

In Wonderland Casino's gilded walls, Angora ruled as the wealthiest bun, not only in its confines but all of Burrowgatory. Her kingdom was built on the fortunes of the gambling elite. The casino was a surreal haven where every succubun gathered to chase fortune, and luck was the currency by which dreams were realized or dashed.

And Vanille—Vanille had always been a succubun of temptation, to put it lightly. Really, she'd been a succubun that was prone to constant, complete messes.

As a creature of habit through and through, she often succumbed to every one of her bad habits and vices. It was her way of coping with literally everything and anything that life threw at her, and the people around her often capitalized on her tendency to do literally anything when she was down, which was often. The thrill of danger and the heady scent of temptation was what brought her to Wonderland Casino.

Angora must have smelled her hankering for self-destruction. From what Vanille had heard about her from Hops, she seemed capable of something like that.

Vanille had come to Wonderland Casino to blow off steam, but little did she know that the night held more in store for her than she could have ever imagined.

Of course, that was just her luck.

She had spun her way into the inner sanctum of Wonderland Casino and found herself invited to play with Angora at her private table. Angora had approached her firstly, looking like the picture of wealth and elegance even as a bun, all fluffed up with a white boa around her shoulders and a thin smile on her face.

"You look bored," she said, her voice dripping with false honey. "You don't like my casino?"

"You're Angora?" Vanille had practically spat her words in a panic, then. "I mean, I'm losing, so haha," Vanille said dumbly.

Angora had simply taken a puff of smoke and exhaled it into Vanille's face, the smoke spreading over her nose and making her want to sneeze.

“Come to my table. I’ll show you a good time.”

As the cards were dealt, and the chips piled high, Vanille still couldn’t shake the overwhelming awkwardness of being invited to Angora’s table.

*What is her deal...?*

The stakes were astronomical to say the least of things, and she wasn’t good at actual games, like poker or whatever, because she wasn’t smart and couldn’t memorize the rules. She could do slots, since all that involved was shoving carats into a hole, but that was about it.

With each hand—or paw—dealt, Angora's sly, seductive charm became apparent to her more than ever. She oozed dominance and power, a predator cloaked in the softest, most luxurious fur.

The tension in the room was palpable as the poker game started. Vanille, still trying to shake off the overwhelming awkwardness of being at Angora's table, fumbled with her cards.

This was *clearly* not her natural habitat; she was a creature of impulse, not strategy!

As the cards were dealt and the chips piled higher, Vanille couldn't help but wonder inside her head, fumbling her focus. *What is Angora’s deal? Why did she invite me of all people?! Why do I always get into these situations... I swear, it’s like Murmur himself wants me to die.*

"Do you remember the rules?" Angora asked, her voice like silk.

Vanille blinked and hesitated for a moment as she was broken out of her stupor, nervously looking up. Trying to maintain her composure, she stammered, "Yeah."

Angora raised a thick, well-groomed eyebrow, her narrowed eyes glinting with amusement. "You seem a bit... uncertain, Vanille, dear. Are you sure you remember the rules? Or are you just trying to impress me?"

Vanille couldn't help but flush under Angora's intense gaze. The temptation to admit her lack of poker knowledge was strong, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. Instead, she tried to divert the conversation, "Yeah, I got this," she said. "And well, I guess I'll just have to wing it and hope for the best if I don't... not like I have a choice."

The game continued, and with each hand, Vanille's inexperience became more apparent. She folded more often than she played, and when she did play, her decisions were hasty and poorly calculated. But then, in a twist of fate, a hand came her way that seemed oddly favorable.

As the cards were revealed, Vanille's eyes widened in disbelief. She had somehow managed to get a winning hand. Her heart pounded in her chest as she carefully bet her remaining carats.

Angora, seemingly unshaken, smirked.

Vanille's paws trembled as the final bets were placed, and the moment of truth arrived. When Angora revealed her cards, they were strong, but not strong enough to beat Vanille's royal flush.

In a stunning turn of events, Vanille had won the hand.

A triumphant smile crossed her face as she raked in the pile of carats. Her heart was pounding so hard it could have literally flown out of her tiny body and smacked Angora in the face.

Angora didn't seem all that perturbed. Leaning back, she grinned.

"Well, well, Vanille, it seems Lady Luck has decided to grace you tonight. Nicely done," she said, puffing smoke. "But how about another game?"

Vanille couldn't believe her luck. She had not only managed to impress Angora but had also won a substantial pot. The room was filled with an electric charge as the game continued, and for a brief moment, the succubun who had entered Wonderland Casino to blow off steam and flirt with self-destruction, had found herself a glimmer of hope amidst the chaos.

She really should have said no. But of course, like the impulsive idiot she was, Vanille nodded. "Sure. One more, then."

As the fickle, miserable hand of fate would have it, Vanille's triumph was short-lived.

Vanille watched in horror as her winnings crumbled like a house of cards. Her streak of good luck had turned into a nightmarish losing spree.

Angora, ever the perceptive bun, watched this transformation with an amused glint in her eye.

With a light, teasing tone, Angora purred, "Oh, my dear Vanille, it seems luck can be as capricious as the wind. You were on top of the world, and now..." She gestured toward the dwindling pile of carats in front of Vanille. "Well, I must say, your fortunes seem to have taken a most intriguing turn."

Vanille's inner dialogue was now a storm of frustration and anger. *Why is she such a bitch? Did she invite me here just to kick me down? I won't give her the satisfaction of seeing me crack. I'll play it cool.*

"I can still win this," Vanille murmured, feeling her face flush an angry red as Angora chuckled.

"Alright."

As the rounds continued, and the carats slipped through her grasp, Vanille's facade slowly began to crack. She clenched her furry fists under the table. Her composure waned miserably as her losing streak extended, the temptation to let her unstable side take over grew stronger.

Vanille bit her lip. *Stay calm. Stay calm*, she repeated to herself like a mantra.

But then, the inevitable happened. She lost her colossal pot in a round that had felt like her last chance at redemption. Vanille absolutely couldn't help herself, especially with the few glasses of alcohol she had been served by a bun she couldn't even bothering looking at. She slammed her paw on the table, her charm crumbling in an instant.

"Ugh, this is rigged!" Vanille whined.

"Well, well, then," Angora purred, "It seems Lady Luck decided to give you a kiss, at least once tonight." Her eyes twinkled with amusement as she continued, "But remember, in the world of gambling, fortune is as capricious as a summer breeze. One moment you're on top, and the next... well, you know the rest."

Vanille put her paws in her hands and groaned, ignoring the humiliating laughter of the buns around the table. She knew her luck was fickle, and that she had merely grazed the surface of Angora's wealth.

But then, the wealthy bun leaned in, her voice taking on a mischievous tone, "However, Vanille, I can offer you a way to escape your current predicament."

Vanille's ears perked up, curiosity overshadowing her self-doubt. "What's the catch?" She narrowed her eyes, but she hardly looked imposing. At least not as imposing as Angora herself.

Angora's gaze bore into her soul as she spoke, "Become my personal attendant, and I will forgive your debt. Serve me with unwavering loyalty and dedication, and your losses will be but a distant memory."

Angora put a paw underneath Vanille's chin. Tilting her head, she said, "Mm?"

Vanille's heart sank as she realized she had little choice. She bit her lip, but still, was unable to look away from Angora's gaze. This was her way out of the debt she had accrued, and it couldn't have been all bad. Hops, Angora's favorite attendant and her dear friend, was also in Angora's debt. At least she'd be able to get closer to her...

With a deep breath, she nodded, "I accept your offer, Angora."

Angora's grin widened, and she leaned back in her seat as she released Vanille's chin, her aura once again oozing dominance. Vanille couldn't do anything but stare.

"Welcome to my world, Vanille. You'll find that serving me can be quite the thrilling experience."

