A Wedge of Life

But

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Written by SepTia

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A spot of sunlight sneaked its way over a blanket. Eyes shot open. “Mmmpfh.” A happy voice cried out as she let go of the pillow corner she'd been nibbling on. “Sleep is over, aw yes.” the girl wormed out of her blanket and planted her hooves on the floor, then her other pair of hooves. The centaur wiggled free of her nightgown and snatched a green dress from her bedside cabinet – the only colour of robe she had.

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-Fllrshhh-. Water splashed and drained down the piping, and a happy centaur shuffled off the toilet, bucking to squeeze out the last bit of dirt stuck to her rump. -Plsh- Which missed the intended target of the toilet. “Mrwaaaw...,” she groaned, but let it pass. Maybe she would nail the lob someday.

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”Mmfrmmf.” She hummed as she fiddled with her toothbrush, her grasp so tight it made the motions stifled, but it looked funny in the mirror.

 -Bzzz-.

 “Mmhh?” Bryna's attention shifted to a fly, eyes trailing along its winding path. “There's no windows here lil bud, how'd you get in here?” She asked, her eyes making figure-eights as she tried to stay on the bugs path, not noticing lather from the tooth paste was flowing down her chin. Once she did notice, she shaped it into a beard. “Arr, Imma a wild one, Imma scare you till you pee,” Bryna narrated as she made, what a cute centaur imagined to be, menacing grins to the mirror.

 -Bzzrrt- The fly landed on her nose.

 “Aa-aathioo.” in a flash the sneeze had carried all the foam from her face, and now decorated the mirror in a messy suds beard.

 “Aaaaawmmf...,” came a yawn, “mm, Bryna Sweetie, a-are you awake? What is all the noise”

 “Mom, it's day, didn't you know?”

 The grumble of a parent came as a response, one Bryna did not grasp the full meaning of.

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While partaking of her breakfast – hay-sandwiches with melted tetilla cheese – the little scamp had all her attention glued to a book, only sometimes nibbling on it.

 Meanwhile her mother was buttering up a sandwich for herself. Dayla didn't mind that her daughter always woke up before her, though the feeling she should be responsible enough to wake her child knotted up in her stomach. She should be with her more. “Mommy is going to be home all day sweetie, want to play together?” She asked as if continuing her thoughts into speech.

 “Sure mom, but did you buy the Herrgrad yesterday?”

 Dayla blinked. “The... what?”

 Bryna slumped her head to the table with a sigh. “The cheese, mom. I wrote it on your list.”

 Dayla vaguely remember a list, somewhere... “Ahm... I bought cheese though, your favourites”

 “Moooom,” she exclaimed with a perky smile, “I can't have just one favourite. This one was special.”

 After having heard the word 'special' so many times it seemed no dairy was ordinary anymore. “What about the brown cheese?” She wondered and held up a brown block of dairy, smelling of caramel and fudge.

 “That is a dessert and breakfast cheese mom, Herrgradd is a lunch cheese.”

 “Oh oh.. yes,” the mommy pondered as she absentminded took a bite of the confectionary dairy. “We could go shopping for it then?”

 “Yaay,” Bryna burst out and flung her hands in the air. “Also can I get Hanna?”

 Dayla's eyes opened wide, nervousness striking her expression, “B-but s-sweetie s-she is your friend, y-you played together just yesterda-.”

 “Mom no, the yellow Hanna.”

 “Sweetie your coat colour doesn't determin-.”

 “Moom, fine, I'll just take Mina's cheese.”

 “B-bryna, you won't be stealing from anyone.”

 “Mina's cheese mom, or fine, imma take a Freya's wheel then?”

 “You won't steal from anyone, not Mina or Freya.”

 The girl sighs and got up to shove her book in mom's face, flipping between pages to show the oddly named cheese: Hanna, Frey's wheel and Mina's cheese.

 “Ooh... so-sorry dear. Mommy will think about it.”

 The child simply nodded in victory. Then as she turned back she asked. “Mom, you ever think about death and Taxes?”

 The centaur mother's sandwich fell out of her hands. She proceeded to poking her fingers together, her tail wafting enough to reveal her worry. “Sweetie.. w-well, i-it is tough enough t-that we live here, we should be happy that-... that is the name of a cheese isn't it?”

 Bryna unfolded the page detailing the 'Death and Taxes' brand of dairy, at which Dayla sighed.

 “How about we just go shopping right after breakfast?”

 “Yaaay Yay, mom and me are gonna get the biggest cheese.” Bryna hopped and scuttled over the floor, standing in place tapping all her hooves to the ground so the boards rattled.

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Metal grid trembled as Bryna practically tap-danced in joy, her excitement making the groceries cart difficult to steer. “Gonna buy cheese, gonna buy the best ones, gonna shop with mom.” Bryna sang as Dayla carted her around, the centaur was a bit too big for the cart, but Dayla was one who wanted to humour her daughter when she could. Despite that meaning that she would truckle for her.

 Gradually finishing her hopping, Bryna's field of vision became absorbed by the dairy section, grinning to show of all her pearly teeth and leaning over the edge of the cart so her mom would have some trouble carting around the veering centaur girl. “Ooh, there is mom cheese.”

 “I suppose that, that name I can understand.”

 “Actually, that is the cheese that reminds me most of mom,” the girl informed, gesturing to the dairy.

 At this, Dayla glanced to where Bryna pointed, which was a plump wheel with a pink rind titled: Fat Bottom Girl. Dayla's mouth froze, part open, part pouting, as if she could not find the syllable that expressed her reaction.

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“There it is.” Bryna shouted and tossed her hands forwards. -Ssnnatch- To her horror, another pair of hands grabbed the wheel as she did. “Mine,” she declared, “get your slimy paws off it ok?” She snatched it back, heaving up the 3 kg wheel onto her back.

 The other shopper, some form of mollusk boy, looked down to his goo dripping appendages. “I... can't help it...” They mumbled before sulking away.

 “Oh no oh no...” Dayla mumbled, but Bryna happily trotted about in the cart with her spoils.

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Herrgradd cheese, traditionally northern, creamy and mild but elastic, a bit like edible rubber that melted in your mouth. Bryna lubricated her lips, then checked to room to make sure she was alone. “Alright, Imma go for it mister cheese, don't wanna put too much pressure on ya though,” the centaur snickered.

 -Thoompdf- The hind dropped onto the wheel, -Bwong-, it gave off an ear-hugging grind, the surface moulding under the rump before bobbing back into the shape. The reverb sent a shiver all up the girl, who's coat stood on end whilst she cooed to herself and started smushing her hind back and forth over the hunk of dairy. “Soft bend and squish cheeses, mmmf the best.” She ground her rear back and forth, putting weight from one cheek to the next, flatting her rump to the yellow surface and feeling the material below bend to accommodate her – just slightly. Her front hooves were rolling in front of her, as if she was riding an imaginary bicycle, wagging back and forth, side to side, gyrating her bottom onto the creamy gouda. For, Bryna didn't just like cheese, despite not knowing what the word meant, she was a lil' tyrophiliac.

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”Whoopsies.” Her rump had left an imprint, curves forming a vague heart in the shape of her tush. “Got a bit too into it.” She shifted to lay on her side next to the wheel, which laid roughly the size of her head, running a finger along the booty curve. “Well, that's what's eatin's for. Aaaaoomph.” Imitating a shark, she pulled back and flung down with maw open, chomping into the sunshine coloured meal and scooping up a chunk. She didn't only like sitting on them, after all, and this one was so creamy, filling her cheeks with mellow and mild tones, making the centaur feel safe. She set to munching and nomphing down the treat, wedging off mouthfuls and whisking them round and round in her cheeks.

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-Phoowft- A noise grabbed her, opening her eyes, a tail was peeking forth from one of the holes. A tail, with a neat tuft on cyan fur adorned the top. “Mhwaa?”

 “Tia, what's the matter?”

 With the voice the tail swished back down.

 Bryna kept chewing. Then stopped. Then took another bite.

 -Pwhop- A head popped up, clad in the same cyan fur as before, but the right side tied up in a bun. “It is tough to stay hidden when our house is being devoured, sis.”

 -Phoowp-. “'Suppose you're right.” Another one poked up from a separate hole, this one's hair neat to the left side.

 “Wmha?” -Ghulmp- The centaur swallowed. “House? This is no house.”

 The bun haired one turned to her, scratching out some dust from her rags. “We do not want to interact much with people, so this is a place we chose to hide in. That means we would appreciate if you keep us hidden. Besides, this is a manor cheese, is it not? Should be enough room for a hideaway.”

 Bryna scratched her chin, leaning in to nibble on the corner of the wheel. “Mmm, yeah it is called that too, but this is herrgradd.”

 The first one gave the second a glance. “Told you so, you should take that cheese stick out of your butt sometime, sister.”

 The cheese stick one shuddered. “Though I'm not as stiff as your tail. Tia. You wanted us to take one without holes.”

 “We could have made our own holes, it would not be much tougher than making holes in a plot.”

While they conversed, Bryna held the cheese close and sunk her teeth into larger bites, the plush dairy dough compressing and sling up under her teeth.

 “Hey, you still eatin'?”

 “Mmfhmm,” Bryna mumbled with her mouth full of dairy, “I bought it.”

 “Even though we aren't what you bought?” The sleek haired one asked.

 Bryna suckled on this question like a caramel. “You are still in my cheese, which I bought, and live in it, so you taste of cheese, so... ya.”

 “Could we get out first, or should we stay?”

 “Mm...”

 -Kkdft-. The sound of the door opening alarmed Bryna.

 “Mom's back, and you are part of my cheese, so... aaommpfh.” Bryna opened her maw wide, shoving up the partially eaten cheese to her lips, scoffing up the wheel to hide the evidence from her mother.

 “'Suppose we are food, Tia?”

 “Yes, but eaten by a Centaur child isn't as exciting as I had hoped for, can we just tell people it was a shark, or a giant slug or something?”

 The centaur lips struggled to sprawl over the edges of the bloated wheel, crawling along the surface all the while Bryna chucked and thrust the hunk into her maw. Shortly, her lips eclipsed the two little critters in the meal.

 “Don't think we'll be talking much after being in the tummy,” Sep mentioned as the shadow her maw crawled over them.

 “It is more of the principal behind it, Sep. wouldn't it be more fun if we were eaten on the run from the law?”

 “Or escapin bandits?”

 “Oo yes, centaur bandits, a whole troupe of them?”

 “A lil' excessive, maybe?”

 “What about half of a troupe?”

 “Wmmf, fhood should thwal shoo much, shh,” Bryna mumbled with her mouth full, cheeks billowing outwards like a pair of balloons as she crammed both hands over her face to scoff the wheel down. -Mmgllgh-. Her lips enveloped the edge, clasping shut around the hunk and its inhabitants. The little one munched and rubbed down over her face to mash the cheese into mush as soon as she could.

 “Bryna?”

 “Hrlgfppf...” She made a nervous swallow, then wafted over her face as the cheese sloshed down from her cheeks, swelling up her neck. “Mmglullk.” Her throat inflated around the glob of dairy, detailing its simper down to her gullet. “Myhea?” she kept herself facing away from her mother, considering her cheeks made her look like a hamster.

 The centaur mother kept her distance as she carried some boxes from work, placing them down to cross her arms, though her expression remained mellow. “Sweetie, you didn't sit on the cheese we bought, did you?”

 -Ghluurk- -Oomppgh- Bryna heaved and swallowed, the pudge from her naughty meal building up on her humanoid tummy. “Mmff. -Bhouurp- mn... mnhooo...,” she appraised the situation with her words, judging how much she could get away with.

 Dayla sighed and held her right cheek. “Oh dear oh dear, I'll come back and talk some when you are done.” Out of respect she let her child be, unknowing of the bulk shifting on her daughter's belly, or the bumps swelling and sinking about her barrel.

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One awkward conversation later – relating to the conservation of cheese as food, not as stools – and Bryna was in the living room playing games. -Bhubgrllsth- Her first stomach was bending and mushing about, but sinking all the more down to her taur belly, the first just being a temporary stop, like the crop of a bird. Though it rumbled all the while. The girl was playing Goblet Gal, a game said to be too difficult for someone her age, but the art style was good enough to have her hooked. She patted her tummy. “Phoo, that was a close one, least ya are hidden now, imma right lil cheese?” -Ghrglltp- The gut mumbled.

 From the corner peaked Dayla's brown bangs, and her heaving, green sweater clad bosom, and her front legs – the woman not known for her stealth. “Bryna? I... mommy is sorry.” Perhaps she had been a little harsh, she wasn't sure.

 “Wanna play, momma?”

 Dayla pouted, but seeing her cutie was enough to make her sit down. “Sure sweetie.” Despite not being that good, Dayla assisted her daughter, playing the role of Beaker Boy, on the cartoon adventure.

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“Jump, jump mom, parry that we need the score.”

 “Sweetie I... I, ooh dear oh dear watch out.”

 The two exchanged while they went through the level, back at the section they struggled with again and again. When suddenly... -Bhruuulllppphhht-.

 “Yyreaok.” Dayla jumped, so absorbed in the moment her flatulence came as a nasty surprise. “

 “Oowamaaooom,” Bryna called out, slumping over from the noise and seeing how both the happy characters on the screen plummeted to a comedic demise.

 Dayla hid her face in her palms.

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“Pffhaha, hahahi.” Bryna laid on her back clearing the air off of her face. “That was a nasty one, maybe you are a stinking bishop cheese instead?” The girl kept laughing in her giddy manner, while her mom remained embarrassed.

 Until she peeked out above her fingers. “You know, there is one cheese name fitting right now.”

 The ball of laughter paused, “Hmm?”

 In the next moment the mommy was upon her little child, standing above with her tail brushing back and forth over the exposed tummy, that and the green dress sweeping back and forth causing the little one to laugh. “Ticklemore~.” She announced and reached down to brush and pet over Bryna's chocolate curly hair, her head just barely sticking out beneath the front of mommy's long dress.

 “Wwwahahan ahham-moom~,” Bryna tried to defend herself, but succumbed to the mommy torment – at least for a bit – and soon they were both sharing the laughter.

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-Gyrooorllp- Constipation rumbled so that the little filly's bed quaked. The centaur rose her head, with a streak of drool connecting her mouth to the damp crumple of fabric that was all that remained of her pillow's corner. “Hmmrrf?” Bryna asked, speaking in the language of the drowsy – a tongue that an energetic girl as herself was was unfamiliar with.

 -Brhrrrllg- Her lower stomach proposed.

 “Mnrrf...,” she responded, her head plonking back into the pillow. -Spllhs- with a slick splatter of drool.

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-Ghrooubmlr- A grumble shot through Bryna's body. “Mmpfrrg.” Enough to leave her heaving up out of bed with the pillow corner still clenched in her maw, the sudden pressure had made it clear her rump wasn't going to ask for permission that much longer. “Mmrrf.” She turned out of bed, in her haste tumbling out over the edge and slamming into the ground, the moist cushion safeguarding her face it plummeted into the ground. “Mmfa. Haafmm... toi toi toi,” she squeaked as she scampered up on her hooves – having no time to spare for saying 'let'.

 Only a few steps later clasped over her grumbling gut, puffing out her cheeks, stamping as if her four legs were imitating two step dancers. This was an emergency and her hooves thought faster than her head, kicking open the cabin drawer next to her bed.

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”Hmnnff, just... gotta...” Bryna lamented and whipped up her tail, parting her nightgown like a curtain for her rump, the main actor centre stage already undulating in full swing. -Phrooffllth- a plume of pungent smog wafted through the rim. A shiver trickled up through Bryna's spine, a smile dressing her face with just how much her rump sounded like a trumpet.

 -Shrllgth-. Her brim inflated with a grind of lard against rubber, parted by a bulb of colon caramel coming crawling through the circle of rump-chub. Its girth broadened to swell the rear around it like a rubber band, framing the hunk of pecan hued fudge trudging its way through the rear.

 “Mmr,” Bryna held her hands over her puffed cheeks.

 Despite its size the blob of creamy sludge snaked through her tush, compacted and squeezed out by her horse-butt's phenomenal rump colon musculature, -Ghrlifllsh-the pucker contracted, the flesh hugging the clump till it snatched off, -Pduthdd-. Smacking down onto a leaf dyed dress in the open drawer, the length folding with a curve to it, smushing out like a half made pretzel.

 “Pheew. Could have told me if it was gonna be a crisis, butt.” Bryna remarked and whipped back her tail over her own rump, -Wo-tch- then startled at the impact.

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but Secret, Bryna has been around for a long while, sort of.

Streaks of steam twisted from the loaf of centaur mudcake jamming through the pucker, the hind pumping out the congealed bale of muck to gradually unfold from the depths. -Sfrrlsh-. As it passed through the rim little tatters of cloth shifted in their plastered position on the mound, scraps of satchels and parchment garnished the grime along with hills of mud concealing troves of indigestible. The bumps having Bryna's pucker engorge to slip over them, leaving her tail with quivers that coursed all the way down through the dress it upheld.

 “Mmnf... this was nutty, you two made a bit too much cheese, least you tasted like it.” Bryna commented to her rear, just as her rim swelled and warped to lodge the bale of rump nougat, her brim trailing over creaks and bumps in the globby pattern of muck, squeezing and hugging now and then, the contractions leaving dents in the mulch like the handprints in a child's play-clay. -Sbhrltuurrsh-. The slick build up of colon juices dressing the mound in a viscous ooze whenever her pucker let up and relaxed, draining the goo in segments to careen down as the lengths did, dripping and coagulating out in the air, washing over a bone or two before making a smattering as the slab plonked into the stack of butt mud.

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-Shrlpuddf-. The auburn pillar arching down from her rim collapsed into a heap in the drawer, looping in coils of fat equine butt dough.

 “Oof,” Bryna wrinkled her nose, “So that is why we use the bathroom. I wasn't eating stinking bishop.” -Ghrillth- Her tummy rumbled, a smile curling up the little lady's cheeks as dollops of dung rolled down her rear chute with gluey -Ghrllsth-. “But it is so, so much fun,” she stated, pinching her nose.

 Those unfortunate dresses in the drawer became well acquainted with the stench, humid with the sweet tang of cheese and wrapped up in a blanket of sodium and grease with a musk of hay from the mare's tush. The scent wouldn't reach much higher than the drawer for the moment, allowing each coil of molten chocolate to sprawl out over the centaur's attire, its surface clinging to the fabric like heated wax, but smushing down like clay as further globules slumped atop them from on high. Tart, creamy scents of dairy and dirt oozed out at the same pace as the mass billowed out of her butt, pucker undulating over the mounds dressed in sleek coats of colon goo. Fat hunks dropped and -Slmchhrth- smattered into the heap, the cheese had been melted porous like whipped frosting yet clotted in the colons to a molten taffy. -Plrrchlls- As the bowels peeled off the loaf once it reached the pucker, the sound reminded Bryna of drying glue expanding and stretching. -Sllrtsh-. When the fatter humps dislodged, it tickled like if Bryna had melted the cheese in her own butt, a cheesy paste. “Why doesn't mom like paste, or glue? If it's half as fun as this then I lmmnf... like it a bunch.” She swayed her hips to a beat she crafted in her own heart, panting to herself as she revelled in knowing that going to the potty could be this much fun.

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Bowel oils travelled down the brown cords, the pile glistening like precious metals when the sun peaked onto it through Bryna's drapes. The fluids forged rives in the grooves sprouting over broad segments of the gunk, gathering in pools around chunks of cloth and paper left from digestion as the larger fractures in the butt gunk extended from the divots the fragments made in the loaves. -Pshhlsh- most of the formations carved out in the manure were compacted as the pillars of putty folded over one another, slabs of fudge pressed together until their exteriors melded. At the glance the heap seemed uniform, yet squinting one could make out the patterns of furrows and abnormalities that told of the many lengths of pony nougat had merged to forge the slop heap.

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”Mmnf, this was such a good cheese, imma think it made my tush happy both outside and in.” -Prhhfft- A cloud of vapours puttered out through the drapes of her dress, sputtering out a tart stench of wax and hay between lobbing out globules of bowel butter, the sounds giving a hop to the centaur's feet and giggle on her lips. By now Bryna had forgotten where she was doing her business, and allowed her naughty tush chute to bloat and dispatch as much brown bile as it wanted. She glanced back at times, respectable in size with how it nearly reached the edge of the drawer – at which she took a tactical sidestep and snickered – but she had seen mom produce much more. Seeing a tuft of cyan in the shades of umber and khaki, she remembered. “This way mom won't ever find out about you, so that should solve all of our problems, couldn't make you out in all the Manorhouse cheese either, so really it is not a lie that I have eaten nothing but dairy.” She winked as a clump -Phluddth- fell into the stack. “So that is a win win, Imma right little pals?” -Brhoommpfh- Her rear trumpeted out with a bellow, unclogging a plug of pale – nearly yellow – rump batter that dropped into the bin with the rest, embellishing the pile with a chubby layer of pudgy fudge, like buttering up a toast. Bryna allowed her doughnut to pucker and convulse a few times, gathering up the remains of her dump into a pellet of lard. Her friends had talked about using toiletpaper, which confused her, but mom said they didn't have as effective butts as they did. Which, of course, made Bryna proud to be a centaur.

 She took a few steps forward with tongue between her teeth in concentration, then bucked back just as she let off a bout of fume. -Phirlloorpth- The dollop of muck flung through her room and -Spmmhth- smacked into the pile. “Whoo, I got it.” She exclaimed, prancing too and fro at the – frankly – expert lob.

 In the drawer the mountain of mud reeked so that tendrils of fog billowed up into the room, but Bryna simply kicked it on the way out to slam it shut. -Krrlpushg-. Though, judging by the globby sound it made, she realised that might not have been the best idea.

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The lil centaur was busy making grimaces at the mirror to get the toothbrush back properly, when she heard a yawn from Dayla's room. “Mooom, can we buy new clothes?

 “Awwmff... aa? Eeh? T-that too now?”

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Dayla's gaze sneaked toward her daughter's cabinet. “Mng... oh no oh on...,” she mumbled as she opened a smidgen to peek inside. She held over her chest. “Oh no oh no. S-she...” Dayla had feared her daughter would develop the same nervous twitch she suffered from, and this pile seemed like much more compared to her daughter's ordinary diet. Could this mean... she really did mean she wanted Hanna the person, not Hanna the cheese? The mare decided she had to speak with her before her daughter went and ate any more of her friends.

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”Wha?” Bryna asked whilst nibbling her mommy's shirt.

 Dayla bit her lip, feeling sweat bead at her forehead. “You see.. s-sometimes you can get startled, then wanna eat too much, b-but, just try and hold back a bit, ok? I-if it gets too much it.. becomes troublesome.” She remembered her previous host family, it had been tough finding a place after that... incident.

 Meanwhile Bryna understood what mommy meant, she must have known she ate that whole cheese... it was good though, but maybe that was naughty. “Don't you worry about a thing mom, Imma make sure it won't happen that often.”

 Dayla smiled, patting her daughter's head and nuzzled her up close to her bosom. “T-that is my girl.”

 “Mmhmm, I'll always be your gal mom. So, when is other mom coming to visit again?”

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Tia bundled up the parchment. “What did you think?”

 The centaur clapped. “That was the best, you two are a lot of fun.”

 Sep brushed back their cyan hair with a hint of fluster. “Doin' our best, good to hear we can write bedtime stories”

 Brown hair brushed over her pillow like a broom as Bryna nodded. “Sorry about what I did.”

 Tia patted the centaur's forehead. “Cheer up, if you had not done so, we would not have any inspiration for this tale, but now...”

 “...sleep time.” Sep finished their sentence, to which Bryna saw the two oknytt disappeared as her eyes closed of themselves, wrapping her up in slumber.