



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

CHAPTER 14: VIEL GLÜCK (GOOD LUCK)

Before he knew it, he reached a wooded area at the back of Gakuenjima. The shrine where he found Munakata last night was also nearby.

It was likely guided by Munakata's intention to minimize the damage caused by the aftermath of the battle on the school premises. Suoh chuckled, saying that he was a flamboyant guy even in the middle of the fight.

He didn't feel bad. His anger continued to swirl in his lower abdomen, and the flames within him continued to try to pierce Suoh from within.

Still, there was a strange freshness.

He had a feeling that that unease, which had been settling on Suoh for a long time, was clearing up. Of course he knew what to expect.

"Hey, Munakata. My target is not you."

A smile leaked involuntarily. Lifting the edge of his lips, Suoh looked at Munakata.

"Isn't it going to be fun?"

Munakata didn't move his expression. Keeping silent, he looked at Suoh coldly.

But the next moment, the consciousness that they directed only to each other is directed in another direction. At the same time, they looked up at the western sky.

A pillar of silver light stretched into the sky.

"Oh..."

"This is..."

In front of the two people who were carried away, the silver pillars of the divine limb that pierced the earth and the heavens split into fine stripes and parted like an umbrella.

The silver-white light umbrella turned into light particles and disappeared. Among them, a swaying sword appeared that glittered high in the sky.

An enormous silver sword with the point towards the ground.

It is a silver colored sword of Damocles.

Suoh and Munakata looked at the sword for a moment.

When the silver sword flashed in the sky for a moment, it disappeared like particles of light as if the sand was collapsing.

Suoh, the owner of wealth, and perhaps Munakata, who saw the silver sword for the first time, were the ones with the power.

Adolf K. Weissmann, the "Silver King", has been flying in the sky for over half a century and has never used his power. Furthermore, according to Kusanagi, the "Silver King" airship caught fire and crashed while he was surrounded by helicopters from "Scepter 4". The "Silver King" seemed to have died. The "King" is now in this school, unleashing a power that exceeds fighting value, even for a moment, and causing a sword to appear.

Suoh turned his gaze skyward to Munakata.

It's a mysterious situation for Munakata, and it's hard to leave his alone.

Suoh smiled provocatively.

"What are you going to do? You can go and help them if you want."

Munakata glanced back without much thought, pushed the bridge of his glasses up with his middle finger, and smiled slightly.

"And ruin this perfect moment?"

Suoh took a breath at the answer he wanted.

"You're right. After all, this is our last fight."

Suoh took a slow stance. He caught the forces in the body and loosened the shackles of control. Bondage loosened and he found the flames in Suoh blazing with joy and courage.

Munakata looked at Suoh and grabbed the handle of his sword.

"Munakata, Battou."

He draws the sword in a heavy voice.

The exposed blade reflected the daylight that fell from the cloudy sky and glowed.

"Silver..."

"King...?"

Kuro and Neko looked at the boy with a shocked face.

The boy was still fine and reality did not return, and it was a spongy feeling.

Recovering the lost memory immediately seemed to revive his life, and he was overwhelmed by the vividness of it. However, it is the "continuation" that saved the boy and recovered him from the loss, the sadness, the despair, the emptiness and let go of all his suffering.

The story of Adolf K. Weissmann continues. The ruthless beginning of the "King" who was robbed and fell to the ground, and he met a person for the first time in seventy years, knowing the strength and warmth of her.

The boy smiled at Kuro and Neko who were looking at him.

"But now I can say it with all my heart. After all, I am Isana Yashiro."

The continuation of Adolf K. Weissmann is Isana Yashiro. The one who should be carrying a weak and stupid Weissmann on his back is Isana Yashiro, who now had Neko, Kuro and the others from this school island.

Kuro holds his head in a confused way.

"What do you mean? What the hell is that?"

"I'm sorry to surprise you. It's complicated because my body and mind are different, but... I'm the initial "King" you lectured me about earlier, the first king, the "Silver King"..."

To Kuro, who has black and white eyes, the boy told about his last memory of being in the body of the "Silver King".

"December 7... On the day of the incident, I picked up the 'Colorless King' in my body, on the airship. He had declared his intention to board the airship from the ground. It's an embarrassing story, but I decided that I would no longer be involved on earth. I also thought I was not qualified to get involved. If the 'Colorless King', born in secret, was asking for help, I just thought I would tell him to go to the 'Golden King'."

"Help...?"

"An app called "Candle" that was pointed at the airship. For some time, it was popular for people with a problem to hold it up to the airship for help off the ground. On a whim, I would sometimes pick up a person holding a "candle" in the path of the airship and listen to them. Although I left the ground and escaped to heaven, I think I could not get rid of my loneliness, loneliness and longing for relationships between people."

The boy looked down. He remembered when the "Colorless King" appeared who looked the same as him.

He wasn't asking for help. He called himself the Seventh King, the "Colorless King", and said that he had ambitions.

When he heard that, he thought he wouldn't like it. He did not want to hear about the content of that ambition and he did not have the will or the qualification to judge whether he was right or wrong.

The power of the "King" who cannot move in the good or bad direction by himself and continues to rot there, he only thought that that person was willing to act with some

purpose, but he could not understand how it would affect humanity. The only thing a spectator could do was keep looking.

So he tried to tell him that too.

"I'm not on the ground anymore..."

"Isn't that in good taste?"

He told her anticipating the words.

"That's how it is..."

He looked up with a bit of regret and laughed terribly. He lifted his mouth in a crescent shape and his eyes widened. He felt something come out of his eyes and jump into his own eyes.

"I'm interested in your immortality! That's it! Immutable and immortal power!"

Everything was in a moment. The beginning "King", who had unchanging power, was easily kidnapped, clinging to the open hatch without knowing it, and staring at the silver-haired man who was his body until just now. He was kicked by the leg of him, that he laughed and said "Bye.", without any help.

"So did the body change at that time?"

Hearing the boy's story, Kuro frowned.

"Yes. To be precise, I think it was stolen rather than replaced. But my conscience and soul were not stolen, as I am the 'Silver King'."

With a rough expression, Kuro thought, as he looked at the boy's body, that it is not the original.

"The 'Silver King' is immutable. He is not affected by any external action. He has absolutely inviolable power. So, the characteristic of the 'Colorless King' is that he can interfere even with a 'King'."

The boy attended.

"As a result of my unaffected power and his power that could even interfere with a 'King', it was stolen from me and he lost my power. I lost my place. My soul escaped to the body he left, perhaps the memory loss is due to shock."

"Oh! That's why you were able to fall from the sky without getting hurt!"

It seems that Neko also bought the main point of the story. Accepting the crazy facts, she jumped up and grabbed onto the boy's arm.

"This too!"

Neko turned the boy's clothes over. The wound where he was stabbed by Kukuri earlier, was no longer there. A piece of glass with the power of "Colorless King" was driven into the boy's belly, but the wound was regenerated by the invariant power that has been transferred to that body along with the boy's soul.

"In other words, the one who manipulated that body and killed Tatara Totsuka..."

"Without a doubt, it is his job."

In response to the boy's statement, Kuro bitterly distorted his face.

"The "Colorless King"..."

"He seems like he has been jumping from body to body many times. He has already discarded my original body and went to another..."

"Ah!" Neko said. Kuro also guessed and deepened the frown between the eyebrows.

"So, Kukuri is..."

Kukuri was a kind-hearted girl. Such a girl stabbed the boy with such a terrible physiognomy. Maybe he was still trying to kill someone. He felt cold when he thought her hands were about to be contaminated regardless of her will.

A girl who loves everyday life, laughing happily every day. Kukuri taught him the warmth and beauty of people's activities that the boy had long forgotten.

He always thought that he had no right to be on earth and was not qualified to judge the good or the bad of what other Kings did. But not. If he has rights or qualifications, that was just an excuse. He was just scared.

The boy stared at the weaknesses within himself that he had been looking away from for seventy years.

(The dream that I abandoned now leads to this situation. You have to clean your dreams yourself. Not for the welfare of all humanity. To recover the little happiness that caressed the people who were on this school island.)

The boy looked at Neko and Kuro and said.

"I'm going to save her. Can you help me?"

At the boy's request, Kuro and Neko attended.

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The silver sword of Damocles appeared and disappeared.

Awashima rolled her eyes at a series of situations that she cannot understand.

"That was the sword of Damocles, but..."

The battle between "Scepter 4" and "Homura" was escalating, with upheaval and the pilgrimage of Awashima.

"Misaki! Keep your eyes on me! Your only opponent is me, understand?!"

Fushimi, who usually shows only a lethargic face, became enraged and attacked Yata, who was fascinated by the silver sword of Damocles. Yata soon regained the heat of the fight and position from him.

"Tsk! Thanks for remembering, you damn monkey!"

Fushimi, who revealed his personal feelings and showed a fury that he doesn't usually show, increased the fever as if the other members were also inspired.

"Don't fall behind Fushimi!"

"I'll check this place as soon as possible!"

However, the fat man inspires his friends by saying, "Come on! Finish them off!", and the members enthusiastically shout and strengthen their attacking hands.

Awashima kept skipping instructions desperately, paying attention to the whole from the apse, but there was no prospect of suppression. Only the damage from both fields gradually accumulated.

"It's a muddy war of attrition."

Awashima put a lot of effort into the hand that held the handle of her sword.

Would they keep fighting until they collapsed together? However, it was impossible to withdraw leaving unrelated students on the island, and Munakata was still missing. Even if she gives them an instruction to retreat, there is a high possibility that they will collapse due to being overwhelmed by "Homura" who keeps increasing the outflow of flames with blood on their heads.

When Awashima bit her teeth, a blue Damocles sword appeared deep within the school buildings and other buildings, above the wooded area.

It seemed to be a sign of hope, and Awashima's expression took on a cheerful color.

"Captain! He's safe!"

However, the joy lasted a moment. The space next to the blue sword of Damocles was distorted and the red sword of Damocles appeared. Looking at the red sword that was about to collapse, the joy that rose to Awashima's face quickly cooled.

"The "Red King"..."

The two swords floating in the sky indicated that Munakata and Suoh were together, and that the battle was about to appear with the sword of Damocles.

Even in full form, there were times when the two collided. At first, they were shocked and trembled with a sense of crisis that the Reyes collision would increase the danger of Damocles falling, and as it was repeated, it eventually became a kind of everyday life, and now they were in the final battle.

Awashima's back jerked when she realized that she thought it was the "last" battle.

Contrary to Awashima's fear, the Red Clan members screamed as if the appearance of Suoh's sword of Damocles was a sign of hope. The flames that went against his body with more violence burned. Unlike their own "Scepter 4", they were delighted to exert their power and burn inside.

Awashima looked at the two swords of Damocles floating in the sky, feeling frustrated. Damocles' red sword was somewhat cracked when Awashima first saw it, and it was more visible than Munakata's, which was perfectly shaped. Now, however, Mikoto Suoh's sword of Damocles has collapsed to an unprecedented level, and the detached debris from the sword is scattered in the air like sand.

Inevitably, the tragedy of a dozen years ago revives in Awashima's head. The fugitive of the predecessor "Red King". The failure of the "Blue King" to stop him.

The fall of Damocles.

Awashima bit her lip hard.

"I'm sorry. I'll leave you in charge of this place!"

Awashima kicked the ground, entrusting command to Kamo who was next to her. She heard Kamo make a terrified voice, but she couldn't stop herself.

It is highly unlikely that she could do anything by going to the battlefield between the Kings. Still, if she wasn't there, she definitely wouldn't be able to do anything.

Awashima ran with a reckless and defeated wish that there might be something more than continuing to lead the war of attrition there.

She kicked the ground with her extraordinary power and leapt onto the rooftop of the school building with a leap that is impossible for ordinary people.

As the sky drew a little closer, the sword of Damocles seemed closer than before. The blue sword of Damocles, which normally encouraged and inspired Awashima, was lined up with the crumbling red sword, giving a sense of frustration that made her feel like her chest was being scratched.

Suddenly, a soft voice came down from above Awashima, who tried to step forward with sad determination.

"Well I'm sure you're a great 'Scepter 4' person, aren't you?"

It was the voice of a child with a dull tone that did not suit this occasion.

When Awashima looked up in the direction of his voice, confused that he was on the rooftop, the suspicious boy put on a red umbrella and clung to the Strain girl on his neck, hung her up and floated in the air.

For a moment, Awashima forgot the feeling of sadness and impatience and was absent.

"Actually, we need to talk."

Yashiro Isana, a boy floating on the edge of the rooftop, asked to speak. Awashima suddenly returned to herself and quickly drew her sword.

"You!"

A child who can be said to be one of the causes of this situation was flying through the sky with a smile like Mary Poppins. Awashima lost sight of reality in an unexpected situation.

Awashima, who drew her sword, did not move, and the boy was trying to lower himself unreliably as he trembled up and down.

"Wait a minute... this is the first time in a long time... I haven't been able to do it yet..."

The boy managed to land on the rooftop, descending to Awashima's height, flailing his legs awkwardly and swinging in the air.

The boy had a friendly smile at Awashima from start to finish, but the Strain girl, who was accompanying him, made a threatening face, like a vigilant animal cat.

Awashima suddenly remembered what happened at the stadium. Yes, this girl was a Strain with cognitive control. She possessed the ability to show strange things and confuse people.

"It's another illusion again!"

Hallucinations caused by reconnaissance operations are defeated by strong will or shock. Awashima swung her sword forcefully. She was convinced that their bodies, who received the sword, would be illustriously annihilated, just like the common people who suddenly appeared in the stadium.

However, Awashima's sword struck the skin of the boy's right hand.

Awashima took her eyes off him. Although the blade of the sword struck him, his skin was not cut at all. Even if she put a bit of effort into it, she didn't move anymore as if she had stiffened.

In front of Awashima, who was confused, the part where the boy's skin and Awashima's sword blade came into contact suddenly lit up with a silver glow. The light grew stronger and spread, and traveled the length of the sword to Awashima's hands, wrapping her entire

body in silver. It was as if she was being eroded by the boy's power, and her voice screaming from her was about to leak out and she swallowed it hastily.

The boy smiled, he took the blade of the sword that still touched the back of his hand and raised it with a casual action that can be performed with the remote control of the television. Then, Awashima's body gently emerged, as if gravity had disappeared.

"Eh?!"

This time the scream couldn't be swallowed and escaped from her throat.

It felt like it was a balloon or something. The boy was pinching the blade of Awashima's sword as if he were holding a row of balloons, and she was worried that if she let go of that hand, she would go up to heaven and could not return. Awashima grabbed the handle of the sword with both sweaty hands and flapped with her waist to somehow return to the ground.

"Oh, do not worry."

Said the boy with a simple face, and came back to the surface.

"I simply tuned into your biological wave spectrum and allowed myself to sync. I mean, I temporarily shared the Silver Sanctum's gravity shield effect as a member of my clan."

"Oh, put me down!"

She understood that he seemed to be trying to reassure her, but there are no snippets that can reassure her. The ground grew farther and farther away. Is this also a hallucination? No, she was definitely floating. She could only think that she was floating.

Even if Awashima was in a hurry and tried to break free, the boy laughs saying "Ok.". The boy, who couldn't cope with Awashima's agitation, turned his gaze towards the school building several tens of meters away.

"Relax. Next stop..."

At the same time as the boy coughed, Awashima and the body of the boy hanging the Strain girl were each enveloped in a spherical light. It was a fairy tale scene that seemed to be inside a sparkling soap bubble, but Awashima was quite helpless as if she were a capsule toy. The silver sphere of light that surrounded Awashima began to move with tremendous speed and flew as if gliding in the sky. Awashima yelled loudly.

Awashima and the others gliding through the air like shooting stars jumped as if thrown into one of the windows of the school building.

The moment she entered the room, the silver light that surrounded her disappeared and Awashima crumpled and rolled on the floor.

As he himself stated, the boy himself slammed his hips against the ground and put a light "painful" cape on him, probably because he was not able to control his abilities.

"Oh, sorry to interrupt."

"Why are you here?!"

She heard the boy's voice greeting someone in the room with a fuzzy voice and the surprised voice of a man. When Awashima raised her face after somehow regaining her posture from her unfortunate rolling posture, there were several familiar Red Clansmen. One of them was Izumo Kusanagi, the master of the HOMRA bar and the staff of "Homura". From his stunned mouth, she saw the cigarette fall into his mouth.

In other words, this was "Homura's" command room, which the school occupied. Awashima, who was suddenly thrown into the center of the enemy, hurriedly stood up and held her sword. Things she didn't understand happened in rapid succession and she almost cried.

Kusanagi also compares Awashima to the shocked-faced boy, and for the moment, he pulled the lighter, a fire that may be his weapon, and pointed it at the boy.

At that moment, he heard a clear voice.

"He is not an enemy."

It was Anna Kushina, a girl with a unique presence in the red clan, who made a voice transparent like water.

"These people are not enemies."

With that said, Anna staggered. Kusanagi lowered the lighter, which was about to activate it, and rushed to support Anna's body.

Awashima was also confused and lowered the tip of her sword that she had immediately prepared.

The boy lowered the bottom of his eyebrows and smiled.

"You saved me. Actually, I'd like to talk to you..."

When the boy said that, Awashima and Kusanagi's PDA announced an incoming call at the same time. When she was shocked and looked at Kusanagi, the sound of the incoming call increased even more and even the landline in the room began to ring.

"Ah! Sorry, maybe it's directed at me. Can anyone answer that?"

The boy smiled and said that. As Awashima remained confused, Kusanagi answered the PDA first.

"Hello."

"Are you Mikoto Suoh's second in command, Izumo Kusanagi?"

The voice that echoed from Kusanagi's PDA reached Awashima. His voice was wrinkled like that of an old man, but there was a heavy aura that reflexively stretched his spine.

"Well, I..."

Kusanagi replied with a very confused expression.

"A man must be standing there, looking like an idiot. Pass it on."

Kusanagi's line of sight naturally turned towards the boy. The boy laughed with a messy face.

"Um... who are you...?"

"Daikaku Kokujoji. The 'Golden King'."

Awashima was dizzy because she was overwhelmed by a series of events that exceeded her capacity.

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Help Kukuri.

Kuro and Neko supported the boy's determination without hesitation.

It wasn't just Kukuri. All students on this school island must return safely to their peaceful everyday life. To that end, Kuro's role was to stop the battle between "Homura" and "Scepter 4."

Students cannot escape anywhere when Gakuenjima is on the battlefield. He wants both clans to recognize that this is not the case when fighting for the red and blue and, if possible, cooperate with the evacuation of the students.

To do this, the boy took Neko and went to talk to the people in command of both clans. Kuro was in charge of the front line of the battlefield.

Here and there red and blue lights exploded. Despite the absence of the "King", the battle between "Homura" and "Scepter 4" continued unabated. Injured people sometimes crouched or collapsed on the edge of the battlefield, but those who still had the power to fight continued to wield their flaming fists and swords with blue light.

"Homura" mistakenly defeated the enemy, and "Scepter 4" seemed to lose sight of the cause to protect.

When Kuro walked directly across the battlefield, one of the "Homura" members noticed that he had been hit with the square wood that he had.

He was coming. Without moving an eyebrow, Kuro grabbed the man's chest with an invisible hand and threw him into the sky.

The eyes of the people around him met on Kuro.

"That person..."

"He's the boy from the stadium!"

Several members of "Scepter 4" looked at Kuro and shook his expression, and rushed with their swords to surround him. At the same time, the members of "Homura" also surrounded Kuro and sprayed him with weapons.

For both clans, Kuro would be a partner of the suspect and a suspicious person. However, knowing that this reaction was not calm, Kuro silently turned his arm. From Kuro's right hand, an extraordinary hand extended like a thick whip, and the surrounding humans from "Scepter 4" and "Homura" were swept away and dragged away.

Misaki Yata, the captain of the "Homura" group who was fighting from a distance, noticed Kuro's existence and made a roaring voice.

"What the hell?! Black dog!"

Everyone else looked at Kuro and stopped moving.

Kuro took a deep breath and raised his voice to reach every corner of the battlefield.

"This is it! Stop the battle immediately! This is an order from the First King, the 'Silver King'."

Yata immediately lifted the gap and barked.

"Eh? Really? Can't be serious! First, my king is Mikoto Suoh, the only 'Red King'! I don't give a damn about 'Silver King'!"

In response to Yata's words, the "Homura" members shouted for consent. The members of "Scepter 4" also took off Kuro and proclaimed him high, unlike "Homura".

"Only 'Blue King' Reisi Munakata leads 'Scepter 4'! There is no law to obey the orders of other kings!"

After hearing the affirmations from both sides, Kuro stretched his back and looked around the area. He kept looking into each person's eyes as much as possible.

"If so, let me ask. Do you really know what the true intentions of the two kings are? Why did Mikoto Suoh, the 'Red King', take control of this school island? Why did Reisi Munakata, the 'King Blue', isn't he commanding?"

Some of them got angry when they heard Kuro's voice, and some seemed to be bleeding from the head.

"Your "King" may have ordered a fight, but things are changing. Now put down your weapons and await the next orders from your "King"!"

The area calmed down. The excitement that dominated the place was gone, and the cold winter air refreshed every head.

Many members of "Scepter 4" lowered their swords, as Kuro said. "Homura" had a dissatisfied face that was difficult to withdraw, but the heat to that point clearly subsided, and some people reluctantly lowered their weapons.

For the moment, Kuro took a breath of relief as the story progressed.

However, an assassin piercing through loose air ran from Kuro's side.

Kuro withdrew. A saber with a blue light pierced the place where Kuro was until a moment ago. It was Saruhiko Fushimi, number 3 from "Scepter 4". His eyes shone behind the black-rimmed glasses.

"Stray dogs should keep quiet! Worry about your own problems!"

The tone was subdued, but the voice sank with harsh anger. Kuro looked at the devilish light in Fushimi's eyes.

From the other side, a red mass clad in flames rushed in. It was Yata from "Homura", who has had a direct collision with Kuro several times.

"I hate to admit it, but the monkey is right. You are someone we cannot trust!"

He hoped this guy probably wouldn't be easily convinced.

Kuro made the attacks of Fushimi and Yata, who pinched and shot, become slimy with the ability of spatial manipulation. The two of them jumped before Kuro turned around to counterattack and landed outside the gap.

His eyes were filled with fighting spirit and pierced through Kuro.

"Never imagine fixing this with words."

Kuro came because words would not suffice.

"Come to me!"

If anyone on this island keeps fighting for nothing, then it would be him.

Not only to fulfill Ichigen Miwa's promise, but by his own will, Kuro decided to fight to help the boy in what he was trying to do.

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He was sitting on a tree branch. The legs of a beautiful high school girl that were stretched from the skirt of the uniform, dangle.

To disturb "Homura" and "Scepter 4" who entered Gakuenjima, he changed his body.

He planted a time bomb in the school with the body of a student, and with the body of a member of "Homura" he pierced through the breach of the "Blue King" and stabbed into his side. He now he was in the body of this schoolgirl, shooting Kushina Anna.

The body of a girl named Kukuri Yukizome. He thought about switching to another body because what was in this body was broken, but this girl is a person who likes Weissmann. Judging that she would still be useful to him, he used some weapons and ammunition hidden on the island, in a gym bag, to be able to fight a bit while he kept that body.

He now he was hiding in the forest behind the school and observing the situation.

"Wow, Weissmann. What are you holding on to now, even though you were completely desperate almost 70 years ago?"

It was unexpected that he lost it twice.

Weissmann's spirit was fragile and full of loopholes, and although he is easier to get in than the common people around him, the guard at the point was unexpectedly tough. Is it because of the immutable attributes or is there something that invades the deepest part of the heart?

"Do I not have to deal with the painful 'King' so much in the future? I will take over the power and responsibility of the 'King' who was rotten and left over."

After throwing it wrong, he spilled a girlish smile.

"It was fun, wasn't it? Shiro-kun. Everyday life with us is nothing. Every day you get a plate of lunch from everyone, laugh with everyone and take a nap in the sun. Kukuku. You are not a good "King", Weissmann."

He looked up at the sky. The red and blue swords of Damocles floated side by side over the forest, and a violent collision sounded and explosive flames rose from the forest.

"Good. They seem to be scraping well, and I'm looking forward to knowing which one to eat in order."

The cracks in the red sword of Damocles grew larger and looked like they could collapse at any moment. Beasts that are in his hands are scary, but beasts that don't stop even if they're in his hands will eventually self-destruct.

"Kukuku, it's good, that condition..."

He was watching the battle between red and blue in front of him, and he suddenly became concerned about his back.

His distorted smile disappeared and he looked back with a serious face.

The area where the school buildings and dormitories are lined up. He should have left the chaos there. The red and blue clansmen who danced, hated each other and shocked each other emotionally, and the students terrified with panic. They were all full of gaps and were in a state where he could easily walk with any body.

But he couldn't feel the sign of chaos at that moment.

"It's a meeting. Isn't it too quiet?"

He was in the middle.

"That's how it is."

He answered.

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It has been almost 70 years since he separated from the normal path.

The boy bit into the feeling that long time must melt and disappear in an instant.

"Weissmann."

"Yes."

The bosom of a friend who shared a time that no one else here knows, had the same dream and experienced the same happiness and sadness.

The strange voice has completely changed with old age, which shouldn't be nostalgic, but the boy felt his heart slowly warm from the voice that he was nostalgic about.

The boy looked down.

For nearly 70 years, Kokujoji continued to be the greatest "King" on earth.

Weissmann was afraid of throwing it away, carrying the dream that had begun to move on his back, and even the work of Weissmann that had escaped was his, and he continued to do everything possible to protect the "Slate" and achieve the "desired miracle" in Japan.

After a few unreliable years of turning after leaving Tempelhof Airport, Weissmann entered Japanese airspace. He was able to enter easily because Kokujoji stopped fighting and helped the Himmelreich navigate over Japan. After that, he fell apart from various comforts.

Although he escaped, he was unable to leave completely, and allowed himself to get to the place where he could see the "Slate". He received it as a message, "Look there."

And indeed, Kokujoji kept showing him. He hopes that the dreams they had dreamed of would take shape and build the world. The merits and demerits.

Not all can be expressed in words.

That is why the boy dared to choose words that were not too heavy.

"I'm sorry for all the problems, Lieutenant."

When he spoke with the old name, Kokujoji laughed with a sigh over the PDA.

"If you really feel that way, how about you fulfill some obligations like 'Rey'?"

The Kokujoji figure also chose soft words and tones, as if he was scolding a child who has gone somewhere without doing his homework.

"Oh, that's terrible. Isn't that what I'm doing now?"

"The current situation is half autonomous."

The boy smiled again after being scolded by his relaxed tone. He feels homesick enough to cry.

"Even if you become a grandfather, the lieutenant is still the lieutenant. It is also difficult to preach."

In Germany during the war, he remembers the appearance of Kokujoji who scolded him for his irresponsible dreams.

Kokujoji's voice was old and wrinkled, and the boy's voice was that of a completely different person other than Weissmann. However, when they exchanged words like these, he felt like he was back in those days when they spent their time together.

"So how are you going to get rid of him?"

"Mmm..."

Through Kusanagi and Awashima, "Homura" and "Scepter 4" have already stopped the battle and started preparing for the evacuation of the students. The number 2s of both clans who knew the identity and path of the "Colorless King" and understood that fighting the red and blue and keeping the students on the island only benefited the "Colorless King", made the decision.

First, get away from the body that the "Colorless King" can easily assume. And after that...

The boy briefly explained his plan in a low voice.

When he heard the story, the ordinary path did not budge. He felt confident about it and apologized for the fact that he would upset him later.

"Understood. It's typical of you. Honestly, just when I thought you were back after not being around for a century..."

The boy closed his eyes, feeling that he was forgiven, even though there was a slight touch of manipulation and a sign of trying to hold him back.

"I wanted to see you again if possible."

"If you think so, stop this. It's not like you're listening to me..."

Although he was slightly saddened by the voice with a bitter smile that seemed to give up, the boy intentionally made a funny and bright voice.

"As expected, you know me very well, Lieutenant! Thank you, but again, bye."

Seventy years ago, he said goodbye when he departed from Tempelhof airport and then muttered to himself, looking at his friend who was getting smaller from the airship deck.

(Goodbye, Lieutenant. Maybe we'll meet again one day...)

He was prepared to never see him again. But the threads were rejoined and the two exchanged words in this way. But the boy also cut the thread with his own hands.

The boy narrowed his eyes and said goodbye to him in his nostalgic mother tongue.

"All es gute mein freund. (I wish you the best, old friend.)"

"Viel erfolg Weissman. (Good luck to you too, Weissmann.)"

When the call was cut off and the boy slowly lowered the PDA, Kusanagi and Awashima, who were watching the situation side by side from a distance, tended to yell.

"Oh..."

"... "Silver King" ..."

The boy smiled and turned to them.

"Just tell me Isana Yashiro."

Awashima had a confused face, but she changed her mind and corrected her posture.

"Well, Isana Yashiro then. As you suggested, we first secured an escape route for the students. Now, the members of both clans who have returned to our command are beginning to lead."

The boy was in front. "Homura" and "Scepter 4", who had escalated the battle due to the darkness of the "Colorless King", have also regained their composure with the instructions and explanations given by the second in command.

However, Kusanagi was anxious about his stomach.

"With that said, if what you said is true, it is possible that the "Colorless King" will move towards the students and run away."

"No, his target is the 'Kings'. That's why he lured the 'Red King' and 'Blue King' here. Rather, the students should escape as soon as possible."

The boy said in a loud tone and looked towards the window. The land surrounding the sanctuary behind the school. Above that, the red and blue Damocles swords were still floating.

"It is not just the 'Colorless King' that is dangerous."

Kusanagi's expression was slightly distorted and painful. Awashima's facial expression was also tense.

At that moment, Anna suddenly shook her body, painfully distorting her expressionless doll-like expression and hugging her body.

"Here he comes..."

At the same time, as Anna muttered under her breath, a terrifying laugh rang out in their heads.

"Kukukuku! I won't let you go,"

A discomfort as if he was in direct contact with their nerves. He felt sick as if his soul was seized and shaken. The feeling of being manipulated by the soft part of the heart and bringing out negative emotions such as anxiety and fear.

All of them were experienced by the boy. It was the mental interference of the "Colorless King".

"There's no use running away. You are all mine. Kukukuku."

Malice echoed within his skull.

"Meow! It's in my head!"

"This is the 'Colorless King'?"

"Damn, he's making everything worse!"

They all couldn't hide their discomfort. The voice that echoed in his head should make not only the people in this room tremble, but all the people of Gakuenjima. The boy bit his lip when he wonders how confused and scared the students were, even those who were stepping onto the battlefield among talented people.

"Form a circle around my fingers, and dance until everyone dies. And give me everything, experience, skill, everything. Kukukukuku."

Even if the "Colorless King" voice stopped, the malicious thoughts reverberated and kept shaking their heads.

Perhaps the students have panicked and can no longer act properly. They are also manipulated as a container for the "Colorless King" to move freely. It was a short time, but the people who taught the boy the happiness of everyday life were about to be trampled on.

The boy turned to Neko, who was holding her head, and grabbed her shoulders.

"Neko."

"Eh?"

"I need your power. May it be more powerful than ever."

Neko opened her eyes and wagged her eyes in wonder.

"What should I do?"

Neko's eyes were confused, but stronger than that, with a light of joy and a willingness to trust.

She always thinks of herself like this. That fact empowered the boy.

In the boy's mind, the figure of Claudia who lost power in his arms and the soldiers who died in the rain of projectiles in the German forest were revived in the blink of an eye.

He once had the dream of making all human beings happy, but he could not love "all human beings". He does not forgive whoever killed his sister and he abandon his life after not being able to save her. He thought that if such a humble person was not qualified to act as "King", he would not be qualified to have a clan member.

But even if he can't become an omnipotent "King" who saves everything, he can be a "King" who protects the important people in front of him.

He come to think that because Neko liked him and showed him how to protect what he loved.

The boy stared at Neko's eyes of different colors left and right.

"Until now, I have never had my own clan. Not once. Would you like to be the first?"

The boy needed a lot of courage to say those words.

Seventy years ago, taking a step that could not be taken under the control of despair and emptiness.

He takes a person's hand and use force.

As the "King", he will save whatever he chooses to save and fight whatever he chooses to fight.

He still wanted to end the horror that had invaded the neighborhood, but he thought it would be a good choice to do nothing again.

Neko was stunned for a moment, then closed her eyes tightly and hugged the boy tightly.

"Stupid Shiro! You are my Shiro, and now I will be your Neko for a long time from now on!"

The boy patted Neko's head without hesitation with gratitude. He looked out the window.

"I won't let you do what you want."

The boy has revealed the silver power that he had hidden within himself.

It was an image that was different from the surface power when Awashima temporarily synced with him earlier, removing the power in the main part of him and handing it over to Neko from where he touched her.

Silver light moves from the boy's body to Neko's body.

"Shiro... I'm glowing!"

Neko made a surprisingly playful voice. Unlike the boy, who was nervous about his first installation, her eyes weren't scared. Seeing the boy's light on her body, he was glad to make her eyes shine.

The boy looked into her powerfully bright eyes and said.

"With the silver power, your original ability should be strengthened. I want you to do the same thing the 'Colorless King' did with that power."

"The same, talk to everyone's head?"

"Yes. Now, everyone in Gakuenjima is scared and anxious. I want to tell everyone that they will be fine. I have immutable power. In other words, my power has the ability to regain the habitual heart at any time and situation. I want you to wear that power everyone with my voice."

She chews as much as she could, but Neko found it difficult and she thought it was difficult.

Neko's illusions were weak on a grand scale. She was not only supposed to transmit the boy's image and voice to everyone as auditory hallucinations, but she also had to carry the boy's power along with the hallucinations.

Of course, this would be Neko's first attempt. However, she believed that she should be able to do so now that she became a member of the boy's clan and connected with him.

Neko looked back into the boy's eyes, her eyes shining as if she had decided.

"I hope Shiro can go see everyone, right? Let's do it!"

Neko's white hands clasped both of the boy's hands. The boy knew it, closed his eyes and gave it to Neko as if he had unleashed all the defenses of his body and mind, and developed his own sanctuary.

The silver shrine spread across the island and covered it. The power of the clan member is also strengthened in the Sanctum. Neko who gained power put power into the hand that was holding the boy's hand.

There was the feeling that the spirit only emerged when the body lagged behind.

Unlike the previous flight with Neko because of the boy's power, this time he felt like Neko pulling his hand and flying in the sky. When he let go of that feeling, the boy jumped right at his head, even though his eyes were supposed to be closed, he could see everyone's figure.

In the classroom, there were desperate crying students. Student council president Hinata was trying to cheer them up by holding Asama by her shoulders with tears of anxiety and fear.

"I can't take this anymore!"

"Stay strong! They have their hands full now. This is our chance to escape."

At Hinata's words, a boy student makes a loud voice.

"How?"

"You're right! We're never going to escape! We're going to die!"

"Wait, don't give up!"

In an attempt to stop the students' emotions sliding down in the negative direction like an avalanche, Hinata patiently cried out, showing a painful expression.

She was a strong person who was not desperate, even if the malicious intent of the "Colorless King" was poured out, and she desperately tried to look ahead without being dragged, even if the surroundings lost hope, the student president of this school is a great person. If so, another faint warmth glows in the boy's heart.

He could see the scene from the corridor.

There was a group of students in the hallway of the school building, who seemed to have been disliked by the others when they were about to leave. Between them, Mishina and Inaba were trapped in the middle of the stairs.

Oh, he didn't think Mishina would fit such a scared face. He looks good on his face when he overreacts when he gets fried chicken and makes a head lock on his head, and a bright expression that makes him laugh right away.

He felt even more sorry for Inaba. Her best friend Kukuri was in trouble now because of the boy. Inaba herself would be terribly scared. He felt sorry for Inaba-san, but the boy whispered in his heart that Kukuri would definitely recover and protect them all.

Also, he saw various scenes.

It was a strange feeling. Different scenes from different places flow through the boy's head at once. It was like watching a multiscreen, and it was as if the boy split up and existed here and there at the same time.

Although the class was different, he saw the girl who used to call the boy during lunch break and give him meatballs.

A boy from the art club who always drew pictures in the yard where the boy would flirt after school and talk about it.

The people from the kitchen department who shared artisan dishes and sweets with the boy who entered the kitchen.

Those who participated in the preparation of the school festival, who sweated and made fine accessories, and those who stayed up late and sewed elaborate costumes with joy.

Furthermore, everyone who lived together in this school, although they had no contact with the boy, appeared in front of him.

Some were being guided by "Scepter 4" to evacuate, but when they heard the voice of the "Colorless King", they got scared and ducked, and some were trying to escape from the guides. Believing they would do something terrible to them, they resisted, and the people of "Homura" were impatient without being able to appease them. Others who had stopped fleeing hid and trembled.

The boy already knew that each of them, who were about to be treated like a toy by the "Colorless King", lived hard every day. He was too far away to look down from the sky and he couldn't think of each and every life, but when he fell from the sky and lived with them, he felt them laughing and crying in their own little worlds, he felt up close that they lived with love for little happiness.

It seemed like a treasure to the boy. He would never let it be taken from him.

"Everyone, don't panic."

At the boy's voice, the students noticed the boy's existence.

In their eyes, they should be able to see the image of the boy created by Neko.

Some of the students noticed the boy and said "Oh!" Some people noticed that he was the same person in the image that "Homura" was looking for and said: "For you!"

However, some of them who were involved with him, when the boy lived in the school, seemed frustrated when they saw the boy.

"Are you... somewhere..."

Hinata murmured at a face that she should have known but that she couldn't remember.

Mishina and Inaba were even more prominent, opening their mouths in an attempt to say the boy's name and confused by the fact that the name did not appear.

The boy smiled to reassure them.

"Everyone must leave Gakuenjima immediately. Don't worry. I won't let anyone hurt you."

Everyone looks stunned at the boy.

Between them, Mishina looked at the boy as if he was going to speak to him and clenched his fist regretfully.

"I don't know... I don't know you, but..."

He was sure he was stuck, but he wouldn't come out. Seeing Mishina that he seemed to be angry with himself, the boy was glad despite this situation.

The days in Gakuenjima were like a ghost made by Neko, but not only in himself, even if they could no longer remember him, he believed that he was still there somewhere. He was happy.

"Yes. None of you know me, but I know all of you."

"What did you say?"

"You are my precious friends..."

When the boy said that, a drop of tears fell from Mishina's stunned eyes. The boy smiled deeply.

"I will guide everyone from now on. Please believe me and follow me."

The fear disappeared from everyone's facial expressions. Now that the school island was wrapped in a silver shrine and the boy's words were delivered with Neko's help, the protection of the boy's power was being given to everyone little by little. He was a mild force, but there was some animation on his faces.

People are strong by nature.

As everyone fled to the outside of Gakuenjima after the boy's appearance, the boy spoke to Neko in her head.

"Neko, there is another person I want you to look for."

"Who?"

"He's a bad guy who has taken over Kukuri's body. Can you do it?"

"It's okay!"

For a moment, he felt Neko's strength and another scene flowed into the boy's head.

It was a forest behind Gakuenjima. Except for the access that led to the sanctuary, he was there with naturally growing trees. Kukuri's body was found on a tree branch. Of course, he already knew the boy's actions. With a hateful expression, he was looking towards the school.

"I found you."

At the boy's voice, the "Colorless King" raised his face. Kukuri's big eyes narrowed and looked at the boy. The boy also looked at him from the front.

"Don't touch other people. We're going to put an end to this."

About the same time he said that, the sight that was visible disappeared.

Neko's power had run out. The boy's consciousness, which had been transferred to the illusion created by Neko, was about to revert to his original body. The appearance of the "Colorless King" who took off the boy with Kukuri's body was far from the appearance of the students who have escaped to the connecting bridge. Finally, the boy smiled at the students and pointed directly off the island, giving the "Colorless King" an attentive glance.

All the images that had entered the boy's brain were completely erased, and the only thing that could be seen in the boy was the scene from the student council room, which was reflected in his own eyes.

Neko who had exhausted her power stood in front of him and bowed like a broken thread.

"Neko!"

The boy accepted Neko's body that was about to fall. Neko was exhausted and had an uncertain expression that seemed to fall asleep at any moment, but her mouth was laughing with satisfaction.

"Shiro, did I do it right?"

"Yes, thanks."

Neko's face was sweaty, she laughed very happily and closed her eyes. As she released consciousness, Neko's body grew heavier in the boy's arms.

Kusanagi and Awashima were looking at the boy with half blurred faces. The boy looked at Anna.

"Did they all get out safely?"

Anna nodded gently. The boy took a breath after receiving her endorsement as an impressed person.

When he picks up Neko's fainted body, Anna sitting on the chair stands up and gives way. The boy gently sat Neko on the chair and patted her bangs lightly. The bangs were a bit damp from sweat, and the body temperature was high as if she had a fever, probably because it was right after applying a lot of force.

The boy looked at her for a moment, laughed a little and turned to Kusanagi and Awashima.

"Thank you both. Please take care of her."

Kusanagi said: "Understood."

The boy smiled, held the red umbrella over his shoulder, and walked to the open window.

What he could do here is over. The rest is a battle between "Kings".

"..."Silver King"!"

Awashima called out to the boy involuntarily.

"Please..."

Awashima said it in a hammered voice, but did not express the content of her wish in concrete words.

The boy felt the sincerest wishes from her and returned from him as much as he could.

"Sorry, I can't promise anything... but I'll do my best."

The windows were filled with white light in the winter afternoon. The boy kicked the ground softly and jumped from the window. Looking back at the room, everyone except the sleeping Neko looked at the boy with serious eyes.

Tangled with Anna's red eyes staring at his heart. The boy looked at her for a moment, and then the boy's gaze looked at Kusanagi, Awashima, and then Neko with her eyes closed.

When he opened his favorite red umbrella, he said, "Everyone..."

"Viel Glück. (Good luck.)"

With a smile and a sincere prayer, the boy flew off and jumped out the window.

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The "Silver King" umbrella was bright red that could be seen in Anna's eyes.

However, the one who carried it on his back was so dreamy that he seemed to melt like snow and disappear at any moment.

He and everyone, will go through what they have decided.

The boy who crossed his gaze with Anna had a kind and apologetic look. Anna thought about what he was trying to do.

"Good luck, 'Silver King'."

Anna murmured in a small, unreachable voice.

Only Neko's soft sigh echoed through the room.