



MEMORY STORIES: REASONS TO HAVE FUN

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"You are a mess, Misaki."

Fushimi, who was also out of breath, said that to Yata, who was breathing on his shoulders. He staggered a bit, but he reached over and picked him up.

"You are too, Saruhiko."

Yata laughed as he stood up, holding his hand back and yelling "Good job." They had arrived on time.

"It hurt..."

Their cheeks hurt and the blows they had received. Some of his clothes were dirty or torn.

"I'm tired."

"Well, it was 20 people."

Yata was satisfied and Fushimi looked around with a cold gaze. Men in black fell and groaned everywhere in the back alleys.

"Hehehe, we did it."

Yata proudly put his hand on his waist and stretched out his chest. Fushimi took off his glasses, saw that were cracked, and frowned.

"I don't know. Is it because of the power I got from Mikoto-san? Besides, I have received many additional attacks."

"But..."

Yata screamed as he stroked his mark.

"It wasn't a big deal, even though we did this for the first time, right?"

The pain he felt from the actual battle also seemed to be great.

Fushimi clicked his tongue, put the damaged glasses back on, and then said...

"Well, sure. There are still problems, but I feel like I have understood how to use the power. It was not bad in that sense."

He laughed a little.

"Mmm..."

Fushimi silently slapped a hand as Yata raised it, and the two exchanged high-fives.

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That night, a drinking party called "Newcomers Yata and Fushimi Comfort Party" was held at the HOMRA bar. After the store opened, they brought cheap chu-hi and low-malt beer bought from Kamamoto's store, and friends who were properly assembled were scattered throughout the store.

However, among them were Izumo Kusanagi, who was in charge of the bar, Tatara Totsuka, one of the executives of "Homura" and, rarely, Mikoto Suoh, the "King" of the red clan. Of course, they didn't have a particularly deep intention, they just wanted to interact with the newcomers, or they were there on a whim, but their glowing faces were like "barking" to the promising rookies Yata and Fushimi. It also seemed to be an expression of the general expectations of "Homura" as a whole.

"Well, well done. Yata, Fushimi, you saved me."

Kusanagi said it in a good mood and toasted. It was Kusanagi who had recently sent Yata and Fushimi to investigate the real situation of the drugs flowing towards Shizume. After about two weeks of sneaking around with the inside information, they destroyed the criminal organization that handled the drug with the power of almost two people.

After the flashy exchanges, the evidence stood firmly, and the entry route and background relationship were clarified (mostly after Fushimi's post-sale follow-up), so it would be too good for the first team. The place was naturally lively.

"Then the enemy boss hit me on the cheek with a stun bar."

Yata told the story with gestures and emotions.

"But, I really get really excited."

The "Homura" members looked at Yata with a smile, and a trustworthy look. It was the night that he was accepted by the team as a symbol of "Homura's" "future".

And in the meantime, there was a person who sat half away from the party.

It was Saruhiko Fushimi.

Naturally, Fushimi was the other lead that night. The meticulous and detailed information gathering ability, the courage to face the actual battle, and the fighting power did not appear to be teenagers at all. The success of that mission depended solely on his power. However, he was not as lively as Yata in front of everyone, so he gradually spent more time in the corner of the banquet.

Even if adult members like Kusanagi and Totsuka were actively talking about his difficulties, he didn't respond much.

And he finally he left the bar alone. He had nothing else to do nor did he intend to go home.

However, he felt suffocated for no apparent reason and wanted to breathe the outside air. He reached into his pocket and looked up at the sky.

Is it because it was winter? Unexpectedly, he was able to see the stars in such a city.

For a moment, he was silent.

(Do you really want to go home?)

When such feelings arose,

"Uh. What happened, Saruhiko?"

They called him from behind. Looking back, Yata stood there, he seemed concerned.

"What happened? Did you feel bad?"

"Hmm? Oh, I just wanted to feel the wind."

"I see."

Yata smiled.

"Then let's go back. Kusanagi-san wants to talk to you more."

"Ah..."

Fushimi did not have a solid reason to push for the proposal. He followed Yata, who started walking towards the store again.

At that moment, Yata said...

"I said it a long time ago, 'I'll never forget those days', it's probably everyday life."

"....."

"It's fun."

Yata clasped his hands behind his head. Fushimi looked down.

"Oh, it's true."

The voice was cracked and somehow empty, but Yata, who was in front, could not hear it.

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One summer afternoon. Yata and Fushimi went into their favorite izakaya and ordered draft beer for Yata and Malibu Cola for Fushimi.

"It's weird that you ask me to drink."

When Yata pointed that out while he was wiping his hands with a hand towel,

"I promised you would be excited next time."

Fushimi replied softly, looking at the PDA.

"Eh? Really? Is that so?"

Yata made a fuzzy voice. Fushimi raised his face and finally laughed.

"Well, okay, so I'll give you half. Actually, I was criticized a bit because I got rid of a stupid job that I had been doing for a long time."

"Oh, I will. So today it's your chopsticks."

"Cheers."

The two hit each other and toasted with a glass that reached the table. Yata was in a better mood than ever that day, and Fushimi was always on a fast pitch, probably because his shoulders were relaxed and he felt better.

Finally the drunk Yata shook from side to side with a red face.

"It's fun!"

He was happy and said so. Fushimi was drinking Malibu Cola, and said coldly ...

"Idiot."

Yata moved his mouth in dissatisfaction.

"It's fun because I'm hanging out with you. I don't always enjoy it like an idiot for no reason. Don't you know?"

Fushimi stopped raising the glass to his mouth as if he had been beaten.

"....."

Then he slowly said...

"Ah."

Like biting something.

"Unexpectedly, you may not have understood."

Yata, who is relatively innocent, did not notice Fushimi's childish appearance.

"It's fun, Saruhiko."

He repeated it while he smiled. Fushimi smiled softly.

"That's right, it's fun."

He answered that and drank again.