



MINI EPISODES: HALLOWEEN NIGHT

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"Oh, ok, it looks good."

Yata and Fushimi responded to Totsuka's compliments in the opposite direction.

"Well, really? It's embarrassing, but it's okay."

"Totsuka-san. Why do we have to dress like this?"

They both wear cosplay costumes for Halloween, aristocratic vampire-themed clothing. They donned a high-necked cape over a satin white shirt and velvety vest, fangs carefully poking out of their mouths. All of that was brought up by Totsuka, and Fushimi couldn't help it from frowning when it was first shown to him.

"We are observing Shizume's surroundings on Halloween, so dress appropriately."

Totsuka's answer is, of course, unconvincing. Fushimi protests quietly as she tugs at the collar of the cape.

"I don't know what that means. Why do we have to look around? It's okay to be relieved, all the fuss."

"Don't say anything, Saruhiko. Isn't it like taking a walk around town? Isn't it always the case to squeeze a noisy idiot?"

"That is why it is the reason for 'today'."

Totsuka smiled and gave up on Fushimi.

"Rather, it's 'today'. Every year when it's Halloween time, there's a lot of noise. Last year, there were people overturning the truck in front of the station, right?"

"Oh, yeah. I have to watch out for this year's rookies in 'Homura' so no one does that!"

Yata struck a gutsy pose, and Fushimi was sullen. It seems that Yata does not understand that this sense of belonging is the most distant from Fushimi Saruhiko. He touched Fushimi's shoulder and cheerfully greeted Totsuka.

"Then, I'm going to patrol as a member of 'Homura'!"

"Yes, please go. Have fun."

Fushimi stepped out of the HOMRA bar to be dragged away while shooting a serious look at the real Totsuka.

+++++

Shizume Town on Halloween was just a festive event.

It seems that no one cares about the temperature, which is about to deepen in fall and bleach at night. Orange illuminations decorate the town, and several B-class gourmet and sweet shops are lined up. Fushimi clicked his tongue as he passed a bandaged mummy man, a werewolf with beast ears on his head, and Frankenstein with a mosaic, which seemed like they couldn't do it unless their brains were empty.

The most humiliating thing is that he is dressed exactly like this.

"No, you are still a great person. Wolf Hiko, I'm afraid."

Yata says that while walking through a crowd of people. Fushimi was frustrated and cursing.

"Sure, with your height, they could lose sight of you without realizing it."

"Eh?! Idiot, you're just a little taller so you're on the same path, right?"

"How loud, don't yell. You're too loud."

Suddenly, Yata twisted his neck and made a louder voice.

"Hey! You guys!"

The trio, who were near the electric pole, shrugged. He thinks they are high school students, dressing up pumpkins, skeletons, and bears, and sitting on the street while eating and drinking properly. Yata approached them again, put his hand on their waist and looked down.

"Where is the garbage bag?"

"Huh? Oh, that."

"It is up to you to eat and drink, but you will pick up the garbage you made! It would be a disaster if everyone threw garbage like you!"

"Oh, yes! Sorry!"

The high school students stand up and bow their heads. Yata returned to Fushimi with a satisfying laugh, leaving only the words, "Oh, be careful!"

"Hey, aren't they simple enough? It's easy for us to do that."

"We are the ones who patrol this city..."

Fushimi muttered bitterly, but sighed when he realized that what they were doing was not much different from the neighborhood association patrol. Picking up trash around the corner, being umpires, "Homura," fell into that too. However, Fushimi didn't think they were that tall from the start.

At that moment, an angry sound echoed out from somewhere.

There was a circle of people in front of him. They seem to keep their distance because they don't want to get involved, instead they just watch.

In the center of the circle there are five or six men. A bully with easy-to-understand symbols like blonde hair, tattoos, and piercings grabs the store clerk's chest and yells something at him. The employee is scared and cannot even return the words.

Yata started walking towards him.

He thought he would do that, so Fushimi was dating around the same time.

"Hey, you!"

Just when one of the men looks at Yata, who screams and throws him...

"Well, what is that?"

Yata's eyes narrowed.

An outstretched hand quickly grabbed the man's neck. As soon as he pulls it, he lifts his foot and hits him from the back to the ground. Yata stomped on the throat of a man crying for breath, and in an instant took control.

"What are you doing, idiot?"

Fushimi kicked the screaming bully's crotch without any slack. He grabs the hair of the man whose body glows and kicks him in the nose.

Looking at the downed thug while blowing his nose, Yata snorted in a bored manner.

"I can't make a fuss. I'll finish it in 10 seconds, Saru."

"5 seconds is enough."

This is something he couldn't do if he were a member of the neighborhood association. With that in mind, Fushimi smiled slightly.

+++++

"Okay, well let's forgive them for today and leave them here."

After bending over the thugs and throwing them into a discreet alley, Yata slapped their hands.

The two start walking again, properly treating the clerk who opened the store to thank them many times. On the other hand, Fushimi was sick and tired.

"That's why I don't like it. Halloween is silly, that's why it attracts fools."

"You say that, but, Saruhiko, didn't you find it funny?"

At the immediate response, Fushimi fell silent.

In fact, in recent years at Shizume, Fushimi and his friends have hardly ever had a problem. Like the high school students who appeared before, it is always the case that if they speak, the other party will drop out.

But today is different. There are many idiots from outside. Someone who is willing to cause fights without even knowing about "Homura".

He also doesn't like fuss.

"I was able to move my body after a long time."

"Haha, what are you saying!"

Fushimi snorted at Yata, who laughed nonchalantly.

"Ok, whatever. Instead, it's a big problem, so let's go around while patrolling."

"Ah. Do what you want."

"Ok! Well then, let's go to the store over there! They seem to sell some rare fruits!"

Fushimi lightly laughs at Yata, who advances enthusiastically.

Doesn't like fuss. He's tired of imitating the local neighborhood association, as much as wearing that stupid cosplay.

But, well, with this guy...

"It may not be that bad."

The whispered voice was swallowed up by Shizume's screams, and did not reach the ears of his partner across the street.