



THE FIRST STORY
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TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 5: THE LINK

For Misaki Yata, friends were the most important thing.

Since he was a child, he was good with people and was able to confirm his existence by trusting someone.

When he was young, he felt something like the importance of his existence by protecting his mother, who raised him as a single mother. Since his mother had only him, he had a strong determination to be strong in his childhood.

As he got older, his general temperament grew stronger and he came to think it was more fun to do it. He would cut the wind on his shoulder, and if someone messed it up, he would fly and wave his fist.

However, in the end his mother remarried and she had a new child with her new husband, and her mother was no longer the one he had to protect. He went on to do things like "use" instead of "trust."

Leading friends and doing stupid things together, eating alone was irrational and boring. Even if he was having fun, he couldn't laugh alone. However, Yata silently built up his prowess because he did not have the skill and finesse to match others by force, and he could not accept loneliness.

He met a boy and spent several years with him, but when he remembers him, he gets angry, so he erases it from his memory.

For Yata, it was a man named "Suoh Mikoto" who changed his world.

The "King" with overwhelming power that destroys Yata's prowess.

He was cool and he got addicted to all of it.

Yata took Suoh's hand and befriended the followers of the "King".

Friends became the most important thing to Yata. It doesn't matter if it was used, regardless of everything, he just looks at Suoh's back and follows him, and if Suoh says "Burn them.", he becomes a flame with his friends and will do his best to do so.

This place where he can hang out with friends, is the absolute only place to live in Yata.

(Totsuka. Somehow...)

Remember that while he was shedding blood, as if trying to reassure Yata, Totsuka's face tried to laugh somehow.

Two people, Yata and Kusanagi, rushed in after receiving the news of Totsuka's shooting. Fallen on the rooftop, at midnight in December, it was Yata who lifted Totsuka's cold body that was still bleeding. Totsuka touched Yata's tearful cheek and tried to smile, but in the end his hand fell limp and left a mark of blood on Yata's cheek.

(I'm sorry.)

That was Totsuka's last word.

He was a man who always laughed. He was good at finding fun and was in the center of his friends and made everyone laugh a lot. He was an executive of "Homura", an old friend of Suoh, a weak but fluid person, who took care of his friends. For Yata, he was a person whom he sometimes considered a kind brother, and other times a good friend.

That person was killed.

The criminal is now in this school.

"Hey, hurry up, get a PDA!"

However, when he saw a couple of boys walking through that area, he grabbed their chests and they were terrified, the boys made a pitiful voice.

It's nice that Anna's skill revealed the criminal's whereabouts, but it seems like they have to go through a locked door to enter the school premises. Yata and Kamamoto knew they needed a school designated PDA for that purpose, and they were harassing the boys to get the pass.

"I'll give it to you! I'll give it to you, so please forgive me!"

"You should have been this honest from the beginning."

Yata exhaled through his nose and played with the PDA he had obtained.

"Can I come through with this? Sorry to copy you."

Yata turned his harsh gaze towards Kamamoto.

"Let's go."

"Yes."

Yata, along with Kamamoto, headed back to Gakuenjima's gate. Among them, there is a person who broke something important in Yata.

Yata stepped forward with a burning killing intent that was stronger than anger.

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After being taken by Neko and returning to the classroom, the boy feels that the situation is strange.

Kuro quickly moved the needle and sewed the costume, looking at the boy.

The boy sits alone in the back seat of the classroom, gazing vaguely out the window. The expression is clearly shaded and the outward-facing eyes are out of focus to show that his heart is not here.

He's a nice guy so he's okay to float more when he found his alibi, but the glow was gone immediately after finding that in his room. Of course, the situation has not been resolved, so it would be a problem if that were discovered, but it is a strange time to put a serious face.

Currently, Kuro's comment about the boy was trying to settle down to the point that "I don't trust him, but he doesn't seem like a bad guy." He seems to be a person who loves this school and his friends.

"Kuro-kun is amazing! The seams are straight and very tight, although the sewing is very fast."

Kukuri looked at Kuro's hand and made his eyes shine. She is a very good, hard-working and kind girl. She was the type of person that Kuro respected.

"This is natural as Ichigen-sama's disciple."

"Kuro-kun, do you have a teacher? A sewing teacher?"

"No. Ichigen-sama was a swordsman and a master of life. Ichigen-sama was not only a kind and thoughtful person, but also a wonderful person who was familiar with all things. I am a swordsman because of Ichigen-sama. I learned various things like sumo wrestling, horseback riding, car, bicycle, helicopter, boat, etc., and studying for licenses, cooking, sewing, cleaning, tea ceremony, flower trail, fishing, dancing, and investment in dance. He faced me with one thing seriously and always led me harshly with a calm heart. Ichigen-sama's beautiful heart and profound culture are reflected in the haikus that Ichigen-sama sang, and I impregnate my heart with that. It is my Favorite moment listening to his haikus. Not only is the phrase wonderful, but the depth of his voice is exceptional as well."

When it comes to Miwa Ichigen, he gets a fever. The boy said something rude, like "annoyed", but Kukuri asked him with a smile. The student next door has a stern look, but Kuro decided that he couldn't hide his surprise from her because she was so versatile.

"Kuro-kun is interesting. I'm glad that Shiro-kun has a friend like Kuro-kun."

Unable to grasp the intention of Kukuri's words, Kuro bowed his head. In the first place, Kuro was not friends with the boy, and although he did not have a single life, the boy seemed like a person with many friends.

Kukuri lowered her eyebrows and laughed, pointing her eyes at the boy sitting vaguely in the distance.

"Shiro-kun is good friends with anyone, but it seems that no one can enter deep places, so I feel like one day he will go to some fluffy place alone, and I'm a bit worried. But Kuro-kun seems to enter Shiro-kun, and I'm relieved that you don't lose sight of Shiro-kun."

Kuro was confused by the words he heard. He was surprised by the boy's reputation, and "they" were not the friends he expected, on the contrary, in some cases he felt guilty for having to kill the boy.

"Kukuri! I have you!"

Before Kuro said anything, Neko hugged Kukuri from behind.

"Oh, that's right. Kukuri-san, let's give you a special super spicy rice cake."

Kukuri laughs and walks away from Kuro with Neko. When he saw his back and sighed, he turned to his hand. He cuts the thread with which he has sewn.

He folded the finished costume, he stood up and lined it up with the other costumes.

"Are they all costumes? Okay, then check yours and report immediately if the size doesn't fit."

When it comes to manpower, he looks at the group doing other work.

"What is the progress of the decoration?"

"A little more..."

"Okay. I'll join. There are other things I can do..."

Looking around, Kuro noticed a thread extending from Kukuri's sleeve trying to open the rice cake for Neko. As he walks silently, Kukuri mysteriously raises her face from him.

"What? Kuro-kun..."

"There is a tear in the elbow of the uniform."

"Oh, really. I wonder if I ripped it somewhere."

"By the way. I'll sew it up. Don't move from where you are."

When he pulled out his own needle and thread that he had been using earlier, he repaired a small tear around Kukuri's elbow. Looking at Kukuri that she got stuck while she was holding a bag of rice cake, Neko seems to be dissatisfied.

While sticking a needle into Kukuri's sleeve, Kuro again snoopied towards the boy by the window.

Surrounded by sunlight, the boy looked strangely dreamy. He felt that he would melt into the light just as he was, and when he was poisoned by Kukuri's story, he changed his mind and retreated lightly.

"Isana Yashiro! How long will you be like this!"

"Shiro, he got mad!"

Neko was happy, probably because she wasn't really mad at his voice. Kukuri said to Kuro, who turned his attention from her to the boy, with the needle stuck in her sleeve, "Ah, Kuro-kun, please don't look away now!"

She raised a terrified voice.

The boy clears the look of disgust, changes his face and turns to them.

"Sorry. Well, what should I do?"

"Let's eat Senbe together!"

"I'm telling you to work!"

"Oh, Kuro-kun, please..."

After making a discordant voice, Kukuri suddenly changed her face.

"Oh, that's right. Shiro-kun, if you don't have anything to do, can I ask you a favor?"

Kukuri's request was a small purchase, primarily for the purchase of additional fireworks.

"Will you use them again?"

"Don't complain! Generally, when Shiro-kun was working yesterday, he missed some fireworks, right?"

The lost fireworks were probably used by the boy to evade the attackers from him. The boy seemed to have no words to answer, and he was cheating and laughing.

After her sleeve was repaired, Kukuri laughed happily "Thank you." and turned to everyone.

"Everyone! Shiro-kun will take care of it, tell him what you need!"

"Oh Shiro saved us! I'm running out of nail polish, so buy it!"

"Shiro-kun, can you buy me two purple threads?"

"I want potatoes! Consomme flavored!"

"I want chocolate and cookies! In a large bag of individually wrapped packages for everyone to share!"

"I want to eat ice cream!"

"The ice will melt!"

"Then bring me wool!"

"Take a receipt!"

"Wait, wait, I'll take a note now!"

Surrounded by colleagues, the boy writes on a piece of paper. The laughing boy in the middle of the crowd doesn't seem to disappear one bit, but something is trapped in Kuro's heart.

"Be careful, Shiro-kun. Please come back early!"

Kukuri laughed cheerfully and pushed the boy back, entrusting him with a general shopping mission.

When they accompanied the boy without a PDA and left the school by the back route without going through the gate, Kuro, the boy and Neko walked together across the connecting bridge. Neko was cheerful wanting to walk. As for the clothes, she put on the school girls uniform that she had worn in the morning, and when Neko ran, the hem of the short skirt fluttered.

Neko, who was walking while her interests changed from here to there, jumped onto the railing of the connecting bridge and happily looked at the landscape from there.

Kuro and the boy also stop.

The sea reflected the light and shone.

When he arrived, he ran down the street without looking around his due to his anger and his sense of mission, but when he looked at it like that, it was a truly beautiful sight.

As Kuro and the boy follow Neko and approach the parapet, the sea breeze blows gently and makes his hair flutter.

Looking at the calm and beautiful landscape side by side, he felt calm after a long time.

When he thinks about it, peace hasn't come to Kuro's heart since Miwa got sick. Miwa's death pushed Kuro into deep pain and a feeling of loneliness. Even so, the reason he stayed was because he made a promise to Miwa before he died. Defeat the evil "King". Determination to fulfill that last mission made him walk straight even after Miwa's death.

However, on the way, he was preparing for the festival with boys and girls of the same age, and relaxing with a mysterious boy, and Neko, looking out to sea.

"It's beautiful."

He leaked from his mouth inadvertently. The boy leaning against the parapet looks at Kuro and laughs softly.

"Right? I also really like the view from here."

"Glitter killer!"

Following the boy, Neko said happily and took a deep breath.

"Shiro, let's finish soon and go home early!"

Neko laughs with her whole face. The boy also looked towards Gakuenjima with a warm smile somewhere in the shadow.

"Yes. Let's go home early. Kukuri is waiting for us."

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For Fushimi Saruhiko, the moment his heart moved was extremely rare.

Most of the time, his emotions only move in the direction of irritation or disgust, and he has lived by cutting off most of the joy and sadness from him. He does what he is supposed to do, but most things are lazy and annoying. Additional involvement with others is the worst of all. He is not thrilled by his daily life.

It was partly due to the quirks of Fushimi's growing environment, because he stopped waiting for others early on, and because he left most of the world.

He met one of them and spent a few years with him, but in the end he broke it into pieces with his own hands, so he is not going to tell anyone.

Tatara Totsuka was killed, and the members of "Homura" who are angry are looking for the criminal, but Fushimi was still unmoved and participated in the search for the criminal, because that is Fushimi's job.

"Scepter 4" is different from "Homura", and adapts to Fushimi's character as he is. It wasn't a hassle to get the job done quickly without getting used to it.

However, situations where easy tasks cannot be accomplished quickly, and situations where incompetence becomes a silly obstacle and makes work difficult, is purely painful.

"I am very sorry for the sudden request, but I would appreciate your cooperation. I want to reiterate; we will not cause problems at your school."

"That's right, but... given the current age, revealing students' personal information is not correct."

In the reception room of Ashinaka School, the incompetent-looking headmaster and vice-headmaster give a clear answer as they get confused over Awashima's request.

Fushimi was taken by Awashima to the Ashinaka school, also known as Gakuenjima, which the "Yoshii" system identified as the criminal's hideout. Awashima's job was to persuade the directors, and Fushimi was waiting standing behind Awashima's chair, but he was tired of listening to the careless exchanges.

"I would like you to understand that we are willing to pass through the hands of the judiciary if necessary."

"No, that's...!"

"Yes. I don't want to complicate things as much as possible, so I would like to have voluntary cooperation."

"However, when it comes to searching for a student without knowing his name or class from all the students, it is not realistic to do it right now..."

Awashima's voice also begins to sharpen with irritation. However, the director kept trying to escape with an errant word, he wanted to avoid making a decision here. It was getting harder and harder to hear the silly conversations, and Fushimi looked out the window, letting their voices flow like a distant noise. The wind is strong, he watches the clouds slide and flow.

"Are you sure? This investigation is already a decision. If your school does not have the investigation capacity, we will do it for you."

"Are you going to do it? It's too overbearing."

"I don't want to be misunderstood, but I am not convincing them. I am explaining the situation to them and telling them to take appropriate action."

In Fushimi, this whole situation became irrelevant.

Fushimi turns his back on the exchange between the headmaster and Awashima, who was making noise.

Fushimi quietly escaped from the reception room when he looked at Akiyama and Benzai, who were lined up in a polite manner, and he touched Akiyama's shoulder with the intention of pushing the rest away. Awashima didn't even look at Fushimi, although she did notice.

He walked into a quiet hall with a light humor. Unlike the area where students walk, this building for teachers and foreigners is quiet. Fushimi took out the PDA and slid his finger from it to call the spokesperson for this school. He took a quick look and discovered that the student council room is the right place to fulfill his purpose. The student council room was located in the building across the courtyard from here.

As they exited the building, the soft light of the winter afternoon sun fell on Fushimi.

Contrary to Fushimi's mood, as he walks under the clear blue sky, Fushimi feels the area around his lips twitch and he notices the quiet irritation within himself.

The death of Tatara Totsuka. Suoh Mikoto's selfishness. The Weissman deviation of the "Red King". The "Colorless King" killing a member of the clan. The revenge of "Homura". The "King" who wants to invite the slaughter. Possible consequences.

Maybe Izumo Kusanagi understands it and is on the way, and Anna Kushina knows it. But the others would not know anything. Especially that boy.

Fushimi clicked his tongue and sped up.

When he got to the student council room, he opened the door a little and looked inside the room, there was only one student. A mature woman with braided hair tied next to her head.

Fushimi thought about what to do for a moment, but it became problematic to use an indirect hand and chose a direct means.

He closed the door again, knocked gently and moved his body to hide behind the door.

The door opened and the student appeared. Fushimi presses a medicine-soaked cloth against the student's mouth from behind her. The student who took the medicine lost consciousness and was bent over.

Fushimi lifted the student's body with minimal physical contact and carried her to the student council room. If he borrows her fingerprint to unlock the computer, he will have access to all the students' data. He connects his PDA with a cable and starts hacking.

Once he has full access rights to the campus network using the student council computer as a springboard, he can begin to match the faces of all students, teachers, secretaries, and all the people who belong to this school with the face of the criminal.

Fushimi also felt irritation burning inside his chest, looking at the automatic compilation work. Like static electricity, it is annoying and disturbs Fushimi's thinking.

When he sighed sharply, an electronic sound was heard and the screen showed a screen informing her that the job was finished and the result.

Looking at the screen, Fushimi raises his eyebrows and lifts his back from the back of the chair he was sitting on.

At that moment, he heard a familiar voice far away, outside the window.

"Look closely, don't look away, fool!"

The voice yelling at someone, as soon as it enters Fushimi's ears, it turns into something that bristles his skin and spreads all over his body.

Fushimi stood up, stuck his finger into the hole in the blind that covered the window, and looked outside.

The figure immediately jumped into Fushimi's eyes.

A student intertwines with two male students and is listening to their destiny. A boy with a skateboard under his arm and a beanie that would be more appropriate for a young man, a boy with a boyish look who is lifting a tight fit.

He can understand why they are there and what they are doing without asking. He remains straightforward and can only see what is in front of him.

He remembered irresistibility and destiny.

For Fushimi Saruhiko, the moment when his heart moves are extremely rare.

But now, Fushimi twisted his mouth into a smile, feeling shaken after a long time, as if to repaint the annoyance and little irritation he had felt a while ago.

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It was okay to invade the school, but the Ashinaka school was so big that he thought it was stupid.

It is far from Yata's school image, which he thought was at best about the school building, the gymnasium, and the school grounds. Here is a clock tower, cafes, shops like supermarkets, fashionable open spaces, etc. It could be said that it was already a town.

Of course, there is not just one school building, but several school buildings are built in a relaxed way using a sprawling site, and there are other buildings such as a research building, a teacher building, a clubroom building, a dormitory room student, etc. There is greenery between them, a mysterious fashionable bronze statue and an arch with stained glass on the ceiling. It seems that the school festival is near and preparations for the festival are underway here and there.

Yata was stressed while he wandered around such a place while he listened to the murmurs.

"Hey, don't you know this guy?"

"Don't you know where this guy is?"

"Do you know this guy?!"

He asked randomly as he showed the photo of the criminal that he put on the PDA, but he never got a good reaction. They always shook their heads if they didn't know about it, or they were scared of Yata and ran away, and he couldn't find any clues.

As he bit the impatience and irritation with his back teeth, Yata searched for the next student to listen to him, and his footsteps became wild and steady.

"Please wait, Yata-san!"

Kamamoto, who had been left behind before he knew it, shook the giant body and reached for it. Yata clicked his tongue.

"Idiot! Go shopping and eating after asking."

"Yata-san, have you eaten? Did you rest? Since that day..."

He tried to tell him not to change the story, but Kamamoto's eyes on the back of the sunglasses seemed to be more serious than he expected, and Yata was a bit confused and then smiled.

"It's okay."

He has little awareness of whether he is eating or resting properly. If he is hungry, he will put something in his mouth, and if he is sleepy, he will sleep. But since that day, he certainly has felt less hungry and sleepy. He is addicted to the excitement of anger.

The sight of that cold ceiling revives in his mind. Blood spilled onto the concrete and the eyes lost light. Totsuka will never return.

He remembers the back of a man whom Yata respects more than anyone, stretching out his hands before the Blues and being captured without resistance. There is no way Yata knows what Suoh is doing now and what he thinks he is.

With that in mind, he doesn't really care about food or rest.

Yata turned his back on Kamamoto and started walking. He heard a small sigh behind him, but Kamamoto followed Yata without saying anything else.

The inside of his chest is noisy, and Yata searches for the next person to ask as he walks fast as if he's looking for a place to hit his feelings with nowhere to go.

Yata, who was impatient, kept asking with astonishing tenacity, but the results did not improve after all. When he wandered around the big school and asked in a half lost state because he did not know where he was, he felt like a small boat that had gone out in search of a sunken ship and was in danger.

"Hey, you guys! Look at this picture! Do you know this guy?"

When they found a couple of boys behind the school building and he hit the PDA screen like he was hitting the pent-up frustration, they made an openly scared face. Yata clicked his tongue, saying this guy will scare people just by talking to them.

"I do not know..."

The boy said backing away, but it was clear that he was looking for an escape route and not looking directly at the screen.

"Look carefully!"

When Yata asks, the boys' eyes escape even more.

"You've averted your eyes right now, huh? Oh! Do you know this guy?"

"I do not know!"

"I do not know..."

Faced with the guys trying to escape at any moment, "Where is he?" Yata asked, and put his hand on his shoulder from behind.

Kamamoto grabbed Yata by the shoulder and shook his head.

Yata clicked his tongue and turned away from the student, who was leaning forward with his forehead down. Seeing Yata settled, the two boys fled as if rolling.

"Is it a dead end again? I'm angry."

"Yata-san, you can't help it. This place seems to be huge."

"Shut up!"

Biting Kamamoto, who makes a terrifying voice, Yata takes off from the front and starts walking.

"I don't want to delay another second. I will avenge Totsuka-san's death."

Yata told him to ask in a lower voice. At that moment, he heard a small woman cry.

When he rolled his eyes, he saw two schoolgirls, looking at Yata and Kamamoto standing in a way that was clearly inappropriate for this school, and huddled together.

Yata was openly scared.

He may be strong against men, but he is not good at dealing with women. A woman is a different creature from a man, who hurts himself quickly and he does not know what she is thinking. He's not good at knowing what kind of attitude he should have. Yes, he is not good at understanding it, but he is aware of women and gets nervous. Yata insisted on his heart.

"Ah, you there! Come here for a moment. I have something to ask you!"

Ignoring Yata's feelings, Kamamoto called out to the two schoolgirls with a lot of pressure. Being called out by a standing giant with blonde hair, a beard and glasses, the schoolgirls get more and more scared.

"No, oh, that..."

"Ah? What is this? I'm just saying there is something I want to ask you..."

Without saying anything until the end, Yata hit Kamamoto's head with a fist. Kamamoto makes a plaintive voice.

"Hey, don't scare the girls like that! I'll punish you."

He was so upset that his voice changed. Yata turned to the girls with a flushed face.

"Hey, sorry, that was wrong..."

He intended to act like a gentleman to the best of his ability, but when Yata screamed, the female students finally fled with a frightened voice that they could not bear.

Yata lets them go, and then slams Kamamoto's head next to him to shake off the awkwardness.

"Gya! Please forgive me, Yata-san."

"Shut up! I always tell you not to threaten a woman!"

"No, I haven't raised my hand... First of all, Yata-san, you've only asked the boys all this time."

"To find a boy you must ask other boys!"

When Yata said that, Kamamoto made an exaggerated gesture. When Yata clenched his fist again to hit him again, a voice that touched the most sensitive part of his nerve slipped into Yata's ear.

"It feels like the virgin is exposed as usual."

The moment he recognized that voice, Yata's head turned white.

It was a very familiar voice and, at the same time, very distant.

Yata slowly shakes his head and looks back at the sight that he feels like he's shaking.

First, the toes of the boots came into view. Looking up, he saw an abominable blue uniform and a saber with a blue scabbard at the waist. AND...

"Damn..."

A face with a murmuring smile. From the other side of the black-rimmed glasses, his familiar eyes stare at Yata.

"Saruhiko!"

Fushimi Saruhiko, a man who is now a member of "Scepter 4" and was once Yata's partner, was there.

A voice containing rumors flows from Fushimi's thin lips, which form an undistorted smile, and entwines with Yata.

"It's a strange situation. How is this? Ah, Anna. But Kusanagi-san can't let you listen to this recklessly. Misaki lost control without permission? Seriously, as always."

Perhaps by the way, he said the first name of him and of Yata's close friends. Throwing those friends, their spirits, into messing with them was annoying.

"Shut up! Don't call me casually! Don't feel free to talk about my friends! Traitor!"

Fushimi laughed deep in his throat.

"It couldn't be helped. After all, I am of a different race than Misaki and the others. It was inevitable to leave."

"Ah! You are not wrong about that. You are different from us!"

"Yata-san...! If you make noise in a place like this..."

Kamamoto inserts a frustrated voice between Yata and Fushimi, who are filled with tingly air. However, Fushimi behaved as if he hadn't seen Kamamoto's existence.

"By the way, Misaki. How did you sneak in here?"

"Ah? It's none of your business."

"The security level here is high. Where is your pass? Show me, Misaki."

"It's none of your business! Don't call me by my name, you make me sick!"

Fushimi also makes a catchy laugh.

"Oh, that's right, you hate being called by that name right?"

Fushimi locked eyes at Yata. His lips move slowly as in slow motion and a moist, sweet, audible voice is exhaled.

"Mi... sa... ki..."

Something snapped in Yata's head.

A fiery red light seeps from Yata's body as if anger is overflowing with a physical form.

"You asked for it..."

Fushimi lifted the edge of his mouth.

"Yata-san! This is not good! Remember what Kusanagi-san said, don't let Mikoto-san have been captured in vain! What good would fighting that monkey do?"

The word "Mikoto-san" affects the feelings and power of Yata, which he is about to attack. Yata managed to restrain his furious fist with desperate self-control.

"Mikoto-san, huh?"

The tone of Fushimi's voice becomes lower and the laugh becomes darker. It was a voice that lurked with malicious intent, and Fushimi's sheer irritation.

"He seems to have lost his bearing on him, right? After all, he decided to give himself up. I guess it means he has matured. You should learn from him, Mi... sa... ki..."

Yata was filled with an icy rage, which was the exact opposite of the rage that had blood on his head, making him feel cold and icy.

Insult Suoh. Fushimi's mouth said it, no one else.

Yata took a deep breath and threw down the skateboard he was holding. The skateboard turns vertically and falls into a position waiting for Yata to get on. He didn't want to take anything anymore. He hears Kamamoto's impatient voice in the distance, "Yata-san!"

"Saru... You are going to die!"

Yata barked.

Fushimi laughs and touches the handle of the sword.

"Fushimi, ready for an emergency battle."

As Fushimi drew his sword, Yata put one foot on the skateboard and kicked the ground. The red light that overflows from his body turns into a flame and is directed towards Fushimi.

Fushimi lightly avoided Yata's rush with a laugh. Yata spins his skateboard without killing the momentum with which he jumped, increasing the output of the flame.

The flame that rises from the body swirls and becomes a bright red pillar that stretches to the heavens. At his feet, the wheels of the skateboard with the power of Yata sandwiched the tiles on the surface of the street.

Yata, who turned into a swirling pillar on fire, approaches Fushimi again. Fushimi turned the sword with a smile and inserted it into the swirling flame with the tip of the blue light.

As the blade was soft and flexible and entered the column of flame, Fushimi took a deep breath. The power of the blue poured from Fushimi's body onto the sword in one go, scraping away Yata's flame and scattering it.

Yata and Fushimi's eyes were intertwined as the red and blue colors mixed and danced. Fushimi's eyes seemed to be a mixture of pleasure and murder, and some emotions that Yata couldn't read.

Yata jerked it off him, focused the flames on his hardened fist and struck him down. Fushimi avoids Yata's fist with his sword, grabs his arm with a blue barrier, and stops him.

Fushimi is familiar with Yata's movements and fighting style. It was uncomfortable to realize that, and Yata enthusiastically jumped up on his skateboard and launched a nosedive attack. Fushimi received the bottom of Yata's skateboard with the sword from him.

Yata's skateboard and Fushimi's sword fight each other, and Fushimi raises the sword, deflecting the trajectory of Yata's power. However, just before being played, the skateboard wheel scraped off Fushimi's sword. His glasses flew off.

Fushimi, who exposed his true face, narrowed his eyes and looked at Yata, narrowing the distance with the lightness of taking steps, and extended his sword.

Yata jumped to avoid the sword. He flips high as he is, and at the same time he lands, he attacks again.

A fist like a bullet of fire. Kicking with the body on fire. If it's just a knife, it can be defeated, but there is also Fushimi's sword, which uses the power of blue that also serves as a barrier.

Fushimi attacked Yata. A blue light like fluttering phosphorescence. Yata leaped like a small animal and withdrew as he avoided a gentle but violent push, and used the skateboard as a folding shield.

The eyes of the two meet.

When they looked at each other they felt something emotional, and Yata kicked Fushimi down as if to shake him, and he too jumped on the skateboard and came down from behind.

"Ke, you're not as good as before, Saru!"

Fushimi laughed at Yata's provocation with just a sigh. He slowly lifts the glasses that have fallen to the ground and puts them back on.

"No... I'm stronger. Much stronger than before."

"Silly stuff!"

Yata kicks the ground again. He coiled the flames all over his body, kicked the back of the skateboard with his left foot, and jumped high.

Fushimi catches Yata attacking from above with his sword.

After taking action for a short time, Yata jumps once with Fushimi's sword power that can be repelled, regains his position, and charges immediately.

He remembered that he was rushing too much when he was next to Fushimi. However, stupid or not, Yata's haste has set in motion what is in front of him. Fushimi used to follow

Yata running aside, but that is no longer necessary. Yata has both power and stamina. He doesn't need to be smart. He will push everything with just force.

He engulfed him with a fist engulfed in flames. Fushimi dodged Yata's attack or defended himself with the power of blue, but his legs slowly fell back.

Yata laughed at Fushimi, who was being pushed passively.

"What's the matter, Saru?"

Suddenly, Fushimi's mouth made a smile.

Fushimi flashes his left hand from the position where Yata becomes a blind spot. He sees a flying red light.

Yata opens his eyes to the red color that Fushimi gives off, and the reaction is delayed. The red light from "Homura" ignited Fushimi's knife that pierced Yata's shoulder.

The first thing he felt was heat, not pain.

When he realized it was a sensation of fire, Yata hit and rolled on the ground. He hears Kamamoto's impatient voice saying "Yata-san!"

Frowning, Yata grasps the right shoulder from which the knife is sticking out.

The burning pain from the wound pulses according to the heartbeat.

Yata removed the knife from his shoulder and gritted his teeth.

This knife is familiar to Yata. Originally, Fushimi was darker. Fushimi mainly used to throw knives as a weapon when he was in "Homura". Yata looked closely many times as if this knife had the power of red.

But now, Yata was completely surprised that Fushimi used a knife with the same red power that he used back then. He can tell that he was scared.

Distorted by anger and the feeling of wanting to cry for some reason, Yata crawls across the ground and covers himself.

Fushimi looked at Yata with a smile.

"Didn't I tell you? I left Suoh and got stronger. This is the test!"

The sword from "Scepter 4" that houses blue light and the knife he used in the "Homura" era that houses red light.

Looking at Fushimi, who is holding both colors, Yata's head was boiling.

"Ah, two colors?"

Kamamoto said in a frustrated voice and stepped out, perhaps trying to protect the fallen Yata.

However, the foot stops in one step. A bright red Fushimi knife flew in and stabbed into Kamamoto's feet. At that moment, the red power in the knife explodes and the column of fire rises. Kamamoto falls on his butt.

"Stay out of the way, I'm not interested in small fish!"

Yata staggered to his feet, staring at Fushimi's profile, who screamed at the impulse to change his voice.

"Saru is right... Stay out of this."

He grabs the knife stuck in his shoulder. Fushimi's red power burned Yata's palm. Regardless of the burning pain, he pulled the knife out hard and threw it.

The flames that were once shared as a partner are hurting Yata. Attacks of the same color are difficult to defend. Even if the blue power can be blocked by the red power, the same red power cannot be well noticed. It is the power of friends, not the ones that originally clashed.

Yata was unable to forgive Fushimi, who used that power as a tool while he was wearing a blue uniform. The more he felt the pain in his shoulder and the more aware he was of the heat of the blood flowing from him, the more his fighting spirit burned.

"Saru, don't get excited just because you have those powers. Do you intend to conquer this country?"

"I'm not interested in the vulgar things in the world. I'm interested i ..."

Fushimi distorted his face. His pupil opens behind his glasses.

"Blood and flesh."

Yata clasped his hands into his fists and screamed from the bottom of his stomach. He blew up a flame to squeeze all the power from the core of the body.

He looked directly at Fushimi. If he hits all the power he has now and knocks him down, that's all Yata has, and he can't see other scenarios.

Looking at Yata, Fushimi laughed with satisfaction.

Fushimi holds the sword. Yata, who has turned into a mass of flames, kicks the ground to hit Fushimi.

He didn't care if he died or killed.

At that moment, a cold, sharp blue wind blew and tore between the hot Yata and Fushimi.

"That's!"

I heard the anger of a woman.

When he looked, a woman dressed in blue was standing there with her two subordinates. Seeing her holding a sword in her right hand, he knows that blue breeze was a power cut from hers blue hers.

The wind it produced scattered the flames of Yata and the hot air between them.

Seri Awashima, a lieutenant from "Scepter 4", a blue-clad woman with an outstretched back, declared it again and sent an attentive glance at Fushimi.

"Fushimi, put your sword away, what are you doing? Where do you think you are?"

Awashima's cut seemed to have dissipated the damp heat that Fushimi was wearing, and Fushimi turned around with a fake smile on his face.

Awashima lowered her eyebrows, but she did not repeat any more words to Fushimi and turned her eyes to Yata.

"Misaki Yata, a member under the command of the "Red King". The captain of the "Homura" team who controls the skateboard, and you answer to the name of Yatagarasu."

He didn't feel bad about being called by two of his favorite names, and Yata snorted and laughed.

"I know you too. Seri Awashima, the right arm of the "Blue King". Call me a ruthless woman."

Awashima had an indescribable look, as if she was angry and stunned.

"I think that name was probably said by the owner of the bar, right?"

"Eh?"

"Anyway, it is a fact that I cannot ignore that you are here, but unfortunately it is too great a disadvantage to be here now. What if you guys postpone the meeting?"

"He was the one who started it."

"Yes? Maybe I was not clear. You are going to postpone a meeting, understood? Is that better?"

Yata looked wryly at Awashima, who was like a teacher, with only one corner of his mouth raised.

"I have no intention of obeying a Blue."

"Yata-san!"

Kamamoto called out in a voice trying to stop him, but he ignored it and continued proudly. He thought that retreating just because these Blues appeared would make "Homura" look bad.

"Your king..."

Suddenly, Awashima's voice seemed to be soft. Yata's shoulder shuddered at the words.

"All he does is complain about the food, but he finishes it and goes to sleep. I'm totally blown away."

He felt him being pushed hard in the chest.

Suoh seems to be Suoh and he's fine. He was so relieved that he wanted to cry over that fact, and he felt his strength gradually increase.

"Mikoto-san..."

Awashima smiled at Yata when he accidentally muttered. At that face, he suddenly felt uncomfortable when he remembered that Awashima, whom he had only thought of as an "enemy", was a woman.

"Let's go."

He turns around to hide his flushed face from her and starts walking with Kamamoto.

As he walked, Yata looked back just once. Fushimi kept his sword down and turned, not even looking at Yata. Yata clicks his tongue bitterly and turns to the front.

His injured right shoulder was annoying.

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"Do you have something to say?"

Awashima said in a very calm and simple voice.

"I'm sorry."

Fushimi made an apology, but it was neither an apologetic voice nor an apologetic tone.

However, Awashima forgave Fushimi's attitude as if it didn't matter.

"So how did it go?"

Awashima asked.

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't play dumb. You accessed the school's data anyway, right?"

Fushimi was struck by the void for a moment and blinked, realizing that he was discovered.

His thoughts and actions were read by Awashima, it made him feel a bit interesting and he evaluated.

His head went cold because he faced Yata, and his emotions that trembled after a long time settled in the original place, and his head switched to working mode.

"How is he? Is that boy a student from here?"

The result of the collection of data from school officials hacked from the computer in the student's council room revives in Fushimi's mind.

"No."

No applicable person.

After matching with the photo of the criminal's face, the system concluded that.

"The suspect is not enrolled in this school."

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Yata thought it was done.

It was Yata who insisted, "I'll just ask one more person!", shaking Kamamoto, who was persuaded to go home after first aid treatment for the wound on his right shoulder that was stabbed with a knife.

He was wondering if he could go home empty-handed, and he was so upset that he had that conversation with Fushimi that he didn't feel like coming home, and he was worried about Yata. It was also because Kamamoto is stubborn, he would tell Yata to go home as if he was trying to calm his son down.

Yata then stopped a group of students passing by without even looking at the other person's face before being stopped by Kamamoto.

"Yes?"

However, in that group, it was a female student who stopped in response to Yata's voice. The skirt of the Ashinaka high school uniform fluttered, and the hair cut with an ornament on the side swayed.

He stopped a woman. Yata was afraid to notice. On the other hand, the student who stopped didn't seem to be scared of Yata and tilted her head with a clean face.

He can't run away, Yata averted his eyes from her so as not to make eye contact with her, but pushed forward the image of the criminal boy that was displayed on the PDA.

"I'm looking for... this guy... have you seen him?"

The schoolgirl looks at the boy in the picture.

"Kukuri! We will get ahead of ourselves!"

A student who seems to be friends with her spoke to her from a distance. The girl named Kukuri looked at her friend, replied "Oh, yeah!", and then turned to Yata.

"I'm sorry."

Kukuri said with an apologetic bow.

"Do not know him."