

Someone else should be doing this for Beau. It was absolutely unthinkable that she was the one learning how to make drinks, and honestly? A little insulting. She was a lady of high status who deserved only the best, and one of her countless paramours should be falling over themselves to make her whatever divine cocktails she desires.

And yet here she is, learning from Hops in this frankly rather filthy bar.

Beau sniffs and turns her chin up snidely. "If I have to learn how to do this, could we at least go a little faster?" She has other things she would rather be doing. Definitely. Probably.

"You can't rush perfection!" Hops replies brightly, a wide smile on her face.

Beau is perfectly perfect in every which way, but she generally doesn't have to do much of anything to achieve that. That's simply how she is. Things tend to go well for her, and she gets what she deserves.

"You say that," Beau says, "but I don't see a whole lot of teaching. If you ask me, all we've done is chat."

Hops laughs, as though Beau has said something funny. She doesn't think she has, although she supposes she can't blame Hops for finding everything she says delightful and charming. She is incredible, after all.

"Alright, alright," Hops says. "We can get started!"

So they haven't even started yet? What a colossal waste of time this has been.

Beau sighs. "Fine. Let's get on with it."

Hops laughs once again, and Beau can't help but offer a pleased smile in return. It's good to be appreciated, and Hops seems so genuinely delighted by everything Beau says and does that she can't help but be delighted in turn. Hops is rather amusing, and Beau can imagine a world where they spend more time together, where Hops teaches her things and Beau pretends to listen.

“Beau? Beau?”

Beau blinks, trying to understand what’s going on. “Hm?”

Hops is waving her hand in front of her face, looking mildly concerned. “I started talking and you just completely zoned out. Are you alright?”

Beau flushes. “Oh! My apologies. I’m just a bit...distracted today, I suppose.”

Hops waves a hand. “No, no, don’t worry about it! It’s no big deal. But we should really stop chatting and actually get something done, if you don’t want to waste the whole afternoon away.”

Beau smiles serenely. “Of course. Although, I must confess, I find I don’t mind wasting time with you as much as I thought I might.”

Hops grins, and the two of them finally set to work with their lesson.