



THE FIRST STORY  
RAIRAKU REI / GoRA

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

### CHAPTER 1: THE BOY NAMED ISANA YASHIRO

A great sword floated in the sky.

As he looked at that, he felt his chest was crushing, and he wanted to scratch his chest and start screaming.

He thought it shouldn't be like this.

He doesn't know where to go from here, his feet are not clear.

His cold body began to tremble and he felt a warm, soft, small object touch his forehead.

Open his eyes.

So, he sees a fluffy kitten with a small forefoot on his forehead. The pad on his forehead is warm and soft.

"Ah... good morning?"

"Meow."

The kitten screamed to reply.

He thought he was sleeping with his head dead, but the haze of drowsiness faded vaguely and cleared, the mysterious dreams in his head that made him feel very sad begin to clear up.

He is Isana Yashiro. Second year of the Ashinaka Academy.

Finally, acknowledging the reality, the boy, Isana Yashiro, got out of bed.

He gives a big yawn, stretches. This is the school bedroom where he lives. A room like an apartment with kitchen and bathroom, which is alarming for a student dormitory.

The wall is a video projection technology that has been popular recently, and it was designed so that the wallpaper can move in any pattern you want.

"I had a mysterious dream. I don't remember, but I think it was a sad and painful dream."

When he petted the kitten, he worried that the kitty would yell, "Nyaa" again, and rub his face against the boy's palm and give him a little lick with his little tongue.

"I have to go to school. Breakfast is... just white rice and sausages, but you eat it too, right?"

"Nyaan."

This kitty is not a domestic cat. The cat that lives in the Ashinaka Academy, called "Ashinaka School Island", whose land belongs to the entire school, is one of the cats that had become familiar with the boy.

The boy acknowledges that they are friends rather than related to being held back. So for some reason, he did not name this kitten. Even if he doesn't feel like giving a selfish name, calls his using the "you"

He divides the remaining rice from the rice cooker into its own portion and the kitten portion, take the sausage out of the refrigerator and place it on top of the rice. It is a varied meal, but it is the best that someone who has never cooked can do.

He thinks he can easily eat breakfast and think about what to do with lunch. He has eaten all the rice in the rice cooker.

"Okay."

The boy takes a bowl, washes the rice cooker, and weighs the rice. Gently and quickly, pour clean water on the scale and place it in the rice cooker.

He hung his backpack over his shoulder, carried his favorite red protective umbrella, and picked up a rice cooker. The kitten jumps on the boy's shoulders, knowing he is ready to go.

"So, let's go."

The boy leaves the bedroom. In the hallway, he meets his classmate Sota Mishina, who was about to go to school.

"Oh, Shiro. Good morning... what have you got?"

Shiro is his nickname in that place. The boy replied with a smile.

"It is the restaurant's rice. It's fluffy, moist and sweet, I don't think it's as delicious as freshly cooked white rice."

The boy likes white rice. And he will spare no effort for what his like. Among the rice cooker in his possession, the rice is probably slowly absorbing water. After that, if he presses the rice cook switch at a good time, another rice will cook at noon.

Mishina has an angry face and sighs.

"You... are you going to school with a common rice cooker? Weird kid. You don't seem to have any worries, you're always happy."

He certainly is not concerned with the current situation. The boy was in a good mood and went to school lightly while holding the rice cooker.

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There is a classmate who is interested in Shiro.

It doesn't mean she's in love.

The boy has a strange atmosphere, and sometimes he seems to fly like a fluffy balloon, and you can't take your eyes off him.

Today he brought a rice cooker to the classroom. In class before lunch, white steam was coming out of the rice cooker, and the teacher was angry, saying, "Who's cooking rice in the classroom!"

However, when his teacher was angry that he was cooking rice, he wrapped his teacher in smoke with a strange smile and a speech, which allowed him to cook rice in the classroom.

This boy, Isana Yashiro, was a very mysterious young man.

His look is not flashy, and the facial features are quite mature, but as he always has a loose smile, he makes a bright and warm impression like a sun. He's a skinny guy, he has cute round eyes and there's nothing intimidating about him, making him a guy that even girls can't make a wall for the opposite sex. He seems clueless, but he's surprisingly smart, and his big eyes sometimes shine wisely. He is wearing a uniform, but he does not look bad or fashionable, he plays with the knot of his tie, he wears brown shoes, without socks. For some reason, he always has a red umbrella as a trademark, and he's dressed as a free person.

Now he is blowing the cooked rice in the rice cooker.

"No, today I forgot the side dishes!"

With a lunch box full of white rice alone, the boy rushes over to his classmate Mishina.

"You lie!"

"Please!"

"Not good! By the way, don't bring the rice cooker with you!"

The boy was already a show at the famous Ashinaka High School, for begging for side dishes for lunch. For some reason he always has a diet of just bringing white rice and getting side dishes from the people.

Whether it's Mishina, whom he's begging now, and who is fighting with the boy for wanting to get his favorite side dishes, many students enjoy giving side dishes to the boy. They feel like they are feeding a sweet cat.

Kukuri stared at the boy's appearance, and spoke to a friend, Inaba Sumika, who was trying to open a lunch box next to her.

"Hello, Shiro-kun."

"Shiro? Ah, Inaba-san."

"I wonder if he has no friends."

"What?"

Inaba bowed her head. Her long black hair falls out of her shoulders.

"No, he's popular, no matter how you look at it."

What Inaba says is correct. Even now, the boy has managed to catch Mishina's fried chicken and laughs as Mishina locks him up. The students around them look at them with great fun.

"But you know, if you look closely, he doesn't seem to really get close to anyone..."

The boy who walks in the classroom with everyone's garnishes seems to have fun with everyone, but he is not around a specific person. They all like the boy, the boy likes them all, however, he does not approach anyone deeply.

Such a mysterious sense of distance is like a fluffy balloon, and it's something Kukuri can't help but worry about.

"Also, he doesn't have enough vegetables."

Kukuri said it very seriously. Inaba has a strange look.

"Vegetables?"

"He is stealing all the main garnishes, so he is partial to the meat."

Kukuri took the bento box out of her bag and placed it on her desk.

There are two bento boxes that Kukuri has prepared. One is for her, and the other is for the boy.

"Therefore, today prepare boiled foods, salads, hot vegetables, etc. to improve nutritional balance."

She showed Inaba a homemade lunch box full of vegetable garnishes. But in the meantime, the boy has already left the classroom with a spongy step.

"Ah, come on!"

Kukuri hastily covers the lunch box and follows the boy. Inaba looked at Kukuri with an astonished look saying, "You will do well."

When she took the lunchbox and went out into the hallway, she could no longer see the boy.

"Where did he go?"

If you take your eyes off for a moment, he will disappear. This is another characteristic of the boy. Maybe he has its own secret route, he should have been there a little while ago, but suddenly when you realize it, he instantly moves to another place.

Kukuri ran out of the hallway, saying she would definitely catch him.

She sees him through a window, walking along the terrace of the cafeteria with a garnish.

When Kukuri rushed to the cafeteria, he disappeared. Then she saw him receiving candy from a girl in the hallway through the school window.

When Kukuri returned to the school building, he was gone again, and witnesses told her that they saw Shiro go to the dining room, but when she went to the dining room, he was no longer there, and the chef said in the kitchen, "Also, took the garnishes..."

While collecting sightings, she searches the yard, runs down the hall, and out the window again, finds the boy walking in a good mood in the opposite hallway. He had a lunchbox in one hand and a red umbrella on the shoulder of the other.

The place where the boy is is close to where she is.

Kukuri ran as hard as she could down the hall of the student council, but when she got there, the boy was gone and there was only a cleaning robot Tsukumo 99. Kukuri meets Tsukumo with too much energy.

A cleaning robot that speaks the samurai language, which is loved at this school, complained to Kukuri, who had beaten him "Be careful."

"By the way, he's a runaway boy!"

Kukuri looks around and walks towards the missing boy.

At that moment, she could hear the sound of tinkling and bells, and although there was no one around her, she felt a cute aroma like a girl's shampoo for a second.

After all, she couldn't catch the boy, and Kukuri decided to eat the two bento boxes side by side.

The boiled taro in her mouth tasted delicious as she'd tasted it, but she wasn't going to eat it herself.

Besides Kukuri, Inaba, who had already eaten her bento, grabbed onto the table with her chopsticks and took a garnish from Kukuri's bento box and brought it to her mouth.

"Is love. It is not love?"

Kukuri chased the boy, perhaps because he was supposed to have lunch with people, Inaba said in a bored voice.

"No, that is not the case."

Kukuri dropped her shoulders.

"Somehow, that person seems to disappear when I take my eyes off him..."

That is the reason why Kukuri cares about the boy.

He talks to everyone so happily and is loved by so many people, he eats a lot of side dishes at lunch, but she feels like he is leaving when they find out.

Like today where she could see he right there but couldn't catch he, someday really, she thinks he's going to disappear out of reach.

With such a strange emotion, Kukuri chased after the boy with the feeling that she should catch him if he was not strongly connected to anyone.

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Thanks to everyone's favor, collecting side dishes for lunch was a great catch.

The boy eats the delicious white rice and the side dishes recommended by all in a lunch box, on a rooftop of the school building.

There was a screech and a bell noise, and a kitten appeared that was going somewhere during class. The boy smiles, "Welcome." and he place a snack on the lid of the lunchbox, for the kitten.

Having eaten a full meal, the boy lay down at the wind blowing across the rooftop. He put the red umbrella open and start taking a nap.

This umbrella was something that the boy found in the school warehouse. He was disappointed because he felt it was something that was used at some school festival, and the dusty umbrella was very attractive. The boy loves this Japanese style umbrella.

The boy spread his arms and legs and stretched.

"Japan is a peaceful country."

He feels sleepy and tired.

The boy who swims between reality and dreams saw a golden light in the dark.

Who is...?

A very tall man was in the golden light. An old man with a strict gaze. He has a hard body and his back is straight. An old man with terrifying intimidation and terrifying atmosphere, but the boy felt the nostalgic light of his light.

The old man opened his mouth.

"This country is over, Weissmann."

It was a heavy voice. It was like scolding and begging for something.

Suddenly, he hears someone laugh.

When he noticed, there was a man in his twenties and a white man who had long silver hair on his back and was smiling mysteriously.

Looking at the silver-haired man, the boy felt as if his head was shaking.

This is different from nostalgia. However, the intense sensation of seeing and discomfort builds up, making the lower stomach feel uncomfortable.

Quickly, the boy opened his eyes.

On the rooftop of the school, it seems that the boy had a strange dream at this time.

He was suddenly surprised by what happened, but the kitten who had curled up due to the boy's weakness, withdrew.

"Now... what did you say?"

The boy asked the kitten that way, but the kitten tilts its neck.

It is not surprising. There is no way for a cat to speak. First of all, this is just a dream.

The boy was able to fight for a fortune in a strange dream that was different from the sad dream it did not remember this morning.

He returned to the classroom at the last minute of class, but everyone in the classroom was humming with their thoughts, and it wasn't as if the class was starting soon. The boy bows his head.

"How about class?"

Mishina, who was working in the front seat, has an astonished face.

"Preparation for the school festival in the afternoon. Work hard!"

That was. It was less than a week before the school festival. The Ashinaka School festival, commonly known as Gakuen Island, which is a gigantic school, is a festival that literally lists the entire island, and the budget and enthusiasm are enormous.

To ensure that no one other than relevant persons can enter and exit the school island, you cannot enter inside the island gate without a student pass or a staff pass installed on the PDA. It is a mechanism that remains. However, on the day of the festival, the door will open and visitors from outside freely.

The Ashinaka School Festival is not just a school festival; it is also a great event that the general public outside the school is looking forward to.

All of the students took the school festival seriously with the goal of not only creating their own memories but also entertaining the people, and in December, when the school festival is held, there were often days when internal students were given allowed preparation work until midnight.

The fact that the school festival is held in December is a little different, but this is because the school festival on Gakuen Island is held at the same time as the annual shrine festival on the island.

The boy looked around the classroom. Everyone seems to be busy practicing theater, making costumes, combining costumes, and various gatherings. When he was watching the scene without help, Kukuri quickly entered.

"Hey, someone asked me to use student council! We are recruiting people who are free!"

Kukuri raises her hand and recruit's volunteers. Although there is a small natural place, Kukuri, who is a solid, cheerful and kind person, is a member of the student council and everyone can trust her.

In the eyes of the classmates who worked, she walked over to the boy holding a kitten. If you are a leisure person, stay here, everyone's eyes said.

Go to a downtown store to collect fireworks for the event. Even if he rushes from Gakuen Island, it takes over an hour to get to the center of Shizume-cho. Certainly, he was the right one to go as he currently has no job.

Kukuri operates the mission, makes the purchase note, and hands it to the boy.

"Then Shiro, I will send you a note."

The boy thought he would say that and smiled. By the way, what happened to his PDA? He feels like he hasn't seen it recently.

He looked in his pocket, but couldn't find it. Does he leave it in the bedroom or did he lose it? The boy is not in the habit of playing with his PDA, so he is not in the habit of carrying it.

"Don't you have a PDA?"

Kukuri rolled her eyes. The boy somehow makes a fake smile. Kukuri feels it is a bit strange, but says, "Well, I'll write it down on paper." However, on the way, he realized that...

"Oh, I can't leave school without first looking for it to use."

The pass to enter and exit the Gakuen Island gate is on the PDA designated by the school and that each student has. At school, the PDA serves as an identification card.

However, the boy did not remember wearing it these days. The boy is familiar with the secret passageways at school.

Security seems to be disabled, but the boy knew that even if he didn't have a PDA, he could do anything.

Taking the memo from Kukuri, who had a worried face, the boy laughed and said, "Ok."

The boy has many friends on Gakuen Island, although the relationship is wide and shallow.

There were many "friends" among teachers and staff, as well as among students.

Teachers who are taking lessons directly can be the best people if they really care about a particular student, (Still, old school teachers tend to listen to the boy's requests.) Staff, other than teachers, like security guards thought the boy was like a stray cat.

That is why the boy walked out of the school, not through the gate, but through the guard station. He laughed and said, "I don't use it for long, but I lost my things." The man said, "Please order another one again soon."

Even with good security, there are places where a person tends to be able to pass.

The boy was walking on the bridge connecting Gakuen Island and the mainland, reviewing the shopping notes with the kitten on his shoulder.

All travelers and those on the main island use monorails that pass under the connecting bridge, which is primarily for vehicles and few people walk on foot. However, you need a PDA to travel on the monorail. The connecting bridge is long to walk on foot, but the boy liked to walk on the bridge looking at the sea.

Illuminated by the falling sunlight, the sea is blue and glowing.

The boy leaned on his side and watched the landscape from the bridge. A gentle breeze blows with the scent of the tide, making the boy's hair flutter.

It was a beautiful and calm sight.

Suddenly he feels like staying there forever.

Good weather. Soft breeze. A kitten that clings to his shoulders, and has many bright and fun friends on the way home.

What is here and now seemed calm and terribly difficult to find.

He wondered if something smelled bad about it.

He smiles at his thoughts and is yelled at that he is in the process of being used. He must collect the fireworks she ordered and get a receipt at Shizume-cho, and he must return at six o'clock.

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A young man was sitting on top of the building.

He is called "black dog". It is a popular name that sounds like a derogatory name, but he is proud to be the servant of a "King", so he is proud of himself.

Her long black hair in a ponytail flutters in the wind.

Shizume-cho's bustle extends below him.

He saw a boy trying to cross a crowded intersection.

A 16 or 17-year-old boy with a little pink kitten on his shoulder. He's small and has a soft girlish look, with an atmosphere that won't warn anyone.

But...

He saw a guy with a red shirt and a cap who was walking away from the boy with the umbrella a little and made his way through the crowd. The conscience of the guy in the hat is completely directed towards the boy with the umbrella, and his expression is disgusting. Probably a "Homura" member. It's a bad job as a follower, but the umbrella boy doesn't seem to notice.

Looking up at the boys from a height, he took his precious recorder out of his pocket and pressed the play button. The recorder is an important treasure that preserves the voice of his late master and guides his actions.

"The king's shadow lights up."

A deep, slightly bright voice is heard from the recorder. He closed his eyes and listened to the voice.

The boy with the umbrella walks with an unprotected face. Well, he was quiet walking around Shizume-cho city. He doesn't know if the boy has something to think about or if he's dumb.

He put his hand on the sword at his waist. The famous sword "Kotowari" entrusted by his master. He draws that sword only when he fulfills the orders of his master.

"Please look, Ichigen-sama."

He murmured to pray and stood up.

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The boy received the fireworks that the student council had ordered at a fireworks store called "Kadamaya" in Shizume-cho. Mainly fireworks, but there are some weird types too, and it was quite interesting that the store owner lectured him on how to use them.

He leaves the store with the receipt received from Kukuri.

There is still time until dusk. Even if he deviated a bit, it looks like he'll be back at six o'clock, and when the boy started walking, something loud was heard slipping on the ground behind him.

When he looked back, he saw a young man on a skateboard hitting a metal bat and approaching.

"Eh?"

The boy opened his eyes and made his thoughts and body stiff for a moment. He visually saw the metal bat swinging toward his head, the stiffness of his body dissolving before he thinks, and he jumps with a reflex.

The downed metal bat destroys the storefront, and the desks and products placed in the store were crushed and scattered.

The boy like a fluffy rice cake on the way was surprised, looking at the young man who swung the metal bat.

A young man who looks like a high school student, wearing a knit hat and a red hoodie around his waist.

He put his foot on the skateboard, put the metal bat on his shoulder, looked back slowly and observed the boy who was confused.

What? What is happening? He wanted to ask, but suddenly the words don't come out of the boy's throat.

The young man on the skateboard manipulates a clock-shaped device on his arm and projects a screen in the air. Carefully compare the boy's face to something projected there and he laughed violently.

"Eh?"

The boy smiled with a cheat, but felt the aggressive will that was near the murder surging from the skateboard guy's body, and he stood up.

Not good. Perhaps this person does not speak. He means, he's so angry he won't have ears.

However, he is not a demon. He doesn't know why, but this young man with a skateboard is angry at "Isana Yashiro".

Why?

The boy tried to engage in boring dialogue while slowly backing away.

"Oh, what is that so sudden? I don't think you have any reason to hit me."

The skateboarder's brow furrows. That's not good. The boy wanted to cover his face when he responded by pouring oil on the fire. On his shoulders, a kitten clings to the boy with its claws, escaping from the young man on a skateboard.

"Don't you remember being hit? You are brave, shit. So is. I will not stop."

The body of the young man on the skateboard seemed to sway in red.

The boy scratches his eyes. It is not an error. A bright red light bursts from the young man's body.

When the boy stepped back, the red light appeared, enveloping the young man on the skateboard. Hot. The boy's bangs are slightly burned. The overflowing red light turned into a flame and filled he.

"It's not enough just to catch you. I'll kill you!"

The young man on the skateboard screamed and kicked the ground. He jumps high with his skateboard and shakes the red flame at the boy.

The boy screamed miserably and started running at full speed.

The young man on the skateboard lightly brushes the boy's hair. The sound of the street being destroyed, the explosion and the heat entering from behind, but there is no room to look back.

The boy ran to death.

Run between pedestrians and obstacles, cross the railings and choose a stepped street, he can run on routes that are difficult to ride a skateboard.

He couldn't even pretend and jump onto the street, and he fell onto the back of a truck that stopped at the signal.

With the truck that started to work, he managed to catch his breath.

The kitten looked up at his knees with its front paws. The boy strokes his head.

The man believes that it is problematic to take this boy because it is dangerous, but if he throws it in such a place, it will be difficult for him to return alone to Gakuenjima.

"Sorry for involving you."

With a miserable face, the boy smiled at the kitten.

It's okay to be scared, but in this situation, the kitten doesn't seem particularly dependent and stands on all fours, looking out from the platform with his round eyes. In that figure, he felt a strange sensation as if to say, "You should beat this."

Who is it that attacks the child? Given the appearance of that skateboarder, the boy has probably been mistaken for the person who bought his grudge. He thinks the boy may have unknowingly bought a grudge, but he doesn't think there was a point of contact between the boy who lives in Gakuenjima and the boy on the skateboard who holds so much grudge that he tries to kill him.

The boy had a difficult face, the kitten jumped on the boy's shoulder again, and bit his cheek to tell him to stop thinking.

The sound of the skateboard mixed with the sound of the car. The boy is resistant. Looking at him, the boy on the skateboard just before putting his hand on the shoulder of a young man straddling the back of a two-seater motorcycle, borrows the speed of the boost and drives the skateboard, approaching.

The man who rides the motorcycle is a man with big fat sunglasses, and behind him is a young man in a red jacket and a helmet over his cap. He took a wood with his hand, and was excited to attack the boy.

The truck suddenly stopped when the boy pressed his cheeks saying that the number of pursuers was increasing. The boy hits the load on the stepped platform.

"Ouch!"

The young man on the skateboard jumps while screaming. Jump on a skateboard and shake a metal bat wrapped in a bright red flame. The boy screamed, but managed to dodge the blow.

The two men on the motorcycle approached without interruption, and the young man in the back seat shakes the wood that is still burning.

The boy rushed out of the truck, avoided him, and ran away.

He escapes to the sidewalk, but a skateboarder walks down the road and a motorcycle duo closes behind.

The boy glanced around and immediately found a narrow alley between buildings where a person could pass and jumped over there.

Passing through the alley against the back of the scream and the sound of the chase. He ran down the alley as he listened to his breathing sound as it bounced, and he moved as far away as he could, but it turned into a dirty, secret alley.

When he started running again, he saw a tall man smoking a cigarette in the distance.

A handsome man in his twenties, wearing a tight jacket, with a red scarf around his neck, and blond with sunglasses, creating an atmosphere that is not solid. The boy ran towards the man who was like a host or bartender during the break.

"Sorry! Stay away!"

He is chased by men who wield weapons that eject flames. It is irresistible to be involved in an incident like the mysterious burning of a man in Shizume-cho.

However, the man slowly exhaled cigarette smoke in front of the boy who was working with a sign saying "It's an emergency."

On the back of the boy, there is a bad feeling.

The tall man shook his cigarette in his hand with his thumb.

Burning cigarettes fly in the air.

A small fire at the end of a cigarette puffed up, turning into a fireball, which looked like slow motion. The boy stops.

The fireballs that were born in the air were divided into numerous pieces and flew towards the boy at once. It is a rain of flames. There is no short wish.

But mysteriously, the fear of death was far away. He thinks your senses are on fire for a series of unrealistic events.

"Ah." While looking at the many high-speed flying fireballs, the boy was prepared to receive the flames.

But the flames did not burn the boy.

A black mass falls from the sky and lands between the boy and the fireball.

A person.

A young man wearing a black coat and long black hair.

He looked up and blew up all the fireballs with his right hand.

At first glance, it looked like he was playing with his own hands, but his hands and the fire were not in direct contact. The space where he places his hand becomes distorted, and the trajectory of the fireball changes. The fireballs whose orbits changed landed everywhere on the back streets and generated smoke.

From behind, the skate boy attacks the young man suddenly and without fear.

The young man with long dark hair raises his hand towards the skate boy.

In the next moment, the skate boy was drawn to the black-haired young man and pushed at the slot with his elbow, as if moving instantly.

It was as if the space between the black-haired young man's hand and the skate boy was compressed in an instant.

The boy was surprised, looking at the skate boy who flew in the air slightly through the groove and the black-haired young man who did a series of things without moving an eyebrow with a simple face.

The young man with black hair grabs and pulls the boy's loose neck and clutches it to himself.

As he was, he shrugged at the black-haired young man and looked him in the face a short distance away.

Their faces are close.

He felt that he had not sensed another person at such a close distance in a long time.

There is a strange tension in the boy's body that may be stronger than when he was chased by a murderer.

"Wooh!"

The boy's feet floated in midair with the sensation that the body was dragged heavily.

The young man with the black hair is reaching the distance. The air at the tip of the palm seemed distorted. The space at the end of the hand was compressed, and it seemed that the boy holding the body of the black-haired youth was up.

The boy, who decided to fly at high speed in the air, hurriedly clings to the arm of the young man with black hair and holds on tight. A fallen skateboarder, a stupid fat young man, and a young man in a red cane cap, and a tall blond man looking at him with a calm expression, the sight of the back alley turned distant and the landscape around him flowed behind.

"Who you are?"

The boy muttered while holding on.

The young man answered nothing, looking at his destination, with a well-organized and determined face.

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Kusanagi Izumo suddenly lowered, reported the situation, and gave a small sigh when he saw the young man who flew away with the target.

"Damn... who is that guy?"

Misaki Yata holds his belly that was hit with a strong elbow strike.

"Black dog. Yatogami Kuro. I'm getting in trouble again."

Kusanagi smiling, looking in the direction the targets disappeared.

However, he confirms the face of the target. A handsome boy with a pretty face, but that's the person in the video.

Kusanagi repeatedly watched that annoying video over and over again.

If he closes his eyes, he will see a child with a terrifying smile on the back of his eyelids.

He will never let him go. No matter which hand he use, he will catch him and mark his fall.

Kusanagi took out his PDA.

"I do not know. Next move."

The preparation has been completed. Kusanagi tapped to activate it from his PDA.

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The boy was taken to the roof of the building on an aerial walk like a roller coaster.

Upon landing, the young man with long dark hair throws his body on concrete. The boy hit his butt hard.

The kitten holding on to the boy is also thrown out, but unlike the boy, it landed well and emerged immediately.

The boy stood up getting ready. Looking around from the rooftop, he saw a large, symbolic monitor in front of the Shizume-cho station.

"Oh, here in front of the station? Thanks for your help! Well then..."

At a glance, with a sense of security that escaped the crisis, the usual boy returns to base. He felt it. It was a little difficult, but it seemed to have worked. Then he would return to Gakuen Island with his goods.

A sword in the sheath of the young man with long black hair blocked the boy's path.

(Huh? Yes, it's a sword, this... Why does this person have a sword?)

The black-haired young man swings the sword in the scabbard, rolling it onto the concrete again.

"I am a disciple of Ichigen Miwa, the previous Seventh King, I am Kuro Yatogami."

The black-haired young man drew his sword quickly as he spoke in a low voice.

The boy cannot understand the young man's words at once, and he bows his head.

"The Seventh King Ichigen Miwa?"

After repeating it as a spell, something comes to his mind.

"Oh, is it a name? My name is Isana, Yashiro Isana."

He introduced himself as cheerfully as possible, but as if trying to silence the company, Ichigen Miwa's royal envoy shook his sword.

The blade flew at such speed that only a silver trajectory was visible, slicing off the school emblem on the boy's neck.

The school emblem near the boy's throat was cut by a sharp sword and rolls on the rooftop concrete with a little noise.

As expected, the boy breathed silently and looked at the young man in front of him.

Looking seriously, the black-haired young man with the sword, Kuro, seemed to be younger than expected. He may not be much different from the boy, he may be a boy too.

He had a clean and drifting atmosphere with a sharp face. He was like a young warrior appearing in a movie, combining a place where a sword with a naked body looks good with a burn, a hairstyle that combines long straight black hair in a high position, a place where the back seems be serious and upright.

Kuro walks towards him a few steps with a calm expression that does not express emotions.

"Under the orders of my late master, I will defeat the evil "King"."

The voice with which he declared it was calm. But deep in his voice, it seemed that a tragic determination was lurking.

The boy does not know what to accept and what to do, and makes a confused voice.

"What...? King...?"

Everything was strange to him today.

As always, calmly and carefree, he cooks rice at school, he made everyone share a garnish, he ate rice with the kitten, he took a nap, seeing everyone prepare for the school festival happily, Kukuri asked him to help her.

So he was supposed to go back to school and repeat a similar, calm and happy life.

Kuro, who holds a sword, does not have the murderous feeling and burning anger that the skate boy felt.

Instead, he felt a mission sensation like steel that is definitely determined to cut something.

When the boy is stuck, the image on the large monitor in front of the Shizume-cho station, where the promo video was streaming, is suddenly altered and another stormy video appears.

In an abnormal scene, the boy's conscience and Kuro moved together to the monitor.

The monitor screen suddenly changed, and the image that was taken by a hobbyist with a camera was displayed, which was completely different in quality from the beautiful advertising image that had been streaming so far.

The image is rough. It looks like it was taken with an old camera.

At the bottom of the screen, "07.12 23:45", the date and time are displayed.

What was projected was a scene that appears to be the rooftop of the building at night. There is a boy's back resting against the fence.

He was humming.

The voice made the boy aware. Singing Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 "Song of Delight" in a voice he has never heard.

"It's a nice night."

A different voice than the person in the back humming said that. Probably who was recording.

"I came to film the night view, what are you doing here?"

The person in the back doesn't seem to respond to the one who is recording, and he's shaking himself.

Cold sweat pours from the boy's body.

The boy doesn't know about this. He swears to God, an unforgettable sight.

However, he had a bad feeling and his heart was racing.

"I am Totsuka Tatara. And you?"

The person behind looked back. He had a gun in his hand. He fired and fired without any scrutiny.

Bang, the shot sounds.

The image is blurred. The camera appears to have dropped. The screen went black for a moment, and immediately after that, he saw what appears to be the cameraman collapse.

After a while, the camera moves as he whispers. It looks like the person who shot just adjusted the camera with his foot to show himself.

The person's face is clearly projected.

It was the boy. It was the face of Isana Yashiro.

The face he sees in the mirror every morning. However, he had a crazy smile with narrowed eyes and raised corners of his mouth, instead of his usual tense expression.

Someone in the boy's face said,

"I am the Seventh King, 'Colorless King'. Waiting for someone here. Is it a good night? Oh, sure, it is a good night."

In a euphoric voice, someone in the boy's face pointed the gun at the camera and fired again.

Then the video stops.

The boy continued to stare at the large monitor that stopped when the gun was fired and another person's face just looked up.

"Is that correct for you?"

Kuro's voice is heard.

The boy took off the line of sight from the monitor and looked at Kuro.

Without anger or hatred, Kuro, who looks at the boy with a clean face and points his sword, seems like an ideal executioner.

The boy couldn't help but smile at him.

"Uh... does it look like this?"