



その花びらにくちづけを

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Translator's Notes:

- There's a reference near the beginning to a song about eating delicious food called *Pokopon Pekorya*, which came out around the same time as this story. In the original text, the fictional title "Pokopon Penyora" is used, but it seems to clearly be a reference to *Pokopon Pekorya*. Since a western audience is unlikely to be familiar with that song, I used the real title for the translation rather than the fake one.
- At the end, two real life competitive eaters are referenced by name, but their names are censored. Again, because I imagine a western audience is less likely to be familiar with these people, I used their full, uncensored names for the translation.

Caution:

This book has no connection whatsoever to the main story.

As usual, please don't sweat the minor details and just enjoy the story.

Miya's Secret Gourmet Tastes

Ding-dong!

"Yes, who is it?"

"It's Miya, your nocturnal lover."

"Stop talking like that... No one but you ever comes to visit me anyway, Miya."

"You get lots of visitors, don't you? Like people peddling newspapers, or better health, or world peace?"

"Them, I could do without. I have such a hard time saying no to people..."

"In that case, you should hire me as your bodyguard. I would kindly show each and every one of them the door. I would exhort them with such logic that they would never trouble your doorstep again."

"You're always there for me, Miya. Anyway, what brings you by today?"

"Nothing in particular. I was conducting some work-related research at the library when suddenly, out of nowhere, I found myself famished."

"Hmph... And so you just dropped in, hoping to bum a meal."

"Indeed. My appetite has grown so voracious, I fear I may die of hunger... So, without further ado..."

Whomp.

"W-W-Wait a second, Miya! What's the big idea tackling me like that?!"

"Why... I came to dine on you, of course."

"No way, forget it! You can't just jump straight in like that without any consideration for the mood, you pervert! Deviant!"

"Heheh, you rather sound like Reo-sama when you talk like that. You must have picked it up from her when we served on the planning committee together."

"M- Maybe... But anyway, get off! You can't just push someone down in their entryway!"

"I realize that. It was just something of a greeting. A joke, albeit one difficult to appreciate."

"There's nothing funny about it!! Were you even hungry in the first place?"

"Indeed, I am. I'm extremely, incredibly, *Pokopon Pekorya* hungry."

"I have no idea what you're talking about... But if you're okay with something simple, I can whip you up a snack."

"Oh, there's no need to hurry. I'm merely hungry."

"Fine, fine... Honestly, you're so fickle... Anyway, just go sit in there and wait."

"Certainly. I'll just wait in this room that looks like an explosion at a Gothic Lolita convention as I try to hide my shame, like a monk enduring in silence."

"...You know, you're really starting to tick me off."

"Let's see now... Just sitting around is too boring. I wonder if I can find something productive to do. It's not that I wish to invade her privacy... But I would like to learn whatever I can about my dear Risa. Goodness, no matter how many times I see this shamelessly girlish room of hers, I just can't seem to grasp her sense of style... Oh, what have we here? It's Risa's tea cup. My, it completely clashes with this room... I wonder if

she's making a statement against Japanese sensibilities. And next to it is a half-eaten cookie..."

Munch-munch...

"...Hm, poor quality and mildly sweet, though not unpleasant. No, by no means unpleasant. Something of a familiar flavor. It does seem like something that would pair nicely with tea, however. The tea cup appears to be sufficiently full as well."

Gulp-gulp, gulp...

"Ahh... An indirect kiss... How exciting... Hehe, I've always wanted to say something so Risa-esque."

"...Hey, Miya, did you say something?"

"Indeed, I was saying that I'm undeserving of a girlfriend as lovely and adorable as you."

"G- Geeze... You don't have to be so embarrassing... I mean, if anything, I'm the one who doesn't deserve someone as perfect as you..."

"I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you very well. Would you mind repeating that a bit louder? Oh, and please wait a moment while I get my recorder ready."

"Gosh, lay off already... Anyway, would you like me to put on some tea first, Miya?"

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness, but I'm not particularly thirsty."

...Gulp, gulp-gulp.

"Oh... All right. In that case, it'll be about three more minutes."

"I shall be waiting... So, I have three minutes..."

Munch-munch...

"I've had enough of this cookie. What else can I... Oh, what is a hanten doing in here? Risa's casual clothes may be cutesy, but this must be what she wears around the house... *Hmph, mmph*, it's a bit constricting... Wearing her hanten and drinking tea from her tea cup..." *Sip, gulp*. "It's almost as though I've become Risa herself♥. I suppose this is one way of doing things. What a novel sensation. What else can I... Oh, what is this faint scent I smell...? I believe it's coming from over here."

Sniff-sniff, sniff...

"It's Risa's shoes... They're giving off such a distinct scent. Goodness, how incredible... It's like the scent I savor in bed, the scent of my beloved Risa's body, in concentrated form."

Sniff-sniff, sniff-sniff.

"Such a powerful scent of Risa... Ahh, if it's this strong with just one shoe, then inside... Inside her shoe cupboard it must be... Ahh, I'm salivating. *Haah, haah...* I wonder if I should open it... This forbidden door... It's like Pandora's Box. Once it's been opened..."

"Hey, Miya, for your pasta, would you rather have it with meat sauce, or Napolitan style?"

"Pardon? Hmm... A pasta thick with meat sauce would certainly satisfy this hunger... But the artificial flavor of a ketchup sauce is also okay from time to time. However, I currently have more pressing matters at hand... Risa, I'll go with the pasta Napolitan if you don't mind. And please don't skimp on the toppings."

"You got it... It's such a pain to chop up the onions and peppers though..."

Chop-chop, chop-chop-chop...

“Ah, yes, the sounds of expert knife work. That should be no surprise, coming from Risa. Those sounds are the sure sign of a quality establishment. I was right to go with the pasta Napolitan, I’m certain of it. Now I’ve extended the preparation time by two minutes, and accordingly bought myself more time to spend on my quest for truth. *Haah... Hooh, haah, hooh...* All right, I’m going to do it... I’m going to open the forbidden door...”

Creak... Creeeeeak....

“Ai- Aiieee! What is this smell?! It’s fiendish... “

Sniff-sniff.

“Ahh, this must be Risa in her purest form; her very essence. From the side of her I know, to the side I don’t, and every aspect in between, all blended together in perfect unity... Ahhh♥. I’ve tasted the forbidden fruit... And it tastes heavenly. But coming this far has only served to whet my appetite for more. Say if, for instance, a pair of Risa’s childhood shoes were to disappear... It would hardly cause any disruption in her life, now would it? I believe I’ll be taking these home with me for study... Hehehe♥.

“*Hooh, haah, haah...* It truly is wonderful... Next I must find her u- underwear... No other item can produce a more powerful experience of Risa. I already swiped a pair once before, but I require a new item in order to further my studies. If possible, I would prefer a freshly harvested specimen from last night... The weather isn’t particularly favorable today, so I doubt she’s done laundry. I suspect the most freshly discarded treasure will be found in the bathroom changing area...

“*Haah, haah...* Oooh, goodness, just the thought of it is making my pulse race. I feel as though my heart is going to beat out of my chest... This must surely be true love. Now then, on to the changing room... I’m about to venture into Risa’s sanctuary...”

“Miya, your pasta Napolitan is ready!”

“What?! W- Wait a moment, Risa, you’re too early. By my calculations I should still have two more minutes...”

“Well, I finished quicker. I worked extra hard since you were making such a big deal about how hungry you were... Say, what are you doing in the hallway, Miya?”

“What? I- I was, um... organizing your shoes. They seemed to have been discarded in such a haphazard manner...”

“...If you were organizing my shoes then what are you doing holding that pair? And a really old pair at that.”

“Th- These are for... A new service our company has begun offering. You unearth buried treasures in your home and we sell them for you at auction.”

“Are you crazy? No one’s going to want to buy something like that.”

“That isn’t true at all. I would pay handsomely for them. I would go as high as 1 million, or even 2 million yen.”

“Come on, quit joking around... Hey, more importantly, why are you wearing my hanten?”

“Well, you see, I uh... I feel that, in a way, the two of us are connected as one person, so...”

“*Haah, haah...* I can’t do it, I just can’t take it anymore. I feel as though I’m about to die of hunger!”

“Then go eat already. I told you your pasta Napolitan is... Aie! Yaaah!”

"Haah, haah, haah... Now I can have your real panties."

"What are you doing, you moron?! I just went to all that effort to make you a snack, so go eat it already!"

"But of course. Once I'm finished I fully intend to enjoy my darling Risa's home cooking... for dessert♡. Your panties are the main course!"

"You jerk! Pervert! Eeeee!"

Smooch, slrp...

"...Ahh, Risa's scent... Risa's taste... Nothing beats the genuine article♡."

"Don't! If you lick my underwear like that, I... Ahh, yaaaah♡♡!"

"...Thank you for a wonderful meal."

"Haah, haah... How did things come to this?"

"That... would be my little secret. One I shall take to my grave."

Slurp, slurp-slurp, munch-munch-munch...

"Yeesh... Hey, you'd better eat that pasta Napolitan after I went to all that trouble to make it for you!"

"Thank you again for a wonderful meal. It was delicious. The sausages cut into the shape of octopuses were an excellent touch."

"Haah, I should have known you'd inhale it... It's no wonder they call you the Gal Sone of St. Michael's."

"Personally I prefer Nobuyuki 'The Giant' Shirota. But anyway, I should get out of your hair."

"What? You're leaving already? You can stay longer if you want. I'll make us some tea and snacks..."

"Don't make such a pitiful face, Risa. I'll come see you again tomorrow... Next time I think I'll be in the mood for Kanda Jinbocho curry with a fruit salad."

"You're only coming over here to eat?!"

"Hehehe, I'll see you tomorrow... I love you, Risa..." *smooch*♡.

"Hn- Mmf... Miya... Ah..."

"I shall return tomorrow to enjoy you once more, Risa. Hehehe♡"

"Ahh, I'm going to be devoured by Miya again tomorrow... I can't wait."

The End

A Kiss For The Petals – Comic Market 83 Bonus Story

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