



K - ONE YEAR LATER:

CHAPTER 8: THE PLACE WHERE I BELONG (BY TATSUKI MIYAZAWA)

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

A year has passed since then.

The next morning, after messing around with Yata overnight, Fushimi returned to his room in the dorm, changed into his uniform, and headed straight to Awashima's office.

She was not very proactive about getting a private room, saying that she was just acting as the head of the department.

"Isn't there something you don't want other people to hear? Isn't that what it means to be on top?"

After being persuaded by Fushimi, she started using the room that had been used as a reception room as her own room.

The only furniture is a desk and a document management rack, which is rational and calm, but the only thing that stands out is the flowers arranged in a vase by the window (several office workers who admired Awashima took turns choosing them) that create a glamorous atmosphere.

When he entered the room...

"...Fushimi. Are you tired?"

Awashima turned to Fushimi and asked that. Fushimi put his finger on his neck, while he looked sideways.

"Well, yes."

He gave her a careless reply.

"I have no problem with my job."

Awashima smiled.

After that, she quickly checked various items on the tablet without further comment. Fushimi was impressed with the speed with which Awashima worked.

With the exception of Reisi Munakata, who is the head of the office, Scepter 4's administrative processing ability is by far the highest.

(Well, that's just my second point.)

Neither pushy nor cocky, Fushimi picked up on his own abilities.

"By the way, Fushimi. What's going on with that Strain's case?"

Awashima's voice lowered slightly.

"Oh."

Fushimi narrowed his eyes.

"You mean the Black Iron King, right?"

Awashima nodded.

"Excuse me. Akiyama, can I temporarily mobilize Benzai?"

When Fushimi said that...

"...Domyoji and others are already working exclusively, but isn't that enough?"

Awashima's words were mixed with slight surprise.

Fushimi laughed bitterly.

"I thought he was just an idiot. But he is quite a troublesome idiot."

Fushimi Saruhiko is like the incarnation of a powerful officer. He has continued to deal with the crimes caused by the Strains very efficiently and effectively.

It was extremely rare for Fushimi to use the expression "troublesome".

Awashima's face showed something close to tension.

A Strain, the self-proclaimed Black Iron King, Kamimori Katsuya's prominent activities coincided with Reisi Munakata's temporary departure from Scepter 4.

At first, he wasn't even thought of as a threat.

The contents of the crime include destroying the door of a candy factory and stealing a large amount of products, as well as writing on the wall of the building: "The Black Iron King was here!". There was a strong tendency to be messy and obnoxious, such as writing in large letters.

"A boy, huh?"

After receiving the report, Fushimi muttered under his breath.

Hidaka was initially the only person in charge, and after several days of investigation, he immediately identified the culprit.

Katsuya Kamimori, 26 years old.

A former long-distance truck driver who lived in an apartment in Shizume City.

However, after activating his ability as a Strain, he was fired from his employer's transportation company and, on top of that, he got in trouble with a nearby resident and had to move out of his apartment.

Hidaka identified his whereabouts without much difficulty and headed off with Enomoto as backup to contain him.

What was miscalculated was that Kamimori had a non-standard strength that was far from a normal Strain.

As the self-proclaimed Black Iron King, his unique ability was to harden his body to the extreme. Hidaka and Enomoto's attacks did not succeed at all, and instead they were swayed by his strong arms, and after being injured, they ran away to call for help.

The capture took place in a certain internet cafe, but after it was over, the inside of the store was in chaos, as if a big storm had broken out.

Hidaka's voice was very weak when he reported this incident. Thankfully, in the midst of the mishap, no civilians were hurt, but it should have been close to an apologetic mistake.

However, Fushimi did not particularly reprimand him.

This is because he didn't think there was anything wrong with Hidaka's answer. He hardly ever lost in a one on one fight with a normal Strain.

Even if Enomoto joined them, he would have been defeated.

Fushimi immediately put together a team to deal with Katsuya Kamimori, centered around Domyoji, who boasts one of the best abilities in Scepter 4.

(Based on Hidaka's report, he's probably stronger than me, huh? Depending on the situation, it's probably safer to think of him as an extra-large irregular on par with Yatogami Kuro of the Silver Clan.)

Fushimi never underestimated his opponent and carefully crafted countermeasures.

However, the situation affected by the Black Iron King far exceeded Fushimi's imagination in a few months.

After he got Awashima's approval, Fushimi summoned the members of Scepter 4 to a room.

Akiyama Himori, Benzai Yujiro, Kamo Ryuho, Domyoji Andy, Enomoto Tatsuya, Fuse Daiki, Goto Ren, and Hidaka Akira.

And Fushimi Saruhiko.

Seri Awashima sat a short distance away, entrusting him with the role of organizer.

This may be the first time since the turmoil caused by the "Green King" Hisui Nagare, that all of Scepter 4's elites have come together for a single incident.

The expressions of Akiyama and the others, who had not participated in the investigation until now, showed some bewilderment.

They wondered if a single Strain could pose such a threat.

"Well, a picture is worth a thousand words. Check this out."

Fushimi said as he operated the remote control, and the image was displayed on the projector behind him.

"Four days ago. A commercial facility in a certain region. It is midnight. This is the image from the surveillance camera installed outdoors."

A wide camera with a fairly wide angle showed a large parking lot that is typical of a local city.

Everyone kept their eyes open for a while. Nothing suspicious. After...

"Oh."

Goto, who has keen senses in strange places, first leaked out a small voice. Everyone soon found out.

Beyond the parking lot was another large paddy field, but suddenly a black mist-like thing began to cover it.

Then, one by one, vehicles such as sedans, light cars, caravans, and wagons came out of the black mist one after another.

And finally, an extraordinarily large truck slowly and quietly appeared.

"What?"

Kamo frowned in confusion.

"Here's another angle on that track."

When Fushimi operated the remote in his hand, the screen changed.

"I'll expand on that a bit."

The track was up.

"Oh, God."

Benzai unintentionally smiled wryly.

It was a type of truck called Dekotora. The jet-black body was equipped with countless red, blue, and yellow colored lights, which cast dazzling lights against the backdrop of the countryside night. It had a strange presence, like a UFO landing in the wrong place.

And next to it...

"No need for opinions. The invincible Black Iron King."

...it was written in big letters.

"This is a big truck that Kamimori, the idiot pretending to be the Black Iron King, stole from the trucking company he used to work for. It looks like he restored it to his liking... well, he doesn't have good taste, but his handwriting is pretty good."

Fushimi said that matter-of-factly and emotionlessly. In contrast, Fushimi's anger could be felt from his flat words, and everyone fell silent.

"Ok, next picture."

Fushimi operated the controller in his hand again.

"This time it's a surveillance camera in a commercial facility. Look carefully."

The screen showed an automatic door that was probably the main entrance. Suddenly it flew, breaking the glass around it. And then, through the automatic door with only the frame left, a man calmly walked past.

He was quite tall and had short hair. He was dressed in what looked like a manual laborer's uniform, but he was open from the top and only wore a white tank top.

His strong muscles bulged from his upper arms, neck, and shoulders. The face that he smiled like a child with his mouth open was impressive.

"He is Kamimori. He probably just hit the door with his hardened fist, but as you can see, he has destructive power. You might think he has the energy of a small bomb."

Hidaka, who had an encounter with Kamimori, clenched his fist in frustration, while Enomoto looked down with a solemn expression.

They were both beaten by Kamimori, and as a Strain, his exceptional strength is embedded in his bones.

"The problem is after this."

As they watched, more people entered through the broken automatic door.

"Hey~, he has a lot of companions."

Domyoji whistled rather happily.

"Come on. Some people must know something."

Fuse's eyes turned stern. Fushimi nodded.

"That's right. Currently, there are several Strains on the wanted list. Currently, probably more than 20 antisocial Strains have joined this idiot and are committing criminal acts."

Fushimi poked at the screen with the tip of his finger.

"By the way, even in this commercial facility, after stopping rushing guards, these guys stole around 10 million in money and goods and fled. This is the second such incident this month."

Everyone finally understood the seriousness of the situation.

There have never been many examples of such an organized Strain coalition.

"In summary..."

Akiyama asked Fushimi for confirmation a bit bluntly.

"Some kind of, uh, criminal group, well, they're forming a faction of Strains, right?"

"Oh."

Fushimi spoke frankly in the "terms" that Akiyama originally meant.

"I think it's good to see that the Black Iron King Clan is nearing completion."

They all had a complicated look on their faces.

Awashima, who was sitting a short distance away, put her hand to her forehead and thought.

The meeting ended after Fushimi communicated the future policy.

It was a large-scale instruction that basically all members should be given priority in dealing with Kamimori and his group, while the distribution of work to other projects would be done at their own discretion.

"But you surprised me."

After everyone left, Awashima said something a little funny.

"I can't believe what the Captain predicted is happening like this."

Fushimi, who was reconfirming the information on the tablet, looked a bit displeased.

Awashima continued without a response from Fushimi.

"One. An unprecedented type of Strain could cause an incident. Two. A guiding Strain will occur that unites them. When one or two conditions are met, a group of Strains not seen in the past is formed. That is..."

Awashima was looking at Fushimi.

"It will be something that mimics the "King" and his clan for as long as possible. It's all the Captain told us before he left."

"....."

Fushimi looked up from the tablet and replied curtly.

"If that's the case, I expected it too. Among the people who became Strains after destroying the Slate, there were many that weren't applicable to conventional qualitative. It's obvious if you have an idea."

"Yes. But I didn't understand the flow at all. Fushimi, I think you have something similar to the Captain's "eyes that see the future."

Instead of making fun of him, Awashima praised Fushimi with sincerity and kindness.

Fushimi looked away to the side, he didn't say a word.

(In that case, what the lieutenant has is "general's ship", right?)

Without Munakata, the fact that Scepter 4 is running smoothly is largely due to Awashima's control.

After a short silence, Awashima started asking questions about Kamimori and his group again.

"You said they might be living in a bunch of cars that came out of that black fog."

Awashima raised her well-shaped eyebrows.

"I wonder...what is his purpose?"

Fushimi analyzed the information he obtained and concluded that Kamimori was hiding and moving repeatedly, randomly attacking commercial facilities and warehouses.

Like the highwaymen of the Middle Ages, or the horse tribes of the plains, they have a form of wandering behavior that does not take root.

"I find the action to be quite momentary."

Awashima expressed the impressions of him. Fushimi was forceful.

"Or you could say they're like children. Well, in any case, they might not be thinking of lasting too long themselves."

Awashima nodded. After...

"However, I also agree with your prediction that there is an intelligent brain in this group."

"Yes. Otherwise, there is no way such an orderly organization could have been formed in such a short period of time. A fool who cannot be called by Kamimori would not budge."

"Is that brain and the Strain that generates the black mist the same person?"

Fushimi agreed.

"Almost certainly. The organizational change and the concealment using black fog happened at the same time. I won't know until I catch this guy, but that black fog seems to have the effect of making perception difficult."

"That's why even with such a large group, I can't figure out where they're hiding."

Fushimi nodded again.

"Then, as our policy, we will capture that staff officer with the highest priority first."

"Isn't Kamimori the General?"

At Awashima's question, Fushimi lied with a straight face.

"Because Kamimori makes an excellent personnel officer in any organization."

Awashima let out a small laugh.

Two weeks after Fushimi shared his opinion with Awashima, Kamimori and his companions showed up at a ski resort quite far from the metropolitan area.

It was already dark and completely out of season, so not at all popular.

Supports lined up at regular intervals and a stretched lift. In addition, the grassy slopes along the route barely showed the characteristics of a ski resort.

Just as the hands of the clock struck midnight.

Suddenly, a black mist with a shade darker than the darkness of night slowly spread over the parking lot of the hostel at the foot of the mountain. A black mist unfurled as if filling the uninhabited space. And from there various types of cars emerged as if they were filtering.

Kamimori's proud Dekotora came next.

The cars were parked neatly at a distance from each other.

"Ok! Good atmosphere! As expected of a ski resort!"

Kamimori jumped from the driver's seat to the ground and raised his arms to the night sky as hard as he could and roared.

With blond hair buzzed short, he took off only the top half of his overalls and slipped on a tank top, revealing his strong shoulders and upper arms.

His friends gathered around him.

"Ok! Guys. Let's be flashy again today! For now, we'll smash the hostel and burn it down!"

They all nodded strongly at Kamimori's comment.

At that moment...

"Ah, guys. Stop being idiots. Give up."

They heard a very unmotivated voice through the loudspeaker. Little did they know, it was the voice of Saruhiko Fushimi, an intelligent young man from Scepter 4. At the same time, the surrounding lights turned on.

The light sources needed for nightly business during the season were all turned on at full power at once, filling the area with blinding light.

"No! The Blues!"

One of his friends yelled.

"....."

Kamimori stared at the area around the hut.

Certainly, there was a row of Scepter 4 members in blue uniforms.

"Let's do it."

The aggressive Kamimori clenched his fists and tried to move forward. Another hastily stopped him.

"You can't do that, boss! "That person" told you, right? In the unlikely event that you get ambushed, return to the mist and run away!"

"But..."

"We're not just thieves and thugs. Boss, didn't you say that we would fix the world properly?!"

Kamimori gritted his teeth at that comment. But there he showed his magnanimity as a boss.

He raised his fist and then lowered it.

"Hey, guys!"

He acted quickly.

"Let's run away!"

Then he took the initiative to run back to the driver's seat of the Dekotora. The members' reactions were quick, probably because they had made the arrangements in advance.

They hurriedly jumped into each car, started the engine, reversed the cars, and plunged one after another into the black mist that was still developing.

Kamimori was the bravest.

After making sure everyone could escape, he backed up the huge truck and calmly walked back into the mist. From the driver's seat to the end, he was the force of the rebellion looking down on the members of Scepter 4 and threatening them.

And the members of Scepter 4 strangely didn't even try to move, let alone chase after them.

A few seconds after Kamimori escaped into the black mist, the black mist gradually thinned as if it had been lost in the wind, and in about five minutes it completely dissipated into the night air.

Naturally, Kamimori's carriages were completely annihilated like a magnificent magic trick.

There was a shadow watching him, about halfway down the slope of the base.

The shadow that had crouched among the trees slowly rose and began to move away without a sound.

At that moment...

The searchlight suddenly activated, capturing the figure in a ring of pure white light.

"Tamaki Genjo. You are completely surrounded. Surrender quietly."

Fushimi Saruhiko stepped forward and spoke in a low, high-pitched voice. Behind him, the members of Scepter 4 were on standby.

That person.

The Black Iron King's chief of staff, Tamaki Genjo, raised his hands playfully.

"I know you, Fushimi Saruhiko-kun, the ace of Scepter 4. Excellent work. I will not resist. I will follow you silently. In exchange..."

He finally smiled.

"How did you figure out we would attack here tonight? How did you know I was here? How did you get my background on me in the first place?"

Fushimi snorted softly.

As Tamaki Genjo stated, he did not resist at all.

He was handcuffed, transported in a Scepter 4 vehicle, and until he moved into camp, he didn't say a word, just a faint smile on his lips.

On the other hand, Fushimi, who accompanied him in the back seat of the car, had a dull look, rested his chin on his hands, and stared out the window the entire time without saying a word.

It wasn't until they were alone in the Scepter 4 interrogation room that they opened their mouths.

"Now then, Fushimi-kun, it's finally time for the interrogation. What the hell should we talk about?"

Placing his cuffed hands on the table, Genjo Tamaki smiled.

"....."

Fushimi crossed his legs, crossed his arms and sat on a chair, looking at him with a somewhat arrogant posture.

Tamaki is in his forties. His shoulder-length hair has a bit of white mixed in, but he has a lot of hair for his age. He wore round glasses on his slender face and a crimson scarf around his neck.

His general fashion sense is like that of a hippie that was popular in the 60's.

(He's like a failed John Lennon. If the times were right, he'd smoke pot and play popular songs.)

That was Fushimi's first impression.

Tamaki's most distinctive feature was the large black eyes that shone behind his glasses.

His pupils were more dilated than normal people and glowed brightly like a child.

He seems to have an intelligent face, and also the face of a dreamer.

Or maybe they are both.

"So what do you want to ask me?"

Fushimi fell silent, so Tamaki urged him on again. Fushimi let out a small sigh.

Then, in a cold tone, he said...

"Well, it sounds like you're dying to talk, so I'll just ask you one thing. How sooner than you expected did you get caught this time? For you, getting caught was probably part of your plan."

Behind his lens, Tamaki's eyes turned perfectly round. After...

"Fufufufufu."

He put his hand on his forehead.

"Ahahahahahahaha!"

He laughed out loud. Fushimi frowned in annoyance. Tamaki writhed in a fit of laughter for a while. Finally...

"Hahaha. Ha, no, that's great. By asking that question, does that mean you already have an idea of our purpose?"

Fushimi nodded silently. Tamaki took a deep breath.

"Then let me answer. It was quite early. Like you said, getting caught was part of my plan, but honestly, I didn't think it would be so soon. Actually, I was preparing to announce the statement from this point on and to make a crime notice starting next time. I never expected to be caught while the organization was idle."

Tamaki narrowed his eyes curiously.

"May I ask? Why did you discover the characteristics of my ability? In other words, why were you able to identify where I was hiding so quickly?"

Fushimi shrugged.

"It's a video analysis. As a result of the fluid analysis of your mist like a sprayed drug, and a simulation based on the weather conditions of the day, I was able to roughly identify the place where you were hiding. From the characteristics of your ability, I was able to roughly estimate that you couldn't leave the scene until everyone had escaped."

"Please wait."

Tamaki raised his cuffed hands in disapproval.

"Doesn't make sense. There's not that much data right now. Security camera footage at most, right?"

Fushimi said quietly.

"This isn't the first time we've faced a mist-generating supernatural ability."

"Ah.", Tamaki opened his mouth. Fushimi continued.

"At the Mihashira Tower, I was forced to drink boiling water. Fortunately, there were many surveillance cameras there... well, I was operating them at the time and they were able to record the footage. Regarding the mist's supernatural ability, we had already taken measures to some extent a long time ago."

Tamaki sighed and said...

"Seigo Otori, huh? I see, that's right."

He spoke the old name of the "Grey King" in a nostalgic and somewhat sad tone.

Fushimi did not dare touch that point.

"Well, actually, your abilities are quite troublesome. We might have been in more trouble if you had fully used that supernatural power just for your own good."

Tamaki looked at Fushimi. After...

"Fushimi-kun, let me ask you another question. Since it's you, I think it's only natural that you understood our criminal motives and narrowed down the target of the attack to a certain extent, but even so, I think it was a great gamble to have staff at the ski resort in the off-season."

Fushimi didn't answer anything and started to write something on the tablet. Tamaki asked more questions.

"One more thing. How did you find out my identity? I found out about Strain's ability a year ago when the Slate was destroyed. I've been careful up until now, so I don't have a criminal record. I can't believe my information was in your records."

Fushimi did not stop working on the tablet and asked in a curt tone.

"Why do you think that? What is the most likely reason?"

"Hmm.", Tamaki moaned.

"Actually, I have some answers... You sent a spy in, didn't you?"

Fushimi finally raised his head and smiled.

"Correct answer."

Tamaki smiled wryly.

"I didn't want to imagine it too much, but I don't know much about it either. I've also completed investigative measures some time in advance for the organization you belong to, Scepter 4. I know the faces and careers of the core members. I think it's absolutely impossible for them to join our group?"

"Well, I have no obligation to answer."

Fushimi said that in front of that introduction.

"Currently, Scepter 4 not only has Clan members who have been through the "King" facility, but also Strain members. Luckily, one of them is a guy with great insight who snuck into your house and gave me some information beforehand."

"I see."

Tamaki raised his hands as if he was completely defeated.

"I was surprised though. From your organization's point of view, Strains are subject to crackdowns. How dare you use that?"

Fushimi shrugged.

"It's a top policy."

Tamaki was deeply moved.

"Reisi Munakata, the "Blue King", huh? I'm sure he's an amazing man."

"I guess."

Fushimi placed the tablet on the table and took a formal attitude.

"There's a point where your expression isn't accurate. We know next to nothing about your identity. At best, it's just what you're called within the organization. Who are you?"

His eyes sharpened.

"Why do you use the same mist power as the now-deceased "Grey King"? Do you have some kind of connection or special affection?"

Tamaki stared at Fushimi's gaze, and he nodded loudly.

"I'm not hiding anything. It's not about hiding it. Most of all, I want you to know. It's just some long internal talk. Do you mind?"

After waiting for Fushimi to give his consent, Tamaki began to speak.

"Seigo and I... Seigo Otori was a friend from school. We met in high school. We went to college together. Although our careers were completely different, as were our personalities. Oddly enough, there was a bond."

Tamaki said that with a nostalgic expression.

"I did stupid things. I traveled. Is a relationship like writing each other's initials on an important page in the book called youth?"

"You use many literary expressions."

Tamaki smiled at Fushimi's somewhat mocking way of saying it.

"Despite my appearance, I once self-published a collection of poems when I was a student. However, my major was criminal psychology, with a focus on profiling. After graduating from graduate school, I remained in university as a professor. Still, did I meet with Seigo at least once a month? Yes. Speaking of what Seigo and I had in common, it

was the unparalleled love for sake. He was a beer fanatic and I am a sake lover, but our tastes were quite similar."

"....."

Tamaki corrected himself after receiving Fushimi's cold gaze.

"Oops, I got off topic. Well, anyway, I believed that our friendship with each other would remain strong even after we entered society, and that it would surely continue until we reached an age where we both couldn't stand on our own. I thought so. However, from a certain point, Seigo suddenly started to change."

"About the time Iwafune Tenkei woke up as the "Grey King", right?"

Tamaki's smile was mixed with bittersweet sweetness.

"Honestly, I'm not very familiar with that name, but... in terms of time, it's correct."

He nodded once.

"Imagine it. What if an old friend says that he has awakened to a mysterious ability and starts launching a mysterious religious group?"

This time, Fushimi smiled wryly.

"Good, I understand."

Tamaki was very serious.

"I visited his "Cathedral" many times to admonish him. However, the more I went, the more his ideals fascinated me and convinced me of the legitimacy of the paradise he was creating on earth. Above all, his power was real. I thought his mist power was very "beautiful"."

"Beautiful?"

Fushimi asked back. Tamaki affirmed.

"Yes. To be precise, it was "beautiful" due to "unlimited kindness"."

Fushimi spoke no more words. Tamaki spoke again.

"One day, I said to Seigo, "I want to be by your side and be your strength". Seigo agreed with a smile. And when I dropped out of college, the day before I was about to move into Seigo's house."

At that moment, fear, confusion, and endless anguish appeared in Tamaki's eyes for the first time.

"That sword fell from the sky."

There are wounds that will never heal for many years to come.

Fushimi sensed that and remained silent. The silence continued for a while. Before long, after clearing his throat once, Tamaki, who began to speak regardless of the situation, returned to his calm on the surface.

"The death of an unbelievably large number of people and of my best friend. From that day on, I lost the meaning of life. I didn't even want to go back to college, so I spent my days hiding from the world. There was a time when I was still wandering the streets like a bum because day-to-day manual labor was still good, and there were times when it was worse. Ironically, I used to work as a criminal psychologist. They never caught me."

"Hey..."

Fushimi said nonchalantly.

"You, that guy... the "Grey King" was alive."

"Yes, I first found out about it when I woke up to my own supernatural power and researched various things. Seigo didn't die in the middle of the Damocles Down, but in the confusion caused by the "Green King"."

Fushimi stared at Tamaki. Tamaki had an indescribable expression on his face. He seemed angry, sad and laughing.

"Honestly, there were times when I felt resentful, wondering why he didn't at least contact me. But then I changed my mind. He killed himself the day the sword fell from the sky. He had no choice but to kill Otori Seigo and become Iwafune Tenkei. He was the "Grey King", I know."

He murmured in a sorrowful voice.

"He was nicer than anyone and he was clumsy."

Tamaki clenched his fists tightly. Fushimi looked at his trembling hand.

"Oh, so that's what it's all about."

"Eh?"

"So you're trying to finish what the "Grey King" left unfinished?"

"Hehehehe."

Tamaki's shoulders shook so hard that he looked pained and he laughed.

"Really. You are very smart, Fushimi-kun."

Then he emphatically affirmed.

"Yes. I'm on the side of all outcasts. In terms of power, it's by no means comparable, but I believed that the reason someone like me could awaken to similar supernatural power as my inspired friend is because there must be a reason for the world. Fushimi-kun. I want to change this modern society where people with supernatural powers are excluded."

Fushimi remained silent even when he told him the point.

"Is it because he was easy to control that you turned Kamimori into a pseudo-king? It would be better if someone had a decoration to move your group around."

After a while, Fushimi started to speak. For the first time that day, Tamaki had a slightly sullen look on his face.

"That's a big misunderstanding. As you can see, Kamimori has charisma. He's sincere. That's why I asked for his cooperation after explaining all the circumstances. It's not that I'm unilaterally deceiving him."

Fushimi seemed a little surprised by those words.

"But he's just an idiot, right?"

He couldn't help but say that directly. Tamaki snorted.

"Idiots are idiots, but they are good and honest idiots."

Fushimi looked at the tablet again. He had one more thing to check.

"The places you guys attacked were all places where people with supernatural powers were unfairly persecuted for some reason, right?"

Tamaki laughed and nodded.

"For example, at that ski resort, one of our classmates got beat up by a gang. He could read people's minds a bit, and they found it creepy. Most Strains don't have flashy powers like mine or Kamimori. So we speak out of that anger."

"So you were planning to post the motive for the crime later on the Internet and repeat similar things? Until public opinion changes."

Tamaki agreed again. Fushimi cut him off coldly.

"A type of terrorism that draws public attention by committing acts of destruction, criminal acts and making their own demands. I think the sensitivity is just disgusting."

Tamaki was calm. He told his theory as he hammered the handcuffs on the noisy table.

"But if we don't do that, the general public won't care about us, the Strains, right? Will the discrimination be resolved in good faith? Hasn't history more than proven that the absolute majority is not oriented towards the absolute minority? Relief works only when it is incorporated into the social system. That is what we demand."

Fushimi remained silent, looking a bit fed up. Tamaki calmly stated his conclusion.

"In short, I want you to create a place for us, in this society."

Fushimi was still silent. Tamaki insisted.

"I have written 14 articles on the Internet about the appearance of the Strains and their social consequences. After I am caught, I will clarify these things in the course of the trial and at the same time I will go to society."

"Wait, wait."

Fushimi interrupted Tamaki with his hand as he began to speak widely.

"That kind of problem... If you're talking about lofty things, please talk to my boss."

Tamaki's face went blank. Fushimi sighed and said...

"I certainly don't like your way of doing things, but I don't think it's completely unreasonable either. Also, if you put the organization together one by one, there was a sense of giving purpose to the members who were in danger of losing control and controlling them, wasn't there?"

Tamaki's eyes widened.

"Besides, there was also a warning to the administrative part, right? It is said that if the legislation is not implemented as soon as possible, similar, more egregious and lawless Strain groups will emerge."

Tamaki's voice was a little hoarse from surprise.

"So you've read this far... In that case, moreover, I want to talk to you about various things."

"No. Those kinds of problems... no, legal development and lobbying are not part of my duties."

"Why? You have a sharp mind that understands the big picture and eyes that see the future."

Fushimi laughed a little when he was told the same thing as Awashima. He then told Tamaki under the premise that they will never understand.

"I do what I have to do. That's all."

As expected, Tamaki was blank.

Fushimi was laughing out loud, albeit quietly.

In the end, they couldn't come to a complete mutual understanding, but Tamaki believed Fushimi's words, "I'll let you meet Reisi Munakata."

"I entrust everything to you."

That's what he promised.

Fushimi, who left the interrogation room and walked down the corridor, immediately found several other cases and considered the order of priority in his mind.

After all, the chaos of the Black Iron King and his party was just one of the countless tasks that Fushimi Saruhiko had to face. Hidaka called out to Fushimi, who was moving at a very fast pace.

"Fushimi-san, do you have a moment?"

When Fushimi stopped and nodded, Hidaka showed him the tablet.

"This is a video from a surveillance camera in the city. When I was looking at it because I needed to review it for another matter, I saw something like this."

Fushimi narrowed his eyes. The camera captured the crowd of people coming and going in the business district from a low angle. And what happened from right to left in about 10 seconds was...

"Gojo Sukuna, huh?"

"Yes."

Hidaka asked Fushimi with a confused expression.

"What should we do? I don't think he's been there anymore, but just in case, would you like to search the area?"

"Leave me alone."

Fushimi responded with an annoyed look.

"Honestly, I have a mountain of things to do. I don't have the luxury of assigning staff to look for that guy right now."

Hidaka immediately agreed.

"I understand!"

He paid his respects and left. Fushimi let out a sigh. What he told Hidaka was not an exaggeration, Scepter 4 was always understaffed.

"I made a promise to that imitation John Lennon, and I'm sorry, I have to get that person back."

The calculations have already been done to some extent.

However, Fushimi thinks it's a lot of work.

It seems that if you become "King", with the loss of the Slate, there seems to be a part of him that has to search for various things.

At that moment, his PDA received a message and when he looked at it, it was from Misaki Yata.

"Hey. It's also a weird way of saying new retro games, but I bought them and let's play."

He got that message. Before that, there was an incoming call from Seri Awashima.

He had to go report on Tamaki Genjo. There were countless things to do.

It was necessary and he had been responding all along.

So there was no need to meet anywhere else.

(My place is here.)

Then Fushimi started walking forward again.

Will continue in the ninth episode, "See you again".