A Brief Meeting

The diminutive figure in the heavy cloak paused.

"So that's twelve gold for the reagents, and two pieces of copper for the parchment?"

"Thass right miss", the stall-keeper grinned, reaching out a greasy palm. "A bargain wi' the parchment thrown in for so little"

Another pause.

"Perhaps, but from the looks of things your feybell is a few weeks old. It'll be turning to dust in, what, twelve hours?" A thick hand appeared from under the cloak to fiddle clumsily with the drawstrings on a leather coin purse. "Perhaps we could say ten gold? Given I'm taking it off your hands at the last second. And two for the parchment of course."

The grubby brow on the merchant wrinkled into a scowl. He'd been unable to find a seller for his crop of feybell, a plant difficult to obtain and harder to keep. The only indication that the batch was aged was a slight reduction in its iridescent glow, and yet the customer, whose eyes shone azure through the shadow cast by the hood of the cloak, had managed to pick up on it at a glance.

"Aye, ten gold, two copper. Y've got good eyes there miss. Good eyes." With the coins dropped into his waiting hand, he deftly wrapped the collection of plants and oddities in a bundle of cloth. Leaning over his stall, he held the bundle and a stack of parchment down to the huddled shape in the cloak, whose stocky arms had reached upwards to take their purchase.

"Thanking you! I'll probably be back next week, could you try to get some nightshade in?" The purchase was squirreled away into a satchel, briefly visible before being swallowed by the cloak once again. The glow from under the hood disappeared, eyes closed, head bowed in farewell. Or at least, so the merchant assumed. The most he'd ever seen of his smallest customer was her arms and her eyes. He wasn't one to pry, but the poor thing must have some kind of skin condition, with the scaled patches on her otherwise furry arms.

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The cloaked shape turned on the spot, and made its way back towards the town square, muttering to herself.

"...alright, so that's all the reagents I need for today. I should get some food for tonight and tomorrow while I'm here...". The satchel re-emerged from the cloak, a flask of bluish liquid being produced and raised to the darkness in the hood before being returned to the bag, hidden once more. "...and then once I'm back I can start fermenting the feybell immediately and th-"

Her train of thought was interrupted abruptly, a short pink goblin-like creature thudding into her side, knocking her to the floor, and her carefully arranged hood down to her shoulders.

"Hey! Watch it!", the thing blurted out, hitching a dress strap on what must have been the worlds tattiest piece of clothing onto her shoulder. "Some of us have places to be!". A slight lisp obscured her words, distorting her sibilants into slight 'th' sounds. She whipped her head back to check the road behind her, reddish hair flinging back and forth, before turning back and casting her eyes onto what she'd collided with.

Hood down, a terrified face was looking up at her from the ground, tears slowly welling up in their eyes. Long white hair was scraped back into a ponytail high on the back of their head, with a fringe being cast loose over their right side, a short black horn exposed on their left. Most of the face was furry, but the overall shape, and the odd scale, gave a distinctly draconic impression.

"Wow don't cry! I'm sorry! What are you crying about? It wasn't that hard! You shouldn't have been in the way! Please don't cry?". She adjusted her dress once more before stretching out a pudgy hand, offering assistance. "Here why don't you get up and we'll forget all about it...?"

Tears starting to roll down her cheek into her fur, the semi-draconic girl darted her gaze away, ignoring the offered hand and instead pulling her hood up once more. Pushing herself to her feet, she tugged her hood down even further before running into the crowd, leaving her would-be assailant standing, head tilted in confusion at her rapid retreat.

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