

Rhea and Quince's paths often intertwined, given that they both loved food, and also both loved imps! Quince, with her Phloof Peach, and Rhea with Love, her cutest baby Furdin. Rhea's warm, welcoming smile, and her ability to make anyone laugh, found an equally enthusiastic counterpart in Quince's boisterous personality.

One evening after Rhea's Ramen had closed down for the night and it was only her and Love in the kitchen, Quince entered with her arms laden with a basket of colorful treats. She hadn't even knocked. She wore a flamboyant outfit that perfectly matched her vibrant personality, a spectacle of colors and patterns in the shapes of sweets that drew the eye to her—it also helped that Quince was quite the large woman, which Rhea personally enjoyed, and would playfully google her because of.

Rhea, who had been tending to the dishes that needed to be cleaned, beamed a smile as Quince approached her.

"There you are, Quince!" Rhea greeted, her voice laced with immediate, warm affection, as it always was. But especially so, with Quince. "Did you bring the stuff?"

Quince nodded, placing the basket on the counter. "Take a look for yourself. We've got tons," she said proudly, and then added, winking in Rhea's direction: "And of course, a little something special for my favorite succubun."

With a flourish, Quince revealed her delectable creations. Many of them were just imp treats, shaped like little bones, in all colors, but as Quince said, there were also treats for Rhea in there: some cupcakes, and of course, dango Quince must have picked up from Dan. Each treat looked delicious, even the ones for the imps.

Rhea's eyes sparkled brightly as she examined the treats. "Oh, Quince! You've truly outdone yourself this time." She giggled. "These are almost too beautiful to eat—I'm sure even Love agrees! And little Peachy too, hm?" Rhea laughed, tickling Peach, who had been on Quince's shoulder the whole time, with a finger.

Peach cooed happily, wiggling her round, furry body.

Quince chuckled, her eyes locked with Rhea's in a playful exchange.

"That's the idea," said Quince. "But hey, there's never any shame in indulging yourself."

Two gluttony buns could absolutely agree on that notion.

The playful banter and teasing glances between Rhea and Quince had become something of a "tradition" between the two of them, and on this particular night in the shop alone, it seemed that Quince was determined to outdo herself in both the treat department and the flirting department—Rhea couldn't help but blush as she met Quince's flirty gaze while they spoiled Peach and Love, and Love, sitting on the counter, watched with growing jealousy and impatience. She was supposed to be getting treats from her mama! Not seeing this... this shameless display!

As Rhea leaned over the counter to wave a green-colored treat in Love's face to see if she would like it, the flavor likely matcha, Quince's fingers gently brushed Rhea's arm to hold her back.

"Hey," Quince said, her voice all but husked out—it was enough to bring a bright blush to Rhea's cheeks. Love opened her mouth to nibble at the treat, but Rhea was drawn back by Quince's powerful arms. "The imps have eaten enough."

Rhea's heart skipped a beat at Quince's suggestive tone, growing excited.

"Please, you're such a tease," she murmured, her eyes narrowed in such a way that could only be described as heady and suggestive. "And you know there's no such thing as 'eating enough'."

Quince grinned, her eyes dancing with mischief.

"Guess that's true. Like how I can't get enough of you?" Quince said, slipping her arms around Rhea's middle.

"Oh, please," Rhea giggled.

Meanwhile, as the two shamelessly flirted, Love watched the interaction with growing dismay. The little Furdin had always been the center of Rhea's attention, and she couldn't help but feel a fiery jealousy as Quince openly flirted

with her mama. Love's tiny, furry face displayed an expression of adorable confusion as she tried to make sense of the situation.

Rhea finally tore her gaze away from Quince to address Love. She reached out, her fingers tenderly stroking Love's soft fur. "Oh, Love, don't be jealous, sweetie. You know you're my favorite."

Love's large, round eyes met Rhea's, filled with a mixture of longing and the unspoken question of, "Am I?"

Quince, ever the showwoman, noticed Love's reaction and couldn't resist adding to the playful tension. "It's a good thing you're the favorite, Love, because I'm going to need Rhea's undivided attention in a moment."

Rhea blushed, the flirtatious energy between them making the air crackle with anticipation. She leaned in closer to Quince, her voice low and sultry. "Oh, Quince, and what is it that you'll need my undivided attention for?"

Quince, with a theatrical flair, began feeding Rhea one of the cupcakes. Immediately, excess cream brushed against the corner of Rhea's mouth, leaving a smudge there. She held it to Rhea's lips and whispered, "For this, sweetheart," she muttered. "To see if you find it as delicious as I do. You haven't tried any yet."

Rhea's lips parted, and she took a small, dainty bite of the cupcake. Her eyes locked with Quince's as she savored the sweet treat, and a low, appreciative hum escaped her. "Mmm..." she whispered; moaned.

Quince chuckled, her fingers lingering near Rhea's lips. "I knew you'd enjoy it."

Love, watching the exchange from her spot on the counter, let out an indignant chitter. She couldn't contain her jealousy any longer. With all the determination her tiny frame could muster, she hopped over to Rhea and tugged on her sleeve.

Rhea looked down at Love, her heart melting at the sight of her beloved Furdin imp. Immediately, Quince, who was groping at her tummy and ass, was forgotten. Quince made a face now, like she was jealous, as Rhea looked at Love.

"What's wrong, sweetie?"

Love pointedly turned her gaze toward Quince, then back to Rhea, as if to say, *"She's taking all your attention, and I'm not happy about it!"* At least that's what Rhea could imagine her precious baby saying to her.

Rhea chuckled, her bright blue eyes swimming with all the affection in the world. "Oh, Love, you're such a jealous little girl, aren't you? It's okay," Rhea cooed, picking her baby Furdin up to cradle her for just a moment until she placed her back down. Love didn't seem to be happy, as she reached out a little paw and made a loud mew to get Rhea's attention again. "Look, we made her jealous!" Rhea pouted at Quince, still a bit red in the face from the bridge of her nose to the tips of her furry ears regardless.

Quince, who had been watching the interaction with a playful smile, leaned over to Love. Her frame cast a shadow on Love's tiny little feline form, dwarfing her completely. Still, Love stared up at Quince fearlessly, as if taking a stand against the bun who meant to take her mother away from her.

"Don't worry, Love," she said, her voice taking on a soothing tone, "I'm just here to share the fun. Rhea loves you very much," Quince said. Her large fingers extended to pat Love's remarkably tiny, furry head gently, a comforting touch that conveyed understanding. Quince's eyes, filled with warmth and empathy, met Love's, silently assuring her that there was no need for jealousy.

Rhea could absolutely see why Quince was an imp trainer in the first place. She was clearly experienced with soothing even the most furious of their little emotions with ease. Her entire demeanor had shifted, from her tone to the crease in her eyebrows.

Love's jealousy began to melt away as she realized that Quince meant no harm. She let out a contented chitter of "mew!" and nuzzled into Quince's large palm, and then, she turned her head for pets from Rhea, seeking the comfort of her succubun mother.

Rhea smiled, her heart full of love for her Furdin. She reached for one of the colorful imp treats that Quince had brought and offered it to Love after giving her tiny ears an adequate amount of love and pets. "Here, sweetie, a treat just for you. You'll always be my favorite little imp, okay? Don't forget it!"

Love accepted the treat with a joyful chitter and began nibbling on it with delight. As she enjoyed the special imp treat, the atmosphere in the ramen shop grew lighter, and the playful banter between Rhea and Quince continued.

With a bit less groping and pinching. That could wait until later. Maybe they had gotten a bit carried away in that regard. Rhea still felt a bit hot and bothered, but -

Again. That could be taken care of later.

The evening passed with laughter, flirtation, and shared indulgence. Love, content with her treats and the knowledge that she was indeed Rhea's favorite, observed the playful dynamics between her succubun mother and the boisterous imp trainer with a much happier approach.