

“Dove’s pretty cute, huh?” Miles says, off-handed as she observes the beautiful glass container of tea leaves Primrose has just handed her. “Like, petite... and innocent?” She muses further, much to Primrose’s discomfort as his eyebrows furrow and he shakes his head back and forth, growing redder by the moment once Miles looks up.

“What’s wrong?” Miles probes him, though there’s a sleazy smile on her face, stretched from ear to floppy ear on her face. She knows just what she’s doing with her words, and Primrose knows just as well as she does. He hates it as much as she loves teasing him.

(If he was going to drag her to this dumbass greenhouse in the dumbass embassy, then she might as well have some fun).

“No! Absolutely not—I’ll have no lustful talk in my garden,” Primrose hisses, almost furious with her before he takes a deep, deep breath of air and shakes his head. “Dove’s appearance has nothing to do with the task at hand! Which is—to deliver those tea leaves to them. While Dove is more... accustomed to Burrowgatory than I, they still like the taste better than anything Burrowgatory has to offer.”

Miles, just barely listening, nods. She chuckles, red eyes aglow with mischief as she watches Primrose squirm uncomfortably.

She knows she's pushing his buttons, and that’s exactly why she opts to continue.

"Come on, Primrose, don't be such a prude," she says, her voice dripping with faux innocence. It’s absolutely sleazy. She swears she almost sees Primrose shudder, like there’s sludge under his skin just at the sound of Miles’ creepy tone. "We're just appreciating Dove's... aesthetic qualities. There's nothing wrong with that, is there?"

Primrose sighs heavily, shooting Miles a pointed look that clearly conveys his disapproval in her insistence. "It's not about being a prude, Miles. It's about maintaining professionalism. We're here on official business, and I won't have you making inappropriate comments. Especially in a holy place such as this."

Miles rolls her eyes. She knows she's toeing the line, but she can't help herself. It's moments like these, when she can get a rise out of Primrose, that make the mundane tasks more bearable.

"Fine, fine," she concedes, though her smirk tells a different story. "I'll behave... for now, okay? Happy?"

Primrose nods in satisfaction, relieved that Miles seems to have relented. He adjusts his shirt as if to relieve his own tension, and gestures toward the glass container of tea leaves that Primrose had handed her earlier.

"Let's focus on the task at hand, shall we?" he says, his tone firm but not unkind. "You need to deliver these tea leaves to Dove now, do you understand? Your preferences are irrelevant to our mission."

Miles shrugs, her grin still firmly in place. "Sure thing, Primrose. And then am I supposed to get my ass back here?"

"Your—Miles, *language*," Primrose stresses, holding back another bratty huff. "Yes... come back after you're done, and I'll have you continue your tasks before excusing you for the evening."

"Mmhm..." Miles half-chuckles, and then sets out for the task.

-

So, Miles makes her way to where she knows Dove stays. It's Jackal's place. She knocks softly on the door outside of their apartment with a lazy smirk. She can almost hear the pitter-patter of footsteps beyond the door, and when it unlocks and opens, she's met with Dove's warm smile, their soft blue eyes shining with curiosity.

"Oh!" Dove gasps delicately, a smile so very unlike Miles' own slimy one coming to their face. "Hello, Miles," Dove greets, their voice soft and gentle. "What brings you here at this hour? I never see you around... you live so far away from the main city."

Miles grins, holding up the glass container of tea leaves. "I brought you something," she says, her tone playful. "Your favorite tea leaves. Straight from the embassy garden, from Primrose."

Dove's eyes light up in delight, and they invite her inside, their curiosity positively piqued. Miles catches a glimpse of them observing the tea leaves with a growing smile on their face, excited beyond belief. They must have been running low on their supply.

"Oh, thank you, Miles! That's so thoughtful of you and Primrose. Please, come in."

As Miles steps into Jackal's apartment and then Dove's room, she can't help but admire the cozy atmosphere. The room is filled with soft lighting and delicate furnishings, reflecting Dove's sweet personality perfectly.

Dove takes the container from her eagerly, inhaling the aroma of the tea leaves with a contented sigh. "Primrose always seems to know when I need more of these. It's like he has a sixth sense..." Dove places the container down, and then looks at Miles. "And thank you so much for bringing them to me!"

Miles laughs, her heart racing a little at Dove's earnest behavior. She knows she should focus on the mission, but being alone with Dove is too tempting to resist.

"Well, I do have a talent for making people happy," she says, her voice low and seductive. "But enough about me. What about you, Dove?"

Dove's smile widens, and they launch into a discussion about their work, their enthusiasm infectious. But Miles finds herself distracted, her eyes lingering on Dove's lips as they speak.

She leans in closer, her heart pounding a little. She can smell Dove's delicate shampoo, and the smell of the leaves already clinging to their skin, the aroma so strong that it's already stuck on them. "You know, Dove," she murmurs, her breath warm against Dove's cherubun ear. "I can think of a much more enjoyable way to spend our time together."

Dove blushes lightly, their cheeks flushing a delicate shade of pink. "Miles... erm. Jackal will be home soon... why don't I make us some tea? And then... then we can see what to do next?"

Dove's eyelashes flutter temptingly. They aren't denying Miles' advances.

*Oh*, Primrose would be so *pissed*. Miles feels a smug satisfaction as she nods, pulling away from Dove, towering over them with her lanky form.

"Sure. Trying some holy leaves with a cherubun sounds like a good time..."