

“You gonna stare at these guns, or eat your parfait?”

Quince’s lips quirked into a cocky smirk, fangs poking out from behind her lips. Even Vanille, who was usually shameless if she’d taken the right amount of substance—which was typically *too* much—flustered awkwardly.

“I mean... your arms are so huge,” Vanille justified, turning her gaze to the parfait in front of her.

In the heart of Burrowgatory, there was a quaint little café known for crafting the most exquisite parfaits imaginable. Its name was "Café de la Crème," and it was a hidden gem tucked away where most buns wouldn't even check to hop into. The café's reputation had spread far and wide, drawing dessert aficionados from all corners of the city.

Quince had insisted it was the best place there was, and to 'trust her, she knew her stuff!' There was the aroma of freshly brewed coffee and the promise of an unforgettable parfait as soon as they walked in. The café was bathed in warm, golden light, and a soft melody played in the background, creating an atmosphere of pure enchantment while Quince and Vanille sat across from one another.

It didn't take long for Vanille—and Quince—to decide on the parfait they were going to share with each other. The “Symphony of Delights Parfait.”

The parfait was served in an exquisite crystal glass with multiple layers.

The first layer was a velvety smooth custard, kissed with a hint of vanilla. It was so delicate that it seemed like it would melt on your tongue the moment you put it in your mouth, leaving a sweet and creamy sensation that would absolutely make you close your eyes in bliss.

(So Quince had said).

Above the custard rested a layer of fresh, juicy berries, each one plump and bursting with natural sweetness. Raspberries, blueberries, and strawberries glistened like jewels in the sun, their vibrant colors dancing together in harmonious contrast.

(Quince had described it that way).

Next came the layer of homemade granola, toasted to perfection. It added a satisfying crunch, providing the parfait with a delightful texture that balanced the creaminess of the custard and the juiciness of the berries.

(Trust me, Quince told her. Vanille nodded).

The 'pièce de résistance', as Quince had confidently dubbed it to be, was a dollop of fresh whipped cream, airy and cloud-like, crowned with a single, perfectly ripe strawberry on top. And it really did smell so delicious.

And finally... finally, the parfait was garnished with delicate shavings of dark chocolate and a sprinkling of crushed pistachios. The chocolate added a rich, bittersweet depth to the ensemble, while the pistachios provided a subtle nuttiness that completed the symphony of flavors.

Oh, and there were also two spoons shoved into the first layer of cream.

That was everything that Quince had explained to her.

"Yeah," Quince said confidently, picking up her own spoon and all but twirling it between her thick fingers. "But if that's all you can focus on, instead of what I just told you about this bad boy, then your priorities are kinda skewed."

"Big arms are more important to me than parfaits," Vanille said, but she couldn't help but sweep her tongue over her mouth as she stared the parfait down. "Looks soooo good, though."

"Let's dig in, then," Quince said cheerfully, her grin growing even wider. "But remember, if it's a parfait, then we gotta go at the same time."

Vanille couldn't help but pout coyly at Quince. Her heart skipped a little beat, and before she knew it, the words had tumbled out of her mouth.

"I mean, that's more of a thing for couples, right? Like, buns on dates," she said as she used her spoon to scoop up a small amount of custard. Quince followed after her immediately, but got a strawberry in her scoop with a determined flick of her tongue.

Quince savored the spoonful as it was scooped into her mouth. "Oh man, that's good," she said blissfully, chewing a few times before redirecting her attention to Vanille. "But you know, this almost feels like a date anyways, right? So, I mean."

Vanille couldn't help but flush, just a little. Something about Quince and her big arms made her feel like an inexperienced virgin again. "I thought we were just hanging out. Y'know, as friends."

Their conversation danced on, a flirtatious undercurrent threading through their words. Quince leaned in closer, her bright blue eyes sparkling with mischief as Vanille all but shrunk underneath her.

"Um," Vanille said. "What?"

"Are you sure about that, Vanille? Because you have this way of making even the simplest things feel so intimate."

Vanille urgently took another spoonful of the parfait into her mouth, the creamy delight tantalizing her taste buds. She responded back as playfully as possible, "Well, maybe I can't help it if I'm just naturally charming."

Quince, undeterred, teased, "You know, when friends share dessert, they usually don't feed each other."

Vanille's heart quickened, and she couldn't hide her smile. She held out her spoon, offering a bite of parfait to Quince.

"Well, if you want this to be a date so bad, then here. Have a taste."

With a knowing smirk, Quince leaned even closer and accepted the bite, her eyes locked onto Vanille's the entire time. "Mmm, delicious," she said, voice low and husky. "But there's still a little bit of cream on your cheek."

In one quick move, Quince leaned in and gently licked the cream off Vanille's cheek. Her breath was warm against her, and her tongue was soft as it flicked against the cream that had smudged against Vanille's face.

Vanille seriously did feel so stupidly helpless. But she didn't hate the feeling, really. Nervously, she laughed. "More direct than I expected... damn."

Quince, ever the provocateur, chuckled softly. "Well, when you insist on making everything feel like a date, what's a bun to do?"

Vanille grinned coyly, her heart racing beneath her facade. "Maybe I'm just trying to give you a taste of what you're missing out on."

"Then, how about after this..." Quince said, letting the back of her finger trail against Vanille's face, where she'd just licked, only to return back to the parfait in front of them. "You show me exactly what I'm missing out on?"

Vanille narrowed her eyes knowingly, smirking at Quince. "Hm. I guess I can."

As they continued to share their dessert, the playful banter and lingering glances painted a vivid picture of an undeniable spark between them, despite Vanille's best attempts to keep things casual.

She really couldn't believe Quince's infodump of parfait layers *worked* on her.