



RED CASE FILES: HOMRA IN LAS VEGAS

CHAPTER 5: EDWARD, THE RED

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

The purple smoke was inhaled deep into the lungs.

Compared to last time, the surroundings were silent as a lie. All he could hear was the moaning of the black clothes that had been shaken. Suoh, leaning against the roulette wheel, slowly blew smoke towards the glittering chandelier.

Suddenly, he felt a signal behind him.

Looking back, the face he knew had a bitter smile on his face.

"That's a lot of flashy work against Shiroto-san."

"Hmm." Huffing, Suoh received a glass of whiskey from Kusanagi.

"It's self-defense."

Actually, it was the other side that was poking at. Until he bought a fight that was sold to him, Kusanagi didn't believe it. Arguably there should be a better way to do it. But, well, he understood.

He understood it, but he didn't mean to.

After picking up the whiskey, Suoh suddenly remembered:

"What happened to Anna?"

"She ran away with Totsuka and Yata. We're the only ones left here."

Suoh had a suspicious look on his face. Totsuka was fine, but why did Yata's name come up?

He maybe he read the question, Kusanagi had a hard time looking at him, took a sip of cocktail, and said:

"It's going to be complicated. Fushimi went on a business trip with a 'Rabbit'. Well, Yata is another matter."

"You don't know why."

"I don't know. But there is one important thing."

Suddenly Kusanagi's eyes were serious.

"Mizuchi is here. Looks like he called us."

"....."

Suoh blinked several times and stared at Kusanagi's face.

Kusanagi put his hand to his forehead and exhaled deeply.

"Ah, sorry. He's the director of the center that kidnapped Anna."

After being told so much, he finally understood.

"I see."

Suoh only had the acknowledgment that he was a scientist who had captured Anna and was conducting various experiments. He was the power of the "King", he was shouting in various ways, but he could barely remember that part. However, he remembered that he was a member of the Golden Clan and was taken to the "Rabbits" because he violated the internal rules.

If Mizuchi was the one who called them there, then the black clothes lying on the ground could be seen as Mizuchi's henchmen.

Suoh muttered.

"So, I'm glad I was able to beat them."

"That's right. I don't know who these over there are. Still, beating up such an ordinary person, no matter how I think about it, I'll either save time or stop."

Shrugging at Kusanagi, Suoh swallowed the whiskey. He put the empty glass down on the roulette table and left.

Kusanagi also drank the cocktail in the same way and started walking with Suoh. That hotel was part of the tour program. If so, he could think of it as the root castle of the enemy. In a place like this, he couldn't sleep.

As he walked beside him, Kusanagi suddenly muttered.

"I don't understand Mizuchi's purpose. To get revenge on you, or is he still trying to make Anna a king? If so, those black clothes are a strategy to separate you from Anna. Maybe it was."

Suoh looked at Kusanagi and said casually.

"It's okay."

Kusanagi looked at Suoh. On that basis, his eyes said it all.

Suoh laughed at Kusanagi's pessimism with his nose.

"There's Totsuka and Yata. If so, that's fine."

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"Saru! The road is cut to the right, right!"

"I'm doing it right now, don't mess it up!"

Annoyed screams echoed through the vehicle. Every time the laser sight of the "ostrich" was aimed at the van, Fushimi would turn the steering wheel from left to right and somehow try to avoid it. He maybe he noticed that something was wrong with the other truck that was running next to him, slowed down and crashed into the "ostrich".

Sparks scattered across the road in the dark night and the red pointer moved. Almost at the same time, the Gatling gun attached to the body of the "ostrich" began to fire.

Along with the roar of the window glass shaking, the railing on the immediate side turned into a hive, growled, shattered, and disappeared back.

".....!"

Every person in the van was terrified and convinced at the same time. If they were shot at something like that, no matter how talented they were, they couldn't get away unscathed.

"Damn it! I'm sorry!"

Kamamoto barked, opened the back seat window and leaned forward. A Moorish red genie in his fist hardened, and he shot out like a ball of fire. Fireball is Kusanagi's ability, but it's not like the other clan members can't use it either. They just prefer human bullet battle.

The burning red fireball, however, did not catch the "ostrich". Just before landing, the "ostrich" flexed its legs a lot and jumped into the air. He jumped more than 5 meters, again, falling towards the truck.

"Hey, is it falling?!"

"Shit, gaak!"

Fushimi turned the wheel with tremendous force as he gritted his teeth. Kamamoto and Bando in the rear seats toppled like dominoes in a sharp turn that almost caused the rear

wheels to skid. The claws of the "ostrich" attacking from above pierced through the driver's door and window together. Shattered glass shards glinted in the road lights.

The red light was absorbed by the "ostrich's" legs in a straight line to tear the brilliance from it.

A throwing knife thrown by Fushimi while he was driving pierced the "ostrich's" ankle joint and burned a red aura.

The "ostrich", which was running on both legs, lost its balance and slowed down. Still, the "ostrich" hadn't given up yet. The laser pointer shone like a beast looking for prey.

Fushimi stepped on the accelerator as much as he could and pushed the "ostrich" out of the way in one go.

The "ostrich" disappeared into the darkness behind, and the people in the car finally exhaled all at once.

"What is that? Robotic weapons...?!"

"But you're stupid, there's no such thing! It's not a movie."

"No. He's probably right."

The gentleman with the calm voice was Tanaka, sitting in the passenger seat. Keeping an eye on his back, he put his hand on his chin as if he was thinking.

"It has been more than half a year since the CIA captured Mizuchi. No wonder such a weapon was born if the military science of the US Army and the unique technology that Mizuchi knows are combined..."

"Huh?! We're being attacked by the CIA?!"

"Maybe it's the National Security Agency NSA, because it has a stronger connection to the military."

Fushimi clicked his tongue at Tanaka, who smiled.

"Don't be afraid, they won't ask the army to be your opponent...!"

"To be precise, it's more like one or two non-regular platoons belonging to the intelligence department, rather than the army. I don't think a decent civilian employee would have a shootout in the city."

"Soldiers of 100 people will attack with such weapons. It's not something amateurs can do. No matter what they say, it's better to return to Japan quickly."

"Hm..."

As Tanaka put his hand to his chin and tried to think about it, again, the footsteps echoed. Bando pressed against the glass of the rear window, he screams.

"Hey! It's already caught up with us!"

Fushimi looked in the rearview mirror and muttered in annoyance.

"What should I do?! The speed is higher there...!"

"That's right. So..."

Tanaka unbuckled his seat belt and slid out of the fully open passenger seat window. The terrified Yata, screamed.

"Hey, Ossan! What are you doing?!"

"It's my job to protect you."

Tanaka narrowed his eyes and looked back as he clung to the roof of the truck and was buffeted by the strong wind rushing down the road. The "ostrich" approached moving both feet at imperceptible speed. The laser pointer was aimed at Tanaka's inorganic features.

"Osan!"

Yata's screams echoed from inside the vehicle. As he listened, Tanaka swung an arm towards the "ostrich".

The Gatling gun began to fire.

Tanaka would be pierced by countless ammunition and his corpse would be thrown on the road; everyone in the vehicle anticipated that sight, and shrugged.

But that didn't happen.

The ammunition stopped just before it reached Tanaka, as if he had slammed into an invisible wall.

The "ostrich" kept firing. However, the bullets never reached Tanaka. All the bullets were locked in midair and lined up in a strange curve. It was like an avant-garde art.

Tanaka smiled silently and waved an arm that lit up the golden glow.

"I am a senior agent of the 'Rabbits' and 'Tokijikuin'. Don't expect this level of attack to do anything to me."

Amazed, Yata turned his soulful gaze to the ceiling.

"Impressive, Ossan, I understand! It's okay!"

Yata opened the truck door, slapping his cheeks with both hands. A strong wind blew across the road and Fushimi cried out in anger.

"What are you doing, Misaki?!"

"Ossan stopped me before, but I'm going to kill him now!"

Yelling back, Yata jumped out of the van.

Sparks were scattered by the wheels of the skateboard at a relative speed of 80 km/h. The sparks got bigger and eventually turned into a flame that engulfed the wheels. As he carved the fiery grooves into the asphalt, Yata began to spin the handle of the mop that he held in both hands at high speed.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Along with the screaming spirit, a red genie dwelled in the mop and exploded like a spinning flame. The skateboard's orbit jerked out once and Yata slammed the flame into the "ostrich", which was still firing, mixing acceleration and centrifugal force.

The steel fuselage fluttered and the spark flashed in the darkness of the night.

"Wow! What kind of things!"

Facing the victorious Yata, the "ostrich" began to wander. The rotation of both legs slowed down, the speed visibly decreased, and it fell as it was.

The laser pointer pointed at Yata before doing so.

"Shit!"

Yata hurriedly manipulated the skateboard and tried to get away from the "ostrich". But the pointer pursued him relentlessly. The cannon began to rotate at high speed while aiming at Yata's forehead.

A red butterfly was sucked into his snout.

An extraordinary butterfly with very little firepower, but it was enough to shut his mouth. The butterflies that touched the bullet exploded, shattering the barrel and igniting thousands of ammunition packed in the ammunition mechanism.

The body of the "ostrich" exploded from the inside.

The "ostrich", which became a moving ball of fire, lurched to the right, tilted to the left, and, on a drunken wobbly foot, detonated repeatedly. Like an ostrich that has lost its head, he kept running aimlessly, eventually going over the railing and falling far below the path.

"Hmm... I was scared..."

Manipulating the skateboard with the power of a different skill, Yata returned to the van. He smiled at Totsuka, who walked out the door.

"Thank you, Totsuka-san. You saved me!"

Totsuka returned a wink.

"Well, I'm still an executive of 'Homura'."

The two looked at each other and laughed loudly, then Yata turned to the passenger seat.

Tanaka was already sitting there when he returned. Seat belts were also fastened, and wind-disturbed hairstyles were patted down by hand. Yata laughed and pointed his fist at him.

"Ossan was nice too! If you weren't here, I'd be a hive right now."

Tanaka smiled like a mask, stared at the fist and gently punched his fist there.

"No, this is also a job, but is it okay to call me that?"

"Huh?"

"I'm still 28. How's that for Ossan?"

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One of Mizuchi's eyes made a noise and moved, deciding the wrong direction.

"Hmmm~?"

Jane had a look of disgust on her face. From experience, she knew that when Mizuchi responded like that, that was when something was wrong.

"What is this time?"

"Uh, 'Glass Hopper II' was done. As expected, 'Homura', is it hard to kill with that kind of weapon?"

As he mumbled and mumbled, Mizuchi opened the door and got out of the car. Jane and her escorts also came out into the street.

"Well, I was able to record the W deviation from him, so let's do it. I really can't trust the average person's courage. Unless he's a threat, they won't take him seriously either."

"Why do you understand? Have you not received such a report?"

One of the eyes twitched at Jane's suspicious words.

"Oh, that's easy. I've set the feedback to come here when a cyber-weapon is destroyed. It's natural for parents to always want to know the condition of their beloved child, right?"

"I have received no such report."

"Is that so? Well, it would be better if we could always monitor the planes that could be used. There are still more than 30 "Glass Hopper II". If you get everything up and running, "Homura" will be a hive in no time."

As he shrugged and laughed, Mizuchi walked into the street. Jane followed him, looking at Mizuchi's rear.

Fremont Street was still packed with tourists. Unfortunately, it seemed to overlap with the time of the Viva Vision Show, and the semi-circular arcade that covered the ceiling began to display psychedelic images. All kinds of colors melted and tangled and distorted like liquids, Jane thought. The guy who made that video must have felt pretty comforted.

Looking at the casino shops to the left and right, Mizuchi greeted the children on the way with a smile. The boy also laughed and turned to Mizuchi. Fremont Street was also a mecca for artists, although it didn't seem like an attitude towards a monster. Perhaps he was recognized as one of them.

As he watched the boy walk away, Mizuchi only nodded.

"Children are good, because they are full of talent and future. Don't you think so, Jane?"

"When you talk about children, it gives me goosebumps for some reason, Mizuchi."

When she returned that answer, Mizuchi laughed out loud again.

During such exchanges, they reached the target store.

On the street of the bright neon and light show, that place was only dark as if darkness was in the air. It was originally a bar inspired by the Western era, but the appearance of many large motorcycles parked in front of the store and tattoo-covered bikers drinking around it was clearly decent, showing that it was not a good bar.

The motorcyclists were looking at them and the escort personnel were nervous. Before them, Mizuchi didn't seem to feel any pressure. He looked at the store sign and laughed happily.

"Blood and Flame. Hahahaha. To think it's the same as 'Homura'."

"Hey. It's not a night show, Asians."

The cyclists stood up and surrounded Mizuchi. The thick arm wrapped in a leather jacket could snap like a dead tree if it came to Mizuchi's neck.

Still, Mizuchi didn't show any signs of hesitation. He rolled all three eyes and said with a smile.

"When Mizuchi comes, Mr. Edward will take over."

The bikers looked at each other and separated from Mizuchi.

"Excuse me. Please go there."

The bikers reverently pushed the door of the bar with a polite attitude that did not resemble a strong physique. Mizuchi entered the bar, followed by Jane and her companions.

Harsh air was trapped inside the bar.

A neon sign with a jukebox that looked like a figurine and a spider web. At the counter, which seemed to have been uncleared for several years, the hollow-eyed men sat vaguely. Placed on the counter was a box that was probably flour. Jane followed Mizuchi, avoiding looking at them.

"Client. Boss."

When the motorcyclist who opened the door called out in a low voice, a bright voice in contrast to that came back from the back of the store.

"Oh! I have been waiting for you, Mr. Mizuchi! You have often come here and there!"

VIP room at the back of the store. With multiple escorts behind him, the man was lounging on a leather couch.

Edward The Red. He was the boss of "Blood and Flame", a gangster who ruled downtown Las Vegas.

Blue eyes, long limbs, muscular and slender body. His dark skin indicated that he was a South American Hispanic. No shadow could be found on his smiling face. Jane knew it was a friendly attitude that didn't resemble the head of a violent group, but of course, it was a farce.

When he was asked who was the most dangerous man in the Las Vegas underworld, any thug would name Edward.

The Mexican mob, whose sphere of influence is Southern California, controls almost all of the Hispanic mobsters. They value order and discipline, and do not allow even the slightest deviation. Asylum if you submit, death if you refuse: this is how they have grown in power.

Under such circumstances, "Blood and Flame" did not try to obey any organization.

Of course, Chief Edward was ordered to kill several people. Many mobsters targeted Edward for money and honor, but none of them could take his life. Edward has always been at the forefront of the conflict, having even destroyed dozens of enemy hideouts on his account.

The appearance of Edward, who killed all the hostile organizations, burned them and laughed with blood, was called in amazement: "Edward, The Red".

Of course, if you think about it normally, that's just a junkie's wishful thinking.

However, that was the case. The proof of the fact was shown by Edward's right hand.

There was only a thumb on his right hand.

The other four fingers of his had become burned scars. Edward showed the sofa in front of him, waving his impressive hands like a normal human being.

"Come on, sit down! Hey, by the number of drinks!"

Edward raised his voice. Mizuchi sat face to face with Edward without hesitation, and one of his eyes caught Jane out of the corner of his eye. Jane reluctantly sat down next to Mizuchi.

Edward rounded his eyes and stared at Mizuchi.

"No, I heard about it, but there is actually a third one! Is it really visible? How many of these are there?"

Mizuchi's three eyes looked at Edward, who opened his right hand.

"It's a philosophical question, Mr. Edward. One in metamorphosis, but five in metaphysics. His deficiency seems to make him quite complete."

"Oh...? Hahahahaha, I don't know what the scholars say!"

Edward laughed, and the mechanical blankness of the escort behind them barely smiled. The distorted cheeks had crushed burn marks.

They brought the tequila shot.

"In Las Vegas!"

Edward drank it all at once in one gulp. Mizuchi did the same. Jane was lost, but she still shoved it down her throat. The taste of burnt sake spread in the stomach.

Edward dropped the shot glass and leaned toward the table. The eyebrows furrowed as if he was in trouble.

"By the way, Mr. Mizuchi. I'm sad. I'm a member of the group I lent you, but it seems you made a mistake. I don't know who you were dealing with, but it was sad that we were so weak. How much did the treatment cost for everyone?"

"It's \$50,000, Chief."

"\$100,000?! That much?! Wow, what a wheel of fire! That's right, we're going broke!"

Edward looked up at the sky, holding his head on purpose. Jane barely held her tongue. He really didn't understand the meaning of the wheel of fire, but, in short, he was trying to get money out of it.

And when Mizuchi started laughing,

"The wheel of fire, huh, do you remember it from Japan, Mr. Edward?"

Edward looked back at Mizuchi and shrugged.

"That's right. My youth was when I was in Japan."

"When were you in 'Purgatory'?"

Edward blinked slowly.

The air in the room visibly changed.

The biggest change occurred in Edward's subordinates. The blood rushing out of their faces, they stiffened their bodies to see what Edward looked like. The impatience and fear of the time bomb just before the time limit appeared evenly on their faces.

Edward laid his back on a leather couch and said,

"Did you know?"

"Of course. I am a member of the clan. Like you, I am a former member."

"I..."

Edward's voice was cold and mechanically resonant, as if the joy up to that moment was a lie.

"I'm still from 'Purgatory'."

His blue eyes were devilish. As the escort staff tried to prepare themselves, Jane had to keep an eye on them. They shouldn't stimulate Edward there. If he exploded, every one of them would turn to coal.

"Purgatory", the predecessor "Red King", a clan led by Kagutsu Genji, the man who brought about the unprecedented catastrophe that killed 700,000 people in Japan in 1999. His habit was a fierce word, a group of extremely troublesome terrorists who they captured the lives of human beings, whether themselves or others, only on paper.

Edward once belonged to that group. They did not know what his position was. He may have been the bottom end. However, no matter who the members are, it's best to think of them as dangerous while in "Purgatory". Edward's career is a clear testimony of that.

It was not really known if he understood the danger, Mizuchi laughed happily and rotated all three eyeballs.

"I see, are you still from 'Purgatory'? The clansmen have died and Kagutsu Genji has disappeared. Still, 'Purgatory' still continues?"

"I am alive."

"I see, maybe it's true. You are alive. Even if everyone else dies or you lose the King, 'Purgatory' will continue as long as you are alive. Mr. Edward, do you know the new red clan?"

Edward's eyebrows moved sharply. Mizuchi continued talking happily.

"Of course you don't know. You escaped from Japan and came to the United States after the Clan Incident. You then used your abilities to grow up in the underworld of Las Vegas. There is no way you would have known the current situation of the clan in Japan."

Mizuchi looked at Jane. Jane took some documents out of her briefcase and put them on the table. There was a photo and information of Mikoto Suoh and other members of the "Homura" clan.

Edward picked it up with his right hand and began to read.

Eventually, he leaked a tweet that appeared to have been deleted.

"Who is this 'Red King'?"

"To tell the truth, I got help from you to beat them up. To the newborn red clan, 'Homura'."

Edward looked at the documents with a look that seemed to bite at any moment.

"Unfortunately, all of your members have been sent to the hospital. Well, that's not surprising. After all, the opponent is the 'Red King'. For you who know the former Kagutsu Genji, it's quite profitable as long as you have one life."

The flame burst.

The roaring, burning, distorted, snarling arm of fire was released from Edward's right hand. A fiery hand that reached out to lick the ceiling made a fist in the shape of grabbing Suoh's information documents and slammed into the table. The smell of burning bangs gave Jane a premonition of death.

Edward had a low voice, with his dazzling and murderous blue eyes.

"There is only one 'Red King'."

The table turned to ash and shattered, and the store's sprinkler went off. The water mixed with the digestive agent spilled out, and the flame of the extraordinary skill did not go out. Edward's killing intent also burned endlessly. As if it represented the buried fire in his heart.

As he soaked himself, Mizuchi didn't break his smiling demeanor.

"Oh, of course. That's true for you. There is only one 'Red King' in the world, the only one in the world: Kagutsu Genji. It doesn't matter if his sword falls and the land of Japan disappears. That's why he can be precious. Kagutsu, who was ruined with hundreds of thousands of lives and laughed out loud, can be called a hero."

Mizuchi leaned forward. The smile disappeared from his lips.

"So, Mr. Edward. Kill Suoh Mikoto."

"Eh?"

Edward's killing intent was about to go towards Mizuchi. Taking it head on, Mizuchi said.

"Perhaps there is only one 'Red King'. So Mikoto Suoh, the existence of the current generation 'Red King' is blasphemy for Kagutsu Genji. In order for him to remain 'King', Mikoto Suoh must be eliminated, right?"

"....."

Edward's flame stopped.

Along with that, the sprinkler too. Edward's eyes, which gathered up his drenched hair and stared at Mizuchi, showed strong discomfort.

"Are you trying to use me?"

Mizuchi smiled.

"Of course. I'm trying to use you, so you should use me too."

He touched his finger. One of the escorts took out the briefcase and placed it in front of Edward.

"It's \$500,000. I'd like you to receive it as an advance payment. If you have any other information or strength you need, I'll always provide it."

Edward looked at the briefcase under his feet as if he was looking at dirty things.

"Why do you want to kill Suoh?"

Mizuchi suddenly laughed.

"I have a personal grudge against Mikoto Suoh, but I'm not trying to get rid of it. I just want to know. How can I kill the King?"

"....."

"Regicide. I'm intellectually curious. It's because of your 'King'. Let's join hands."

Mizuchi extended his right hand.

Edward blinked. The blue eyes alternated between the passion of the beast and the intellect of the person.

After a long patrol, the monster from "Purgatory" took the hand of the third monster.