

"Kyaaa!!" Hops cried out, the shock wearing her voice down as she fell to the ground. A dramatic fall to what would soon be a dramatic deduction in her paycheck.

Lucky blinked slowly at this display of capitalistic struggle that he was unfortunate enough to be an audience to. He was here for a simple job... to plant flowers and to move on with his errands. Something he was used to with his line of work and given that his boss works under the table with Angora as well it was becoming readily apparent that he wouldn't be able to simply walk away from this mixologist-turned-gardener's unfortunate problem. Not when the source of it stemmed from the half-eaten garden that he had helped work on: property of a Madam Angora.

Hops continued to wail her frustrations, even louder now when she noticed that Lucky wasn't coming to her aid the first time. Her voice continued to croak in agony and yet, the leather strapped bun continued to stand 5 feet away from her without even a twitch of his expression that he was acknowledging her at all.

"Are you going to stand there all day or what!?" Hops finally snapped seeing that he was content with turning a blind-eye to her struggles. "Help me already!!"

He huffs out, shocked that he was found out so easily, unaware that even if he had tried to obstruct being seen with some foliage his grand horns would have given him away. "...what a drag..." Lucky trudges towards her, the straps on his horns swaying with each short step he made forward.

Hops narrowed her eyes at him, "Did you find out who did this yet?" Her hooves pressed together in hope and in prayer for the solution to her dwindling life. But it was clearly not the case with how Lucky side-eyed the ruined garden, his own eyes narrowing at it. She tried again. "...Lucky... say something..."

"Not yet, my only leads other than what we gathered from the guard is that the hungry culprit is bun sized and leaves black fur around." He sighs, troubled even by his inability to find who it was -- a feat that he found exceptionally annoying. There was a certain line of skills that he has and something like tracking down individuals shouldn't be difficult but he was at a strange cross-road with this incident.

Hooves grabbed on to the scruff of his black fur and Lucky found himself being shaken up, his leathery straps flapping in the wind.

“Lucky!! Grrrr!! Come on, it hasn’t even been 30 minutes since I sent you off!! Stop being lazy!!” Hops growled, pausing her attempt to shake sense into the gluttonous bun, “...Don’t make me call you... *Lazy Star*....”

Lucky stared at her threat, “...I don’t like that...”

“Then try again!!” She was getting really sick of him.

And so, here he was. Trying again. Lucky had just returned from interrogating Oleander, he wiped his hooves clean as he made his way down the steps of the church. The new found clue didn’t seem to help him really, but it got Lucky to ponder nonetheless.

“Hoofprints, eh?” With a cleaned up hoof he strokes the white tuft of his fur.

He ignores the sultry call from Oleander behind him asking him to visit again another time as he continues to walk down towards his next destination. It was easier to think when he wasn’t bombarded for seconds from a horny priest. It was strange though with all the current gathered clues: a hungry culprit, black fur, hoofprints... and of course the bun shaped hole.. Lucky grumbled with those thoughts in mind and found himself standing in front of the imporium. His sources had told him to check here but just at a glance he couldn’t see a garden to munch at...

While he could start doubting his source of information, it’s never once failed him before. So why start now? Lucky walks inside the store and finds the brown furred bun at the counter, he narrows his eyes at him. “You.”

Hutch looks up from the paper he was reading, eeping at the brooding dark bun. His eyes shift down to the leather whip posed in those hooves and then back at the bun in question. “Y-Yes..? Are you here for--”

“I’m here to ask you a question.” He pauses before taking a step towards the counter. “You’re Hutch, right?”

“Ah..yeah! Last I checked, Uhm, I mean-- yes!” He can feel the sweat already accumulate underneath his fur... why did it feel like he was about to deal with a very unsavoury fellow... Hutch swallowed as Lucky placed the whip on the countertop.

“Well, good, you’re just the bun I’ve been looking for.” He starts off, taking a look around the imporium, eyeing up all the cages and intricate leashes. “Do you know anything about someone eating up gardens?”

Hutch shakes his head almost as soon as the question leaves Lucky as if he was asking a completely different question. "Please don't extor-- *oh*. Well, actually, I've had others come in and ask me about *pests* eating up their gardens." He taps his chin, "I wouldn't say it was a 'someone' though that was doing it."

"...Oi.... what was that about earlier..." Lucky was a bit taken aback but decided to ignore it for the new information. "A pest? So you mean, an *imp*?"

"Yeah! Well, it's the most logical sense, really! What else could it be?" Hutch's eyes sparkle up, already rambling off about the sort of creature it could be before finally remembering who he was talking to, his voice wobbles, "... a,, ha,, well, if you'd like you can see the sketch I made of it..?"

Lucky sighs, "Sure, let's see that drawing of yours." If he was bothered by the rambling, Lucky made no real signs of that being the case. If anything, he was listening intently and nodding along to whatever word jargon Hutch tossed at him.

When the sketchbook was opened up and shown for him to inspect, Lucky looked very surprised, "...those are some big horns..."

"Uhm! Antlers, actually. But yes! It was all I could make out from the silhouette."

All the clues added up together and he suddenly gasped, taking a jarring step back, the shock prickling his fur. "No way-!"

Hutch nearly jumped from that outburst, clutching his figurative pearls. "Wh-wh-what is it?? Did you figure it out??" He asks, curiously watching the colour fade away from the bun's face.

"It can't be... all the signs,, the clues... hungry,, black fur.. hoofprints... bun sized... large horns.." Hutch corrects him that it was antlers but Lucky continued as if he couldn't hear him. He held his hooves up, shaking a little at the distressing thought. "...was it me....?"

"..." Hutch stared at him before bursting out laughing. "It's safe to assume... uh... Mr..?"

"Lucky..." He mumbles, still alone in his agonies, completely forgetting that it was likely an *imp*.

“Mr. Lucky. That, uhm, you weren’t the culprit.” He giggles and holds up the sketch to compare it to Lucky properly for the other to see, “Look here, the horns don’t even match up! And I’m going to make a wild guess that those hoofprints you mentioned were probably smaller than a bun’s. It was most likely something else entirely.” He tries again, “Like an imp.”

Lucky looks up at Hutch and back at the comparisons, “Oh, you’re right.” He sighs in relief, “No wonder I couldn’t remember doing any of that. I have better taste in food than imps do.”