



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

### CHAPTER 15: EACH KING'S CHOICE

The inside of his head was spinning. Oh, he thought he should have had a mask. The fox's face, provisionally entrusted to "his" self, was shattered when he played a bit with the "Red King" in the detention center.

"Kuku, kukukukuku."

The inside of his head kept spinning. He laughed when he turned around and was filled with amusement.

He distorted his face, opened his pupils and looked at the red and blue swords of Damocles.

"Once I have the two 'Kings', red and blue, the rest will follow! Kukukukukuku." His expression suddenly changed. An intelligent woman narrowed her eyes and put her index finger to her cheek.

"But can you really do it?"

The expression changed again and a tough young man raised his fist and barked.

"You know what you can do!"

This time, he suddenly turned into an innocent face, and a child stained his cheeks with pride, eyes shining and screaming.

""King", that's right!"

He laughed. He didn't know if it was really him because he didn't have a mask. He spread his arms to the sky and barked.

"Still, I'm the 'King'!"

He laughed on the branch of a tall tree and hastily backed away. He flipped and landed, laughed and started walking

"Kuku."

Suddenly his legs withered, he staggered and leaned against a tree.

"...Help me."

The girl's trembling voice escapes from his throat. Oh, is it the voice of the owner of this body? Did she come out inspired by Weissmann's bad luck? It's cheeky to say something different than what he thought, despite some of his habits.

"It's useless. Weissmann can't do anything about it. He's a sissy who runs from scary things, even though he only talks about finishing it all. I missed him, but when I touched his soul, I knew it well."

"Kuku.", And he laughed again and walked forward.

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Visibility was bad.

The heat from Suoh's flame broke his glasses and he took them off. Therefore, Munakata's field of vision with low vision was vaguely blurred as a whole and the outline of the object was not clear.

In such a hot world, only Suoh's flame was alive.

Along with the solid construction, he was furious. Munakata thought that this was no longer a "King" but a beast.

No, or is this the "Red King"? He just does what he wants. The essence of this man has not changed since they met.

(Have you reached the point where you come from for everything?)

The power of Suoh's "King" seemed to be trying to break through the human shell named Suoh Mikoto. In fact, Suoh's fist was burned by the flames on his body, burning his skin and spreading little by little. Even without the instrument, it was clear that Suoh's Weissmann deviation was sinking into the danger zone.

Suoh held a black flame-fueled hand in his fist that looked like it was about to burn, and shook it relentlessly. Munakata greeted him with his drawn sword.

The forces of red and blue collided and sparked, and after a moment of rebellion, they flew away from each other and distanced themselves. Stab wounds to the flanks spread. The wound inflicted by the "Colorless King" who abducted "Homura's" youth's body, was controlled by a different ability to stop blood, but the nagging pain was indescribable.

"What's wrong with you? Is that all you have? I know you can do better."

Suoh gasped, but he didn't seem to be in pain at all, instead he said that with an amused voice.

It's hard for Munakata to understand, but in fact, Suoh probably seemed amused.

Munakata also intentionally returned a smile.

"It's because I don't have my glasses."

"You're not taking this seriously, are you?"

"I can't afford not to take things seriously, especially when I'm going against the 'Red King' himself."

Suoh looked at Munakata with cat eyes looking at suspicious things and made a small mocking face.

"I've always hated that overly polite way of those like you. Can't you speak normally?"

"I do this because it is my mission as one of the Seven Kings, and it is my duty as the leader of "Scepter 4"."

Munakata distorted his expression a bit after making a simple statement.

In blurry vision without his glasses, he couldn't see details well, so he could see his rough flame shape better than usual. Munakata did not know the pain of having the power of the fugitive "King". He didn't know it, but he understood the danger from Suoh, who was still laughing fiercely in pain.

He remembered the exchange from last night. Knowing that the words would not reach Suoh yet, Munakata said to the stormy flame form of him.

"Personally, as Reisi Munakata, I would like to help you, Suoh."

Suoh snorted and laughed a little.

"It does not seem!"

Suoh trembled with a barking voice, putting a flame in his fist. A huge bullet-shaped flame flew out to swallow Munakata.

Munakata bit his back teeth and heart to death, and put his strength in his hand holding the sword as the "Blue King".

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"Damn.", Yata poisoned himself inside.

All of Yata's attacks were hit by Kuro, dodged, and hit in the opposite direction with one space after the attack. The same thing happened with Fushimi, and there was no decent attack on Kuro.

Kuro lowered his posture and plunged into Yata. Quick. Yata desperately swung the flaming metal bat to catch up with Kuro's speed. However, Kuro raised the sword that was still in the sheath with his left hand, received Yata's metal bat, and stopped it slightly. With that momentum, Yata's legs on the skateboard slid into a glide fashion. He was transported with the force of moving his feet, and Yata's body and skateboard flew separately in the air. Rolling over the piled snow, biting his teeth regretfully and lifting his snow-covered face, Kuro avoided Fushimi's saber with a slight somersault, twisted

his body in midair and kicked Fushimi's temples. Fushimi, who had eaten the swelling, was impressed and rolled without being passive, while Kuro landed lightly.

"Damn!"

Yata was furious this time.

Even with Fushimi and two people, he couldn't bear his teeth. In the past, even a strong opponent could have been handled with Fushimi, but thinking about that, Yata got angry at the thoughts of him and clicked his tongue.

In anger and regret, Yata threw his shiny metal bat at Kuro. The metal bat with the red power went against Kuro as he performed a sharp vertical rotation, but Kuro changed the trajectory of the metal bat slightly with his right hand, which has the ability to manipulate space. Yata's attack flew back to no avail with a single action like a fly.

In the past, with Fushimi, he would bite any enemy. But now, he was only fighting the same opponent, not together. They have not aligned their shoulders and they have not left their back. That's why he was so careless, he was hanging around, and they were treated like children together without being rewarded.

Yata's fist, which turned into an empty fist, was evaded, and the round kick that he unleashed with momentum was avoided by sinking, and when he thought about it, he suddenly reached out and pushed it up from below with the palm of the hand crashing into his face.

Yata was flying in the air so the contents of his head jerked and he lunged when he noticed.

That alone was not enough, and Kuro grabbed Yata's head out of the air and slammed him against the ground. Even though the snow was a cushion, he didn't realize the pain and shock that made his neck bounce.

Kuro grabbed Yata's body and threw it back without being given a chance to rebuild. Like a doll balanced by a child, Yata flew unaided.

He heard a rumble of Fushimi's voice near his ears, and was surprised to be hit by something other than snow. It wasn't until he rolled on the ground that they entwined and he was thrown onto Fushimi's body.

Although he thought it was abominable, he couldn't even talk about it anymore. When he tried to put his strength in his body to get up, burning heat and pain shot through Yata.

"Uh... guh, ah..."

It was a shock incomparable to the damage caused by Kuro.

It was hot. Yata's flames in his body were about to explode regardless of Yata's will. The power Yata received from Suoh, who was also Yata's pride, spiraled out of Yata's control and he was enraged. He felt the fear of being eaten inside.

Below his left clavicle, he felt the heat of the burning where the "mark" of "Homura" was. It seemed that the flame in Yata was about to sprout from there, and it was irresistible.

Fushimi, who had been half laid down by Yata, got up, and when he grabbed Yata's hand that was holding the left clavicle and pulled it away, he pulled by force on the neck. He could see the exposed "crust" of Yata's "mark" glowing red with heat.

"Mikoto-san...?"

A stunned tweet spilled from his mouth. He instinctively discovered that Yata's flame was being swept away by Suoh's flame, the masterpiece. When he wondered if Suoh had something that was dozens of times more intense than the heat Yata felt now, the skin all over his body was buzzing.

"His powers are out of control. He won't be able to do it."

Looking at Yata's chest, Fushimi said that looking away.

Blood spilled over his head, and Yata grabbed Fushimi's chest and shook it.

Fushimi with a cold expression, was annoyed and hateful, and felt tremendous frustration.

When did he change so much? Until a few years ago, he unconditionally believed that Fushimi would be by Yata's side.

At that moment, when he felt that he was alone in the world, he and Fushimi even planned to change this boring world. In the end, they couldn't change the world, but the encounter with "Homura" should have broken the shell of the world. Fushimi disappeared from Yata's side, even though the dull world, which seemed gray and gloomy, harbored the red color of life. He spat on Yata's pride, stomped on Yata's important things like shit, and went with the blues mimicking Suoh with sand on his hind legs.

When he grabbed his chest and pulled him towards him and looked at Fushimi's face from a close distance, the back of his eyes suddenly turned hot. Moist heat spilled from the back of his head. Realizing it wasn't pure anger, Yata bit his back teeth.

The anger against Fushimi, who betrayed him, was always brilliant. However, when he realized that he was destined to fill and overwrite the sadness that he couldn't help himself, Yata shook his body as if to shake off that consciousness.

"You really don't care about anything?! You ever saw him as your 'King'! I'm sure you're still sorry..."

Fushimi was left with a pale face. Perhaps because he was hit by Kuro along with Yata, he lost the power to quench the poison and Yata trembled with his original expression.

Yata expected Fushimi to say something, but shortly after waiting for an answer, Kuro's calm voice dropped.

"Haven't you guys had enough? You're the only ones still fighting."

The blood that had risen to his head with Kuro's voice bathing him in cold water fell a bit, and when he looked around again, there were no more humans than them in the blink of an eye.

The place where "Homura" and "Scepter 4" mixed up until a moment ago had calmed down. It seemed that the sound disappeared from the place when Yata and Fushimi fell silent, perhaps because the accumulated snow absorbed a small sound.

As if to break the tranquility, he heard a thick voice yelling "Yata-san!" From a distance and the footsteps of running through the snow.

Kamamoto's familiar round shape was getting closer.

"Come on! Everyone has already been evacuated from the island!"

"Evacuated? But... Mikoto-san is still fighting!"

Yata pressed under the left clavicle and barked.

The fall of the flames still remains. Kamamoto, who shared the same flame, should be well aware that Suoh's flames were very harsh and lacked stability.

Suoh was probably now fighting the "Blue King", burning in his fierce flames. To get rid of the disturbing "Blue King" and kill the "Colorless King" who killed Totsuka Tatara.

Yata tried to insist that it was impossible for him to leave Suoh and run away with congratulations, but Kamamoto's gaze was on Fushimi instead of Yata. Recognizing that, Fushimi clicked his tongue in disgust and looked away.

When Kamamoto and Yata tried to raise their voices, Kamamoto's thick arms circled around Yata's body and lifted him up.

With Yata on his right shoulder and Fushimi on his left shoulder, Kamamoto stood up without difficulty.

"Hey... what are you doing?! Put me down!"

He struggled, but Kamamoto's silly arm was not afraid. Still, Yata used to be better, but now that Kuro had messed him up, he had almost no energy left and he could only make his limbs move like a child.

(This bastard, Yata-san, who always follows him around like a little brother, can't just say it in those moments! Why are we the only ones running away when Mikoto-san is there?)

In contrast to Yata, who screamed and yelled to let go of him in anger, Fushimi was careless, perhaps giving up.

"Put me down. Leave me alone."

For some reason, Kamamoto politely responded to Fushimi's annoying little words, even though he ignored the angry voices that Yata continued to say...

"I don't even want to help you. But I think our 'King' would have compassion. Mikoto-san is a big-hearted guy. He wasn't bothered by your betrayal."

"That's what I don't like about him..."

Fushimi was silent. Kamamoto ignored Yata's resistance and started running with the two of them. Yata screamed in anger and regret.

The view, fixed upside down on Kamamoto's shoulders, seemed as if there was a sky under his feet. Beyond the white sky beneath his feet, the red and blue swords of Damocles line up.

Seeing the red Damocles sword that broke and emitted a red spark, Yata frowned tightly.

The "mark" sign carved below the left clavicle was still very feverish and painful.

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After seeing the two most troublesome and strong "Homura" and "Scepter 4" taken off the school island, he was relieved to rush during the evacuation period.

At the right moment, the boy with a red umbrella descended from the sky like a great bird.

"Thanks for your hard work."

"Oh, I had a little problem."

"We finished our part too. Neko did the best she could."

The boy smiled and looked out into the forest. The "Colorless King" may be there.

"Now, let's get to the final work. Let's help Kukuri."

The specific calculation had already been discussed. However, from Kuro's point of view, the boy's plan seemed too risky, and he frowned.

"Are you sure this plan is going to work?"

"Well, I'm counting on you to make it work."

The boy chewed with a blurry face. Kuro's astringent face deepened.



Although he regained his memory of him as "King", his words and actions hadn't changed after all.

"You need to act more solemn and worthy of a 'King'."

"Hey, sorry for not being a perfect 'King'."

The boy lowered the lower part of his eyebrows and made a worried and jealous face. Kuro stared at his profile for a moment, mostly with one knee on the ground and he was frail. The boy opened his eyes and began to panic.

"Kuro? Hey, what are you doing?"

"Shut up. Let me do this."

Kuro lowered his face and closed his eyes.

He had been thinking for a long time while he was working with the boy. As Miwa's vassal, he had to comply his late master. Therefore, it was not possible to completely give in to the boy, and if the boy was a bad "King", he should be eliminated. On the other hand, he always wanted to help him.

As the boy said, he is not the ideal "King" that Kuro thinks. Kuro's ideal is still based on Miwa Ichigen.

But since it wasn't ideal, he wanted to help, support, and pave the way for him, instead of trusting him with everything and obeying him.

"Ichigen-sama. May I have your permission to serve a new 'King'?"

In a calm voice, Kuro asks the deceased loved one who lives in his heart.

(Kuro. I think your righteousness is very beautiful.)

When Miwa fell due to illness and couldn't get up for a long time, Miwa suddenly called out to him.

(You represent someone, you never blame anyone. Your strength and purity are your virtues, but you could live more for yourself.)

When he thought about it, he believed that, at that moment, he was scared by Miwa's death and had a terrible face every day. A beloved teacher and benefactor, he was delighted to live for Miwa who was his only family, but without blood ties. Miwa was Kuro's base and the pillar of the world for Kuro.

In a word, he might have been mildly concerned that Kuro's heart was too close to him. It was probably due to the detention that he gave Kuro a life that could be called an unreasonable challenge.

Or was Miwa looking towards this future as well?

(I'm glad my words can be your guide, but don't forget. You are the one who chooses the way forward.)

He believed that the word he said to him at that moment would surely return a positive smile to his words.

Kuro put "reason" in front of himself, raised his chin and looked directly at the boy.

"Kuroh Yatogami, as a member of the clan of Adolf K. Weissmann, the first king, I swear that I will stake my life and serve the 'King'."

In response to the words of Kuro's oath, the boy opened his eyes and then relaxed his expression, telling Kuro...

"I wish you would relax. This ceremony is not necessary for us to be friends."

The boy closed his umbrella and approached the frail Kuro.

"Come on."

Kuro stared at his hand and gently took it and stood up. He felt the boy's power flow from the connected hands. The boy and Kuro's body glowed silver.

His body became lighter and he felt that he was protected by something warm and soft.

This is a fragment of the boy's power as the "Silver King", and the silver clansman's power bestowed on Kuro.

Encouraged by the softness and vitality that flowed from the depths of his body, which resembled the boy's personality, Kuro put his strength in his hands.

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The self-destruction of the "Red King" seemed to be near, but the fugitive flames were terrifyingly powerful. The fire, which ate up everything before it grew weak and quenched, seemed to erode the blue order as well.

"Hey, is the 'Blue King' running out first? Surprisingly."

Beneath the torii gate of the shrine at the back of the island, he looked at the red and blue swords of Damocles and murmured with a cynical smile.

Furthermore, the inside of his head began to spin. His personality was confused. The floating smiling face turned into another human smile.

"Then, I will consume the 'Blue King' first."

"No, and then get killed by the 'Red King'?", a bad boy laughed wryly.

"Let's wait a little while longer until the 'Red King' runs out, and then we'll take it.", the intelligent man mused calmly.

"I can take my time with the 'Blue King' after that.", a young man with a hobby of atrocities licked his tongue.

The family perked up, spread their arms, and took a wobbly step. He no longer knew who he was, but anyone was fine. Everything was his.

In the rooms of the spacious sanctuary, he could walk and dance on the clear white snow that had no footprints.

"After obtaining the power of the two 'Kings', consuming the other kings will be a piece of cake! And once I have acquired the power of the seven kings, I will be the most powerful. Do you need seven kings? I'll be the only 'King'! "

"Red King" on the brink of self-destruction.

"Blue King" crushed by the "Red King".

Weissmann only says sloppy words, "Silver King."

The strongest "Golden King" who dominates from a height.

(He told me to put a mask on instead of my lost face. Although he was next to me, he only said what I liked and went somewhere, that parrot, "Green King".)

Suddenly his legs went weak and he knelt. For some reason, his body wasn't moving well.

"Oh, is someone in me rebelling against me? Cheeky despite my habit."

"Who is it? No, anyone can do it. I am me."

With his hands on the ground, he flinched a little. Unpleasant sweat resonated throughout his body. The words that escaped his lips were uncertain.

"I... I... I am... I am..."

"Grimacing with Kukuri's body?"

A voice was heard from behind, and his consciousness, which was about to be crushed, returned. A moment later, he recognized it as Weissmann's voice and looked back with his tongue.

The "Green King" gave him Weissmann's body with a red umbrella, and when he left it, Kuroh Yatogami was floating in the air with a silver light.

For the owner of this body that he was in now, "classmates, Shiro and Kuro."

Hovering in the air and looking at him from a height, the two lowered their altitude and landed in front of the torii gate.

"Shiro-kun..."

His mouth calls out to Isana, also known as Weissmann. He wasn't sure if the words he said were his acting or the personality he swallowed, but it didn't matter.

He turned the expression of innocent Kukuri Yukizome, took out a pistol from the sports bag behind him and fired at the same time.

The bullet was blocked by a silver barrier and was repelled. He ran without hesitation. He kicked the ground, jumped high over the shrine and Kuro, and leaped to the foot of the stone steps of the shrine.

His abilities weren't suitable for frontal combat. Of course, he had a certain fighting ability because he had the ability of humans who have traveled so far, but it was too difficult to deal with the "King" and two high ranking clansmen. An icy voice was heard as he looked around him to see if that body should be abandoned.

"It's useless. Those who were on the island have been evacuated. There are only a few people left here. There is no one you can easily transfer to."

From the top of the stone steps, Kuro looked down with cold eyes and said. That clicked his tongue and opened the gym bag on his shoulder.

He burned the boy's eyes with a flash bullet packed in a bag with intense white light, and started running with a pistol in hand.

It was Kuro who immediately followed him. He turned around and fired several shots, but due to his ability to manipulate the space in his right hand, he changed the trajectory of the bullet and swept back. Kuro reached out his right hand.

A hand that grabbed the subject, ignoring the distance, grabbed his neck and pulled him down.

A jumping Kuro landed in front of which he had fallen.

"Kuro, don't hurt Kukuri!"

The boy chasing them behind yelled.

(Damn. What do you do?)

He got up as he approached the target. The tip of the sword was pointed at the tip of his nose. The promise made to Miwa. Kuroh Yatogami decided to use this sword only for the fate of "cutting the evil King", and he never tried to draw it out in any other way.

The sword was being pulled out and stuck to his nose.

"Kuro!"

The boy's impatient voice flew up, but Kuro coldly looks at him without hesitation or confusion.

What will he do? The inside of his hand was already cracked. There was no mental gap in the current Kuro.

It was impossible to take over. Was there something that shook him? But this, she was an innocent ordinary person, he was trying to cut him with the body of this girl, a friend with whom he had had close contact, even though was for a short time.

How should he shake the person who has forsaken his personality for the sake of "the Lord's death"?

"This is "Kotowari", the sword of my deceased and celebrated master Ichigen-sama. This is the second time I have drawn it. Do you understand what that means? I have decided that you are an evil "King". Therefore, in accordance with the last words of my master Ichigen-sama, I will kill you. I will not allow someone like you to succeed my master Ichigen-sama as the Seventh "King"!"

He was horrified by Kuro's killing intent, which was a mixture of calm determination and no anger.

(I am the "King"! There is no way a clan member can question it! However, I have not yet eaten any other "King". I have not eaten anyone stronger than Kuroh Yatogami. And this sword. A special sword left by the seventh "King" of the previous generation.)

The word "death" flashed through his head, and he immediately cried out with Kukuri Yukizome's voice.

"Yes... Kuro-kun, is that you? You don't do that, do you? Hey, stop..."

Kukuri Yukizome's voice was overwhelmed by a tough personality that insisted from inside of her.

"Kukuku, do you want to kill me? Try it! No! No! It's a lie, please stop! Really, please, really..."

The inside of his head was spinning. His personality was uncertain and thoughts were scattered.

Kuro held the sword in both hands without changing his expression and waved it.

"Wait! Wait! No! Help me, Shiro!"

He cries to where the boy was. The sword came down from the head of him, Kukuri Yukizome, who was there. The boy was visibly upset.

"Kuro, stop!"

The boy raised his voice. There he found the light.

(Sweet. After all, this is a sweet and weak man. A Weissmann ladybug who doesn't want to face difficulties. An empty "King" who can't make up his mind and can't kill or save people.)

He leapt from Kukuri's body, straight into the boy's wavering eyes.

"You let your guard down, Weissmann! I had intended to do it later, but now it's okay!"

The boy got more upset and said, "Damn!" Once inside the boy's body, he licked his tongue and bit into his soul.

"You won't run away this time! Coward!"

The boy, who was hugging his body as if he was scared, suddenly relaxed his expression.

"I have you."

"...?!"

"Kukuri doesn't remember calling me Shiro-kun."

Even though he was able to get inside his body, the boy spoke freely regardless of his will. There was no mouth or free body.

Kuro stopped his sword by Kukuri's neck and looked at the boy he entered without any confusion.

He could no longer get out of the boy's body when he realized that he had been torn apart.

It was always he who touched the souls of others.

He walked around the human body as he desired, one-sidedly touched the soul and remembered the form, and made it his own. Once in the body, the ruler was supposed to be him. Even so...

For the first time, he was completely fluffy with the feeling of being touched and entangled in his soul without hesitation.

He couldn't move that body. He didn't make sense. The boy closed his eyes and the field of vision closed. For some reason, he couldn't hear the sound or smell. With all five senses cut off, he became a defenseless soul that simply floated in empty space, like dust in space.

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Capturing the soul of the "Colorless King" that jumped on him, the boy fully opened the outlet of his immutable power, wrapped himself around, sealed the "Colorless King" inside his body and closed his eyes.

A terrible dissonance echoed within the boy. The "Colorless King" soul struggled and screamed like crazy. The screams were innumerable, as in a great terrified crowd.

"Let go of me, stop! I am you...!"

"No, I don't like it! Help me!"

"Please, Shiro, help me..."

"You'll regret this, I'm going to kill you!"

Hearing each and every one of the voices, the boy spoke in a low voice to the "Colorless King".

"I pity you. You have assimilated too many personalities and your ego is about to collapse. You no longer know who you really are."

The "Colorless King" captured by the boy, made a sad voice.

"Why, Weissman?!"

That voice seemed closer to the essence of the "Colorless King" than any other voice he had ever heard.

"Hey, Weissmann, didn't you 'make everyone happy'? I'm that 'everyone's' crystal. You were trying to be happy. Will you make me happy or disappoint? Or will you make everyone happy even if 'everyone's' crystals' are they that dirty? "

The "Colorless King, who once touched his soul, knew Weissmann better than anyone.

He knew Weissmann's past, thoughts, and sins as if he were himself, even if he had no favors or desire to understand it.

That is why the denunciation of the "Colorless King" was like being denounced from a mirror that reflected himself.

"I'm sure you were just one person in the past. It's probably my responsibility that you did this."

The boy looked at the sweetness of his dreams and the price of him. He accept it and make a decision.

"Still, I'll beat you. I couldn't save anyone, I couldn't fight, I just turned my back on everything and escaped, but now I'm defeating you to save the important people."

The "Colorless King", sealed by the boy's power, struggled to escape from him.

"Damn it... Weissmann!"

"Let's go to hell together!"

"I am, I am, I am!"

"Go back to your true self that you forgot in the world. Nameless you..."

The "Colorless King" soul cried out in a strained voice.

"Right, I am the 'King'!"

"Ich bin der erste König. Das älteste König. Mein Junge. (I am the first king, the oldest king, boy.)"

The soul of the "Colorless King" who tried to escape from the boy was layered with his own power. The boy gently contained the soul, which had been tightly sealed until he could no longer hear his voice, deep within his chest.

He slowly opened his eyes.

In front of him, Kuro, who was holding a weak Kukuri, looked at the boy anxiously. The boy's body was sweating wet despite the cold weather. Sweat that had dripped from his hairline ran down his cheeks. Breathing out a tight breath, the boy turned towards Kuro to reassure him.

"It was an all or nothing bet, but it worked."

Kuro, who was watching with a sigh, also relaxed his expression with relief, but he immediately redid a hard face and took the boy off lightly.

"Was the chance of success that low? You didn't tell me that. You should take things more seriously."

"Okay, you can scold me later. Get Kukuri to safety."

"What about you?"

The boy did not answer Kuro's question, and silently looked up at the sky where the red and blue swords of Damocles floated. Just with that, Kuro realized the boy's intention and changed his complexion.

"Are you crazy? If you interrupted a battle between 'Kings', even you wouldn't come out unscathed."

"Don't worry. I am the immortal 'King'."

The boy smiled softly.

He couldn't take Kuro with him. The boy who started this should have taken over the "King".

"Come on, get going."

"But..."



"Go away. Someone who is not 'King' should not continue to advance."

He deliberately chose words and a voice that was cold and aggressive.

Kuro showed a scared expression for a moment, and when he scowled in regret, he silently returned the swelling.

The boy turned his back on Kuro, who was running away with Kukuri in his arms, with a pain in his chest.

"Sorry, Kuro... Take care of Kukuri and Neko."

The boy began to walk alone. Immediately, a terrifying smile appeared on the boy's expression.

In a hurry, the boy lowered his mouth and managed to bind the soul of the "Colorless King", who was about to wreak havoc, and pushed him in time. Staying on his wobbly feet.

"You don't intend to hold still? Not being able to contain yourself within me for a long time. Even though you are damaged, you are still the 'Colorless King'."

The boy slowly moved his legs and began to follow the path under the swords of red and blue Damocles.

The red sword of Damocles deepened the degree of collapse as the boy looked at it. The boy continued to stare at the scene, which seemed to roll down the road to ruin.

He roughly calculates the deviation of the power of the "Red King" visually. He could no longer stop that collapse. The "Red King" had no intention of stopping.

"Hey, Lieutenant. I really believed that my research would make everyone happy. But now, I believe that the power that I discovered, has brought nothing but loneliness. Despite having many members following them, I believe that each of the "Kings" transits down a path of loneliness. Just as your path and mine parted that day."

The red and blue shrine were fighting and playing with each other. To prove that they were incompatible, the two colors do not mix and emit aggressive light like lightning.

"I wonder if those two can walk side by side on the same path..."

The boy muttered under his breath in a small voice that no one could reach.

Mishina had a vague spongy and mysterious feeling. Maybe it was because the lie-like events happened in rapid succession that he couldn't regain his sense of reality, or maybe he was ill because he couldn't sleep in the classroom last night.

After escaping from Gakuenjima, the students were evacuating to the station yard on the mainland side of the school's monorail for the time being. The student council members

who rolled over to see if there was a delay in the escape were really quick, but all the other students had a vague face that seemed to be dreaming somewhere like Mishina.

But there was no longer the color of fear or confusion on either face.

He was a mysterious boy with a red umbrella that saved him, from despair that he had no choice but to die on the island in panic. When he called out to him, his wavy heart calmed down for some reason, and they all escaped from Gakuenjima while being led by the umbrella boy, as if the state of depression was a lie.

The boy with the umbrella was gone before he knew it.

"He... who was he..."

Mishina muttered without telling anyone.

Inaba, who was also next to Mishina, suddenly changed her facial expression and looked around her.

"That... what happened to Kukuri?"

Mishina also looked closely at Inaba's uneasy voice.

"Yukizome-san?"

The two began searching the station. Kukuri was a very solid person. They think she should work proactively if she's safe, but they couldn't see her.

Student council president Hinata was watching checking for delays, and Mishina and Inaba rushed to see her.

"President! Yukinome-san!"

"We can't find Kukuri!"

Hinata calmly returned to their complaints.

"Who was with her the last time?"

"Um... Ah! She Maybe she was with that boy... He led us..."

Inaba yelled with a shocked face. The face of the boy with a red umbrella immediately appears on Mishina's head, and his expression naturally lights up.

"Ah, he... Who was he?"

"I feel like his name is on my throat, but it doesn't come out..."

The same thing happened when she met the boy on the stairs. He believed that he did not know, but he felt at the same time that he knew him, and it was frustrating not being able to remember who he was, and tears welled up in Mishina's eyes.

"You are all my dear friends."

When he remembered the words of the umbrella boy, he felt at ease and his anxiety dissipated.

Looking at Inaba, Inaba also seemed relieved, and when they looked at each other, they smiled at the same time.

"I feel like he's fine."

"I also."

Mishina and Inaba looked in the direction of the island.

"I don't know who he is... but that boy helped us..."

They were sure that Kukuri would be fine. There was a message that if the boy was with her, he would protect Kukuri and return her safe and sound.

Mishina thought that if he could meet him next time, he would have to thank him for his help.

He really wanted to be friends with who said were friends.

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Kusanagi gently placed Neko's body in his arms, under the bridge on the mainland side, on top of a pile of building plates. The girl, who was an important person to the "Silver King", slept well.

Anna gently looked at Neko asleep and sat next to Neko huddled to protect the defenseless one.

Anna was as expressionless as usual, like a doll. But that didn't mean her emotions didn't budge. Kusanagi knew that the more she endured difficulties, the more expression lost her face. In fact, everyone celebrated Anna's birthday before he shot Totsuka.

Anna's expression was much richer until she thought it was a fun celebration.

Kusanagi stared at Anna's face for a few seconds and turned her back on her without finding the right words to call.

Standing by the sea, he was blown away by the cold wind that smelled of the tide and took a cigarette out of his pocket. Instead of using his own flame, which had become unstable due to the fluctuation of Suoh's power, he lit it with his favorite lighter.

He inhaled deeply the smoke and saw the school island across the sea. Four swords of Damocles floated in the whitish cloudy sky over the island.

He could no longer enter that place. He left it to Suoh's feelings, left it to the work of "Blue King", and left it to the aid of the "Silver King".

The smoke that Kusanagi exhaled rose to the sky. The air was colder than before. When he thought that he could snow again with that amount, rang out a loud voice that he was used to hearing from a distance.

When he looked at it, Yata and Kamamoto were coming there while talking about something. Instead of arguing, it seemed that Yata was biting one-sidedly and Kamamoto was calming him down. Perhaps Kamamoto took out that incision captain that he continued to ignore the withdrawal order to the end by exercising his strength.

"Well the idiot finally here he comes."

Kusanagi spat out a bit in great dismay and some anger, and Yata noticed Kusanagi and ran.

"Kusanagi-san! Why did everyone have to retreat? Are you going to abandon Mikoto-san?!"

As soon as he arrived, Yata raised his voice and barked.

Kusanagi looked silently at Yata. He stared at the cruel and direct face of the boy, who hesitated to reveal his pure emotions, for a few seconds, and when he grabbed his fist, he dropped it into his brain.

"What are you doing?!"

"Anna hold on in silence, but you are a screaming gangster. Don't you think that's ugly?"

Yata, holding his head painfully, heard Kusanagi's low voice and looked away with a scowl.

Kusanagi also turned away from looking at Yata and looked back at Gakuenjima, where Suoh and the other "Kings" remained.

Four swords of Damocles hovered above Gakuenjima.

Unknown red, blue, silver, and a colorless sword.

Kusanagi looked at the red sword of Damocles, which he had been looking at more closely. The sword broke into pieces and seemed terribly fragile, contrary to the fierceness of Suoh's flames.

(Hey, Mikoto.)

Kusanagi spoke to a friend who keeps shaking his fist at his heart.

(Anna desperately endures sadness, and Yata still wants to fight by your side. But you will understand too. I know, but you still try to run as you want.)

He knew from the moment he met Suoh that he could only live as he wanted. Not bending his way of life was also tied to his dignity.

(You are a selfish king who can't even be a tyrant, but since you are a king, we could unite and burn our souls together.)

The cigarette smoke exhaled by Kusanagi billowed in the wind, flowed towards Gakuenjima and disappeared.

What he couldn't do is watch Suoh burn his soul, it was something he could only see from a very remote place.

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Awashima made an icy voice without looking at him, surprising the troublesome subordinate who was walking slowly.

"I thought you were back in your old nest."

Ignoring Awashima's order to retreat, she ironically announced the criticism of Fushimi, who was engrossed in the battle with Yata. Awashima didn't know much about the relationship between Fushimi and Yata. However, she learned that Fushimi, who seems lethargic but definitely does his job, discards everything when it comes to Yata and exposes a mysterious passion that he usually never shows.

Fushimi was in a bad mood, but he probably understood that something was wrong with him. He clicked his tongue and answered in a low voice.

"Did it look like he was going to come back?"

Awashima stared at the four swords of Damocles hovering above Gakuenjima, not responding to his flirtatious voice.

It may be the first time that four "Kings" have come together from the crater.

"Do you think a large-scale incident could happen again?"

Fushimi said that in a rough voice. To be honest, if that happens, they will definitely die there.

In the case of Kagutsu, a radius of several tens of kilometers was blown up and 700,000 people were killed.

Munakata will never allow such a thing.

"The Captain won't let that happen."

"Even that he has to sacrifice himself for it?"

At that moment, the area around the temples heated up, and Awashima looked at Fushimi seriously.

It must have been ironic that he pierced her mouth out of habit. Looking at Awashima's expression, Fushimi made a slight face, perhaps because he thought he had passed through his mouth.

"The Captain is a man with a big heart. I accept you and he gave you an important position, despite your past with 'Homura'. Don't forget that."

Awashima said that softly, pushing anxiety-fueled anger into her chest.

Fushimi bitterly distorted his mouth.

"I loathe people with a big heart. All they do is look at you as something inferior. They don't care about the fights of those inferior to them. If that's what it means to be a "King", then it's just sad and lonely."

In Fushimi's words muttered under his breath, Awashima felt this young man's assessment change a little within herself.

Awashima was a bit surprised at Fushimi who used the word lonely.

Awashima looked back at the four swords of Damocles in the distance and silently exhaled.

"That's right... Therefore, the 'King' can be attracted only to the 'King'."

She looked at the sword of Munakata, whom she had known for a long time.

Unlike the red sword, it is a sword that is perfectly shaped and has no time to spare. Perfection strengthens the heart of Awashima.

However, the owner of the sword is by no means a god. Awashima knew that she was not free from conflict and suffering.

What was disappointing was that small size, which allowed her to look only from the outside in those moments.

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The force burned into Suoh's core, burned violently, and was released as additional force.

He swings his fist and unleash his power with a blazing flame.

Suoh felt the time remaining was running out, leaving himself with the elevation of the battle.

The balance of power in Suoh had already collapsed. As he collapsed like an avalanche, he turned into enormous energy and was carried away by momentum and urgency without trying to stop coming out.

It was exciting to fight Munakata as he wanted without looking back, but Suoh's purpose was not here.

This battle with Munakata was just a sideshow.

It was a fun show, the last, for the first time in a long time.

There was no impatience. There was a mysterious premonition that the moment would come from the other side when it would be time to arrive.

He returned the flames, struck Munakata's sword, knocked down the surrounding area, blew at Munakata with his fist, rolled on the ground with the sword he wielded, and released the power that had oxidized in his body. without any thoughts, various thoughts passed away.

What was left. Things that no longer exist. What was in front of him.

Feelings for them and a weak feeling flowed out as he bled in the outbreak of battle.

Munakata with a harsh expression drew his sword and attacked Suoh, who shot a flame from his burned black fist and struck him.

The moment the red flame and the blue sword tried to collide with each other, a silver light fell from above, landed between them, and exploded.

He could feel the prosperity of it.

In the center of the depth was the "Silver King". The existence of "King's" soul in the body of a helpless child stopped Suoh's fist, and he held Munakata's sword with the umbrella in his other hand.

Suoh's fist and flames were stopped by the boy's hands, who didn't even seem to be putting effort into it. A being that transcended physical power and could not be invaded by anyone remained there, not allowing Suoh and Munakata's power to erode.

Suoh couldn't understand the content of this boy for a moment.

Certainly, he felt the power as "Silver King". However, at the same time, he felt the strange sign of the "Colorless King" that had once eroded inside Suoh.

The boy put some effort into the umbrella that was receiving Munakata's sword. Munakata's sword, which was rejected by the boy's umbrella, was gently lowered back.

The silver light boy looked divine, but when he looked closely, he frowned painfully and was sweating to bear something.

The boy's eyes looked at Suoh.

"Is this the one you are looking for?"

As soon as I said that, the boy's rational eyes went wild.

"Hey! What are you thinking?! Stop! Stop! Stop!"

His pupils widened and he screamed hysterically with a distorted gaze.

He certainly had the same facial and voice distortion as the criminal in that video of Totsuka being shot, and the same scent as the "Colorless King" he contacted in the prison from "Scepter 4."

The "Colorless King" was screaming and drooling, and the "Silver King", who had regained a rational expression, slowly raised his face and looked at Suoh.

"Hurry... Only a 'King' can kill another 'King'."

Suoh raised the tip of his mouth.

"Oh, I appreciate it. Thank you for bringing it here."

Suoh gives his sincere gratitude from him. He was grateful for the "Silver King's resolve," but he was unwilling to forgive him.

He let the flames fill. The flame that he had long left behind. A flame that he had been struggling to control and confine. He brings it to a boil without hesitation.

"Stop it, Suoh! Don't do it!"

He hears Munakata's angry voice. But Suoh didn't reply.

Suoh shot from the lower part of his abdomen. His forehead was filled with red flames.

No blood, no bone, no ash. He spat out a flame that went out without a drop of his own blood, a piece of bone, or a trace.

He put everything on his right arm, which was burning red, so he could put his soul in it and swing it.

A serious and wholehearted blow that had never fought Munakata reached the center of the boy's torso with his arms extended to accept it.

At that moment, the destructive power of the "Red King" exceeded the immutable power of the "Silver King". Suoh's fist was not injured.

He pierced through the body of the supposedly unchanging "King" and killed the soul of the "Colorless King".



He felt a certain response and the death of the "Colorless King". The sound of the crumbling sword of Damocles ruin could be heard floating above his head.

Even though it was pierced through his body, the "Silver King" was still smiling. With a smile on his face, he dispersed from the center of his body. Even if the bodies that carried the souls of the two "Kings" were burned without leaving blood, bones or even ashes, the flames that escaped from Suoh's body did not stop, and turned into pillars of fire and pierced the heavens at high temperature.

Only at that moment, even if it was anger or anger, did he fade away. He felt that it was just a hunk of power. Suoh was smiling.

In the red-tinged landscape, he imagines the desert for a moment.

A vast dry desert with nothing.

He felt the freedom to run through the desert like a beast, using his entire body.

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He felt that he had a very painful dream.

Kukuri slowly raised her heavy eyelids.

"Eh? I..."

When she raised her face, she saw a young man with long black hair holding her. Looking at his face, Kukuri's anxiety eased a bit.

"Kuro... where am I?"

When he called out his name, Kuro looked at Kukuri and had a relieved expression on his face.

"Do you recognize me?"

Kukuri slowly blinked a warm smile, wondering what he was saying to her.

She still knew him for a short time, but he was a friend. She couldn't forget him. Oh, what happened to the other friends of her? She was so confused that she couldn't remember the details, but she was so scared that everyone should have panicked. She was glad that Kuro was okay.

Kukuri kept her head vague and moved her mouth.

"Everyone is safe with Kuro-kun... with Wagahai-chan... and that...?"

Kukuri was confused because she didn't know who he was when she tried to ask him.

"Kuro-kun, Wagahai-chan, and that... he? That...?"

She couldn't remember and for some reason tears came to her.

That boy was a little sick, but he was bright and kind. Everyone loved him, he loved everyone, but he was a dreamer that she felt that he was going to disappear when she realized it. So Kukuri wanted to take a closer look so as not to lose sight of him.

(Who am I thinking of?)

Unknowingly, the tears overflowed one after another.

(I think he helped me, but why can't I remember?)

Amidst the confusion, Kuro gently took Kukuri's hand as she wiped away the tears that flowed.

"Okay. Don't say anything now, just rest."

Kuro picked up Kukuri's body. He walked to the mainland at the connecting bridge. Kukuri saw Gakuenjima. What happened was a huge column of fire rising from Gakuenjima. Kukuri looked at the unrealistic scene with the feeling that he was still in the middle of a dream.

There were huge swords floating over the island. She saw the silver sword disappear as if the sand had collapsed, and Kukuri was grieving for some reason.

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As the smoke slowly cleared, the figure of a man emerged.

Munakata looked at him with a bitter feeling that his face was distorted.

Following the fierce explosion of power, the figure of the "Silver King", which had the spirit of "Colorless King" in its body, had disappeared.

The "King" was assassinated.

He murmured into his chest and felt like he wanted to click his tongue, but Munakata's tongue didn't move as if it had frozen.

Instead, the hand that was holding the sword was filled with power.

Suoh killed the "King". What happened to Suoh's Weissmann deviation, which was originally unstable, was murky when he looked at the instruments.

The air that had been boiled by Suoh's bonfire at one point was blown away by the strong sea breeze and quickly cooled. The snow began to churn.

Red power was sparkling around Suoh's body as little snowflakes danced and fell in the wind.

Suoh, standing in a relaxed posture, looked at him loosely. Beyond his line of sight, he should have seen the point of his tattered sword, which he could never erase at his will.

There was no power left in Suoh's body that killed the "King".

Suoh inhale and exhale slowly. Suoh's hot breath exhaled into the cold air was as white as smoke.

"Sorry for making you do your dirty work."

Suoh said. Munakata's visibility without the broken glasses was poor, but he could still see what Suoh looked like.

"Don't give me that crap with that calm look on your face. If you really felt that way, isn't there something you could have done before this happened?"

Munakata bit his teeth.

"Somehow, it didn't happen!"

He couldn't handle his emotions. Whether it was regret or something, he was just calmly analyzing the brain of the cold Munakata.

Suoh chuckled softly at what he had never seen.

"Say nothing more, Munakata."

The burning flame had gone out. Munakata couldn't understand at all, as the fact that Suoh, who had stood before Munakata many times without any orbit and had no responsibility as "King", was the last place he went with a purpose. There was nothing to save and no cause to protect.

And he believed that he was a selfish and imitative man in pushing the disposition towards Munakata.

Suoh was a man who only did what he wanted to do. And Munakata was a person who did what he had to do.

Munakata took hold of the sword again. Munakata's sword called Tenrou. Named after a bright blue star, this sword had no time to be wielded.

Suoh spread his arms slightly towards Munakata and looked up at the sky. Without fierceness or burning fever, it was like a whitening fire.

The crumbling sword of Damocles lost light and began to fall.

Munakata took a big step towards Suoh.

He controls the sword with the sword. Munakata's sword exactly pierced the heart in Suoh's left chest.

The sensation of tearing the flesh and breaking the organ that controls the blood that is the source of life was transmitted from the sword to Munakata's hand.

Bright red blood flowed onto the snow-covered white ground.

The life of a man who can be said to have been the only friend of Munakata, was taken by the sword of Munakata. He calls a friend who was an abominable "King" who irritated Munakata, but with whom he could look to the same horizon and say things on an equal footing.

Suoh's sword of Damocles, which had fallen on his head, disappeared like red particles of light.

Suoh's body was weak, and his chin rested on Munakata's shoulders.

Suoh's body was completely weakened, with words that seemed to be an apology to the girl he was with, murmured humorously, and a small sigh that breathed the end of life leaked into Munakata's ear.

Munakata stood for a long time holding the heavy body of a man who had lost his life, while fine white snow and particles of red light, the tip of the sword of Damocles, broke and scattered.

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(Sorry Anna. I can't show you the beautiful red anymore.)

As she stared at the slowly falling sword of Damocles, Anna's sensitive antenna caught Suoh's last words.

As soon as she recognized the parting words, the red disappeared from Anna's world, which was only red.

In a colorless world where the only beautiful color had disappeared, the emotions that had been trapped inside Anna and frozen, suddenly melted and overflowed unstoppably.

She burst into tears, a scream escaping from her throat.

"Mikoto!"

Anna cried and called Mikoto's name to Gakuenjima as much as she could.

Oh, when was it? Suoh asked Anna once.

(Anna. How do you see me with your eyes? A monster? A beast? A formless disaster?)

Anna knew that Suoh had always been afraid of his power.

He was afraid that his power would destroy everything and make him look like his predecessor, the "Red King", Kagutsu Genji. He struggled to have the power to do that and the desire to give in to the urge of that power.

In fact, Suoh was rumored to be a "red monster" in Shizume, Kusanagi and Totsuka described him as a beast, and the "Blue King" described him as a disaster-like person.

However, none of them were visible to Anna.

(Mikoto is a flame.)

Looking at Suoh, Anna replied. A smile naturally spilled over.

(A large, clean, bright red flame. The most beautiful red in the world.)

For Anna, Suoh was the one who lit up Anna's world.

On a cold winter day with flickering snow, the flames that colored and warmed Anna's world disappeared.