

“You know... you look too damn harmless,” Jackal said, which was a laugh riot coming from someone with a body as rotund and cuddly as a succubun’s. Despite Jackal wanting to look intimidating and tough, she still had that sort of figure, as all buns did. Jackal’s little nose was scrunched, which made her look just as cute and harmless as Eggnog did! Not even Jackal’s spiked bracelets could change this, but Eggnog wasn’t gonna say as much...

Instead, Eggnog smiled and shifted. As she did, the candy canes in her little glass body floated and stirred. Jackal looked almost disgusted by the adorably humorous display of tiny little candies jiggling around in Eggnog’s stomach. “Whaddya mean? We can’t all be fierce, tough buns like you are,” she said, nudging Jackal with one of her paws. “I can’t believe you’re telling me that I’m not a big mean bastard. Look at this face!”

Eggnog opened her mouth to show teeth. “Grrr.”

It was obviously a joke, but Jackal did not seem too amused.

“I can’t be seen with you in public if you’re gonna look like a clown,” she said. “No offense.”

“Oh, none taken,” Eggnog shrugged. “Except that I’m not a clown. I’m a bun. Does loving Christmas make me a clown? You know, there’s plenty of actual clowns out there... like what’s her name, Melanie the Merrymaker? She’s like, 24/7 clown. Have you heard her jokes? I don’t have jokes like that! I mean, unless you get me to slam down like, maybe six or seven Snowslides. Then I might start juggling shit on the spot!”

Jackal groaned, shoving her paw into Eggnog’s chest just about her glassy traits. “Listen, you’re gonna cramp my style if you show up at the bar with me, and your little holiday decorations are just bobbing everywhere for everyone to see.” Jackal seemed to pause before she said, “And, those types would bully you. More than I do,” she mumbled.

Eggnog laughed, wholly unperturbed by every step of this conversation. “Aww, c’mon, is someone worried about little Eggnog? Get seven or eight On the Rocks in me and I won’t even know I’m being made fun of.” Eggnog all but cheered her words, and Jackal looked at her with an expression that went beyond irritation.

“You know, getting shitfaced like that isn’t cute, either,” Jackal told her.

It was Eggnog’s turn to groan, but she more-so did it to poke fun at Jackal rather than an actual show of irritation. “First I’m too cute, now I’m not cute, what’s a bun to do?”

“I never said you were cute,” Jackal corrected her, turning around. The little tuft of bangs on Jackal’s head shifted enough to cover one of her beady eyes in a way that made her look adorable, but Eggnog did have to admit that the gnarled antlers on Jackal’s head were pretty cool... even though as far as she knew of things, having horns like that wasn’t exactly a good thing. “Listen.”

"Yep yep, my ears are open," Eggnog said, nodding sagely along with Jackal's words.

"You can come with me to my usual place if you cover up a little. Get some leather—not real leather—" Jackal started, gesturing with her paws as if she was putting a jacket on herself. Some of the pattern on her fur already looked like that of a ripped up jacket. It was on the left side of her body and colored slightly differently than the rest of her fur.

Stricken with a thought, Eggnog interjected. "Of course not real leather. Do you think I'm dumb?" She asked, still fooling around.

"No," Jackal said, frustrated, throwing her paws up. "Listen to me. Let me finish, dammit! Talking to you is such a headache..."

"Ok, ok!" Eggnog pouted. "Geez, I need a drink..."

"You can *have one*, if you'd just listen to me," Jackal stressed, lifting one of her paws up and slotting it in the place between her eyes. She rubbed there, as if to knead out the tension that had grown from the mere activity of trying to reason with Eggnog and her eccentricities. "Lemme give you some cooler stuff to wear, ok? A jacket and a collar, maybe. One that's fuckin' badass... with spikes."

"Oooh, spikes, so badass," Eggnog said, clapping her paws together. "I'm ready, then. Dress me up. Oooh, Murmur, I need me a Celestiale."

Jackal sighed, finally taking her paw away from her face and crossing her arms. "Why do I even bother with you, seriously..." She muttered, but Eggnog just smiled innocently at her. Jackal looked right at her glassy bits, which Eggnog pretended to blush and shy away from.

"Eeek, don't look at me so close~" Eggnog whined.

Jackal rolled her eyes. "Alright, c'mon, to my place. Let's get you all made up with a new badass look."

"Alright! Let's do it!" Eggnog cheered.

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Jackal's place was as cool as Eggnog would have expected.

"I can't believe I haven't been here before," Eggnog said as she hopped after Jackal, who led her to her room where her closet was. Said closet was lined with all sorts of alternative clothes, such as leather jackets, studded belts, and an array of collars adorned with spikes. "Why haven't you ever invited me, huh?"

"Because you're either impossible to find or too shitfaced for me to want to deal with," Jackal told her. "Now look at this. See anything you like in particular, Eggnog?"

Jackal wasted no time in grabbing a sleek, faux-leather jacket from a rack. It was jet black with silver zippers, the perfect combination of edgy and stylish. "This should toughen you up a bit," Jackal remarked, handing the jacket to Egnog for her to look over.

Egnog held the jacket with her paws, inspecting it by turning it upside down. It was so like her to have to do everything in the most absolutely annoying fashion possible. "Yeah, sure! I mean, I like it, and I'm not picky about this stuff. Can I try it on?" Egnog asked.

"Yeah, sure. That's what I gave it to you for..."

"Coolio."

Egnog slipped it on, the jacket fitting her like a glove. The transformation was immediate; she looked less like a festive holiday decoration and more like someone ready to take on the night.

"Ooooh, the badassery... I can feel it sucking the spirit of Christmas out of me and replacing me with someone who eats nails for breakfast... without milk."

"Yeah, yeah. Funny jokes for somebun who says they aren't a clown."

Jackal picked out a spiked collar that matched the edgy aesthetic of the jacket. As she fastened it around Egnog's neck, she couldn't help but smirk. Finally, an emotion other than looking like she was about to abandon Egnog on the spot.

"There. No more little candy canes."

Egnog struck a pose, raising one paw to her chin. "Oh, I feel the bad vibes already. Let's keep going!"

"C'mon, they're not *bad vibes*..."

The two friends left Jackal's apartment after some meandering, and Egnog proudly strutted in her new outfit. Passersby gave them curious glances – it wasn't every day you saw a festive-looking bun turned into a punk-rock sensation.

Jackal led the way to her usual haunt.

"This definitely isn't the Rabbit Hole," Egnog said, looking around at all of the seedy buns standing around. True enough to Jackal's word, they were all wearing some kind of punk-y clothes. "They have the holiday menu, right?"

"Bootleg versions, maybe," Jackal grinned, leading Egnog inside. "Stick close to me if you're scared."

"I'm not scared of anything," Eggnog insisted.

As they entered, the atmosphere changed. Jackal and Eggnog made their way to the bar, drawing more than a few curious eyes.

"Two Celestiales, 'tender," Jackal called to the bartender, a grizzled bun with a scar running across one eye.

Eggnog hopped onto a barstool, swaying her legs back and forth. "I'm feeling so cool right now," she said. "Jackal, you're seriously just the coolest ever... to transform a fool like me into a bun that everyone fears... women want me. Buns fear me."

Jackal chuckled, taking a sip of her drink as she watched Eggnog talk nonsense. "Mmhm."

As the night progressed, the two got progressively drunker, and Jackal laughed a little more. She surprisingly found herself loosening up, and Eggnog, despite her tough exterior, couldn't hide the twinkle of holiday cheer in her glassy eyes.

... Jackal didn't mind too much.

The atmosphere of the bar *really* shifted when a burst of laughter echoed through the bar, drawing everyone's attention. The source of the commotion soon became apparent – Melanie the Merrymaker, the notorious clown, had entered the scene.

Eggnog stared wide-eyed, and even Jackal couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. Melanie had heavy clown paint on her little bunny face, and a funny hat.

"Holy shit," Eggnog slurred drunkenly. "That's... that's fucking, Melanie. The Merrymaker."

"Well, well, look who decided to grace us with her presence," Jackal mumbled, taking another sip of her drink. There was a slight flush to her cheeks from all the alcohol in her belly.

Eggnog leaned in, whispering to Jackal, "Should we invite her over? I heard she can be a blast! Holy SHIT, she can like, juggle for real."

Jackal shot her a deadpan look. "You really want to add a clown to this mix?"

Eggnog just shrugged, nudging her body into Jackal's. "Why not? It's the holidays, and we're all about spreading joy, right?"

Jackal rolled her eyes. "You're about spreading joy. I'm about this drink-"

"HEY. Melanie! HEYYYY," Eggnog yelled.

Jackal sighed in defeat. "Oh, whatever..."

As they beckoned Melanie over, a punk bun, a festive glassy delight in disguise, and a clown, all talked in a bar.