



### **MEMORY STORIES: MEMORY OF PAIN**

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

The day after Takeru Kusuhara was promoted to the special task force, Reisi Munakata, who was leading "Scepter 4", called him directly and said:

"As you join the task force, you must not only be a member of the field, but also gain a technical perspective that bypasses the entire organization."

And Kusuhara was escorted to the government office visit that day.

Meet with financial bureaucrats to negotiate budget bills, discuss new bills with talented young politicians about treating the Strains, and wrap up various courtroom and prosecutorial meetings.

That was the amount of work only in the morning. Kusuhara, who came out of a government office building that was too dense and fast, had a bored face.

"How was it? Did you get something?"

Kusuhara replied when Munakata asked as he looked at his wristwatch.

"Yes, I didn't understand anything at all!"

He responded with a beaming smile that was arguably even more refreshing. Munakata seemed surprised by his face.

"....."

He looks at it seriously. Then when he smiled...

"Would you like to have lunch while we prepare the afternoon work? It is your promotion celebration. Would you like to have a special party?"

He kept saying.

"Is it sushi? Yakniku? It's a celebration, so it's okay if it's a little expensive."

At the words of Munakata,

"So, I take you at your word."

Kusuhara ordered lunch at a cheap and delicious dining room that had been open for a long time in the "Scepter 4" neighborhood. It was a wooden construction that seemed to lean at any moment, the food rack that was displayed in the shop window was so retro and played that it made him laugh, attracted by its taste and volume, from students to office workers, always it was packed with lines.

"Hey."

"This is the best food. How many times have you been to Tokyo?"

Kusuhara said that as he passed by for goodwill. So, as he was surprised...

"Sorry. The rice here is delicious to me, but it might not suit the Captain's palate, right?"

Then, at the counter, a woman in charge of serving, who was wearing Kyoto clothes, said...

"Oh, welcome, Kusuhara-chan."

Then she notices the existence behind Kusuhara.

"And Munakata-san! Did you come with three people today? It's weird! Welcome back!"

She yelled happily. When Kusuhara looked at Munakata as if he was surprised, he smiled.

"It's a very good choice. I'm not as good as you, but sometimes I pass by here. The miso-boiled mackerel dish is excellent."

Kusuhara looked really happy.

Kusuhara ordered a plate of fried chicken and Munakata ordered a boiled mackerel on a miso plate. At the time, the style was to pour tea from a large self-serve kettle, so Kusuhara carefully stood up and brought the tea into the cup.

They then spoke lightly in the lively and relaxed atmosphere of the coffee shop. Both Munakata and Kusuhara had relaxed expressions not often seen in rigid government offices.

And the incident occurred when the employee brought a set menu. Two male customers, who were in different seats, suddenly got up to check, and a woman who tried to avoid it staggered and fell towards the table where Munakata and his friends were.

If he had left her as she was, the plate of fried chicken and the plate of miso-boiled mackerel that the woman carried would have been thrown on the tables of Munakata and others. The juice and contents splashed both of them, and the woman also hit the corner of the table as she collapsed, and she may have been injured.

But that did not happen.

"Ma'am, are you okay?"

Kusuhara, who smiled, held the woman before she was aware of it and firmly held his hand to the tray from below.

Too super reflex that made the woman roll her eyes.

"Oh, thank you. Kusuhara-chan, you are amazing."

She barely thanked him, applause came unexpectedly from all sides. Kusuhara was waving kindly to the people around him.

"Kusuhara-kun, you are very important."

Kusuhara was embarrassed when Munakata, who participated in the applause, gave words of praise.

"Ah, but it was a little extra care. Captain, you would have done it originally."

Kusuhara was conscious. At that time, Munakata also raised his hips and was in a position to hold the woman. He was sure that he would have held her more gracefully and gently than Kusuhara.

"No. I was in a position to take the most damage. I'm glad you tried to avoid it."

When Munakata said that, Kusuhara laughed happily again.

It was a smile like that of an innocent puppy.

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When a strange old woman in mourning casually approached the resting place, the scene in Munakata's mind reappeared.

After he responded unusually, a woman politely thanked him.

(If I said he was superfluous at the time.)

He suddenly thought.

(Didn't you come here to see it every year?)

It was not his style to regret making impossible assumptions. Still, Munakata, who was not a god, sometimes got lost.

He thought about it sometimes.

(His death was too soon.)

Takeru Kusuhara protected Reisi Munakata from a deadly bullet and died. Every year, on the anniversary of his death, he visited the place where he slept and collected flowers.

Still, he knew Munakata from the bottom of his heart. No matter how much he scolded him, no matter how many times he preached and stopped him, Kusuhara would surely have been ahead of the deadline to protect him.

This is how the young man named Takeru Kusuhara was, who had a pure and bright smile.

(I am ashamed of my uncertainties, I remember, and at least I can remember those days.)

The light rain stopped, and there was a break in the wispy clouds, and a soft, bright light entered.

Munakata raised his face and started walking towards it.

It was a clear light like Takeru Kusuhara's smile.