

“What’s wrong, Miles?” Asks Hops, her adorable button nose in her doll form screwed up. “Not in the mood for a drink from your favorite lil’ Hops?” Hops drapes her elbows over the counter of the Rabbit Hole bar and pouts at Miles—who looks an absolute, hungover wreck from last night with Hops. They’d had... so many Psilo Punches together, he could barely hold in the gags that yearned to escape him. If he threw up here... it would be over. Hops would never want him again.

So he clears his throat with a cough. “I’m hungover,” he says, reaching a gloved hand to scratch at the bottom of his chin... a nervous tick. He realizes his glove is a bit crooked, and straightens it with a small grunt until it’s in place. “How do you not have the worst headache known to bunkind...?”

“Because I get drunk like that like... every night... sometimes even during the days? Duh, you know me,” Hops says with a shrug of her petite shoulders, straightening her own bunny uniform onto her petite breasts and around her wide hips. Miles is so dizzy that he can’t even properly keep his eyes on Hops... a shame, with how cute her body is. “Hmmm. Y’know, they say that Keratinis are actually pretty sobering when it comes to wanting to get rid of a hangover.”

Miles makes a face. “Yeah? Who says that? You do?” He snorts.

Hops pouts and puts her slender hands on her hips, tail swaying behind her, as if irritated at Miles’ confrontational behavior. “Of course I do! I’m the bartender, dummy. Plus, Psilo Punches... we had like... ten... well... I had eleven, and you were down for the count... there are shrooms in there, of course they’re potent as all hell!” Hops cries.

Miles groans again, running his hand over his face... which dislodges his white glove out of place. Again. He fixes it with a sigh. “I don’t want more alcohol, Hops. Are you trying to kill me, here? I bet you are... heh...”

“Why are you laughing, creep?” Hops deadpans. Hops lets out an exaggerated sigh, her button nose twitching slightly as she rolls her eyes at Miles. “Fine, fine, no alcohol for you,” she says, waving a dismissive hand in the air as if to make a point of how dumb he was acting by not taking her Keratini offer. “But listen, I’ve got a better idea. Ever heard of Paradise Cafe?”

Miles blinks, the fog in his mind clearing just a tad as he focuses on Hops. “Paradise Cafe? Can’t say I have... new place? What’s it all about?”

Hops grins, her bun ears perking up with excitement. “Oh, Miles, let me tell you. It’s run by a CHERUBUN. Beanny. You know, the one with those adorable wing-like ears, and the perpetually cheerful demeanor? Well, they say she’s kinda weird and stuff, but weirdness and eccentricity aren’t exactly unusual down here. I mean, just look at you. You’re the weirdest guy I’ve ever met in my life, probably. I mean you live in a graveyard.”

Miles makes a face. "Uh... huh," he sighs, rolling his eyes. But the next second, recognition flickers in Miles' eyes. "Oh, yeah, I think I've seen her around. Always carrying that big smile of hers, humming to herself about experiments."

"Exactly!" Hops exclaims, bouncing on the balls of her feet. "Well, rumor has it that Beanny makes the best darn coffee this side of Burrowgatory. And not just any coffee, mind you. It's like liquid magic. People say it can cure hangovers, sober you up in no time."

Miles's interest piques at the mention of a hangover cure. Because Murmur be damned, he needs that. "Really? You think her coffee could do the trick for me?"

Hops nods vigorously, fluffy hair bouncing all around. "Absolutely! I mean, it's worth a shot, right? Better than nursing that headache with more alcohol." She gives him a playful nudge with her elbow. "Since you're so stingyyyy about that."

Miles chuckles weakly, the corners of his lips lifting into a small smile. "Alright, you've convinced me. I'll give Paradise Cafe a try."

"Good choice!" Hops beams, her eyes sparkling with satisfaction. "Tell Beanny I sent you. She'll take good care of you. Mixologists understand each other like that, y'know?" Hops smiles brightly.

As Miles fumbles in his pocket for some carats, he pulls out a few and slides them across the counter towards Hops. "Thanks, Hops. You're a lifesaver... even if you're underhanded as fuck, sometimes."

Hops catches the carats with a grateful grin. "Anytime, Miles. Now go get yourself sorted out. And remember, next time, maybe pace yourself a bit with those Psilo Punches, huh?"

Miles makes a face at her as he stands up, his smile crooked. "Heh... um, you're the one that served them to me, though?"

"Maybe so..." Hops says ominously, saluting him.

With a wave, Miles heads out of the Rabbit Hole, his thoughts already fixated on the promise of Beanny's miraculous coffee.

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As Miles steps out of the dimly lit Rabbit Hole and into the brightness of Burrowgatory itself, he squints, his head throbbing with each step. Fucking hangover was killing him. He navigates through the winding roads, following Hops' directions to Paradise Cafe. The journey feels longer than usual, each turn and corner stretching out before him like a never-ending maze.

Finally, he arrives at the entrance of the quaint little cafe. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee wafts through the air, mingling with the sweet scent of something else. Pastries, maybe? Miles pushes open the door and steps inside, greeted by the warm atmosphere and the sound of cheerful chatter. Many buns are in their bun forms, sipping at their coffees.. and most of them succubuns. Odd, for a place owned by a cherubun, but then again... there weren't that many cherubuns in Burrowgatory.

Behind the counter stands Beanny, the cherubun herself, her ears fluttering softly as she busies herself with brewing coffee. Her bright eyes light up as she spots Miles entering the cafe.

"Well, well, well~" Beanny says with a mischievous grin. "What brings you to Paradise Cafe today, good sir? Welcome, welcome!"

Miles rubs his temples, wincing at the pain pulsating in his head. Oof... she's a little loud, and Miles can definitely tell that she's an eccentric from the way she speaks. "Hey, Beanny. I... uh, heard you make some pretty amazing coffee here. Mind if I give it a try? Heh..." He smiles a little nervously at her, but she just smiles back at him, beaming brightly.

Beanny chuckles, ears twitching with delight as she reaches for a ceramic cup and saucer. "Of course! I've got just the thing for you." She turns to the espresso machine, expertly preparing a shot of rich, aromatic coffee.

As she works, Miles leans against the counter, feeling a wave of dizziness wash over him. "I gotta admit, I'm feeling like absolute garbage right now..." Okay, maybe TMI, but god he was hungover and couldn't wait for his coffee. "Too many Psilo Punches last night... y'know... from Hops? Oh, she told me to tell you that she sent me, by the way."

Beanny nods sympathetically, pouring the freshly brewed espresso over a scoop of creamy gelato in a chilled glass. "Ah, the infamous Psilo Punches. Those can pack quite a punch, huh? Not that I would know about that. Alcohol is toxic to us cherubuns." Beanny gives a nod. "Give Hops my thanks, next time you see her."

"Will do..."

Miles groans, nodding in agreement. "Tell me about it. I think I might've overdone it this time."

With a flourish, Beanny places the affogatail in front of Miles, the espresso swirling beautifully with the gelato. "Well, lucky for you, this should do the trick. It's my special affogatail – espresso poured over gelato. Guaranteed to cure even the worst hangover. I've had tons of succubuns try it out!"

Miles eyes the concoction skeptically, but the aroma of the coffee is too enticing to resist. He takes a hesitant sip, his taste buds exploding with the perfect balance of bitterness and sweetness.

As the warmth of the coffee spreads through his body, Miles can feel the pounding in his head begin to subside. He looks up at Beanny with a grateful smile. "Wow, this is amazing. Thank you, Beanny."

Beanny chuckles, leaning against the counter. "Glad you like it, Miles. You succubuns are always intoxicated one way or another. Might as well enjoy something that'll actually make you feel better."

Miles laughs, feeling a weight lift off his shoulders. "You've got a point there. Thanks for the cure, Beanny. I'll definitely be back for more."

With a satisfied sigh, Miles finishes his affogatail, feeling rejuvenated and ready to face the day.

A few hours later, as he bids farewell to Beanny and steps back out into the bustling Burrowgatory, he knows that Paradise Cafe will always be his go-to spot for a pick-me-up – whether it's coffee or conversation with the eccentric cherubun behind the counter.