



## **"SIDE GOLD"**

### **CHAPTER 2: UNNO YUTAKA**

#### **TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD**

"Special Attack"... Short for Special Attack Corps. A suicide ram attack is generally referred to as a special attack unit. At the end of World War II, the Japanese army, which was in a difficult situation, made a systematic and large-scale effort to get out of the war situation. On October 20, 1944, the name of the first special attack unit, "Kamikaze Special Attack Corps", could also be called "Kamikaze".

Unno Yutaka was screaming at the empty sky.

"Hey, please wait."

At noon on August 15, 1945 (Showa 20). He had been yelling ever since he was told the war was over, after the radio broadcast at Oita Air Base, where he had no idea what was being said. There were those who cried, those who crouched down, those who were stunned... There were many, but he was the only one who...

"I do not think."

...was screaming.

"I guess we're meeting here to carry out a suicide attack."

Driven by a sense of mission and exhilaration, he was taught that his own emptiness was the same as death, and it all bothered him, but still, from the bottom of his heart, he couldn't help but scream.

"Since I joined the camp, I've been beaten up by shitty people for shitty reasons, but I'm still here to hold on to fly and throw everything I've got to that shitty enemy in the sky... I guess."

He jumped from the barracks into the scorching summer sky and screamed at the place where he had decided to die.

"It's too good to provoke a lot of people and stop because it's over. Like you until this morning, say something nice. What about your beliefs, what about your spirit?"

The boy's cry did not resound like a cicada and disappeared under the sky.

Because he was like that, he was glad when he heard that the lieutenant general, who had been the commanding officer, had decided to launch a kamikaze sortie on his own, saying that he wanted to follow in the footsteps of a large number of loyal generals who had not yet received a formal ceasefire order.

"That's it. It's about taking responsibility for what you've done."

Without hesitation, he volunteered to accompany him.

Several people who had just woken up from his collapsed state immediately after the broadcast also volunteered to accompany them.

Then, after 17:00 on August 15, the 11 "Comet" carrier-based bombers that could fly at the base flew into the pre-sunset sky with a heart-rending engine sound. It didn't even have a machine gun, it was a kamikaze plane that couldn't be used for anything more than the 80th weight bomb that would hit the enemy.

The sky is infinitely wide, and the sea is infinitely distant. It was a sight that made them forget that far ahead, a brutal American and British fleet was closing in to trample their homeland. They greeted the setting sun.

"Well then, Sun God. We will never meet again."

Before long, night fell, and when the formation flight began to be in danger, they were able to miraculously meet the enemy fleet.

Having avoided the worst possible outcome of a running out of fuel accident, he was delighted at the chance to throw as much as he could, and turned his nose towards the enemy fleet. A tremendous density of flak guided them from the other side. Or maybe one of the wingmen crashed first.

"Thank you."

He thanked the enemy fleet and his wingman and began to descend.

His body floated, and then he was pressed against the seat. Wrapped in those shuddering sensations, his mouth wrapped in a white silk scarf contracted.

(I'm not afraid, I cannot be afraid.) He thought like that frantically, had not any moment for flashing back to his whole life. (It is not fear, I have no fear, laugh, hey come on, laugh.)

The airship's shadow flashed with gunfire, and before he got there, the sudden sound of metal being torn away and the dull tremor of the collision tore through his entire body.

It was hit and the airship was crushed by the shell.

He immediately burned and died.

"Sorry, fuck off."

The words may have been felt and not expressed.

However, there was only the feeling of falling while a machine spinning out of control.

And so, their war ended.

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Unno Yutaka woke up under the sun that he should have said goodbye to.

He woke up in a clean bed.

He could tell at a glance that he was inside a ship.

"I'm alive... what a shame."

Also, the ship was not Japanese, it was an American warship.

As soon as he thought he had been taken prisoner, he put his hand to his waist, but of course the self-determination pistol was taken from him. Of course, he had no intention of committing suicide.

He didn't know the spirit of living and not being humiliated as a prisoner of war printed by stupid air force personnel. He just thought of grabbing a gun and going on a rampage to the end and dying.

But at that time he had no weapons.

Most of all, he realized that a significant part of his heart had been discouraged by the fact that the suicide attack, which he had faced with such despair, had failed. Maybe he was disappointed in himself for not getting to the place where he was supposed to die.

"There is a gun, at a time like this... either to kill yourself or to go on a rampage and die, was it a talisman to keep you alive?"

It was as if the heat that filled his entire body had disappeared.

Then, in a daze, an officer in a starched military uniform approached him, who did not have any stains on his body. Perhaps they planned to interrogate him or even execute him. The officer spoke to him in fluent Japanese. Somehow, he seemed to think of him as a boy who had been recruited.

"Don't be silly, I'm far from 20 years old, but I'm a full-fledged person."

Even when he yelled back, the officer laughed and excused himself, saying that the Japanese look young.

During the conversation, he learned that the officer had stayed in Japan for a long time as a military attaché, that he had many Japanese acquaintances in the quarters, and that he had learned Japanese at that time.

"Before the war, you mean?"

When he was young, he had no idea that he had just spent time before him where he could get along with the Americans. More than that, he hastened to ask him if he would be executed, but he replied that the war was already over, there was no need to listen to him, and he didn't want to kill him now.

"Now..."

A single word with precise pronunciation, just now... marked the end of the war in his mind.

After that, he spent more than two weeks with the soldiers until the warship docked in Yokosuka. The soldiers loathed kamikaze like madness, and indeed, kamikaze had caused great damage to the fleet in the past, but even so, as a kamikaze pilot, he was nonchalantly treated as a "cheeky kid who slipped into the ship".

"Heh, that one wins, this one loses, so there's plenty of room."

At first, he thought that the reason they treated him that way was because they were happy that they had won the war. To some extent, his assumption was correct, but after a while he realized something else, completely normal.

Any soldier. They weren't brutes who were indoctrinated by their superiors, they were the older brothers. Reluctantly dragged onto the battlefield, the rude and impatient soldiers, or the timid and clumsy, or the hostile and kind-hearted...were not meant to be killed.

He couldn't help but feel that the image of the enemy within him was terribly distorted.

He also learned from an officer (perhaps thinking that the "little warriors" wanted to know the outcome of their battle) that a ruthless reality was one of the main reasons for the soldiers' attitude.

In other words, the final suicide attack from him did not cause any damage to the fleet.

It was because they had no criminal record that he felt at ease.

Even though his pride was greatly hurt, he still acted tough on the spot.

"I don't like being treated like a child, but whether it's an arm wrestling or a fist fight, the odds are 50/50."

After that, for a while, he worked in the kitchen for food, singing nostalgia songs with which he didn't understand the language. In the fist fight at the drinking party, he was

"fighting amongst themselves", and he learned broken English. On the contrary, he taught Japanese, and as he dealt with various faces, confusion began to arise in him.

"Hey, did I go out of my way to kill these guys?"

When he received a letter from an officer at his residence in Tokyo, he thought.

"These guys aren't the ones I have to hit with everything I've got."

Seeing the ravages of Yokosuka approaching, he reflected.

"Well then... who are those guys? What is that? Who was that? What was that?"

Unable to give an answer, he got off the warship and asked the officers and soldiers to see him off.

"Thank you."

He said that and said goodbye.

Unno Yutaka returned to Tokyo, alternating between the burned fields and the remains of the fire.

The hustle and bustle of the black market, the hustle and bustle of people, saw a boy clinging to an Occupation Army jeep, heard a happy song on the radio, walked past an ex-military policeman being lynched, and headed for a temporary destination .

There was nothing in the pension in Japan requested by the officer.

To be more precise, only the pillars that had not been reduced to ashes greeted him. Still, he did not give up, asking roaming scavengers and people living in the barracks about the whereabouts of the inhabitants.

"I am alone and have nothing else to do. It is a debt of gratitude for a night's stay and a meal."

He heard many stories as he searched for things that he didn't know if they were dead or alive.

The commander who led them on a suicide attack was criticized here and there.

Most of those who spoke badly were the comrades of the commanders, that is, the leadership of the old army. They unilaterally declared to the dead that if they decided to commit suicide, they would do it alone, that it would be nothing more than a suicide attack by a private army that ignored orders, taking with it young people with a promising future.

"Don't be silly to say something against the man who constantly puts a line on what he has done."

He was angered from the bottom of his heart by that ruckus.

"What, next time you should use that life for the restoration of your homeland. It must have been until yesterday that you took it from a young man with a promising future and ordered him to die."

From the bottom of his stomach, a kind of fever revived.

"Are you ordering me to turn my palms back, value my life, and work hard to rebuild? Don't you think of people's lives as nothing more than a tool that can be used for your benefit? Fuck you."

The heat hadn't gone away.

"The kamikazes did it because it was an order after all, whether they wanted to die or not. The bigger you get, the duller it gets, and you can roar to whatever you want."

Like a buried fire, he kept burning deep inside.

"How long will they continue to give orders to my life and our lives?"

A rumor reached his ears while he was dying with a pain that he could not scratch, even if he wanted to.

It was rumored that the occupying forces would collectively incinerate the Japanese army planes.

His feet turned towards Chofu, the elimination site.

Unno Yutaka grimly muttered.

"Even the execution ground is not that far away."

Under the autumn sky, the darkness increased with each step.

It was all a sad spectacle.

When he arrived at the Chofu airbase, mountains of various sizes had been built here and there.

The wings that once flew through the sky were now mountains of scrap that had been mercilessly crushed.

He knew well which ones were thrown away without even being burned.

A twin-engine trainer with a broken leg, a Type 0 transport plane with its cockpit torn off, a Shiden with its wings torn off... the marks of having been destroyed by human hands, not in combat, were clearly visible. Tires had been removed from many aircraft. According to a nearby resident, it was taken away to be used as farm equipment. There was no need for those things anymore, so what was wrong with using them for something else?

"Ha, I'm losing... it's disgusting."

And then, with a heavy heart, he arrived at the base's large airstrip, where the end was about to begin.

The bulldozer rushed forward and pushed the Type 100 reconnaissance aircraft upside down onto the aircraft next to it. Also, the planes they had brought back had probably been pushed into space, and the twin-engined Type 1 and Type 97 had their muzzles sunk into each other. Front, back, left, and right, Gale and Hien were crammed into a small space.

A Japanese worker scattered fuel between them, which there was no point in taking care of anymore. In addition to the roughly patrolling guards, many other onlookers gathered to watch the victory for them.

Before long, a harsh whistling sounded and a fire started.

He was watching his fate closely.

"....."

Thick black smoke rose up, followed by a dazzling flame.

The planes are slowly roasting.

"Something like this..."

He finally squeezed out a single word of emotion that seemed to make sense.

Suddenly, one of the wings burst open in the flames.

".....!"

The remaining fuel in the fuel tank caused the explosion.

Small explosions occurred one after another, tearing the plane apart.

"Uh..."

The smoke and flames expanded even further, swallowing the form of what had once been.

Before the invisible and disappearing things,

"Hey, please wait."

Unintentionally... he hid his voice, spilling out his real voice.

Like the planes, everything on it was burned, blown up, and smashed.

Forgetting to even blink, his voice continued to spill out as he covered himself in the smell of oil and the soot of smoke.

"Iron Wings, are you going to leave me behind?"

The wings that looked up in admiration mercilessly disappeared into the flames.

Being left behind, he didn't even know where to throw everything he had.

He didn't even want to obey an order that told him to go for a selfish prospect.

Wings, enemies, life, everything that should have existed for him to live was completely lost.

Anger, frustration, and sadness swirled inside him like a storm, burning with flames.

The tears that could have flowed were dried by the flames that burned irreplaceable things.

"All of me, all shining, should have been there."

Dokun... Something pulsed in the distance.

"But everything, I can't help it, I made it somehow."

Dokun... his heart was pounding, and something about it reached him.

"I'm..."

To the other side of the flames, to there...

"As I did?"

He let out an angry roar that welled up from the depths of his heart.

"Turn it off, alright, ooooooh!"

At the top, his senses suddenly expanded.

".....?!"

From the end of the darkness that he went through, the "Slate", the "King, Red", destruction.

Various fragments of theory flowed into his mind, but he knew nothing at all... With only his senses, he knew that the heat that burned him was accompanied by flames. He knew that the flames were overflowing without stopping.

"Why, this guy...?"

The words he addressed to those who interrupted his shouting were voices, not voices, but in a different form. Instead of exhalation, masses of flames dispersed. The open palm in front of him, and the entire body that was looking down, were engulfed in fiery red flames.



It was very hot, but it did not burn a layer of clothing or a single layer of skin.

He was irritated by the hellish disgust of not being able to die

".....?"

Capturing the sensation of being a part of him, he looked up.

He looked up at the sky for the first time that day, and it was floating in the black smoke that was rising towards the gloomy cloud.

It was a gigantic sword that gave off a dazzling red glow.

He muttered as he breathed in flames.

"I don't even care about the wings..."

He didn't like the fact that it was something that connected him.

A startled cry broke out behind him.

It's not a Japanese voice, it was a familiar American voice.

When he turned around wondering what was going on, several US soldiers on guard were staring at him with pale faces.

He vomited from the disgust of being burned alive.

"Fuck it. I'm in a good mood now."

Something hit him in the stomach.

If he only looked at it, he could see one of the American soldiers pointing his cannon at him, which was leaking gunpowder. He thought that he was going to clean it with a gun before. There wasn't a single scratch on his belly, let alone on the clothes he wore.

He felt that the flames had fanned.

"How nice."

He was stirred up, and his spirit was also on board. There were times when he wanted to freak out, even though he knew freaking out wouldn't help anything... Now was the time.

With hellfire burning his wings behind him, he stepped forward.

Although his shoes didn't burn, the ground he stood on did burn.

He couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of that.

His smiling voice turned into flames and scattered into the sky.

He cried out loud to his heart's content.

Feeling like a nightmare, he jumped on those who would shoot him.

The bullets that hit him did not hold as long as the raindrops.

He learned that, with the power of his fists, he could turn anyone to ash.

However, after waiting for a second, he yelled.

"Hey, you guys!"

After the US soldiers fled, they vandalized the jeep.

As he was convinced, the iron melted, expanded, and exploded.

The surroundings became noisy and US soldiers, in addition to security, rushed to the scene.

Even with hundreds of thousands of machine guns and rifles firing all over his body, he kept going.

At that moment, he advanced as if he was flying a distance that he couldn't reach from far.

He broke the armored car like candy, he saw further, he went further.

"Hahaha! Hey, isn't there a tank?! A warship is fine!"

With his own cry, the faces of the officers and soldiers suddenly came to life.

"Eh?!"

He looked around to see if there was anyone inside the armored vehicle that had been smashed to pieces.

He then he let out a fiery breath in the middle of nowhere, and turned white.

"Oh... what the hell is this fucking dream... I can't wake up."

He turned on his heel and walked slowly amid countless frightened stares.

In the fire that still burned the wings and the rest.

Finally, black smoke swirled in the wind, the flames rose, and the nightmare for the American soldiers ended.

He stepped on the rubble, and when he got to the middle, he exploded under a step and flew into the sky. Leaving behind the flames, he stepped through the black smoke and looked closely at the huge gigantic sword.

It was strangely shaped, neither a machine nor a creature.

"What are you going to do?"

He asked before the levitation of the explosion finished, but there was no answer.

With a snort, he made another explosion in the transition from floating to falling and flew away. He did not set any particular address. He left it to chance and flew as far as he could, but with all his might.

Those who made a fuss on the ground did not notice the star that had fallen from high above their heads.

"This kind of thing... what should I do?"

Unno Yutaka whispered into the empty sky and closed his heavy eyelids.

From somewhere in the past, he prayed for the dream to start again.

Although he knew it would not come true, he kept praying.

December 1948.

The Shizume area, which had been burned down during the air raids, has now formed a decent urban landscape. Of course, a splendid building (even if it burned down) was not enough for the fingers of one hand. All the wooden houses are smaller than the barracks, and the only advantage is the animation.

In the city center, the street stall-style black markets had all but disappeared, except in a few places. Instead, "markets", which are permanent shops lined up in rows of densely packed terraced houses, were common. Most of the shops were crowded restaurants and bars, pachinko parlors, sundry shops, and a slightly quirky dance hall.

Three years after the war, domestic distribution had been revived and shopping was no longer the job of an individual carrying a large backpack between the country and the city. The normal economic activity of middlemen buying ingredients and merchandise in bulk and selling them wholesale to each store was returning to normal.

An organization called "Kumi" was in charge of the operation of the entire market, management of trading rights, transactions with brokers, surveillance patrols, arbitration of disputes, and even negotiations with the government.

His predecessor was a group called Kagushiyashi, who had been in charge of land division (store locations) and entertainment at many local festivals. In the crowded market, there was a group that divided up each section, and while supporting the vitality of reconstruction, sharpening its rival's day by day with the goal of prosperity.

One of them was a group called "Kagirohigumi".

It is an emerging group born after the war, and the tightening of the market was relatively weak. Both the payment collected at the store and the brokerage fee were cheaper than the market price. Of course, kindness was not the reason. On the contrary, the members'

arms were ridiculously strong and the controlled area was several times wider than the other groups, making it cheaper for that amount.

The Shizume area was originally a lawless area where many groups created a black market right after the war and fought over territory just like in the Warring States period. There was no patience to look at each other, no reason to compromise, and from bullying like obstruction of business to outright violent incidents, the chain of vices was the daily life of that town.

At the beginning of 1946, the disastrous situation changed completely with the sudden appearance of Furaibo. A wandering man... or, rather, a boy who ate everything on his strength alone.

Starting out as a free food eater at a street stall, sounding like a street fighter, being hired as a bodyguard at a market, and finally starting out as "Kagirohi-gumi" at the end of his fierce to-and-fro with multiple groups, even barefoot he was a fierce upstart in the career. Even after establishing the group, it took him more than two years to deal with other interventions and conflicts, and the former Furaibo was now in the position of a big boss who controlled most of the market in the Shizume area.

The big boss, who returned from a kamikaze attack, was exactly like a kamikaze attack, he was not afraid of death and even wanted to die.

In other words, he was "Unno who was slow to pass away".

There is a normal private brothel and gambling house at the back of the so-called Yokocho (the sign is "Kagirohi Business Association", and the name of the remaining place is "Kagirohi Yokocho"), which opens the entrance of the townhouse in the main street. Relatively speaking with the police... Kagirohi-gumi wasn't too enthusiastic about those things that were easily noticed by the superiors and the occupying forces, but still existed to a lesser degree than necessary.

When the early winter sun goes down and the market is packed with customers coming home from work, the little joint opens up in secret. For some reason, there was a thick plaque with just the name of the store, "Yakumo", written in large letters on the dilapidated shack that stood out from the others. Known only to those in the know, it is the fortress of Kagirohi-gumi.

Now he was receiving an early visit from a rare visitor.

A building with no play in its structure turns into a covered fire pit as soon as you walk through the entrance. Normally, the amusement park, where the bloody-eyed patrons would be excited, shouting "one way, half way" centered on that white cloth, was silently enveloped by a strange visitor. However, the place was not cold.

Rather, it was boiling with a heat that almost burned the skin.

The seats were unusually arranged with the cloth tray in the middle.

A rude visitor sat at the entrance. All of them were a group of people wearing soft hats, suits, and coats, and each of them was wrapped in furoshiki cloth. There was a gloomy composure without madness or ferocity, which was clearly different from the brats running in and out of the group.

In the center of the group, an American sat cross-legged.

He was a dubious man with round eyes and a deep wrinkled smile, neither middle-aged nor young.

It was said by a man from Kagi-rohi-gumi, who was bending his slender torso completely.

"Thomas Colt... you said that, brother of the Occupation Army, Ani-san."

Rather, that was a strong-looking young man who had a deep voice, a thick torso, thick arms, and thick legs when he sat upright, and whoever saw him could not misunderstand him. The perforated eyes that filled the entire body, the presence of an enormous weight, suppressed the outburst of the young people behind.

Colt nodded with a smile that hid his emotions.

"Yes, Okuma Tamataro-san."

His fluent Japanese gave off a sense of suspicion rather than familiarity.

"According to his family record, he is 25 years old. The only son of the Kanto Okuma group that hired him as a janitor. Through repeated fights, he became a bad friend. After the death of his father, Sayataro, he handed over control of the group to him, and together they became Kagi-rohi-gumi. Commonly known as "Onikuma"."

Okuma's thick eyebrows twitched. As he felt the excitement of the youths, he calmly returned it.

"You seem to know a lot about it. And what are you looking for?"

"Yes, of course, I'd like to ask him to see me. It's a loss for you too."

"Go home."

As soon as he gave up, Okuma stepped on the tray and slammed his fist into his opponent's face. With a one knee stance, a thick fist thrown as naturally as walking.

".....!"

But it didn't make it to Colt.

A translucent barrier that appeared in front of him blocked the blow.

Colt added a small amount of teasing and deepened his smile.

"Wow. Just like information, you're fast."

"....."

Okuma silently ignited his fist as he continued to press against the barrier.

In the center of the dimly lit playing hall, an unlikely light lit both fields red. A group of coats reached for a furoshiki wrap, while the Kagi-rohi-gumi youths raised a dagger or a long wakizashi dosu.

They almost exceeded their limits in a matter of seconds.

"Enough, Okuma."

The woman who was poking her chin out at the back counter stopped him with a loose voice.

"What a great psychic. Isn't that unusual for the Occupation Army?"

Saying so, the woman stared at Colt's power through his round black glasses.

As for Colt, his wrinkled smile didn't break.

"I wouldn't say it's rare... as long as you live in this place... It's common, isn't it, Todokoro Suwako-san?"

"I see; you know me well."

Suwako stood up, tall and slender, approached. Her peculiar outfit, with ill-fitting hair and a worn kosode and long haori, swayed with every step.

Placing Okuma's fiery fist in front of him, Colt continued without hesitation.

"I know many other things. According to the family record, she is 23 years old. Her family died in an air raid. The owner of the restaurant where she first worked in this town. A lover who always accompanies him and who handles the administrative affairs of Kagi-rohi-gumi, commonly known as "Hanakumo".

"Are you saying that on purpose to make me angry?"

Despite the atmosphere, the youthful beauty of hers smiled like a blooming flower.

It wasn't glee or affection; it was an expression of anger that burned slowly.

Before he even noticed it, many red threads that burned the air spread out from the tip of her hair.

Okuma suddenly realized and raised his fist.

"Bastards, they're coming!"

As he yelled at the youths, he himself collapsed to the ground.

A countless number of red threads were dancing wildly at high speed. Several youths who failed to escape were shot down, and even the "Yakumo" arcade was smashed by a ferocious blow from inside. A thick, tough nameplate rose into the sky.

Though a cry of surprise erupted from the depths of the market.

"What?! "Yakumo" exploded?!"

"Is she in and out again?"

"Who is it this time, boss Unno?"

"Okay, big sister! Find out if there's a fire!"

He didn't see enough of a stir to cause a panic. It was a common occurrence there.

First-time visitors were amazed. If the barrier hadn't covered all of them, it would have been more than amazing. Feeling cold sweat on his cheeks, Colt kept smiling.

"So this violence is as reported."

Saying that, he sharply raised his right hand.

In response, the group of coats unwrapped the cloth that wrapped them. From within, automatic rifles and heavy weapons three times as severe as Okuma imagined appeared. They aimed their tubes at "Yakumo", which had turned into rubble.

Before long, Okuma was the first to pull his thick body out of the rubble. In both arms was a young man who had been run over and passed out. As he took a deep breath, he asked next to him with a serious face.

"Don't do that, Suwako. What part of the earlier tease annoyed you?"

"They call me lover. If you can do that, no one will have a hard time..."

Standing calmly alone on the spot, Suwako muttered with her mouth pouting.

Colt ignored that.

(It was a little different than planned, but I don't mind.)

His target was a single man who should have dated if he had a dispute with his henchmen.

"Geeh, geeh!"

Somewhere in the rubble, a young man coughed.

"Damn, people are sleeping comfortably, why all the fuss?"

Colt was attentive and focused on the person raising the voice.

Someone kicked the galvanized board away and it righted itself. He brushed the dust off the jacket that appeared to be a leaked article.

"Ah! Did you do it again?!"

His physique was unexpectedly small, but his fearless gaze as he looked around him had an extraordinary attraction. A majestic atmosphere that makes you feel that things are different filled his whole body and overwhelmed the viewer.

Not intimidated by him, Suwako blurted out her own words as she did so.

"Shut up, bastard! More than that, he's a customer."

"A guest?"

He searched for a foreign object among the rubble.

Colt, who should have met the attack with determination and strength, felt a slight sensation of dread as his eyes turned to him. He came to mind, unpleasantly, the metaphor of a rat versus a bird of prey.

As expected, his eyes went to the group that was targeting them.

"Okay, let's do it."

As soon as he learned that the customer was his enemy, Unno Yutaka made a quick decision and willingly agreed.

In preparation, he wrapped the white silk scarf that he dug out of the rubble around his neck.

Near the collapsed "Yakumo", there was a vacant lot unofficially managed by Kagi-rohi-gumi. It was a forced evacuation area established before the war to prevent the spread of air raids.

They used it as a battlefield when they went in and out of other places. Even today, Okuma and Suwako were on Unno's left and right, and behind them, there were a dozen youths, and they were intimidating the opponent with his usual disposition.

Today's opponent did not respond by threatening to face each other like a mirror match. In the center of the group carrying sword-swallowing firearms, Colt with a doubtful smile began a sleepy story.

Under the night, voices came and went through the unlit streetlights.

"Once again, I would like to express my greetings to you, Third King, Unno Yutaka."

"What are you saying?"



Even if he was fluent in Japanese, he couldn't understand unfamiliar words. With a doubtful look on his face, Unno's childish face looked even more childish.

Colt obediently added an explanation.

"Third, the one who has the power of the King... In other words, it is a word that legally defines "King". Our country does not have a royal family, so please forgive me for using such a formal phrase."

It was a long talk based on the speculation that it would not be a bad idea to appeal that it was a party that would be forced to cooperate from now on, and that it was different from the group that started a conflict.

However, Unno's understanding was at a stage well before such speculation.

"Why, am I the third?"

"It's just the order in which the existence was confirmed, don't worry about it."

Colt continued patiently, though he was dismayed at his childishness.

"Actually, the Occupation Forces have been aware of your movements since last year. The Strain used in the conflicts in the neighborhood... in other words, like those with the "red power" who defeated the geisha."

The explanation was mixed with subtle falsehoods.

The detection was true, but the information was held within the Nanakamado intelligence agency, and was not reported to its superior organization, Headquarters. Research into essential "red power" was also intentionally neglected.

That's because they have ambitions to extend their power as an armed group. More than anything else, they hated the fact that by carelessly mentioning the "King", the situation would progress and the job of secretly collecting Strains that could be used in battle would be hampered.

"Tokijikuin", who cannot be hated, even if they hate them, launched the "Fourth Legislative Affairs Office of the Ministry of Justice" and began to directly interfere, such as arresting its officials. Situation scenes that had no choice but to move to keep pressing.

Of course, they also had no intention of rushing recklessly.

The strongest ability in American Strain, "Stone Wall" Thomas Colt (a pseudonym), which generates extremely strong barriers, and those who specialize in combat, are obtained through a unique route that bypasses the Headquarters. They gave them the weapons they needed and launched them into that operation. They calculated that they could compete well with the battle record of the "Demon" in Chofu.

On the other hand, Kagi-rohi-gumi had no intentions.

The fight that was sold was purchased at the asking price.

That was the only rule that was not even necessary to establish.

Even now, Unno was empty-minded... If he were to express the actual situation, he would get bored listening to the explanation.

He doesn't stop once a fight starts, but he's quiet until it starts. The reason he doesn't step in and cut the conversation short is because of the bully's way of thinking that it's easier for the other person to just say what he wants.

Then he suddenly realized it.

"Hmm? That's tall... I've seen it somewhere."

A group of people in coats, one of whom had a hat and collar covering his face, shrugged at him.

Okuma also stared at the slightly looming face, and an idea occurred to him.

"A geisha employed by the Agata group, "Ebisu no Kunizo"."

"Ah, you beat me to death... Yes, you switched sides to the Occupation Army."

"....."

He returned the casual greeting with silence, but Unno took no offense.

It was quite common for the world to reject people for awakening to their power, for them to have no choice but to use that power as a food source, or change the river bank depending on whether they won or lost.

Therefore, Unno can only think that the current boss is strict.

"You came to hit me again, it's the guts that I admire."

"....."

The silence returned again.

Before he knew it, Colt had stopped explaining and had his mouth shut.

Thinking that he really couldn't apologize, Unno apologized.

"Oops, sorry. Shall we keep talking?"

"Yes, good."

Colt responded with a sour face, but he actually got a good impression of that boy's nonchalance from the start. Realizing that, he quickly brushed it off and said, "That's the "King's" magic power."

"Let's get down to business."

He dared to speak matter-of-factly with a calm voice, but secretly wishing for success, he began.

"Would you like to join forces with us? You will use the power of the "King" to create a large number of geisha, and we will show you exactly where to use them. If we cooperate, we should be able to obtain even this country."

Although it was a picture from the future that was in mint condition and neglected, Nanakamado took it seriously. It can be said that they were left with only a bet of one or eight.

"Make a geisha?"

Unable to understand the use of the words, Unno tilted his head.

Instead, Suwako guessed and told him in an easy to understand way.

"In short, it's our "Sakazuki Fire Cup"."

"Oh I see."

Unno clapped.

In the Kagi-rohi-gumi, the introductory sake cup is filled with the fire of the "Red King". Only those who were prepared to drink from that much hotter fire could join the family and be empowered along the way. By the way, Unno always drinks the same as the boss.

"Very well, then, do you want to scatter our "cups of fire"?"

"That's how it is."

Colt involuntarily leaned forward in response to Unno's conviction.

"Then it's impossible."

He received a firm refusal. The fact that he still held back from the answer that he should have expected more than half the time was due to his liking and regret.

"Why?!"

Unno looked left, right, and behind him.

"These weird trees are, well, a bunch of troublesome people."

With a troubled and embarrassed face, he showed pride.

"I chose them; they are my family. You can't make Strains for horse bones here."

"Well, that's how it is."

"Why do you say such embarrassing things?"

Okuma responded with a smile, while Suwako relaxed and cursed. The youths in the back also showed their affection for the boss in any way they could.

Just like that family, Colt concluded as he felt obvious jealousy.

"As I thought, it was impossible to persuade you... In that case, I would like you to be prepared for a certain amount of injury."

"It's still rude of you to say it, Colt-san. It's just a matter of doing it or not, right?"

Until the break, Unno urged war to break out.

Without any specifications, Colt raised his right hand.

"Yes, he's out of control."

The group of people in coats raised their mouthpieces at the same time.

Unno, who was standing at the reception, had a twinkle in his eyes,

"Okay, let's do it!"

Okuma, Suwako and the youth were full of fighting spirit.

There was no time for a tense confrontation.

"Come on!"

Immediately, Unno clenched his fist and erupted with bright red power.

Colt reflexively created a barrier and burst open from the front.

"Eh?!"

Before he knew it, Unno's heavy fist smashed into his face and he went flying, jumping to the ground twice before coming to a stop.

With Colt erecting a barrier, Colt's group waited for an opportunity to fire. The moment he waited, he was surprised to learn that the enemy boss had jumped to the place where the commander was. At that astonishing moment, "Ebisu no Kunizo", who was about to turn around the tip of the tube, received Okuma's fiery fist in the middle of his stomach.

Suwako tied a red string to the firearm that fell from Kunizo's hand and pulled the trigger without hesitation. A flurry of shots tore through the crowd in the court, and they scattered in all directions while eating up the foam. Young men ran there, slashing with long doses of wakizashi or hitting with beams to crush them all at once.

In the end, the exchange took less than 20 seconds.

Unno stared at his fist that had no lingering impression and let out a disappointed sigh.

"As I thought, these guys... well... hey..."

Looking curiously at the groaning group of people around him, and at the youths who fell one by one after being attacked in an instant, he gave the following instructions:

"Sorry to interrupt your evening drink, but I'll take care of you at the clinic. Even the brothers in the Occupation Army."

On the way, he noticed that something was flying.

The ten surrounding the open space were not bullets.

It was an anti-tank rocket projecting with a thin column of white smoke behind it.

(This is my favorite!)

His dazzling eyes took in the situation and his thoughts flashed like sparks.

He was probably shot after the two sides collided. The original plan must have been to protect the group with Colt's barrier, leaving only Kagi-rohi-gumi to suffer. Unable to comprehend the situation due to the night fight, went off as planned.

"Hey, look it up!"

".....!"

Not mistaking his intentions, Suwako stretched countless red threads around her.

At the same time, Unno jumped into the sky. Along the way, he twisted his body and gathered strength.

(Don't you have to be prepared for some fires?)

He couldn't afford to adjust the power.

He just let it go.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh!"

Red flames swirled and circled in the sky near the market.

The interlocking rockets in the searing heat caused one explosion after another.

A roaring sound rushed in from all directions, and those who were in the open space cringed in place. They were saved, but many large pieces of sparks rained down on the night market.

Okuma was the first to get back to his feet, but his expression clouded over at the uproar that had begun to spread out of the vacant lot.

"This is bad."

On top of that, Suwako, who was still crouching down, uttered her voice with a single red thread.

At the end of the thread, Unno in heaven received the voice.

"On the rooftop!"

"I understand!"

From the night sky, he could see the location of whoever fired rockets into the city. On top of the dark thatched roof, there were many duos displaying moves like holding the launcher, loading the next round, and preparing to retreat.

(Hey, it's hard to do.)

Strangely, Unno didn't know what to do.

His attack ripped through the rooftop and burned down the store.

However, if he cleared one set at a time, he would buy them time to load the next bullet.

As expected, Nanakamado was not incompetent either. Although they miscalculated his attack, they had come up with their own plan to fight a disgusting and formidable enemy.

After thinking carefully for more than a second, Unno came to a decision.

(Hey, in this case, just clean up before the fire spreads!)

He kept in close contact with Suwako, had Okuma surprise him from afar, and began to stage a battle, but his voice reached him again. A voice panicked with a sense of danger.

"Yutaka-chan! My strings got blown... Somehow, they're coming!"

"Eh?"

A strange sight was reflected in Unno's field of vision while he was in free fall.

A large number of fireballs fell, creating an uproar throughout the market.

Someone climbed onto the roof and hit the duo.

Or rather, he was suppressing them.

The appearance of wielding a long wakizashi with a terrifyingly elegant movement. He was clearly not a young member of the Kagi-rohi-gumi. He wasn't alone either. Two, three, more.

(Who...? No, what?)

A mysterious group crossed through the rooftop and overwhelmed the collapsing duo one after another.

(Well, if you catch someone, you'll understand.)

Thinking about it, he was aiming for the landing.

"What?!"

Suddenly, a dazzling radiance spread out like ripples. Crystals that were built in an orderly manner covered the surface of the earth, houses, and even people at a terrifying speed.

Seeing that for the first time, Unno's breath took a deep breath.

The glass covering everything suddenly shattered with a pleasant high-pitched sound and disappeared.

When Unno landed in the original vacant lot, the Kagi-rohi-gumi members gathered around him. All of them, to a greater or lesser extent, were scared and suspicious at the approach of something mysterious.

The one who was most scared was Suwako, who had all the red strings blown away.

The one who was the most cautious was Okuma, who was showing an unusually nervous look.

Unno also felt a strange and unpleasant tickle deep in his chest. Reaching out with both hands, shoving everyone else back a step, he turned toward a certain wide alley.

Beyond the light of the streetlamps, the footsteps of a large but regular march resounded. Among them, especially sharp footsteps were mixed.

(This guy.)

Unno was convinced of what that guy was.

Just the sound of footsteps overflowed with a feeling that should be called a fundamental discrepancy.

Then, finally, the owner of the steps appeared under the dim light.

A tall, slender man wearing a cap, a waterproof cloak, a uniform, and a saber. The atmosphere was calm and the subordinates that followed him were all dressed in blue.

Unno experienced the expression "all the creeps."

He couldn't read the blue man's emotions. He just waved calmly.

"Good night, "Red King", Unno Yutaka."

"You are..."

Unno felt that he had found what he was looking for.

The warmth that had faded in his daily life revived.

His soul exploded violently.

## **"TRAILER"**

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In the next chapter of "K SIDE: GOLD":

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The Fifth King, Tsunugui Iku, the "Green King", appears.

Coming soon.