

Just another ordinary day in the Burrowgatory, or it was to the average succubun, the cherubuns seemed more fascinated and curious with this talk of 'Hazeblooms' and the cloudy, heavy, atmosphere. One such cherubun in particular happened to be the darling, angelic, Dove. The sweet bun who had such a fascination with things relating to the Burrowgatory ever since their arrival here. The Heavenly Meadow did not have such weather. The sky never clouded over, the air was never heavy and humid with impending rain. No, there was no rain at all, only rainbows after a featherlight drizzle.

Dove had come to join Jackal, who was on her way to go help Hops with dealing with mushrooms, mushrooms was also something that did not exist within the Heavenly Meadow. Mushrooms, or any fungus in particular, did not fit within Melangel's image of a quaint, holy, home. Dove could not see why as they thought the mushrooms were such fascinating things, pesky and invasive, but it reminded them of vices in a way. A similar sort of situation with the mushrooms being the 'bad' within the 'good', when neither are bad or good, simply two opposing sides that deserve to exist and thrive with. Maybe it was just their naive way of viewing the world talking...

They had talked to Jackal about the mushrooms over tea, curious about them and the psychedelic properties they had. It was fascinating for them to hear of the envy succubun's experience with the mushrooms, an unimaginable high that Dove would never be able to experience nor fully understand. That was okay though as they could learn by simply viewing and being told about the experience from various succubuns, so that they could one day write a book about it. They wanted to write many books about each and every thing within the Burrowgatory, compare them to the things within the Heavenly Meadow and even the things within the Heavenly Embassy, the little slice bestowed to the fallen cherubuns who diverted from the, ever so, spiteful Melangel.

Which brings them back to now, they had donned some gloves to help the other two succubuns, Hops and Jackal, to root out the mushrooms from the hazebloom garden. The beautiful ethereal mist from the hazeblooms was deeply fascinating and alluring, it was so very different from the flowers within the Heavenly Meadow and even the ones within the Heavenly Embassy. A flower born from vice and sin, yet being so pretty and enthralling, and not free from being influenced by the whims of those around them. Not unlike succubuns at all. It was, truly, a fascinating if a tad naive, comparison that Dove was forming as they worked. They carefully trowled out each and every mushroom, going from the very bottom to get the mushroom out unharmed, even if it was invasive, it, much like everything else, deserved to live and thrive just in a location that wasn't within Angora's beloved garden. Maybe within an off-shoot in the little greenhouse that Jackal had helped Dove get for their tea, with extra care to make sure the mushrooms did not overrun the poor, unsuspecting, tea plants that already inhabited the garden.

The work was slow and grueling, and almost felt pointless with how quickly new mushrooms seemed to sprout, it was like the fungus fiends were coming out of nowhere, just spawning entirely out of existence. Dove knew that was wrong though, but it was hard not to believe such

a thing when the three of them had three whole buckets of mushrooms from all of their hard work and yet there were still so many more left. At least Hops would have many for garnishes for the alcoholic drinks served at The Rabbit Hole, one such drink being the new and, frankly, quite popular Psilo Punch that Hops had just started serving as a means to use these excess fungus for something good. Jackal would also have many mushrooms to indulge in the psychedelic effects with, speaking of which, Dove wondered if there was a way to concoct an ambrosia that could give a similar effect to what Jackal, and many others, had described to them, so that any curious cherubuns could safely try it without risking getting terribly sick due to their fragile constitutions. That was a future endeavor though, for now they had simply focused on clearing up as many mushrooms as they could before they grew too tired to continue and took their share of the bounty with parting words to Hops and Jackal and wishing the two succubuns the best of luck on clearing out the rest. Dove would, of course, be back to help once they had rested and regained their energy with a nice spot of tea, this was just a lot more work than the little angel was used to.