

Haru slips the soft, plush fabric over his shoulders, savoring the familiar sensation of comfort and warmth. The onesie, with its adorable pink hue and tiny, floppy ears, transforms him into an impup—a whimsical, lovestruck imp. He catches his reflection in the full-length mirror and can't help but smile at the absurdity of it all. The sight of his normally collected self now wrapped in a soft pink onesie with a little tail is almost laughable.

Almost.

But laughter isn't what he feels. Instead, he feels calm. The impup onesie is a far cry from his usual attire, a complete departure from his carefully curated image. In the privacy of his room, however, Haru allows himself this indulgence.

He pads over to his bed, the oversized feet of the onesie making soft, muffled sounds on the floor. With a sigh of contentment, he flops down onto the mattress, the impact sending a small bounce through the plush comforter.

“Hehe.” He giggles.

He pulls a fluffy blanket over himself and nestles into the pillows, feeling like he's sinking into a cloud.

*It's ridiculous,* he thinks, looking down at his onesie-clad body. *I look like a little baby bun. Geez.*

Yet... there's no denying how good it feels. The soft fabric, the way it envelops him in warmth, the unspoken permission to let his guard down—it all combines into a cocoon of happiness.

“Yay,” he says again, kicking his feet.

He grabs his phone from the nightstand, scrolling through various social media feeds out of habit. A few moments in, he pauses, realizing he's doing it again—getting sucked into the world on his phone. He's such a doomscroller... with a huff, he sets the phone aside, choosing instead to focus on something else.

*No one needs to know, he reassures himself, rolling onto his back and looking at the ceiling above him. This is my little secret. Though... maybe they wouldn't be surprised? I do like pretty cute, feminine things...*

He lets his eyes wander around the room, taking in the familiar surroundings. His comfy room. The walls are adorned with cute art he'd picked up at Bunventions (Bun-conventions), the shelves lined with books and trinkets that reflect his love of all things cute.

... So why is this impup onesie so embarrassing?!

Haru giggles at his own ridiculousness, the sound muffled by the pillow he hugs to his chest. It's a private joke, an inside story with himself...

A knock at the door sends a jolt of panic through him. Wait, who would be in his house?! Haru sits up abruptly, heart racing. His mind races with excuses, explanations, anything to hide this side of himself. But the knock doesn't come again, and after a few tense moments, he relaxes, sinking back into the bed.

*Calm down, Haru. It's just the wind or something. I'm a dork.*

He lets out a deep breath, feeling the tension drain from his body. He adjusts the hood of the onesie, making sure the little ears sit just right. There's a childish delight in the act, a sense of playfulness that he rarely indulges.

*What if they did find out? he wonders. It wouldn't really be the end of the world... I really do think people wouldn't be surprised.*

Haru shakes his head, dismissing the notion. For now, this is his secret, his private escape! He doesn't need to share it with anyone. The world can keep its judgments and expectations. In this room, wrapped in his impup onesie, he is free to be the true Haru!

As he lies back, Haru closes his eyes, letting the soft embrace of the onesie lull him into a state of relaxation. The weight of the world fades away, replaced by the gentle hum of contentment. This is his time, his moment of peace.

And it feels so good.

*I should do this more often, he thinks, a smile playing at the corners of his lips. Everyone deserves a little bit of ridiculousness in their lives.*

With that thought, Haru drifts into a light, blissful sleep, the worries of the world forgotten for a while. In the safe, cozy cocoon of his bed, wrapped in the soft embrace of his impup onesie, he finds a precious happiness.