

“Looking around for a partner?” The bun at the stand Miles had wandered up to. She blinked, a sleazy, somewhat nervous smile spreading across her face as the bun continued. At their stand, they had what looked to be candied—uh, bugs? “Or yourself? These things are delicious! You look like a guy who could eat a spider.”

“Thanks...” Miles trails off, thinking about all the spiders at her bookstore, and how little she actually wants to eat spiders. Honestly, Miles had only come to marvel at the weird food. All of the buns she’d slept with this Matentines were on their own now because that wasn’t her problem. “Um, are they real? Heh...”

“They’re not real! They’re candied.”

“...Ok, then I’ll take some...” Miles mumbles, and the bun happily serves her a bag of little candied spiders.

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Miles doesn’t even have the decency to go back to her shitty bookstore and eat her spiders there. She does it... in the open, opening the bag that’s way too cute to be harnessing spiders and looking into it with an indifferent expression.

“Only one way to find out how fucked this is,” she breathes to herself, and then reaches in, and takes a bite. Of the spiders.

As Miles sits on the bench, munching on her candied spiders and contemplating life’s strange twists and how they actually taste pretty good, she notices the bartender, Hops, from the Rabbit Hole, jogging on by. Probably on some errands for Angora—jeez, she has huge thighs and a fat ass.

Miles waves enthusiastically, a spider leg poking out of her mouth as she does so.

Hops, her ears bouncing with each stride, skids to a halt, a mixture of surprise and disgust crossing her face as she spots Miles. “Miles, what is in your mouth?” she asks, trying not to grimace. “Please oh please tell me that’s not... legs?! You’ve fallen for the Matentines pregnancy?!”

“Of course I haven’t. Literally never will. Was just curious.” Miles grins sheepishly, holding up the bag of candied spiders. “Want some?” she offers.

Hops recoils, shaking her head vehemently. “No, thanks. I’ll pass. I’m more of a veggie burger person myself.”

Miles shrugs, popping another spider into her mouth and watching as Hops' incredibly cute face scrunches up in pure and utter fear. "Suit yourself. They're not even real—you know that, right? It's just the shape."

Hops chuckles nervously, trying to hide her disgust as she looks in the other direction with the muttering of '*whew boy*'. "So, what brings you to the park today? Other than indulging in creepy-crawly snacks, of course."

Miles swallows the spider and wipes her hands... on her pants. "Just enjoying the nice weather, you know? Plus, I needed a break from the bookstore."

Hops nods, making a face at Miles wiping candy spider residue on her pants. "Fair enough. It's so stuffy in there... sorry I never come by, y'know you're like... welcome at my bar, right? I could mix you up a weird drink if you're craving something strange. You literally don't have to eat spiders."

Miles grins appreciatively at Hops' offer. She might just take her up on that. "Hm? Is that a date?"

Hops laughs, shaking her head. "Umm. No." Hops smiles brightly. "You do you, Miles. Just... maybe keep the spider snacks to a minimum next time we hang out, okay?"

The rejection does little to deter Miles. "Sure, sure... I mean, I just wanted to try them. Little fuckers always bother me at the store, I wanted to teach them a lesson."

"Oh." Hops says, her face going a little blank. "That's. Yep. That's something Miles. Anyways, I gotta go, so—"

Miles cuts her off, stapling her fingers together. "I'd love to get drinks with you, seriously..." Miles says, shifting her horrid little bag of spiders to the side. "Why not tonight? Hey, there's lots of cute girls at the Rabbit Hole too, right?"

"Er, I'm serving you the drinks, you're not getting them with me," Hops stresses. "You know... you're a slimy creep, but I'll give you a tip. Leave those spiders somewhere else before you come to the bar, or else no girl will give you the time of day."

Miles laughs again. "I-I'll finish them all, then..."

"Ewwwww."