**Stairwell**

We encountered an unusually touchy couple on the roof so, not really wanting to get involved with that, we quietly shuffled away and awkwardly searched for another place to eat.

Pro: That was, um, uncomfortable.

Prim: Yeah.

Pro: I wonder if they saw us.

Probably not, considering how invested in each other they seemed.

Prim: ...

Prim (slapping ouch): ...!

The noise resonates through the stairwell, causing me to flinch as if she slapped me and not herself.

Pro: Huh? Are you alright?

Prim: Oh, I’m fine.

To my horror, she reaches behind her and pulls a pair of bento boxes from her bag.

Prim: I have one for you too. Here.

Pro: Oh, thanks...

She hands it to me and I tearfully accept, but a small twinge of curiosity infiltrates the sense of impending doom rising in my chest when I get a better look at it. It’s larger and sleeker than a normal bento box, with a shiny black exterior lined with golden embellishment.

If I had to describe it I’d choose “exquisite,” but before I can get my hopes up I remind myself that it’s the content that matters. A bigger box means more to eat, which is really, really bad considering how I barely survived last time...

Prim: Um...

Prim: Are you gonna open it?

Pro: Oh, right.

Ever so tentatively I inch open the lid, not really wanting to find out what’s under it...

...but when I finally take it off, I find that the inside is as beautiful as the outside, if not more so. It contains a wide variety of delicacies, including sushi, tempura, and even lobster, which I’ve only had once when I was really young.

It’s an obviously expensive bento, so is it really okay for me to have it? It’s not *my* birthday, and I don’t even have anything to give her in return...

Pro: Are you sure I can eat this...?

Prim: ...

Prim: Why not?

Prim: Do you not...

Prim: ...like it?

Prim’s face is full of worry and, panicked, I hurry to clarify.

Pro: Huh?!? It’s not that, it’s just that it seems a bit...

Pro: ...pricey.

Prim: Actually...

Prim: This morning Iris gave me both of them and told me to give one to you. She said something about it being free, and that we should eat it together.

I’m 99% sure that the part about it being free is a lie, but...

Prim: So don’t worry about it.

...I guess it’s okay.

Pro: Ah, alright.

Pro: Thanks, Prim.

Prim: ...

Prim: You’re welcome. But you should really thank my sister.

Pro: Yeah, I will.

Before I start to dig in I pull out my phone to snap a photo, intending to show it to Mara later.

Pro: Thank you for the food!

**Stairwell**

We polish off our lunches quickly and effortlessly, enjoying every bite. A complete sense of satisfaction falls over me when I finish up, but to my surprise Prim pulls out another, smaller box from her bag afterwards.

Prim: I have cake as well.

Prim: Um...

Prim: Would you like some?

Pro: Huh? Oh, sure.

She carefully takes a slice of cake from her bag and hands it to me...

...but then she apparently realizes something, stopping suddenly.

Prim: ...

Prim: There aren’t any forks.

Pro: Oh.

I hesitate, trying to think of a time where I used a different utensil to eat cake. At some cafes I’ve been to with Mara they gave us spoons, but we don’t have any of those either. We do have, however...

Pro: Chopsticks.

Prim: Hm?

Pro: Oh, uh, we could use chopsticks.

Prim: Chopsticks...?

**Cutscene - Cake With Chopsticks**

She stops to think about it for a bit, but then a little smile forms on her face.

Prim: Let’s try it out, then.

Laughing between ourselves, we start eating cake with chopsticks. It’s actually surprisingly difficult, and instead of enjoying the cake itself we find ourselves struggling to get it in our mouths.

But it’s fun. It’s really, really fun. Being able to smile and laugh freely with someone else...

It’s a blessing. It really is.