

Luze wasn't much of a social butterfly. Well, he was a flirt, sure, but grand events weren't that much of his thing, compared to chill nights with friends. He hadn't gone to one of Angora's parties in years, three years exactly.

Back then, he had been invited by his girlfriend at the time, Estelle, who had always been much more of an event enjoyer than he did. After they broke up, he never went again, yet here he was, ringing at his ex-girlfriend's door, dressed in the most classy suit he'd ever had, hair pulled back in a very handsome manner. Yeah, Estelle was back in town and she had asked him to come with her again, "just as friend" this time, of course. They were still on friendly terms after all. (Although Luze couldn't really tell what exactly he was feeling...yet.)

- Hey there, you better make this party worthwhile because I did NOT miss going there. At. All. You look dazzling though~

He said, before reaching out and planting a soft kiss on her hand, bowing down like a prince. (He was a show-off after all !)

The beautiful young girl had opened the door, donned in the prettiest dress, subtly sparkly but not to the point where it looked too much. Her hairstyle was intricate, beautiful pink hair woven with tiny white pearls and iridescent powder. She was glowing, even more so when her face, as he kissed her hand, blushed the prettiest shade of pinks.

-Shush, silly ! You might be saying that, but I know you enjoy it as much as I do ! Y-You look good too..

She said, stepping out and following him back to his car, the blush a shade darker on her cheeks.

Luze smirked, bemused by the cute reaction his friend offered. He enjoyed teasing her and, if he had accepted her invitation, it was mostly because he knew the night /WOULD/ be fun with her there.

-Sure, whatever you say princess. But you owe me ! I'll have to be your pretty boy all night long so you can make connections and whatever...

He said in an overly dramatic tone.

As a fashion designer, networking was indeed incredibly important for Estelle and it was one of her motives to go to the party. (the other, unbeknownst to the man himself, was to spend more time with Luze, Estelle was still in love with him after all. Plus, it was so worth it to see him so handsome in his suit...)

After some friendly-bickering-borderline-flirting during the ride to the venue, they finally arrived, fashionably late (the invitation said 7pm and it was 7:30), and the duo made it in, mingling with everyone, and, while Estelle took the lead in introducing people, thus doing most of the talk, Luze was busy observing the other succubuns present. After a while, she softly took the man's hand, to attract his attention.

- Luze, would you like to grab a drink ?...

He had been busy checking out a beautiful lady, especially eye-catching with her luxury brand dress, gold (probably pure gold...) accessories assorted with diamonds and whatnot.

- Yes. God knows I need it. Look at this girl over there, parading like she owns the place. You're a hundred times prettier than her. Actually...

He looked around in a very truthful impersonation of a rich young master assessing his potential wives.

-You ARE the prettiest girl here. And probably the only one who did her dress herself.

Estelle blushed furiously, swept off her feet by the compliment. As much as a flirt as Luze was, she knew he didn't give away such compliments on a whim. He meant every single word he had uttered, and his smile said as much. This unmovable support and respect for her work was one of the many details making it so hard for her to forget him, he really was one of a kind. He'd be here for her always, be it as a boyfriend or a friend.

-T-Thank you, but you know, most people here probably think differently...Th-that lady's dress is very expensive looking and the materials are very prized....

She stammered a bit, not meeting his eyes.

Luze smiled, he had expected as such. He knew she was confident in her work, and proud of it too, but when it came to large events like this, she'd always hide a bit, stay in her lane and mingle quietly. He, however, had a very different plan in mind. One that would make sure she would be the highlight of the party.

-Nevermind the drink, I got a better idea~

Correcting his stance (he had been slouching a bit, and looking down at Estelle this whole time), he stood straight, back flexed and chest puffed, before he kneeled, right there, in the middle of the crowd, and delicately held her right hand, bringing it to his lips softly, asking,

-May I have this dance, pretty lady ?

And worked his plan did. Boy, his kneeling had attracted the attention and whispers of everybody in the room, some mocking, some curious, most envious of her, or him, or both. He stayed there, kneeling with a cocky smile for a second too long, proud of the effect his little stunt had provoked.

The pink bun was speechless, her face painted the prettiest shade of red. Pure embarrassment laced with a joy she couldn't hide highlighted her beautiful face, complementing the whites and pinks of her dress.

- Y-Yes ? Luze, please, stand up, everyone's looking at us ! Y-You've never wanted to dance, so why now...?

- Yeah, that was the whole point, Estelle. Everyone's eyes are on you. Everyone will see how pretty your dress is and I bet a lot will come by and ask you where you got it~ Hell, they might also ask where you found this hot date of yours~ Also, for the record I still hate dancing, it's just... The right time.
- Y-You'll have to explain what you mean... Later... A-And don't step on my feet !
- Oh, you don't have to worry for that, bunny~

She laughs a little, her eyes full of the love she holds for him, shining in a quiet expression of the immense appreciation she feels for this man, who did all these things he isn't comfortable with, just so she could get more opportunities to get her name out there. After a second, Luze rises to her feet and they both make their way to the dance floor, where he puts one of his hands on her hip, the other holding her own as they wait for the next song to start playing. As expected, it was a waltz. As *not* expected, Luze *knew* how to dance. Properly. Very good, even. Never in the many years they had known each other had he ever accepted to dance with her, even back when they were together. It was just something he didn't enjoy at all, although he had taken some classes when he was younger, forced by a mother that had expectations he never met. But today was pretty special, and he was determined to help Estelle stand out as much as possible. So he danced like he never did, swirling around with her, and, he must admit, having a lot of fun.

Dancing in the arms of the man she loves, Estelle loses any grasp on time, enjoying every single moment, following his lead in graceful moves, her dress ruffling and flowing around, dazzling their audience. While some other couples remained on the dancefloor, Luze reached his goal, so many people stopping to look at this odd couple (what was this pretty princess doing with a well-dressed but tall, handsome and rough looking tattooed man ?). They danced like that for a good amount of time, although neither of them would be able to say exactly how much time. As they stepped away from the dance floor, a number of people approached, congratulating them, asking many questions and just genuinely wanting to chat with the couple. Again, Luze kept quiet, gently staying by Estelle's side, his hand never leaving hers, although no one would ever know he was willingly holding on. After a couple more hours of discussion and mingling, the party finally came to an end, and, as Luze dropped Estelle home, so did that dreamy bubble she had been in ever since he had accepted to come with her.

- T-thank you for tonight... It was... It was amazing...

The pretty little bun said, eyes shining and cheeks dusted in pink yet again.

- You are very welcome, I enjoyed myself. A lot. More than I ever did at a stupid party, even with you. I had fun, and I'm happy you got to share informations and visit cards with others. You looked outstanding.
- S-so did you, Luze. You really were like a prince, sweeping me off my feet and- and you dance so well ! I can't believe you never danced with me before...

- Well, I don't exactly like dancing, usually. But I might consider, if it's with you. For now, go to bed, I'll see you later. Good night, Estelle.

he smirked, before dropping a kiss on her cheek, turning back and leaving to go home, exhausted but happiest he had been in many years, heart full of affection and pride. He may be unsure of his own feelings, but he still knows he would do anything to ensure her happiness. His mission was accomplished for the night.