sent her way and the hushed whispers whenever she looked at the adventurers.

Ayana's looks always drew attention, but not because she was a pretty young woman herself. Her wavy dark locks and dark-tanned skin were typical for an amazon, which made spotting her lineage a simple thing.

Though she lacked the enormous muscles associated with the women of her tribe.

Amazons were *huge*, powerful, and physically imposing. Yet Ayana was medium height and lithe-looking. A sharp contrast to her kin. Not to mention amazons were renowned warrior women who often went in search of battle for the thrill of it, yet Ayana preferred to work behind a desk in an inn.

She never explained why, and people were not brave enough to ask.

Ayana sighed and sat on her desk, going over some more paperwork before clocking in for the night. When a pair of gauntleted hands slammed over it, almost knocking down her inkpot.

The amazon sighed and looked up tiredly. "Talía..." She greeted with tired exasperation.

Which was a sharp contrast to the exuberant and boisterous voice belonging to the short-haired tomboy fighter clad in armor. "I've got the offer of a lifetime for you!"

"No"

"You haven't even heard it!"

"Is it me joining your party?"

"...Little bit?"

"No"

"Come oooooooooon!" Talía whine, laying down on her desk, once more preventing her from focusing on her paperwork. "You're an amazon, your talents are wasted here!"

"I like to work here" She ground out with annoyance. "Amazons don't *have* to be all warriors"

"But you're super strong! You must be good with weapons too!"

"That's a stereotype"

"And as an amazon, aren't you super battle-hungry and bloodthirsty?"

"And that's plain racism!"

"Come now" The calm and wise voice of the mage Elene spoke up, mildly soothing Ayana's growing headache. The wizard cap was wide enough to act like an umbrella, a pair of round glasses stood in front of her intelligent blue eyes. "That is not the proper way to recruit her for our quest"

"Should have left it to me" The soft and almost sandpaper-dry voice of the elven rogue accompanying her said. The ears peeking through the holes in her hood were a dead giveaway of her race, while the hood cast a shadow over half of her face, yet those striking amber eyes of hers could still be seen inside the darkness. "I know how to properly bribe someone," Yshla said with a sly grin forming at the edge of her lips.

"Every week you three try to recruit me" Ayana droned.

"Every thirteen days" Elene hopefully corrected.

"And *every week* I say no" She droned very slowly. "Get it through your heads, I'm not interested in being an adventurer"

"But we'd kick so much ass with you!" Talia whined. "We'd climb through the ranks so fast! We'd all be famous!"

"No thank you"

"How about gold?" Yshla proposed. "We can give you a huge cut as we'd be able to take bigger quests with you"

"I live comfortably, I don't need more money"

Talia grinned from ear to ear, pulling out a large sack. "Not even for, say, *2000 gold*?" And dropped it on the desk.

Ayana quirked an unimpressed eyebrow. "2000 gold? You lot saved up *2000 gold* just to hire me?"

"Interested now~?"

She felt a vein throb in her forehead. "Absolutely-"

"Sold!"

The four froze when a wrinkly hand snatched up the gold sack. A small hunched-over old man with a balding head and a large thick mustache that covered his upper lip smiled cheerfully as he felt the sack's weight. "This will pay for all the new banisters!"

Here was the only person with any kind of authority over Ayana, the innkeeper, her *boss*, Old Man Jules.

"S-Sir!" She stammered. "I didn't agree to this!"

"Not to worry, as your patron I am in full liberty of striking this deal on your behalf!"

"That is NOT how it works!"

"Well, you should have looked at the fine print of your contract" The small old man pulled up a parchment from his clothes.

"...This just says; 'You'll do what I say'"

“That’s right!” He chuckled. “Now, don’t you want our poor old in to get more money? We’re barely scraping by” He tried to sound desperate.

“We’re the only adventurer inn in town...”

“And I hear they’re starting a hotel on the east side! The competition, Ayana, think of the competition! We’ll need to put in the effort if we really want to stay afloat”

Ayana was too tired to poke the holes in his logic, she knew there was no arguing with this stubborn old mule...

“...*Fine*” She let out an explosive sigh.

Talia cheered, Elene clapped her hands, and Yshla gave her a thumbs up.

Ayana hit her forehead against the desk.

Ugh, maybe just one quest. Just a simple job she’d do the least possible effort and keep this trio from ever hiring her again, then get back to her simple job like always.

What could go wrong?