

The crystals above the cavern illuminated a soft, calming light for a winter morning. The peak hours always seemed to be the busiest with hoards of buns celebrating Matentines in good company with friends, lovers, or even casual flings while the waves of heat strikes them to be more “proactive” than usual.

Having received a delicious box of homemade chocolate from Honey the other day, Amour thought nothing but returning the romantic gesture in the form of a bouquet of flowers that would be just as beautiful as his lover. But rather than merely picking up a bouquet of roses and calling it a day, he decided to stop by his friend’s flower shop to buy a more authentic gift that reflects his love for the beautician.

“So, what do you recommend I should get as a Matentine gift?”

Oleander, the owner of a flower shop and a trusted friend of Amour, smiled with a glint of excitement as he watched him observe one of many blue flowers with interest. As he swiftly pulls out a handy pocketbook from his pocket and takes a spot next to him, Oleander wastes no time in flipping through the pages that served him well for this month’s holiday.

“That depends on who you’re planning to surprise them with! There’re so many flowers that symbolizes love so we have plenty to pick from. Wait right there for a moment.”

No sooner when Amour turned his gaze at his pinkette friend did he catch him stepping back to swap his book of flower language for a sketchbook and a pencil. While Oleander wasn’t wrong to assume that the gift is for his romantic partner, he secretly wondered what exactly gave away his intentions? Regardless, he couldn’t help but smile a bit to himself as he watched the florist begin sketching something on one of the blank pages with precise focus.

“Okay, so! Tell me some things about them so I can get a good idea on which flowers to use for the bouquet.” He asked, urging Amour to provide as many details to take note and throw a quick sketch as they go through the sudden “consultation”.

“Very well,” Amour responded, stifling the weak chuckle before he began explaining.

“For starters, he has a keen eye for beauty and enjoys making others feel as beautiful rather than masking others’ natural looks. He also loves to craft jewelry to destress himself more than doing it as a true profession, though I wish he would take a real break instead of adding more work for himself.”

“Sounds like a certain doctor I know who refuses to rest and instead works at every chance he gets.” Oleander commented with a lighthearted laugh and a sheepish smile, diligently noting down key details.

“...It’s a habit we’re learning to break, I assure you.” He replied, knowing that he couldn’t refute as his own work schedule was hardly any better than his boyfriend’s.

“What else is there to mention...ah, yes. He’s fond of the colors blue and white, though I doubt he cares for the dark shades than the softer ones. Not a fan of things that are excessive nor simplistic for most things either.”

“And how do you feel about them?” Oleander asked as he stopped jotting down for a moment to look up at Amour, giving him his undivided attention as he awaited his answer.

“I love him for all that he is and admire him for his devotion in making others feel as beautiful as they should be. It has taken me a while to acknowledge that what I feel towards him is genuine and I’ve come to accept that nothing will ever change my love for him.”

Without noticing it himself, Amour’s expression and tone has significantly softened the more he talked about Honey. His usual conservative tone dissipates as fragments of his raw emotions resonate in his voice - a rare sight from a bun who always kept his feelings at bay to an extent.

Oleander was caught off guard from hearing Amour speak about someone in high regards and to hear such vulnerability from his friend, but he kept his thoughts to himself even when he couldn’t hide his beaming smile and nodded. After taking a moment to write everything down, he already visualized the perfect bouquet with the right flowers that would convey the message down to the t.

“I think I know the perfect flowers to put together just for you! Sit tight, I’ll go get it started for you now.” Even as he frantically sketched a rough concept, Oleander hurried along to the back of the shop to start working on a bouquet.

After a moment of awkward silence, Amour looked around the store until spotted Oleander’s little helpers - his sceil and rabebe named Lily and Larkspur respectively - relaxing by the counter. With a light smile, he walked over to greet the imps and spend time with them until Oleander emerged from the backroom with fresh blooming flowers bundled up in beautiful pastel blue and white wrapping papers tied with sage silk ribbon.

“I managed to find the perfect flowers for your special someone!” Oleander proclaimed as he held it with a proud smile.

Amour, after moving closer to inspect the flowers, was impressed by how the soft shades of blue and pure white flowers compliment one another. And the light floral scent filled his nostrils that reminded him of a dewy springtime morning.

His eye then looked down at the neatly tucked card behind the ribbon. It was only after he briefly picked it up that he learned the names of the chosen flowers and its meaning - white camellia for adoration, blue hydrangeas for gratitude and understanding, and baby's breath for everlasting love and sincerity.

"It's perfect, thank you Oleander." He responded with a smile as he retrieved his wallet in his pocket.

Once they settled the payment and handed Amour the bouquet, Oleander wished him farewell and watched him before he tended to his imps. He always loved putting together flowers with important meanings behind them, and when it came to his friends it drove him to put in the extra mile while doing what he loves to do.

By evening, Amour arrived at his lover's house with the bouquet in tow. He gave the door a few hard knocks and waited patiently for a moment until it opened. His boyfriend, Honey, who was ready to greet him with a hug, was surprised to see the beautiful flowers in Amour's arms before his gasping mouth curved into a wide smile.

"They're so pretty, Amour!" Honey reached out to grab it before moving back to let him in, planting a smooch on his cheek as soon as the door closed behind them.

"I love them so much, thank you! What's the occasion?" He asked as he plucked the note that was attached to the bouquet to give it a quick read.

"None, really. They're more like a thank you gift for the chocolate the other day and to express how grateful I am to have you in my life."

Even as he explained with composure, it was hard for Amour to ignore his heart racing or feeling his body suddenly turning warm as he gazed at Honey and his irresistible smile. He never thought that he could enjoy life outside of his work, but Honey had given him all the right reasons to take a step back from it all and cherish the moments filled with happiness and love.