

“Whaaat! Are you for realsies? You really spent your last rainy day with Angora of all people?” Hops’ is absolutely aghast! Mouth open, cheeks flushed pink... the hand holding the umbrella she and Miles walk underneath trembles a little. Miles is so tall that her lust-shaped horns bump against the top, threatening to poke holes. She wonders if she should switch into bun form... “That’s crazy. Angora must really like you to actually entertain you like that! And you got to go to her office... wowzers.”

“It’s not that impressive... heh... though, we did have a good time...” Miles indicates with a chuckle, and a sleazy grin that makes Hops nearly deadpan for a moment before she emotes again. “Not like that! ... I mean... a little flirtatious, but like... y’know how it goes...”

Hops puffs her cheeks. “Angora might be powerful but she’s really whimsical too, and just acts on whatever she wants to do in the moment... I’m jealous! She mostly just pushes me around and then blames it on cute aggression.”

Miles snickers. “You are pretty cute,” he says as rain patters onto the top of their umbrella. “Should I shift into my bun form and have you carry me? I’m afraid my horns are gonna rip a hole in the umbrella.”

“Psssh,” Hops sticks out her tongue. “You just want me to hold you, perv.”

“What? No,” Miles grins, licking her lips.

“And you won’t poke a hole, don’t worry. A little rain dribbling on our heads won’t kill us, anywho,” Hops kicks her rainboot into a puddle and laughs. “We’re almost to the library! Wahoo! Let’s pick up some books and then maybe stop by Dan’s Dango and get a treat for ourselves. You can pay, since you’re a gentleman.”

“What?” Miles frowns.

“Don’t you make lots of sales from your novels?” Hops prods with a knowing smirk.

“...Yeah...?” Miles fibs, stepping around a puddle whereas Hops just steps in it fearlessly, splashing the water up onto their legs. It soaks into Miles’ socks and feels gross the next time she takes a step forward. She grimaces.

As they continue their journey to the library in the downpour, Miles can't help but feel a sinking feeling in his stomach as each step brings a squelching reminder of his soaked socks. Hops skips along beside him, seemingly unaffected by the rainwater seeping into her boots. Her laughter echoes through the rainy streets, brightening the gloomy atmosphere.

Miles tries to maintain his composure, but with each squishy step, his frustration grows. The once pristine white socks are now a soggy mess, clinging uncomfortably to his feet. He casts an envious glance at Hops' rain boots, wishing he had opted for a more sensible choice of footwear.

Hops notices his discomfort and grins mischievously. "Having a little trouble there, Mr. Soggy Socks?" she teases, her laughter bubbling up like the puddles they splash through.

Miles shoots her a mock glare, but it's hard to stay mad when faced with her infectious energy. "I should've listened to you and worn rain boots," he admits, resigned to his fate. "Fuck."

"You'll be squeaking all over the place in the library," Hops quips, barely able to contain her amusement. "Maybe we should get you a pair of bunny slippers instead... I'm sure Velveteen's got some water-proof ones that'll look good."

Miles rolls his eyes, but a smile tugs at the corners of his lips despite himself. "Very funny," he mutters, though there's no real heat behind his words.

As they reach the library, Miles can't help but feel a sense of relief mixed with embarrassment. He tries to ignore the squishy sensation with each step as they make their way inside, but it's impossible to shake the feeling of discomfort.

Hops leads the way to the fiction section, her excitement palpable as she scans the shelves for her next literary adventure. Miles follows behind, trying to distract himself from the soggy mess inside his shoes.

Despite his best efforts, he can't shake the feeling of being out of place, like a Devish out of water—or rather, a bunny in a puddle. The sound of his squelching footsteps seems to echo through the quiet aisles, drawing amused glances from nearby patrons.

Hops, ever observant, can't contain her laughter as she watches Miles' futile attempts to navigate the library without drawing attention to himself. "You're like a walking sponge," she teases, unable to resist the opportunity to poke fun at his expense.

Miles grimaces, feeling the embarrassment creeping up his neck. "Can we just find some books and get out of here?" he mumbles, eager to escape the prying eyes of the other library-goers.

Hops nods, her laughter finally subsiding as she focuses on the task at hand. "Sure thing, Mr. Soggy Socks," she says with a wink, her grin widening as she leads him deeper into the maze of bookshelves.

Despite the discomfort of his wet socks, Miles can't help but smile at her antics. Maybe spending a rainy day with Hops wasn't such a bad idea after all... but yeah, he'd definitely have to invest in some boots after this...