

The Rabbit Hole was abuzz with the comforting hum of chatter of buns clinking glasses. Vanille sat at her regular spot at the bar, sipping at a freshly mixed Hopscotch. The lively atmosphere and Hops's drinks had become her refuge, especially in the realm of dating woes and career misadventures. Whenever the bar was empty, Hops would call her over.

Watching Vanille sip her drink, Hops chirped, "Ready for another adventure tonight?"

Vanille shrugged her shoulders. In her doll form, her curly, wavy hair cascaded down her back, and Hops privately admired the way they bounced. "Hardly an adventure and more like a pity party."

"Aww, don't be that way!" Hops pouted. "Tell 'ol Hopsy what's on your mind!" Hops said, pouring herself a harder drink than a Hopscotch.

Vanille quietly watched, and then sighed. "You sure you're ready for it?" Vanille made a serious expression.

"I was born ready for your misery, baby," Hops swore, returning Vanille's expression.

As the night started, and the hours drifted away, Vanille's tales of love and work miseries flowed freely. Hops, with her endearing charm, served as a willing ear to catch the fragments of Vanille's inebriated monologue.

At a particularly passionate juncture in the conversation, Vanille's cheeks flushed with the liquid courage coursing through her veins. "Hops, you're so sweet. You know I couldn't hold down a job even if it was glued to my palms," she admitted with a tipsy laugh.

Hops leaned closer, her own cheeks a bit red. "I know, Vanille. You've told me all this before. A million times."

Vanille nodded, her eyes unfocused and melancholy. "Yeah, I guess I have... why do I suck so bad?"

Hops laughed aloud. "You don't suck; you're just fucked up. C'mon, tell me more, get it allll out!"

And so Vanille continued.

As the evening wore on, Hops couldn't help but grow more and more enchanted by Vanille's tales. However, what truly intrigued her was the thought of what Vanille might have confessed in her state of tipsy vulnerability.

As the bar buzzed with life, and Vanille leaned in to share yet another dating mishap, Hops seized the opportunity.

"Speaking of getting it all out there," she said playfully, "You know, you were quite the chatterbox last time we saw each other, and you might have shared some secrets with me."

Vanille's eyes widened with a mix of excitement and anxiety. "Secrets? What secrets?" Her words slurred. "Sex secrets? Crime secrets?"

Hops leaned even closer, her tone conspiratorial as if she wanted to make Vanille even more anxious. "Oh, you spilled the beans, Vanille," she said vaguely. "Total sex secrets. Interesting about the crime, though; you should elaborate! Promise I'll keep my mouth zipped."

Vanille's jaw dropped, and her face turned red. Hops' own complexion mirrored Vanille's, just as tipsy as Vanille was, if not more.

"I did what? Okay, I didn't say shit about crime, so you can't hold this over my head. You're supposed to be my friend, not a blackmailer! Anyways, what did I say? I've done some really weird shit, Hops."

Hops's laughter rang out, drawing the attention of a few curious buns at the bar. She playfully waved her hand, dismissing their curiosity.

"Oh, I'm completely serious, Vanille!" She said a bit louder than she would've liked. "You confessed your love for—"

Vanille shot up in her seat, embarrassed at the eyes of other buns watching their bartender act crazy. "You're making this all up! Nobody pay attention to her. She's drunk on the job, you can't trust that!"

"Yeah, what if I am?!" Hops shamelessly said. She leaned even closer, her voice a low, mischievous whisper. Her lips were so close to Vanille's that they almost

touched, and Vanille could nearly taste the alcohol on Hops. "You also told me about your secret talent for—"

Vanille shrieked, even though Hops hadn't said a single thing to elaborate. Even more eyes were on her. This was the worst! Hops was the worst! Some friend she was!

"No way! I would never admit that!" Vanille said. "Like I said! Nobody listen, please!"

Hops laughed rang into the nighttime, and Vanille, even in her drunken stupor couldn't help but think: *I am never letting Hops have another drink again while I'm around!*