

GO FOR IT, MORRI-CHAN!!

Story and Art made
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Chapter 1 – The Rainy Encounter

Rain poured endlessly over the quiet street, turning the pavement silver.

Morri-chan walked alone, clutching his navy school bag tightly against his chest. His messy brown hair stuck to his forehead, and tiny droplets rolled down his cheeks — though he couldn't tell if they were rain... or something else.

He hated walking home alone.

He hated how loud his thoughts were.

He hated how small he felt.

The wind pushed against him suddenly. His foot slipped on the wet ground

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“Ah—!”

He braced for impact.

But instead of cold pavement, he felt a firm hand gripping his wrist.

Strong. Warm.

Steady.

He opened his eyes.

Jaurito-kun stood there, hood slightly damp, dark eyes calm like the storm wasn't even real.

“Careful,” Jaurito-kun said softly. “You almost fell.”

Morri-chan's heart slammed violently against his ribs.

“I—I'm fine,” he stuttered, face burning red.

Jaurito didn't let go immediately.

He just looked at him — not judging, not laughing.

Just... looking.

And for the first time, Morri-chan didn't feel invisible.

They walked under the same umbrella after that.

Their shoulders brushed.

Morri felt electricity every time it happened.

He didn't understand it.

But he didn't want it to stop.



Chapter 2 – Sunset Confession

After that rainy day, everything changed.
They started walking home together every afternoon.

At first, it was small talk.

“What manga are you reading lately?”

“Do you like strawberry milk?”

“Are you scared of thunder?”

But then it became deeper.

“What do you want to be in the future?”

“Do you ever feel like you’re not enough?”

Morri-chan found himself talking about things he never told anyone.

And Jaurito-kun listened.

Actually listened.

One evening, the sky was painted orange and gold. The air felt heavy, like
something important was about to happen.

Jaurito suddenly stopped walking.

Morri blinked. “Jaurito?”

Jaurito’s hands were trembling slightly.

“Morri... when I’m with you, I feel calm.”

Morri’s breath caught.

“I wait for school just to see you.”

The wind went silent.

Cars passed in slow motion.

“I like you.”

The words felt like they split the world in half.

Morri-chan’s knees felt weak.

His mind screamed.

His heart screamed louder.

“I—I like you too,” he whispered.

Jaurito’s eyes widened.

Then he smiled.

Not the small polite smile.

The real one.

And Morri thought:

This must be what happiness feels like.

They walked home holding hands for the first time.

And neither of them let go.



Chapter 3 – Days of Light

They became inseparable.

Arcade dates where Jaurito pretended to lose claw machine games so Morri could “win” plushies.

Late night calls that lasted until one of them fell asleep.

Library afternoons where they sat so close their legs touched under the table.

Festival night came during summer.

Fireworks exploded in the sky like blooming stars.

Morri wore a light yukata. He was nervous the whole evening.

“You look cute,” Jaurito said casually.

Morri almost fainted.

They shared cotton candy.

Their fingers brushed.

Neither of them pulled away.

Later, under the bright fireworks, Jaurito gently intertwined their fingers.

“I don’t want this to end,” he said quietly.

“It won’t,” Morri answered quickly.

They believed that.

They really did.

They promised forever.

They promised always.

They promised they would never hurt each other.

But promises made in summer don’t always survive winter.

Final Chapter – Goodbye, My First Love

The snow fell heavier now.
Everything felt slow.
Muted.
“I still love you,” Morri whispered, tears sliding down his cheeks.
Jaurito’s expression cracked for the first time.
“I love you too.”
That hurt even more.
“Then why?” Morri’s voice trembled.
“Because loving you doesn’t fix the emptiness I feel inside,” Jaurito admitted softly. “And I don’t want to drag you into that.”
Morri felt like the ground disappeared beneath him.
He wanted to scream.
To beg.
To hold on tighter.
Instead, he stepped forward and hugged Jaurito.
Not desperately.
Not angrily.
Just gently.
Like holding glass.
Jaurito hugged him back.
They stayed like that for a long time.
Two boys under falling snow.
Two hearts that once beat together.
Slowly drifting apart.
When they pulled away, neither of them could look directly at the other.
“Thank you,” Jaurito said.
“For what?”
“For loving me.”
Morri nodded.
“Thank you for teaching me how.”
Jaurito walked away first.
Morri watched until he disappeared.
The world felt colder.
But something inside him was warmer than before.
He walked home alone again.
Just like before they met.
But this time...
He wasn’t the same boy.
Love had changed him.
And even though their story ended —
It had still been real.