

He awoke with very little disturbance with only his hair a tousled mess that revealed the sort of situation he had found himself in. The bed he now sat up from was covered in a slew of fabrics and glitter from last night's party. Balloons and party decor littered the floor as much as it did on Ginshiro's body. Last night was his product launch party: a revolutionary pleasure toy from yours truly. It met with considerably high success, a given when it came to the matters of Ginshiro. The launch party was the kiss that he needed after all the stress and care he put into designing that product. The idol bun stretched and popped his aching bones, sighing wistfully as his body caught up to his wakefulness. He climbed out of bed taking the bedsheets with him in a tumbling fall around his ankles as he walked out towards the curtains. Ginshiro grabbed the velvety fabric and pulled it apart in a dramatic manner, revealing the soft pour of hellish light.

The light illuminated his grayish pale hair but his horns caught the kisses of light as the glimmers of gold stole the show. In contrast, he squints at the traffic below. It looked horrendous, a reminder that he'd have to get in there eventually. A yawn breaks free and he blinks away the morning dew from his blue eyes. Ginshiro loosens his grip on the curtains and turns away, back into his dimly lit room so he can survey it before getting ready. He let the light trickle in as company and walked into his bathroom, luxurious and demanding like himself. He'd shower here, preparing his 15 step beauty routine before stepping back out into his room fully refreshed. His hair sparkling and his mustache sleeked from properly timed brushes with an ornate comb. Ginshiro hums happily to himself, his ears twitching as he picks up the sound of his phone ringing under a heap of clothes.

"Hm?" He raises his brow, pausing to consider who could be calling his house so soon. His tail swung left to right as he nonchalantly picked his rotary phone up to his ear, a sing-song hello bristled out of him with the roll of his tongue. A distorted sound whistled back and Ginshiro scrunched his eyebrows up.

"Hello?" He tried again.

The sound occurred again but this time he could hear someone attempt to say hello back. Ginshiro sighed, with such a disturbance he could only assume it was a poor signal. He shook his head even though the other bun wouldn't be able to see him, a habit of his. "Sorry! I can't hear you. Must be a poor signal, you can try calling again later. ♡" *'whoever you are'* He mentally adds before hanging up. He could assume it was another stalker or someone from the press.

With that out of the way, Ginshiro walks around his bed, stepping over some fallen decorations and clothes so he could weasel his way into his closet. It was a large room that he'd converted into a walk-in closet for his clothes. Even his performance outfits were fitted as center pieces in this room, something for him to get distracted with as he sought out an outfit for today's day of work. He had a meeting with Hops to get to and he mused at the thought of having drank all night only to drink more not soon after waking up.

As soon as he is dressed in his finest most fashionable fit, Ginshiro will step out of his suite and be on his way through traffic. The sunglasses he wore did well to protect himself from being caught by paparazzi in the same way that his gold veined horns caught their attention: it called to them like a siren. Ginshiro hums gleefully at all the attention he was hogging, a heavy sigh of delight fills him whenever he catches the interest of a passing bun on the road. It only grows when he pulls up to the bar where anyone can be found and where elites like himself are fawn over. It was the inevitable treatment for Ginshiro!

"Oh, wow, you really are enjoying yourself." Hops smirked, looking at the idol as he presented all of himself to the patrons of the bar from the counter. Even if she saw him do this countless times, she still found it impressive but perhaps in entirely different ways now.

Ginshiro merely laughs, his ego being stroked so fantastically by everyone admiring him. "Oh, yes, of course~♡" He glances behind his shoulder, patting his pale lashes at Hops. "Why wouldn't I?"

She chuckles softly, rolling her eyes. Hops cleans out a glass, wiping it with a cloth before putting it away. "We have business to talk about, remember?" She chastised him, bending over to take something out from beneath the counter. "Which reminds me... Madam Angora asked me to hand this over to you. She was going to mail it to you but when she heard you were coming here, she figured I might as well hand it over to you myself."

Ginshiro blinks curiously, hopping off the counter and sitting properly on the barstool as Hops searches for whatever she was getting. He was so utterly curious though, something that the famous madam Angora wanted to give him! Was it money? A new business contract? The deed to one of her lands? The possibilities are endless! When presented with a red envelope, his imagination only grew more wild. He takes it just as Hops asked if he wanted a drink while he checked that out. "Yeah, a blowjob please." He murmurs, opening the seal and pulling out a thick card stock.

The card read as formal: *You're cordially invited to the Gala!*

His blue eyes scanned the content of the invitation, it was chalk full of details and attendee requirements. The part that made him fluster in excitement was the outfit theme, it had his name written all over it. Or at least, that's how he interpreted it. Glamor, gold, a showstopper! Ginshiro swooned at the idea of how beautiful his entrance look would be.

"With an expression like that, I imagine you're going?" Hops slid the drink over to him, grinning as she admired how happy he looked.

Ginshiro tilted his head towards her, leaning in with barely bottled excitement, "Oh you know it!" He sighs, eyes twinkling at the opportunity. "How could I not go? It would simply go against everything that is *me* if I don't!" He cries dramatically, "Dearest Hops, if I ever say I cannot attend, trust me that I am unwell and to call a doctor!"

That earned a snort laughter from Hops, she covered her mouth. "I gotta say, you're more excited about it than madam Angora. She's stressed about the smallest details," Hops confesses, "I just hope once the gala starts she'd finally let loose and relax."

Hops leans her elbows on the counter thinking about how she could help Angora but only limited to what she was best at doing. Handling the bar! Managing miscellaneous tasks! If it was something she could do, then she'd do it.

"Well, that is the nature of being a host." Ginshiro says, his excitement for the party now in the back of his head while he spoke with Hops. Her concern was fair to have. He crossed his legs and his finger trailed the cold rim of the shot glass. "I just had my product launch party last night, planning it was work but the payoff was worth it. I'm sure madam Angora will cut loose when she needs to. When has she ever failed to do that?" He reassures in the way he knew best, smiling gently before dunking his head back and chugging the bj shot.

"Yeah, you're right! Maybe it's me who's nervous,," Hops sighs, lowering her head down.

Ginshiro licked the cream off his lips, tilting his head to the side at the sudden downpour. "Nervous?" The word foreign on his tongue.

Hops straightens up suddenly, "Oh forget it! I have work to do." She huffs, patting her face and looking determinedly at Ginshiro. "Now let's talk business!"