

“Haru... can I tell you a secret?” Egnog said, her nose creased in such a worried way that it made Haru feel bad for her. Ever the generous bun and friend, he put his paw over Egnog’s and nodded.

“Of course you can,” he said.

“...I’m weird,” Egnog whispered. She was being dramatic for the sake of being dramatic to pull Haru’s leg, but Haru still glanced at her with kind, pink eyes, all wide and nodding along with her. “I do weird stuff... have you ever seen me without a Snowslide? That’s weird.”

“It’s not weird to love your drinks! But it is bad to drink too much,” Haru said with conviction, smiling brightly at his friend. “Because you get into bad situations sometimes.”

“Huh...? But you’re a gluttony bun, too,” Egnog said. “Don’t you get cravings?”

“Not for alcohol in particular,” Haru said thoughtfully, putting his free paw on his chin.

“Hmmm. Then, Haru, what’s your secret? You know, something that’s like... super embarrassing to admit!” Egnog exclaimed.

“Was yours that you’re an alcoholic?” Haru said. It was a humorous sentence, but he was very serious, tilting his head in such a way that his ears flopped over his chunky body with a gentle thunk.

“Errrm. No... it was a joke, kinda, but now I’m curious about what your secret is!”

“I guess... I like to crossdress?” Haru offered.

Egnog blinked. “Crossdressing, huh?” There was a mischievous glint in her eyes.

“Well, that’s no secret at all! You practically sashay around in those cute dresses all the time!”

Haru giggled bashfully and rubbed the back of his head. “Awww, it’s obvious?”

Egnog squeezed Haru. “Yes, Haru. Everyone knows. And you know what? It’s awesome! But it’s not a guilty confession or a secret because you’re not ashamed AND everyone knows,” Egnog scolded.

“Well... ok.” Haru pouted playfully, determined to find a secret that would surprise Egnog. He tapped his paw against his chin, deep in thought.

“Let me think, let me think...” Haru mumbled, scanning his memory for something that might qualify as a genuine secret. His eyes lit up as if he had struck gold, and he leaned in close enough to Egnog that their noses almost booped against each other! “Okay, okay, here's a real secret. I have a top-secret, never-before-shared recipe for the most amazing carrot cake.”

Egnog blinked, momentarily intrigued. “Really? A secret recipe?”

Haru nodded, earnest and sweet as ever. “Yuh-huh! It's a closely guarded secret, passed down through generations of my bun line...”

Egnog burst into laughter once again. She couldn't help herself, both because she was drunk, and because Haru was so ridiculous that it was too cute. “Haru, a carrot cake recipe is not a real secret! That's just baking expertise.”

Haru scratched his head, looking a bit defeated. “Well, I tried. But honestly, who wouldn't want to know the secrets of a perfect carrot cake?”

“You know what, you have a point! Jot that down for me. And Imma cook it up!”

“Ok, ok!”

They both laughed together, even though their conversation revealed no actual guilty pleasures or secrets. That's the type of buns they were, after all.