



THE FIRST STORY
RAIRAKU REI / GoRA

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 4: BLACK OR WHITE

There is a system that has never been used in a formula. It would have been better if he hadn't used it, but now is the time to move it.

"All eyes and ears."

Awashima agreed with Munakata's instructions.

"Yes. If it can't be handled, we need eyes and ears. We have to handle it properly."

Munakata smiled at her, she is his right arm, who had a straight face and praised her as an evil executive.

"You are a wonderful person, Awashima-kun."

Munakata looks at the puzzle at hand.

The complete picture of the puzzle is visible. No matter what kind of puzzle it was, Munakata never wondered which piece to put where. What should be to where it should be. By doing that, messy things are put together in the right way. So Munakata enjoys the puzzle.

But now, the full picture of the incident Munakata is facing is not seen. Also, there is only one piece left in Munakata's hand for Suoh.

He picked up one of the Sansui painting puzzle pieces scattered on the office desk, and Munakata looked at it through the lens of his glasses.

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Kusanagi received several report calls and made some instructional calls inside the HOMRA bar counter.

"Oh, Bando. Are you aware? Yes, then join Dewa and head to the location on the map that I just sent."

"That is the seller's hidden store."

"Oh. It's the one with the mobster who was in charge of the arms trade. It seems like he died about ten days before Totsuka was killed."

Kusanagi's words made Bando groan over the phone.

"So that damn guy killed him and Totsuka-san?"

"No, that's not the case. The vendor was used by the criminal and murdered... there is a good chance. And recently, there have been a number of other mysterious misconduct."

"Ah, I'm sure you suddenly heard those rumors. Strange urban legends have become popular, like the fact that there are criminal groups that hold people and sell them, and where they meet gods."

Bando suddenly makes a hasty voice.

"Kusanagi-san, do you think the criminal who killed Totsuka-san is involved in the disappearances?"

"The story is a possibility. At least, there is no doubt that the arms dealer who disappeared this time did come into contact with the criminal in some way. Anyway, check the dealer's hidden warehouse and look for clues."

"Understood! I'm heading there now!"

"Okay, be careful."

As soon as the call hangs up, the Kusanagi PDA announces a new call as if it were waiting for it. When he answered, it was Chitose, who is currently in charge of providing information and gathering information online.

According to his report, the video of the criminal on the network has already been removed and appeared to be treated as a naughty video. It seems that people's interests are turning in another direction after rumors that the murder video was fabricated and posted were stopped.

It would be the instruction for "Scepter 4". Kusanagi is impressed that the work is quite fast.

However, at the time, the video was viewed by many people in various parts of Tokyo, focusing on Shizume. Some of the videos themselves have been uploaded to the "Jungle" site. There should be a reaction in the future, as it can be a prize.

Kusanagi hung up when he said in a casual tone that there was no problem. He stared at his hand a bit, thinking that the PDA would start ringing, but it seemed that the PDA in his hand had finally decided to rest, and he remained silent.

Phew, he takes a little breath.

The situation is not good. Although the criminal appeared once, he disappeared again, and also...

"It's finally becoming a hassle to get to that fox."

Miwa Ichigen, the predecessor "Colorless King", said that he only had two clan members in his life.

One of them was born nearly ten years ago, and Kuro Yatogami was the only remaining vassal.

Since Miwa Ichigen basically lived a life as a retreat in the mountains, Yatogami Kuro rarely appeared in the village, but it is said that his power as a clan member and the dexterity of his arm and swordplay, which he has shown several times, that is perfectly maintained.

It would be difficult for Kusanagi to cross evenly when he suddenly appeared and saw how he was treating Yata like a child.

However, he heard that he would not use any other power other than for Miwa. That is why it bears the name "black dog" with the meaning of loyal black dog.

He wonders if Kuro will move with the will of Miwa, who died, or something like that. After dying, serve the next "Colorless King"? Either way, it must be a hindrance for them.

"Uh, I don't have much time."

Anna, who was sitting at the table in the tent, turned to Kusanagi in response to the words that had come out of his mouth.

Anna spread the map on the table, rolled a marble on it, and continued searching for the criminal with her sensitive skill. Kusanagi laughs at Anna inadvertently, acknowledging that he has cut off his focus and probably worried Anna.

At that moment, the door of the bar opened with a loud noise.

"Gah! Yata-san!"

"Sorry! You said something stupid!"

Kamamoto and Yata rushed into the bar as they broke into a fuss. Yata, in the form of bright red rage, hurls Kamamoto's plump giant.

A large body flew into the air towards Kusanagi, hitting the counter.

It was unfortunate because the quality of Yata's small body, Kamamoto's heavy weight, and his stone-hard head were all combined.

Kusanagi's beloved bar counter is chipped by a head shove similar to a Kamamoto missile. Kusanagi screamed.

Yata attacks Kamamoto, leaving behind the broken counter. Kusanagi moaned low, "Guys..." while shaking.

He grabs the head of the slowly moving person who hurt his beloved counter with his right hand and the other with his left hand, and squeezes them mercilessly.

"Sorry it was not my intention!"

"Kusanagi-san! It will seriously break! My head will break!"

"Huh? Guys, what is this counter? It's expensive because a British pub gave it to us. It's a historic gem drenched in the scent of beer and cigarettes, and the hustle and bustle of drunkenness."

With both of them screaming and hanging from their hands, they scream and preach the weight of their sins.

"What is the cause of this fight, guys?"

Looking into his eyes, Yata complained as he hovered.

"It's because of Mikoto-san!"

"What is Mikoto-san doing?"

"This guy said that Mikoto-san gave up on the blues! Kusanagi-san, you should also punish him!"

"Oh, no! No! I wonder why our king was captured without any resistance!"

"Hey! Isn't that a turning point?"

"It's totally different!"

That's it.

The appearance of the two people making noise is like a fight of elementary school students, but it is not clear how they feel.

Kamamoto's doubts are natural, and although they are not mentioned, many of the "Homura" members are probably thinking. Yata himself, who is angry with him, must have the same anxiety and doubts.

Suoh must have an idea, and since he told himself that he shouldn't hesitate, he was so angry at Kamamoto that he raised his doubts about Suoh.

Kusanagi laughed a bit guiltily, saying they were too honest, and then deliberately laughed out loud.

He lets go of the two surprised heads, hugs them and whispers in the ear.

"Do you want to know?"

"Eh?"

"Why was Mikoto-san caught on purpose?"

Yata was confused and said "Yes."

Alright, Kusanagi released them from his arms and made them "repent" on the counter that they had hurt, so that they could first reflect on them.

Kusanagi was pleased with the appearance of the two people bowing his head towards the counter in silence, in the atmosphere of a completely scolded elementary school student, and decided to take a seat.

"Well, that guy is kept as that natural disaster all the time. In some cases, the 'Blue King' must be clear about it. What if that happens? Will it make it easier for us to move? He got caught to free us."

He can see Yata's face bright and clear. Seeing the expression, which seemed overwhelmed by anger, anxiety and dissatisfaction, repainted with joy and pride, the guilt ends in Kusanagi again.

Yata stretched out his chest, smiled boyishly, and shook Kamamoto's shoulders.

"Hey, you said that! I'm going to find that rotten outer path and the fox again! I'll live up to Mikoto-san's expectations!"

Yata, who is completely fine, urges Kamamoto to leave the bar.

Kusanagi encouraged him slightly, saying, "I charge you, Yata-chan."

When Yata and Kamamoto noisily exit, the bar fills with suffocating quiet.

"Liar."

Anna said that like a slap. Kusanagi smiles bitterly at her painful words who silently heard the exchange between Kusanagi and Yata.

"Well I'm not saying... there are some aspects like that."

The words he just said to Yata and others are not lies. However, for that reason alone, Suoh would not have chosen a way to chain Munakata.

Kusanagi glances at Anna. Anna looked at the map in front of her with a doll face.

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Inside the lunch box, alongside the white rice, the colorful and well-balanced garnishes are well packaged. The boy thinks it's like being full of "happiness".

The boy loves it because it looks like the treasure chest with an unbalanced brown lunch that is filled with "special" items like meat and fried foods that are always blessed with recommended side dishes. However, he was impressed by the desperate lunch that Kuro prepared as a harmonious world.

From the lunch box, the boy takes a plump, beautiful yellow egg with chopsticks and puts it in his mouth. The sweetness spread through his mouth. He asked Kuro to do it yesterday, the rolled egg was delicious too, but the sweet flavored egg grill is good too.

While trying with a smile, he heard a clear voice next to him.

"Shiro has his own lunch with side dishes!"

Kukuri opened her eyes and looked towards the shrine that surrounded the lunch box with Kuro and Neko in the coffee shop. For whatever reason, he have two lunches on his hands.

He decided to advance through school with his own face, saying he was a "transfer student."

This school is located on an island, isolated from the outside, and basically he cannot enter the site without a pass. However, probably because they were relieved by safety, the people on the school island were enthusiastic about the safety aspect. Even the seemingly suspicious Kuro and Neko are accepted as "I'm a school person because I'm here with a natural face."

By the way, he managed to calm down Neko, who doesn't like clothes, and put her in the Ashinaka school girls uniform (when the boy praised Neko in uniform like "cute!") However, Kuro is still in his uniform. Also, even though he had a sword on his waist, the people around him naturally accepted Kuro's existence, probably because the boy was with him.

Kukuri looked at the contents of the boy's lunch box with a surprised look, and the boy put his hand on his cheek.

"This time it is my beloved wife's lunch."

"If you just say stupid things, I'll stick my tongue out at you."

Kuro draws his sword threatening to cut off the boy's tongue.

As for Neko, he has already eaten Kuro's lunch, and she looks at Kukuri's lunch and makes a voice that waits, "Are you hungry?" Kukuri opened the lunch box and asked, "Do you want to eat?" She opened the lunch box, but for some reason there was no main food, such as fried or roasted salmon, and various kinds of vegetable side dishes such as slow-cooked dishes, salads, and hot vegetables were packed in the lunch box. She wonders if she is on a diet.

Despite the interaction between Kukuri and Neko, the boy looks towards a PDA.

"Oh, what's up? It's different from the school's designated PDA."

Kukuri said, paying attention to the boy's PDA.

The boy's PDA has disappeared, therefore he borrows Kuro's. By the way, a handmade plush doll hangs from Kuro's PDA. When he told him that he thought it was a hobby that did not suit his face, it seems that it is a doll that he made himself, imitating the appearance of Miwa Ichigen, and from there he began to sigh the story of how wonderful Ichigen was. So sorry to ask. Frankly speaking, Kuro's emotion when he talks about "Ichigen" is very disgusting.

The boy squeezed Kuro's PDA and made another comment.

"It's from my wife."

"Do you really want to separate yourself from your tongue?"

Kuro draws his sword again threatening to cut off his tongue. He's not sure if he's unexpectedly good or if he's really mad, because he can't even pull a joke, but his reaction when he hit him is a bit funny.

After a little tantrum, Kuro regains his mind and turns to the boy looking at the PDA.

"Did you find out something?"

"No, it is an unclear image..."

What the boy sees on Kuro's PDA is that video of a person, who looks exactly like the boy, killing a person.

This was transferred from his classmate Mishina. He said he found this video on a website. With the curiosity and drive of a healthy high school boy, Mishina is good at watching erotic videos and images, avoiding the security restrictions placed on school-designated PDAs. Some of his classmates also have part of the videos that Mishina found. Yesterday, Mishina intercepted the boy in an uncrowded corridor and told him a secret story: "I found a bad video yesterday."

Although the boy does not have a young and perky sex drive like Mishina, he looks at Mishina's PDA with the feeling of "Well, if he wants to show it, I can't wait to see it." But, it was not an erotic video.

It is the video of a murder that was shown on a huge monitor in Shizume.

However, Mishina believed that this video was false. It seems to be treated like a naughty video even on the net. However, the criminal's face looked exactly like the boy, so he became interesting and came to show him.

Mishina laughed mockingly, saying, "If you did something wrong, should you be selfish?"

In fact, the boy cannot tell if it is a fake video. But if the person was actually killed and this was false, it would probably mean that the real criminal had redesigned the footage to replace himself with the boy. However, this video was taken by the murderer himself,

and from what the video looks like, it appears that it was taken with a retro camera rather than a PDA. The video itself is also owned by "Homura", whose partner is the murdered person. Could the criminal have tampered with the video? If that is not possible, is it the crime of a person with the appearance of the boy? Is that possible?

The doubts have no end, but what the boy must do is not pursue the truth, but prove his innocence.

The boy never does. The boy who lives in the dormitory has rarely left Gakuenjima except to run errands these days.

The boy looks at the picture. It says "12.07 23:45". It's been a week. Of course, the boy does not remember leaving Gakuenjima at that time.

"Are you seeing it multiple times?"

Kukuri looks mysteriously at the boy's hands.

"Hmm, this is a mysterious video delivered by Mishina."

"Eh, Mishina-kun?"

Kukuri overreacted to Mishina's name. The cheeks are slightly tinted red. The boy suddenly remembered the incident that would save himself at Kukuri's appearance.

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Fushimi snorted as he watched the scenes projected on the many monitors in the information room.

Each image in each location is displayed one after another on the monitor. Not only the city's surveillance cameras were collected and analyzed, but also all kinds of data such as personal camera images of PDAs and the content of private communications.

Knowledge of the system. As long as the system is up and running, there will be no privacy for the people of this country.

It was a system that prioritized investigations into people's human rights, which could be triggered by the special "Real Level" information disclosure request issued only in emergencies where an undetermined number of lives are in danger. Since the approval of the activation also requires the permission of the Prime Minister, the order of the "Golden King" Kokujoji Daikaku has also been obtained.

He doesn't want to activate it to find a child.

Fushimi was alone in his heart and ironically distorted his mouth while looking at the private lives of strangers.

"It is quite a masterpiece."

"Help me if you have free time."

Awashima takes Fushimi's words as dislike without raising her eyebrows.

"I am not free."

Fushimi looks back at his desk and slides his finger over the keyboard.

On Fushimi's desk monitor, there was a video of the murder posted by "Homura." A bullet was fired into the roof of the Hirasaka building, in the Western District, at 11:45 p.m. on December 7.

Tatara Totsuka was not good for Fushimi. When he was in "Homura", even if he showed that he didn't like that Fushimi didn't get used to it, he didn't care and felt like he would stop him and see through the line that he really didn't want to step on. He saw it with his eyes. It was not good for those eyes.

He was a man of the opposite nature to Fushimi, and he always laughed with a face that everything he saw was funny.

"Totsuka-san, you are dead."

A whisper came from Fushimi's mouth.

Fushimi stared at the image of the man whose face was always smiling, falling on the concrete without force.

Suddenly something happened. Akiyama, who was doing the compilation work, called out to Awashima in a whispering voice, "Lieutenant Awashima!" The voice turned the eyes of everyone in the briefing room towards Akiyama.

There was a child on the monitor that Akiyama showed. The facial recognition matches the criminal boy that Fushimi just confirmed. Fushimi's expression also tightened slightly.

"Do you know where he is going?"

"Yes, please wait a moment."

Akiyama immediately responds to Awashima's question and runs his finger across the keyboard. Review the points on the web in chronological order. He was at the foot of a bridge where he is captured by Shizume's surveillance camera, an ordinary PDA camera trying to capture the confusion caused by "Homura's" people, and finally the boy.

A connecting bridge that spans from Tokyo Bay and leads to an artificial island. The boy goes over the bridge and enters the island. That was the last appearance of the boy found by "Yuishiki" (Wisdom).

Awashima looks at the map of the place where the boy was last seen.

"The Ashinaka school island?"

It is a gigantic school that is very independent and does not allow outsiders to enter easily, partly because the whole island is one site.

He hears Awashima mutter under her breath, saying it was troublesome.

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Anna finally did.

Yata was running. Anger and fighting spirit burn the flames of the body. From that day on, he couldn't find a place to hit and was swirling in his stomach, turning Yata into a fiery bullet with the target he should be heading for now.

A motorcycle gets next to him and they run side by side, they seem to fly in the landscape around them. There was a huge body that he knew on the motorcycle.

"Yata-san! What's wrong?"

"Oh, Kamamoto! Very good, you are coming too!"

"Where you go?! What happened?!"

Yata looked down the road and told him to sharpen his eyes and growl.

"We're going to the school island."

"Gakuenjima? The school island in Tokyo Bay?"

"Just a moment ago, Anna's skill finally found out where it was!"

Kamamoto took a deep breath.

Anna is a member of the "Homura" clan, but has more power as a Strain than the power of fire. She has always been searching for the criminal's whereabouts with her sensitive ability.

It finally showed results.

Yata remembers the bar just before. Anna spread the map on the table and stared at the many red marbles rolling on it. Its responsiveness detects the criminal's signal, and the marbles move and gather towards a point on the map. Beneath the bright red marble is an artificial island in Tokyo Bay.

"Here.", Anna's transparent voice said like a decree. The criminal is there.

Yata holds his hand tightly in his fist. That night, it was a hand holding a bloody body. This hand knows the cold body that fell on the rooftop in the middle of the night and the warmth of the blood that was spilled.

Yata gritted his back teeth tightly and said, "Kamamoto, take me." He put his hand on Kamamoto's shoulder and jumped into the back seat without slowing the skateboard

propelled by his skill. At the same time, he kicked the skateboard and lift it to catch it in the air.

"Speed it up! I'm going to Gakuenjima to kill that damn guy!"

"Hey!"

Kamamoto twists the throttle grip to accelerate the motorcycle. Grasping Kamamoto's thick back, Yata puts his strength into his arm holding the skateboard.

"Wait, you fucking bastard!", he whispers into his mouth.

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In the locker room, which was simply installed by pulling a curtain in the classroom, the boy dressed in a khaki kimono and looked at the borrowed PDA. The video plays on the PDA.

"The date shown in that video that was shown in the city was at 11:45 p.m. on December 7th. Given the distance between the school and the crime scene, it is not possible to move in an hour."

"And so..."

Kuro was also dressed in Japanese clothes. With a short sleeve and a hakama, the original long black hair hairstyle collected and the sword attached to the waist match, and it looks like a samurai.

The boy wears a yellow garment over a khaki kimono. It's a hand-sewn costume for a female student, but it's pretty cool.

"Yes. If it is proven that I was at school around 11:45 PM on the 7th, my alibi will be established."

"But you're in a single room. If you slept alone in the room, it wouldn't be an alibi."

Kuro turned his eyes to Neko. Neko also wears kimono. Although she was wearing it, she didn't seem to know how to wear the kimono, so he could see the white skin with the front wide open.

Neither the boy nor Kuro did not change their complexion because they got used to seeing Neko naked. Perhaps he couldn't see Neko playing with the obi in her hand, and when she approached him, he wrapped the obi around Neko's body with one hand as if he was gathering an old newspaper.

"I'm telling you! I don't accept this testimony as an alibi!"

"Kurosuke, you are stupid! Shiro has been with me since I met him! Wagahai's Shiro is a good Shiro!"

"Shut up. You're saying you don't trust me. If I find out you were responsible for this, don't worry. I'll be prepared."

The boy opened his mouth sweetly, looking at Kuro and Neko as if they were really like a dog and a cat.

"Well, it's my fault. That day was the day that preparations for the cultural festival were allowed at night, and as I recalled earlier, it was a day where there were many incidents."

"Incidents?"

The boy trusted the mysterious Kuro.

"So there must be someone who can prove that I was there too."

The boy used a bird hat to finish. A beard is also attached to the mouth.

"Hmm! How many times do you change your clothes while chatting!"

Feeling free to open the curtains on the simple wardrobe, Kukuri stuck her face inside.

"Oh, it looks good! Shiro-kun, you are a valuable person to look good like Ebisu-sama even if you are not fat at all."

The boy, Kuro, and Neko were forced to try on the costumes they would wear to the main event of the school festival. On the night of the school festival, they will wear these costumes, carry a sword and pull a horse to parade to the shrine behind the school.

The Ashinaka school school festival has a mysterious flavor, in part because it overlaps with the annual shrine festival.

Kukuri was in a good mood when she saw the three people wearing costumes, and while saying to Neko, "Wagahai-chan is a beautiful woman!" On the first day, Neko who hated wearing those clothes and had trouble with the boy's hands, was also happy to be told that she was a beautiful woman.

Well, the boy changed his expression.

He has been living at school almost normally for the past half day, but his life is involved. He has to ask someone to testify that he was at this school that day.

The boy saw Kikuri. The girl who started the confusion that night.

Yes, it started with a runaway boy who fell in love with her.

--- Testimony of the classmate, Sota Mishina.

Oh sure, it was around 11:45 PM on December 7th. There is no doubt that the preparations for the night of the school festival had just finished.

He climbed the stairs of the clock tower with the determination of a generation.

His heart was making a loud noise and his hands were sweaty and slimy. Still, he did not stop climbing the stairs. He is also a man. He will do what he has decided to do.

When he climbed to the top of the clock tower, he could see the view of Gakuenjima. Everyone is working hard to get ready for the school festival, which is coming up two weeks later, and the huge objects that he put in the yard look pretty good from the top, and the fire from the PDA that he plans to use at the night festival is beautiful.

He was thinking about that as he watched the situation below and was blown away by the cold midnight winter wind, he saw Yukizome coming. As a student council officer, she tells them to finish getting ready for the night. His reading that the last time she would come to the clock tower would be about 15 minutes before the date changed was correct.

Yukizome spoke a word or two with Inaba, who was pulling a rope, and came to the front of the clock tower. A moment before she tried to give instructions to everyone around her, he took a deep breath and yelled from the bottom of his stomach.

"Yukizome Kukuri-san! It's true love at first sight! Please go out with me!"

Everyone in the place fell silent and was looking towards the clock tower where he was.

Yukizome had the same lazy face as everyone else, but gradually her face turned red and she started to panic. It was cute, but she was so nervous that she was ashamed, so it wasn't the case.

After making a panicky movement, Yukizome turned to him and bent her head with force and bend her waist at a right angle.

"I'm sorry!"

He knew it. He was honestly thinking there was no pulse.

But he liked her for a long time, all year long. When he entered the school for the first time, he got lost because the school is big, Yukizome called him and accompanied him to his destination.

It's too big here, but she's so cute and kind, she was love at first sight. After that, she was nice to him.

Perhaps he misunderstood and thought she also liked him a bit. Yukizome is a kind person to everyone. He knew it wasn't just for him. Even so, he still wanted her to turn around. He wanted to hold her hand and dance together at the festival that night.

The dream was shattered and he was slightly shocked and unconscious. He was sad because he was totally sorry, he was sorry for Yukizome, who shrugged with a bright red face and ran away, and was not surprised by the eyes around her. He cries and stumble back. A strange laugh escaped his mouth, although it was not strange.

What he saw was a mountain of fireworks that was scheduled to be launched from the top of the clock tower at the school festival.

Filled with sadness, shame and apology, he wanted to blow away those feelings that swirled in his chest, so he approached the fireworks with a quick movement and lit them.

"Another love has fallen!"

The fireworks went straight up the night sky and the light flowers bloomed in the black sky. It was a memorial service for his love. He is reflecting on that now.

"You mean, what is it? Why do you suddenly want to hear about my sad night?"

"Huh? You wanted to ask if I saw Shiro at the confession? Would you mind the details of the confession if you heard that?"

"Oh... I don't know!" He could only see Yukizome in his eyes.

"That's right. Mishina-kun, were you watching everyone from the clock tower? You must have seen his figure when you were crushed!"

The boy lowers the end of his eyebrows and touches Mishina's arm.

The boy, accompanied by Kuro and Neko, caught Mishina, who was the party to the incident that night, in the corner of the classroom looking for someone to testify that the boy was on campus the night of December 7. He was listening to the story. As his costumes were still being tried on, Mishina was surrounded by Ebisu, Benten, and the Samurai.

Mishina was crying, perhaps because he remembered how he felt when he lost his love as he spoke.

"Don't say crush clearly! Why are you trying to smear a person's wound with salt?"

"Because even if I ask Kukuri, it's not so much at the time, and I don't remember if I was there..."

"Did you ask Yukizome-san?"

As Mishina cries with the urge to hold his head, the boy feels a little sorry and tries to comfort him.

"But Mishina-kun, shouldn't you have made the confession a bit more normal? Is it okay? Isn't it a problem for the other person?"

He thought he was worried, but the amount of tears that had accumulated in Mishina's eyes increased.

"At first, I approached her more normally! I tried to tell her that I casually liked her! But it was amazing to feel the goodwill!"

"Ah! Kukuri, that seems pretty boring."

The boy laughed inadvertently.

"So, as impressive and dramatic as possible, a confession aimed at the suspension bridge effect..."

As he said that, Mishina held his chest as if remembering the pain of a lost love, and was screaming.

Kuro, who was listening to the story with his arms crossed at his sides, punches Mishina's back to strengthen him.

"Don't be so depressed. I think your way of declaring yourself is wonderful."

"Oh, yes. I respect the love and action of passionate young men like Mishina-kun who can make such a confession."

"You guys never comforted me, are you stupid?"

"That's not the case. I was looking at Mishina-kun, who loves a girl so much, thinking it was really amazing."

While raising his hands and calming the approaching Mishina, Kuro looked at the boy with half-eyes.

"But there seems to be no evidence that he was at the site where Mishina was."

"Eh, huh? You actually saw Mishina-kun's crush site, can you talk about the details?"

"Many students will have witnessed Mishina-kun's crush site. You can acquire as much information as you wish later."

"Crush site... stop saying crush site!"

Mishina cried out in a sad voice. Neko laughs.

"Fireworks, sunrise! It was so beautiful!"

While innocently laughing, Neko expresses how the fireworks could be seen with both hands open. When she looked at it from the side, it seemed like she was thinking, "Did you see it too...?"

The boy doesn't remember if Neko was with him at the time (after all, he didn't know that Neko was a human girl at the time, he thought she was just a kitten), but Mishina was sad and urged him to lose love. The beauty of the fireworks launched remains in the boy's memory.

"By the way, it was the people from the student association who stopped the fireworks that Mishina continued to fire, right?"

Mishina shook his face with a bitter bite.

"Oh! They were there, the people from the student association."

--- Secretary of the student association, testimony of Sakura Asama.

She arrives on the scene just as the date changed from December 7-8.

It took about 15 minutes before the first fireworks were launched. At the time, she and President Hyuga were working in the student council room. President Hyuga is an excellent student president who is also known as a teacher with abundant intelligence and ability to execute. She was a little nervous when she was alone with the president in the student meeting room at night.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise and the outside of the window suddenly lit up. Many bright fireworks were blooming in the night sky. It was romantic watching the fireworks with the president, but that's not the case.

"What's wrong? There shouldn't have been an app for practice shooting fireworks, etc."

The president squinted through the back of her glasses and immediately contacted a student council officer who was supposed to be looking around the clock tower where Mishina was setting off fireworks. The president knows exactly where and what the executives plan to do and everyone's work schedule. That is why she can immediately give appropriate instructions and verify the situation. (Is that amazing? You're longing for it, right?)

Well, the PDA didn't connect. It's not unreasonable because the student association officer who should be looking around the clock tower was Yukizome.

She was unable to reach Yukizome, but soon another officer contacted the president.

It seems like second year Mishina Sota confessed to Yukizome from the top of the clock tower and was hovering around in despair and burning fireworks.

The president immediately ordered other officers to rush to the scene to stop the fireworks launcher. Sakura quickly got ready for office with the president. She took the wire cutter out of the toolbox and prepared to open the door even if the caster locks the clock tower and stands up.

Glancing sideways as she was ready, the president turned and walked out of the student council room, continuing to speak into the PDA. At that time, the president's clean hair was fluttering and smelling pleasant. The president's hair goes well with her image, and has a refreshing scent that is not sweet but fascinating.

It was midnight when she joined the other officers from the student association and arrived at the clock tower.

The area around the clock tower was full of gathered students.

The area around the clock tower was full of gathered students. Everyone just opens their mouths and watches the fireworks that are launched one after another. There were so many people, so she couldn't help stopping someone. Well, there are people who cannot move easily unless someone takes the initiative. That is why someone was needed who had the power to make decisions and act as the president.

The students around the clock tower noticed the arrival of the president and said: "The student association has arrived!" They raised their voices. It is an air that is safe if it comes from the president. The crowded students quickly cleared the way for the president, who was like Moses.

When the president observed the surroundings and understood the situation, she gave instructions in a clear voice. "Stop this!"

"Ah, the president was great!"

"Eh? If did I see Isana over there? I don't know. He's small so I didn't see him."

The boy was drowning.

It was good to visit the student council room with Kuro and Neko, see the first-year girl, Sakura Asama, and hear the story from the night of December 7, but it emphasized how wonderful the student council president was that day. He was unable to obtain any testimony that she saw the boy.

Asama is a fluffy, mature-looking girl who looks cool with braided hair that's tied sideways, but when the story reaches the student council president, the picture shows the heat dissipating.

Chiho Hyuga, the president of the student council in question, is processing the documents in question without paying attention to the boy, whether she is listening or not. Hyuga is a beautiful girl with straight black hair on her back and red-rimmed glasses. A talented person who stands at the top of the student association, rumored to be more powerful than teachers, and manages various school events. It has gained overwhelming popularity.

The boy sat down and asked Hyuga.

"I... should have been there, don't you remember?"

"I don't know. It wasn't work to see if a fool was in the place."

She replied coldly without raising her face.

The boy let out a disappointing voice in response to the blunt answer.

"It was really difficult at the time. What if the president didn't deal with it quickly? Do you have the article at the time?"

Asama presented the school newspaper to the boy as her cheeks turned slightly vermilion, perhaps in contradiction to Hyuga's attitude at the time. "The flower of love that bloomed in the night sky!" Below the caption, there were many photos from the scene from that night, including a photo of Mishina, who was captured by sympathetic students' association officers with both arms clasped. But...

"I am not here."

It is not far-fetched because he does not recall jumping into the camera to appear in the newspaper photos, but he is disappointed that there is nothing to prove his innocence.

Kuro looking at the newspaper next to the boy also looked rough. Only Neko has a mysterious appearance, as if the situation is still unknown.

"If you want a picture of the riot, why don't you ask the journalism club? Because they were filming a lot that day."

"Yes. The president should have dealt with the incidents that happened in succession, and her activities should have been photographed."

Asama leans her body enthusiastically. Hyuga raised her face without paying attention to Asama's situation, and finally turned her attention back to the boy.

"More than that, guys. No matter how much you are preparing for the culture festival, don't wander around campus in a playful way. Especially you, long accessories are forbidden."

Hyuga's eyes were on Kuro's waist.

"Ah, this is for accessories...!"

Kuro was upset, but Neko laughed happily, perhaps because he was angry. The boy wanted to confiscate weapons that were aimed at his own life if possible, but thought that trouble was more likely to occur because of that. He immediately left the student council room.

"What was that, did she say that 'Kotowari' is a prop?"

"Okay. It means your samurai style suits you too well."

The boy treats Kuro, who bites his teeth while walking down the hall, with appropriate words that move only half his head. Kuro looked at the costume he was wearing, and then turned his eyes to the boy and Neko.

"But, well... like this outfit, the school festival here has a lot of excitement."

"Also, under the initiative of the students, the members of the student association will divide so that everyone can do whatever they want and work together to do and prepare

various things. Like December 7, there are days when you can prepare until the evening and there are many free places in this school."

The boy looks out the window. Students wave a props mallet in the yard, talk about how they are decorated, and laugh happily at each other. The scene seemed somewhat defeated and the boy narrowed his eyes.

"It's because it's peaceful that you can do this and work hard at it. I think it's amazing, very nice."

Speaking of stubbornness, Kuro opened his eyes a bit, looked at the boy's face suspiciously.

"Don't say something like an old man all of a sudden."

"Eh? Are you intrigued?"

"And don't forget that your situation is not peaceful at all."

"Ah! That's..."

The boy was drooling. Maybe she thought he was depressed, Neko hugged the boy's arm and encouraged him, "Shiro, cheer up!"

Kuro took a deep breath and crossed his arms in thought.

"By the way, that girl said the incidents happened quickly after that..."

"Oh, that's right. There was a crushing incident, and while the student association was going to capture Mishina, there was an uproar."

"What is that?"

--- Testimony of colleague Sumika Inaba.

About Mishina's case, she thinks it was tough. She thinks the time was around 0:15.

She was moving the horse that was going to guide the gods at the school festival.

He is a good and calm horse. He has beautiful brown fur, round black eyes, and is friendly. The riding club usually takes care of him, but that night they loaned it for the event.

"So, I was about to return the horse to the riding club stables, but that idiot Mishina made that confession, right? That guy is really useless. That kind of thing should only be done by a kid who has a pulse and that he's sure she likes flashy surprises. I think about Kukuri's feelings that she has to reject him in front of the public. Well, in Mishina's case, he wouldn't have had such an upset spirit to pressure her to say "yes". It's just stupid."

"When I looked at Mishina's feelings from the end, I knew it completely, but Kukuri was so bored in the love relationship that she did him no favors, so she desperately tried to make him notice it for himself."

"But I never heard about Mishina from Kukuri, but I understand that she has no more feelings for Mishina than she does from friends. There is a possibility that Kukuri likes him, no, not at all."

"Well, what was the story? Oh, the story after the confession case. Mishina was turned away and set off fireworks, so the horse I was leading was excited. I was desperate to calm him down. Normally he's quiet, but it seems like was surprised by the sound and the strange atmosphere."

Everyone around her was in awe of the fireworks that continued to increase with the momentum of today's school festival. Among them, there was a guy who had a PDA, but he always forgot that he had a fire and watched the fireworks. It seems that he was experimenting with the tatami used in the evening festival, but he was told to be very careful when using the fire, but he neglected his hand and looked up at the sky, so the fire was next to him. It burned the object that was there. It was an object stretched out with paper glued on a wooden frame, so it burned vigorously. The scene was in a panic.

Then the horse she was leading, which was already excited, saw the flames and panicked. She started running all the way so she was about to get dragged off the rope. The horse was running with a force that seemed to bounce off the people around him, and she was half crying and chasing him. Thanks to the fire and the raging horse, the people around her screamed.

"Really, that night was hard, right?"

"Huh? See Isana at the scene? I don't remember. Why is that important?"

The boy dropped his shoulders in front of the lonely Inaba.

"Hey... I'm looking for someone to prove that I was there..."

The boy, who found Inaba right in front of the clock tower at the scene of the incident, recalled that Inaba was in this place with a horse that night, but the result was also lost.

"Isana Shiro-kun has an image that is not strange wherever he is, so he doesn't leave much of an impression no matter where he is. It feels like he's not there, even though he's there..."

"That's..."

Inaba put her finger to her lips and tried to remember for a while, but finally shook her head.

"No. I can't remember. After the horse ran away, I couldn't even look around."

"I see. Yes... thank you..."

He couldn't hide his disappointment, but with a slight smile, the boy raised his hand to Inaba and thanked her. Inaba watches the boy's face closely.

"By the way, Kukuri said, "Shiro-kun looks like he's going to disappear somewhere when you take your eyes off." When I heard that, I didn't understand at all, but he was there. I felt like I couldn't remember what he was doing and I felt like I could understand what Kukuri said."

Inaba is a good friend of Kukuri. The boy hesitates a bit, wondering what they were talking about.

"Eh...? Am I that overshadowed?"

"That's all. He is a popular person who is loved by everyone. Somehow... well, I can't trust his existence... I can't express it well..."

Inaba turned her head several times, but quickly stopped giving an answer and returned her gaze and interest to Neko sitting on a bench and dangling by her legs in her spare time.

"By the way, are you Neko? It's an interesting nickname. It looks cute on you, doesn't it? The costume looks great. I'll give you a candy."

"Hurrah!"

When Inaba took out the candy wrapper from her pocket, Neko who was bored jumped up with a bright expression. Neko, whose head is caressed with candy in her mouth, looks like a little girl with a full forehead.

"Good girl, Neko-chan. Should I buy a delicious Daifuku later?"

"Really? Food!"

Seeing Neko loved like a younger sister is fun, but it's not the case when the boy smiles at her. He already felt at a dead end when searching. Feel the spicy skin next to her, with a haunting aura.

She wishes she could remember who the boy spoke to that night, but sadly she doesn't have such a clear memory.

"You..."

"Ah, wait! Oh, look! Asama-san said that a lot of people in the journalism club were taking pictures that night, right? I'm sure if you ask him..."

Upon detecting Kuro's signal that he is about to draw the sword, the boy asked Inaba who was with Neko, quickly.

"I am also a journalism club. Do I ask the director?"

Inaba simply takes the PDA out of her pocket and calls the manager.

The director of the journalism department appeared to be taking pictures of the school festival preparations and came with a beautiful single-lens reflex camera hanging from his neck.

Upon hearing from Inaba, the director took the tablet from the PDA and searched for a photo from the night of the incident.

"It's a photo from December 7th, within an hour from 11:45 PM. Right after Mishina made the confession until the fire was extinguished and the wild horse was captured. At that time, there were many incidents at the same time, so several people took pictures at random."

"Wow, help!"

Looking like a god of salvation, the boy jumped on the offered tablet. Kuro also looks seriously.

While looking for the reflection of himself in a large number of photographs, Inaba went away saying: "See you later. I'm going to the classroom.", And the director of the journalism club began to photograph the traces of burned objects in front of clock tower. Neko who seems to be free begins to play with the cleaning robot, type Tsukumo 99, which was passing by.

In the idyllic afternoon sun, the boy and Kuro kept looking at the images on the tablet one by one.

Fireworks strewn across the night sky. The horse looking at them. The student council president who arrived in a hurry. A student association officer who opens the door of the clock tower. An object that begins to burn.

Dismay, come and go, run away, fire extinguisher.

Students who run with them. A horse that begins to rage and run. Those who run away from the horse, those who pursue it. Mishina is captured and taken out of the clock tower. The student council president who sees the noise outside and quickly begins to give directions. A student association officer who brings down students desperately trying to put out the fire with a fire extinguisher and pulls a hose from the fire extinguisher. Discharge of water that starts strongly. A member of the riding club runs in. A member that stops chasing the horse and keeps them away. A horse that moves through the school grounds. Students who coordinate and monitor. A flame extinguished by discharge of water. Guys who are full of soot and rejoice in putting out the fire safely. People around her clapping. A boy who starts crying. The student council president scolds him. However, after that, the vision of putting her hand on his shoulder as if he was happy he wasn't hurt. In a calm and warm mood, a horse that has run and calmed down slowly

returns, and a member of the riding club and Inaba gently catch him. Robots that appear to "clean up the mess."

There were so many photos. The boy kept rushing to see the images appearing one after the other, but gradually the movement of the fingers when swiping the images weakened.

"No..."

Involuntarily a helpless sound leaked out. Many of the photos show a large number of other students who are not the protagonists of the case, but the boy who should have been there is nowhere reflected.

"I think I was wandering around here."

When he lowered his eyebrows, the director of the journalism club, who was pointing the camera around him, looked back with a look of surprise.

"Ah, really? There are so many photos from that day, so if you were there, you could find them somewhere, right?"

"No..."

Family views and rushed friends appear one after another, but he can't find the essential boy.

Kuro made his badass look even sharper and turned to the boy.

"You, after all, weren't there!"

"What happened? Is it important that you were there?"

The boy smiled a warm smile, suppressing the director of the journalism club, who bit a strange place and said: "No, it's nothing."

After all, unable to find a photo where it appeared, the boy returned the tablet containing the photos to the director of the journalism club and thanked him.

The boy, who had been unconcerned by the memory and the confidence that he was there that day, began to feel a gradual impatience.

"Hmm, I'm in trouble. I'm sure of it."

Although he made an effort to have a carefree voice, he painfully feels the disturbing signals emitted by Kuro getting louder and louder. Look sideways. Kuro with his eyes on his sword, seemed to have come to the realm of murder out of suspicion and anger, and looked at the boy with cold air. Partly due to the disguise he was wearing, he had the feeling that he was a samurai trying to behead the enemy. It can seriously cut it.

When the boy was in a cold sweat and faced Kuro, a bright and refreshing voice broke through the tense atmosphere.

"Oh, Shiro-kun!"

Kukuri, holding a luggage in his arms, was puffing out his cheeks when he saw the boy.

"Everyone is busy, but what are you doing?"

Before the boy made an excuse, he withdrew the murderous signal from the sword that had leaked just now, walked over, and scooped up the heavy luggage stuck in the cardboard box from Kukuri's arm. When asked, "Where are you going to take him?", Kuro has grown into a young warrior who is kind to girls and children. In a short relationship, the boy knew enough to say that he was basically a very caring man.

Kukuri happily thanked her and smiled.

"So can you bring it to the staff room? I have to take this to the student council room."

"I get it."

The moment he heard the exchange between Kukuri and Kuro, an inspiration ran inside the boy.

"Oh, that's right... the staff room..."

The boy gently raised the edge of his mouth.

"The student's departure record? Daimon?"

"Yes."

The old teacher who is in charge of literature has a rough and very laid-back personality. He is the perfect person to make this request.

The literature teacher turns his head mysteriously.

"Good, but... why again..."

"No, it's not a big deal... just that I could die."

The boy turns to the literature teacher and tells him the situation in a whisper. The teacher said, "Oh, yeah." If it was troublesome even though it seemed like he didn't understand why.

"When?"

"December 7th."

Check-out for December 7th was provided by a former literature teacher. When the boy succeeded, he laughed at an angle that did not look like a fox.

The only entrance to Ashinaka High School, which is an island, is the gate in front of the connecting bridge that connects to the mainland, commonly known as Daimon. To pass,

the door sensor must be made to read the school-designated PDA, which also serves as a student ID card. Basically, all the times of entry and exit of people are recorded.

As he left the staff room and walked down the street in front of the research building, the boy analyzed whether the student's check-in and check-out from December 7, which he had just received, is endorsed to prove his identity. Start going through the list.

"Torisawa, Ariyoshi, Iida, Ikuno... Next is Inoue! Look! Isana Yashiro is not here."

On the paper, the names of the students who passed through the door that day are listed in the order of Aiueo, and the transit time is recorded next to each name. Students who go to school are basically on schedule to get in and out of school, and students who do not live in the dorm are on time to leave and return to school.

There is no boy's name on the paper, which means that the boy who lives in the dorm has not left campus one step that day.

The boy killed the tension and listened to Kuro's reaction with a casual face.

Kuro doesn't look at the recording paper the boy is showing, and walks with his gaze down with a calm expression that makes it difficult to tell what he's thinking.

"Shiro, Shiro! Wagahai is hungry!"

Neko who was not interested in what they were doing, complained innocently.

The boy does not care about Neko's comment, and pushes the recording paper to force him to see Kuro, who is looking down.

"This cleared your suspicions, right?"

Still, Kuro doesn't move his expression or his gaze. While the boy gulped and waited for Kuro's behavior, Neko feeling ignored clenched her fist with both hands and screamed.

"I'm hungry!"

Both the boy and Kuro stop at the scream of Neko's angry girlish look.

"Sorry, sorry. I'm relieved, so let's have a snack slowly."

"Yahoo! Snack! Kukuri has delicious senbe! After that, Kukuri's friend should buy Daifuku! Oh, I'm thirsty! Buy something, Shiro. Let's go!"

Neko, who is excited about the snacks, moves in a good mood and romps.

However, in contrast to Neko's high enthusiasm, Kuro still looks at the boy coldly.

The boy sighed and said in a tone reminiscent of the confused.

"That's why everyone who enters and leaves this island is controlled by the automatic gate. It is a pip. The fact that it is not on this list means that I have been on this island the entire time and could not have gone to the crime scene. Right?"

Kuro still hasn't opened his mouth. The boy left him and turned to Neko who was waiting in front of the vending machine.

"Wagahai should have juice!"

"That? Not enough coins."

When the boy clenched his pockets in an attempt to respond to Neko's pleas, a beep was heard. So, there is a sound of the juice Neko wanted.

When he raised his face, Kukuri, who was holding the PDA over the vending machine, turned her dismayed face towards the boy.

"Don't you have the PDA again? It's a rule, so you have to have it correctly. I mean, it's a pass."

An eerie air fell over the place. It can be understood without looking. There is a sign of anger that crosses the skin of the person in charge.

"Kukuri. Are you saying this boy never carries a PDA?"

Kukuri is unaware of Kuro's disturbances. The boy raised his finger in front of his mouth and desperately sent a gesture that he wanted to keep a secret, but Kukuri didn't notice and took it easy.

"No matter how much you tell him, he will forget."

"You can't walk through the door without a PDA, right?"

"He always manages."

The boy covered his face with the palm of his hand. He thinks he did, and it was at the same time that Kuro touched his sword.

"Kukuri. From now on, something unpleasant will happen here. Leave us alone."

"Wait, wait! I'm serious! I'm seriously looking for evidence!"

"Okay, I know you are a dishonest man."

In response to Kuro's threat, Neko stood up with a threatening voice and stood in front of the boy. Kuro keeps Neko in a sharp line of sight.

"Go away, or are you still this guy's partner? Do you want to get cut off with your master?"

"Wagahai is a cat! I'm Shiro's cat! I won't give you Shiro, Kurosuke!"

Neko hugged the boy with a desperate face and tried to be the boy's shield. Neko is hideously self-taught, but like animal cats, she is sensitive to danger. She exposes herself to Kuro, who is about to draw his sword, and strongly appeals over misaligned issues.

"Shiro is a good person and we eat delicious rice and sandwiches together!"

"Easy, Neko. You're making things more complicated."

The boy calmed the watery-eyed Neko and pushed her behind him.

She is innocent about the murder case, but it is true that she tried to ridicule him. The only one he should be mad at is the boy, who cannot involve or hurt Neko.

As soon as the boy took a position to hold Neko on his back, he rolled his eyes as if confused. Kuro, with a sad look, loosens his hand from the sword's handle as if he had lost.

"Sorry, Kuro. I'll take it seriously from now on! There were still a lot of things that day! Sprinkler destruction incident, toilet flooding incident, gym ceiling penetration incident, etc. I must have been somewhere. That's it! "

As the boy said, Kukuri, who had been left vacant with a face that until then could not swallow the situation, responded to the case of penetrating the roof of the PE warehouse and said, "What?"

"I ran into Shiro-kun at the gym that day, right?"

The boy opened his eyes to Kukuri's words, which seemed casual.

--- Testimony of the classmate, Kukuri Yukizome.

That day, she had the incident with Mishina at the clock tower... She was shocked and embarrassed. She did not know what to do and ran away.

She felt sorry when she learned later that there were several difficult things after that...

When she escape to the school building, she could hear loud voices and sounds from the clock tower all the time, and the people in the school building also noticed the noise and looked at the situation towards the clock tower. "I ran towards, I... I mean... it's also the cause... I felt like I didn't have a place to hide..."

So when she walked through the school building and down the high street, she heard something loud in the gym. She went to see what happened.

"It really was a terrible noise..."

When she opened the gym door and looked inside, she found Shiro. She was surprised because she didn't think there were people.

("Isana-kun! What are you doing here? Hmm. You were skipping the preparations for the school festival, right?")

"Shiro-kun disappears and takes a nap somewhere. Oh, but it was time to get ready for the night, so maybe it was a nap. If it makes him sleepy, I wish he would at least rest in the bedroom."

When he was talking about it, she suddenly realized that the moonlight was coming from a strange angle into the gym, which should be dark, and when she looked up, there was a large hole in the ceiling of the warehouse.

"Shiro-kun, you were also surprised when the ceiling suddenly fell, weren't you? I'm so glad you didn't hurt yourself."

That's why she went to the staff room to report. After all, it seemed that the roof was quite damaged, and it seemed that something flying in the wind had fallen. It is an old warehouse and it looks like they are going to demolish and rebuild it.

"Hmm? Shiro-kun, why do you look so happy?"

The boy who moved to the gym with Kukuri, and they looked up at the hole in the ceiling. The hole was repaired by putting a wooden board in its shape, but sunlight shone through the gaps in the board.

This is the scene of the "PE Warehouse Roof Penetration Incident", which is a relatively small incident among the many incidents that occurred that night. The discoverers are Isana Yashiro and Kukuri Yukizome.

"Oh, that's right. Hey, do you remember exactly when it was?"

The boy looked at Kukuri with a face that couldn't hide expectations and joy.

Kukuri operated the PDA in her hand to display a single photo. She had to report the hole in the gym to her teacher. The image clearly shows the boy looking at the hole in the ceiling.

The date and time data in the photo are...

"It was at 12:30."

"Less than an hour from the time of the crime."

The boy sighed with deep relief.

Kuro muttered with a complicated expression that seemed unhappy, but somehow relieved.

"It is impossible to return from the scene of the crime at that time."

"This time, the alibi is established!"

The boy jumped for joy. Even though Neko doesn't seem to understand the meaning, she jumps out with a face that makes the boy happy.

"What? What are you talking about?"

Kukuri looked at the boy with a clean face.

"You are my lifeline!"

The girl who proved the boy's innocence blinked slowly.

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He was confused by himself, that somewhere in his heart he was relieved that an alibi was found.

He may not have been a bad "King", but the boy is a dishonest man. He try to pray for Kuro with a sigh. However, in front of Kuro, who was about to draw his sword, the boy kept Neko behind his back. If he is a coward, he will escape with a woman as a shield, he can cut him off without worrying about it.

When he saw the boy hiding Neko, the memories of the old days returned to his mind.

It was a memory from when Kuro was ten years old. There was an incident where a man who was Kuro's brother and Miwa's disciple, requested a battle from Miwa and raised his sword. Kuro, who was still young, wanted to protect his beloved master while confused, and trembled while holding a stick.

That brother, he was terribly strong. That person was offensive to Miwa. That fact scared him and made him think that he had to keep Miwa safe even if he replaced him.

However, Miwa gently put his hand on his head and smiled gently, appearing in front of him with a very natural movement.

The Miwa of that time and his appearance overlapped with the boy and Neko who was hiding.

Kuro knows the horror of having a loved one threatened.

Kuro also knows the strength and goodness of his back, which stands up to threat and protects.

"Is he fake or not? What is he?"

Kukuri, who was next to him, raised her face at the leaked message inadvertently.

"Hmm? Kuro-kun, did you say something?"

"No, nothing, sorry."

"Hmm... that? By the way, Shiro-kun?"

After confirming the boy's alibi in the gym, Kuro and the others returned to the classroom with Kukuri. However, along the way, the boy seems to have gone somewhere alone. A man soft and restless as a balloon. Although an alibi was found, the murder video mystery stands strong, and although the situation has not been resolved, he is surprised that it is a person with a weak sense of crisis.

"Hey, Kukuri, sandwich!"

Neko always becomes attached to the boy, but now it seems that with Kukuri's words, "Let's give her a sandwich", she stays glued to Kukuri.

"Yes. Kukuri-san's rice patisserie is open! Wagahai-chan, roasted rice, Negi Miso, roasted shrimp mochi, roasted mochi, carrot shoyu, Zaramé roasted mochi, super spicy roasted mochi."

Kukuri takes the rice cakes out of the paper bag one after another and orders them. Neko looked at the rice cake with bright eyes.

"Is it spicy? Super spicy?"

"Super spicy is a very spicy rice cake."

"You want?"

"That's right, it's going to be very hot!"

"Nyaaah! Then that!"

He looked at Kukuri and Neko happily playing with each other, and Kuro pondered.

If the boy is really innocent and someone puts him to sleep and dresses in the murderer's wet robe, then his life in this school cannot be destroyed. The boy is a careless man, but after working together all day today, he knew well that he was surrounded by many friends at this school and loved this peaceful life. If something happens to the boy, Kukuri and the others will be sad.

After seeing Kukuri parading around the room and handing out rice cakes to other friends for a moment, Kuro looked at Neko sideways.

"Hey, Neko."

To Neko who is happy to receive a spicy rice cake from Kukuri, Kuro bluntly throws words at her.

"I am still reluctant to your existence, but what are you really? Why are you with Isana?"

"Wagahai is a cat."

"That again... Are you a Strain?"

"Strain?"

"He is a talented and lonely person."

Neko puffed out her cheeks as if offended.

"I was alone, but now I have Shiro. Because this Shiro, I'm not alone anymore. Also being with Shiro, I received a snack from Kukuri."

"Isana the one who picked you up?"

"Shiro picked up Wagahai, and Wagahai picked up Shiro. So Neko is Shiro's cat, and Shiro is Neko's."

What Neko says is still irrational. However, even so, Kuro has deepened his sympathy for Neko.

Kuro is also a person who was alone until he was picked up by Miwa.

"Since when have you been with Isana?"

He felt a bit grumpy and made a softer voice than before, but Neko didn't answer this question. She turns to the side and holds the rice cake she received to her chest and walks away from Kuro.

Kuro sighed deeply and looked around.

In the classroom, students are on their feet and working to prepare for the school festival. Everyone was working hard, especially Kukuri seemed to be busy, and although she was still smiling, she was on her feet and working as she watched the progress here and there.

(Because it's nice to be able to do this and work hard at it. I think it's really nice.)

Remembering the boy's words, Kuro inwardly agreed. Everyone enjoys peace as a matter of course, so they can work hard to prepare for a festival like this. Is very precious.

It was supposed to be a distant vision for Kuro, who is destined to cut down the evil "King".

However, when he was looking at them, he feared they were uncomfortable.

According to the boy, the school festival was only three days away. Even so, he can still see a blank cloth in the hands of the students who are sewing the costumes, will they be okay? They are putting together an accessory, but if they stretch the board first, he thinks they won't be able to fit that part later. As for the group that does interior decoration, it seems they don't even know what they want to do, but maybe they can't get it done in time.

As he stared at them, something in Kuro began to sting him. It may be because the boy's search for a alibi has stabilized and relaxed him. Since Kuro is from a rural school with a

single digit number of students, it is possible that he was not related to such a school festival and has stimulated something of a longing. Maybe the nice guys at this school he was involved with today couldn't just leave him alone, thinking he might get in trouble later.

"Hey! Then they won't be able to make it in time for the school festival! Lend me the tools! I'll help you!"

When he suddenly raised his voice, the students' eyes slyly met. Kukuri rounded her eyes, and the next moment she said with a happy voice, "Really? Help!"

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The boy returned to the bedroom, rubbing around his tense shoulders.

He has not been able to take a nap in his daily routine because he was desperately moving while being watched by Kuro today. When he was relieved, he was suddenly tired and sleepy.

"Oh, I'm tired. I wonder if they want to kill me every day."

As he tried to dive into bed, he found he was still in his school festival costume and stopped. Sorry for the clothes his friend sewed with so much effort.

"Wow, I left my uniform in the classroom."

The boy opened the closet looking for a change of clothes. He should also pick up his uniform when his deliver the costume to the classroom later. He searches a poorly organized closet, trying to put on comfortable clothes.

As soon as he grabbed a replacement shirt from the bottom of the closet and lifted it, the boy's body froze.

There is blood.

As soon as he realized that, his body starts to shake.

Under the shirt he grabbed, there was another white shirt. Blood was attached to the front like splatter. It became rough and hard.

Does not know. He doesn't know what that is.

The boy did not remember the bloodstained shirt. The only thing he inevitably remember is that murder movie.

(It's a beautiful night, right? I came to take a night view, but what are you doing in such a place? I'm Tatara Totsuka, and you?)

Someone with the boy's face turns around and shoots the photographer who speaks quietly.

When the image is blurry and the photographer collapses for a moment, and then the person who looks like the boy reappears, the shirt is stained with blood.

(I am the Seventh King, the Colorless King. I am waiting for someone. Is it a good, night? Oh, yes, it is a good night!)

The shot in the video echoes behind the boy's ears.

Is different. He can't be him. He doesn't remember that, and Kukuri proved he was in Gakuenjima 45 minutes after the crime. Thinking normally, there should be no way to get from the crime scene to Gakuenjima in 45 minutes.

But... no one proved his alibi at the time of the crime. It must have been in front of the clock tower at the time, but no one remembered if it was there and it wasn't in the photos.

"Wrong! It's not me! I'm not killing people! So... what is this damn shirt?"

Many thoughts swirled in the boy's head.

"Shiro!"

Neko's bright voice broke into the boy's disturbed thought.

The boy hurriedly shoved his shirt back and closed the closet door.

When he raised his face, innocent-faced Neko had just entered the room.

"What? What's wrong? Oh, is it a sandwich?"

"Kukuri gave me a super spicy rice sandwich! So, she said to call you, and after that she said she will give me an ultra-spicy sandwich!"

Neko moves happily and informs to express her mood with her whole body.

The boy returned an awkward smile.

"Okay, now I'm going."

Neko looks at the boy's face and clouds her happy face a bit.

"Shiro...? Does your stomach hurt?"

Eagerly walking towards Neko, the boy puts his hand on her head.

"Is nothing."

Suppressing the anxiety and fear that slowly spread throughout his body, the boy gently stroked Neko's head.