

Cherry Blossom Petals: Date 6

Conventions, Confessions, and Robot Concierges

Ages 16+



Date number six was not an ordinary cafe rendezvous. Today, Tokyo belonged to the geeks.



Ren promised he would dress up. But a headband was as daring as he dared to go.



Hana, on the other hand, had spent three months sewing red ribbon trim.



Riding the Yurikamome monorail, they were already surrounded by capes, wigs, and giant foam swords.



The iconic pyramid towers loomed against the blue sky: Tokyo Comic Con.



Stepping inside was like opening a door straight into another dimension.



Passersby squealed and gave Ren finger guns. The cat ears were an undeniable hit.



Photographers gathered almost immediately, begging Hana for a hero pose.



Giant mecha statues guarded corporate booths, handing out collector bags and badges.



Ren spent twelve hundred yen trying to win a miniature ceramic ramen bowl key chain.



He got three rubber cabbages before finally landing the golden bowl.



Hana's eyes suddenly narrowed with tactical focus. 'Time for the West Wing,' she declared.



The independent artist alley was a sea of folding tables, paper flyers, and feverish fans.



Hana moved like a ninja, sliding coins across tablecloths with practiced speed.



Ren glanced at the books Hana was buying. The illustrated covers looked surprisingly spicy.



They were independent romantic doujinshi. Ren swallowed hard and pretended not to notice.



By three o'clock, their feet were aching and their bags were bulging.



Warm custard fish waffles solved all exhaustion known to humanity.



While sorting their souvenirs, Hana casually redistributed the paper totes.



The sunset over the Odaiba rainbow bridge turned the bay molten gold.



'See you tomorrow, kitty,' Hana teased at her station gate, handing over his bag.



Ren unlocked his quiet apartment door, thoroughly worn out and thoroughly content.



He tipped his tote onto the kotatsu table to organize his spoils.



Out slid three glossy, vibrant booklets with titles dripping in heart motifs.



Ren froze. Hana had accidentally packed her doujinshi collection right into his bag.



He flipped open page one using only two fingertips, like defusing a cheerful bomb.



Inside was an unapologetic, swooning romance about daring heroes taking charge.



Ren laughed aloud. For date seven, he decided Hana could drive the narrative entirely.



A chime lit his screen: 'WAIT! Did I give you my West Wing books?! Don't look!!'



'Safe with me,' he typed back. 'Next destination is 100% your choice.'



As sleep crept in, wild Tokyo rumors drifted through his imagination.



If automated love hotels staffed by robot dinosaur concierges were next, Ren was fully ready.