Brona, Fortune's Rumble

Written by Septia.

Brona, the spirit of misfortune, had come upon an individual whose very presence eluded poor fortune: A blue amphibian businessman. In her desire to understand him, Brona chased them into one of the few places in Prosonull which still respected superstition: A hotel, The Grand Peacock Hotel. Rather, The Grand "Pe cock" hotel, after the "A" had run across a particular stroke of bad luck.

After a few misadventures, Brona remained unable to find this frog. However, when she attempted to reach the next step of her plan – loitering on the first floor until the frog would show up again – the elevator was instead taking her to the one floor which all hotels lack: floor 13.

Brona's back pinned to the elevator wall, a bead of sweat trailing down her forehead as the elevator rode upwards. Her insides thumped enough that she could feel the shroud of her tattered excuse for clothing flutter in each beat. This emotion bubbled through her core and rose to steam her mind, yet she lacked the appropriate word to interpret the apprehension she felt. The elevator stopped. The chime of a bell heralded the door's parting -Bdnnng-.

The doors peeled apart… unveiling… a hallway. Brona stared down the threshold. Holding the world outside the elevator down in her glare, as if it was a feline reared up to pounce the moment she ignored it. The doors remained opened. It was silent.

Brona scotched forwards. Still silent. She peered out through the opening. Sure looked to be a hotel hallway. She withdrew, reaching for the floor panel… but hesitating.

"With my luck, that frog's ere." Brona stepped out of the elevator. Glancing back to the elevator. Seemed normal. There wer the numerals 1 and 3 embossed into the wall next to it. A shining silver gleam that guided her eyes along its lengths and curves. Her eyes honed in on this point, and lingered. Once she tore he sight away from it, she realised why: Everything else looked… off. Brona could see the hallway, see the doors and bends, and she could see… lanterns along the wall. Or, were those florescence bulbs…? Wait, they were ceiling light stems? Or… was it neon strips? And the walls were decorated in intricate woodcarvings, or, flat polished metal? Or… rustic wooden beams? Or… green plastic? The floor was carpeted, but the pattern was that of marble tiles and woven hemp and glass?

I'm seein' things… Brona mumbled to herself. The longer she observed any article of the room, any aspect of this hallway, the less she could see, the less certain she became. It seemed that rather, everything she wasn't looking at, appeared as it should be. Yet, there was nothing that held up to even a hint of scrutiny. Her eyes lingered back on the embossed 13 – a bench for her vision, where her sight could relax without shifting impressions.

Thought I'd seen it all, Brona mumbled to herself. Realizing she only heard her thoughts. I said… she spoke, with emphasis this time.

It was silent.

She glanced back down the hall. Could she trust herself, that those bends further down repsented actual space? Or would they shift when she was looking? Was there even a turn down there, had there ever been?

-Dnnnng-.

Sound… Sound slicing through the silence. The elevator. She turned, seeing the sides come together. A spurt of energy brought her close, desperation fueling her steps… whatever this was, the elevator brought her here, it could bring her back, it has to, she just needed to…

She slammed against the door. Sealed before her. A metal bulwark of solitude. Or… was it wooden? Iron mesh? Glass?

Brona closed her eyes. The darkness behind her eyelids shifting and molding alike the terrain of the hallway. A few breaths garnered reverberations of energy at her sides. She stood, brushed through her hair, and walked. She walked with her eyes closed. Without the sound of her steps or nebulous visual impressions, she could not tell for how long she had traversed, perhaps that was the point. If she did not know where she was, then maybe the hallway had to.

She stopped. Opening her eyes. She saw a door. An indefinite shade of pink. This hue remained even as the rest of its physicality warped before her eyes. A soundless breath. Then her palm grasped the handle…

A creak of shoddy hinges whistled through the nothing -Kkrrrrnnkkc-, and reality stabilised: walls, floor, ceiling, furniture: A room. She walked inside. Breathing in the perfumed air of a cleaned hotel room. A hazy pink mood lighting dominated the space, with no windows to speak of, only deep purple closets, tables, and a striking rosy bed in the shape of a plump buttocks seen from behind.

“Bougie junk this is,” Brona mumbled to herself, fully passing over the threshold and letting the door shut behind her. The uncertainty of the hallway locked away. She traced a finger down the wall. Real, definite, and dark tapestry. She tried out the bed. Soft… so soft… planting her putt on it the felt covers and mattress alike sculpted to accommodate her hind in a cupping grace of plush textiles.

“O-… OOooo…” Relief channeled through her, sprouting through her veins and mellowing out to leave her muscles as soft as the bedding. She slumped back, sprawled atop the covers, basking in the mood lighting. A little while, spent just breathing. She spotted a remote left on the mattress. Air conditioning controls? She didn't spot a Tv in the room. Clicking the big green button sent the whirring of machinery through the wall. And then… music. A smooth, almost sluggish jazz, languid to the point of drooping down her ear like molasses. Sweet… sweet molasses. She laid back, absorbing the hum of music, and the comforting buffer of the bed at her back. If this were hallucinations, then she was doing something right.

She explored the cabinets below the table. One opening up to a quaint fridge. “Oooooh.”

Champagne, wine, an assortment of cheese, chocolate, strawberries, and a can of whipped cream spray. Well, if this was a hallucination, then surely she couldn't just… She uncorked the champagne took a swig with the bottle pointed to the roof.

“Mmfgphaaawa,” she wheezed out with a mouth full of foam, slurping spills down the side of her lips as she looked over the bottle. “Real as rain,” she hummed. Turning it over she glanced at the lable: Beetle back Brewery Collection: Liquid Stardust

“Bougie named drinks too,” Brona commented. The label wasn't anything she recognised. Then again, champagne was far from commonplace in her diet anyway. She took another swig… then promptly stuffed her face with strawberries and chocolate.

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Secret, this story was planned long ahead of time, but executed later than anticipaated.

Having cleared out a good chunk of the fridge, Brona was back on the bed. Just, having a bed. Magical. A real bed, an actual bed. It was enough to bring a smile to her face. Though, deep down, she knew this bed wasn't hers, nor this roof, but the contents of the mini fridge were complimentary and she would not be convinced otherwise.

This was, pleasant, for a moment she could imagine herself not having to leave this space whenever one of her friends thought she overstayed her welcome. Maybe, she could just be here for a few days. Yet, the more she calmed, the more this, itch at the back of her head nagged her… something slippery and slimy enough that she could not quite put her finger on…

Her eyes shot open. “The stupid frog.” She weaseled her way out of bed and brushed off the straps and tatters covering her body. By this time he might have already left the hotel. She gathered herself. And went out the door.

“… who…?”

A maid stood outside, pale skin, humanoid, the full frilly black dress and white bonnet getup. Taller than Bron, pushing a cart of towels and various necessties and amenities ahead of her. In a hallway that was, clean, stable, if a gaudy colourscheme of purples and mauves.

“I am sorry, but you should have cleared out the room an hour ago.”

“What was that?” A second voice, another maid, ostrich, bent down on the floor, rummaging through the bottom compartments of the cart.

It was two-on-one.

But Brona's mind was still drunk on the comfort of beds, and full of fizz and chocolate, she reacted first.

Brona shoved her way through the opening between the maid and the door, slamming her aside as she made her escape

“Hey you ca-angoagagah.” The maid screamed.

“Sally what's happen-.” The ostrich maid said, bending his long neck upwards from the floor, to see his vision obscured by a meteor of ass tailed by the flutters of a dress -Dttthhmgpsgh-. The smooth beak and conical head of the ostrich plowed through the plush buns, jettisoned up through the warping, undulating pucker as the maid came crashing down with her ass first, posterior briefly bobbing in the air in the resistance of her assistant's head before the whole cranium dredged and sunk into her ass. All the more of the neck slurped up on her way down -Skkcchhrlrlpth-.

“Gnnnrngaah.” The maid winched with her teeth gritted and cheeks flustered, her ass gobbling up a half of the ostrich's neck before the friction caused her to stop mid air like a three-pronged stool. But, less stable, as the upper weight and sluggish stature from the overwhelming onslaught of stimulation had her tipping over. The winching expression melting into a flustered, dopey countenance.

“Mmfnnfapaaah butts…” She mumbled as she slumped onto all fours, ass jutting up into the air with the neck of the ostrich lodged firmly in her ass.

The avian maid scrambled and squirmed in the fall to stay upright, grabbing onto the ass ahead of them for support, digits sinking into the the plush booty prison.

“FMmghs… oooh y-yeah…,” she mumbled.

“MMGgn gewgaw,” came a muffled cry from the hind. “Mmfms, Sally yofmgs, aren't wearing underwear?”

“Mfmsa, I never was, gets in the way ofsm fmsm oOh ass your head is big as a melon…,” the maid panted, with her tongue lulling down her chin.

-Clllpthmmmpgh- Her cheeks clamped around the neck, kneading into the floof of their co-worker's feathery shroud and grinding it deeper. The bump of the ostrich's head protruding in her lower abdomen, writing and wedging, so the bump jostled as she shuddered, arms going prone to fold up under her head. A relaxed pose as the struggles jostled and bounded her raised backside to and fro.

“MmfMfms, ghhet mfe tout of here.”

“Mmgms, mmbhwyyy? Can't you, fmsm, stay a lil' longer?”

“HoHoWha-a the? How mmmff much longer?”

The maid bit her lip “Mfm… a few minutes, I'll try to be quick…”

-Shhlllfmmg- Came a muffled groan from Sally's hind, as she crooned out with a slow humping and jostling with that plus-sized, vibrating plug jammed up her tush.

Brona turned back to glance over her handywork. “Did aim to keep em busy, ah guess. So, yeah, call this a win,” she noted. Before any other staff would be alerted, she scampered away to the elevator, slipping inside as the door shut behind her.

Brona gathered herself, thinking. That hallway… It wasn't the Grand Pe cock's. Unless they had secret floor for more promiscuous customers with that sleazy mellow pink and purple colour profile… Secret floor… Brona opened her eyes, leering at the controls. She was on the seventh floor now… A digit hovered over the button. Waiting, then pressing down.

-Bddn- The polymer behind her finger illuminated, the shroud of light cut out in the silhouette of the number 13. She waited, as the elevator rose, higher, higher…

-Bdnnnng-. The doors peeled apart. She was back in the hallway, the hallway that couldn't be. A hallway with rooms leading, anywhere. The abstract cohesion still sent shivers down her spine. But, she could make out the doors just fine. She opened one. Another hotel room, clean, spiffy, with a seaside view.

She shut it. Then tried another… A rustic wooden room, two double beds, and a glass pane window overlooking a lush jungle. Another… scrappy motel room, with a barred window facing a concrete wall. She shut it again. Scratching through her hair. “This… got potential.”

She glanced back to the elevator, and scuttled back, slipping inside the doors before they had a chance to shut. Whether it be the adrenaline, or a stomach full of sugar and alcohol, she was sporting a respectable grin.

“Let's see where else this thing'll take me.”