

“Miles, are you sure you don’t want to wear one of the skimpy outfits I have in the back? Girls would go crazy for you and stuff... you’d get so many tips. Like, stuffing carats in your undies,” Hops says, smiling, already drunk off the own drinks she’d mixed for herself. A Psilo Punch... or three. Appropriate for the season, but not appropriate to consume in about fifteen minutes one after another. That was Hops, though—she liked to drink. Gluttony buns really did just act like that and you couldn’t stop them.

Well—Miles had no room to judge, as a lust bun. As much as the idea of having women all over him tempted him, he was not going to put on a bunny uniform. It looked good on Hops, but it’d look out of place on his own lanky body. Also, his cock would be out and that would be insane.

“No. I’m good,” Miles says with a crooked smile. Hops pouts, pouring herself yet another Psilo Punch, topping it with bright mushrooms. “Give me one of those.”

“One? Or two?” Hops asks, smiling with her pinkened face. Her hair perfectly frames her cheeks, round and warm from all the drinks.

“We can worry about two after I drink one. But honestly? Probably like... five.”

“Five isn’t too ambitious,” Hops says as she pours Miles his very own Psilo Punch. Miles watches with a bit of fascination as she mixes it up and serves it to him over the bar. “What about, like... ten? I’m going for ten. Maybe fifteen if I feel crazy and insane.”

“Yeah, well that’s you... heh...” Miles’ laugh trails off.

As Miles sips on his first Psilo Punch of the night in the middle of the Rabbit Hole, the vibrant hues of the mushrooms swirling in the drink catch his eye. “Too many mushrooms lately,” he says. He’s sick to death of them. He’s gotten high this April more times than he can count and they’re still sprouting like fuck at the front of his bookstore. “But this drink’s pretty... just like you, Hops.”

Hops beams at the compliment, her cheeks even rosier than before. She never minds when Miles flirts with her... especially after their stint with Angora that one week.

"Thanks, Miles! I've been experimenting with different ingredients, trying to find that perfect balance of flavor and, well, intoxication." Hops nods to herself with a hum. "The shrooms definitely help~. Even if they're overrated. Like... I dunno." Hops shrugs.

Miles chuckles, feeling the warmth of the drink spreading through him. Hops' head is so empty. She's so cute. He grins, crooked, and eyes Hops up and down. The width of her hips, the roundness of her thighs in her serving outfit she wears to work... yeah, she's really cute.

"Well, you've definitely achieved what you wanted. I might just have to come here every night and let you play mixologist for me..." Miles licks his lips a little to collect the flavor of the Psilo Punch.

Hops's laughter tinkles aloud. She gives Miles a bit of a suggestive look as she sips at her own drink, finishes it, and then pours another full of vibrant colors topped with some mushrooms. Those fucking mushrooms...

"I wouldn't complain about that! You here, every night?" Hops jokes, but with a big smile on her face. She pauses, and then says: "But hey, what's on your mind? You seem a little... contemplative tonight, if I dare to say. Sorry if that's too deep, Miles."

Miles leans back against the bar, swirling the remnants of his drink in his glass before he drinks it down. "Oh, you know, just reflecting on life... ahaha... heh... another drink, Hops?"

Hops's curiosity is piqued as she refills Miles's glass, putting an extra mushroom in there in case he needs it for what he's about to unpack. Even when seven drinks deep into the night and red-faced, Hops is surprisingly perceptive.

"Sounds deep. Care to share?" Hops offers.

Miles shrugs, a wistful smile playing on his lips. "Well, let's just say my ex-wife and I were like two mismatched puzzle pieces trying to force ourselves together. Turns out, we just didn't fit."

Hops nods sympathetically, pouring herself another drink. Whether it's sincere sympathy or not doesn't really matter to Miles. It's enough that she just gets to

look at Hops in that outfit of hers, especially when she leans forward, or turns around. "I hear you. Relationships can be a real rollercoaster. Especially when it comes to *marriage* down here in Burrowgatory, wowzers! But hey, at least you're out of it now, right?"

Miles nods, taking another sip of his drink. "True, true. And who knows? Maybe one day I'll find someone who appreciates me... right...? Heh..." Miles leans forward a little, and so does Hops, bumping their noses together with a little playful boop.

As Hops leans in closer, her eyes sparkling with mischief, she teases Miles with a playful grin. "Well, Miles, lucky for you, I'm a lot more chill than your ex-wife, huh? No crazy antics or drama here... and I'm a lot more... open, wouldn't you say?"

Miles chuckles, the warmth of the Psilo Punch making him feel light and carefree. "Oh, believe me. I thank Murmur every day that I found my way out of that crazy rollercoaster ride. You're like a breath of fresh air compared to her."

Hops's laughter fills the air, her hand reaching out to gently pat Miles's arm.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, Miles. And hey, if you ever need someone to vent to about your ex-wife, you know where to find me."

Miles nods appreciatively, his gaze lingering on Hops's rosy cheeks and playful expression. "I might just take you up on that offer, Hops. But for now, let's focus on enjoying this moment together, huh?"

Hops nods eagerly, her smile widening as she pours them both another round of drinks. "Agreed, Miles. But, um... if you wanna blow this joint after my shift and a few more drinks... that's okay, too," Hops says playfully, pouring herself and him another glass.

Drinking at the corner of the glass, Miles chuckles, and so does Hops.