

Haru's favorite place in the world? It was his bedroom, of course—his bedroom where he could indulge in all the sweets he wanted, in the comfort of his fluffy, pink and blue blankets, all wrapped up in his burrow as he passed the time.

The moment he steps through the door, a wave of comfort washes over him every time without failure. The walls are painted a soft pastel pink, reminiscent of cotton candy—it reminds him of his favorite thing: sweets. Accents of baby blue peek out here and there, creating a balance that reflects Haru's gentle soul and timid nature.

"Mm," Haru sighs out as he lets a candy melt on his tongue. He leans back and closes his eyes as he makes sure to really taste the candy. He has an entire bag of them, and as a gluttony bun, he'll probably tear through the whole bag before the night's end.

His bed is the centerpiece of the room, a sanctuary within a sanctuary. The bedspread is a plush quilt-like fabric, a patchwork of pink and blue squares that look like a sky full of fluffy clouds. It's covered with an array of pillows in different sizes, all in coordinating shades, each one inviting and soft. Haru often burrows himself among them, creating a cozy nest where he can retreat from the world.

That's why he's such good friends with Shibani. They both loved sleeping in their pillow piles... well, for Haru, it was his blanket pile.

The mattress is a perfect blend of firmness and softness, enveloping him in a gentle embrace whenever he lies down. The sheets are cool and crisp, yet they quickly warm to his body heat, creating an inviting cocoon. Haru loves to dive under the blankets, pulling them up to his chin and feeling the weight of them pressing down just enough to make him feel safe and secure. It's in this burrow that he feels most at ease, shielded from the stresses and anxieties of the outside world.

Around the bed, fairy lights are strung up, casting a soft, ambient glow that makes the room feel magical. They twinkle gently, like stars scattered across the sky, providing just enough light to make the room feel inviting without being harsh. Haru finds the glow comforting, a constant reminder that he is in his safe space.

He pops another candy in his mouth once the last one dissolves.

Every corner of the room is meticulously organized yet comfortably cluttered with things that bring Haru joy. There are shelves lined with his favorite books, tales of adventure and fantasy that transport him to far-off lands without ever leaving his bed. Plush toys of all shapes and sizes are scattered about, each one a silent companion that has seen him through countless nights, all shaped like different imps.

A small table by the window holds an assortment of sweets, Haru's indulgence. Candies in colorful wrappers, cookies in delicate tins, and chocolates in shiny foils are always within reach. The sweet scents mingle with the subtle fragrance of lavender that wafts through the room from a diffuser, creating a soothing atmosphere that calms his timid heart.

The window itself is draped with sheer curtains that flutter gently with the breeze, allowing soft, filtered light to seep through during the day. At night, the curtains provide just enough coverage to make him feel hidden away, cocooned in his private world.

Haru's desk, tucked into a corner, is a haven for his creative pursuits. It's cluttered with sketchbooks, colored pencils, and a laptop where he loses himself in drawing and writing. The chair, cushioned and comfortable, is the perfect spot for him to spend hours indulging in his artistic hobbies, safe from judgment and prying eyes.

"...Yeah," Haru whispers as he opens his eyes. Admittedly, he's had a hard day, but after retreating to his favorite place, he can already feel himself healed. He looks up at the ceiling that is colored the same as his walls, but has a faint twinkling of lights he'd strung up there, too. He'd needed a tall bun's help for that, and he remembered calling on Quince to do the job for him in exchange for treats. "This is the best ever."

In his bedroom, Haru can be himself without fear. The softness of his surroundings, the gentle colors, and the quiet hum of his favorite music playing in the background all create a perfect haven for his timid nature. It's here, wrapped up in his fluffy, pink and blue blankets, with a piece of candy melting on his tongue and a storybook in hand, that Haru finds his peace.

This room, filled with comfort and familiarity, is more than just a place to sleep; it's a sanctuary where Haru's heart feels light, and his spirit feels free.

