

Most of the time, Elest does prefer to keep to himself. He doesn't often visit the main branch of the Church of Sulfur, tends to stick to his office of his small chapel unless he was offering guidance or giving a sermon, he is just not a very social type. So as he hurried past buns to go toward his office, it wasn't all that suspicious, which for once worked to his benefit. Typically, he'd send for his sweets, or have them delivered directly to him so no one who see, but Dan's typical delivery bun had twisted his ankle so he had no choice but to go collect the order himself this time.

Liking sweets, for a normal bun, wouldn't be seen as something to be treated like such a big secret but Elest has an image to uphold. People barely know his background before he opened his branch of the church on the outside of the burrows and that is how he'd rather it stay. He wants people to view him as a mysterious (and perhaps sexy) bun with a lot of knowledge. He feels that if they knew how severe his sweet tooth actually was, they'd view him less intimidatingly and more...cutely. Ugh..cute. Who would want to be cute?

So, as he made it to his office with his box of treasures tucked under his cloak, he was quick to not only shut but lock the door. Sitting at his desk after hanging his cloak up, he set down the box, preparing to open it when he heard a small sound and felt a tug at his tunic. He knew well what that meant. Looking under his desk to see his Virtue had been sleeping in the pet bed under his desk, Vice still curled up and resting as the chirop pulled at his uniform.

" Alright, Alright! Come on up, little one, before you wake your sister. " the bun offered his hand, the small bat climbing into it so he could be lifted up onto the desk. Hopping off, the imp wobbled over to the box of treats, giving it a sniff before his eyes lit up. Wiggling eagerly as it looked up at Elest brought a smile to the typically stoic bun's face " Yes, I got one for the both of you, don't I always?".

Opening the box to reveal some sweet looking macarons, he pulled a beige, pet-safe one from the left row of the box, breaking off a small piece and handing it to the imp before he happily picked up a bright yellow one for himself. Lemon is his favorite and he couldn't resist when Dan had them on stock. This baker's dozen would last him maybe 3 days. And he knew that, but he didn't care. Sweets are the one guilty pleasure he allows himself. As he took his first bite, he melted into a soft purring sound, matching those of the imp that sat on the desk and happily munched with him. Vice would be allowed her piece when she woke up from her nap.

Having 1 unhealthy addiction in a life dedicated to typically healthy living isn't a crime, but he certainly treats it like it is. Eldest would need to sneak the sweets box into the dumpster when he was done in a few days. Would treating himself truly affect his image? Probably not, but can he truly risk it?