



THE FIRST STORY
RAIRAKU REI / GoRA

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

EPILOGUE: TO BE CONTINUED

The "Green King" looked at the monitor and muttered under his breath.

"The Weissmann deviation of the 'Colorless King', the Weissmann deviation of Adolf K. Weissmann and the Weissmann deviation of Mikoto Suoh have disappeared."

The man in priest's clothing next to him frowned at the simple words of the "Green King."

"In the end, the 'Golden King' didn't move."

"Yes, but there is a record that the 'Golden King' communicated with the 'Silver King'. Maybe he entrusted everything to the 'Silver King', or..."

The "Green King" slightly raised the edge of his mouth.

"Does the 'Golden King' no longer have enough power to move on its own?"

A child sitting under the feet of the "Green King" snorted when he heard it.

"If the most troublesome guy is seriously getting old, isn't that convenient for us?"

"Affirmative. It may not be long before we get out."

A sleek young man leaning on the couch looked at the "Green King" with tentative eyes under his long lashes.

"But it's a shame that your obsessive 'Silver King' died so easily. Or rather, the immortal 'King' actually died, didn't he?"

"What about that?"

The "Green King's" eyes gleamed as if waiting for something. His eyes were looking at the state of the school island when he was about to settle through the monitor.

"The "Silver King" is an immutable king. Even if the body was abducted by the interference of the "Colorless King", his soul escaped immutable without being invaded. Once again, his "immutability" may still be alive, although it seems that it has been burned by the flames of the destruction of the 'Red King'."

"Kuwa! Kuwa!"

The parrot, who was sitting on the "Green King's" shoulder, made a loud noise.

This parrot was a friend and go-between for the "Green King". He also had a conversation with the "Colorless King" through this parrot.

The "Green King" put his cheeks on his head as if he was aiming at a parrot.

"If the 'Silver King' is alive, he will be back soon. This time, the 'Silver King' will be on my game board."

All his friends looked at the "Green King". Everyone felt that his body was silent, but releasing a large amount of energy.

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After sending Kukuri to the place where the other students were evacuating, Kuro joined Neko and returned to Gakuenjima to search for the boy.

Neko seemed to have slept the entire time after using great power. The current situation didn't swallow well, and she was walking fast on an unstaffed school island, rolling her big eyes, only to find that the boy was purely lost.

Kuro knew that the boy headed into the battle between the "Red King" and the "Blue King", keeping the soul of the "Colorless King" trapped in his body. He witnessed the bright red column of fire that tore through the heavens with the full blow of the "Red King" and the fall of the red sword of Damocles.

Later, he crossed the connecting bridge in Gakuenjima alone and confirmed the appearance of the "Blue King" Munakata returning from a distance. He couldn't tell Neko what those facts meant.

The sun was bent, and the red light of twilight stained the uneven island of the school. The place where Suoh and Munakata transformed into a battlefield, had a particularly large mark of destruction, showing the ferocity of the battle.

He crossed between the trees that were burned black and felled, and finally they headed to the place where they could see a huge column of fire. Neko followed with an anxious look behind Kuro who was walking silently.

The column of fire rose around the shrine at the rear of Gakuenjima. Climbing up the long stone steps that collapsed after the battle that followed the shrine, Kuro made his way to the place with Neko.

As soon as she climbed the stone steps and opened her eyes, for Neko who was small, it was impressive.

In the shrine precincts, the soil was excavated like a crater and did not retain its original shape.

As they approached the rim of the crater, the ground was still warm and the temperature was transmitted underneath the shoes. Kuro walked slowly along the edge.

Suddenly, Neko screamed and ran off, yelling "Shiro!" Kuro reflexively waited for Neko to run.

However, what was there was not the figure of the boy, but the red umbrella that the boy always had.

The umbrella sank deep into the ground like a tombstone. Neko grabbed the handle of the umbrella and pulled hard to remove it.

"Uh, it doesn't want to go out!"

With Neko's power, the umbrella half buried in the ground did not move, but Neko's hand slipped and fell back. Kuro slowly approached and took out the umbrella instead of Neko. Neko desperately jumped on the umbrella Kuro was holding.

"Give it to me! I'll give it to Shiro!"

Seeing her hug the umbrella carefully, a sad thing rushed into his chest.

"Hey, Neko. You won't be able to hand it over to Shiro anymore."

He spoke those words to her in the softest voice possible. The words he spoke returned to his thoughts and he felt pain.

Neko filled with tears in her eyes and made a wet voice.

"No! I'll give it to Shiro! I'll give it to Shiro!"

It became difficult and Kuro involuntarily strengthened his vocabulary.

"Listen to me! Shiro is...!"

"Because Shiro is a 'King'!"

Before Neko who yelled that at him with a desperate face, Kuro was shocked and lost his words.

(I am the immortal "King".)

The appearance of the boy who said that with a kind expression and a calm voice revived in his mind.

That could have been a manifestation of the boy's intention to go back to Kuro and Neko.

A gentle tidal-scented breeze blew from the sea, caressing Kuro's skin to comfort him. In his heart, Kuro chanted a phrase.

(Embracing resignation, the curtain does not fall.)

He once encouraged the boy with that phrase. He wasn't going to give up. Where are you? He mentally asks the boy. He chided himself for trying to give up hope of finding him.

He walked over to Neko, who was hugging the umbrella and stiffened, and Kuro gently approached her.

"That's right. Shiro is our 'King'."

Neko stared at Kuro in amazement, and she stared into Kuro's eyes for a while, trying to discern with her large eyes.

Finally, Neko relaxed her strengthened body and placed her hand on Kuro's.

The thin white hand of her partner was tightly wrapped by Kuro and he pulled hard.

Neko held the boy's umbrella in one arm, held one hand in Kuro's and stood up.

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Reporting how the Weissmann deviations of the three "Kings", "Colorless King", "Silver King" and "Red King" disappeared, Daikaku Kokujoji replied with a single word, "Yes."

The "rabbit" gently looked at the Lord's face from under his face. There was no sadness on his face with the deep drag that makes you feel the years that he has lived.

The "rabbits" also hid a war-etched face under the rabbit-shaped face. It is an old "rabbit" that only differs ten times from the normal path. For many years, he was the oldest "rabbit" that had slipped through "Tokijikuin" and moved like his limbs.

This is why he realized that Kokujoji did not have a calm heart now.

This rabbit knew that while Kokujoji Daikaku was a solid and unshakable person, he had an old friend who lived in the soft part of his heart.

The reason why he changed the figure to "Golden King" was to rebuild Japan, which was devastated after the war. In fact, thanks to him, there is now development in this country. At the same time, Kokujoji continued to be the "King" and to defend the Dresden "Slate" due to the friendships and dreams that were cultivated in Germany during the war.

(Only I will be the ideal "King", so he watches from there.)

The "rabbit" never forgot the expression of determination that young Kokujoji had, looking towards the Himmelreich, the airship in which Adolf K. Weissmann was on board, which arrived in Japan. It was the moment when the "rabbit", who was still a child, decided to dedicate himself to his path.

"His Excellency..."

The "rabbit" involuntarily called out to the Lord, called out to him, but did not know how to continue his words after that.

Kokujoji opened his mouth before the "rabbit" found the words.

"Prepare for the departure of the 'Meifu (Underworld)'."

The "rabbit" opened his eyes. The "Meifu" was the same type of airship that Weissmann had that crashed, the "Sky" Himmelreich, and was kept secret by Kokujoji in case of emergency.

"That is the immortal 'King'."

The "rabbit" said that to get ahead of Kokujoji's response.

He was embarrassed by the misunderstanding that he thought that the reason Kokujoji's heart was not calm was because of grief over the loss of an important old friend.

The "rabbit" bowed deeply.

"Yes."

"What about his clan members?"

"Kuro Yatogami, who was a member of the Ichigen Miwa clan, and a Strain girl who calls herself Neko."

"Fix the room where he lived at school, and make it the base of them. Tell them: 'Wait for your Lord in this room.'"

"Yes, his Excellency."

The "rabbit" quickly turns around and begins to move to fulfill the Lord's intentions.

Things related to the "Silver King" are not over yet.

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He washes off Mikoto Suoh's blood from his hands.

The red one, symbolizing the man who so upset Munakata, was easily washed away by running water and disappeared.

The world seemed to be broken due to the cracks in the crystals that entered during the battle.

The gesture of washing off the blood and drying wet hands with a towel became complicated. He realized that now he was upset.

"Captain."

Awashima's voice was heard. Hearing the voice that was the flag, Munakata's disturbed emotions subsided and he returned to the control of order.

"All students on the evacuated school island were confirmed to be safe. Students whose bodies have been abducted by the 'Colorless King' do not appear to have sequelae. Only the slightly injured, but the injured students were taken to the hospital in cooperation with the ambulance team."

"Okay. Good job."

"I have confirmed all of the Gakuenjima students, but... the girl named Neko and Kuroh Yatogami, who were working with Yashiro Isana, are missing."

"That's all."

Munakata turned to Awashima. The scar on the flank stabbed by the Red Clan member who was kidnapped by the "Colorless King" was small. It was a shooting pain that did not go away after treatment.

"I wanted to ask them about the detailed history about the circumstances of the incident, but... it can't be helped, especially since the ability of that girl named Neko is difficult to trace."

"Yes.", Awashima took control and looked at Munakata as if he was looking at her. Just looking at Awashima, Munakata realized that he was somewhat disturbed even when he was seen from the edge.

"Awashima-kun. He had never made a mistake before."

Awashima didn't reply and urged him with only her eyes. Munakata continued steadily.

"But this time I made a mistake... I couldn't stop that guy."

Looking only at the results, Munakata will be the "King" who stopped Damocles from Suoh's fall. But that was what Suoh wanted. Suoh broke Munakata's restraint and ran down the road to ruin, and Munakata was only forced to clean up after that.

Awashima didn't say anything about how Munakata stopped the "Red King". He simply said "Yes." with a serious face.

Feeling safe from it, Munakata smirked to himself.

"How disrespectful. I complained."

"I'm your assistant. Tell me anything."

"That is reliable."

When Munakata smiled, Awashima's expression, which did not break her serious attitude, suddenly shuddered when she looked back.

Munakata looked back to follow her gaze.

There were countless little red lights there.

A group of small red lights moved like fireflies out of season and rose into the sky like sparks. The red lights were born from the bodies of "Homura", who looked in the direction of Gakuenjima at the seashore below the connecting bridge.

"This is..."

Awashima was impressed. Munakata also closed his eyes and looked at the scene.

"Part of Clansman's power is undone with the death of the 'King'. It is ironic that such a violent and selfish man left this dreamlike vision behind."

Fushimi stood by the bridge railing in a stunned atmosphere. He held the area around the left clavicle with his hand. Munakata knew that there was a "mark" burned in that place, from when he was in the red clan in the past.

From Fushimi's body, a small red light spilled out from the place where the "mark" was and soared into the sky.

Munakata, who was silently looking at Fushimi looking at the red light rising from his body with a face like a lost child, suddenly felt a signal to flee the school island.

A familiar kitten and a black dog run in a straight line.

"Oh."

It was the girl Strain and Kuroh Yatogami, of whom Awashima had lost their whereabouts, although they were taking the form of a small animal by reconnaissance operation.

Munakata thought for a moment and ignored it as he was.

Just today, he couldn't feel like catching and questioning those who had lost their precious loved ones.

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For a long time no one could move.

The fall of the sword of Damocles. There was no one there who didn't know what that meant.

And more than that, each of them felt the loss of their main existence due to the flames they had on their bodies.

Yata, who would have been angry if he had explained it in words, would have insisted that he did not believe it, but he was stunned without saying a word about the fact that he felt with the flame as his soul.

Kusanagi also stood up without saying anything, holding up Anna, who had collapsed from calling Suoh so much until she was speechless, and continued to look up at the sky over Gakuenjima, where the sword had disappeared.

Finally, the accelerating winter sun set, and the sky dyed only the western edge light red, filling in the signs of the night.

Anna in his arms was no longer crying, and she looked down expressionlessly as if she had turned into a real doll. He had to take her back to a warm place early.

Cooled by the snowy winter air, Kusanagi thought he had to tell them something.

Suoh was not there, who was already a pillar. Not even Totsuka to laugh and empower Kusanagi when he was having a hard time.

Kusanagi had no choice but to speak to his disappointed companions.

However, the words weren't going up Kusanagi's throat at all.

Maybe anything he digested would bring them up to speed. No, when he thought it was his role to chase after him, Kamamoto uttered a low voice.

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

What Kamamoto said was the motto of "Homura".

No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!

A word that inspired them before the battle and was spoken as an open voice so that they all became a single flame.

But at the same time, it was a word of mourning for those who died.

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

In response to Kamamoto, the people around him chanted and raised their voices, pushing their fists skyward.

He tightened his voice to sublimate his sadness, and at least he was proud to hide the pitiful appearance from Suoh that left.

Yata, who was crying in a daze, saw his friends cry and raised his fist without wiping his tears.

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

The men's voices became one, and the air swayed and echoed.

In it, Kusanagi saw a flaming butterfly soaring.

He was surprised to remember the butterfly that Totsuka used to skillfully make with his own flame, but if he looked closely, it was not a butterfly.

It was a small red light that had no shape. It dance like a fluffy butterfly and climb to the sky.

A small light rose from the bodies of "Homura" members. The light that was born from each and every one of them pointed to the sky as if they were trying to serve Suoh. Some of Suoh's flames may have unraveled and separated.

Kusanagi also felt a fever around the right shoulder blade with the "mark." A red light emerged from Kusanagi's body.

Kusanagi's light flew into the sky with the same smooth movement as everyone's light. As the cold white snow billowed from top to bottom, the sight of the warm red light fluttering from bottom to top was fantastic, and Kusanagi breathed trembling.

Anna licked her lips too and stared at the cluster of red lights. Anna descended from Kusanagi's arms, spread her arms and looked up at the sky.

"It's a beautiful red..."

Anna murmured in a low, soft voice.

Kusanagi thought that this scene might be the last gift Suoh gave Anna, and that it was too romantic.

(The king's flames are not all terrifying. They are warm and clean.)

"Can you hear us, Mikoto?"

Kusanagi muttered, narrowed his eyes and looked up at the sky. Red light gathered in the air and colored the dark night sky red.

Perhaps due to the temperature of the light, his body heated up before he knew it, even though he was under the snowy sky.

Mikoto Suoh was a man who was not suitable to be "King". Kusanagi still believed it.

Still, Mikoto Suoh was the "King" more than anyone.

He was amazed with fierce flames, fascinated by the beautiful red, cured at a mild temperature, ran alone and wasted away.

To everyone who gathered here, Mikoto Suoh was a "King".

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Isana Yashiro was floating.

Although his body was burned to pieces, Isana Yashiro's existence hadn't disappeared and he was floating somewhere.

(This is death?)

The boy thought about that, even though it was something absurd to think about.

When that happened, he felt that everything up to now had been a long dream.

Researcher Adolf K. Weissmann. A trilogy of Weissmann's dream, the dream of the passerby "Silver King" and the dream of a peaceful high school student, Yashiro Isana.

It was all over and he feared that he would not be able to go to heaven or hell.

(That's fine?)

That was the reality of the boy's thinking, which was fluffy like a dream.

(Adolf K. Weissmann, "Silver King", and Isana Yashiro, do you still have something to do?)

(I am the immortal "King".)

Remembering his words that he had left behind, the boy tried to fight even though he had no arms. He tried to figure out where that was, even though he had no eyes. He tried to listen without ears, pay attention to the smell without a nose, and try to find the feeling of the environment without skin.

Sister. Lieutenant. Neko. Kuro.

He tried to name the ones he was thinking of, even though he had neither a throat nor a mouth.

For the first time, Isana Yashiro struggled to live.