

Sunflower

Von Kouyou

"Sunflowers always face the sun." the blue haired student exclaimed, holding up a drawn picture with an oddly shaped.. something... up. The sunflower, Asmodeus assumed, as he took a closer look at the different strokes and surprisingly steady lines. It may not have looked like anything he had seen before, but it was clear that Iruma was able to draw quite well. And if that wasn't a reason to grant him a warm smile and encouraging words, what else would be?

"Your drawing skills and imagination are quite impressive. Truly a masterpiece, Iruma-sama."

"Yeah! This sunnyflower is super cool, Iruma-chiii!!! Does it radiate heat like the sun?? Or does it shoot lasers like PEW PEW BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-"

“Ahh, eh n-no. It doesn't.” The human was quick to tell, knowing that Asmodeus was probably half a second away from screaming at her and to make a fuss about how there is no way a plant would do that. Which only makes a little sense, given that there are flowers in the demon world that are actually burning or some others that fashion a silly face and tiny wings. But after Iruma took a quick look at Clara just to find her expression drop in disappointment, he had to at least say **something**, right?

"They don't do that, but on cloudy days when they can't see the sun, sunflowers go and sometimes face each other."

"REALLY?? Why do they do that?? Do they talk??"

"Hmm.. I am not sure, but maybe they do?"

Of course they didn't. Iruma knew that. He also knew that sunflowers don't always end up facing the sun. It had something to do with the growth of their stem and that fully matured plants would eventually permanently face east. But seeing how wide Clara's smile stretched and how Asmodeus' eyes widened in surprise, Iruma really didn't have it in him to tell them that. Instead he listened with a small smile of his own how the two of them started to make up different scenarios and theories before all of them eventually ended talking about different topics while eating the snacks Opera provided them.

It was just one of those fun afternoons where he shared one or two facts about the human world to his best friends, that just assumed he just made them up. And honestly? He didn't mind. He loved to share some facts about the human world, especially when it left Asmodeus' and Clara's eyes sparkle with wonder and curiosity. But as interested as they were, they also happened to forget all about it rather fast. Which was fine – he didn't expect them to care much either way.

So color him surprised to find himself together with Asmodeus alone in his room and said demon kept on staring at him so intently, that it left the human uncomfortable.

"a- Azz-kun.. I-is something wrong? Do I have something on my f-face?" Most likely a blush, as he could feel clearly the heat radiating from his cheeks.

"..."

There was no reply – yet Iruma didn't miss how a muscle or two around the demon's mouth twitched, as if he was considering saying something. It was hard to miss, given how close he was and Iruma found himself leaning back ever so slightly.

"Azz-kun y-you're a bit t-too close.." he muttered, barely able to hear his own voice because of how loud his heart was beating inside his chest. It even drowned the sound of the rain that was continuously pattering against his tall windows. For a moment he wondered if the demon was able to hear it too, given how his eyebrows pulled

together for a second or two, but otherwise Asmodeus seemed to be focused on watching his face very, very closely.

"I think I know." the taller teen eventually said and all Iruma could do was let out an embarrassing sound of confusion. Know what? His true identity? Was he able to figure out that he was a human, simply by staring at his face? It would make sense – he probably looked so different with his round ears and dull fangs and-

"Know..what?" no need to freak out before actually confirming things, right?

"Why they look at each other."

Thank god – or devil – or whatever else demon worshiped again, as it had slipped Iruma's mind completely over the fact that it was NOT his identity after all. But that didn't mean that he suddenly understood what the pink haired demon was talking about.

"And, um, why do they..?" maybe carefully asking was the best approach? It at the very least made Asmodeus sit back, giving him the space he had been craving for and some fresh air he desperately needed.

"They confuse each other as the sun."

"What?"

"You said that they always face the sun, right?" It took the human a moment, but eventually with a quiet gasp, he finally caught on.

"You mean the sunflowers?" Asmodeus nodded, and so did Iruma. "Well, at least that's what people say."

"From the way you drew the sunflowers, they look quite similar to the sun themselves. So perhaps that is why they end up facing each other during cloudy days - they confuse each other as the sun."

Asmodeus said it so calmly, Iruma almost felt like he had uncovered the secret behind the phenomenon for real. But again, he knew this wasn't true and perhaps he should tell him the real reason behind the entire sunflowers looking at the sun thing. Yet he stayed quiet as he wondered why from all the things he had told Azz and Clara about, it was the sunflowers that caught the pink haired demon's interest.

That is, until magenta eyes found blue ones and once again, the demon ended up leaning close. Not as close as before, but Iruma still felt nervous with Asmodeus' face right in front of his own. "U-uh.. umm.. maybe? Why d-do you think that?"

At that it seemed it was Asmodeus' turn to look awkwardly away. And if Iruma looked a tiny bit closer, he could see the faintest dust of pink bloom across the other's fair skin. Why was that? Was he embarrassed? Did he perhaps not think it through and lacked an answer?

"I am... the same." What?

"Azz-kun, you're not a sunflower..?"

"No I mean- I.." Okay, now Iruma was fairly sure that Asmodeus was in fact blushing. He just wasn't sure why.

"It's okay Azz-kun, you don't have to explain it." And Iruma meant it. If his friend was uncomfortable, then they could simply drop the topic. Of course he was curious, but he really didn't want to push Asmodeus in a weird position. And from the way the taller teens shoulders fell ever so slightly as he started to relax a bit, the smaller one smiled warmly at him. A way to reassure him that it was alright to move on, yet he did not expect for the other to reach out and undo the ribbon holding his pink hair together.

"If I am alone, I like to look at things that remind me of you." Iruma wanted to ask what he meant, but he kept quiet as his eyes looked at the midnight blue ribbon. Unsure what to make out of it, his mind clearly unable to catch up with the situation so far.

"Blue things in general seem to calm me the most. Like this ribbon for example." something the human never thought about. If he had noticed, he probably would have put it off as a coincidence – maybe Asmodeus really liked this color. Or perhaps he picked it because it went really well with his pink hair. It really wasn't something Iruma would have thought much about.

"But there are other things."

"What things..?" his voice was barely a whisper, yet the demon must have heard him nonetheless, as a warm, yet slightly uncertain, smile stretched across his lips.

"Your favorite snacks. The little presents you graciously gave me and.."

"a-and..?" The human could feel his heartbeat pick up, even when they weren't nearly as close as before. And it wasn't because he was embarrassed or uncomfortable either. Which he.. probably should be, given what the demon just told him so far. Yet he found he didn't really mind. It was weird, yes, but it also made him feel warm.

"Your pictures."

For a long moment, it was quiet between them. Asmodeus didn't add anything else and Iruma felt as if he was frozen in place. His face didn't feel warm, it felt HOT by now and he was sure he looked like a tomato. His heart was beating so fast against his chest that he was certain that it must jump out by any second. But the most distracting thing was that fluttering feeling inside his stomach that left him lightheaded and slightly dizzy.

His mind was running in overdrive – trying its best to process all the information. But to no use. Because how could he focus, when Asmodeus ears were dropping ever so slightly – revealing that the pointy tips were blooming in the same pink as the blush that spread across his cheeks? Or from the way the demon swallowed nervously – his eyes unable to look at him for longer than a few seconds, but also never staying away for long either. What did that mean? Why did Asmodeus fidget? Why did he start to worry his lips? So many questions that Iruma was desperate to hear the answer to.

“Why..?” he eventually found himself asking – his voice soft and quiet. Yet it held nothing less than warmth in it. Not fear, not anger – just warmth and perhaps a little bit more than he himself was aware of.

“Because you are my sun, Iruma-sama”