Treasure For My Valentine

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Summary

Valentine's Day can be an irritation to anyone not engaged in its festivities. Especially for those who don't have anyone to share it with. But if they do find someone...

Treasure For My Valentine

Anaxagoras had never been fond of Valentine’s Day.

The overpriced chocolates, the extravagantly unnecessary gifts, the suffocating abundance of flowers that only served to trigger his annoyance... and, of course, the couples—walking arm in arm, speaking in hushed, flirtatious tones, utterly lost in each other.

He always stole brief glances at them, a scoff on his lips, an eye roll barely concealed.

But the truth?

Valentine’s Day didn’t seem so terrible to him. Not that he would ever admit it.

Because deep down, he longed for someone to share it with. Someone worth the overpriced chocolates, worth the ecstatic reactions from the countless bouquets he’d buy just to see them smile. Someone worth it all.

And that’s where Stelle came in.

She was his opposite in nearly every way. She loved Valentine’s Day—the sweet scent of roses that lingered in the air, the carefully wrapped gifts in shop windows, and the warmth that came with the day’s festivities. But despite her love for it, there was one thing she and Anaxa had in common: They both always spent it alone.

The afternoon sun bathed Okhema in gold. Its warmth wrapping around Stelle as she sat on a park bench, eyes half-closed, legs crossed with her arm propped up on her thigh to encase her chin in her palm, enjoying the peaceful moment. Daydreaming longingly. Until her vision was suddenly blocked—by a bouquet of pink roses and a pristine box of milk chocolates. She blinked, not believing her eyes for a moment, before tilting her head up.

"Stelle.”

Anaxa’s voice was quieter than usual. His lone eye met her golden gaze for only a fleeting second, before darting away, his grip tightening on the gifts. The tips of his ears burned a deep shade of pink—darker than the roses he held out to her.

Her eyes widen, taken aback as her mind registered the gesture. Then her face very gradually morphs into a shy smile, and with a deep blush as she accepts the flowers. She holds them close, covering half her face gleefully like it was the greatest treasure she ever received. Her heart was practically about to burst.

Then she meets his eye bashfully with a bright smile. "Thank you."

Anaxa tries to maintain an unaffected demeanor at that. But underneath, he was a flurry of emotions, heart thudding hard like a wild drum. Seeing her holding the roses with an equally

rosy expression, was absolutely everything. A sight he'd commit to memory to think of again and again.

He took a deep breath before managing to speak. "You're welcome."

She rises to her feet and approaches him, planting a grateful kiss to his cheek before stepping back, and earns herself a surprised look. The gesture essentially expressed her acceptance of his feelings. Because why else would he be giving her these gifts on such a holiday, despite it not being in his nature?

His cheeks burned a deeper shade of pink. He'd imagined this moment countless times. But now that it was real, a flood of nerves courses through him.

She eyes the box of chocolates in his hand. "Shall we have some?" she softly prompts.

Anaxa's gaze flickered between the candy and her face. It took him a second to gather his thoughts, his mind still reeling from her impromptu gift to the cheek. He cleared his throat, his expression regaining some of its composure. "Of course," he says, his voice a touch rougher than usual. "Let's share."

They sit down and he opens the box, revealing a variety of delectably crafted chocolates inside. He offered her first pick, to which she obliges. Biting off half her piece, she hums blissfully, savoring the taste, before holding the remaining half up to his mouth in offering. As embarrassing as he thought it was, he parts his lips anyway and indulges her. The sweetness melts into his tongue, and his senses are flooded with the rich, velvety flavor.

As it seemed like he didn't dislike the treat, Stelle can't help beaming in response. A smile so contagious, he found it impossible to stay unaffected by it.

She loops her arm through his and rests her head on his shoulder. Simply enjoying the moment. He'd just made her day a million times better and she wasn't ready for it to end.

"Walk with me?" she asks.

His poor heart was soaring. The sudden, casual intimacy of her gesture caught him off guard, his mind momentarily short-circuiting.

After struggling to compose himself, he manages a civil response. "It would be my pleasure," his voice came softly, almost tender.

With Stelle by his side, they start strolling, his steps falling in time with hers. They walk through the streets of Okhema, content and fully focused on each other's company. They found comfort in their blossoming bond. No words were needed.

Eventually, after parting ways, Stelle settles the bouquet in an elegant vase on her desk at home. She stares at them dreamily, her mind occupied with thoughts of Anaxagoras and their day spent together. Thinking to herself that the days ahead would be worth looking forward to.

Likewise, Anaxa's own thoughts were consumed with the memories of the day. The pleasant reaction she had when he'd given her the roses replayed in his mind over and over. He could hardly believe he did it. He'd really earned her rewarding affections and didn't screw it up.

The day had been a stark contrast to his usual solitary confinement. And yet, it had become the best one he ever experienced. All because of Stelle.

He knew from then on, every day with her would be the best.

Maybe Valentine's Day wasn't so annoying after all.

~*Fin*

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