

Zane never expected himself to spend the night at someone else's place ever, even if he was invited to a friend's home. But here he was now, picking out a few glass shards from his wings on a rather large couch. The loud clattering of a pot along with hasty chopping of many vegetables came from the kitchen just a few feet away. He never understood the joy of cooking, at least completely. He looked over to the window off to the right and grimaced. It was still shattered from when he was trying out teleportation, an earnest attempt at trying to master this whole particle separation thing.

"Aye you feathery little flower head," a voice rang from behind a wooden cabinet, "You stop looking at that, yeah? You don't wanna scrunch your face like that for too long otherwise it might stick to ya forever!" He laughed and made his way towards the cappari. In his hands was a bowl of some sort of liquid. Zane wasn't sure about what exactly the bunbii was offering to him, but it smelled a lot like pepper and seasoned chicken. A silver spoon was placed on the coffee table in front of him along with the bowl.

"Don't worry about, erm, that. I can get someone to fix it next morning. Put a little bit of money into someone's pockets, yeah?" He shrugged and curiously looked over Zane who stayed quiet. There wasn't much he could do with his whole situation, or at least he was sure there was nothing. Sitting on the opposite side of the couch, the bunbii waited for him to pick up food.

"Thank you, really. But um, I can't have that," He laced his fingers nervously, "We don't really-"

"What do you mean "can't have it?" You've ever tried fresh produce from Cloverill? Stuff tastes way different from those salty imports out at the coasts!"

He stopped, "It's complicated. I couldn't tell you, sorry."

"You're an odd one, nobody turns down a nice bowl of chicken noodle soup. Must be a cappari thing, yeah?" He grinned and picked up the spoon. "More for me then, yeah!"

"You could say that yes." He flicked his tail across the floor, trying to think about his next sentence. If anything it seemed as if he already forgot about the situation at hand and continued life as is. It was illogical at best, but he could see why someone would choose to forget. Or perhaps he didn't actually forget and was actually holding a sort of grudge against some stranger that just denied his cooking, making it even worse! Or maybe he couldn't see and was just assuming things based on what he thought was logical. But what if...

"Hey you're making that face again! What did I tell ya, you're gonna get it stuck like that!" The bunbii playfully jabbed the spoon towards his face, "As I said, don't worry too much about this place! I needed a new window anyways, the babii next door threw a baseball a little harder than I thought they could earlier today. Strong babies am I right?"

It made him feel a little better, but still. Zane continued to sweep his tail around, examining the room in the meantime. It was a lot bigger than any room he had stayed in, clearly built by and for someone who was not a cappari. The pillow he was leaning on was about the size of himself with a few tassels decorating it. A few pictures were hung around the room, each one depicting a different person. Flowers and yellow decorated everything as far as he could see. The wallpaper was striped yellow, brown, and white. Fairy lights shaped in various blooms illuminated the room with a surprising amount of light. Very different from what the cappari cities were like, but somehow it felt just as comfortable.

"You have anywhere to go soon, flower head?" He glanced back at the bunbii who had finished his meal. In his hands now was a messenger cap, dusty green with a bold sunflower insignia sewn on the front. His eternally cheerful face looked towards him for an answer.

"N-Not really guess... It's just that I still feel like-"

"Quite the worrywart aren't ya! Like I said don't muck over some silly thing like it." He suddenly felt a hand plant itself on top of his head and flinched, a few specks of pollen landing on his nose.

"You'll only give yourself grey fur at this rate if you keep it up. If you really want to repay for the damage you can clean up the glass alright? Don't want to cut me or you on some nasty shard late at night yeah?"

"That would be lovely. I'll get started right away-!"

The bunbii laughed once again, "That's the spirit flower head! Now if you don't mind I've got to run somewhere, night shift at work that's all. If you ever decide to change your mind about the soup, there's a big steaming pot of it on the stove yeah?" He slapped the hat on himself, making sure his long ears went through the designated openings correctly. It was almost humorous, if not for the fact he nearly forgot to ask him one thing. Just as he opened the door he sprung from the couch in a panic.

"Wait!"

"Yeah flower head? You need another job to do?"

"What.... what should I call you? I-I mean! What's your name...!?"

"Apollo!" And without another word he slipped out the door, officially leaving the strange cappari alone in his house to dwell on the name.

"A-Ah... Apollo..." He whispered the name to himself a few times before remembering his task at hand. It would take awhile to get everything truly cleaned up, enough time to ponder about a fuzzy feeling he had in his head. And for once, he welcomed the fuzzy thoughts.