

PROLOGUE

"Seriously? That blows!" Yuuto complained, lying lazily on his bed.

"Yeah, yeah, just keep talking," his father sighed, standing in the doorway.

"Maybe by the time you're done we'll have finished moving."

"Now, now, Goro," his wife scolded, approaching from behind him. "Our son is going to end up like *you* at this rate!"

"But Aoi, dear, that'll be a good thing!" he retorted.

"Err...I'd beg to differ," she responded, giggling to herself.

"Yeah, I'm with Mom on that one," Yuuto laughed, much to his father's frustration. "Why are we even moving anyways, Pops? And why *there*?"

Goro rolled his eyes. "I've told you already, son, that our restaurant is moving back to its *original* location. Your great-grandfather founded it in that very city, you know? It's because his son—my father and your grandfather—had fallen in love with a girl from another municipality so he moved the whole establishment. The way I see it, we're going back to our roots!"

"It'll be good for you to check out a better high school too," Aoi nodded in agreement. "Besides, I heard the closest one to our home here is pretty sketchy. I understand that all your friends are going there, but I think this'll be better for your future. Besides, it's not like we haven't visited that city before. We even still have relatives there!"

Yuuto got up from the bed, sighing in exasperation. "As much as I disagree with the high school part, I *do* remember that visit. We even spent a summer there, right? You said that happened when I was...six years old, I think?"

"Yep, six years old," his father replied, nodding. "Looks like those photo albums really are helping!"

"Sure they are," Yuuto smiled sarcastically. "And so is that hair growth gel that you bought last month, Pops." He chuckled a little to himself.

"Hey," Goro snapped, trying to ignore his wife's giggles from behind him. "Either way, we're moving in a week. Get ready to start going to a new school come the next school year. It's almost April, after all!"