



"SIDE GOLD"

CHAPTER 4: IKU AND THE BIRIBIRI GROUP

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"Homeless". A child who does not have parents or guardians and who has not settled. In Japan during World War II, there were many war orphans who lost family members in war fires and their homes burned down. Among them, most of the children who lost their place to go became homeless drifters. During and after the war, their lives were extremely difficult and many of them became involved in criminal activities.

The "Kagirohi Trade Association" market was bustling as if the commotion from a few days ago had been forgotten. On that isolated vacant lot, the "Yakumo" gambling hall is being rebuilt under the leadership of Tamataro Okuma.

"Bastards, I'll finish it before opening time!"

A loud cry that made even the thick billboards that were up tremble.

Although it is called a rebuild, it is not a complete creation. As long as there is enough space for people to gather, such as a game room, the deal is done. It was a random hasty construction to build a house that was as small as a shack. The new "Yakumo", which no one remembers what generation it is, has already completed the frame and is in the process of installing the roof and walls.

"I understand, big brother Okuma!"

"Thanks to the boss and sister, I am used to erecting pillars and thatched roofs!"

"Don't say that, if they listen to you, you'll have to start over."

Rude, hard-working people are inefficient and unpredictable despite their good humor, but their environment is cheerful. The reason why many of them don't feel terrified when witnessing mysterious monsters is because they feel comfortable living from day to day, and more than anything, they trust their boss, who has declared that he will defeat them next time.

From the ceiling to the front of the wall, work voices flew.

"Are the blue clothes still keeping watch in front of Yokochō's gate?"

"Ah, they still go back and forth with Danbira in hand."

According to what they heard from the older sister of the blues, the monster appeared because the powerful boss and the guy in the blue hat collided. So it seems that it will probably be safe if both sides back down after sharing the pain. As explained, the boss, who had turned off due to various incidents, simply withdrew, and the blue hat also turned its back and left. At the moment, it seemed unlikely that the blues would go in or out, or even encounter the monster. It seemed that peace had arrived.

Each person had a different way of perceiving such results.

"Heh, even though the monster has been quiet ever since, they've had difficulties every day."

"You better be careful. I'm sure you feel the same way about blue clothes."

"What? In front of you, you are not afraid, are you?"

"Oh? What is it?"

Not satisfied with the exchange of voices, he rolled up his sleeves and pressed their foreheads against each other.

"Who is scared... Ouch?!"

"Nga?!"

Okuma's fists attacked in quick succession. Blocking the sunlight with their thick bodies, the two of them crouched in the shade with their heads in their hands, and a loud voice fell over them.

"Move your hands instead of your mouth, layabouts."

"Hehe!"

"Sorry!"

Okuma looked at the two people who were scattered, and then looked at all the work.

(It should be back to normal before today's opening.)

After thinking about it, he felt a stab in his throat like a small bone.

(I wonder if it will really go back to normal.)

It's not just about conflicts with monsters and the blue clothes.

Okuma wasn't amused the fact that some kinds of "King" or imposed good manners are getting in the way with straightforward gait of his proud boss.

In the neighborhood where the sound of work can be heard, there is a Suwako canteen. This whimsical restaurant (the only sign is "meshi") has a reputation for being cheap and filling, but the taste is average. It is also known as the place where Unno Yutaka stays when his usual hideout, Yakumo, is destroyed, and is seen from the outside as one of Kagi-rohi-gumi's strategic bases.

Actually, it was just a place where Suwako let him eat free food and Unno would lie down in a small room in the back. For the former, it was an important space where they could recover the relationship they had when they met. But to the latter, that is unknown thing because he hadn't even hinted at it, let alone talked about it.

Now it's Suwako's turn to feed him free food. In the middle of the small shop, Unno is stuffing his mouth with okara sushi at the counter. As the name suggests, it is a dish that cannot be said to be a dish that only puts ingredients on a piece of okara, but it is a specialty of this restaurant.

The side that is allowed to eat is hated and slaps him in the mouth.

"Only the topping has improved."

* Okara Zushi; a type of sushi that used Okara(soy pulp) instead of rice, with topping a fish marinated in vinegar. It is local food in Chugoku-Shikoku region.

"Shut up and eat, you bastard."

The usual show of cutting rebukes from the feed side.

It was supposed to be usual for Suwako to rest her chin on the counter and look at the stubborn Unno, but since that night, she felt a bit strange.

"Yutaka-chan."

"What?"

With his mouth open, Unno replied.

Suwako lifted her chin and used the courage she had built up over the course of several days to ask.

"Are you ok?"

"....."

Unno munched his okara sushi in silence. Secretly thinking...

(I wonder if it came out on the complexion, it's gross.)

He still hasn't resolved his feelings about meeting another "King".

Of course he wasn't intimidated. It was uncomfortable knowing that the anger and desires that were supposed to be him were embedded in something else. Besides, not being able

to sort out his feeling like that was very unpleasant. With holding such a stone weight, he couldn't laugh optimistically, or stop thinking and run.

Ignoring all of that, he might have been able to become stronger.

However, when he ate at that restaurant, he felt a little less competitive.

That's why the answer wasn't clear.

"How is?"

"Yutaka-chan, aside from me, that sort of thing... were you aware that there are some really cool psychics out there?"

Suwako isn't afraid to reach Unno's core when they are alone in this restaurant.

Unno also responded to Suwako, who did so as honestly as possible.

"As for the guy with the blue hat and Otono-nii-san, I didn't know until I met them. But the other person..."

"Um, the monster with the gapped teeth?"

"No."

After a brief denial, Unno paused to put his feelings into words.

"I've felt many times that somewhere far away... well, deep..., there's a guy reaching into the river and trying to catch the current."

There was something that came to Suwako's mind.

"Even if that's the case, the guy with the blue hat said something like that when we parted ways..."

"....."

Unno didn't even hide his displeasure from her and remained silent.

After dismissing Thomas Colt, just before Kagihiro-higumi and the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau withdrew, the guy in the blue hat (the husband), the Blue King, pretended to make a casual postscript and offered some history.

"This is a test, but are you willing to meet the "Golden King" Daikaku Kokujoji?"

And of course Unno... "No."

He just returned a word over his back as he walked away.

(That's right, I can't stand doing what that bastard says.)

Thinking of that, Unno reached for the okara sushi again and saw that Suwako's face was filled with anxiety. Its meaning was easy to understand. Or rather, the kind he himself had.

There is something big that you don't understand.

It was the feeling of existence beyond the words "Slate" and "King" that Nazumi said.

It was a terrifying power that haunted him, that if he could feel it and touch it, it would be irreversible.

That's why Suwako is afraid from the bottom of her heart of him.

For Unno to meet the "Golden King".

Being carried away by something big and mysterious.

That's why Unno said it clearly.

"I do not go anywhere."

"Yes."

Suwako's face, who answered in a low voice, turned pale and bright.

Unno felt embarrassed by the situation and tossed the pickled okara sushi into his mouth. As he muttered and chewed, he opened a mouth again with hatred.

"You're not good at grabbing at all."

But he will never say that he like the taste. So that Suwako can see his feelings in his smile. Of course, the answer is short.

"Noisy bastard."

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Daikaku Kokujoji, the "Golden King" who normally refrains from going out, sometimes makes exceptions.

That was the meeting with the president of the ruling party, who was escorted by him and "Tokijikuin", and this time it was a special trip. The destination is a villa in the suburbs owned by the governor.

In a large site in the mountains, it is commonly called "Oyashiki" witlessly. In part, it was a signal to avoid telling details, including the owner.

In a simple but elegant Japanese-style room facing the courtyard, the two faced each other over celebratory dinner with sake.

Kokujoji was wearing a suit and was sitting up straight like a statue.

The president was dressed in a kimono and sat loosely crosswise. That wasn't because he was arrogant, but because he received a gunshot wound from a thug during his time as a diplomat before the war, and couldn't sit on his knees for long periods of time.

The president said in a calm voice that he didn't seem like a tough face.

"I heard about that, Kokujoji-kun."

"Hah, it seems that he is the "Seventh Person". As a result of discussions with Director Nazumi, we have decided to call him "Colorless" for the time being."

Kokujoji responded with a mild explanation, but that is not the issue the president wanted to bring to the table. For him, "Slate" and "King" were things to talk about next to reality.

"I see."

After slightly nodding, the original topic was brought up.

"By the way, it seems that Nanakamado's work unit was present at that time."

"...That's how it is."

Kokujoji, who guessed, felt ashamed of his immaturity for misreading the focus.

Only the "King" and his empowered ministers could perceive the strangeness of the unexpected "Seventh" as an imminent threat. For ordinary people, it was natural that they had little knowledge or interest.

(At this rate, the way forward will be in jeopardy... study up and take heart.)

In today's reality, in other words, what is important to the president is the "political significance of Nanakamado, an intelligence agency, using force at his own trial.

"I heard, that they even fought a street battle against the "demon" in question."

"Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau arrived just in time and we were able to contain the turmoil within one area of the market. The workforce has also managed to capture almost everyone."

"A person seems to be sent back to them."

"Hah, an American commander. Director Nazumi will probably serve as a check or a warning to Nanakamado, but it will have little effect."

As expected, Kokujoji was surprised by the accuracy of the information he was given, even when he communicated without hesitation. In just a few days, from what source did he get the information? He has been swimming through the turbulent political world for nothing, and has reached the post of president. Kokujoji was impressed by his speech technique, which didn't make the other feel hard.

(This is the "Gold" that he himself have prepared and polished...)

The president is not a servant of "Tokijikuin", nor is he attracted to any talent.

Or rather, Kokujoji had yet to add to his vassals a single politician who had become his sympathizer. This is a measure to ensure that "Tokijikuin" gets involved in the political world from the point of view of a collaborator.

That "Slate", like it or not, creates a side to rule and a side to be ruled. Furthermore, instead of "mentally and physically acknowledging" social status and biological abilities, it "gives structure to the functions of kings and ministers."

The EX- α individual and the β individual are not the same at all.

There was a huge difference in the functions and overall power of the two.

The problem is not how do they feel that, is the fact as that is.

In a post-war society where distrust and hatred of authority burn, and, moreover, in the ideal democracy that Headquarters tries to establish, this "structure" placed under others provokes resentment or even more indignation. Of course, it would be even more so if someone with high social status, such as a key politician or the head of a conglomerate, couldn't always get the talent he wanted.

The reason why Kokujoji keeps his former subordinates as comrades-in-arms and dedicates himself to behind-the-scenes work is to make them seem like a powerful but closed small professional group. (It is also based on the same reasoning that Nazumi established the "Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau" as a department with a legal foundation.) Even if they were wrong, they should not have been made to think of themselves as beings privileged above people... as the "transcendent ruling race" that the German Third Reich dreamed of.

Still, ever since "Tokijikuin" rose to prominence despite being behind the scenes, sharp-nosed politicians, ex-servicemen, surviving liberal activist, and even charlatans of the like have contacted Kokujoji to become his vassals. There have been many attempts, even more cases of faster attacks and kidnappings to seize power from the "Slate" or "King".

Humans are creatures that greedily seek power.

Especially now, when society is full of gaps and opportunities.

These realities made Kokujoji well aware of the dangers of hastily introducing the deadly drug "King", which was in the midst of trial and error, now in post-war, here in Japan.

Therefore, while sympathizing with the regime, they did not merge, and while showing their intentions, they did not issue orders... This position was firmly held by the "Golden King" Daikaku Kokujoji and "Tokijikuin". And it was precisely because he continued to stand his ground that he was able to gain the trust of the political world.

At this time, he can even have a secret face-to-face conversation with the president of the ruling party, who is not even his vassal.

"I see."

The president gave a slight nod again and casually filled the cup with sake.

"I agree with you."

Kokujoji did the same and filled his own sake cup.

"What is the trial material?"

"Although it has some privileges and power, it still feels like an intelligence agency running too wild. I tried looking in various directions to see if there was a backup behind it."

After half, the president wiped his cup at once, perhaps to moisten his throat or to make a decision, began to speak in a calm voice to Kokujoji who was waiting for his words.

"They frequently communicate with Atsugi."

"Atsugi?"

Kokujoji felt suspicious.

In the city of Atsugi, Kanagawa Prefecture, there is a large airfield for the occupation forces requisitioned from the former Japanese army. Immediately after the war, many squadrons were deployed, but by the end of 1948, it had become a supply base for the occupation forces in the Kanto region, and no military forces were stationed there.

"That place is under the jurisdiction of none other than the Headquarters, and even if you say Occupation Army, it is just logistical support..."

As he answered, Kokujoji thought of something strange.

In Atsugi, there is a large-scale facility that doesn't look like a supply base.

It was a "radar site" radio detection facility for the detection of sword-shaped "Schwert" Kouki, which the occupation forces hastily set up for fear of a mass uprising by the Japanese people in response to the "Chofu Incident".

In reality, this facility was useless. He ended up showing that all the sword-shaped "Schwert" Kouki that appeared after Red, Blue, Green, and Gray did not show any reaction to the radar. The reason why the facility still stands is due to both the practical aspect that is useful for air traffic control of the Occupation Forces, and the psychological aspect that is a symbol of confrontation with the unknown.

Kokujoji had investigated these items as being related to the "King" of him, but from the conversation with the president, he suddenly began to worry about a certain item. Slowly he spoke.

"If I remember correctly, the electrical probes placed there were under the jurisdiction of the United States Department of Defense, not the Occupation Forces. Engineers sent from the country of origin are also managing maintenance."

"Yes. That is very important."

The president nodded three times like a professor giving a passing grade.

"It appears to have been removed from the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency "ARPA" in response to a request from Headquarters to send in the latest state-of-the-art equipment. It is the people there who are in charge of maintenance."

After a pause, his calm voice turned heavy and low.

"Officially, most of them were reorganized last year, and they are the intelligence officers of their home country."

Kokujoji was surprised and accidentally put down the cup.

".....! Are they from the CIA?"

In the era of its predecessor, the Strategic Intelligence Agency "OSS" (although it was only three years ago), the Central Intelligence Agency "CIA" began to fight with the Headquarters over the advance of their base of operations in Japan. a destiny whose activity was sealed.

Since then, the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral General, dislikes "rogue spies", and has not tried to interfere with Japan. It was supposed to be, but it was only on the surface.

His undiminished anti-communist sense of mission and desire to expand his power secretly spread the roots of the conspiracy to Atsugi's neighborhood, or even to Nanakamado's throat.

(Nazumi also reported that Nanakamado was "exporting" psychics for anti-communist spy warfare... certainly, the recipient could be no one other than the CIA.)

Kokujoji finally found the reason of unusually bullish attitude of Nanakamado.

"So Nanakamado is trying to survive after our country regains its sovereignty by communicating with the CIA in the United States and cooperating in the re-advancement?"

"Nanakamado's intentions are probably like this."

And then the president spoke calmly about the core of the crisis.

"The nature of this matter is much bigger and deeper. Most worrisome is that the Pentagon is involved in the camouflage operation. There is only one person in the world with power that can make them allies of the CIA."

".....!"

Kokujoji guessed with a shudder, but didn't mention the title.

With the president's understanding, he added the most alarming information he had collected.

"The Department of Defense is sending a light aircraft carrier to and from Yokosuka under the pretext of carrying materials to Atsugi. Half a year has passed. It seems that the overbuilt ships from the previous war are being used as transport ships."

The tone of voice that he did not believe on the surface of the information was the meaning of the information.

"When we bring in materials, we line up the cars to watch the roads where there are no attackers. For some reason, most of these staff members are Japanese. What do you think of this situation?"

"The convoy... is probably practicing marching along the way, disembarking and deploying to military installations."

Kokujoji first thought of a former soldier and then of a "King".

"Japanese pretending to be guards are believed to be people with 'exported' skills in the past."

"In other words, the CIA is preparing a unit of talented people in our country, separate from Nanakamado."

"The reason they are using the Japanese is that they are doing everything they can for the local powers, and they are sure to get rid of them."

The president was calm, Kokujoji was strict.

"Hm, it's a way of doing things, similar to an intelligence agency."

"Nanakamado's original plan was to secure a piece that would guarantee the superiority of Headquarters, in other words, to secure our "King"... or perhaps make him cooperate."

After a calm exchange without changing the tone of their voices...

"However, they, who should have sent out the elite soldiers, were completely defeated by the "King" and were not able to get his cooperation. Even so, there is another goal in daring to use a unit of talented people."

"If it's the second best measures, they won't hit the same enemy twice... then,"

After sharing and researching, checking and analyzing, the two of them naturally came to a solution.

Even with that conviction...

"The next best thing is a sudden armed rebellion..."

The president involuntarily smiled wryly at the eccentricity of the resulting solution.

"It's like a coup before the war."

"It doesn't matter if it's successful or not, the goal itself is to create a riot in Tokyo. It would be nice if it could be used as a basis for criticizing the Occupation Army's current occupational rule, especially its ability to maintain public order."

Kokujoji was able to see through the brutal fashion of the time, where politics was intertwined with conspiracies and tyranny.

The president also calmly pursues the dangers affecting Japan's national fortune.

"The continental United States is participating in this operation to strike a blow at Headquarters which is too arbitrary. The overall goal is to create an excuse to reduce the excessive authority given to Headquarters and push Japan back into an anti-communist bulwark."

The old politician smiled wrinkled when he realized that all the cards were in his hand.

"I see, it's a nice photo."

With a smile on his face, he became furious.

"But I won't forgive them."

"Yes."

Kokujoji is also short and sharp and he agreed.

An air of tension filled the air between the two of them.

Kokujoji was the one who moved the fastest and stood up without panicking.

"Please leave me your phone. I will urgently take countermeasures with the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau."

"No, I'm the one who will call to."

The president, who took the thought of him one step further as a politician, stopped him. He explains before asking.

"An armed rebellion is different from a popular uprising that can only be stopped by dissipating the accumulated heat. It is an operation based on a political plan. Furthermore, both the initiative and the execution come from the intelligence agencies."

"Eh?"

Kokujoji, who couldn't understand the meaning of his explanation, took the form of an attentive listener.

The president admonished the young man who thinks he is fit about the dynamics of politics.

"In other words, if it turns out that he can't carry out his plan, it's the kind of thing that loses the foundation of the rebellion and puts an end to it."

"Do you have a measure to prevent the outbreak in the first place instead of suppressing it?"

"It's not as difficult as calling it a measure."

His smile, still filled with rage, glowed with murderous political maneuver.

"However, by making a proposal with the above reasoning, we can take away the bases to activate it."

"Proposal... what, where?"

The president, showed his "gold" to Kokujoji.

"Dismantle the intelligence agency, Nanakamado, to the commanding general of the occupation forces."

Saying so, he clapped his hands to call the butler.

In fact, a phone call was not enough. As soon as an appointment for negotiations was made at the Dai-ichi Seimei building in Yurakucho, Tokyo, where the general headquarters are located, the president returned to Tokyo in a safe driving car.

"Until I'm gone, give the quarterback time to reflect. A phone call is a message that says 'I'm going to make a proposal like this', and it's a grace period to make a decision. I am a gentle man, so I will go home at a slow pace."

That's what it looked like.

Kokujoji did not accompany him, but according to the guards who were sent in his place, the negotiations in the commanding officer's office were completed in a very short time.

Then the next day at noon.

Immediately, Kokujoji received two notices. The first was a document from the Department of Public Health and Human Services containing the Directive of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces (SCAP Index Number, or SCAPIN), as recommended by the Governor.

As written...

"Notice: 1. There is no intelligence agency under the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, Headquarters, which controls the Japanese people by any special means. 2. The Research Institute for Infectious Disease Control (at the Nanakamado City) will be decommissioned and withdrawn as of tomorrow in accordance with the achievement of its intended objectives. 3. Tasks 2 will be handled by the Metropolitan Police Reserve, US Army 1st Cavalry Division and the US Army's 97th Infantry Division."

It made no sense even to those who didn't know the circumstances, and it was extremely harsh for those who did.

In summary...

Nanakamado will be dismantled after its existence is officially denied.

The research institute where has been their base of operations will also be demolished, leaving no trace.

Not only the police but also the Occupation Army will be involved in the implementation.

That's what it meant.

You could see the marshal's anger as much as the president's, if not more.

(Not unreasonable.)

Kokujoji thought.

The United States has just forced Headquarters to change its policy of rebuilding Japan as an ideal democratic nation. It would be strange not to get angry if he knew that a conspiracy aimed at further reducing the authority of Headquarters was afoot at a time when the humiliation had not cooled. (As for the marshal personally, after the crushing defeat in the presidential election half a year ago, he was deeply involved in rebuilding Japan.)

The fact that the negotiations with the governor were brief also shows the extent of his anger.

Driven by ambition, the Nanakamado intelligence agency faced the end of punishment.

Regardless of what they thought, they were just an unofficial branch of the Occupation Forces, with all the authority given by the Headquarters. As long as their authority is revoked before the uprising, the intelligence agencies' ability to carry out their actions... in other words, the ability to force their way through the outside world will be gone, with one exception.

And due to the dissolution of the organization guided by the Japanese side, the troops prepared in Atsugi lost sight of the reason and the opportunity to move. If an armed rebellion is a political plot by an intelligence agency, it will be even more difficult to move lightly in uncertain circumstances. The prepared combat power became useless.

Above all, this order is also a signal to confront the home country that "Japanese Headquarters and the Japanese government have become aware of the plot". The situation has already moved to a phase where both parties are playing bargaining both implicitly and explicitly. Whether the result is a restoration of relations or an escalation of conflict, the turn of active force will not come for the moment.

The political apocalypse is coincidentally decisive.

Nanakamado's future was completely closed.

However, they are left with one more option that will not lead them into the future.

An act that is nothing more than a sterile and perverse struggle.

The option was to use the existing force to explode.

If they thought about it with calculations and reasoning, it was almost impossible to take such an action. There was no longer any prospect of reversing the situation, no matter how they used the forces they had, they could not expect the support of the CIA, and the credibility of the Headquarters had eroded.

Yet even so, for humans... especially for an organization that is entrenched in only one direction, impossible behavior often becomes a last hope. If violence is the only card left, the illusion is stronger.

In case Nanakamado did turn out to be like this, Headquarters prepared a second copy, a document from the Second General Staff Department (intelligence agency representative).

According to the document...

"Notice: 1. Request the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau to supervise the dismantling and removal work of the Research Institute for Infectious Disease Control (in Nanakamado City). 2. The commands and orders for dealing with people with capacity to induce and maintain anomalous phenomena will be in charge of the director of the same office, and not of the National Public Safety Commission. 3. All responsibility for actions in accordance with the notification falls on this headquarters."

It was an official dispatch request to confront the psychics organization directly from the Occupation Forces Headquarters.

In other words...

"Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau" will be in charge of responding to the outbursts of people with capabilities.

They would not care about the higher ranking organization and would act according to the judgment of the Chief, Somei Nazumi.

Whatever happens, the Occupation Forces Headquarters will take responsibility.

That's what it meant.

This precedent will determine the position of the organization, such as the nature of the duties carried out by the Legislative Office of Legal Affairs, its superiority over other police organizations, and the maintenance of an independent chain of command.

Anyway, everything was ready.

Calling out will be tomorrow.

There was no time for political maneuvering.

Even setting up a counterattack would be dangerous.

The Metropolitan Police Reserve Corps (predecessor of the Metropolitan Riot Police) and the Occupation Army will be in charge of dismantling and removing the facility, and if a person with capabilities moves, the "Fourth Legal Affairs Office" will delete it. Atsugi's forces are politically neutralized and there is no threat of intervention.

"Everything, no omissions."

The president said by phone during the preliminary consultation.

Kokujoji thought so too, and actually responded in agreement.

But...

(Is that really so?)

Somewhere, he had the feeling that something was issuing a strong warning. Assuming it was the "Golden King's" intuition, he didn't know where or what made him feel that way.

If he dared to raise a concern, it would be the matter of "Colorless King", but if it weren't for the huge power clash between the "Kings", it should be nothing more than a threat from a street passerby.

Even if Nanakamado mobilizes all the remaining ability users and challenges in a battle, he doesn't think they'll be able to develop a fierce battle that would make "Blue King" Somei Nazumi manifest "Schwert" above his head.

(Someday, the power of the other "Kings" will have to unite to deal with the "Colorless", and they will have to take it seriously... but, in the morrow, there should be no curtain for that to happen.)

Faced with a fate that has yet to be understood, Kokujoji had no choice but to confirm the current situation.

The president will take measures to control the situation, the marshal will make the difficult decisions, and the "Blue King" will take over the actual work... these measures are being carried out without delay and without fail.

The situation was supposed to proceed as planned.

There is nothing to worry about, it is fair and safe.

Both the era and history march orderly on the basis of reason and rationality.

Until the arrival of the "King" of change, who destroys and disturbs all those inevitabilities.

The last day of December 1948.

A long day for everyone, the first difficult step of regeneration is approaching.

On that day, there was a storm across Honshu and unseasonable lightning was also observed on the Sea of Japan side. Even in Tokyo, a heavy drizzle that made the cold seep into the bones made the landscape seem smoky since the morning.

Although the conditions were the worst for outdoor group activities, the high morale of beginning a great task defied objective facts. The staff of the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau, who were about to be sent to work, had diverse backgrounds and personalities, and the breakfast room was busy and noisy.

Those who interact carelessly,

"Iyoda-kun~, give me the salt, salt~"

"Yes, here you have. Why do you put salt on rice every time you see it?"

A person enjoying a meal,

"Today's food is also really delicious."

"Hmm! Chika-dono's miso soup is exquisite!"

"Oh, that's right... the manager's pickles are delicious too."

Those who talk about work,

"We don't have practice at the dojo today, so it would be great to go out and have something to eat!"

"Normally people don't like to be shipped, but..."

The people gathered in the small dining room looked like young people who could be found anywhere, they were no longer wearing blue clothes or carrying swords.

Their title as members of the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau is a legal system and they do not actually work for the Ministry of Justice. The office where daily work was carried out, the living space where people slept, they were all located in a corner of the former state guest house that displayed Tsubakimon's luxurious appearance... or rather, it was in a building in the corner.

Next to the simple entrance, which only looks like a back door, there is a plaque with the name "Ao Mamoru-sha" written in Somei Nazumi's handwriting, but in reality, this building was used as an office and living space for the exclusive servers of the guest

house. Permission to use the main building has not yet been granted (although it is clear that they will not be able to handle the current number of staff).

The dining room is so transparent that you can enter directly through the outside door and the adjacent kitchen is only separated by a curtain. It was a very simple installation for service, separate from the kitchen for guests.

Somei Chika, dressed in a triangular sling and a Japanese kappo uniform, emerged from the kitchen.

"Today's dispatch is likely to be a long battle with those with abilities. Be sure to maintain your strength!"

Everyone responded in unison, worthy of the loud cheers.

An old woman called softly to Chika from behind.

"That's enough, so Chika-san, please enjoy your food."

She gave her a tray with breakfast in a natural and discreet way.

This old woman is not only the guardian of "Ao Mamoru-sha", as Nazumi calls her, but of the entire guest house.

She has been protecting the state pension since the war and, even after her husband, who was also her colleague, died in prison at the hands of the special high police, she continued her work with calm and dedication. She led a small group of servants and kept the entire vast state guesthouse beautiful, and she possessed a mysterious ability that even Nazumi admired.

Chika bowed to the respectful woman and accepted the tray.

"Yes, I appreciate your words."

Of the members of the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau, only Nazumi and his wife travel from their nearby home. When they have to leave early like today, they usually have breakfast there, which they usually do at home. Chika not only eats, but she also helps the manager cook, so there will be one more food item for breakfast the day she comes.

This is the reason why the morale of the youth has increased considerably.

Chika walked behind them and sat in the reserved seat in the back, facing Nazumi.

He had already eaten his breakfast and there was not a single grain of rice or a drop of miso soup left. The tray had been pushed aside and a thick pile of books was piled between them.

Chika was a little taken aback.

(I wonder what kind of job it is.)

She has not heard that there was work to be done before being sent.

Beyond that mountain, Nazumi seemed to rise and reveal his face.

"Thanks for the food."

"That was a bad job."

After calmly responding to the polite voice, Chika asked.

"Nazumi-san, what is that book?"

If you look closely, you will see that it is not the usual bundle of government documents or an assembled file, but a collection of poems or Chinese classics. Apparently it was taken from the library of the State Guest House.

"My "Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau" also wants to have some kind of behavior or words that express the links clearly, so I've been looking at various documents... but it just doesn't fit very well."

Chika could easily imagine the worried face on the other side of the stack of books. Not only that, but she was also able to see through two or three levels of deep worry that were swaying like a fine mist.

"Do you have any concerns that will distract you from today's deployment?"

He wouldn't be surprised if someone could see through him now.

Rather, with the joy of being seen, Nazumi revealed his true feelings.

"I'm sure the plans and arrangements are perfect. But for some reason, I just don't feel like I can finish it..."

"Are you saying that when that "Red King" appears, the calculations go wrong?"

"The only thing I can say is that it is close, but different. When the matter reaches the "King", the mystery that governs that "Slate" is not clearly solved... and I feel very bad."

The superhuman irritation in her husband's voice.

With a single word, his wife returned him to the human horizon.

"Isn't that good?"

"Huh, is it?"

"The power of that "Slate" and the "King" are definitely things that exist in the floating world. As with anything else, isn't it okay to be in a bad mood because you can't get things done?"

"....."

On the other side of the stack of books, Chika could easily imagine Nazumi's no-nonsense face examining his opinions. The questioning tone of voice she had imagined returned.

"That is what it is?"

"That's right."

Chika dared to say it simply.

After a brief pause, Nazumi added.

"...I'm not convinced, but I understand. Chika-san."

"As you say."

"Your food is getting cold, please eat it quickly."

Chika took off her sling and put her palms together with a smile.

"Yes, Itadakimasu."

The unnamed intelligence agency was located in Nanakamado, Tokyo.

The facility's predecessor was an international Christian general hospital. Fortunately, the chalk building, with its magnificent bell tower, was saved from air raids and immediately after the end of the war it became a valuable medical center accommodating a wide variety of patients.

However, some time ago, it became the headquarters and research facility of an intelligence agency, with a fake sign reading "Infectious Disease Control Research Institute", a thick iron gate, and a high fence with a tap.

Today you could say that it has become a reality.

All the powers that had been established by them were revoked by official notification.

It was supposed to be done, but there is still debris moving around inside the room.

The noise was especially noticeable in the westernmost rooms on the top floor. It was established when the organization concentrated its personnel and functions there, and it is a command post that controls both internal analysis and command, as well as external reception and transmission.

The windows are covered with thick concrete, preventing the passage of wind and light. An electrical panel representing the Kanto region is installed on the wall and continues to display the movements of the objects being monitored. The tense atmosphere inside the room was created by those who operated the screens, those who provided information for their operation, those who received and transmitted information from outside, and those who reported and made adjustments derived from it.

Behind them, from a raised floor, a military-looking American gave instructions one after another.

"Keep all the generators running, okay, everything!"

Before it expired... his title was Director of the Extraterrestrial Intelligence Agency, in other words, Commander of Nanakamado.

"Never let anyone hang up on Atsugi's "Demodori"! If a conflict really breaks out, they will be looking for an opportunity to unite! No matter how trivial the data is, send them all the information to stimulate them!"

The scene was neither brave enough to be called anger, nor fierce enough to be called frenzy. In other words, it was a delusional movement that arose from the impatience of being cornered.

"Yokosuka's "Yaseppochi" hasn't come out yet?! Just one word is fine, keep calling until he answers! As long as we have the facts of the answer, we can negotiate with the CIA and the Pentagon as accomplices!"

Then, one of the engine members brings in a report containing new information.

After reading it, the chief engineer threw it away violently.

"Don't bring weather information! What do you mean the rain will turn into snow?! Today we are different from before! We are in a position to attack here...!"

After shouting, the chief engineer was shocked.

Everyone at the command post looked at him with worried faces.

As an intelligence agency, they are about to do something completely different than what they have done so far... gather information, capture targets, cover up operations, illegal experiments, etc. They were about to be forced to do so.

In other words, the act of undermining the systems and organizations that established them, and even the national structure.

Even if they had US backing (as the chief engineer insists), it was too risky a gamble to be taken lightly. Even so, the reason why they can barely maintain unity to the point of choosing to entrench themselves under the command of the chief engineer is due to their own status as intelligence agents.

That is...

"Listen, the person who knows the secret of an unprecedented phenomenon has become useless. Surrender and you will be detained by Headquarters, you know what will happen!"

This was because everyone was passively accepting the chief engineer's insistence that it had already happened for the umpteenth time.

"We will be accused of various clandestine jobs that will be imposed on us and handed over to our country of origin... At best, we will be deported and imprisoned, and at worst, we will be used as guinea pigs for investigation!"

Despite such instigation, there was no one in that organization who was clean and innocent enough to accept surrender. The fuel for their out-of-control behavior was the fear that "if they moved away from the side of manipulation and investigation, their position would be reversed".

Members of the intelligence service who spent their days committing shady deeds and even had a sense of pride in their actions attempted to crush them because Headquarters did not consider them that important, in fact, they looked down on them. The thought did not occur to them that their punishment would be lighter if they did nothing unnecessary.

Having no choice but to hide their feelings, they returned to their work.

The chief engineer, who had subdued his subordinate, turned his suspicious and hostile gaze towards the electrical panel on the wall.

The flashing light bulb on the map indicates the location of the convoy approaching the center, Nanakamado. It didn't seem like there was much time left.

"Tch."

After clicking his tongue, he gave new instructions to the two people behind him.

"Colt, help the doctor select interceptors. Anyway, quantity is more important than quality, okay?"

"Yes!"

One of them, Thomas Colt, responded with a salute, but there was no tension in his voice or his movements.

Despite the failure of the recent operation, and although he complained to the chief engineer about the danger to the king and others, he was able to remain head of the execution unit. This was because there was no one in the organization with more character and ability than him. In short, the previous operation was a crushing defeat for Nanakamado, who took it too seriously and lost the main strength of their active forces.

Colt himself suffered a crushing defeat to the point that the chief engineer no longer cared and, although as expected, his efforts to persuade Colt to cooperate failed. Although he felt ashamed, his feeling of boredom was not only due to his debt to these organizations.

There is no plausible theory that Nanakamado is advancing a pointless rebellion or that they are trotting out a Japanese Strain for that purpose. However, ever since that battle with the "Red King" Unno Yutaka, a word came to his mind from the bottom of his heart.

(What am I doing?)

As a "talented American" with no place to live, as an accomplice to Nanakamado's various actions, he must have had no choice, and he must have understood and agreed with him. Still, for some reason, he was captivated by those words, and the more he thought about them, the more he lost his inner strength.

Or, on the contrary,

"Come on, Colt-kun."

After receiving the order, another elderly Japanese man named Doctor put on his white coat and left the room. Even in that situation, he was still triumphant and led the way down the hallway with legs like dead branches.

This person was a scientist who was recruited from the former Ninth Army Technical Research Institute (also known as Kyuken or Noborito Research Institute) on the condition that he would be exempt from prosecution for war crimes, and was the main Strains researcher. in Nanakamado. He is also the leader of the analysis team that created a temporal structure from the initial "too conceptual and I don't know what it means" stage and systematized and theorized it to the point of forming a combat unit based on Strain.

Colt couldn't understand his attitude.

Although he was in an obvious situation, there was no difference from his usual situation. Maybe he just doesn't feel the battle that is about to begin, or maybe he has a strong spirit that never forgets to dedicate himself to his duties... or is he optimistic that the results of his own investigations will guarantee his safety, no matter what the result is?

Despite his confusion, the Doctor continued through the house, which serves as his garden, and soon entered a section that smelled of chemicals.

It was a detention center for Strain, with almost the entire floor taken up by a series of small rooms.

A person who is too fierce or too cowardly to be used. Someone who is strong or too weak to be used. Those who cannot be classified, those whose investigation and trial have not been completed, are allowed to stay for the time being. The last trump card left for Nanakamado, who has lost his main force, is the "interception personnel candidates in an emergency situation", who can be forced to follow them at gunpoint from the rear.

Normally, it was the rule to carefully evaluate the use of personality skills and aptitude before requesting cooperation, but in the current emergency, it is impossible to worry about such a pretense.

The Doctor continued forward, ignoring the countless looks of fear and resentment that peeked through the thick acrylic board. At the same time, he pressed the buttons under the room number one after another.

Each time the button is pressed, the red indicator light changes to green. That was the signal that "mobilization was possible", and the escort team was supposed to take him downstairs immediately.

Colt heard the Doctor murmur.

"No. 311, common, capable of killing, with a history of injury, good. No. 312, common, capable of killing, no history of injury, good. No. 314, common, non-lethal, with a history of murder, good. No. 315, Beta, has the ability to kill, has a history of murder, good. No. 317, without lethal capacity, has a history of injuries, good."

He looked away, feeling somewhat horrified that he seemed to be judging others calmly, even cheerfully, without referring to anything.

And there,

"No. 322, common, no lethal capacity, no history of injuries, bad."

A surprising verdict came.

There was someone who couldn't press the button.

Feeling a strange sense of relief, Colt looked towards room 322.

He looked at him and couldn't help but ask.

"D-doctor, is this child...?"

The Doctor, already making a decision several steps ahead, stopped and responded with a lack of interest.

"Hmm? No. 322 has the ability to generate electricity at the level of static electricity. She doesn't have the physique or physical strength, so she won't be of any use."

That judgment was completely correct.

Sitting in the middle of the room, cowering in fear, was a girl who wasn't even old (Colt had a hard time estimating the age of this skinny girl born in Asia). The marks of crying were clearly visible on her haggard and dejected face.

"Who are the parents of this girl?"

"She's a vagabond. I've made inquiries, but she has no family. The report says that the Strain group that attacked a US military transport vehicle did not manage to escape. Number 327, has the ability to kill, has a history of murder, good."

As he answered Colt's question, the doctor resumed his judgment process.

So far, several cases of Strains children have been confirmed. Most of them are locked up, hunted like monsters, or used by unscrupulous adults... in any case, they are said to be in even more dire circumstances than ordinary children.

Basically, Nanakamado doesn't see them as objects of use. The reason for this, of course, is not morality or love, but the fact that children with abilities are generally weak and have no value beyond statistical research. Still, for a while there were some people who advocated that they should secretly protect those children, but this is the current situation.

"....."

Colt, who had come into contact with the girl as a real human being and not as a series of characters on a sheet of paper, instinctively reached into his pocket and pulled out a bar of chocolate. Food that was normally used as bait to obtain information on corners was thrown through the food container. The girl looked up slightly.

"Do your best. You might be able to get out in a while."

He said that in clear Japanese while putting on his best fake smile.

Although the girl understood the meaning of the words, she did not seem to understand what he was trying to convey. All she could do was stiffen and look at him with suspicious, teary eyes.

"Colt-kun, what are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing."

When he responded to the doctor standing before him, there was a heavy impurity mixed with his fake smile.

(Seriously, what am I doing...?)

As if leaving his words and actions behind, Colt quickly left.

The girl who was left behind didn't even reach for the chocolate, she just lowered her head and called out to her.

"Iku-chan, please help me..."

The name of a very, very strong "Queen" who will help them.

+++++

There are rows of power transmission towers in the western suburbs of Tokyo. Under dark clouds and drizzle, a girl stood on top of what appeared to be a group of sotoba trees devastated by the cold.

She is not a beautiful and strong figure.

She has a young, dirty face and a forward-leaning posture.

She was around 10 years old and was wearing a tattered trench coat over her thin, petite body, but for some reason she has the hood down over her back. The way her chin jutted forward, along with her flowing hair, gave her the appearance of a wolf searching for prey. Both eyes peeking out of her bangs are closed.

It is not a peaceful dream.

It was a look of concentration and a deep expression.

And...

"...!"

In an instant, lightning exploded beneath her feet.

The girl simply opened her eyes without showing surprise or fear.

Her large eyes scanned the horizon where the electrical cables were strung.

"I found it."

A gigantic and complicated circuit diagram was constructed in the moaning girl's field of consciousness. It is a model of the area's transmission network, including the electrical cables under its feet, with the vibrations and flickering of it. She knows the strength and weakness of electrical currents, and even the content of communications.

What she found was a name that was nothing more than a communication.

"Someone gave a lot of importance to Miya-chan..."

Even now, there are people who continue to send information about people's names, characteristics and powers. Among them was the name of the friend she was looking for. Other information proves that she is definitely a friend who was taken away by the occupation forces.

The girl's forward-leaning posture leaned further, gathering strength to jump.

Just when,

"Huh, which one?"

She didn't know which side captured her friend, the one sending the message from the east or the one receiving it from the west. As she gathered more strength, she concentrated on that communication and investigated further.

Most of them were words she had never heard before, but it was easy to guess their meaning from the excitement in their voices and the way they structured the language (although she didn't know the words taii or suisoku).

The sender desperately seeks help and persistently relents.

The recipient seems reluctant and rarely responds.

The girl struggled to find out what role her friend plays in these communications, although she is anxious.

In communications sent from the east,

"Please send me as many talented people as you can as soon as possible!"

A voice shouted.

There are a lot of talented people on the receiving end in the west.

She is sure that there are many people with abilities, that is, there must be some friends who were taken away.

That's right, the girl who makes decisions based on reflexes instead of careful consideration wasn't wrong...

The girl turned her head towards the west.

"Let's go everyone!"

In response to the howl, dozens of shadows rose from the field below the power transmission tower. They were all skinny, dirty kids about the same age or younger. On those sharp and carved faces, there was a sense of fierce power similar to that of the girl.

A hand rose out of nowhere.

When everyone on the field raised their hands, the girl on top of the steel tower did the same. She's the only one who doesn't just raise her hand. She was raising her index finger as if to stab the sky.

"Come on!"

In an instant, lightning descended from the dark clouds, accompanied by thunder.

The explosive power of lightning erupted from the girl who raised her finger at the top of the group to the children below who raised their hands, connecting everyone with green sparks and electric shocks.

"Biribiri-dan, shuppatsu!"

And with that, the girl gathered all the strength she had accumulated and began to run.

As if she were flying, gliding on electric wires lying in the air.

The children who were on the ground are attracted by the strength of their bond and go together.

The "Green King" Tsunogui Iku and "Biribiri-dan" destroyed maintenance and disrupted stability, and they were completely wrong. However, it was a storm-like departure that made the shock that much greater.

On a gloomy morning under stormy skies with mostly freezing rain, residents near the Research Institute for Infectious Disease Control evacuated. They loaded their few household belongings into a large car, carried them in furoshiki wrappers on their backs, and, holding hands with their families, walked frantically toward their designated evacuation destinations. There were complaints from many people that it was too late to evacuate, but if it were a message from Headquarters, it would be undeniable.

At first glance, it seems reasonable for Headquarters to say:

"This is a precautionary measure along with sampling for infectious diseases".

Despite that, a large number of police and even the Occupation Forces were sent to establish a strict blockade. Everyone couldn't help but wonder about the truth that was openly kept secret.

Some of the demobilized soldiers understood that this blockade line was prepared for movement from the inside, but at the same time they noticed the serious looks on the faces of the American police and soldiers guarding the area, and they remained silent and did not want to get involved.

The evacuation, which had since sparked various speculations, and the deployment of personnel in jeeps and trucks, which had been transported upriver, were completed at noon. It was so cold and rainy that bonfires were even allowed in several places.

The Research Institute for Infectious Disease Control where Nanakamado hides quietly.

Police and American soldiers surround the chalk building, which is surrounded by a high concrete wall and has a very bad reputation among local residents. They formed an orderly formation even in the rain and placed their gun barrels on piles of sandbags, but they advanced no further. Its only function was to build a siege and capture fugitives. That was decided the night before at an emergency strategy meeting.

Similarly, the number of personnel responsible for the invasion and suppression was determined by the Fourth Legislation Bureau of the Ministry of Justice, headed by the "Blue King" Somei Nazumi, who had clarified the confusing meeting. Even including Nazumi himself, there are only nine people with that ability.

The nine of them lined up in front of the main gate of the research institute, holding umbrellas.

The row of umbrellas, some restless and others motionless, watched the ceremony to prepare for the formality of the execution. A messenger from the Second General Staff Department, armed with an order from Headquarters, rang the bell, a ritual that may seem modest but is also a decisive declaration of war.

There was no answer to the doorbell.

The messenger pressed the call button and read the document.

When he finished saying that, if they didn't comply, they would be executed, that is, forcibly seized, he ran out the door like a rabbit.

The messenger stood in front of the "Blue King" in the center of the row of umbrellas and greeting.

"Report! No response from external organizations! Request from the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces Headquarters! Since the order was clearly violated, the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau will quickly enforce it. That that's all!"

Nazumi folded his umbrella and placed it at his feet, then responded with the correct fold.

"Accepted by the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau."

When the messenger left, a row of umbrellas folded their umbrellas one after another and placed them at their feet.

While catching the raindrops on his hat, Nazumi looked around the research institute.

"It seems that they have no intention of prolonging the negotiations and gaining time."

While her husband looks at the board, Chika helps him read by talking to him.

"What kind of winning strategy do you plan to find in this desperate situation?"

"That's right. If they wanted to engage in urban warfare, they would have launched it before the siege was completed."

As he smiled and enjoyed the conversation with his wife, Nazumi immediately got to the point.

"In that case, the operational posture is interception and the target is the assault force. That is to say, we are the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau. Since we are the biggest nuisance to them, we must be exterminated within their base as soon as possible."

The staff members on both sides responded lightly depending on their courage.

Nazumi continued with a smile on his face.

"I think the goal is to create a stalemate with the surrounding forces that have already settled. What they fear more than anything is that the talented forces in Atsugi will not be

able to arrive. That's why they want to crush us, the opposing force of reinforcements that come, with their first move. If we can crush them, we can use it as material to move Atsugi."

As the game progresses, the pieces of the puzzle come together one after another and the players' intentions come together. So far, he didn't have the overwhelming feeling of foreboding or unease that worried him in the morning. The reading continued with great clarity.

"When reinforcements arrive, we will concertedly break the siege, both internally and externally, causing unrest in Tokyo. They will then negotiate with Headquarters or the Japanese government for a pardon on the condition that they withdraw their troops. Then they return in triumph home with their glorious war results and political achievements as souvenirs... Well, the best scenario would be something like that."

He then added with a smile on his face.

"Of course, that's impossible."

Chika added more to prevent her husband from becoming irreverent.

"Never forget that the other person also has the power to cancel the impossible."

"It was certainly premature."

Nodding solemnly, Nazumi stepped forward.

The officers once again straightened their backs at the act prior to the order.

But for some reason, instead of the usual orders, a long explanation came.

"Today's deployment is a monumental moment for us, the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau, which has been officially entrusted with full authority to deal with individuals with the capacity to induce anomalous phenomena by breaking the chain of command between the Occupation Forces and the Armed Forces."

The staff, including Chika, were attacked by a bad feeling.

His especially logical explanation was determined to be an unavoidable incentive, even indirectly, to influence someone from a logical perspective, "something that is difficult to accept immediately".

"Right now, so to speak, is the place to reveal it... This morning during breakfast I came up with a gesture that would demonstrate to the viewers that I am willing to commit crimes against people with abilities, and also show them the model of order that must be maintained."

As expected, a proposal came that they couldn't immediately accept, but from which there was no escape.

"From now on, when we prepare for battle on the field, we will all draw our swords in order shouting a certain number. Following my order, each person please respond with their name and report having drawn their sword. Now, let's go "

The "Blue King" gave the orders, with the air of a cheerful driver and the voice of a stern superior.

"All members draw your swords!"

"To the order..."

Somei Chika, who was the deputy commander, or, in other words, the one who had to take the lead among the "vassals", was guarded by the staff and, although her cheeks were flushed, she followed orders. As soon as she picked up her naginata that she carried on her back, she put the sheath on her waist.

"Somei Chika, battou!"

With a loud, mesmerizing sound, she swung her drawn naginata and smashed the stone onto the ground.

Behind them, a scream escaped from the surrounding troops, exactly as Nazumi had anticipated.

Then, the last member of the station, who had been hesitating, finally moved after receiving an elbow in the side.

"I-Iyoda, battou!"

This time, his voice and his movements were moderate, so he was silent from behind.

With the assistance of both the good and the bad, the staff continued doing the same without hesitation.

"Rokugo, battou!"

"Hakizawa, battou~"

"Uh, uh, Nizuka, battou!"

"Hoizumi, battou!"

"Hentani, battou!"

"Toneyama, battou!"

After watching with satisfaction as everyone drew their swords, Nazumi slowly, but with a masterful movement, revealed the white blade.

"Somei Nazumi, battou!"

Naturally, he took a step forward and the station staff followed in line.

Because Nazumi was advancing at a regular pace,

"We're also working hard on creating other things, like extended front-end speeches. Look forward to the future."

For some reason, no one responded to proposal number two.

When the execution began, the telephone lines leaving the research institute were cut simultaneously in several places. They probably have backup lines buried underground and radio communication equipment, but the effectiveness of the measures is not the issue. That was a response to the enemy's declaration of war, which they ignored, and a signal for the start of the battle.

Next, the main door was hit by the stone tip of a naginata accompanied by blue power.

The thick iron gate was torn free of its bolts and fell onto the stone pavement of the front garden. When the glow of the earth's tremors faded, only the waves of freezing rain remained. There was no sound of movement in the barren front garden leading to the front door.

"As expected, there was no deployment of forces outside and no firing from inside. I guess it was a stalemate after 41 moves. As I thought, the real battle will only begin after we rush inside."

As he looked around from behind his hat, Nazumi gave them his final instructions.

"Originally, I would send the sword-shaped Radiant Schwert to strengthen them, but I don't want to irritate the "Colorless". I would like it to be a true test of skill."

The "King's" assessment was that it was possible to control the area with those nine people.

The confidence of the "vassals" in the evaluation of this "king".

They both took steps without hesitation and finally stopped in the middle of the front yard. It is a perfect place to observe the board, offering a panoramic view of the interior of the entrance, both ends of the house and even the bell tower above. After looking around,

"First move, reach the observation point... I will leave command to you from then on. Be careful."

Without bending down or bending his stretched back, he confided it to Chika,

"Yes. You should do your best."

Chika also looked forward and resolutely returned a response to Nazumi.

Then, leaving Nazumi in his place,

"Come on!"

The horizontal line resumed execution with Chika giving the order.

The tension in the formation increased with each step and finally, at its climax, eight people lined up at the entrance. The two wooden doors that once housed a general hospital are large and tall, and greeted them with an eerie silence.

Chika, as vice commander, looked left and right.

Although everyone was nervous to some extent, they did not hesitate.

After lifting her chin back in a slightly satisfied manner, the vice commander of the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau issued a sharp order.

"Run!"

"Yes!"

"Come on!"

Hakizawa and Nizuka each kicked in the two doors, throwing everyone inside.

Before they could fall to the ground, the tremendous gunshots from inside would blow them to pieces.

To annihilate the intruders, countless bullets fell from beyond the barricade installed in the entrance hall, not only from pistols, but also from automatic rifles and machine guns. Furthermore, invisible shockwaves, blows, and cuts came like an avalanche.

To confront it head-on, Hentani and Toneyama erected a solid blue power shield.

"Wow, this is the first time I've seen the entire shield shake!"

"The impact of the "force" is greater than that of a bullet."

As they stopped to take cover at the entrance, swords imbued with power silently approached from behind the thick stone pillars to their left and right.

Immediately, Iyoda and Hoizumi killed them.

"Wow?!"

"It smells elegant!"

At the same time, Chika hit the two people falling directly on top of her with the flat part of her naginata, knocking them down. After confirming that the unconscious people had collapsed inside the mantlet, she asked Rokugo, who was staring at the center of everyone.

"How is?"

"There are no signs of bombs or gas."

Before he could say that, Hakizawa and Nizuka stepped forward and moved the position of the mantlet forward.

"Iyoda-kun, you are very strong in real life."

"Hey, two tablecloths are formed!"

The collision between the bullet and the force became even more intense.

Ignoring that, Hentani and Toneyama pressed harder and harder.

"Prevent shielding, advance further!"

"Secure the cutting position."

Once the shield was erected a short distance from the barricade, Chika gave an order.

"One, two, three, take it!"

Iyoda was first, followed by Hoizumi.

"Gaaah!"

"Keep formation!"

Following them, Hakizawa and Nizuka,

"Come on."

"Oh, wait."

Following them, Rokugo, Hentani and Toneyama as well.

"Keep pushing!"

"Understood!"

"Come on."

They jumped onto the barricade one after another, and fortunately, they were able to hit the barricade, expanding their control area from the front to the left and right, and then to the surrounding area. Finally, Chika, who had been setting up a shield at the rear, silently entered the barricade and obtained a bridgehead to control. There weren't many interceptors lying around inside, maybe they evacuated as they approached.

(After all, the other party is not exempt from measures either.)

Chika looked around her, preparing herself once again.

Located at the rear of the entrance hall, an empty hallway extends to the left and right. In each case, similar barricades were erected along the long road, with white swords and gun muzzles flashing.

This time, the officers prepared for the next attack while hiding behind barricades.

Rokugo, the security guard, shouted.

"Left hand, heavy weapon!"

A brief whistle was heard and bursts of rocket flames erupted from beyond the shield placed outside the barricade. The common sense that it's not something to shoot indoors seems to have lost its meaning in this situation.

"Prepare for a surprise attack by the talented!"

Chika perked up and stood like an unbreakable pillar in the center of the barricade.

(So far so good... now I'll gather the ingredients for Nazumi.)

Nazumi watches her efforts from the front yard.

(Heavy weapons, again from the west, 34 moves.)

To be precise, he was observing the battlefield and trying to understand the factors that made up the battle situation.

The initial location of the force, the behavior of talented people who seem to have a squad commander behind them, the direction in which they will retreat when attacked, the direction in which reinforcements will be sent, the density of the fire that they rain and the weapons of the interceptors. The types of weapons used are not only those of the battlefield.

(Grenade from above, 35 moves.)

The plan of the general hospital before its renovation, the appearance of the research institute after its renovation, the slight pipes and unevenness exposed in the wall, the route of the canal to drain ice and rain, the construction of the front garden and the damage to stone pavement. Until then, he mentally lined up everything that could be verified.

(Wave of attacks by talented people, 36 moves.)

In order for the actions that take place on the battlefield to be possible, it becomes clear what kind of structure the buildings must have and where the people must be. When that becomes clear, you will have the entire war situation in your hands.

And now,

(Reinforcements on the left side of the atrium. The pillars cannot be removed, so even if it is renovated, the structure will remain the same. The route of the bullets, the position

of the barricade, the stairs to protect and the use of gas now. Chika-san, are you okay? 37 moves.)

All the phenomena were intertwined and the puzzle was completed.

In other words, reason and phenomenon have been clearly separated.

(Is that where the command post is?)

Nazumi looked from under his uniform towards the west end of the top floor.

The walls were exactly the same as the others, with the windows covered in concrete and disguised as shutters.

However, all battles occur around that area and they move to protect it.

Nazumi turned towards that, keeping his back straight. Due to the sharpness of his movements, his rain cape spread for a moment, pushing away the freezing rain particles. The regular steps began.

(Approach, 38 movements.)

In his mind, the "King" begins to count his own movements.

This was proof that the mission was in its final stage.

Finally, his steps began to gain strength and a blue crystal step formed beneath his feet as he stepped on them with an unchanging rhythm. Before long, he reached his destination, facing the west end wall of the top floor, without any hesitation or confusion.

(Accomplished, 39 movements.)

He held his saber upright in front of him like a guard of honor, then brandished it three and four times before returning to the same position. The thick concrete wall was cut into a blue line and collapsed inwards.

(Cut, 40 moves.)

The scene in the dimly lit room... electrical panels that had been smashed and sparks scattered, information equipment lined up all over the place, and the engineers looking at him stiffly proved that his assumption was correct.

The "Blue King" stared at them, throwing his saber forward and announcing his sentence.

"Forty-one moves, you are paralyzed. I recommend you all to surrender."

But,

In the end, when Nazumi visually checked the board, he should have immediately accepted the surrender. The expression of the man, the chief engineer, made him feel very uncomfortable.

"Ah, "Blue King" ...!"

That harsh but trembling voice had a tone of desperation much darker than expected.

When Nazumi saw that, that feeling of foreboding and disgust suddenly came back to him from the depths of his heart.

Something was wrong. It was large and misaligned.

The chief engineer revealed to him the true nature of the discomfort.

"Is this... also... your doing?"

After saying that, Nazumi finally caught on to what he was pointing out.

A large communication device that had probably been chewing on it just now.

From that speaker overflowed the noise of the battlefield mixed with noise.

Nazumi had heard that the communication was coming from inside the house where a battle was taking place, but the truth was different.

[I urgently ask for help! I urgently ask for help!]

He understood it only from the word he received.

The interlocutor was not there.

[We are being attacked by a group of strangers!]

The person seeking help comes from a completely different place.

Apart from that institute, there is only one other partner with whom they could collaborate in that critical situation.

In other words, they were the source of support for Nanakamado's rebellion plan.

[I repeat, this is the Atsugi base!]

It was the Atsugi American military base where the talented troops were stationed, which was supposed to be the side that was supposed to provide support.

[We are being attacked by a group of strangers! I urgently ask for help!]

A cry of despair shook the atmosphere in the room that was supposed to have surrendered with a fever of restlessness.

[The Japanese skill corps was wiped out! What are those brats?]

[They're coming, they're coming! The door will break!]

Behind the transmission, the sound of metal being struck began to rumble irregularly. It sounded like someone was playing the drums recklessly, ignoring efficiency and regularity.

Of course, the first thing that ran through Nazumi's mind was "Colorless", but something wasn't right.

(Did he drive to neighboring Atsugi Prefecture? What about the children?)

That doubt created an unpleasant hum in Nazumi's heart that he had never felt before... even when he was fighting with all his might against the "Red King" Unno Yutaka or the strange monster "Colorless King".

A whisper, similar to the feeling you get when you turn something over.

Meanwhile, the level of panic on the other end of the communication rose through the roof.

[The radar site that fell due to lightning has been restarted! The Hoigaku moves on its own!]

[You're an Idiot!]

[Is he! That color "green"...]

The voice stopped suddenly.

A sudden silence descended upon the command post.

The chief engineer and the engineers were stunned.

For them everything is over. That was the end.

However, for the "Blue King" Somei Nazumi, it was different.

Now that things were being cleaned up, something was starting to happen.

There was no point in giving up.

There was another player who turned the entire board over.

[..."Green"..."]

A voice came from the speaker, as if in response to Nazumi accidentally spilling it.

[Where?]

Nazumi felt the voice, or rather the medium, and felt the pressure running through his entire body.

The voice was not only emitted from the large communication device with which the chief engineer communicated.

It was broadcast from all the communication devices installed in the command post.

(No way, this communication... is not allowed!)

The established order will be ruined.

Faced with so much certainty, Nazumi felt lost for the first time.

It seems like he couldn't understand it all at once.

[Miya-chan, where are you?]

The voice that reached him was that of a small child.

[Whoever knows, answer me... I am...]

That voice said the decisive words.

[Oh... "Green King" ...]

The turmoil of that day had barely begun.

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That day, Daikaku Kokujoji had been sitting in a certain subcommittee meeting since morning.

He didn't want to get caught up in other things on a day when they had an important dispatch for the King and people with abilities, but as long as he has one foot in this world, there are many duties that he has to fulfill. This is especially true if it is an important official mission, such as accompanying and escorting the president of the ruling party.

The reason for the subcommittee meeting was a motion to punish a member of the ruling party for misconduct, and since the conclusion of the punishment was clear, the decision was made quickly. However, after that resolution, a private draft of the statutes circulated within the party. After reading it, the president wordlessly handed it to Kokujoji, who was standing next to him.

Kokujoji was secretly surprised as he looked at the document, wondering what the escort was doing.

"Security system project for party members."

The agenda was trivial, but extremely important. The party wanted to officially incorporate "Tokijikuin", who had been treated as an outside collaborator, into a part of the party organization.

In recent times, the ruling party administration has finally entered a period of stability and is now negotiating with the General Headquarters on the path to complete peace and withdrawal from the occupation. At this time, the opaque relationship with private

organizations such as the pre-war extra-parliamentary group needs to be clarified. There is no point in trying to expand the strength of the party.

Even within the organization, the words were full of artificial rhetoric, saying that the organization would gain more success if he became an official official.

When Kokujoji turned his attention to him, the president let out a ridiculous snort and shook his head slightly. In other words, it is a surprise move by a rival faction within the ruling party that he has no knowledge of. With the ruling party's dominance in the political situation almost firmly established, the rival factions seem to have had enough leeway to carry out unnecessary political maneuvers.

The purpose of the recruitment must have been to take control of "Tokijikuin", who had been controlling the political world from the position of bodyguard, formally incorporating them into the ruling party. Even within the dominant faction led by the president, there are many who wish to use "Tokijikuin", who possesses supernatural powers, more conveniently. As the opposing factions discuss the draft, they will compile these requests and turn them into the opinion of the entire party. If it becomes the will of the entire party, it cannot be ignored, and if it happens, it will be an opportunity to undermine the president and take control of the party... There may be other considerations.

He can't believe it was a coincidence that they submitted the draft that same day. It's like they're going to put pressure on the leader of "Tokijikuin", who will prioritize protecting the president over a serious case of talented people, that they're going to put him on the table and pressure him into submission?

(I see, humans are truly insatiable creatures.)

Kokujoji was smiling like it was no one else's business.

(Although only three years have passed since the destruction and death that tore the country apart.)

Until now, "Tokijikuin" has tried to avoid being absorbed by its greed and stay out of political conflicts. However, the trend of the times may gradually make it no longer possible to do so.

In the future, regardless of whether they are involved or not, as the world stabilizes, interference from those who desire power will increase. The situation in which they are becoming the reason for the conflict demonstrates this.

Power moves people and creates a flow just by being there.

It is like a cluster of stars that he expanded through his daily training.

(I never expected the beginning to appear so quickly.)

That draft is only a small part. The power that has been lost in the postwar chaos will become more visible as it settles. It's time to think about making a change.

The sensation of being faced with a proposal for which he had carefully searched for the answer invaded him.

The proposal is,

(How should we "Kings" be treated?)

Will it remain hidden in the background like before?

Or will it turn around and appear?

(If not, is there another way?)

Although it was a proposal, it did not seem that the direction would be easily determined.

After all, he didn't even recognize the faces of all the "Kings" who should be punished.

While he was lost in these thoughts,

Unexpectedly,

[Where?]

A voice came from the radio installed in the chamber.

Not that it was time, he didn't even have time to think about it.

It is as if the proposals he has discarded, such as caution, now face a harsh reality.

(.....!)

An almost physical shock, incomparable to the moment he saw the draft, passed through Kokujoji.

Hearing it for the first time, perhaps a child's voice, unleashed a power unique to them that no one else can use.

[Miya-chan, where are you?]

(You, no way.)

In the noisy chamber, only Kokujoji had a hunch about the situation.

Even when the staff hastily fiddled with the radio switch, the voices continued to come out. Before he knew it, all the speakers inside and outside the chamber were emitting the same loud voice that no one else could stop.

[Whoever knows, answer me... I am...]

(I guess everything is ready... now, finally!)

An indescribable feeling of euphoria warmed Kokujoji's heart.

It was no longer worth hiding it.

Everything will appear as it is.

What will this bring for him, for them and for this country?

He must accept this along with them and confirm it.

He stopped doubting a long time ago.

Since that comes, he will accept it with determination.

Suddenly, Kokujoji stood up to say the decisive word.

[Oh... "Green King" ...]

(The last one... "Green King"!)

He had to go to them.

In order to determine if it is a desired miracle or not.

Or, to turn it into a desired miracle...

"Kokujoji-kun."

After hearing the familiar title, the president finally turned to look at him.

Kokujoji, who received his gaze, spoke with a smile.

"I will respond after considering the draft."

The president noticed that the man who answered seemed to have grown larger.

He is not big enough to be belittled and repressed.

He was so big that he naturally looked up and turned his back to him.

The burly man took a deep breath and the entire assembly hall burst into loud applause.

"To those in the House of Representatives who want us, know this! We are both a sword and a flame! You can see the full extent of this, so prepare to swallow it all!"

Before the lingering effects of the impact from his cheeks to his stomach wore off, his large figure had disappeared from the chamber.

This time, the remaining president smiled as if it was no one else's business.

DESDE AQUI

Unno Yutaka hates rain.

Therefore, on days when the weather is not good, he usually spends the day resting at the back of Todokoro Suwako's cafe, or resting at the back of the "Yakumo" game room. Unno, who was resting at the back of "Yakumo" that day as usual, suddenly stood up and walked out through the back door.

The direct reason was...

[Where?]

The radio that was beside his bed.

[Miya-chan, where are you?]

Even if he hit it or broke it,

[Whoever knows, answer me... I am...]

It was because that continued raising the voice.

[Oh... "Green King" ...]

With a bat umbrella, he walked as if he was kicking the bitter icy rain.

Then, a member who was following closely behind joined him.

It was Todokoro Suwako, holding an umbrella.

"Even though I said I wasn't going anywhere."

A hard look emerged from behind the round black glasses.

Embarrassed, Unno pouted even though he was the culprit.

"That's not what I meant. I'm sure you understand."

"You said that? That's not even true."

Another person began to tease and follow them.

It was Tamataro Okuma, dressed in an uncomfortable-looking raincoat.

"There are people who believe in the phrase "don't fly" and it's cannonball."

"Don't make any noise."

"There's a lot of noise."

At times like this, Unno and Suwako would answer in unison.

Okuma let out a sigh and asked again.

"So you know where you're going, right?"

"There's going to be a commotion anyway, so let's go there."

Suwako was very taken aback by the terse and messy answer.

"Were you planning on just walking in the rain until then?!"

"He's a boss who always looks out for you, see?"

Okuma was equally taken aback, but handed over the newspaper he had in his pocket.

After receiving it, Unno drew his attention to the area circled in red. The headline of the small article read, "Traffic restrictions in the vicinity of Nanakamado City due to the extraction of infectious disease samples from the Research Institute for Infectious Disease Control".

"Nanakamado, umm... Colt's house?"

Without taking a moment to think, Unno's feet turned in that direction.

The two followers also had their destinations arranged.

"That's the only place where there's going to be commotion today. Traffic regulations will require people to pay before entering and leaving."

"Well, I guess the young lady and her blue-hatted husband will be coming too."

Unno walked away, kicking away the freezing rain.

"Don't talk about that bastard, he's really bad."

Although he had a premonition of a battle, or even a conviction, his steps remained the same.

The next two people were the same.

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In Tsunogui Iku's memory, there is a flame break.

She doesn't remember what was supposed to be on the other side of that flame.

The woman she is today began with that fire, wandering through the scorched fields.

The fact that she was burned during an air raid was discovered by others much later.

At that time, she wandered around with a vague sense of loss, as the endlessly hot flames annihilated everything in their path... including her memories.

The only thing besides life was a name.

A name tag was sewn onto her clothes, which were riddled with tiny holes caused by the sparks. The small piece of cloth that testified to her existence had the words "Tsunogui Iku" written on it in furigana, probably because it was difficult to read. Or perhaps it was a beacon for parents and children to find each other among the burnt ruins, but it was never used.

Along with her memory, many of her criteria for judgment had also disappeared, and her face was expressionless.

At that moment, she was incapable of experiencing feelings built on some sort of foundation, such as feeling sad for the person she had lost or angry at the person who had provoked her.

The instincts of a living being, of being hungry and thirsty to connect with the present, and fearing the danger of oneself who has no way to protect oneself, ruled everything in her small body.

Even after the flame that caused the rupture had turned into a wasteland of extinguished charcoal,

She continued to walk aimlessly, hungry, thirsty, and scared.

No one else had the energy to help her.

Above all, it was not a particularly unusual hardship.

It was quite normal, except for the memory.

Many children lost their parents and were orphaned.

In a tense situation on the brink of defeat, there were very few ways to save orphans like her damaged by the war. There are very few orphanages that are public protection facilities and individual households are doing their best to keep their own families alive. It would have been better if only children could be evacuated, and it was still the same day to day where they evacuated to eat or not.

Orphans who were burned in the air raids flocked to makeshift communal dining halls or died in the field. On very rare occasions, some children found adopters, but in reality they were only a handful, or rather almost no one. Most of them just wandered around, got lost, and ended up at the edge of the place.

After many days, she finally reached one such abyss, the underground passage of Ueno Station.

It was a narrow, winding concrete underpass that connected the burned-out JNR Ueno Station to the Keisei Line's Ueno Koen Station, and served as a makeshift evacuation center for people who had nowhere to go. Of course, that hadn't been publicly

acknowledged. Due to several large air raids, the number of homeless people numbered in the hundreds, even thousands, and society was at a standstill, with no one able to do anything about it.

10% to 20% of the homeless people were children, and she ended up living like one of them. Although they called it life, it wasn't that of a normal human being. They slept in unsanitary and unsafe spaces, crammed into places where it was difficult to even lie down, and they survived by running soup kitchens and begging, and when that wasn't enough, they resorted to illegal means... to put it bluntly, they resorted to criminal acts. The targets were mainly people coming and going from Ueno Station, sometimes people from far away who were rebuilding the ruins, and sometimes nearby neighbors who slept and woke up together in the underground passage.

"I can't help it, what else can I do?"

In the stagnant darkness of the underground passage, she heard someone muttering.

In such a place, where everyone's hearts were filled with resignation at the thought of losing their human relationships, Tsunogui Iku was rebuilding herself and continuing to live.

There is a girl who has a keen eye and keen intuition.

Such rumors began to circulate among the vagabonds of the underground passages a few months after the Empire of Japan, which they did not care about, suffered defeat and collapse.

At first, she was simply someone who knew a secret place to store leftover food from a US military facility, and for a short time, that place filled the stomachs of the few people who followed her until the parliamentarians chased them away.

Soon, people who had not only witnessed the incident but also cooperated with it began to share their experiences, such as locating a supply storage area that had been cleverly hidden by a blackmailer and unearthing several underground warehouses buried among the burnt ruins.

Ultimately, by predicting from the police's movements that a raid on an underground passage (squatter raid) is taking place, she gains tremendous trust from those who believe her and escape.

The girl's name is Tsunogui Iku.

Judging from the clothes she was wearing, that seemed to be the case.

She could be about ten years old. In addition to the person in question having lost their memory, homeless children are usually malnourished and underdeveloped. Guessing from her emaciated appearance was unreliable.

She was small in appearance, with a hunched back, and had a habit of slightly thrusting her chin forward. It was whispered that she looked like a beast, with her large eyes peeking out from her long, unruly hair.

When this strange-looking girl was asked the reason for her unusual intuition,

"You know it's going to happen when you see it."

She explained it concisely and difficultly. It is said that she is able to have a vague idea of what will happen based on what she sees and how she will move from there.

Iku was often approached by people who thought that even if they couldn't understand her, there was value in using her, but unfortunately Iku didn't have the social skills to be "used for good". At this point, she shows no interest in collective action, and in the above case, she didn't encourage others to do anything. Those who followed or heard the story willingly participated in the spillover.

All she does is search for food, eat, defecate, and sleep. She secretly wanders around the city during the day and returns to the underground passage to sleep at night, repeating the same behavior. It was truly the life of a beast.

The other things began to increase little by little, and it was at the time when people began to flood into Tokyo again that she began to see obvious changes.

The trigger was a common occurrence.

The child sleeping next to her died of hunger.

It was not her friend, it was a child who somehow had a fixed position next to her and sometimes did not have it.

The children who often walked astride them were dying of hunger.

It was a child whose face she did not know well, and who always slept on the way to her usual bed.

The child who spoke to her without giving her anything died of hunger.

It was a child who only thought she was noisy and had never exchanged a single proper voice.

Children were dying of hunger.

Similarly, adults were dying of hunger.

It was a common occurrence, but the rate of occurrence was accelerating.

From the fall of 1945 (Showa 20) to the following year, the year of Japan's defeat in the war, there was a food shortage that was even more severe in Tokyo. Defeated countries have limited reserves and do not matter as they did during the war.

Furthermore, immediately after the defeat, Typhoon Makurazaki swept through the Japanese archipelago, destroying fields across the country and causing the worst crop failures in the Taisho and Showa periods. Even food distribution to the general public was suffering a reduction.

Furthermore, people returned to Tokyo, where air raids had ceased, and demobilized soldiers arrived as well. The city of Tokyo, which had always been a large consumer area, was experiencing rapid, uncontrollable population expansion.

The population did not increase naturally due to development, but was due to a sudden influx of population. There was no way production or supply could keep up (after this, Tokyo's population would increase by 1 million people in just one year).

The balance that had kept the vagrants barely alive, surviving the day by eating or not, was shattered by this food shortage. All kinds of people faced food shortages, and the homeless people down below were forced to starve, unable to get food even if they begged and soup kitchens were disrupted.

At first, Iku showed no particular reaction to the starvation of these other people, but soon she realized that it was becoming difficult to get food and that there was a limit to what she could do with a little intuition.

She began to have relationships with other people.

She learned to talk to people, she began to act and work together.

Still, all she could do was spread out a little, but in that small space there was a chance to find life... to put it more plainly, there was a chance to find food.

From her experience, she has seen many adults who think that children's weaknesses are an opportunity to take advantage of them, and who want to wear them out and throw them away, but the only ones who can work together and share the results are children of the same generation.

Over time, Iku and the dozens of homeless people who gathered around him became well-known in the neighborhood. Sometimes they died, ran away, or got separated, but they were never killed.

Homeless people do not understand difficult issues. They often acted on impulse or mood rather than logic. Among the jobs offered to them, Iku chose one that even they felt they could do.

Basically, they work in groups of several people and mainly do simple jobs like traveling around the city in Batya (waste collection business), selling newspapers, collecting trash cans, and shining shoes in a row. Homeless children were often suspected of stealing, so they could hardly work in a shop (although in some cases the suspicions were true).

In illegal activities, they often acted as transporters, secretly transporting rice and other goods thrown from trains to black markets to evade inspections. They were highly valued by black marketers because they never ran away with their belongings, never fought in secret, and were often obedient if given food.

In this way, Iku and the vagabonds around her began to resist the cold winds of society to a certain extent, but change came from an unexpected direction, leaving no trace.

The blind old man who taught Iku enough words to hold a conversation was killed. He was unknown to no one, never talked about himself, and had just appeared in a corner of an underground passage, but the Ueno yakuza glared at him and thought he was the mastermind who was manipulating a group of vagabonds and sucking their delicious juices.

Speaking of the interaction between the old man and Iku and the others, they talked about various things and received a small amount of food in return, but that was all, but there was no way for an outsider to know the actual circumstances of their interactions. For the yakuza, it was just a matter of removing the nuisance in order to remove the convenient.

After inflicting irreparable injuries on the yakuza who had approached them as their new boss, Iku and the vagabonds around her suddenly disappeared from the Ueno underground passage. These incidents... the murders, injuries, and disappearances were too much to erase, and people soon forgot the memories of the strange girl.

It was the summer of 1946 (Showa 21).

The months leading up to the breakup seemed to be going well.

Iku and his friends, who had literally become vagabonds with no place to live, set their sights on the barely surviving fields in the suburbs, rather than the urban areas of Tokyo, which had dried up due to food shortages. Following Iku's instructions, the children hid and penetrated the darkness, where their guard was relaxed, and were efficient and thorough, ruthlessly stealing the crops, which were valuable under the current circumstances.

They became bands of thieves and continued to plunder the outer limits of Tokyo from east to north, north to west... and finally reached a dead end. The police, taking the increasing damage seriously, formed a vigilante group together with the former local police (a part-time fire department that was disbanded by headquarters, but reorganized as a fire department the following year, in 1947). This was because they were organized and took strict precautions.

Iku's intuition was correct. She knew where the crops grew, and she also knew that the vigilante group was keeping a close eye on that area, and that if they ventured there, they would definitely be caught.

But she couldn't do anything else. There was no power to change things. Like other vagabonds, her young and wild mind couldn't even think of anything else.

They simply stopped targeting the fields and focused their attention on their next looting target.

Distributed in the western part of Tokyo, this is a place where rations for soldiers, luxury items sold to XP shops, and daily necessities are collected.

In other words, it's a base warehouse for the Occupation Forces, a subordinate unit of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces Headquarters.

They had no idea how great a risk they were taking.

The first five cases went as smoothly as before. Following Iku's instincts, they sneaked through security and gaps, and looted many things without being seen. The children were delighted by these processed and sweet foods, unlike agricultural products.

But that was all. They could not imagine what kind of reactions their actions would provoke, or the mechanisms they would unleash, outside of "out there" where they were looking at the moment.

By late autumn, relief supplies from well-known Asian relief organizations, the so-called "Lara supplies", had begun to arrive at the warehouses of the Occupation Forces. These are not just literal relief supplies, but are politically important tools for the Japanese government, which is facing a food shortage. There was no way they were going to let those few warehouse raiders have their way with those items.

The Headquarters decided to use the entire organization called the Occupation Forces to subjugate the mysterious bandits. The strategy was to leave the warehouse, which was predicted to be the next target, unguarded and reduce the circle of troops surrounding the area. That's it. Just like in the previous war, it was a sumo yokozuna match in which even the slightest discrepancy was crushed with great force.

The characteristics of the robbers analyzed by the Occupation Forces were that they were incredibly thoughtless, contrary to their excellent infiltration techniques.

They raided the Occupation Forces' warehouses scattered from the north, one after another and periodically (this is the period when the children have eaten all the food they have stolen). The behavior was easy to predict.

The sixth attack occurred at the planned time and place. The operation went off without a hitch and the robbers, pursued by the troops surrounding them, were cornered in a corner of a grass field.

A cold rain fell on a dark night.

The last words the old man muttered when asked who stabbed him:

"Now that I know, what will I do? There's nothing I can do about it."

There's nothing she can do.

Tsunogui Iku hated that word.

She felt like those words were robbing her of the strength to live.

Many of those who spoke those words died before her eyes.

That happened to an old man whose name she didn't even know.

About the old man who died in blood and mud,

There's nothing she can do,

She didn't want to say that.

At that moment,

Even though she was forced to participate in a massacre with other homeless children,

She desperately tried to never let those words enter her mind.

The rain made everything go crazy.

Iku's intuition doesn't work unless she checks with her eyes whether it's a moving object or person.

The encircling troops of the Occupation Forces, who were stationed far away from the decoy warehouse, had no way of knowing about this situation, but in the end they opted for effective action. All the troops were forced to stay indoors, hating the cold rain. Anyway, from now on they will have to walk in the rain no matter how much they hate it. Furthermore, the operation started after midnight. At least until then, everyone was warming themselves in front of the stoves with a bottle of sake in hand.

Iku and the others didn't know that and headed for the target warehouse, thinking that they had escaped the safety net as usual. Iku herself could smell a hint of unease in the air, but she didn't stop her attacks. That's because they had already eaten all the food they had on hand. They believe that things will turn out well next time, so they have no extra savings. Days filled with successful experiences had secretly stripped the wanderers of their sense of caution.

And so the strategy to subdue the warehouse raiders was launched.

First, superimposed on the sound of the rain, the sound of countless gunshots echoed in the dark night.

When Iku saw the gunshots, she instantly realized.

(Sounds, gunshots, noticed, soldiers, occupation forces, many.)

Realizing that, she shouted to the homeless people.

"Run away from here!"

The surrounding homeless people grabbed nearby food and chased after Iku, who was the first to run. Normally that would have been enough to get away with it, but this day was different.

At regular intervals gunshots could be heard behind the rain.

A cold wall of fear rose wherever they ran.

Every time her path was blocked, she ran away in another direction.

After repeating that dozens of times, the children realized.

Before they knew it, they heard gunshots coming from all directions.

When they finally hid in a corner of the grass field, they found themselves completely surrounded. To ensure that the bandits never escaped, the occupation forces continued to pursue them with gunfire.

The action the children were required to take in response to that siege was to surrender.

All they had to do was raise their hands and stand in front of the surrounding troops.

The occupation forces had no idea that all the bandits surrounding them were children.

The reason the Headquarters carried out the subjugation operation in the first place was that Lala's supplies were meant to help people like them who were in a state of starvation. Or perhaps simply letting that thin, dirty figure stand in front of the base gate would have given them enough food for a day.

But they didn't do that. That's because they were only thinking about looting.

In the first place, the option of surrendering didn't even cross her mind. There was no chance to gain knowledge.

To them, the occupation forces that kept firing guns were nothing more than an enemy that would kill them if they didn't run away.

To the opposing occupation forces, what's hiding deep in the grass is nothing more than filthy thieves gathering for relief supplies.

She couldn't do anything about it and things ended up like this.

Finally, many children, unable to bear the pressure of being surrounded and the gunfire, ran out of the grass without hearing Iku's restraints. It wasn't the slow steps of surrender, but a frantic and fierce run.

The occupation forces, who had originally been ordered to shoot at the bandits, aimed their guns at the children without hesitation. There was no way they could observe the other person closely in the dark and rain. The way a figure ran out of the grass seemed like nothing more than a desperate counterattack by the robbers.

The children turned into beehives one after another and sank into the mud.

After these gruesome encounters all around, the occupation forces began to slaughter them. Since there are no signs of them offering to surrender, there is no need to hold back. The plan is to shoot them all there, so there will be no one to stop them now. The soldiers were even more motivated to put an end to it quickly due to the gruesome nature of the incident.

The bullets pierced the rain, shook the grass, and reaped lives.

In order to avoid this death passing over her head, Iku lay down in the mud and continued to struggle desperately.

She found no way to escape.

She didn't know what to do at a time like that.

Still, it didn't mean it couldn't be helped.

She didn't want to give up her strength to live.

She didn't know the reason for the obsession.

("One hand"...)

She just didn't want to die.

More than that, she wanted to be alive.

She came from beyond the confines of the flame and possessed within her the power to live. It was just a bit of intuition, but that abnormal power had certainly kept her alive until now.

And she overcomes it again.

What she tried to accept on the other side of the rift.

("Come"...)

She had almost accepted that she couldn't do anything about it.

Along with the words told to her by the person she lost in the fire.

To live in the present moment, she breaks away from the ordinary.

From deep within the cold rain and dark skies a new force emerged.

It glowed green and turned into a flash of lightning.

("Live"...)

The moment she was struck by the power, Tsunogui Iku felt the truth flowing into her. At the same time, there was also something moving along with that principle, something developing beyond the Slate lying silently somewhere.

Instead of printing out words, she felt a huge and complex system.

In a surge of power, she grasped the flow that formed everything from the other side to that place.

Now she knew how to call someone who can do that.

"..."Green Queen"..."

After obtaining the power to live, the "Green Queen" first used it to "graft". She enveloped the vagabonds lying in the mud in her current. A tremendous electric shock ran through the land, giving the twenty people who were still alive the power they needed to make the most of their lives.

These scenes were hidden by the night, rain, and grass, and were never seen by the besieging forces. First of all, they no longer looked at the ground. They all looked up, dumbfounded.

In the dark night sky, a huge green sword shone brightly against the cold rain.

Even after the siege was broken by a sudden flash of lightning and allowed the bandits to escape, the soldiers of the occupation forces remained trapped in a strange dream. It wasn't long before the Heaven's Sword disappeared, and the cold rain showered their faces, and they finally realized the fact that their plan had failed.

The next day, regarding the sword that appeared in Japan three times and the paranormal phenomena that accompanied it, the Headquarters officially announced that it was a mass hallucination as usual, and further imposed a gag order to prevent the spread of rumors.

From the circumstances of the interview, it was clear that the incompetent guy who worked as a warehouse raider had obtained powers similar to that "demon". The Headquarters, which was in charge of maintaining public order, had no choice but to fear the arrival of a new crisis, but it turned out that these fears were unfounded. Like the "demon", the new sword master did not seem to have any intention of showing his fangs to them, at least on the surface.

However, surveillance and search had to continue. Although an examination of the operation revealed that "the warehouse raiders were a group that included many children", this did not reflect the (extremely unpleasant) situation at the location where "only the corpses of the children were left behind". It is nothing more than rhetoric to improve

appearance, simply paraphrasing the situation at the scene. In the end, no other clues were found that could be useful in the search.

Above all, after the operation, the raider in question had disappeared.

It is true that, if you have such supernatural power, there is no need to go out of your way to steal.

He must be hiding in the darkness of the world, secretly plotting a plan worthy of using his power.

So, the Headquarters thought about it logically and remained extremely cautious.

But in reality, it was a complete acceptance.

That night, Tsunogui Iku woke up as the "Green Queen" and continued to rob the surrounding area with vagabonds in tow. What she gained through tragedy and awakening was a feeling of remorse for her careless plundering, and not a psychic's mission to provide a general outline of the plan.

With the sense of scanning and grasping things she gained as the "Green Queen", she was able to more clearly recognize where things were, how they moved, and where they were transported to. She then began to use that power to formulate elaborate robbery plans.

Existing supply warehouses, truck beds parked during transportation, wooden boxes piled up behind liquor stores, discarded items from accounting books, and stock that managers had forgotten about and left to rot. From there, she secretly stole an amount that would not cause any stir.

The Headquarters feared that they were hiding in the darkness of the world, but in the end, they were just children who wanted to eat as much as they could, no matter how far they went.

Lightning had begun to strike frequently in the western part of Tokyo.

Immediately afterward, the food disappeared without anyone noticing.

It was infinitely small, and those were all phenomena caused by the "Green Queen".

They secretly called themselves "The Biribiri Group". The twenty people who survived that night of murder are strongly united and lived together. No one escaped for about two years, until they caught a little girl sleeping on a blanket in a truck.

Iku has now jumped into the world to help that person.

There is no calculation. If she thinks she has to, she will not hesitate.

There is no fear of seriously exerting her "Green Queen" power.

The "Blue King" Somei Nazumi entered, or rather cut into, Nanakamado's command room, and understood the situation from the screams overflowing from the communication device and the "Green King's" few words.

(The "Green King" who attacked Atsugi's base and his group are searching for a person called Miya-chan.)

The moment he understood, he destroyed all the communication devices in the room with a flash of his white sword. Nanakamado's side must not allow the "Green King" to leak unnecessary information, whether out of distress or frustration.

Then, Nazumi entered the room and approached the person who seemed to be the chief engineer. However, in order to avoid unnecessary questions and answers, he did not forget to point the tip of his sword at him.

"Where is the key?!"

The questions became abstract as he took a few steps further in his understanding.

Even the chief engineer, who answered with a blank look, didn't understand.

"Key?!"

"It's a person called Miya! Is he an engineer, a witch, or a geisha?"

"I-I don't know! It's true, it's true!"

".....!"

Realizing that there was no deception in his tense expression, Nazumi grew increasingly impatient.

(This is the worst timing.)

Yes, he was unusually anxious.

(That tone of voice was trying to get a response through intimidation... In other words, the "Green King" was angry.)

Since the communication was from the Atsugi base where the rebel troops were stationed, it's highly likely that the "Green King" will target Nanakamado, a sophisticated intelligence agency located in the same hole. Soon, he and his group will attack in the freezing rain. From the brief content of the communication, elements such as children, women, forcefulness, and promiscuity could be extracted. He couldn't imagine him as a person who would settle the score with an unconditional conversation.

First of all, it is necessary to take control of the person called Miya and set her up as a negotiator. Still, five minutes is a good chance for a peaceful ending. If they allowed the arrival of the "Green King" as it was, they had no idea how many problems would arise

during the search process. Of course, the Fourth Legislative Bureau of the Ministry of Justice exists precisely for this kind of emergency, but that's not the problem.

(He must not participate.)

If the enemy is so strong that he has no choice but to bring out the glow of a sword (Schubert), like in the battle with the "Red King" Unno Yutaka the other day, he might summon that monster again. That was the biggest problem. At that time, with the help of the "Gray King" Benji Otono, he was able to pass through without incident, but he doesn't think his good fortune will continue next time. He didn't think he would lose (he was also an arrogant King in that regard), but it was physically and politically dangerous for him to show his true intentions as the "Blue King" in such a complicated situation.

(This person is useless, so what else can I do?)

Nazumi turned the focus of his thought away from the chief engineer who pointed at him with his finger and took a broader view of what was there. From among the principles and phenomena that have been worked out up to this point,

(We need a collaborator who knows the inner workings of this place in detail and can have a conversation with them.)

It will only take him a moment to find the piece he needs.

"Where is Mr. Thomas Colt?"

"What? Ugh!"

He pushed the blade an inch towards the chief engineer, whom he asked again.

"Where is Mr. Thomas Colt?"

"Oh, I should have taken the doctor to the underground bunker."

"Please call him, there should be an indoor broadcast."

"Okay, someone..."

The voice of the chief engineer, who was following instructions, was cut off by the arrival of something.

Nazumi thought he was moving things as quickly as possible, and that's exactly what happened.

However, the existence of a "King" has the power to destroy such ideas and reality.

Tsunogui was the "Green Queen".

Atsugi Air Base is located about 40 kilometers west of Nanakamado.

A green lightning bolt shot out from there, scattering sparks.

It wasn't the "Green Queen".

It was a boy considered a vassal and a member of the "Biribiri Group".

A small body wrapped in lightning abruptly cut through the air and finally landed on top of a telephone pole. As he bent his knees like a monkey and reached out one hand towards the telephone pole for support and the other towards the rainy weather, the lightning around him became even more intense. The green power traveled along the cable and extended eastward.

Finally, when his power reached its limit of expansion, a new person rushed out from the base. The jump followed exactly the same trajectory, and just before colliding with the first person, his body began to slide. Riding the lightning, he went eastward. When he reached the limit of extension, the second person also applied force to the cable and stretched it.

As the second child finished, one by one, the children of the "Biribiri Group" slid their bodies towards the beam, transmitting their power and stretching it. When the last person was able to follow their movements, the total length of the electric wires transmitting the force had reached a kilometer. Nanakamado was still far away, but it didn't matter.

This is because what the vassals have prepared so far is nothing more than a taxiway or runway prepared for the "King" to head east. The preparations are complete and the time has come to travel the laid out path.

An extremely large beam shot out from the base.

The moment it traveled on the green energy extending from the top of the wire, it was guided and accelerated, passing over the heads of the subjects at high speed. At some point, it gained momentum surpassing that of a cannonball and flew away with its vassals in tow.

Naturally, the destination is east.

The other side of the communication he picked up was Nanakamado.

It had been less than five minutes since the previous question.

The loudmouthed "Green King" Tsunogui Iku arrived amidst the chaos.

Nazumi felt it coming from the freezing rain.

"Okay, someone..."

The chief engineer suddenly cut off the voice.

Right after that, something crashed to the ground.

Nazumi immediately knew what that something was.

Not only was there a crashing sound that shook the air and pieces of concrete flew, but there was also a flash of green lightning. The edge of the lightning spread out and burst into the freezing rain, leaving sparks and sounds.

Nazumi jumped from the collapsed roof to the roof just beyond, hoping to control the situation as soon as possible or, if possible, end it without missing a shot. When he came down, he saw a large hole in the center of the rooftop, an elegant bell tower rising higher, as if it had been hit by a cannonball.

From the depths of that large hole filled with lightning,

"Eh?!"

A figure, smaller than he expected, leapt towards Nazumi.

A girl whose appearance could be mistaken for that of a beast. The "Green Queen", Tsunogui Iku, did not speak or utter her name in battle. She will just have to strike him with all her might without hesitation from the start.

Nazumi barely managed to stop the small palm that tried to grab his face, but with a grip strong enough to crush rocks. When he came into contact with the lightning, an intense electric current ran through his body.

"..."Green King"! What you seek..."

Despite the pain, Nazumi still called out to her, but Iku paid him no heed.

When Nazumi tried to turn around, the palm of violent force was approaching once again.

"Eh?!"

This time, instead of blocking it with his sword, he dodged it with his body.

Iku didn't even have time to land, kicking the ceiling and attempting to grab it three times.

Nazumi watched her persistent attacks and began to understand the new factors that were shaping the battle situation.

(She's not going crazy somehow, she's clearly aiming for me.)

If you think about it calmly, it was a strange story.

She suddenly set Nazumi as her target and fights with all her might.

First, she should check if he's related to that situation and then ask, "I'm looking for Miyachan." That would be the normal way. She didn't ask who the other person was, didn't tell him what her demands were, and attacked Nazumi she had just found with all her might from the start, which was foolish even for a child.

The "Blue King" was confused by the girl who didn't allow him to easily understand.

The "Green Queen", on the other hand, also had her own criteria for judgment.

Adults don't listen to what the vagabonds say and even refuse. Therefore, after gaining power, she decided to defeat the strongest of her opponents first. By doing so, hierarchical relationships are recorded and conversations can be established for the first time with less rejection, lies and deception.

In other words, the "Green Queen" thought that before she could do anything, she had to defeat the "Blue King".

Although she did not know the other person, she felt that way.

(This guy is the strongest here..., so I'll beat him.)

Nazumi couldn't understand those thoughts, but he knew that Iku had no intention of talking to him.

As long as he understands that, he'll feel relieved.

(We can control each other before they release their sword glow (Schubert)... no, we have to.)

The sword was abruptly swung and blue power overflowed throughout his body.

(First, I'll block the electric discharge and buy time to unlock my power.)

His consciousness increased in concentration and he began to have a broader view of the war situation.

The agility of the opponent who attacks without interruption is abnormal.

The interval between attacks is too short. There is almost no reserve in the continuous movement of jumping, landing, standing, and jumping again. Although her physical abilities improved like a superhuman, her maneuvers and trajectories were often impossible according to the laws of physics.

Due to this feeling of unease, Nazumi searched for a logical coherence. That is the act of "cutting", as he puts it. He tried to use not only his eyes and brain of observation, but also his sense of swordplay that Chika taught him and his power as a "King" to understand the phenomenon before him.

Immediately after that, Nazumi came to a realization.

(It's not an illusion.)

Within his wide field of vision, he saw the freezing rain pouring down, the dazzling lightning flashing, and beyond that, several figures passing by. Those small figures were constantly moving, with the two combatants at the center.

(The children... are they subjects of the "Green King"?)

During the battle, Nazumi understood the principle of action of Iku and the "Biribiri Group" in a short period of time. By comparing it to the current situation, he had finally "revealed" their tactics to the truth.

(I see, it's a group operation that makes use of a wonderful "power".)

Around 20 of them, led by the "Green Queen", formed an induced current force field to aid their movement. The lightning didn't disperse in vain. It was a battle garden built by the vassals to make the "King" dance as they pleased, allowing her to accelerate, decelerate, and bend freely.

(The characteristic of the "Green King" is that it connects with others.)

Nazumi was satisfied that he had "solved" a new principle, but that had nothing to do with the quality of the battle. Even if he had revealed the truth, he wouldn't have found a way to overcome the situation he faced.

On the other hand, Iku and the others were steadily advancing towards victory. Every time the captured prey showed the behavior of breaking through the force field, Iku would block the front, attack the back, push left and right, and shake it up and down.

By blocking those attacks, the prey, Nazumi, is pushed back to the center of the group, or, in other words, the center of the force field. He was forced to fight on a narrow rooftop against an opponent who displayed overwhelming agility.

(Isn't it time to praise this as a good strategy with well-organized principles and methods?)

A stronger blue glow enveloped Nazumi's entire body as he smiled fearlessly.

"Ah!"

It seemed like his goal was to cum, and a flash from the upper deck was shot towards the space he avoided. The blue power that returns everything to order cut through the electricity and created a path within the force field. At the same time, he stomped the ground with his boots and escaped from the rooftop. Without risking the carelessness of flying through the air, he ran down the blue crystal step and stood in the front garden of the research institute.

(With so much space, you can see the entire siege.)

Soon after, the "Green Queen" and the "Biribiri Group" descended upon him, scattering lightning, glaring down at him arrogantly as he readjusted his stance. A king who doesn't hesitate to fight, and subjects who are willing to give it their all. She was a brave figure made of pure hostility and command because she was a child.

After all, they don't hold a conversation with their opponents.

Iku immediately pounced on him, and the children scattered and surrounded Nazumi.

Nazumi, on the other hand, looked for a clue to defeat that tactic.

In other words, aside from Iku, he had begun to analyze the behavioral patterns of the children around him.

It's a simple operation on the surface. He evades Iku's attack and returns with a blue slash. However, it seemed like a desperate counterattack at first, but he soon regained his stance and his counterattacks became more precise.

Iku also noticed it immediately, as she had control of the entire force field. Behind his dodge, a blue slash was aimed at the child around him. The accuracy gradually increases and it will hit the target in a few more crosses.

(If I keep fighting this guy, it won't work.)

A hunch that had never gone wrong triggered a danger signal in Iku's mind.

Her decisions are always immediate.

This bright blue adult will not give up unless crushed with maximum force.

Action begins with decision.

Suddenly, the force field current concentrated at her feet. There was a green explosion and she jumped.

Nazumi took an Ukedachi stance, thinking it was an attack on himself, but the direction of the jump was completely different.

The place where Iku rose was directly above, in the middle of the sky where freezing rain was falling.

Hiding is the "special characteristic" of the "Biribiri Group". The induced current force field surrounding Nazumi was actually not circular. It was shaped like a spiral, or more specifically, a long vertical tornado. In order to escape the excess current of the "Green King", which spreads enormous power, it always rose up in a whirlpool. Then, at the point where the excess current rose, it transformed the cloud directly above it into a certain structure. It became a colossal cloud that continued to accumulate electric charge.

At the command of the "Green Queen", who was floating in the air, the out-of-season colossal clouds let out a solemn and divine wail. Pointing in the direction of the force was a gigantic sword-shaped glow (Schubert) that glowed green and appeared before he knew it.

"Thundering Jutsu."

A lightning bolt filled with hundreds of ordinary forms fell under the guidance of the "Biribiri Group".

Nazumi cast aside his thoughts and protected himself with all the power he could exert at the moment.

"Guh!"

The entire lobby of the research institute was shattered by the electric shock and the explosion of the atmosphere. Numerous wrinkles and collapses appeared at the front of the house, and the tall concrete wall collapsed without a trace. Not only was there a roar that almost broke the eardrums, but also a strong shock wave that even the surrounding troops were shocked.

Nazumi was alive.

(Was it me who was drawn into the open area?)

A thin layer of smoke enveloped his entire body, but the shield of the "Blue King" was barely able to protect him.

(She was able to detect the offensive and defensive tendencies in just a few minutes. How sharp she is.)

A voice that takes priority over everything jumped into his consciousness, which had been absorbed in the analysis of that moment.

"Zanshin!"

Don't relax,

Don't lose attention,

A word that expresses the knowledge of martial arts, a voice that has been beaten many times in the dojo. There was no need to ask who it was, but Somei Chika, wielding a naginata, was issuing a loud voice from the ruined entrance.

Nazumi reflexively brought his consciousness to the foundation of reality and analyzed it.

".....?!"

The attack had not ended yet.

The gigantic lightning bolt did not let all of its power flow into the ground, but instead stayed as much as possible within the circle of the "Biribiri Group" surrounding it, trying to unleash the final blow within the siege.

Nazumi ran.

The power he used in the previous defense could not be recovered in that instant, but he was not afraid or anxious. That was because Chika was wielding a naginata. Nazumi was confident and even believed that his wife in that form was invincible.

Therefore, he was running straight towards her.

Chika will not betray her husband's trust. The others do not know.

"Lightning bolt!"

The halberd was swung down with all of her soul power. The blue power released from the sword was direct and strong, as if to show the user's true nature, and struck from outside the encirclement.

The ring of electricity was completely severed, destroying the stability of the force field.

The ring that housed an enormous amount of power scattered sparks and flew into pieces, and the children bounced off each other with their powers.

As the current flew turbulently, Nazumi finally escaped the encirclement by stepping on the blue force in a straight line. Standing next to Chika where he should be, he finally let out a sigh.

"Thank you for your help, Chika-san."

"You're welcome. By the way, Nazumi, is that the "Green King"?"

"It seems so."

Before the two could see, Iku was calling out to the "Biribiri Group" that had scattered in all directions. It seemed like it would be some time before some of the astonished people returned. Calling Iku himself might lead to a rematch, so Nazumi only spoke to Chika.

"I let Kouki (Schubert), who looks like a sword, out, I'm just ashamed of my inexperience."

"Not at all. If you were to show me two of those things, that's what would happen."

"Two?"

When he heard that, he noticed that there was also a gigantic blue glow in the shape of a sword (Schubert) floating above Nazumi. It seemed as if he was being pressured harder than he felt. His feelings of shame and anxiety about the situation doubled.

Chika verbally attacked her husband.

"Failure is a natural part of being human, just recover without worrying about it."

Nazumi looked at his wife who was attacking him with words.

"Really?"

"That's right."

After stating that, she gave him a belated report as vice commander.

"We've captured the main area. Shall we gather the personnel here?"

No, Nazumi lightly shook his head.

"I'll take care of this. Chika-san, please contact Mr. Thomas Colt, who seems to be in the underground bunker. Ask him about a person called "Miya"... she's probably a child like them. I want everyone to look for her. Only then can a dialogue be established with them."

"...The "Green King" is a child who can't hear."

Chika gave a loud salute as if to cut off her grief and went inside.

Suppressing the urge to send her off, Nazumi once again faced his opponent.

Iku, who was wary of Chika, immediately began to move as her figure disappeared. Once again, the lightning became more and more dazzling and enveloped the children. Nazumi couldn't help but smile bitterly at his direct and brazen actions.

(Clean up quickly.)

He doesn't believe there is another trick as powerful as the lightning bolt above. She must be a little upset that she couldn't kill him. It wouldn't be impossible to exploit that weakness and bend it.

(Fortunately, her power has been restored by bringing out the Sword-Shaped Radiance (Schubert).)

Nazumi stepped forward to make up for it.

(I mostly grabbed it.)

Both the "Green King" who pounced on him and the "Biribiri Group" surrounding him fought for too long and exposed much of their strength. This is probably the first time he's fought such a long battle.

(No wonder, the fight between kings is... difficult.)

Recalling the fight with a bandit, a faint feeling of "disliking" came back to him.

However, in any case, Nazumi had that experience.

Iku and the "Biribiri Group" don't have that.

He doesn't really like it, but experience makes the difference between winning and losing.

Intertwining with the "Green King" fighting in the center,

The footsteps of the "Biribiri Group" moving,

Nazumi was able to read the reality of the force field of both of them.

Observation leads to inferences.

(Wasn't this tactic originally intended to be implemented in a wider area?)

His guess was correct.

Her combat experience is limited to meeting Hagure several times in the two years since Iku became the "Green King". At that time, she only used a weak "Dazzling Jutsu" once, and the circle was kept far away from each other, and the induced current force field was also slightly deployed.

Now it's the other way around, and the children are closing the distance and deploying a powerful force field to fight against the powerful enemy known as the "Blue King". As a result, they were often swept away by the strong power of the "Green Queen" and left exposed to attacks from within. Cooperation is not as perfect as it seems.

These children, who have lived alone, have no guidelines or aspirations for their studies. The current induced force field strategy, which could have been the most powerful if it had been refined, had been neglected until now, when Iku encountered a strong enemy, relying entirely on his own individual strength.

(Well, thanks to that, I can also achieve a victory.)

Nazumi gathered the elements he had read up until now and used them in his own battle.

"Now it's my turn."

The stance had changed.

Instead of dodging and countering the opponent, he moved towards attacking and setting the stage himself.

Iku sensed it, but her methods remained the same. She has been at her best from the beginning. She has nothing but her full potential. The endless battle she was currently fighting was just to buy time until she could unleash the second "Rumbling Jutsu".

Suddenly, Nazumi made a move.

"Ha!"

At first glance, it was the same slash as before, but it wasn't just a slash. It was his first chance. It's the same with cutting the force field, and with that in mind, he used his second sword to slash in the opposite direction.

A boy was right between the two sharp vertical slashes.

Nazumi quickly approached the boy, who suddenly broke away from the force field and had stopped moving. While the opponent was confused, he pressed the hilt against his opponent and pushed him away.

The boy, who received a strong but non-lethal blow, rolled out of the force field with the whites of his eyes exposed.

Nazumi shouted to provoke the opponent and also to corner him.

"One!"

(I missed it.)

Iku was extremely excited and grabbed him even tighter.

However, that rough behavior no longer translates to Nazumi. He enveloped his entire body in blue power to avoid the electric shock, dodging it like a thin layer of paper, and then used one sword, then two swords, and slashed at another person. He pushed the boy away again, causing him to faint. It was a series of movements that looked like a dance.

"Two!"

(Hey, he's gone.)

According to Nazumi's calculations, if he separated the five from the siege, the "Green King" could also be attacked.

As each person diminishes, the induced current loses its sophistication and the speed of the impulse decreases... but she did not choose to flee. She came here to rescue her friend. She made that decision not based on logic or calculations. That's why she doesn't think about anything else. She had no choice but to continue fighting.

Meanwhile,

"Three!"

(Ah, he fainted.)

"Four!"

(Ah, it leaked.)

In addition, the number of people who left their places increased and the control of the force field became visibly questionable. Iku was irritated that her thrust was not as powerful and had no direction, but she still did not try to stop the fight.

Nazumi pushed the next fifth person away and at the same time prepared in his mind and body the final blow that would make him win.

(The only way to incapacitate her is to hit her with a dangerous spike... Chika might get angry at me for being too harsh on a child, but there's no other choice.)

Then,

"Five!"

(Oh, it's wet... I can eat it.)

The other person who had been waiting for the power to subside... rose up, as if seeping from the cracked ground.

He could be mistaken for black clothes,

He couldn't see the depths, there was no end,

Another person who exudes a feeling of "nothingness" that seems to sink forever.

He extended his twisted rows of teeth and swallowed the weakened "Green Queen" in one breath.