



## **K - ONE YEAR LATER:**

### **CHAPTER 12: THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE (BY RAIRAKU REI)**

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

A year has passed since then.

Shiro, the man who is Isana Yashiro, and Adolf K. Weismann remembered the landscape of that day's sunrise many times.

The dawn of that day, when the old friend of his who had been carrying out the dream he had started passed away.

(Weismann... what a beautiful new world!)

On the bridge of the "Schattenreich", Daikaku Kokujoji said that with a trembling throat. Outside the window, the sun appeared from beyond the sea of clouds, trying to illuminate the world.

(Someday I dreamed of a view like this.)

Having lived as the greatest "King", he was looking at the dawn light at the moment when his life ran out.

(It's a shame to close my eyes...)

Those were his last words.

The airship "Schattenreich", the place where Kokujoji passed away, is now moored on the rooftop of Mihashira Tower.

On the bridge of the "Schattenreich", Shiro was reflecting on the sunrise sight that he had witnessed with Kokujoji.

"Silver King."

An old "rabbit" quietly appeared and said to Shiro.

"Munakata Reisi came to see you."

"Yes."

As Shiro nodded, the "Rabbit" quietly withdrew, and Munakata in a blue uniform appeared with the sound of his shoes echoing.

Shiro smiled brightly.

"Hello, Munakata-san, it's been a while. How was your trip?"

Shiro was informed in advance that Munakata would be traveling for a while, and he consulted and took countermeasures for any inconvenience that might arise in his absence.

A short time ago, he received the news of his return and a request to meet him. He felt somewhat ominous from the fact that it was the day he had just finished maintenance on the "Schattenreich".

"It was very significant. What are you doing with this airship? Do you want to go on a journey with me?"

"No way."

Shiro laughed and said that.

"I will no longer leave the ground."

Shiro narrowed his eyes as he looked inside the airship, which had the same structure as the "Himmelreich" where he had spent almost 70 years.

"This airship was unreasonably torn to shreds during the decisive battle with "Jungle" a year ago, and I left it as it was, but I was finally able to repair it. I have no intention of flying anywhere anymore, but the Lieutenant took care of it for a long time, so I want to restore it to its beautiful appearance before I put it to sleep."

"I see."

Munakata agreed with a slight smile on his lips.

"Munakata-san, have you finished your journey?"

"Yes. I have found the answer and the many encounters I have had along the way have given me a new idea of what to do."

"I see. I want to hear about the world you've seen, Munakata-san."

"I decided that I should talk to you, so I came here."

Just when he thought this was going to be a long story, several young "rabbits" arrived with chairs, a small table, and tea utensils. He couldn't help but smile bitterly at those who were too smart.

Grateful, he sat on the chair that had been prepared for him and listened to the story of Munakata's journey while he drank tea.

Munakata's story was like an adventure tale that children would enjoy, like a presentation of research results at an academic conference, or like a philosophical murmuring.

Shiro listened carefully to Munakata's story, interspersing questions from time to time.

How people around the world live, think and act. It was a time to experience the situation of people living, through Munakata, which cannot be covered by the news.

"Even if it's not as strong as in Japan where the "Slate" was, the effects of the release of the "Slate" are still being felt all over the world."

"Because there aren't as many people with persistent supernatural powers as in Japan, the situation is even more difficult for people with supernatural powers around the world than in Japan."

Shiro put his hand on his chin and thought. Munakata looked directly at Shiro through the back of his glasses.

"You could say that humanity has taken a new step forward. Aren't you responsible for that, Weismann?"

Instead of an accusing tone, Munakata spoke in a calm and determined voice.

In the depths of Shiro's eyes, the dawn of that day shone again.

The night is over. A new world has begun. The scene that dreamed with Claudia and Kokujoji in the past may be a little different now, but when morning comes, they have to get up and start walking.

"Of course."

Shiro nodded.

"I am responsible. I had a dream about the "Slate" and I was responsible for moving it. I was responsible for giving Nagare Hisui's dream that effect. So I will do my best. I can no longer be a person who only dreams and prays. I listen to people's prayers and I will do my best to bring them closer to a world where those prayers come true. I think that's my job."

"Very good."

Munakata nodded in satisfaction and stood up.

"I will do my best as well. As a leader who walks in front of the people, even though I am no longer the "King" determined by the "Slate". As the head of "Scepter 4". As a person named Reisi Munakata. There is no no cloud in our cause."

Munakata turned around and left the "Schattenreich".

Shiro stared at the space where Munakata had left for a while, pondered what he should do, and slowly sat up.

The "rabbits" appeared and waited by Shiro's side as if they were waiting for their lives.

"Please take care about this airship."

"Ok."

"And... thanks for coming back once again."

A year ago, Shiro relieved the "rabbits" of their responsibilities. According to Kokujoji's will, they were to help Shiro until he returned to the surface. After that, they disappeared into the shadows, just trying to maintain the system established by Kokujoji.

However, they went back to work for Shiro. There were many things that he could not have done without the "rabbits".

The old "rabbit" bowed deeply.

"You are his successor in will. It is our deepest desire to serve you."

"Thank you.", Shiro said again.

Under the transparent floor there was nothing anymore, where the "Slate" was before, Shiro said goodbye to the "Schattenreich".

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He woke up to the smell of grilling fish.

He widened his eyes a little. A warm steam billowed from the kitchen. He could hear the sound of rice being cooked and the sound of something being chopped on the cutting board. Kuro was making breakfast.

Shiro let out a yawn and straightened up. Then he noticed that there was a weight on his feet. Neko, in her uniform, slept curled up on Shiro's futon. She doesn't look like a kitten anymore, but she still looks like an animal cat in places like that.

"Good morning, Neko."

After lightly shaking her, Neko rubbed her eyes sleepily and got up. It was good that she was dressed, but he guessed that she fell asleep again because she saw Shiro still sleeping.

Looking at Shiro, a smile spread across Neko's face who had woken up.

"Shiro, good morning!"

"Breakfast is ready. Wash your face."

A voice came from the kitchen, and Shiro answered "Yes." and he went to the bathroom.

He washed his face with cold water, changed his clothes and straighten his bed hair.

When he returned feeling refreshed, breakfast was already prepared on the dining table.

Salt-roasted horse mackerel, dashimaki egg, miso soup with tofu and komatsu-na (Japanese mustard spinach), and freshly cooked white rice. It was a standard menu that everyone loved.

"Itadakimasu!"

He clasped his hands and took his chopsticks. He drank miso soup with a strong dashi broth, grabbed the horse mackerel meat and put it in his mouth, bit into the fluffy egg and filled his mouth with rice. He dove into a delicious breakfast that would energize him for the day.

"Today will be the meeting for the opening ceremony after going through "Scepter 4"."

As he nodded to Kuro, who was confirming his schedule, Neko let out a dissatisfied voice, "Eh!"

"Shiro, aren't you going to school today?"

"Sorry. I'm in a bit of a rush today."

"Neko. Shiro is doing important work right now."

"Boo... I know..."

"Now that I think about it, I got a call from Kukuri."

Hearing Kuro's words, Neko was in a good mood and she let out a happy voice, "Kukuri!" A smile naturally appeared on Shiro.

"Kukuri, how is she doing? Is her university life going well?"

"Ah. It seems they are busy preparing for the school festival. She told me to go visit her that day."

"Come on! Come on!"

"The high school festival turned out to be ridiculous, so I really want it to be a success this time."

As soon as he finished eating and stood up, Kuro handed him a bag neatly filled with the necessary documents.

Kuro looked at Shiro's figure from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet, and slightly adjusted Tai's position to make minor adjustments. He nodded once and pressed the voice recorder button with a straight face.

"Correct your outfit and jump into the world."

It was the deep voice of Miwa reciting a poem. Kuro smirked.

"That's how it is."

He was still the same Kuro as always. Laughing, Shiro said, "I'm leaving.", and left the room with Neko.

As he was walking down the hall while greeting the dormitory students who were about to go to school, he ran into Toru Hieda. Shiro still felt strange when he met him. Shiro's soul had been in his body for over a year until the "Slate" was destroyed.

Shiro felt an indescribable shame towards him, as if he was closer to him than Kuro, Neko or his biological sister Claudia, who shared her blood with him.

"Oh! It's Toru!"

Neko said that happily and hugged Hieda like a jumping kitten.

Hieda smiled wryly and said, "Good morning, Neko-san.", as he gently held Neko's body so as not to touch her carelessly.

A year ago, every time Neko hugged him, his eyes turned black and white, but he seems to have gotten used to it. Hieda was a very reserved guy who wasn't very good at interpersonal relationships, but surprisingly he adapted.

"Good morning. Shiro... Um, Weismann sensei."

Hieda greeted Shiro with a smile. At Shiro's request, Hieda usually calls him "Shiro-san", but at school he calls him "Weismann sensei" as a teacher-student relationship. After considering which is the most appropriate for now, it seems that he settled on the latter.

"Today is "Shiro-san". Weismann sensei is free today."

"Then it's work for those who aren't in school. You seem busy."

"Yes. Shiro is busy."

Neko, who started to walk next to Hieda, thinned her lips, but it soon turned into a smile.

"Wagahai and others are also doing their best. So keep up the good work, Shiro."

Hieda nodded in agreement with Neko's words.

Buoyed by their genuine support, Shiro said goodbye to the two outside the dormitory and started walking towards the station.

The monorail station connecting the mainland and the school island was packed with commuter students. Among the students full of laughter and youthful chatter, he met a friend of Neko's.

"Ah, German sensei."

Harumi Nakayama, Neko's classmate, relaxed her expression when she saw Shiro.

Due to her dyed blonde hair and her sharp eyes, the other teachers often see her as a delinquent, but she is a kind and good girl. Neko, who used to be reluctant to wear clothes, now tries to dress like a high school girl thanks to this friend. Like Shiro, he was happy to have a friend who could influence Neko from the same perspective, and he was very worried about Nakayama herself as a teacher.

In particular, she has had a lingering supernatural power for a year, and there was a time when she was deeply depressed by it.

Shiro tried his best to make her live with a smile. Kuro also followed her, and Neko also snuggled up to her like a friend.

Thanks to that, Nakayama can now go to school in good physical and mental health, but there are still people in the same situation all over the country, no, all over the world.

"Are you going to work outside of school?"

Contrary to her delinquent appearance, Nakayama asked in a polite manner.

"Yes. I'm sure I'll make the world easier for you."

His words weren't enough to explain it, but Nakayama looked at Shiro's face and bowed, "Thank you.", without asking anything.

"So, today's physics class will be self-study, I'm sorry. But the self-study printout is a masterpiece, so I'd love it if you could do it."

Shiro parted ways with Nakayama and entered the station.

The students were friendly and asked, "Huh? Are you going out, German sensei?" Shiro answered each question with a smile as he rode the monorail from Gakuenjima to the mainland.

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"I read the article you posted on the internet about the emergence of the Strains and their social impact. It was a very interesting consideration."

Shiro met a Strain named Tamaki Genjo at the detention center for supernatural criminals in the basement of "Scepter 4". He was a man who served as a staff member for a group of supernatural criminals led by a Strain, who called himself the "Black Iron King".

Tamaki aimed his large black eyes directly at Shiro from behind his round glasses.

"I've also read the draft of the new supernatural-related bill you sent me. It's certainly reasonable to think of it as a realistic starting point, but just with this, some people will fall from the hands of salvation."

"Yes. I would like to hear your honest opinion."

At Shiro's words, Tamaki began to speak as if a dam had broken. For many years, there must be something that has been treasured inside, something that has matured. Fushimi Saruhiko, standing at the entrance of the room as a witness, let out a sigh.

After two hours of discussion, Shiro got up and stood up.

"Dr. Weismann. Will you save all the outcasts?"

As Shiro was leaving, Tamaki threw that question at him.

Shiro recalled the information that Tamaki was an old friend of Iwafune Tenkei, no, Seigo Otori.

The "Grey King" Seigo Otori, who tried to create a paradise to save and protect all the weak.

The "Green King" Nagare Hisui, who tried to transform the world into a world where everyone had power.

Iwafune Tenkei, who cared for and saved Nagare.

Thinking of them, Shiro lowered his eyes for a moment, then raised his head with a smile and said.

"I want to protect the place where everyone can eat with their loved ones in peace. I will continue to do what I can to get closer to a world where that can be done."

Shiro bowed to Tamaki and left the room.

"The long discussion with the criminals in prison is the same with our boss, but you are also crazy."

Fushimi, walking a little behind Shiro, said that in an exasperated voice.

"Moreover, he even showed us the bill before the deliberation..."

Shiro laughed out loud.

"It's a bill to save people like him and his colleagues. The opinions of the parties are important, and Mr. Tamaki is an expert who used to do research at the university. In fact, his story was very useful."

"You've even met Kamimori, but his story won't help you in any way. He's just an idiot."



Kamimori is a man who used to be the leader of a supernatural criminal group calling itself the "Dark Iron King". The other day, he was arrested by Munakata for his violent act of attacking the "Scepter 4" garrison. Before Tamaki, Shiro met and talked with Kamimori.

"He's not stupid either. He doesn't have a rich vocabulary and isn't good at logical thinking, but he has the power to understand people's feelings and has what can be called an "instant anger power" that directs the right anger when it's about things you should be angry about. Without it, you'd either build up your anger and make it worse, or raise your fist in the wrong direction. It was helpful to hear why he was angry at the world at the time."

"Haa..."

Fushimi let out a breath of wonder or admiration.

"More importantly, is Munakata-san here now?"

After going up from the basement to the entrance hall, Shiro looked up to the upper floor where Munakata's office was. Fushimi shook his head.

"He's out now."

"Oh, sorry. There is a document that I wanted him to seal."

"Ah, then you should go to the deputy chief's office. Her acting boss role is over, but deputy chief Awashima still has decision-making authority."

Fushimi said and turned his feet towards the grand staircase. Shiro followed behind.

"Well, I'm saved. But why?"

"I don't know why the Chief brought them in from all over the world. He gave them roles, created a place where they belong, and started doing all sorts of odd jobs. That's partly why I'm busy, and unexpectedly, deputy chief Awashima is better at making realistic decisions like "Scepter 4"."

"I see."

When Fushimi called Awashima's office, there was an immediate response.

"Hello."

When Shiro showed his face, Awashima greeted him with a reluctant "Ah.". During Munakata's absence, Shiro frequently interacted with Awashima as a representative of "Scepter 4", so they had become somewhat familiar with each other.

"Shiro-san. How was your day?"

"I want to obtain the consent of "Scepter 4" for this document."

As Shiro handed over the document, Awashima quickly read it over and sealed it.

"Thank you. Even though Munakata-san is back, Awashima-san, you seem to be busy as usual."

"Yes. However, just by having the Chief, who is the pillar of "Scepter 4", even if we have the same duties, our sense of security is quite different."

Indeed, Awashima's mood was more stable and relaxed than before Munakata's return.

"Shiro-san, you seem to be busy. The opening ceremony is today, right?"

"Yes. From now on, we will have a meeting for that purpose, uh."

Shiro's PDA rang. Awashima urged him to leave without worrying about it, and Shiro lowered his head slightly and took out his PDA.

"Ah, it's Kusanagi-san."

Seeing the name displayed on the PDA screen, Shiro tilted his head. Awashima and Fushimi also looked at Shiro with a captivated expression on their faces.

"Hello. Yes. Yes. Huh? Ah, hahaha... I see. I'll go there from now on."

As Shiro ended the call with a wry smile, Awashima and Fushimi's questioning eyes turned.

"The meeting partner after this seems to be in the HOMRA bar for a while... I'll go find him."

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A "CLOSED" sign hung on the door of the HOMRA bar. Today, that sign meant "rented."

A black sedan was parked in front of the bar, and two strong men like SP were standing next to it.

Shiro gave them a slight bow and opened the door to the bar.

"Ok. Kanichi, you can do it. There's no need to worry so much."

A man in his fifties in a suit, former Prime Minister Kanichi Samukawa, was sitting at a bar table, receiving encouragement from Anna Kushina, a high school student sitting across from him.

Misaki Yata and Rikio Kamamoto, sitting on a chair at the counter a little further away, watched the show with their arms crossed, frustration on their faces. Behind the counter, Izumo Kusanagi was polishing his glass with a wry smile.

Shiro deviated and moved closer to the counter so as not to disturb Samukawa and Anna.

"Samukawa-san, he asked Anna to tell him the fortune again."

When Shiro whispered, Kusanagi lowered his eyebrows and shrugged in embarrassment.

"He wants her to predict the future of Japan. Actually, it's almost like advice, huh."

"At this stage, I'm still boiling, that old man."

"It's pathetic that you have to get a girl to push you around. Even if you're a former prime minister."

Yata and Kamamoto said that sharply. Shiro sat on the chair at the counter next to Yata as he calmed him down, "Ok."

"Originally, Samukawa-san seems to have relied heavily on fortune telling. Anna, who has great sensitivity, is much more accurate than other fortune tellers, so I understand the feeling of wanting to see her... But this time it's more like a ritual to make a decision than as a divination."

Kusanagi served Shiro an iced tea. As he luckily wet his throat, he looked at Samukawa's profile.

"Tomorrow, the 'Supernatural Powers Agency' will be officially launched. As its director, former Prime Minister Samukawa must become a banner-man to create a world where psychics and non-psychics can live together in peace."

A year ago, as a result of what Nagare did, the existence of supernatural powers became known to people all over the world. It was no longer possible to deal with the problems behind the scenes with "Tokijikuin" and "Scepter 4". Specialized departments will be established within the administrative bodies to solve various problems in front of the public.

Samukawa is a former prime minister and possessor of permanent supernatural power. While he acts as a spokesman for the minority of people with supernatural powers, he is well-suited as a leader to create a society where the majority of people who do not have supernatural powers do not feel uncomfortable.

"Even if it's the day before the opening ceremony, it won't work. Taking over as director is a matter of decision."

Kusanagi also showed a slightly exasperated smile.

Yata said that.

"I don't trust that old man!"

"You! Hide your backbiting properly!"

Yata's voice was strong, though he should have been speaking softly so as not to get in the way. Samukawa, who was talking to Anna, turned his body and pointed at Yata.

"I'm not talking behind your back! I think you're unreliable, so I just said that!"

Alongside Yata, who is defiant, Kamamoto, who usually tends to hold back, but jumped on the bandwagon and said, "That's right!"

"For the most part, are you really able to properly control your clairvoyant ability?! You're not looking under Anna's clothes, right?"

"Stop."

Samukawa said with a punch.

"Aggressive behavior wielding such blind suspicion turns into prejudice and discrimination against psykers. If you're one of the geniuses, you'll understand."

"Oh, sorry. That's right."

Kamamoto sincerely apologized. Yata also looked at Samukawa with a slightly reconsidered face.

However, Samukawa himself immediately lost his dignity and fell on the table.

"But... That's right. Mind you, I have my doubts about it, and I'm sure it will continue to be said. Depending on the type of supernatural ability, just having it makes me a half-criminal. If I bear the worst part, the stone thrown by the psychic will hit me first..."

"Kanichi."

Anna read the former prime minister in a transparent voice.

"The more stones you receive, the more people behind them will be protected. One day you will be a hero."

Samukawa's eyes widened slightly.

Shiro got down from the chair at the counter and walked over to Samukawa's table.

"Also, I will protect you as much as possible. With the weapon of knowledge and the shield of technology."

Samukawa now wears glasses that he didn't wear before. It is an item that suppresses his clairvoyance ability and was developed with technology from Shiro and "Tokijikuin". Until that unfolded, Samukawa was under house arrest, unable to appear in public places with women.

In the future, he plans to develop tools together with "Tokijikuin" so that all psychics can live their daily lives without problems.

"Yes."

Yata seemed to have received a message and looked at the wristwatch-shaped PDA.

"Shiro, before you came here, did you see the blue clothes?"

Yata said that as he looked at his PDA. Shiro nodded.

"Yes. I met Fushimi-kun and Awashima-san, and told them that I would come to pick up Samukawa-san."

"Then, Saruhiko said, "How's it going over there?" Samukawa-san, even the blue ones are worried about you."

Samukawa took a deep breath and stood up. The frustrated look from just now was gone and had turned into a calm adult face.

"It's certainly time for the meeting. Shall we go?"

Samukawa looked at Anna and smiled.

"You have taken care of me, Kushina-kun."

"Your eyes are different from mine, but they are eyes that can see through. I'm sure you can see the future we should move into."

"You are strong even though you have great abilities."

Anna softened her expression and placed both hands on her chest.

"Because I have them all."

Surely, it included not only Kusanagi, Yata, and Kamamoto, but also important people who have disappeared.

Mikoto Suoh. Totsuka Tatara. Shiro, who was deeply involved in their death, gently lowered his eyes and thought of them living inside of Anna.

After leaving the bar with Samukawa and riding with him in the car, Shiro came up with an idea.

"I don't know if I can reach the level of "everyone" supporting Anna, but Samukawa-san, you have me."

Shiro smiled at him, and Samukawa grimaced as if the poison had been removed.

"You have changed."

"Is that so?"

Samukawa looked out the window and muttered.

"The "King", I thought was something that went way over my head."

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While making natto for breakfast, the TV started showing the news from the "Agency of Supernatural Powers".

Samukawa, who was shown on TV, made a directorial comment with dignified behavior that made the previous day's laziness a lie. Originally, he was a frank person who was good at giving speeches. He calmly answered even unpleasant questions from journalists.

"Shiro's work finally came true in this way."

Kuro took a deep look at the TV screen showing yesterday's opening ceremony, put down the bowl and chopsticks he was holding in his hand, and straightened his posture.

"Shiro. Thank you for your hard work."

Shiro's eyes flickered to Kuro, who bowed his head slightly and thanked him politely. Following Kuro's lead, Neko joyfully raised both hands and said, "Shiro, Otsukare-sama!"

Shiro laughed and scratched his cheek.

"Oh, no. I'm just standing at the starting line. Everything is from now on."

"That's true, but, checking the signs and taking a break with the joy of accomplishment when you've reached that point are important during a long journey."

Shiro was embarrassed and said "Thank you." for Kuro's sincere effort and encouragement.

"So, it's been a long time since I've had a day off and I'd like to go somewhere for a while, so I wonder, Kuro and Neko, will you come with me?"

Kuro and Neko nodded without hesitation, though they seemed puzzled.

He stopped by a flower shop on the way out and they made him a bouquet of calm colors.

The place they headed to with him was the place of the decisive battle a year ago.

The "Slate" was released by the "Green King" Hisui Nagare, the place where the pillar of light was located, and the place where Shiro and his friends plunged into the base of "Jungle" with the "Schattenreich".

Here, Shiro dropped his Sword of Damocles of his own free will and destroyed the "Slate".

The big hole that Anna and "Homura" had entered underground was blocked, the door was completely blocked, and now it's just a big crossroads.

He offered flowers at the edge of the intersection.

Kuro said nothing and lowered his eyes as if he was silently praying.

Maybe Neko felt helpless and sad, and she clung tightly to Shiro.

Shiro was looking at the place that had become a normal road surface.

Shiro.

Kuro suddenly yelled in a suppressed voice.

Kuro was not looking at Shiro, but was looking across the intersection diagonally with serious eyes. Shiro turned his eyes to follow Kuro's line of sight.

He found a familiar silhouette on the other side of the traffic.

A tall and slender person with a large parrot on his shoulder and a small boy who is still growing, were standing side by side looking at them. They were Mishakuji Yukari and Gojo Sukuna, who were the executives of the Green Clan.

It is an intersection where thick roads intersect. At this distance, his expression was vague, but Mishakuji seemed to have the same faint smile as always, and Sukuna seemed to be watching them with a rigid face.

For them, that place was a deeply connected place filled with various feelings.

As he watched them, Shiro remembered the day when Mishakuji suddenly visited Shiro's room.

(I feel like this question isn't very "beautiful" anymore. Asking a question when you already have an answer would be very unrefined.)

Although he went as far as to proudly enter the former enemy's residence, Mishakuji didn't say what he would have liked to ask and left.

To Neko who asked what happened, Shiro said.

(Well, I'm sure she meant something along the lines of: "Could you really beat the guy named Hisui Nagare?")

It was not a matter of winning or losing, but he believed that Hisui Nagare's ambitions could have been half achieved.

The world has changed. What had been kept secret until now was revealed by Hisui Nagare, and everyone had the power.

Most people have lost their power, but there are still people who have power. They are not members of any clan of any kind, but lone "Kings" who were suddenly released into the wild.

Even most people who have lost their power can't go back to when they knew nothing.

"However, I will continue to fight. In a world where psykers and non-psykers coexist, I want everyone to be able to protect their own chabudai."

He didn't even know if he was trying to answer Mishakuji, or if he was addressing the late Nagare. However, Shiro muttered a small vow for his thoughts to come out of his mouth.

A truck turned the corner and slowly crossed in front of Shiro and the others. The view of was blocked by the large body of the vehicle, and Mishakuji and Sukuna were no longer visible.

After the truck drove off, the two were gone.

He assumed the signs had disappeared. Kuro took a deep breath to ease his tension.

In this world changed by Hisui Nagare, Mishakuji Yukari will live freely in search of beautiful things and Gojo Sukuna will grow as he searches for his own way of life.

Shiro looked towards the center of the intersection once more.

The "Slate" was no longer underground. Not even in the tower near heaven.

Shiro believes that the "Slate" itself is not the source of power, but rather the key to accessing great power, though the "Slate" itself has yet to be fully elucidated.

If so, even if the "Slate" is gone, there is still a great power somewhere. In the future, there's no guarantee that a new path leading to that power won't appear as an access key replacing the "Slate".

At that moment, the ridiculous world that Nagare dreamed of could come true.

"Shiro, what's wrong? You look strange."

Neko looked at Shiro's face and said that.

"Yes. It's a strange sensation that is terrifying and a bit exciting."

"What's that?" Neko turned her head and Kuro raised his eyebrows suspiciously.

If he had met him differently and they had pursued a dream together, he would have been in a position as the Lieutenant and scolded him. And so, imagining something that didn't even exist, he smiled bitterly.

Shiro reached out his right hand and left hand to the side and grabbed Kuro and Neko's hands.

"Let's go home. To our house."

Shiro took the two of them by the hand and began to walk.

"Hey. I'm not a boy, so don't hold my hand."

"Wagahai will hold hands and go home~!"



Kuro reluctantly distanced himself from Shiro, while Neko happily waved the hand connected to Shiro.

In between the two, Shiro laughed out loud.

END.