Down the Rabbit Hole

by sasuisgay

Collection of drabbles from my RP blog
Kiss I

It was just another mundane day at the Worlds, the Cheshire Cat tried to annoy his companion as much as he could and the White Rabbit tried to maintain his calm, which actually means the rabbit tried to annoy (or hurt) the cat while not being overly annoyed himself. This was the time when he wished the Alice(s) would come faster so the cat could bother them and left him alone. Was it that hard to have a peaceful moment while drinking a cup of tea without having to constantly look around, aware of any suspicious movement or when his instincts told him that “the annoying sickening creature” was nearby.

"Hey, rabbit~" The cat’s signature grin was plastered on his face, his tail was swishing back and forward. "Do you know that most humans kiss each other because it’s supposed to feel good?"

"…." At least the cat stopped spewing out dumb mockeries toward him and talked about some random thing instead.

"Apparently, there are many kinds of kisses and each has different meanings. Like kiss on the lips means love and on the eyelids means longing, but who kiss eyelids anyway?"

"…" The cat would just blabber, right? It wasn’t like he had to reply or anything, right?

"But the smarty-pants that humans kiss to help them sniff potential mate. Sniff. Hahahaha. Just like some kind of animals." The cat’s laughter was replied by yet another silence from the rabbit. "Oi, rabbit. If your right ear doesn’t work anymore, it’s better if I bite it off so you will be symmetrical again."

The rabbit sighed in annoyance and looked at the cat with an unamused look. “Why are you so interested in kisses anyway?"

"Oh, so you do can hear! How unfortunate, I thought you really turn deaf just now. Don’t get my hopes up, rabbit." the cat snickered. "My latest meal kept saying about how he still hadn’t had his first kisses and begged me not to eat his soul."

"… Well, actually… I do know one kind of kiss that fits perfectly with our… relationship." the White Rabbit casually said. "I can show you if you want."

The cat’s ears perked up, curious. “Oh? Oh? I never think you’ll be someone who is interested in things like this.” he said. “So what is it? What kind of kiss is it?” Cheshire Cat brought his face closer.

The White Rabbit flashed out a smile and right in that second, Cheshire Cat knew something was wrong. The rabbit never smiled. He had a flat emotionless expression that could be compared with plain white walls. “This kind of kiss, cat.” he said before he swung his fist to the Cat's right cheek. “That’s for my skin, you assshole.”
The White Rabbit had lost count of how many cups that had broken into pieces because of the Cheshire Cat's doing, both directly or indirectly. By this, it means that the malicious cat was either "accidentally" made the cups fell down or did something that made the rabbit lost his grip to the ceramic cups and stained his clothes with hot tea. Hot tea. Didn’t the cat know how hard it was to find a tea cups, that it was hard to actually find something that could be brewed into tea?! Or maybe he did and that was exactly why the cat did that, the hare should have known that.

When the Cheshire Cat approached him, he instantly put down the cup and protected it with his arms. "Drinking tea again? Don’t you ever get bored drinking that stuff?" the cat grinned widely. "And is that a new cup? Wow, you have such a wide collection of beautiful and fragile tea cups~"

"I don’t think I will be bored if I can rarely drink it all." he spat. "My so-called wide collection had already been reduced into only a few cups because, as you said it, of small incidents."

The cat snickered. "Hey, hey. Don’t blame me for your inability to hold a simple tea cup, rabbit."

The damned cat wouldn’t go away any time soon, at least not until he got a reaction from him that would please the cat. "And I shouldn’t blame you for your inability to not knock things over?" he asked. Yet another chance of drinking a nice cup of tea was destroyed by the cat. The rabbit knew their argument would last for a while and his tea, if it miraculously survived throughout the argument, would turn cold by the time it finished. Cold tea wasn’t qualified to be called a tea again.

"Of course not! Accidents happen all the time." Yet another tea leaves wasted. The time he spent for collecting them was wasted.

"Yeah sure," the rabbit rolled his eyes. "You can accidentally knock a cup over when they are in the middle of a table."

"It’s just how gravity works in this world." he shrugged. Gravity. The cat kept talking about it after he gained some knowledge about that from his latest soul. Since then, weird gravity had been used as an excuse whenever an "accident" happened. Of course, the rabbit didn’t buy a single thing dumb excuses he said. "Besides, are you that lonely that you have a tea party with nobody but yourself, you pathetic rabbit?" the cat laughed mockingly. "Maybe if you ask nicely, I will attend your little tea party and drink your beloved tea together,"

The rabbit grabbed the front of the Cheshire Cat’s hoodie and pulled him closer, way too close actually. “Do you want to drink tea with me that bad?” he hissed. The cat wriggled, tried to escape while shouting ‘Let me go, you nasty rabbit!’ This time, White Rabbit was careful not to let himself get scratched again. “Here, let’s have a nice tea part and had a lovely chit-chats and had such a wonderful beautiful friendship.” The rabbit poured the now-warm tea to the cat’s face. At least, this tea wasn’t wasted.
"I smashed all your teacups."

Applying a ridiculous human’s sayings, the White Rabbit felt his heart stopped for a second when he heard that. He froze instantly on his usual spot. He turned his head slowly, rage was clearly seen on both of his eyes, his fists clenched. “No, you did not.” he said slowly, just like somebody who said, ’I’m giving you a chance to retract your lie and I won’t hurt you… badly.’

But he had to think calmly (and rationally). Cheshire Cat was a liar, even though he constantly claimed he wasn’t because they were “friends”. He had hid the cups somewhere safe, somewhere the cat would never know. Besides, if the Cat indeed found the hideout and smashed all of them, why didn’t he smash them long before? Why today? Unless he found out about it just today. Was he careless? He had checked his surroundings before using one of them. He shook his head vigorously mentally.

The rabbit cleared his throat. “Your joke has stepped over the line this time, nasty cat.” he said calmly, but his eyes was still filled with anger. “They have always stepped over the line but this one is just way over it. If you want to lie, I suggest you tell a logical lie, cat, unless you want to be seen as an idiot. Well, it wasn’t like you wasn’t an idiot already.”
"Good evening, Rabbit!" he grinned, swishing his tail back and forth. "I’ve come to entertain you!"

He had made a mental vow to ignore the Cheshire Cat completely. He was just so freaking done with the Cat’s actions and figured he would just ignore him. That way, hopefully, the feline would be bored and left him alone by himself, at least this one particular day.

"Oi, Rabbit. What are you doing there? What are you making? That’s quite a smell."

The White Rabbit, again, remained silent. Today, he finally had the chance to put his knowledge of making tea into practice. He even found nice sets of teacups from one of the Alice’s world, the one he just ate a few days ago.

"Rabbit. Are you deaf? I always think you’ll only lose half of your hearing! If you lose both of them, I can bite off the other one, right?" the cat snickered.

The hare poured himself some tea and gave a little sip. Delicious, would be perfect if there was no cat that kept talking and talking.

"Rabbit, do you really think you can ignore me. Oi Rabbit~ R-a-b-b-i-t! I’ll really bite off your other ear because you don’t seem to mind."

But the bunny remained silent as he elegantly drinking his tea. The cat clicked his tongue in annoyance. Looking at the ceramic cup that looked so fragile, an idea came across his mind.

"Oh! What is this drink?" he somehow managed to snatch the tea cup, spilling a few drops of the hot tea to the rabbit’s lap.

The rabbit cursed under her breath before he tried to snatch back his tea cup. “Give it back, you damned cat!” he hissed.

"Hoho~ So you are not deaf nor mute." the cat grinned. "Here, I’ll give it back to you…. Ooopppsss~" he purposely let go of the cup, smashing it to the ground. "Ah… Look at that… Why don’t you catch your precious cup, Rabbit? It shattered now. What a waste."

Oh, if just look could kill. “You fucking piece of shit. I’m going to kill you!”
"What are you planning to do with that?"

The White Rabbit tilted his head, looking confused like a child. It was obvious that it was just a mere act, or maybe it wasn’t? “Oh, do you mean this?” he smiled as he raised the mini chainsaw. His ‘little’ expedition to the human world and a little bit of his power, he got this sweet perfect tool for his beloved. He looked at the his, Cheshire Cat before giggled like a nosy high school girl.

"Hey, Cat, do you realize that lately, you haven’t spend much time with me." he pouted. "It makes me really sad, you know." The hare somehow managed to sadly caress the feline’s cheek before his face contorted into anger. "But you keep hanging out with the Alice(s), those shitty humans! Don’t you ever hear about the saying of ‘Don’t play with your food’?! You shouldn’t play with them." he roared in anger, pointing the chainsaw to the cat. "I know you love me! You love me, right?! I know you are so don’t waste your time on that fucking humans!"

The rabbit cleared his throat before put up a smile again. “So, I figure… How about if I just cut your hands and legs so you couldn’t move around? Or better yet, cut you into pieces so you couldn’t even meet with those puny humans anymore. Maybe you will be dead but that’s okay, if you’re dead, I’ll join you so we can meet again in hell, yes?” the rabbit was now smiling innocently. “I don’t really want to cut my beloved into pieces though so as long as you promise you will be with me forever and ever and never meet those Alice(s) again, I won’t do anything harmful to you. I’ll make your stomach full and I’ll shower you with lots and lots of love." he laughed happily. “So, which one do you choose, my dear Cheshire Cat?”
"You're a liar and a cheat."

Foolish human or maybe his acting skill was indeed the best? Those words again, it was never boring to hear them. Those exact same words, along with some other words (some of them could even be considered as rude or inappropriate), were spoken by his preys that realized way too late to save themselves. But hey, at least nobody labelled him that at first. Oh no, he was known as a quiet stoic guide that helped the Alice to come back to their world. If this was a ‘Good cop, bad cop’ game, he definitely acted like a good cop but in this case, they should change cop into demon, and noted how no demon was truly good. For this matter, the Cheshire Cat didn’t lie, the Rabbit was indeed the worst of them all.

"I never say I am not." he smiled maliciously as he came closer to his prey, his tongue licked his lips. "If just you realize it sooner, you might even save that female Alice." He then laughed mockingly. "Just kidding, you couldn’t even if you know. Now, don’t waste both of our energy to run around this place. Just happily accept the fact that you will fall into a deep slumber, so deep that you will never wake up."

Thank you for the food, Alice.

Chapter End Notes

This is with Rick, if it isn't clear enough
Who is the Worst of Them All?

"Rabbits are the worst predators of them all."

"Now, now, don’t speak such lie." the White Rabbit said, surprisingly, calmly. "The world know the cats are the worst predators. As of me, I am not exactly a predator, am I?" He pointed at himself. ‘I don’t exactly hunt them, you are the one who mostly do that, Cat."

"I just simply stand here and guide the Alice. I don’t do anything to them. I just simply introduce myself and help them if they need something." he then took out one of the worn out diaries and opened them, looking at the first few pages with all the scribbles of a perfect happy family. A soft smirk appeared on his face, almost unnoticeable. "Well, for the adults… It was an entirely different matter, wasn’t it? Their souls are just easy to be…. manipulated. xxxx isn’t that strong emotion after all."

"But the Alice(s) don’t know that, do they? Most of them thought that you are the bad guy, well we both are, but you are the one they thought as the most evil, am I right?" he said, feeling proud of himself. "That’s all that matters."
"You can’t just leave!"

The White Rabbit took a long last glance to someone he despised, his partner in crime, and ultimately, his only companion in the World(s). The Alice(s) wouldn’t be even be considered as companions because they wouldn’t accompany him very long after all. He had no regret though. He had found a way to leave the World(s) so why bothered stay here with an obnoxious demonic cat? The one who bit off is left ear, smashed his teacups, and constantly annoyed the hell out of him. He definitely wouldn’t miss those.

At one point, he must said thank you to the cat because without him, he probably couldn’t discover the way. Thanks to the cat who spent his time playing around with the Alice(s) and the bunny was just there, pretending to be stuck at one place, on the entrance of the World(s). Thanks to the cat who kept annoyed him and made him angry, it strengthen his will to never see the demonic cat again. But no no, he wouldn’t say that to the cat. However he did hope that the idiotic cat got his message, not that the bunny expected him to.

"I can and I will, Cat." he said. He smiled mockingly. He looked at the Cheshire Cat with both pity and mockery, mostly the latter. "Your presence is always unpleasant and I’m very glad to leave it behind." he smirked. "Good luck finding someone to be your new partner. But you said you can manage things up just fine by yourself, right? Well then, good luck being alone and have fun rot in here. Goodbye, Cheshire Cat, I do hope, no, I will make sure I never see you again, not even in Hell."
There is No God

"There is no God."

Religion. Beliefs. Complicated human things. It was never had been a topic of conversation on the World(s) so he was taken aback when this Alice gave that statement. God, a divine being that was said to be the creator of the universe and everything that lived on them, even demons like him. It wasn’t like he didn’t believe in the presence of God nor believe that there was indeed someone, something, that could be called as God. He never saw them. Then again, God didn’t have any business with demons.

One thing for sure, there was no God here. No God, no angels, there was nothing good in the World(s). Oh, he had seen some of the Alice(s) cried for help, ask the God (or whatever it was called by their beliefs) to help them. Nobody, nothing, had came down here to help those Alice. The God was probably deaf or might be blind or maybe, the God was the same like the demons. He didn’t care about the humans yet some of the humans still worshiped Him. In that way, the White Rabbit was envious of Him. Actually, if he thought about it now…

"And why do you say that, Alice?" he finally asked. "Have you forgotten about the true meaning of what God is? There is(are) God(s), Alice, but they might not be like how you imagine them to be." A cryptic smile appeared on the demon’s face.

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