



### **MINI EPISODES: DRINKING**

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

“Geez, that Kamamoto. Hasn't he had a bad relationship recently?”

Yata complained to Kamamoto, who quickly stopped at the first glass. He heard it will be early tomorrow. However, there was still time until the last train, and he thought it would be another drink.

To be honest, he still hasn't had enough. Usually he goes back to "HOMRA" where Kusanagi is there, but today it was closed.

"No way. Sometimes I drink alone."

At the tip of that thought, he saw a small sign. Apparently it's a bar. He can see a solid door at the bottom of the stairs that goes down to the basement.

However, Yata had a bitter smile, saying that this is a high threshold. It is a drink that he cannot get used to. A casual chain store or cheap tavern would suffice. He thought yes

and tried to pass, but suddenly his legs stopped. Kamamoto's face, which was gone, went through his mind.

He will meet Kamamoto tomorrow anyway; he will also ask him what happened after they parted. At the time, he found it a little painful to reply that he had drunk alone in a store or tavern. He'll drink a little at the bar he saw and go home. That is what it seems.

"Well sometimes it happens."

Yata kneads his shoulders, goes downstairs and opens the door.

As expected, the interior was authentic.

"Welcome. Are you sure you want at the bar counter?"

"Oh, yes."

When he was nervous and answered, the customer sitting on the edge of the counter turned to him. "Eh?" The eyes on the back of the glasses are surprisingly round. Looking at that face, Yata also opened his eyes.

"Saruhiko! What is this? It's strange."

"Absolutely. Also, are you alone? What are you doing here?"

"Hehe. Well, sometimes it happens. Do you come to this place often?"

"No way. It is an emergency evacuation."

"What is that?"

"In the store next door, the other guys were drunk. Tsk, if you show up on the way home after overtime..."

Fushimi shakes the glass in his hand and horribly raises his eyebrow. Yata looked surprised.

"At a party drinking at the workplace, huh."

"What?"

"No. You are quite familiar with that."

"Heh. Well, sometimes it happens."

Fushimi turns his face slightly and hides his expression. Yata sat in the next seat while smiling.

"You are close."

"Then change your seat."

"What? I am here first. Why are you coming to another store? Go drink at "HOMRA"."

"Kusanagi-san is not there now. So what are you drinking?"

"A Malibu Cola."

"Malibu Cola? You're just that kind of thing."

"Answer back. So what will you ask for?"

"Eh? A Martini."

"That's the only one you know."

"What? Idiot. I like the royal road. Oh, bartender, a Martini."

"A Martini? How do you prefer it?"

"Eh? Dry."

"Are you sure you want a dry one?"

"Oh, yes."

The bartender at the back of the counter mixed, "Got it." He hands him the glass.

With the two of them shutting up somehow, the bartender makes cocktails with familiar hands, and gently introduced him in front of Yata.

With Yata looking at the cocktail glass, Fushimi looks icy cold.

"Kusanagi-san surely told you that it is customary to drink short cocktails before they become lukewarm, right?"

"Ah. Don't tell me."

Laughing, Yata picked up the glass and suddenly gasped.

And he made a big frown.

"It's a face that says 'it's bitter'."

"You can't say those words!"

"Drink water."

"I do not need it."

Yata, who became a muscular young man, swallowed the other half of the cocktail. Fushimi smiled and laughed at his best cocktail. In the glass he had just drunk, the ice made a clear noise.

"Customer, do you want to drink something else?"

"Malibu Cola. Candy."

"Ok. Customer, what would you like?"

The bartender asked Yata, he saw Fushimi with a good look.

Yata was humping for a while, but he finally smiled and became less powerful.

"Oh, well, the same."