



**RED CASE FILES: HOMRA IN LAS VEGAS**

**CHAPTER 6.5: FUSHIMI GOURMET IN LAS VEGAS**

**TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD**

Twenty-four hours had passed since the paranormal weapon attack and the arrival at the "Pyramid Hotel".

Leading the "Tokijikuin" agents who had appeared out of nowhere, the first thing Tanaka did was to build a "fortress". The "Pyramid Hotel" has yet to be discovered by the "enemy", but it is only a matter of time. Sooner or later, they will take some kind of action. Tanaka's plan was to establish surveillance, control, and defense postures until then.

Of course, Fushimi Saruhiko's work was also included in the plan.

Fushimi got out of bed and stretched his body.

He looked at the clock. Apparently he slept for about two hours. He thought he had a dream in which he was being chased by an ostrich, but he didn't remember exactly. He staggered to the bathroom. After washing his face, brushing his teeth, and drinking a glass of water...

He felt hungry.

Returning to his room, Fushimi opened the refrigerator and frowned.

Inside was a half-eaten sandwich. He bought some from the hotel convenience store, took a bite, and it was so disgusting that he never ate it again. It was barely food, consisting of limp lettuce and thin ham sandwiched between dry bread. If there was one good thing about coming to Vegas, it was that it made him realize how delicious Japanese convenience store food is.

Fushimi closed the refrigerator.

The hunger didn't go away. Just seeing the food, even indirectly, had only increased his curiosity. What should he do? Given the level of the convenience store, he shouldn't expect much from the restaurant either. If he had known, he would have brought some instant noodles from Japan.

At that moment, there was a knock at the door.

Fushimi cautiously leaned over and looked through the peephole.

It was Tanaka.

"Good morning, Fushimi-san."

When he opened the door, Tanaka greeted him politely. The usual side-parted hair and suit, in the style of the old Japanese office worker. Fushimi had yet to see his bright smile waver. It's surprising that it continues to do so even when they're attacked by the military.

"Thanks to your support, we've been able to establish the first phase of our defense line. We're currently planning the initial work for the second phase. We appreciate your continued cooperation."

Fushimi nodded briefly, and immediately afterward, his stomach growled.

Tanaka tilted his head slightly.

"Oh, you haven't had breakfast yet?"

"...The food at the convenience store tastes so bad that I don't feel like eating it."

Tanaka smiled at Fushimi's calm response. No, he had been smiling up until now, but this smile seemed genuine.

"It's a perfect time. I'm going to eat now, would you like to join me? It's a bit far, so we'll have to go by car."

"By car...? Are you sure you want to leave work and go?"

"I've already given my subordinates the direction to follow, so there will be time to eat. How about it?"

Fushimi thought.

He doesn't particularly like eating with other people. But, he was hungry anyway, and he didn't want to bother looking for a restaurant in Las Vegas, where he didn't know the place. If Tanaka knows a good restaurant, it might be a good idea to take his advice.

"Alright then, let's go."

Fushimi would regret his answer for the rest of the day.

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The name of the restaurant was "Heart Attack Grill".

"Heart Attack (myocardial infarction)?"

At that moment he had a bad feeling. It's a fairly well-known restaurant in Las Vegas, and he's long dreamed of going there. While Tanaka happily (and probably sincerely) talked about it, Fushimi silently investigated the restaurant next to him.

According to the reviews, it has a 4.2 stars rating. Hashtags include "hospitalization", "blood pressure", and "coronary artery bypass surgery". Not a good tag for a restaurant review.

He wondered if he could go home now.

Fushimi was already thinking that while riding in the car. Meanwhile, Tanaka parked, took his ticket, and closed one eye, saying, "I'll hide this from 'Tokijikuin'." He was so frank with him that he couldn't help but say something.

A replica ambulance was parked in front of the "Heart Attack Grill". Through the glass, waitresses in nurse uniforms could be seen walking back and forth inside the store. Apparently this store is based on a hospital motif.

Next to the entrance was a scale, and a white man who looked to be about three times Fushimi's volume was standing on it and looked dejected. Fushimi thought it was too late to be depressed about his weight, but according to Tanaka, the man was depressed because he was "light". That means any customer who weighs more than 350 pounds (about 160 kg) can get a free item.

By this time, Fushimi had also begun to understand the concept of this burger joint. This is a restaurant whose purpose is to stuff one's stomach with an inordinate amount of food, known as a binge-eating establishment.

"Shall we measure ourselves too?"

"No, that doesn't make sense."

Unlike the happy Tanaka, Fushimi's goal had changed to "get back to the hotel as soon as possible". There's no way he can enjoy himself here. Fushimi had that confidence.

The two of them entered the shop.

At the reception counter, a female clerk in a nurse's uniform was listlessly playing with her blonde hair. Looking at her completely open chest, Fushimi suddenly thought of his Lieutenant.

Her darkly shadowed eyes looked at the two of them.

Tanaka spoke to her in fluent English with a bright smile on his face.

"I'm Tanaka, I made a reservation."

The receptionist looked at Fushimi and Tanaka with an appraising gaze. Looking at the two of them, who are particularly thin even among Japanese, she gave a half-smile.

"Are you okay? Do you know the rules of this shop?"

"Yes, right."

The receptionist shrugged exaggeratedly and muttered "Okay, okay." in a mocking tone, then...

"Guide for two people."

"Clap, clap!", she clapped her hands.

Two more nurses appeared from the back of the shop. For some reason, they were pushing a wheelchair. He was shocked and looked at Tanaka, who explained it to him while laughing.

"That's also a rule of this restaurant. When customers come in, they are taken to their seats in a wheelchair."

Fushimi stared at Tanaka.

However, Tanaka just tilted his head and gave a confused smile. This guy is no good. Fushimi turned to the receptionist and announced.

"I don't need it. My feet move."

The receptionist pursed her red lips and cried out in a pitiful voice.

"Oh... what a selfish boy. No, the patient has to follow instructions. If you hit your head, there's no turning back."

"It's you who need to have your brain examined...!"

Although he said that in a hoarse voice, the receptionist simply laughed and didn't take it seriously. As she poked Fushimi in the stomach with her index finger,

"Okay, can we leave the store now? Your stomach probably can't hold our burger. Oh, maybe you can finish the kids' menu?"

He was almost about to pull out his hidden weapon.

However, at the last moment, Fushimi managed to endure it. If you resort to violence, you will lose. And the one thing he absolutely did not want was to lose to them.

Fushimi sat in his wheelchair with the determination of Christ carrying his cross. Tanaka followed suit.

Then the nurses gently placed aprons on both of them. Imitating a surgical gown for a patient.

"Then have fun!"

With a signal from the receptionist, the wheelchair began to move forward. Fushimi thought that this must be how a criminal must feel after being paraded around the city and then executed.

The inside of the shop was a world of madness.

Customers wearing surgical gowns roam around the place. Each and every one of them is so large that it makes Kamamoto look small. He was surprised to see a customer receiving an IV drip, but it looked like there was a drink in the IV bag. Some people even drink milkshake-type drinks directly from syringes designed to look like real syringes. He thought that he would look better in a straitjacket than in a surgical gown.

However, Fushimi is now one of the patients in the ward.

The two of them took a seat and sat across from each other. Tanaka looked at the menu in amusement. Fushimi stared at him and muttered,

"Do you like places like this?"

"Very much."

A side-parted hairstyle, a suit, and a smile that seemed pasted on. That was the "Tanaka Hitoshi" that Fushimi knew. It's like he doesn't know anything. Everything surrounding Tanaka is a lie; he's nothing more than an icon, an agent of "Tokijikuin".

But Tanaka is different now. Now he looked like he was really enjoying it.

"Perhaps this will surprise you, but I really love these kinds of shops."

His eyes behind his glasses narrowed as if he were looking into the distance.

"As you know, our organization has a heavy responsibility. To govern the nation, ensure the safety of the people, and keep paranormal abilities a secret. If we make a single wrong move, order will be lost in an instant. Of course, that heavy responsibility also falls on us, the "rabbits". It's a tremendous amount of stress."

Tanaka lovingly strokes the menu that appears with an assortment of blasphemous burgers.

"And this is how I release it. Ramen with extra garlic oil, a five-tiered pork chop tower bowl, a super-greasy buttermilk shake... only when I eat things like this can I forget about the heavy responsibilities of everyday life."

Fushimi said with a serious face.

"You will die eventually."

"We will all die one day. What is important is how we live."

Tanaka spoke as if he had realized something and Fushimi looked at him with the gaze of a monster. It was a moment where the dark side of "Tokijikuin", the largest and most powerful clan in Japan, was glimpsed. Well, it's hard to call it a proper clan if they make its members dress up like "rabbits".

"Which one would you like, Fushimi-san?"

Tanaka turned the menu over in his hand and handed it to Fushimi. Fushimi looked with gloomy eyes at the dishes on the menu, each loaded with a nuclear warhead of calories.

"...This one."

He then pointed at a double bypass burger (in this restaurant, all burgers have the word bypass on them), the second smallest burger. Although it is ranked second from the bottom, it is several times larger than a Japanese burger. The reason he didn't choose the smallest one was because he remembered the receptionist's mockery.

"Is that so? Well then."

Tanaka raised his hand and called the waitress over. He placed Fushimi's order first, then said his own.

"I'll have this Octuple Bypass burger with the Flatliner set."

The order form slipped from the waitress's hands.

"I'm sorry, did I hear you wrong? What did you say?"

Tanaka repeated his order, a little louder than before.

The waitress nodded slightly with her eyes wide open and wrote the letters on the order form. Then she quickly walked to the center pillar of the store, grabbed a hand bell that was hanging there, and rang it to her heart's content.

"One Octuple Bypass, on its way!"

At that sound, the store fell silent for a moment... and the next moment it erupted with excitement.

"Hey, hey, hey, are you serious? What kind of crazy person is this?"

"That Asian guy?! That's ridiculous! There's no way he could eat it!"

"Hahaha, that's a bad joke. He didn't order it because he wanted to be punished, right?"

Shock, admiration, mockery. Theirs emotions were tinged with such colors. This is how people react when they see someone attempting the impossible.

Fushimi looked blandly at the menu.

The "Octuple Bypass Burger" looked less like a burger and more like a layered city built from meat and cheese.

Octuple (eight times). Four times double.

The total calories are over 20,000.

Fushimi looked at Tanaka.

"Are you crazy?"

Tanaka smiled and steepled the fingers of both hands.

"I'm looking forward to it."

There was no pretense in that voice. Tanaka was in such a good mood that it seemed like he was about to start humming. His expression says that he can't wait for the delicious food that's about to arrive.

Meanwhile, Fushimi and Tanaka were the center of attention in the shop. If anything, they were in a bad situation. No matter how you looked at it, Tanaka doesn't look like someone who could finish an Octuple Bypass burger. There's malice in their gazes, as if they were going to watch some stupid Asian choke to death on some meat.

The awkward moment didn't last long.

Their orders were carried out.

The way the waitress brought it to him looked like something out of a comedy. The meat and cheese, piled like a mille-feuille, gently swayed as it approached. When it was placed in front of Tanaka, his figure was completely hidden from view.

"....."

Fushimi stared at his double bypass burger. It's a huge thing that could feed him for three days, but compared to Tanaka's thing it's like a giant or a dwarf.

"Fushimi-san, please come over here."

Tanaka said as he handed him a pair of latex gloves. He was already adapted. Fushimi did the same. If you wipe your hands after every meal, you'll need a box of napkins.

"Well then, let's eat."

He cupped his latex-gloved hands together and made that statement with dignity.

Tanaka started eating.

First, he removed the symbolic bun from the top. Then he took the burger on top. He opened his mouth and took a bite. After repeating that a few times, the burger disappeared. He took the next burger, opened his mouth, took a bite...

He's not at all someone who eats quickly. Rather, Tanaka takes his time to savor each burger. He lovingly takes a palm-sized sheet of meat with both hands and bites into it. Every time he does that, his face lights up as if he just tasted something heavenly.

Meanwhile, the Octuple (eight times) became a sextuple (six times).

Tanaka's face didn't change color. The speed at which he ate and the things he did. Take, open, bite. He went about his routine monotonously, like an office worker completing paperwork.

The mocking laughter on the faces of the audience slowly began to fade away.

Fushimi also imitated Tanaka, removing the bun, grabbing a burger and stuffing it into his mouth.

His eyes widened.

Delicious. He thought it would be cooked dry, but contrary to his expectations, every time he put the burger into his mouth, juicy meat juices gushed out. Cheese has a slightly unusual taste, but when combined with the hot fat, it rises to an exquisite taste.

At that moment, Fushimi finally remembered that he was hungry.

Eat with pleasure. Patty. Cheese. When the fat gets too much, put the bread in your mouth and add ketchup to change the taste. Apparently, the store doesn't stock any plant-based foods, like pickles or lettuce. Apparently the French fries that Tanaka eats to cleanse his palate (although they're not that good) are all fried in lard. Hence the cardiac arrest. It's crazy.

Tanaka's burger had already quadrupled.

Tanaka's speed didn't change. Calmly and solemnly, he grabs it, opens it, and takes a bite.

The customers began to murmur. The sneer of malice slowly turned into astonishment.

Fushimi was also starting to get a new view of Tanaka. He didn't see any value in gluttony, but he still ate with pleasure. Besides, even though this place was crazy, it was definitely a hit. It was the first time he had tried something so delicious since he came to the States.

Double and then single.

When he finished the last burger, Tanaka placed it between the remaining buns. Then he started chewing it like it was a normal burger (although it was much bigger than that). There was no slowing down in that speed. As Fushimi, the other customers, and the waitresses looked on, Tanaka finished eating without slowing down at all, right down to the last bite.

Tanaka wiped his mouth with a napkin, took off his dirty gloves, and clasped his hands together again.



"Thanks for the food."

And so he finished eating.

The inside of the shop erupted with excitement.

"Hey, hey! Is that guy really Japanese? He really ate it!"

"A ninja? Hey, hey, is that guy a ninja?"

"Idiot!" He's a samurai! The last samurai of Japan!"

Despite receiving thunderous applause, Tanaka merely smiled coldly and bowed slightly. The customers became even more excited by this refined gesture and the waitress blushed and muttered, "Wow..."

Fushimi felt awkward.

Although he respected Tanaka, he was still full. Fushimi's Double Bypass Burger wasn't even a simple burger yet. It was still delicious, but since it was so greasy, he quickly got tired of it. After swallowing it and giving a small sigh, Tanaka called out to him in concern.

"Are you okay, Fushimi-san?"

"... Yes, well."

His low groan seemed like nothing more than an attempt to cope with the situation. He thought so too. He politely took a bite of the burger, but his speed noticeably slowed down.

Well, even if he can't eat it all, he can just leave it as it is. Tanaka's ability to eat a lot is admirable, but he sees no reason to join in. Unlike Kamamoto, Fushimi wasn't interested enough in food to eat until his stomach burst.

The one who blew that naive thought away was the receptionist.

"Hey, Japanese boy. How are you?"

Before he knew it, she was standing by the table. While playing with her blonde hair, she looked at Fushimi with a mocking look.

"This glasses-wearing gentleman seems like a really tough guy. But you seem to be having a hard time."

"Shut your mouth. Don't talk to me while I'm eating."

"Aha, what a strong-willed boy. But do you know what happens if you can't finish it?"

"What?"

Fushimi gave her a suspicious look. A sadistic smile appeared on the receptionist's red lips. She pointed her thumb at a large pillar. The bell that rang earlier is hanging.

Fushimi noticed that there were several whips lined up beside him.

"Apparently you didn't know? In this restaurant we have a policy of disciplining any naughty child who leaves their food lying around. Oh, speaking of rumors..."

A white man who was sitting far away from Fushimi and the others stood up at the waitress' insistence. For some reason he was slumped over. He then grabbed the pillar's railing with both hands and slightly spread his legs. The waitress took the whip from the pillar.

The waitress lifted him up and brought it down with all her might on the white man's buttocks.

"You naughty child for leaving your food behind! Reflect on your actions! Repent!"

Twice, three times. Each time the whip hit his buttocks, the white man writhed in joy and screamed. The surrounding customers laughed loudly at this.

Fushimi had a cold, expressionless face.

"What is this?"

Tanaka explained apologetically.

"Well, it's the rule of this restaurant. Like she said, if you leave your burger here, you'll be punished with a beating like that."

"Hey, I haven't heard anything about that!"

Fushimi forgot to use honorific language and lashed out. Tanaka scratched his cheek apologetically.

"Sorry, I didn't say anything. I didn't think you'd be punished so..."

That's probably true for him. Fushimi gritted his teeth and barely managed to swallow his complaint. There was no point in complaining to Tanaka now. Fushimi was already on the verge of death.

The receptionist said jokingly.

"Don't worry, there's no time limit. But in my experience, it gets harder as time goes on."

Fushimi looked at his burger.

There's still more than half left. He was fooled by Tanaka's eating style, but Fushimi's Double Bypass burger would be considered gluttony in Japan. Even halfway is quite hard.

The receptionist leaned close to Fushimi's ear and whispered.

"Give up quickly, okay? I'll train you personally. My hobby is tormenting unruly boys like you."

That voice ignited Fushimi's fighting spirit.

He reached out with his latex-covered hands, tore off a burger, and stuffed it into his mouth. He swallowed without chewing properly. His esophagus was screaming, but it didn't matter. Like the woman said, this is a race against time. He must figure it out before his satiety center sends a signal.

"....."

The receptionist frowned cautiously.

Fushimi's pace continued to get faster and faster. Grabbing, pulling, swallowing. He finished the entire burger in no time. He thought he heard a crunching sound as his stomach tightened, but he thought it was just his imagination. Fushimi continued to eat, the temples of his glasses getting wet with sweat.

"Fushimi-san, you shouldn't do anything reckless..."

"Shut up, you bother me. We're desperate right now."

Fushimi yelled at him with his eyes. At this point he didn't want to use his mouth for anything other than eating.

At this point, he was swallowing the burger without chewing much.

Before long, his consciousness began to fade. He was starting to lose track of why he was there. He didn't leave Japan and come to Las Vegas just to choke on a burger.

Several memories began to spin in his mind. The richest man in the world. Otsuchi. "Homura". Death Valley. Shit. Ostrich.

The rapidly spinning memories soon began to emerge. Sparks burned forming a flame.

That is the flame called anger.

(Why did this happen to me?)

(I wish I hadn't run away from "Tokijikuin".)

(I wish I hadn't brought that story home.)

(I wish those idiots hadn't been so stubborn and gone home.)

The man in a blue uniform with a cold smile behind his glasses said that as if it were nothing.

"Then, Fushimi-kun, this is an order. Go save the world."

(Damn it!)

The mind sometimes overtakes the body. The flames of rage engulfed Fushimi's stomach, which was about to burst, and burned the hamburger to ashes. There was no feeling anymore. Fushimi had become a machine that simply tore, spewed, swallowed, and repeated the cycle.

Clang.

Finally, that sound reached his ears.

In his blurry vision, the plate containing the hamburger wobbled and vibrated. With his outstretched fingertips there was no food to touch. The buns, the burgers, the cheese. Nothing was left

It was over.

Fushimi thought vaguely in his hazy consciousness. He felt as if his entire body had turned into a burger.

At that moment, a faint sound hit Fushimi's ears.

Clap, clap, clap.

He shifted his gaze and saw the receptionist and Tanaka in front of him, both clapping.

The receptionist smiled brightly.

"You won, Japanese. No, kamikaze boy. I was shown the Yamato Soul."

Tanaka smiled brightly as well.

"Thank you for your hard work, Fushimi-san. Ah, what would you like for dessert?"

He couldn't open his mouth. If he did, bad things would happen.

Then...

Fushimi took off his latex gloves, which were covered in ketchup, grease, and cheese, and carefully threw each of them at the receptionist and Tanaka's faces.