Brona's Fortune Management

Written by Septia.

“How much did you say it was?”

The pirogi saleswoman behind the stand threw up her hands, “My prices are clearly listed.”

“But… it is almost twice the price of a full meal.”

“Then don't buy. Fast is over, you can get cheap ones at Pomara plomb.”

The naga customer inhaled through flared nostrils, and let out a deep sigh. “I'll take it…”

“Pleasure doing business,” the saleswoman concluded, fetching freshly baked bundles out of the cart's oven and taking the next in line. With the Tygla fast over, and mandates lifted, the harvest would ensure the shelves to be stocked. But, before prices plummeted, what was the harm in wringing out a bit of savings from those too desperate for a piping hot meal, to wait another day or two.

“I'll take four with roast leak…”

“Coming up.” Haa, the satisfaction was contagious.

-Fwwooom- a sweep of air resistance cut through the bustle of the street. The saleswoman leaning over her cart, just in the moment a horseshoe flung at the wheels. -Thhnnnkt- and knocked out the crooked stop wedges: The weight difference of her lean ferried the wheel over the edge of the pavement. She found herself supported by nothing as the cart plummeted into the dispersing crowd. -Thhddmmdpthslkt- The shambles of the cart crashed to the pavement in a hail of pirogi, decorating the landscape in piping-hot bread dumplings. Concern turned to jubilation. And the crash of crowd contracted to converge upon the copious culinary consumables. Concern for the saleswoman existed, though drowned in a shared fervor.; these were the people left to fast for a month, now together, they would break bread.

-Drrhht- One loaf slid to a halt in front of a pair of bare feet at a patchwork of cloth tatters draping down legs. A pair of nimble hands snatched up the pirogi, hoisting it up past the upturned horseshoe resting on her chest. She blew away some pebbles and dusted it off with a few pats. Even a spirit of misfortune had no intention to crack her molars on micro-gravel. “Outta be enough for a breakfast, just about,” Brona said disappointed at the quality, looking back up to the distraught saleswoman. “Guess ya bakers dont'av to compare with the best no more anyhow.” The poofy silver haired lady digging in whilst letting the cavalcade at her back continue.

Secret, Brona's name is contentious. A few chomps later she'd come far down Linden street, away from the commotion of the oldtown district. The flaps of her excuse for clothing fluttered in the autumn breeze. The street was about where she had left it; winding down in the post lunch bustle. Scanning between the buildings, a store owner ahead was setting up the lettering above their shop, adjusting a 'U' that remained stubbornly crooked, a miniature of the scene across the street; Balancing between scaffolds, the Clog workers had still not left the building opposite of her. From a port just ahead, a man backed out of a door, toting a sleek, black oven.

“Gmngs. Pha… Come on,” he muttered.

“You are doing great honey,” said his aunt from the safety of the stairs, “Just a few more steps.”

“Please, I know,” the man huffed, “just glad we to be rid of this piece of junk.”

Brona's eyes crackled with ire under a furrowed brow, casting a goateyes at the man as she was about to pass.

-Gnng- Biting into the pirogi, her teeth met something hard. Gravel. Brona swirled it between her cheeks and spat it out as she passed him. Just then, a gust funnelled through the narrow

street, Brona's spittle careening through the air in an arc right back to the oven carrier, -Sprrlthsp- splattering onto the nook of his pants' knee.

"Oh, cooome on, Lady. These are new pants," the man grunted and turned his head, "You have any idea how a ofahafao." His indignation clouded him, losing his grasp on the oven so the whole machinery tilted out of his hands, and he jumped back in a reflex as it hit the ground. His back ramming into a doe munching on snacks, spilling her bag of salted nuts.

"Ahh, seriosuy? Rude. What are tou been afg gooaas-." Though the doe had only so much respite before tripping over the snacks in her focus on berating the snack saboteur. Catching herself on the spokes under the ladder, and sending it to teeter.

"What's going on down there?" the store owner cried, clinging to the oversized 'U' for the store-front. "Watch where, oooh, no nono," he cast away the letter to grab a hold of the facade to keep himself steady, landing in the middle of the street just as a centaur came barrelling down.

"Gonna be late, gonna be late gonna, what the shellfish was that?" She shrieked at the lettering blocking her path, the ton of horse swerving just ahead of Brona, losing control and slamming into a streetlight -Klldnnnng-. The tremors displacing the earth beneath the foundation of the pole, giving way to a small sinkhole that dislodged the foundation. Brona sauntered under the beam just as it tilted into a steep fall, the tension of stressed metal jolting through the air like a golf club in the scaffolding across the way, dislodging a load bearing support plank.

"Gyyaa, wh-what was that?" A human worker squealed and grabbed a hold of something steady, dropping a talc bucket, which twirled through the air before knocking another screw lose in the scaffolding foundation. Both supports for one of the beams were now undone, and the hippo clog worker clutched onto the pole for dear life as she swung down with the pole like the weight of a Pendulum.

"Jill," the human cried out.

"Ca-caatch me," Jill screamed.

Opposite the construction, sat an orangutan, lounging back and fiddling with the tab on a can of Gaztric Axid soda. Just as she heard someone shout.

"Jill."

They looked up.

"C-Caaatch meee-."

And was met with a looming visage of a pair of black couch cushions rapidly approaching her. "… Don't. You. Daaaarhhmmmgghsp-."

-Dtwwwmmdpdpthg- The hippo hind met its mark. With a tremendous thud. -Scrrrkstksch- The force funnelled into a tear in the canyon of Jill's pants – scratching her ass one too many times had now ensured the orangutan was on a one way trip past the hills. -Crrttlltach- The fabric was rended and the flaps of torn fabric peeled back in a crater of petals around Jill's rump. -Shrlrlpghthsa- The orangutan's head plummeting past the portly buttocks and burrowing up the bottom around him, hind hinging apart in heinous hillocks hiding her heiny chub, cheeks coming to a clench over shoulders and chucked her up the offer's crawlspace. -Chrrrlpgthahta- cgpthhghasa-.

Jill's expression froze in a contorted grimace as the hairy lump budged and wound past their cheeks, prying apart her pucker to penetrate the point of comfort, though titillating her in tremors the tension took its toll, first as a resistance and pinching her chute shut, though the surge of stimulus short-circuited her muscles, mellowing her pucker limp as it enveloped her unexpected passanger.

"Gmmfhwgagnpathhta," the orangutan's complaints started up in the muffled embrace of the hippo's bowels. -Chrlrlspat- Jill feeling her cheeks sink, subsuming more of the monkey up her chute, a squeal of lard greasing her meaty hinges as the fuzzy resister was scrubbed matte into the humid air of her bowels. "Oos-oosh mgnnf… s-s-horry," she whimpered. The hippo gyrating her hips to scooch up, only to hear her buns breaking the citizen's chair. At which point, they dropped their soda.

“ Brona held out her hand, and caught the can dropping form the balcony above. The hippo's hind blotting out the compartment class balcony, leaving only a pair of orange arms flailing underneath.

“And here I was just getting thirsty,” she pulled back the tab the remainder of the way, and chugged. Brona's eyelids smackedopen, reeling forwards with her cheeks puffy and full. Before -Gllgmpgh- swallowing the fizzy drink down. “Pheuck, just my luck, it's all warm,” she mumbled and shook the can, then shrugged. “Yeah I'mma still drink it,” she conceded, and took another sip. Eliciting not to peer back at the chaos, at the two beams intersecting to form a cross over the road, and the upturned 'U' on the ground – the shape of a horseshoe – marking her presence. Eyes drawn to a hippo scratching their ass again and again, too confident to be leisure at those heights.

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Brona's reflection stared back at her. Someone had taken Cofn's note; the last piece of her in the old bakery locale, erased. Brona fiddled with the horseshoe on her chest. Peering in through the dust to see if she could make out the shelves of bread, or even the centaur crafting some recipes. But only the reflection was there, judging her confused glares. A long sigh.

Footsteps. Wait… it was harder than boots, hooves. Brona peered towards the right corner as a Satyr stepped out. Their vision held each other hostage.

“They been closed for a while,” the satyr said.

Brona's lip twitched, “Yeah, sure'av.”

“You are not here for bread then?”

“Ah huh.”

“Knew her?” the Satyr kept prodding.

Brona sighed, “Yeah.” Another stretch of silence. The waves from the pier washed the empty air in dashes of marine brine.

“Any idea where she went?” the satyr asked.

“Imma guess I'd know 'bout as well as you.”

“Used to work ‘ere. Honest work. Got in a few sticky situations, still, she was kind,” the satyr continued. Brona said nothing. “What was she-… how did you know here?”

Brona inhaled, answering in a sigh, “She gets me, sees right through me.”

“Sreally?” the satyr turned, Brona did not reciprocate. “Guess that makes sense. She was clumsy, bit scattered, but she meant well. Even if she did almost bake me into a big, fat bread loaf.”

Brona scoffed.

“You live around here?”

Brona didn't respond. She just made a face.

The satyr straightened up, as if they knew that look, as if they'd seen that look every day for years on end. “Come by the Hall sometime, we could chat about Cofn.”

Brona slowly turned to face them.

“We haven't opened, but it is always full.”

Brona scoffed, closing her eyes. “Be a bad idea to invite me.”

“Well, wouldn't be my first time.”

Brona opened her eyes, seeing the satyr turn to leave. High above, she spotted a seabird, flying low, and just about when they intersected with the satyr…

-Sllpth- The puddle of chalky white gummed down one of their horns, urate spilling onto their grey shirt. Of course. Though, the satyr, didn't seem to notice, rounding the corner without a word. Brona leaned in against the store. Pursing and fiddling with her lips. Her head came to rest against that of her reflection “Hmmm…”