

That Valentine's day, Taffeta had prepared for an eventful evening. The beginning of the day had already been rather hectic, with her having to wake up early to arrive on time to a morning photoshoot. Nothing out of the ordinary happened, other than Taffeta being somewhat cranky (er than usual) during the beginning, but some hasty swigs of cheap sweet tea (a guilty pleasure, as someone with such expensive tastes being caught drinking something as unrefined as that would be a disgrace) soon helped with that. After the shoot, she met up with her girlfriend, Dahlia, who had a look of excitement on her face. "What's got you all delighted?" Taffeta quipped.

"Oh you'll see soon," Dahlia replied with a crafty smile "but in the meantime, you'll probably want to change into something appropriate for a special occasion." Taffeta perked up at this, already wondering about what lavish restaurant she might get taken to and what to wear. She then noticed that Dahlia's signature bag had a noticeable bulk that was different from the usual jumble of knickknacks she liked carrying around, which got her thinking about what it could be. Maybe it was a gift for her? It was too big to be any sort of jewelry, whether guide-sized or seeker sized, so, probably something else? Either way, no time to ponder on it, as she was being escorted by the eager seeker to her house, where she hastily looked through her closet for a bit before settling on a simple, but elegant strapless fuchsia dress and a pair of long white satin gloves and matching scarf. She finished the look with a stylish rhodonite necklace, one she rarely wore out of fear of it getting lost or damaged, but as it is a special day, she could make an exception. After that, she took some time to fix her makeup, spritz on some perfume, and then texted Dahlia that she was ready to meet up.

Dahlia had spent several weeks stressing about Taffeta's Valentine's Day gift. She had trouble thinking of what to give her, as she already had pretty much everything from ostentatious adornments to high-end trappings from her job. It would have to be something unique, that only she could make. Like, a pebbling! Yes, she would make her a special pebbling! But of what? As she was synthetic she had many choices of what to make the pebbling from, maybe even too many choices. One made of precious stone would certainly be flashy, but very expensive, hard to carve, and likely to get stolen, so maybe not the best idea. A pincushion pebbling could be cute too but, without knowing how to sew, and wanting to make the gift herself, she scrapped the idea. Finally, she settled on a perfume pebbling, as Taffeta loves perfumes, and she found the perfect base to work from. The shape was a bit hard to figure out where the tail would be, but Dahlia ended up making them a backwards pebbling. After forming the legs, adding the tassels, and etching the face, all that was left was to add the

perfume. A regular ol' perfume wouldn't do though, it had to be something unique. For this, she got into contact with a friend.

Hugh was always happy to lend a helping hand to a friend, especially in the name of love. As he had a way with smells, and had very nice smelling insides, from some nondescript dumpling. Sure, the cologne he usually wears usually overpowered it, but Dahlia has smelt him without it (weird out of context sksjjsj.) It takes more tinkering, and a lot of time waiting for Hugh's filling to replenish, but the perfect ratio of filling to perfume is discovered. After filling the practically finished pebbling with that concoction, Dahlia wraps up the vessel, finishing just in time for the day.

So far, Taffeta had not been impressed. Instead of a five-star restaurant, she was taken to have a late night picnic in what was essentially the middle of nowhere in the woods. Sure, the cervabloom ride was nice, but it was a mighty long way from the city. Dahlia noticed her disillusion, becoming more nervous and doubtful about her gift. As time went on though, Taffeta's indignation diminished, and she began to appreciate those surroundings, like the babbling of the River of Life accompanied by the sounds of leaf-free chittering in their sleep and the occasional shrill voice of a slabster (ok the last one was definitely less liked, but it was still ambient.) As the night winded down, she felt that the time was right to reveal her gift. "I know this night maybe has not gone how you imagined, but I wanted to try something less conventional, but hopefully still enough," Dahlia announced, then reaching into her bag for the gift. She offered it to Taffeta, and when she opened the pouch, she gasped lightly. Inside was a gorgeous glass bottle pebbling, filled with a perfume that could already be smelled before spraying it. "Oh, this is the most beautiful pebbling I've ever seen in my life! Thank you so much!!" Taffeta exclaimed. She gave her girlfriend a kiss, using a bit of magic for, extra effect. This contented Dahlia, and soon she went over to the river and dipped the vessel into the water, the last step needed to bring it to life. It took a moment, but soon the pebbling started to move, a bit clumsily at first and looking a bit awkward walking backwards, but it worked. Taffeta named them Dianthus, and on the ride back home, they both fell asleep in Dahlia's arms.