

## Fairy Fort Bakery

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# Fairy Fort Bakery

by [CometConstellations](#)

## Summary

Fairy fort fellows own a bakery, things are nice and chill, lovely when familiarly friends and customers come to visit.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Lizzie's hair was covered in flour, her face was flushed a slight pink from the effort of needing the dough. Ren's hair was tied up in a neat bun and held behind a blue shower like cap, keeping it out the way of the hot ovens the man stood by all day.

Cleo was running tills, the constant chime of the door and ding of the cash register was rhythmic and easy to follow even on their occasional busy days.

Big B's grey apron was stained with smudges of icing and powdered sugar as he piped in cream to the Victoria sponge cakes and chocolate eclairs Lizzie and Ren had made that morning.

The bakery was relatively quiet today, mainly full of couples on dates or students studying. Though the door opened once more with the quiet chime of the bell above the door. Cleo smiled, her curly orange hair bouncing in front of her face. "How may I help you toda- Etho? Bdubs? What brings you here?" she grinned noticing the way Etho's face flushed a pale pink under his mask.

"We are on a little break from work, though I hear you have a new recipe that I'd love to try" Bdubs smiled, he glowed in the evening sun of the autumn season that had finally crept up on them.

Cleo smiled at the man, shaking her head as she rung up a new savoury pastry they were trying out, she then looked to Etho with a raised eyebrow in question.

Etho spluttered for a second before deciding to restart his sentence, "could I get a bit of Victoria sponge and a coffee?" He asked her, she nodded and rung them up, "£7.69 please and thank you" she turned the card machine towards them and laughed as the two fought over who was to pay.

While the two fought over the card reader, Lizzie brought over some fresh eclairs and slices of cake into the room and put them in the display cases, she grinned toothily at Cleo blowing a strand of pink hair out of her face before pushing it back with her hand, adding more flour to her now dusty pink hair.

Cleo shook her head as she grabbed two plates and used tongs to grab the food and placed them on some orange napkins. She then grabbed a coffee mug and filled it with decaf, a little secret between her and Bdubs.

Eventually her heard the victorious shout of Bdubs and the ching noise of the card reader.

She placed the items on the tray and handed them over to the tall Canadian, smiled and wished them a good day and waved over the next customer.

## End Notes

Day three of flufftober!

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