



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

CHAPTER 13: ADDY

His world was made up of many books and his sister.

Immediately after being called a genius brother, his life changed. They took him out of a school where ordinary children gathered and told him to study in a place where all the people around him were adults. There was no dissatisfaction or loneliness about it. He did not find anything funny in the school lessons that tried to teach what he already knew in a simple and one-sided way, and even in an environment without children of the same age, there was no problem as long as he had his older sister.

For him, a large number of books was better than a teacher, and the knowledge he gained from discussions with his sister became more and more profound. With his sister, he was absorbed in learning various things with his intellectual curiosity. The adults around them generously gave them what they needed to learn.

They told him to take part in the German military investigation when he was fifteen and his sister was seventeen.

They joined the military investigation team as requested. It was a tribute to the fact that they were given an environment to learn, and he also thought that the research and development site would be a place where they could play an active role.

Starting with the development and design of new weapons in the Artillery Board, they achieved several results. Apart from military research and development work, they wrote several treatises and obtained a doctorate. The teenage brothers' medical advancements were well received and sought after in the military, architecture, industry, and many other fields, and they did well everywhere.

It was in 1943, when he was 20 years old, that they were appointed chief and deputy director of a strange investigation.

"This is the Slate."

In the basement of a church in Dresden, he crossed his arms in front of the huge stone. Next door, his sister, Claudia, looked at him with a serious expression.

"Yes. This was embedded in the innermost wall of this underground worship hall until two years ago. There were rumors that a believer might see a miracle, and the institution of 'ancestral inheritance' excavated it. Due to this size, they did not carry it out and keep it here. Two months ago, in front of the guards, the same miracle that the believers saw happened."

He stood with his head held high when he heard the words of an investigator who was to be a subordinate in this investigation.

"It is a procession of the Holy Sun Han. A few feather insects formed a procession with a bright red light in front of this 'stone slate', and finally they were burned."

Well. The researcher looked deeply.

He approached the "Slate" and gently touched the surface with a geometric maze-like pattern.

It felt like a smooth rock. The hardness did not appear to be that high to the touch. However, the usual method has been found not to harm one.

"I wonder if the 'Slate' emits some kind of energy that affects living organisms. What do you think, sister?"

The older sister squeezed her kind expression, always smiling, and looked at the "Slate" with investigative eyes.

"It is too early to hypothesize that this bedrock itself is energetic. Perhaps the cause of the St. Johann procession was direct contact with the energetic magma or residual heat from the rock. I need a verification multifaceted."

"Yes. It seems that the truth of magma is a long way off, but let's start with the observation. It is very interesting. This 'Slate' has tremendous potential that no one has touched yet."

"I am also curious about the inscription on the stone monument that was excavated with the 'Slate'. The word 'King' written in modified Latin letters."

"I think the investigation begins in that area. It is a good place to probe, but it is very exciting, sister!"

When he returned his smile with his growing expectations and curiosity, she smiled as if she was in awe.

"Addy. You're like a kid again..."

Even if they called him a doctor, he would still be a child. With his sister, he was a free-spirited younger brother who was intellectually curious and enjoyed chasing what was in front of him, much like a child playing with toys.

"I feel like I can do it if you are with me, sister."

That said, the investigation on the "Slate" was extremely difficult.

He was appointed principal investigator of the investigation called "Project König", and his sister was appointed deputy director, and the elite investigators and the most modern equipment were prepared, but it was difficult to see the progress that seemed to be progressing.

To study the miracle, they first had to recreate the miracle. However, there was a long way to go to find out what factors could cause it.

For the moment, it took time to prepare all the measuring equipment, restore and decipher the pieces of the stone monument.

The investigation progressed dramatically after a Japanese officer arrived from Japan, an ally of the Third German Empire, in March of the following year.

Lieutenant Daikaku Kokujoji.

The encounter with him was important in his investigation of the "Slate" and in his life.

"It was an idea that he couldn't reach unless he met the Japanese magic lieutenant."

As he walked down the hall with his research materials, he said that he was ill. The lieutenant walking beside him flirted with a serious face.

"The opinions of the magic side would have been unacceptable to you, but thanks to the fluid understanding of the theoretical system based on the Five Element Thought, the progress of the investigation was rapid."

Lieutenant Kokujoji seemed to come from an "Onmyouji family" and was connected to a path that could only be described as "Japanese magic". The analysis of the "Slate" that the lieutenant had made from that perspective had taken a leap forward in the investigation of the brothers.

The Five Pillars is an idea based on the five elements of wood, fire, earth, gold and water. It seems that the "Slate", which suppresses the original power by sealing one of the items, was simply sealed like this.

The lieutenant used his technique to break a part of the seal and gave him knowledge. To be honest, he was too unknown to come to a full understanding, but he was able to continue developing equipment to operate the "Slate", and his sister and he built the theory of the energy that the "Slate" possesses.

"I don't think science is everything. If you stick only to the world you are aware of, you cannot wait for development. Thanks to the lieutenant, my world has expanded and I am sure it will expand even more in the future. W deflection modulator seems to be able to start early next year if it is in this condition."

He and the lieutenant were in the process of carrying out the institute's reports.

The Institute of the "König Project" uses the basement of the church where the "Slate" was found as it is. The place that should have been harsh is sacred because it is buried with various research equipment and materials. The air had completely vanished, but it was a familiar place to him, like his nest. In fact, his sister and he were building a house in a corner of this church. It was a small place for the brothers to live while they remodeled.

"Addy."

He hears a soft female voice. When he saw her, Claudia was across the hall.

The older sister who left the area where they lived approached them with a short run.

The lieutenant who stopped next to her seemed to stiffen his spine and was a little nervous. But this was not a bad tension. It is a thoughtful attitude of a young man towards a woman of strange age, and a reaction of a man named Kokujoji Daikaku towards a woman named Claudia Weismann who is "a little excited".

When she arrived in front of them, she first bowed slightly to the lieutenant. Her silver hair flowed smoothly from her shoulders. She had a soft smile on her gentle and delicate face.

His sister's facial expressions and movements were very graceful, but this is a bit different than when they were alone. In front of him, she came out more "squeaky", but with the lieutenant, she became a little softer and more feminine. A woman named Claudia Weismann was shown in front of a man named Daikaku Kokujoji, like a cute kitten.

"Thank you for your hard work, Lieutenant Kokujoji. Addy, are you ready to go to Berlin?"

"Yes. These are all supplies to bring."

He slightly lifted the box of supplies he was holding on his arm.

He was about to go to the party headquarters in Berlin to report on the current status of the "König Project". His sister and he were heading to Berlin with the lieutenant to explain that the long-defeated "Slate" investigation had finally progressed.

When he got up from the basement and opened the church door, it was raining outside. Large raindrops fell to the ground.

"It's raining. It's bad if the material gets wet..."

"No problem. I have an umbrella. Use it."

The lieutenant said that and opened an umbrella.

It was a red Japanese umbrella.

The skeleton was made of bamboo and lined with elegant red Japanese paper. The waterproof Japanese paper had a low sheen.

"Wow, a Japanese umbrella? It's cool."

"It's called an umbrella."

His sister, not the lieutenant, replied him, who gave a voice of admiration.

His sister had become thoroughly familiar with Japanese culture since she met the lieutenant. After the lieutenant sorted the Japanese ingredients that he received from his homeland, she became very interested in Japanese food, and had recently been thinking about it herself.

His older sister slid her slender finger over the bamboo handle of the lieutenant's umbrella.

"This is the first time I have seen something real. The skeleton is very beautiful."

His sister looked happily at the umbrella with a face that seemed delighted. The sound of raindrops falling on Japanese paper was a bit different from the sound of an ordinary umbrella and was pleasant to the ear.

"I want to go to Japan one day. In fact, I will see the culture and climate of the country where the lieutenant was born and raised."

His sister's suggestion made his heart stand out.

"I like it! Lieutenant, please give us a guide at that time."

She wondered if she would get a small answer, like a little carefree, but the lieutenant moved the military cap a little to hide his eyes from her and replied: "Yes.", in a shy way.

"I'm sure you will like it."

His sister and he looked at each other and smiled.

The three of them huddled like little birds in the lieutenant's red umbrella and walked a short distance to the car in a playful way.

The lieutenant was a collaborator in the investigation and at the same time the only friend to him and his sister.

The presence of the lieutenant blew a new breeze on both brothers who lived in a closed world with a wide range of knowledge, dedicated to study and research from a very young age.

Of course they talked about the "Slate" investigation, but they also talked a lot about other things.

The lieutenant listened with interest to the story of the investigation that his sister and he had done so far, and both he and his sister loved hearing the story of Japan from the lieutenant. The discussion with the lieutenant, who gave a sharp opinion from a different point of view than his sister, tended to be enthusiastic.

When the investigation got off to a good start, they had more work for their investigators than the lieutenant, and they loaned several books to the lieutenant who used to have more time. The lieutenant was a good reader, he read romantic poetry books that don't look

good on his face, he read military books that fit his face and other books like history books, literature, plays, political science books, books of economy and several specialized books. He read anything. For Christmas, he also loaned her the first edition of "A Christmas Carol" that he read as a child. It was nice to see that lieutenant reading the fairy tale with a serious face.

He liked the printing of the book the lieutenant had.

Initially, the party headquarters in Berlin, rushed towards the outcome of the "König Project" and eager to hear the report, gradually waned interest in the investigation. The war situation deteriorated and there was no space to devote to research and other non-immediate effects.

Still, he was not told to stop the study. They continued the investigation of the "Slate", they left it half abandoned and unexpected. In a war that was to be ruined like an avalanche, they lurked in the underground laboratory of a quiet church in Dresden, on an isolated island, as they watched the violent muddy currents around them.

It may sound unscrupulous, but for him, the time spent there was a modest amount of happiness. He was able to dream the biggest dream of his life in a miserable time.

He hoped that, if this dream were to come true, it would glow in an era closed to darkness, leading to the realization of a world where everyone can be happy, regardless of war, enemies, or allies.

Almost a year after the lieutenant's arrival in Germany, the experiment that he believed in took shape and that led to the realization of that dream.

Based on the theory brought up by the lieutenant, his sister-designed W deflection modulator was completed by the end of the year. The functional test had been repeated since the beginning of the year and the results were obtained.

"Today, a formal initial experiment of the 'Slate' will be conducted with the presence of the lieutenant."

Before going to work, he put on a new lab coat to get excited. Commuting to work was just a short walk down the hall to institute. As he dressed in the living room shared with his sister, he suddenly noticed the carved wooden doll that was carefully displayed on the shelf and smirked.

It was a hand-carved klippe for him, the lieutenant, and everyone in the lab at Christmas. A set of dolls showing the Nativity scene. Centered around the Virgin Mary and Christ, Saint Joseph, the Magi and the angels are aligned. Between them, the two magicians, Gaspar and Melchor, were the work of him and the lieutenant. The personality and characteristics of each creator were reflected in strange ways, and it was strange that he and the lieutenant seemed to be lined up with mysterious faces.

It was the Christmas they held to hold their breath during the war, but that night, where he rode around the klippe he made for his sister, and a little gift with his sister and the lieutenant, was probably the most fun he'd ever had, can have been a holy night with hope for the future

Hope, yes, hope. He had hope beyond the miracles that this "Slate" brought. The lieutenant often raised concerns due to his personality, but is also passionate about the possibility of the "Slate."

He had never had a friend, but he thought he would be fine if he was with his older sister, but found the joy of working toward the same goal as his friend.

"Today I have to show the results."

Hoping the world would change, he turned over a new lab coat and headed for the "Slate".

That day there was tension between the investigators around the "Slate" due to an experiment that left an official video record to inform the top management.

"Ready to measure."

"Checking the Camera Operation."

"There is no abnormality on the 'Slate'."

"You can start the experiment."

"What about the example mouse?"

"Dr. Weissman will bring it in now."

With the serious voices of the aspirants flying around and the cage with the mouse in it, he walks to the experimental field connected to the "Slate".

The back of the mouse in the cage was marked in blue with ink. This mouse was a small creature with great "potential" that woke up during the "Slate" test the other day.

An experimental field, a dozen white mice had already been released into a large mouse maze almost 10 meters long, and they moved as they wished.

After confirming the situation, he lifted the mouse bearing the blue mark from inside the cage as if picking it up with both hands.

When he looked up, she found a serious-looking lieutenant standing in front of the experimental field. That day, it was the first time that he would witness the results of an experiment. After involuntarily smiling, he gently stroked the back of the mouse in his hand.

"Alright, it's time, little mouse. Show the good points to the lieutenant from Japan."

Showing the mouse he was holding, one of the researchers asked the lieutenant to listen.

"It is an experimental organism of the EX-Alpha group. It is under the influence of the 'Slate'."

EX-Alpha, that's what the "King" shows engraved on the stone monument excavated with the "Slate".

He gently left the mouse in a labyrinthine experimental field. An investigator in charge of the recording announced the start of the experiment.

"The blue mouse is ready."

The mouse was clearly different from the other mice that roamed the maze in an irregular manner. Lifting and wiggling his little nose, he catches the light of reason in his eyes and look around.

Suddenly, the "Slate" began to emit a faint blue glow. Just by looking at the sacred blue light from the "Slate" that had been there for a long time, he felt the unholy joy of receiving a colorful reaction from a person who had refused to approach for a long time.

A blue mouse in the experimental field was stained with blue light in response to the glare from the "Slate".

The bright light was also generated in the air one meter above the blue mouse. A sword-shaped crystal appeared from the round blue light.

"There is a reaction to the 'Slate'."

"Sword-shaped glow confirmation."

As the researchers watched, the blue mouse stood on its hind legs, wearing a blue light, and looked at the sword that appeared above it.

It was a beautiful blue sword with a hard mechanical shape. To humans, the little sword would appear huge to the mouse. The sword gleamed solemnly, point down. He believed that the sword-shaped blue glow is a symbol of "order."

After a while, the blue mouse started running through the maze of the experimental field without hesitation.

He never hit a dead end or wander in the same place. With a movement of being convinced of the way forward, he ran through the maze without hesitation.

Then the other mice moving through the maze suddenly changed their movements. They began to run with will and determined stride, and followed the blue mouse.

The mice formed a group and began to take in the same blue light as the blue mouse running in front.

The mice quickly went through the maze in the shortest distance, and when they reached the open area, they lined up behind the blue mouse and stood on its hind legs.

It was a strange sight. It didn't look like the action performed by a mouse, and he wondered if it was a mouse-shaped toy made by a human. However, this was the power of the group with the EX-Alpha of an individual "King". The group, led by the "King", with its sword-like blue glow, exhibited controlled demeanor and abilities comparable to trained human soldiers.

The lieutenant overseeing the experiment was impressed.

"Incredible! Will such power appear in humans?"

"Sorry, but this is just the tip of the iceberg."

Satisfied with the lieutenant's reaction, he smiled. He began to explain with an excited heart, illustrating on the board.

"The strength of the link with the "Slate" is proportional to the complexity of the brain. To be more precise, the deviation from the law of chance creates a force field that envelops the Beta bodies in the vicinity, as it increases its intensity in the form of a geometric progression. As a result..."

"Will an army of super humans be born...?"

The lieutenant said in a heavy voice.

Certainly, that is why the party is investigating the "Slate". Bring the miracle of the "Slate" to humans, create immortal soldiers, form an invincible army, and finally create an immortal realm of the Aryan scientific race with the "Transcendental Master Race". Of course, he knew that "miracles" were needed to reverse the crisis.

But besides that, he denied the lieutenant's words.

"No, lieutenant."

He wrote "Freude!" on the blackboard and laughed at the lieutenant.

"This will bring happiness to everyone."

What he saw was not the victory of the country. This "Slate" shouldn't be used for something so small. What he saw was the happiness of humanity that would enter a new horizon after ending such a foolish war.

When the lieutenant answered something, there was an explosion.

"Red mouse, shot down!"

One of the investigators yelled.

When he saw it, a mouse maze that was not the experimental field where he was filming exploded and broke.

A mouse with a red mark on its back lay in the rubble of a maze that was broken and strewn across the ground.

The power of the red mouse seems to have escaped. A red, sword-shaped glow spawned in the air a meter above him.

The red mouse had been confirmed to have a tough temperament and the ability to provoke a firing phenomenon. Since he doesn't do well with the blue mouse, he let him play in a remote-placed maze, but it may have been stimulated by the generation of the sword-shaped blue glow.

He giggled cheating as he pondered the fact that he should have kept it in a separate room, and he heard a woman's voice saying "Addy!"

Perhaps he rushed after hearing the explosion, his sister was standing. Recently, his sister was doing research on her own and she was often in charge of the "König Project".

As always, he was glad to see her face and shouted: "Sister!", and raised his hand. The lieutenant was worshipping in silence.

His sister ignored him and spoke to the lieutenant.

"That... is there a problem with my little brother?"

"I just showed you the experiment. Right, Lieutenant?"

"We have confirmed the remarkable results. It is truly surprising."

"Well! But the lieutenant thinks these kids are like tools of war or something! It's terrible, isn't it?"

When he made a fool of himself, his sister yelled at him, scolded him like a son, and pinched his side hard.

"You shouldn't say such things out loud. We are receiving a stipend for your research."

"That hurts, sister!"

The older sister who scolded him like when she was alone with her brother, she remembered being seen by the lieutenant, and she smiled a cute smile that seemed to repair itself when she hastily let go of her hand.

"Ah... Lieutenant Kokujoji. Please... ignore what I just said."

She wondered how he reacted to her. The lieutenant, who always maintained his strict demeanor, wandered his gaze in slight consternation and replied.

"Hmm... Don't worry, I don't understand technical jargon anyway."

Before the serious answer, his sister and him, looked at each other and laughed at the same time.

In front of them laughing, the lieutenant was trying to put on a serious and expressionless expression, but when he saw his sister, he lowered his gaze a bit embarrassed.

The miracle caused by the "Slate" would create a world where everyone was happy. It was the day that the dream they had begun to take concrete form and he took the first step.

It was supposed to be like this.

Dresden was a city that remained beautiful during the long war, with little damage from air raids.

Many Germans said that Dresden, which had nothing to do with the munitions industry and had little military importance and was lined with beautiful historical buildings or had high cultural value, would not be damaged by airstrikes.

It happened on February 13, 1945.

A myriad of Lancaster bombers flew over Dresden, showering blocks and incendiary bombs.

The city became a sea of fire and many people died. They were evacuated to the bomb shelter, but many of them were vaporized.

The city of Dresden, where the anti-aircraft guns were no longer working when the air defense organizations moved to the front, was left unprotected and unilaterally conquered.

His sister, Claudia Weismann, also died there.

"Sister! Sister!"

A roar shook the underground laboratory intermittently. The smoke rushed in and visibility was poor. The upper church could be on fire. The air was terribly hot. It was painful from the lack of oxygen.

He moistened the washcloth with the jug beside the bed, covered his mouth, and crawled across the floor.

His sister was not in her room. Recently, his sister seemed to be studying the "Slate" from another direction by herself. Not being in the room probably meant that she was with the "Slate". He whispered to his consciousness from afar and crawled desperately forward.

"Sister! Uh, ugh..."

As a consequence of calling his sister and screaming, he inhaled smoke and suffocated.

Still, he didn't stop and called his sister many times in a weak voice.

It took an enormous amount of time to walk down the corridor, which would normally walk too fast, and push the door to the lab room with the "Slate" to open it.

Immediately after that, heat rushed from the hall to the point that it was incomparable to the hallway. He accidentally closed his eyes. He managed to open his eyelids, which he didn't want to open to protect his eyes from the heat, and he saw the scene from the hallway that was in the lab.

The roof had fallen.

The collapsed rocky shoreline was crushing the experimental equipment. It was the "Slate" and the body of the woman that collapsed in front of it that left a safe form.

"Sister!"

He ran as best he could and hugged her. His sister's body had lost all power and felt heavy. She had almost no scars on her body and she closed her eyes with a calm expression to sleep, but she was not breathing. There was no pulse.

His sister, Claudia Weissman, was dead.

On the roof of the collapsed hall, the part of the church on the floor was raging with fierce fire. The air was boiling. The moment the roof came off, he breathed in the hot air that had entered, he burned his throat and suffocated.

He was looking up in a daze as he held his sister.

He couldn't think of anything. They, who were said to be the two-headed geniuses of the Third German Empire, were once again unable to think of anything, and one was useless and vaguely gazed at the sky.

The flame swirled. The roof of the church had already disappeared, either from flames or bullets, and he could see the sky beyond the flames.

The bomber was flying. Although that was hell, they never got tired of it and kept dropping bombs. From above, despair fell one after another.

He vaguely thought that he wanted an umbrella.

A soft umbrella that would protect him from this despair.

One rainy day, he remembers that the three of them got into the Japanese umbrella that the lieutenant was carrying.

The lieutenant protected him and his sister from the rain, while he wet his shoulders and back.

The sound of the rain hitting the umbrella was soft.

His sister was laughing happily.

(I want to go to Japan one day.)

When he realized it, he didn't feel the heat or the pain that had been bothering him.

He looked at his body slowly.

His body glowed pale silver.

He looked away from him. The "Slate" also emitted the same silver light as his body. He knew that scene. That was a luminescence phenomenon that occurred when an EX-Alpha individual was born in an experiment with mice, in which a W shift modulator activated the "Slate".

He looked up again.

A silver light was born in the night sky where black and red mixed reflecting the color of the flame.

The light fell apart and spread like an umbrella.

The umbrella of silver light that appeared above his head glowed for a while and then lost its shape and became the shape of a pointed down sword.

It was a sword-shaped glow.

A huge sword-shaped silver glow that was incomparable to what appeared on the mouse, was silently floating in the night sky that dispersed despair.

A bomb fell next to him. He could feel it. The detonation would take his eyesight and the scattered projectiles would hit his body.

However, that which would have ripped his limbs apart in an instant, did not inflict a single scratch on his body.

He, his sister's body, and the "Slate" that stood abruptly while the surrounding substances could not retain their original form, were there without any damage.

He was an EX-Alpha individual, that is, the "King" who displayed the stone monument, the "transcendental master race" who sought the party headquarters, and had the power to "make everyone happy". It was what he believed.

"Sister?"

He shook his sister in his arms and called out to her. If he had become a "King" with paranormal power, he now only had one wish.

"Sister, get up."

By incorporating others into the feedback loop of the causal bias generated by the EX-Alpha individuals, a new causal bias is generated and 8 individuals are produced. In other words, it is possible to give birth to a "member" who has shared the power of the "King".

He instinctively knew how to do it. The brain naturally understands more than the knowledge acquired as a result of research and experiments. Upon becoming an EX-Alpha individual, a strong resonant action occurred between him and the "Slate", and what could be called the memory of the "Slate" was flowing.

"Sister, take my power. I won't hurt myself anymore. The sore throat that just burned me is gone. I won't hurt myself or die. So, sister, you too."

He developed his own strength and continued to pour it into his sister. Waiting for an answer from his sister. If possible, he wanted to give everything he had to his sister.

But his sister never opened her eyes. His sister was dead. The power of the "King" cannot bring the dead back to life. Everything was slow.

He was supposed to be the "King", and he only held the corpse of a single family member helplessly.

How long had it been like this?

Before he knew it, the hellish night was over and the bombardment had stopped.

The sky was white and the early morning air was rapidly cooling the rubble of the city, which had been set ablaze by fierce fire.

He heard the sound of military boots running in the quiet that made him think that all the creatures had died.

When he raised his face, he saw a lieutenant out of breath.

The lieutenant was supposed to have been in Berlin, but hurried after hearing the news of the Dresden bombing.

He laughed softly at the lieutenant who stood up with a clear face. His cheeks shook his smile, and for the first time he realized that he was crying all the time.

"Lieutenant. My sister..."

His sister's body was already cold.

The lieutenant moved to Berlin with him, which was completely useless.

The Dresden bombing was divided into several waves and continued into the next day, resulting in a tremendous number of deaths. Due to the large number of evacuees and refugees in Dresden, which was thought to be safe, it seemed difficult to determine the exact number of deaths. Many of the bodies were burned by a whirlwind of fire and suffered indistinguishable damage.

For a few days, he was dumbfounded. The lieutenant told the party headquarters that he had become the first of what they called a "transcendental master race" by the "Slate." In fact, at that time, he was like a wooden puppet, far from being a "transcendental master race" or a "King". As an investigator that he was pitifully burned to no avail, he was left unguarded.

"The reason for the bombing was found."

One day, a few weeks after the Dresden bombing, the lieutenant approached him and said.

"It was a leak of information. The allied forces that seized the existence of the 'Project König' decided that it was a threat to eliminate."

The lieutenant's voice was clear. No anger or sadness appeared on the surface, and he made a calm, unwavering and firm voice.

"Weissman. If you still desire the realization of your ideals, abandon your human life from this moment on."

Hearing the lieutenant's voice, he couldn't even lift his face as he sat on a chair and was choking.

"He reigns as the only 'King' and rules all human beings. He condemns the fools. The equality and prosperity of humanity can only be achieved by having the power of ruin beyond human intelligence."

He understood the lieutenant's words. They had been thinking of ways to make the miracle of that "Slate" desirable as they progressed with the investigation. That was probably the lieutenant's answer.

On the other hand, he had been thinking about it. How to make everyone happy.

But now he couldn't quite remember his thoughts.

"Fulfill the 'King's' responsibilities."

He couldn't think of his thoughts. Of course he couldn't even put it into words. Still, he had the feeling that the lieutenant's words were "different."

He just shook his head wordlessly.

"Actually..."

The lieutenant said in a low voice and took the holster from his waist. He pull out the pistol and point it at him in one fluid motion.

"If you don't, I will. But there shouldn't be two 'kings' on earth."

The lieutenant's finger went off. He looked up and slowly compared the barrel, which was aimed at his forehead, with the face of the lieutenant, who was determined to look.

"A bullet... Is that the punishment for the great dream we had?"

"No. Weissman, you don't have to suffer anymore. If your dreams are sins, I will take full responsibility and punishment."

The lieutenant's voice remained calm. It already seemed to carry everything. The prayers of the late Claudia, the work of his trying to get rid of the great responsibility of the "King" and the lives of the people of Dresden who were burned due to the investigation.

"As the only 'King', I will carry all the hatred and resentment of the earth on my back and fall into hell. Therefore, I will not meet you in that world... Say hello to Claudia."

The lieutenant fired.

Shots rang out, but the bullet missed his forehead.

The bullet was still in midair in front of his head, as if it had driven into a transparent wall.

"It's useless..."

He said he, powerless in words.

"That's not good... Lieutenant, fear cannot make people happy."

The form of the dream he had was no longer uncertain. But he did not want to make the in-between world brought about by the rule of a lonely "King" beyond dreams.

"Give me time. The answer is... I'm sure there is a way to happiness."

The bullet that was parked in the air exploded and disappeared. No matter what the shell is, he was already a "King". Nothing could hurt his body, he was the "King".

The lieutenant waited without lowering the weapon.

"Do you think I can believe your words right now?"

"I do not know..."

He got up slowly and managed to laugh at the lieutenant, feeling that he was crying.

"If she was my older sister, I'm sure she would say that."

At that moment, the expression of the lieutenant that he hadn't trembled for a long time was distorted.

He said that with a mixture of anger, sadness and various other emotions and stopped.

In the end, the lieutenant never let go of the passion he had been through, but simply turned his back on him silently.

Two days later, he was kidnapped by a command unit of the United States Army.

"Dr. Adolf K. Weissmann, right?"

The men who intervened were camouflaged in German army field clothes, but it soon became clear that they were American special forces who came to seize the technology related to the "Slate".

Information about the "König Project" was leaked to the Allies, which was revealed in the event of the Dresden bombing. Not only did the "Slate" study eliminate the potential threat from the Third German Empire, but the United States seemed to have been interested in the technology itself. It was a plan that was about to be abandoned by the German center, but he vaguely thought it was ironic.

They stopped and seized him, and began a march into the mountains with the goal of joining the Allied forces clinging to the Western Front.

He did not resist at all. He was not afraid of the multiple weapons pointed at him, they handcuffed him and a soldier grabbed his arm roughly. It would take the power of the "King" to break the steel handcuffs that had been placed on both wrists. He was afraid of him.

It was not the judgment that he should hide the fact that he was a superhuman created by the "Slate". But stronger than that, the reason why he made the decision not to resist was an unmistakable "fear".

Without using the power of the "King", he killed his emotions and was attracted as he was, and on the second day of walking through the mountains, the march of the commando was greatly disturbed.

It seemed that the enemy had already started to take over his personality. The command unit, which had no land, was blocked by the pursuit unit, and gradually driven east, facing its original destination, the Western Front.

If he headed east as he was, he would reach the Eastern Front. While American and British troops were invading the Western Front, the Eastern Front was pushing the Red Army of the Soviet Union to the point where an all-out attack on Berlin was imminent. For the US commando unit, joining the Soviet Union's Red Army ran the risk of failing in the mission of stealing Adolf K. Weissmann's special confidential information from the Red Army's side, or worse, assassinating all members of the unit.

Looking at the faces of the Commando soldiers, who gradually became impatient and frustrated, he kept thinking vaguely the entire time.

If they could complete their mission and he was handed over to the United States Army, would he tell them about the "Slate" as they asked? Still, if they believe that "Slate" can bring happiness to humanity and he entrusted them with that dream, it was not an impossible option. He was like a salesman, but in any case, this war would soon be over.

On the other hand, what should he do if they joined the Red Army and fell into a life-threatening situation, or if they were captured and executed by a pursuit unit? Apart from the former, the latter was not something to be avoided for him, who was a German military officer. Rather, he would normally consider being rescued and punished by enemy soldiers a pleasure.

(No, Lieutenant. Everyone will be happy.)

The words he said circulated in his head many times.

Without an answer, he wandered through the forest surrounded by soldiers who were being chased and tired, that night they threw him directly to the ground and he fell asleep.

Feeling the cold that permeated his body from the cold ground, he dreamed of a conversation with the lieutenant again in a light sleep. From that day on, he remembered the exchanges many times and rebelled.

"He reigns as the only 'King' and rules over every human being. Condemn the fool. Human equality and prosperity can only be achieved by having the power of ruin beyond human intelligence."

The lieutenant said that in a strict voice.

What is a prayer? What is damnation?

For example, is the enemy who killed his sister and burned the people of the city of Dresden a sinner to condemn?

"Fulfill the 'King's' responsibilities."

He denied with his head. He just shook his head weakly. Like a child throwing a tantrum.

"Lieutenant, fear cannot make people happy."

So how could they be happy? He believed that the potential power of the "Slate" would make people happy. What should he do to make everyone happy?

"The answer is... I am sure there is a way to happiness."

Really?

Could he really find something like that? No, did he really want to find the answer in the first place? Can he realize the method of happiness when he search for it and find it?

To himself with such muddy despair.

For himself bound by sadness, anger and fear.

If he really wanted to make everyone happy, what could he do now?

He was surprised when they called him and woke up from his dream.

"Hey, get up."

There was a grumpy voice. Realizing that the soldier had kicked him in the back, he slowly looked around him. The vague head of awakening slowly recognized reality.

"Go to the Captain."

The soldier said coldly and turned his back on him.

He got up off the ground in handcuffs. He went to the commando captain as he was told, looking at the passing soldiers, wearing dirty clothes with damp earth and leaves.

The handcuffs were heavy and would normally hurt his wrist, but his skin wasn't hurt at all. Nobody cared about the body of a prisoner of war, so he wouldn't suspect him.

"You called me, Captain?"

The captain was looking at the map surrounded by his subordinates. He looked at him with a flat face that didn't show his emotions.

"I'm sorry for the circumstances, Dr. The pursuit team is getting very close. Today we will move soon without waiting for the night to pass."

"Is that so."

"Dr., please provide topographic information to supplement this map."

"I'm not familiar with this area, so I won't be very helpful."

When he answered flatly, the NCO next to him showed frustration with the situation and hatred for him, and bit him.

"I can't take it, hey, stand up! Are you a genius and didn't even memorize a map of the country?!"

"Yes, Charlie. What happens when you say you know something you don't know?"

The captain controlled in a calm voice, but the surrounding NCOs tuned in to a man named Charlie and made a barking voice.

A voice that fears parting with the Red Army and contempt are mixed.

Dr. Occult Charlie, who was really delusional and investigating the "mass production of psychic bodies" pointed it out and cursed. The officers agreed and showed frustration.

US military executives may have had some interest in the "Slate", but for those executives tasked with stealing that information, it was a perception where life was at stake.

He was listening to his words in silence. There was pain. The dreams he had were scorned, pushed away and spit on. There was anger and sadness, but it was stronger and filled with a feeling of emptiness to give up.

The captain opened his mouth after hearing the resentment of his subordinate.

"I am also going to avoid joining the Red Army. I was thinking of getting further away from the chase, but they were unexpectedly quick. If we go any further, I would be behind the German front. Before that happens, I will look for terrain that will hide the entire unit. and I will move on to the pursuit unit. I will confront them and clear the way if necessary. Then, we will force the march to the western front. That is the mission."

With a dignified voice, the captain declared so. The NCOs cheered for inspiration from the stated life policy.

It was a thin thread of hope. The entire unit was desperately trying to hold on to the thread. However, he knew that the thread was easy to break, and that if the thread did break, death would be waiting for him, and everyone here, not just him, would hate him.

He was reflecting on their lives. What were his options?

"As a doctor here, it doesn't matter as far as I can see on this map. A ground where we can hide, please check together."

At the captain's words,

"Okay, that's it."

"Hey, how much did you help kill your countrymen?"

Charlie slapped him maliciously. The captain didn't scold him, but he said to Charlie, "We'll get out of here as soon as the scout gets back. Tell the soldiers.", And he hardened his attitude.

He also skipped instructions to drop off other subordinates, and the NCOs began to move accordingly.

In it, another malicious word hit his ear.

"If only my sister had survived, she could have enjoyed various things while she stalked."

The whole body was full of hair.

Instantaneous anger and hatred filled his thoughts with black, and he was taking a step forward.

The step lightly shook the ground with a loud noise.

He didn't know what the step was for. He didn't, but there was an undeniable killing intent in him at the time.

His sister's smile, the flames of hell that surrounded the city of Dresden, and his cold, hardened body shuddered at the same time.

"What? I mean, let's do it."

Charlie shuddered with a scared face.

What the hell was he going to do?

The passion cooled as fast as the moment it arose.

"No."

He coughed silently and stepped back with the power of the "King" that was about to express his emotions.

He couldn't do anything.

After all, he could do nothing and choose nothing.

(You reign as the only "King" and rule all human beings. Condemn fools.)

(Everyone will be happy.)

"Captain, the map."

He turned her back on everything and muttered in a dead voice.

After that, everyone turned around and didn't become obnoxious or talkative.

He made some supplementary corrections to the extent that he could see from the inaccurate map presented and, as he was told, showed where it seemed most suitable for the troop to hide.

Without including any other intentions, he simply derived and submitted the requested response. Deep in the forest that stretched across the mountains, there was a depression on the north side of the ridge that looked like an indentation. It seemed that there would only be one place where this number of people could hide.

Immediately the troops left and marched into the depression. They reached their destination before dark that day.

Here, they caught up with the pursuit unit approaching from behind and changed the direction of the march to target the Western Front. Since it would be a march of considerable strength to the western front, they had begun taking turns resting while preparing for the engagement when the pursuit unit found them.

But no one was willing to go to bed.

Suddenly, the sound of planes cutting through the air echoed off the trees in the forest and was heard eerily bulging, and the trees near him exploded.

It was a bombing.

Everyone in the unit immediately tried to lie down on the ground, but some were delayed a bit. The next bombardment came in rapid succession, crushing the last like clay dolls.

Within that, he was standing alone.

He quickly realized what had happened.

The impending manhunt was a move to bring the Command into that dead end. Germany decided not to recapture it, but to destroy it.

Without a recommendation of surrender, they unilaterally massacred with the arms deck of the tank unit that he had prepared.

A grenade-like thing hit his cheek and burned him. But he didn't even rip it off and he wasn't affected by anything.

He was stunned when the soldiers around him crouched on the ground and had to wait, trembling as they were hit by a projectile that crushed his body.

Explosive smoke, smoke from the dirt and body parts of the soldiers that were ripped apart by the projectiles splattered, blocking their view.

With the roar that even the screams near him couldn't reach, the smoke in front of him suddenly vanished and he could see Charlie crouched down.

He was crying. His eyes met. Until now, he had only faced malicious and hostile faces towards him. But now, they had all fallen off him and were there in a state of helplessness, trembling from the water that flowed from his eyes and nose.

A projectile entered before he thought of anything about it. Charlie's arms and part of his head grasped right next to him.

He was crying too before he knew it. He began to walk aimlessly, leaving it dripping without drying it.

"What should I do with them?"

There was no one around him who held the shape of a person.

"Everyone, then... should they have forgiven and saved them?"

He had that power. There should have been power so that no one could die.

But he didn't do that. No one was saved. That said, he doesn't fight anyone.

He did nothing, they did not confront each other, they did not step on them, there was only slaughter.

The person who did it had his own dream, but he was dead.

"What did you want to do...?"

It was the lieutenant who protected him as he exited unharmed by the missile storm.

It was the Japanese lieutenant, Daikaku Kokujoji, who was entrusted with a power by the Führer, organized a pursuit unit and acted as a repellent himself.

The lieutenant who saw him said nothing. He knew the situation he was in and what he did or did not do, but he silently welcomed him.

The captain, who was in command of the pursuit, was terribly surprised to see him intact and protected, but the lieutenant cheated. The commando took him away, but he miraculously escaped just before the bombardment.

The lieutenant gave him winter clothes and rice balls made from rice cooked in Iikura. With the handcuffs removed, he received the rice ball from the lieutenant.

By the way, his sister, who was interested in the Japanese food that the lieutenant brought from time to time, served rice balls and pickles. His sister, who started her own research on fermented foods, which was considered the heart of Japanese food, produced a lot of terrible prototypes, but the pickles were good. Those went well with rice.

The lieutenant's rice ball he ate was sadly delicious.

There were various memories of the lieutenant, his older sister, and the three of them.

The meeting of his older sister and the lieutenant, who brought a new breeze to the world of the two.

Investigation of the "Slate" by trial and error of three people.

The Klippe that he carved with the lieutenant for his sister at Christmas. A little party that night.

Successful start-up experiment of the "Slate".

A dream told on the banks of the Elbe river.

"The "King" will open many possibilities and bring prosperity. With great power, he can provoke violence, or, on the contrary, squeeze it in order. However, he can be a force to protect what is important and, above all, he will change this situation. It has the potential to be anything."

On the banks of the Elbe river, he said that to the lieutenant and his sister. After a successful start-up experiment, he was fascinated by the light of possibility. The light looked like sunlight shining on a dark night.

"The dawn of humanity."

He does not cry anymore.

"Lieutenant."

He called out to the lieutenant as he looked at the half-eaten rice ball.

"EX-Alpha, the individual "King" creates an individual by incorporating others into the feedback loop of causality bias. You can share your strength with different strengths. My power as a "King" can be said to be to be immutable, a power that is unaffected by any tangible power, other than blue that has excellent mastery and red that specializes in destructive power expressed in mice. In other words, my individual B will have similar, if not immutable properties. I thought I would do that for my sister that night, but it was too late. My sister was dead. However, it works in the living. I was alive until then..."

He didn't quite understand what he was saying. Maybe the lieutenant wanted me to blame him.

He did nothing until they found him, because of his anger and the emptiness of his nest. He didn't even resist because he was terrified.

The lieutenant, who was silent the entire time, muttered a single word.

"Isn't there an answer, Weissmann... What do you say, the path of happiness?"

He couldn't return any words.

He was involved in aircraft design when he was on the Artillery Board.

He planned to organize it into an air fleet as a flashy new weapon, but when it was completed, the situation had changed so much that he was put to sleep in a bomb shelter without even flying.

The name of the aircraft was "Heaven".

At Tempelhof airport, on the outskirts of Berlin, he was about to leave with the Himmelreich.

The lieutenant who was walking a little behind him, had a stern look the whole time. The lieutenant knew well that what he was trying to do was not express the departure in neat words, it was just an escape.

"Are you sure you can break through allied air defenses?"

The lieutenant asked in a firm voice.

"Yes. Even at that size, it is possible to adjust the composition of matter and adjust it to me. Then it becomes an unbreakable shell that no one can invade. It is easy to get out."

Even his power, that he couldn't do anything, could easily create an escape route for him. Looking away from his own feelings, he asked the lieutenant.

"Is it okay for the lieutenant to be better than me? After finishing the cleaning, you will return to Japan by submarine."

"Yes."

"Are you really taking the 'Slate' to Japan?"

The lieutenant had already begun to deliver the "Slate" to the Japanese army and carry it out. Nobody was still worried about the abandoned "Konig Project" in the worst case, and he was able to handle it with the authority of the lieutenant.

"Oh. I should have said it by now. If you don't, I will."

The lieutenant's voice was unwavering. However, he was distressed by the lieutenant's determination and told him.

"Will you become 'King'? It's not an easy thing."

"I know." Said the lieutenant.

However, the lieutenant said throwing it out wouldn't help.

That's why he would.

At least to achieve the desired miracle.

Hearing the lieutenant's words, he felt like crying over defeat.

Unlike him, who was so desperate that he couldn't move, the lieutenant faced the light. He wondered if he would really realize the scene of the dawn of humanity that he one day dreamed of.

He narrowed his eyes and looked up at the sky. The color of twilight was spreading as the sun had just dropped beyond the horizon. The night would come soon. He would go to the night sky.

Crushed clouds flowed across the twilight sky.

"Everything flows and disappears. This war is over."

"Nothing ends."

"It's over for me."

Still, the words of a friend declaring that it was not the end under any circumstances, it was the only joy in the cold darkness.

"Finally, I ask again..."

"Bye, Lieutenant."

With his back to the lieutenant, he began to walk.

The distance between the two disappeared.

A huge rigid aircraft shaped like a whale. He walks to where his last home would be, traveling without destination.

"You run away..."

He heard a low voice.

An angry and scolding voice hit him on the back because he hadn't abandoned him during that time.

"You're running away, Weissmann!"

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He drowned in the torrent of memories.

"Kukuku." A laugh rang out.

"You ran away. You turned your back on everything and chose not to get involved."

That's how it is.

He sent all his dreams to a single friend and he ran away.

"You didn't choose anything. You didn't save anything. You didn't do anything. You were afraid of your bloated dreams and you threw them all away."

Like a prosecutor reading the indictment, his voice pinpointed the crime.

"I won't blame you."

His soft voice stroking him suddenly, tickled his soul.

"Once again, throw everything away. I will pick it up and use it carefully. Anyway, you are empty. You have no intention of using that power for anything, you just have a surplus. Doesn't your heart seem to no longer is there?"

The voice laughed as he caressed the softest and weakest part of his heart.

"Leave it to me. I'll take all difficulties with you. You can also inadvertently close your eyes and dream of a happy high school student who has no responsibility. You don't have the power or the right to reject me, do you?"

He felt as if he were dragging him slowly to the bottom of the swamp. He couldn't resist, and was tempted to think that it would be easier if he slept like he was, as that voice said.

Yes, he had no power or right. He was a mindless creature who could do nothing, did nothing, and just floated alive. Whether his eyes were open or closed, nothing would change. He was caught up in those arrogant thoughts, and the world was going dark.

However, another voice emerged in his consciousness that was obstructed.

"I haven't given up yet."

"Neko is from Shiro and Shiro is from Neko!"

Kuro. Neko.

They kept looking at him the whole time.

He taught him the strength to never give up. She taught him the power of pure affection.

She gave him a name and kept calling him when no one else had.

As long as they were there, he could not abandon them.

He still didn't know how to be happy, but this time, he wouldn't run away doing nothing.

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"Tsk."

The "Colorless King", who was repelled from the boy's body, returned to Kukuri's body with a pitiful voice.

"Kukuri!"

"Well, you're putting it off!"

The fighting voice of Kukuri and Kuro, whose body was taken over by the "Colorless King", was heard far from the boy's ears.

The boy was lying on his back on the floor and was looking vaguely at the ceiling. He still couldn't move well because his consciousness and his body were too big. He breathed quietly, so he was doing his best.

Neko, full of tears, was reflected in the boy's vague vision.

"Shiro! Shiro! Hold on!"

Oh, he wanted to tell her that she didn't have to see him that way.

Kuro, who had abandoned the pursuit of the "Colorless King", knelt beside the boy with a worried expression.

"Don't move! You were just attacked..."

He try to tell him that he didn't need any help. The piece of glass that pierced his abdomen finally fell off and his wound had been healed. Even if he forgot everything and became a helpless high school student, his body had unvarying power.

Before Neko and Kuro's words came out, silver power flashed on the boy's body. The power of the "King" that he obtained under a shower of bombs in Germany in 1945. However, after that, he did nothing and stayed alive.

Neko and Kuro stared at the boy who was glowing silver, speechless.

The boy slowly stood up and smiled to reassure the two with anxious expressions.

"Macht nichts, ich bin unverwundbar. (Don't worry, I'm immortal.)"

He then said that he was not hurt, but his facial expressions remained confused.

The boy kept talking to tell who he was. "Endlich habe ich verstanden. (I finally got it.)"

"So you're really the 'Colorless King'?"

The boy shook his head at the confused Kuro, saying that was not the case.

"Mein... (My name...)"

Only then did he realize that he had just spoken in his mother tongue, German, due to the sudden return of his memory. The boy changed the language to Japanese, which has been familiar to him for the past decades, and responds.

"My name is Adolf K. Weissmann. The first king, the 'Silver King'."