

It was a warm day where the weather felt like being wrapped in a cozy blanket. The perfect time for the succubun Akari to plant seeds in the greenhouse with Pebble, a hardworking but seemingly motherly type cherubun who had been introduced to her by her friend.

Akari stood in the midst of the greenhouse gardens, her eyes glimmering like the finest emeralds as she admired the vast ray of flowers surrounding her. Each blossom was a testament to beauty, vibrant petals giving life to the air. Yet, the thought of getting her hands dirty loomed like an unwelcomed shadow in her mind.

“Why must I endure this grim task of planting?” she quipped, her voice playful but tinged with a hint of reluctance. She arranged her perfect, floral gown, ensuring that its delicate fabric stayed pristine.

Her gaze fell upon Pebble, the hard-working cherubun knight renowned not only for his valor but also his unwavering dedication to his work. He was dutifully kneeling beside her, his nimble fingers digging into the earth with an enthusiasm that only deepened Akari’s reluctance.

“Pebble, don’t you think it would be more efficient if we just... let the flowers grow on their own? They’re perfectly content as they are,” she suggested with a light tone, though her heart raced with curiosity about his commitment.

Watching as Pebble looked up, a smudge of soil adorning the bridge of his nose, his cheeks flushed with exertion. “But, Akari,” he replied earnestly, his voice smooth like a gentle stream, “to grow, they need our care. A seed can’t blossom without being planted correctly and nurtured. Just like our dreams. Besides, every flower deserves a home, Akari! Can’t you feel how happy they’ll be once they bloom? Just see how much joy they bring us when it has already bloomed.”

Akari could tell that to Pebble, each day in the greenhouse was a new adventure—a colorful odyssey that felt charged with purpose. She watched as he concentrated on planting the delicate seeds, noticing the worry in his eyes every time he glanced up at her.

A beautiful succubun, she radiated elegance and grace, floating through the gardens like a vision woven from sunlight and soft petals. But, beneath that ethereal surface, she wondered if he sensed a reluctance that plagued her—an aversion to the laborious task at hand.

“It’s not as daunting as it seems,” Akari raised an eyebrow at the words the cherubun encouragingly said, their eyes meeting. “They’ll paint the skies with colors that even the sun envies,” she heard him add while wiping a bead of sweat from his brow.

“But it’s in the soil, Pebble! The very dirt of the world would get under my nails,” Akari lamented, her delicate fingers holding onto a small packet of seeds as if it were a symbol of her burden. “Why can’t the flowers just plant themselves?” Once again, she addressed her disdain and how she wished the flowers could just plant themselves and be left alone.

“Because they need us,” she heard him reply back to her with sincerity, his attention turning back to his task. “We are the caretakers, Akari. It’s part of our purpose, our duty.” His words were firm yet gentle, a balance forged with the experience of countless days spent tending to the gardens.

Akari watched Pebble’s unwavering dedication. The cherubun hardly ever complained as he toiled, always focused on the task at hand. A twinge of something ineffable stirred within her—a desire to understand his hard work and perhaps, find joy in it too.

“Tell me about them, Pebble,” she said suddenly. “The flowers. What are they like when they first sprout?”

The cherubun beamed, the enthusiasm contagious even to Akari. “Oh, they’re so fragile! The leaves unfurl like the wings of a butterfly, and the colors bloom bright in the springtime sun.” Pebble’s eyes lit up, painting images of wonder around them. “You can almost hear them giggling in the breeze, a soft melody singing of hope. They grow toward the light, just like us.”

She tilted her head, contemplating his words. His words hung in the air, an unspoken truth brimming with hidden connections. Her delicate brow furrowed in concentration, maybe there was wisdom in his toil after all. Furthermore, what kind of planting session would this be if she merely observed? “You can plant the seeds with me, you know. It doesn’t have to be as messy. Be gentle.”

“Gentle…” Akari echoed, almost to herself, breaking out of her thoughts by the soft voice of the cherubun. She hesitated at first, before kneeling beside Pebble, her fingers hovering over the earth. Finally, determined to shed her inhibitions, she pressed her palms into the soft soil.

To her surprise, the soil was warm, almost calming, and for the first time, Akari felt a dynamic connection with nature. She could glimpse the essences of the seeds, tiny sentinels beneath her touch, waiting to be cradled into life.

“See? Just like you would tend to a heart,” Pebble encouraged, planting a seed beside her. “Each seed carries a promise.”

“You’re right,” she whispered, her heart suddenly feeling lighter. Together, they prepared the soil and tucked in the seeds, like carefully stashing dreams beneath the earth. The act became invigorating, a silent pact as they shared their hopes for the flowers. Akari reveled in the symphony of colors that would soon flourish around them.

As they worked side by side, there was a noticeable synergy shift. Akari’s presence became a light that illuminated Pebble’s hard work. Planting the seeds became more than just a task; it was a shared spirit, the formation of something beautiful between them. The sense of camaraderie wrapped around them like an embrace as they laughed at the little messes they made, dirt speckling their hands and clothes.

Akari, who surprised even herself, realized that planting with the cherubun next to her, allowed her to see the world around them differently. Even with her dislike of dirt still, she had learned it as part of a greater beauty.

“There, now we’re both worthy of a little dirt,” Pebble joked, nudging Akari playfully. In response to this, her eyes lit up as warmth spread through her and merely shook her head with a smile playing on her lips before responding.

“Now that we are done planting I think it is time I go and wash up,” a pause as she looked at the mess the two of them had become, “but...thank you for doing this with me.”

She watched as Pebble let out a grin brighter than the sun as he laughed and nodded. “I had fun and know, the remaining process isn’t as messy. I think you will rather like watering them and seeing the fullness of their beauty when they bloom.”

As the sun set, casting beautiful hues of purple and oranges across the sky, the two of them said their goodbyes and parted ways. The promise held between the two of them to soon meet again.