

“Heh, Angora’s finally not here to nag you about bothering me, or whatever, so you can relax,” says Hops, as her deft fingers work to create the most delicious drinks on this night at the Rabbit Hole.

“Thank Murmur,” Miles breathes an unintentional sigh of relief as she watches Hops make her regular drinks. “She’s...” *Hot*, even though she’s a bitch, Miles means to say aloud, but her words fall silent as she instead opts to watch Hops jump away with a knowing smirk. Even without words spoken aloud, it’s like Hops agreed with Miles’ assessment of her boss.

Hops’ ‘Hopscotch’ is the cutest—it’s her signature drink, so of course it is—pink alcohol poured in a rounded cup with ice and a pick with bun ears. Several buns come and go to grab their drinks, so Miles stays quiet as Hops pours her Dracquiri, and then a Smooch Hooch. Hops is good at her job, talkative and bright and fun.

As the night begins to come to an end, and Miles has had a few too many until she’s red in the face, Hops addresses her directly again. They’d only been chatting briefly all night instead.

“Whoa! Miles! Did you drink too much?” Hops asks.

Miles swallows thickly and hiccups. “Mmf. I mean—you’re the one who gave me all the drinks.”

“Huh... yeah, guess that’s true...” Hops laughs, like it doesn’t really mean anything to her. “Can you get back home? The graveyard’s pretty far away from here.” Hops leans up on the bar counter, cleaning off a glass. You wouldn’t expect it from her, but she was pretty diligent when it came to cleaning up after the night was over.

“I live in the bookstore, not the graveyard,” Miles groans.

Hops laughs, as if to say ‘uh-huh, whatever’, but her laughter is sweet another that Miles doesn’t mind. The gentle night breeze that seeps through the Rabbit Hole’s doors once another customer comes in, a late night goer who decided to enter right before closing.

“I’ll be with you in a sec!” Hops pipes.

“Yuh-huh,” the bun answers, before Hops turns her attention back to Miles.

“Anyways...” Hops says. “Well, bookstore it is then. Let’s get you sorted.”

Saying so, Hops reaches for her phone, her movements swift and sure despite the late hour and the effects of a busy night. With practiced ease, she taps away at the screen, summoning a ride for Miles to whisk her back to her creepy haven. "Alrighty, ride's on its way. Should be here in a jiffy."

Miles nods, grateful for Hops' thoughtfulness, even in her slightly inebriated state.

"You don't wanna come with?" Miles asks, suggestively so- she's undoubtedly inviting Hops back to her place, for one reason or another.

"Miles, a customer just came in. Angora will kick my ass!" Hops puffs.

"Yeah... Angora... ruining stuff as always..."

"I thought you liked her?"

"I like fucking her," Miles sighs.

As she waits, Miles lets her gaze wander around the vibrant interior of the Rabbit Hole, taking in the blinding flashes of colors and quirky decor that make the bar feel like a whimsical wonderland. The walls are adorned with neon signs and eclectic artwork, casting a playful glow over the few remnants of buns that remained inside.

The air still feels alive with the buzz of conversation and the clinking of glasses, punctuated by bursts of laughter. The bar itself is a spectacle of its own, adorned with twinkling fairy lights and shelves lined with an impressive array of spirits and mixers.

... It's not so bad of a place.

Soon enough, the sound of a car pulling up outside signals the arrival of Miles' ride. Hops accompanies her to the door, bidding her farewell with a friendly smile.

"Take care, Miles! And remember, next time, we'll pace those drinks a bit better, eh?"

"Again... you're the one that got me this drunk. Ugh, I won't be able to write tonight... you owe me," Miles says, and then breaks into her typically strange and unsettling grin.

"Owe you what?" Hops pouts, hand on her hip. "Don't hold me up, Miles, I have a customer I need to serve if I wanna get back home and sleep."

“Whatever you wanna owe me,” Miles grins back, leaning in towards Hops’ fluffy ear to whisper in her ear. “Think about it... and, heh... thanks, you’re a lifesaver...”

“Gosh, Miles... you’re always like that,” Hops says, turning away just enough that Miles can’t see her blush.

With a slurred laugh, Miles turns and heads out into the night, the cool air brushing against her flushed cheeks as she makes her way to the waiting car. She slides into the backseat, sinking into the plush upholstery with a contented sigh.

As the ride carries her through the winding streets towards her bookstore haven, Miles can't help but ponder how Hops might make it up to her next time. Perhaps a round of free drinks, or maybe even a special concoction crafted just for her. Whatever it is, Miles knows one thing for sure—she'll be back at the Rabbit Hole before long, ready to indulge in more of Hops'... well, in more of Hops' everything.

And as the city lights of Burrowgatory blur past outside the window, Miles can't help but smile, knowing that she has this to look forward to when she goes back to the Rabbit Hole again.