

“Look at youuuu, Miles,” Harley laughs, pinching the side of Miles’ cheek with a giggle, facing the mirror in her studio. Miles doesn’t look too amused, with his succubun ears pinned in a completely silly fashion with pink bows, and other pink accessories that otherwise did not suit him in the slightest! “So cute.”

“I don’t want to be cute,” Miles sighs. “I thought I came here so we could hook up?” Sleazy as always, Miles’ mind was only on one thing since he’d entered the studio.

Harley doesn’t even miss a beat as she giggles. “Yeah, sure, later,” she says. “But for now you’re my model for these new Harlequin Romance accessories. These ones are for ears... we’ll get to other toys later. Now be quiet and keep your head still so I can try out the little pink pom-pom clip-ons I had manufactured, too.”

Miles lets out an exasperated sigh, feeling a mixture of frustration and anticipation. He had hoped for a more immediate gratification when he agreed to meet Harley at her studio, but it seems he is in for a different kind of experience altogether. Resigning himself to his fate, he reluctantly complies with Harley’s request, trying his best to keep his head still as she busies herself with the pink pom-pom clip-ons.

As Harley works, she can’t help but notice Miles’ impatience. With a mischievous glint in her eyes, she decides to tease him further. “You know, patience is a *virtue*, Miles,” she chides playfully, adjusting the bows on his succubun ears with exaggerated care. “Besides, you’ll appreciate the end result. Trust me.”

Miles rolls his eyes, but he can’t deny the allure of Harley’s words. Despite himself, he finds his curiosity piqued. “Fine,” he grumbles, though a hint of a smirk plays at the corners of his lips. “But can we speed this up? I’ve got places to be after this.”

Harley chuckles, the sound light and melodic. “Oh, I’m sure you do,” she replies teasingly, finally finishing with the pom-pom clip-ons and stepping back to admire her handiwork. “There we go! What do you think?”

Miles turns to face the mirror, and looks... completely unamused.

“I don’t really care. I mean, they look good, I guess? But not on me. I’m sure they’ll look good on some other pretty bun, though. I’d like to meet her.”

Harley sighs and places her elbow atop Miles’ head, much to his annoyance.

“You’re suuuch a killjoy~ You think acting like that will make me want to sleep with you?”

“Yes?”

“...Maybe. But let me take some pics first before then.”

With that promise in mind, Miles smiles for Harley’s pink camera.