

“Miles? Are you even listening to me?” Harley asks, a pout on glossy pink lips. She’s in a more, for a lack of better words, modest outfit today than she usually is. While Harley is open about her sexuality and her sex appeal generally, she also likes to throw on some clothes and flaunt her fashion, which is exactly what she’s doing at Miles’ bookstore. Instead of her BDSM gear and pasties, she has a fluffy pink turtleneck sweater on, making her appear nice and cozy since it’s so cold out with all the rain. She has a fashionable pair of pants on, and adorable pink boots to match!

... As for Miles, though? She’s high on the shrooms she has absolutely been stealing from the front of the graveyard in droves—little blue ones—and in her usual suit that doesn’t look at all comfortable to hang out in.

(Harley’s commented on that before, but it’s not too relevant now).

“Huh?” Miles asks, rubbing underneath her eyes a little, where there are bags from her restless nights. “Yeah, you were explaining about the...? Erm...” She trails off, huffing a little as she reaches for another shroom for her bag of doom.

“Umm, you don’t need more of those,” Harley pipes in. “We’re playing Bun-opoly and you can barely keep your eyes open. Or sit upright! C’mon, perk up and play with me, or else why did I come here? To fuck and get high again? I’m bored of that!”

“Mmng... too many rules. I just want to sleep. Or.. heh... kiss?” Miles shoots her shot with a lazy grin, which makes Harley’s faux-pout deepen.

“I told you no kisses!” Harley huffs, reaching for the ‘Bun-opoly’ pieces on the board. “Now which pieces do you wanna be? The Dango piece? Orrr... the Impup? You’re kinda like an Impup, Miles; loyal and always trailing behind a girl waiting for orders.”

“...Am I? Heh...” Miles laughs a little.

Harley narrows her pink eyes playfully at Miles, determination shining through the mischievous glint in her gaze.

“Alright, Milesy, time to snap out of it!” She scoots closer, nudging Miles gently with her elbow. The proximity makes Miles shudder, which Harley conveniently

ignores to focus on their rainy-day game. "You're gonna play this game with me, and you're gonna love it! 'Kay? Mmkay," Harley confirms to herself.

Miles blinks slowly, her mind still swimming in a psychedelic haze. But Harley's enthusiasm is infectious, and she can't help but crack a smile, albeit characteristically strange and unsettling as it sets across her features.

"Fine, fine," Miles concedes, shaking her head slightly to clear the fog. This unfortunately stirs up some more swirls in her brain, but it's fine. She blinks them away, coughing a little. "I'll play. But only if you promise not to pout if I fall asleep halfway through."

Harley grins, her glossy lips curling into a mischievous grin.

"Deal!" she chirps, grabbing the game pieces with gusto. "Okay, so I'll be the Dango, because *obviously*, and you can be the Impup."

Miles chuckles, reaching for the Impup game piece.

"I guess I can embrace my inner loyal side," she muses lazily, placing the piece on the board as the pieces also start to come together in her mind. Apparently Harley chatting her up has done wonders... and also not popping another shroom probably helped, too.

As they start to play, the rain outside picks up, drumming a soothing rhythm on the windows of the cozy bookstore. The sound creates a serene backdrop to their playful banter, filling the air with a sense of tranquility.

Harley eagerly explains the rules of Bun-opoly, her words flowing as she moves her piece around the board. Miles listens intently, her attention gradually shifting away from the psychedelic haze and towards the colorful game in front of her.

With each roll of the dice, their chatter fills the room, blending with the sound of raindrops tapping against the glass. Despite the dreary weather outside, inside the bookstore, there's nothing but a good vibe.

“See? You’re doing perfectly~. You should have just done this in the first place!” Harley smiles brightly, teeth glinting underneath the bookstore’s faint light above.

“I couldn’t even process anything you were saying for the first thirty minutes you were here...” Miles says, trailing off before she smiles again. “But... heh... I’m glad...ehe.”

“Don’t laugh like that, weirdo,” Harley huffs with a big grin on her face, stretching from ear to fluffy ear.

As they reach the final stretch of the game, Miles finds herself fully immersed in the playful competition, her fatigue forgotten in the excitement of the moment in time.

Harley grins triumphantly as she moves her Dango piece closer to victory, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

“I’m gonna get you... hehe...” Harley giggles.

But Miles isn't about to give up without a fight. With a determined glint in her eyes, she strategizes her next move, determined to give Harley a run for her money.

“No way, are you serious!”

“Even with all those shrooms... ehe...”

And in the end, Miles takes her W with a chuckle.