



RED CASE FILES: HOMRA IN LAS VEGAS

CHAPTER 4: TROUBLE IN LAS VEGAS

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

Danny Buckman, a contract merchant at the Maroon Hotel, didn't really understand the relationship between the two at first.

In front of Danny was a red-haired young man and a white-haired girl. The young man looked at the spinning roulette boringly, and the girl waits for the moment when the ball falls with shining eyes. They looked like a father with his daughter, a brother and a sister, but it was rare to see that the children were excited about that.

"Mikoto."

When the girl raised her voice at him, the young man named Mikoto looked at her politely.

"Do you want to do it, Anna?"

Anna nodded and Mikoto casually handed the chips to Anna. Danny was surprised at the exchange of Japanese.

"Start gambling."

With Danny's phrase, customers began to bet as they wanted. Anna took the chips she received and looked seriously at the betting area.

"Turning."

When Danny spoke again, the roulette wheel began to spin.

Strictly speaking, it is illegal for children to gamble, even in Las Vegas. However, entertainment wouldn't be possible if he cared about that kind of game. Danny tolerated it, tossing the ball into the roulette wheel, smiling at Anna, who had a black chip before he spun the roulette wheel.

In front of Anna, who joined her hands in prayer, the ball swirled around the board.

When Danny took aim, it landed on the black box.

".....!"

With a bright expression on her face, Anna stretched out and looked at the roulette wheel. She then turned her gaze from it to Mikoto who was next to her.

"Mikoto. Got it!"

"Hmm... Oh, that's right."

Anna showed no offensive pretense at Mikoto's response, which seemed uncomfortable. Assuming this was the relationship between the two, Danny handed the increased tokens back to Anna and winked at her.

"Congratulations, young lady."

Speaking in English, Anna blinked amazingly. Then, like a child, she smiled.

"Thank you."

Danny smiled.

However, the service went as far as that. As a contract dealer, he would work properly from now on. The dealer's job is to put the ball into the selected pocket, and the real joy of roulette is guessing which pocket the dealer intends to put it into. It will be a long time before the Japanese lady gets there.

"Start gambling."

Danny stated again with a smile on his face.

Thirty minutes later, Danny's expression froze and his complexion began to pale.

The chips were stacked in front of Anna, and he couldn't even recognize their appearance. She has bet six times since then, and Anna has hit everything. She started with twice the colors red and black, then three times the dozen, then six times the line, seven times the first five, and nine times the corner.

At that point, she had already made over \$2000.

He didn't know what was going on.

It couldn't have been possible.

Anna didn't seem to understand even the rules of roulette. A girl this good beat astronomical odds and punched his pockets, as if she could see Danny's heart.

Sweat oozed from the hand holding the ball, and the aim was about to be shaken. Danny stated again, being careful not to shake his voice.

"Well, start betting."

However, the surrounding guests were not moving, they were observing Anna's behavior. It was just about riding a girl's horse. They wanted to shout that they were not proud as players, but when you win, you win, that was also the rule of the game.

Everyone at the table was looking at Anna. The exception would be Mikoto, the young man sitting next to her. He continued to smoke, his expression not changing at the increasing number of chips. It didn't seem like it was an unexpected victory. It was creepy, unlike the deadpan Japanese who heard the story.

Anna's hands moved silently on the table where no one moved.

She bet all the chips on black.

"Turning."

The roulette wheel began to spin. Customers began to mill around and place tokens in black spots or the like. Danny was looking at him, feeling a cold sweat on his back.

"The bet is off."

The rotation of the ball began to slow down. They all watched him with a sigh.

No. At that time, there were still exceptions.

Mikoto and Anna. Mikoto silently stared at the black area where Anna placed the bet. And Anna wasn't looking at the ball, but at Danny.

When Danny realized that, the ball fell into a locker.

Red 16.

The place was filled with mourning. Only the young man and the girl in front of him did not speak. Despite losing all the chips, the girl silently smiled, looked at Danny and tilted her head.

"Come on, Mikoto."

"Yes."

The two of them stood together and left the table as they were, showing no regret or displeasure. Looking at her back in a daze, Danny suddenly had an idea.

Until now, Anna was hitting his pocket. As if she knew in advance.

So it's not possible that she lost on purpose?

The girl in the end was compassionate. He didn't think that was mysteriously humiliating. Until the next bet began, Danny stared at the strange Japanese duo.

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"It was good?"

As she walked through the bustle of the casino floor, Anna looked at Suoh who said that out of the blue.

Maybe Anna thought so. Mikoto was aware that Anna would intentionally lose at that point.

"Yes."

Anna nodded and began to talk about her thoughts and feelings.

"It was fun at first, but then I started knowing which box to put in. I could see where that person was pointing."

Probably, she activated the sentient ability like Strain. Even if she couldn't see the future, she could still see where the person in front of her was paying attention.

If you win in a fair game, no problem. But that trafficker is a normal person, albeit with skill. In Anna's sense, using different abilities against such opponents is cheating.

"Because he is cunning."

That was the case.

Suoh laughed and stroked Anna's hair. For some reason, she was happy and proud of the feel of his warm palm. Anna also loosened her mouth.

A stinging sensation stabbed at her skin.

Anna stopped and looked around her.

The casino floor was filled with light and sound. The sound of the ball spinning around the roulette wheel, the lightning of the slot machine shooting out of the hit, the cheers and shouts of the tourists who were delighted with them, in the midst of the hustle and bustle, Anna felt a rough touch. She felt as if the grainy black paper was gently caressing her cheeks. She remembered it.

Malice and hostility.

"Mikoto."

Suoh was moving before the warning. He gently nudged Anna's body, moving between her and the poker table.

At that time, the men in black had already surrounded Suoh.

"Client. Excuse me?"

Anna did not understand the meaning of English. However, the feelings they had were passed on. The harsh hostility was growing stronger.

Before them, Suoh...

"Thanks."

While he laughed a little, he said it in Japanese.

The men in black looked at each other's faces for a moment. Then, with the precision of a machine, they took one step at a time. The tourists around him sensed signs of trouble and began to move away.

"In this way..."

One of the men in black grabbed Suoh's arm. Anna looked at Suoh anxiously. Of course, she wasn't worried about Suoh. She was worried about the safety of the other party.

Suoh looked at Anna,

"I can't cheat."

The next moment, Suoh's fist sank into the face of the man in black.

"You!"

Another man in black changed his blood phase and grabbed Suoh. Suoh laughed lightly, took his arm and kicked his epigastrium. He jumped onto the back of a man in agony and slammed his heel into the last remaining brain.

"Shit!"

From between the slot machines, from the back of the poker table, more men in black appeared, and in the blink of an eye, Suoh was surrounded. Suoh laughed invincibly in front of a swarm of enemies.

"Go with Totsuka."

That was all he said to Anna, and he jumped into the herd.

The big fight had begun.

Slot machines collapsed, the table flipped, chips, blood splatters, and the bodies of the men in black flew through the air. The tourists screamed, disturbed the calculation and fled. Suoh was in the thick of the fight, but he happily shook his fist at him or received a fist. Anna leaned over, snuck into Blackjack's pedestal, climbed out the other side, and sighed.

She heard a familiar voice.

"Ah. Hey, you're flashy, King."

Anna looked at the owner of the voice and her expression suddenly relaxed.

"Tatara. Can you stop Mikoto?"

Totsuka made a flap with his hand and, while watching Suoh madly, he shook his head with a "Hmm."

"Isn't it impossible? It feels like the other side is poking around. Did you notice it even with a grudge?"

"No."

"That's right. Who are those people in the first place? They don't feel like security guards, maybe they're yakuza."

Anna didn't know why those men in black had called them or where they were going to take them. Yet only the gritty black hostility told Anna of the danger. Not because they did anything, but from the beginning they had intended to attack Suoh.

And even now...

"Tatara!"

The tone became louder than before because the surrounding hostility gradually reduced the siege. Looking around, there were several people approaching them, mixed in with the fleeing tourists.

They were not men in black. Anna intuitively understood that they were their favorites. The sword-eating light that inhabited their eyes looked only at Anna. From the beginning, they were their target!

The enemy had already escaped from the human wave and started to go straight towards Anna and the others. Totsuka smiled softly at Anna, who clung to herself.

"It's okay, Anna."

At the same time, Anna remembered various familiar signs around her.

"Because everyone is there."

"Oh!"

Kicking a fallen slot machine and jumping up, several red glows flashed.

The group of enemies was suddenly hit and kicked without being able to react properly. Meanwhile, the red glow grew even stronger. One of them, a young man in a woolen hat, knocked over several enemies with a mop and smiled at Totsuka.

"Hey, Totsuka-san! You're doing something that looks like fun! Isn't the bee that left us injured?"

Totsuka shook his head with a bitter smile.

"It's the result of rock, paper, scissors, so God is not free enough to hit each other."

"It's not that, it's a matter of feeling!"

Yata held a mop as he struck an enemy sneaking up from behind with his rear fist. Around that, Kamamoto, Bando, Chitose, and Eric, the "Homura" members who should have gone to Japan, gathered one after another.

Anna rolled her eyes and asked.

"Why is everyone here?"

They all responded with fearless laughter.

"I've been working part time! I had a lot of problems!"

"I went to Mexico, I walked in the desert, it was very hard..."

"I almost dried up... because of Yata...!"

In the second half, he was close to a grudge clause, but looking back, Yata screamed.

"Shut up! You're supposed to know the language more than anything else! We came all the way to America, they don't seem ruthless!"

"Aaaah!"

Yata pushed his fist up. Glowing chandeliers, red carpets, roulette wheels, poker stalls and slot machines rolling over them, in a strange landscape, the fist with a red aura was terrifyingly familiar.

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!!"

Yata raised his voice at the same time. A group of fists that jutted out in response turned into an even larger aura. Surrounded by them, Anna smiled a little.

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A couple of men and women were in the VIP lounge overlooking the casino floor of the Maroon Hotel.

Standing in front of tempered glass, watching the hustle and bustle going on in the world below. The man, who stroked his white suit, his red shirt and his hair back, pierced the glass and stuck it to his forehead, looking at the scene.

The man's name is Koushi Mizuchi.

There were three eyes on his face.

"Uh, oh, Jane? Is something wrong?"

A blonde woman with her arms crossed beside him, Jane, turned her suspicious gaze on him.

"What are you talking about?"

"It's not decided? It's "Homura". We invited the "Red King" to the party, right? I didn't want to invite everyone."

The three eyes were constantly moving, looking at each of the "Homura" members.

"Misaki Yata. Rikio Kamamoto. Saburota Bando. After all, there are those I don't remember calling. This is strange, Jane. Whose fault is it?"

Jane turned her heels unpleasantly back. Sitting on a Venetian couch, she poured wine into a glass.

"There's nothing wrong with that area, Mizuchi. When they got to Japan, they tried to get caught in the net."

One of Mizuchi's eyes twitched and turned to Jane.

"Oh, after all, isn't it strange? Then why are they here? Why didn't they get caught in the net?"

"From what I see, they immigrated illegally."

"Hmm..."

Mizuchi's pupil grew as made a mechanical noise. Jane pursed her lips and pointed at Mizuchi.

"Stop doing that."

"What's that?"

"Don't look at me with those eyes. It's disturbing."

Mizuchi's eyes moved and turned forward again. Keeping the conflict under his eyes in full view.

"That's rude. I was making sure you weren't lying. Your pulse and temperature will tell me if you're lying."

Jane gave a creepy look at Mizuchi who shook his shoulders.

Mizuchi's eyes and part of his brain were replaced by machines.

The connection between the optic nerve and the eye of the camera was Mizuchi's ability to enable technology that was not feasible even with cutting-edge cybernetics. His "talent" drawn by Daikaku Kokujoji, the "Golden King", was specialized in healing and

regeneration. With a power that Jane and her colleagues couldn't understand, Mizuchi replaced his eyes with a machine, allowing him to "see" light of all wavelengths.

At first glance, Mizuchi's head was covered with glasses. But, in fact, it was Mizuchi's new "skin", which had been replaced by fiber-reinforced plastic. Three rails ran over the skin, and each rail was equipped with a freely moving camera eye. Mizuchi besides being a talented scientist, was the third monster to have undergone a transformation by using that technique on himself.

Mizuchi muttered with his face pressed against the tempered glass.

"Well, it can't be helped. Besides, I thought they'd be here soon."

"What?"

Jane was disappointed, and one of Mizuchi's eyes turned to her again.

"I'm a criminal who belonged to "Tokijikuin", right? Kokujoji Daikaku shouldn't have thrown me away. I thought it would take some time to chase him down. It was unexpected that they came so early."

"Uh, "Tokijikuin" was the one who brought them to this country?"

"With a cover of diplomatic immunity, he could bring several people while hiding his identity. In other words, we are already being chased by "Tokijikuin". Huhhhhhhh!"

That sounded funny to him, Mizuchi shrugged his shoulders and laughed. Jane looked at him and took a sip of wine.

"Oops. Looks like they're going to run away."

Jane stood up and walked to the edge of the tempered glass as she held the glass.

On the casino floor, "Homura" was bonded and trying to cut through the attacking men in black. On the other side of the main entrance, they were all running towards the entrance side at once. The men in black were trying to chase them down, but it was clearly depressing from there. In fact, they were just gangsters hired for money, not the intelligence department. It was part of the calculation to run if they were hit.

"I'm going to move the inn. They noticed that this hotel is under our control."

"What are you going to do?"

"Yes and no. "Tokijikuin" will be looking for me. They could enter this room right now."

Jane looked out of the room with stern eyes. The fighters were stationed outside. He was a member who had military service experience and it could be said that he was a veteran, but it was doubtful how much he could fight against a talented person.

Mizuchi and Jane turned their heels almost at the same time and started heading towards the exit. As they walk side by side, Mizuchi said happily.

"In other words, it's okay to run away while being chased. Let's escape via the rooftop helipad. There's also a date with "him"."

"What about "Homura"? Will you leave them alone?"

"I have enough data, but I can't let it go. The clansmen have arrived, so let's welcome them. That's right."

Mizuchi declared this happily, as he pushed the door open and held out his arms to welcome them.

"Alright, let's do the "Glass Hopper II" output! It's a memorable battle royale of the beloved child we created! I'm sure you can get a lot of valuable data!"

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They ran across the casino floor, kicked the "STAFF ONLY" sign, and "Homura" proceeded as one.

No staff member tried to stop the group of Asians running in the backyard of the hotel. They leaned against the wall with scared faces and looked at them in a holdup position. As expected, Totsuka had to put his hands together and say the words "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." every time he passed a staff member.

As the back door opened, the warm spirit of the night caressed Totsuka's cheeks. Two trucks of the exact same type were parked nearby. Totsuka was familiar to one of the drivers.

"No, Fushimi. Thanks for your hard work!"

Fushimi sent a "get on fast" gesture with a face that seemed to have bitten a bitter worm. Totsuka climbed into the backseat of the truck with Anna's hand pulling. Yata, Kamamoto, and Bando followed them, and the other members boarded the other car.

Two vans started to run at the same time.

"What about Mikoto? Didn't he come?"

Anna looked around her and posed a question. Totsuka shrugged and replied.

"He's King, don't worry. Just in case, Kusanagi-san is there too. I'll contact them later and they'll join us."

"Damn it, I don't like it. Did we win? Why do we have to run, Totsuka-san!"

Yata sitting next to Anna got angry. His combative eyes were on the Maroon Hotel, which he was driving away from. Totsuka calms him down with an "Okay."

"You can't bother other customers, right? And there's no point in defeating them. Maybe he's a thug who knows nothing about "him"."

"Exactly."

And, an unknown face suddenly protruded from the passenger seat. A mask-like smile was pasted on the seventy-three-parted hairstyle. Yata suddenly withdrew.

"What?! Who is this guy?!"

"Oh, sorry. You were late, here you go."

Yata eerily received the business card with both hands and read it out loud.

"Special diplomat, Hitoshi Tanaka...? Are you an official? Why are you in such a place?"

"It's a job. Actually, it was our request to cooperate with Saruhiko Fushimi. I'd like to ask everyone to cooperate in capturing Koushi Mizuchi."

The air inside the car suddenly became tense.

Koushi Mizuchi. It was the first time Anna had heard that name.

Anna held her breath and widened her eyes, looking at Tanaka seriously. Mizuchi's name was nothing but an abominable past for her. She should never have wanted to hear the name of a man who stole from her parents and tried to harm her aunt.

"Anna..."

Totsuka took Anna's hand and tried to say something so as not to worry her. However, Anna stared at Tanaka's face and collapsed.

"It's okay."

She just said that.

Tanaka's smile changed slightly at that situation. An inhuman smile like a mask seemed to have a faint warmth.

"I told Kusanagi-san and Totsuka-san, but I haven't told you yet. I'll explain it to you in detail, so it will take some time."

Tanaka then started talking about the story so far. Mizuchi's escape. The involvement of foreign intelligence agencies. As "Tokijikuin" and "Scepter 4" are working together to capture Mizuchi, and "Homura" is involved in it.

It was Yata who got angry when he heard the story to the end.

"Well, it's the fault of those idiots and the others! They shouldn't let such a bad guy get away so easily!"

Tanaka bowed deeply with a smile on his face.

"You're right. I'm sorry. Regarding this situation, all faults are from "Tokijikuin"."

"Oh..."

Yata is weak when they apologize head-on. He couldn't continue any longer, and even turned around, muttering something. Fushimi in the driver's seat clicked his tongue in irritation.

"It's no use saying that now. The question is, what should we do from now on?"

"Uh, it's loud! I know, that's all!"

"So? What kind of plan do you have, Tanaka-san?"

Totsuka asked in a clear voice, not breaking his soft demeanor. If the responsibility was beyond, they would probably think about what to do, and whether or not they would deal with it was another question.

Tanaka nodded and looked around "Homura" in the car.

"The most effective plan is to make everyone leave the country immediately. With a special machine of "Tokijikuin", it is possible to return to Japan undetected by the intelligence agency there."

Yata, Kamamoto, Bando, Totsuka and Anna. The facial expressions of all the members signaled "no".

Perhaps he already knew. Tanaka looked at Fushimi in the driver's seat and continued his words.

"If they're not going to leave this city, they'll have to move somewhere else first, because the Maroon Hotel is probably breathing in the enemy. My colleagues are currently looking for a hotel. Mizuchi is unlikely to get caught in the net."

"Well then, what about our hotel?"

It was Bando who raised his hand and said that. Kamamoto nodded.

"It's a pyramid, but there are quite a few customers, it's close to here, isn't it good for hiding?"

"Pyramid. Oh, there? I see."

Tanaka put his hand to his chin and started to think of something.

"I was thinking of a different location for the base, but that hotel may be suitable. There are many tourists and there are various access methods. There is no harm in hiding or escaping. Hmm."

Tanaka looked at Fushimi. Before being told anything, Fushimi had started inputting the destination into the navigation system installed in the van. Tanaka turned his gaze to the passenger side door and gave some instructions to the parallel truck.

At that moment, Anna raised her face.

She kneeling on the seat, looking at the road that flowed past the window beyond the backseat. Totsuka asked about the situation.

"Anna? What's wrong?"

"I can hear footsteps."

"Steps...?"

You couldn't hear that sound in a speeding car. Totsuka looked back, as did Anna. The night view of Las Vegas blended into the darkness behind it as flowed by.

Zushin.

He hears such a sound from somewhere.

"What's that?!"

Bando was the first to discover it. He looked at it, pressing his head against the rear window. The people in the car all looked at him at once.

The sound of screaming was heard again.

The appearance of "it" was reflected in the rear glass for a moment. In Totsuka's eyes, it looked like a steel ostrich with a terrifyingly short neck. An armored box-shaped torso with armor and two elongated legs extending from it. The knee joint bent the other way flexed with a mechanical sound, and the next moment it jumped out of sight.

"Step on the gas, Fushimi!"

Totsuka cried out due to an almost instinctive sense of crisis. Fushimi stepped on the accelerator with all his might without saying anything. The sudden increase in speed pushed everyone's body against the seat.

A steel ostrich passed through the place where the van was until a moment ago.

Totsuka confirmed with horror that there was a huge crack in the asphalt. If they were trampled on, that van would be scrapped in an instant.

A red scanning light illuminated the ostrich's steel body. The ostrich began to sprint down the road at high speed, turning it towards them in the blink of an eye. At last, Totsuka learned the identity of the short neck that grew from his torso.

A long cannon mounted on the fuselage: the laser pointer stopped and was placed on Totsuka's forehead through the glass.