



**RED CASE FILES: HOMRA IN LAS VEGAS**

**CHAPTER 8: LAS VEGAS IS BURNING**

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

Mizuchi was lying on the reclining chair and was in an extremely relaxed state of mind.

He put his hands on his dirty lab coat and used his fingers to tap out the rhythm. From the old gramophone, "The Arlesian Woman" Suite 2, No. 4, Georges Bizet's "Farandole", or "The King's March".

Mizuchi stared at him as he indulged in clever classical music.

The battle scene was projected directly into his brain through the eye camera, the image of the "Red King" destroying the "Grasshopper II" and the others.

"Fufufu, fufufufufufufufufu~"

With trembling shoulders, Mizuchi laughed, letting out a giggly voice. But he wasn't actually laughing. An uncontrollable torrent of emotions was causing such a physical reaction.

Suoh was beautiful.

Like a flexible carnivore, he ran, jumped, swung, and knocked down. With just that, the masterpiece created by Mizuchi quickly turned to scrap. That is why he is the "King" of "Kings". The overwhelming combat power was beyond the reach of extraordinary weapons.

Mizuchi looked "up".

There was nothing there. Not even a fragment of the "Sword of Damocles", the supernatural sword that appears when the "King" draws all his power.

Mizuchi once again tried to let out a laugh-like voice.

"Units 15 and 16 have stopped working! Unit 17's right leg actuator is not receiving signals."

"Doctor! Permission to withdraw!"

He was brought back to reality by the rude scream.

He slowly got up from the recliner and looked around. The three eyeballs captured the figures of the operators who gulped and skipped eye contact.

Mizuchi let out a yawn. One of the operators looked at him,

"Ah, Doctor..."

"What time is it?"

"Eh?"

"The time from the beginning of the battle until now. How long has it been?"

As expected, the American military operator didn't repeat useless questions. He took a quick look at the screen and announcement.

"It's 5 minutes and 47 seconds."

"Hmm. It took five minutes. I see."

Suoh's image was still reflected in Mizuchi's brain. He tore off Unit 16's right leg and used it as a makeshift club to attack Unit 17. Unit 17 fired machine guns as they retreated, but all of them were repelled by the rising aura and the chamber was filled with chunks of iron.

"Unit 17 has stopped working."

Silence descended on the control room at the same time that the operator murmured.

In the midst of that, Mizuchi approached the console with light steps and began to operate it over the operator's shoulder. He downloaded the battle log of how the situation was on his own HUD. He knew very well that scientific progress cannot be achieved without the accumulation of countless failures.

A harsh voice was released from behind them.

"How can you be so cheerful while wasting millions of tax dollars, Mizuchi?"

"Kyuin", the eye camera rotated backwards. It was Jane. Her blue eyes were filled with anger. Mizuchi raised both his hands quite happily.

"Are you in a bad mood, Jane? Did you hear anything from upstairs?"

"It's the other way around. I don't like the fact that the top doesn't say anything about this strategy."

Mizuchi's second eye camera was pointed at Jane. It was due to Mizuchi's intention to record the beautiful spy's anger and frustration in as much detail as possible.

"I will use three "Grasshopper II" to stop Suoh, and in the meantime I'll attack the enemy base. Is something wrong? Defeating each one is the beginning of the tactic, isn't it?"

"This one has been individually destroyed. The "Pyramid" raid has just started, but Suoh already destroyed three of our planes. I'll get them back soon."

"In that case, we have to move forward with the attack. Unfortunately, the AW Anti-Weismann bullet didn't work against the "King". However, against a Clansman, it will be effective enough."

Emotions other than anger and frustration surfaced in Jane's eyes.

With the corners of his mouth turned up, Mizuchi laughed.

"Oh, wow... I wonder if you, who are a CIA agent, are scared? It's not a big deal, is it? Didn't you guys play "March to the Sea" once, too?"

Jane responded with a groan.

"Are you going to start the Civil War again...?! It's insane to sacrifice 2 million people who live in the greater Las Vegas area!"

"That's why it's effective, isn't it? Oh, you can see, Suoh has a certain humanity. People who aren't relatives can be stressful for him... Fufufu."

Mizuchi shook his shoulders and then, with unsteady steps, headed for the exit of the control room.

"Continue to stop Suoh. I should be able to earn a decent amount of time by doing the battle model of "Fireworks Master II". In that gap, if someone kills even a "Homura" clan member, that will complete the first stage of the operation."

Jane's beautiful face distorted with pain. Mizuchi walked out of the control room as he recorded it with two eye cameras.

What they are trying to do is a scorched earth strategy.

A lavish scorched-earth strategy set in the entertainment city of Las Vegas. The goal is to exhaust the "Red King" Suoh Mikoto as much as possible. To do that, the first thing he needed was to target the red Clansman. After the Clansman was killed, he would chase after them without thinking of the damage to his surroundings. While running away from him, Mizuchi and the others would use defense nets and traps to intercept Suoh.

It is unknown how many civilians would be affected. Mizuchi rather hopes that the damage will deal damage to Suoh Mikoto's heart.

That man isn't Genji Kagutsu, he is a monster that has not fully become a monster.

"Otherwise, our purpose will not be fulfilled. Hey, right?"

Speaking into the void, Mizuchi nodded in satisfaction and activated the communication function of the HUD.

"It's me. What's going on with that one?"

"The final functional test is complete, Doctor. You can leave at any time."

"Very well. I'll go there from now on. Prepare for departure."

Walking briskly down the corridor, Mizuchi laughed softly again, then suddenly realized it and opened the strategy map.

A map unfolding around the "Pyramid" was born in the corner of his vision. At a point about 2 km north of the "Pyramid", a marker appeared that meant "Engagement with enemies". Reading the meaning engraved there, Mizuchi cried out with deep emotion.

"Oh, Mr. Edward! What a splendid moment! Will it be wild intuition or Genji Kagutsu's guidance? Fufufufufu, alright, let your life shine to your heart's content!"

"Eh?"

The operator, whose call was still connected, raised a suspicious voice. Without answering that, Mizuchi let out a laugh and increased the speed of his walk.

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One of the reasons Tanaka chose the "Pyramid" as his base was the lack of a helipad.

Although "Tokijikuin" has a world-class organizational strength, there are a number of restrictions on its overseas activities. Interference with the sky was one of them, and it was impossible to align the legs of the helicopters in such a short time.

Therefore, Tanaka truncated the sky. No helipad means no enemies in the air. If it's just a ground battle, it can be dealt with only by a person with special abilities. He had those thoughts, but...

It seems that the enemy's intentions were beyond Tanaka's.

"3 helicopters confirmed in the sky! Judging from the shape, the model number appears to be CH49!"

"Six confirmed supernatural weapons at the bottom of the helicopter! They're closing in here!"

Hearing the reports one after another, Tanaka took a deep breath.

Tanaka's expectations were off. They easily jumped over what they had predicted "wouldn't get that far".

This is a clear "military action". If such an action were to take place in the United States, and in Las Vegas, which is a world-famous tourist destination, it would certainly cause a commotion like hitting a honeycomb. Did US government officials foresee this? After going this far, why did he have to plan to "kill the King"?

Tanaka let out a flurry of questions as soon as he exhaled.

"Prepare to escape. Prioritize the protection of the "Homura" members. I will accompany you."

"Understood!"

As the "Tokijikuin" agents began to move at a breakneck pace, Tanaka loosened his tie and tossed it aside as he walked. For the rest of the time, no formalities were required.

When he came out of the corridor, the first thing he saw was the "Homura" member. Totsuka Tatara. Despite being an executive of "Homura", he is a rare existence that is almost the weakest. When he met Tanaka, he smiled.

"Could it be that we are being attacked?"

Tanaka narrowed his eyes and bowed deeply.

"Yes. The enemy seems to have used much bolder methods than he had supposed. Currently, three military helicopters and six "ostriches" have been confirmed in the sky. Urgently, we must escape from this hideout."

Blamed and abused for his own mistakes, Tanaka made a decision.

"Ok. Then I'll tell everyone."

Totsuka said that lightly and went back to his room.

Slightly surprised, Tanaka followed him. Akagi, Dewa, and Fujishima stayed in the suite. Other members were reported to have gone out without permission. Totsuka quickly explained to them.

"That's why we have to escape immediately. Ah, Tanaka-san, do we have time to carry our luggage?"

"No. I want you to evacuate as soon as possible."

When he said that, Dewa let out a sigh.

"Really? I should have done it after buying souvenirs..."

"That's why I told you. Take your luggage."

"Would you like to go fast?"

Fujishima and Akagi also began to rush out of the room. At that quick action, Tanaka blinked.

"How should I put it... everyone, are you used to this kind of situation?"

"Ahaha.", Totsuka laughed.

"It's not like I'm used to it, but we are "Homura"."

Seeing his back leave, Tanaka slightly changed his perception of "Homura".

In an instant, the window exploded.

".....?!"

The "Pyramid" is, as its name suggests, a strange hotel in the shape of a square pyramid. All rooms are located outside and the entire exterior wall is made of tilted glass.

Multiple "ostriches" broke the window glass on one side and invaded.

It took less than a few seconds for the machine gun to lock onto Tanaka and begin firing.

"Eh?!"

Tanaka's arms, which were clad in a golden aura, activated a special ability. "Fixed Zero Point Coordinate". By designating a specific space, all existing kinetic energy in that space is fixed. Tanaka unfolded it in front of him like an absolute shield, trapping all the machine gun bullets, which would hit hundreds of times per second.

In response to that, one of the "ostriches" began to circle to the right.

"Kuh...!"

Tanaka distorted his face and watched his behavior with sideways glances. Tanaka cannot move while "Coordinate Lock" is active. If he gets shot around a specific space, he can't avoid it.

Meanwhile, the "ostrich" stomped on the couch and kicked over the pool table. A machine gun aimed at Tanaka's side.

"Oh, shit!"

Akagi jumped with a determined voice.

A bright red fist hit the "ostrich's" barrel. The blow rocked the turret, and at the same time the machine gun began to fire. Another "ostrich" that was pierced by the bullet jumped onto his knees as he short-circuited and collapsed on the spot.

"Tanaka-san, keep it up!"

Dewa and Fujishima began to run, brushing past Tanaka's flanks. They lowered their bodies until they barely touched the ground and slipped under the "ostrich's" feet.

The "ostrich" conveyed the pilot's confusion in the remote area. Machine guns protruding forward naturally had a limited angle of depression. That gun couldn't shoot straight down.

"Uh... oooooooooohhh!"

Dewa and Fujishima simultaneously grabbed one leg of the "ostrich" and began to lift it up. The glow of supernatural power that covered their entire bodies became dazzlingly strong. As they were, they turned the "ostrich" on its side. A huge steel leg fluttered through the air and the machine gun fired randomly.

"Wow, amazing!"

"Get down, get down!"

Totsuka slipped past the arguing "Homura" members and took a step forward. A phosphorescent red light flew out of both of his hands. Flaming butterflies created with his supernatural powers. They passed through the incredibly random bullets and were sucked into the barrel of the machine gun.

There was a momentary pause.

Then, the three "ostriches" burst out with a roar.

By this time, everyone, including Tanaka, had already left the suite. He endured the impact and the roar that shook his eardrums as he lay down on the ground.

Finally, after everyone calmed down, they got up.

"For now, is this safe?"

Wiping the soot from his cheeks with the back of his hand, Totsuka said that calmly. Akagi nodded, while Dewa and Fujishima looked around.

"Tanaka-san, are there other people attacking us still?"

"I'm worried about Yata-san and the others. I think they'll be fine, but..."

"Can we join them too? Dewa, can you contact them?"

"Ok, I will try."

This time, Tanaka let out a sigh of admiration at the customary exchange.

Clan members aren't necessarily used to rough stuff. Even if they have a power that far exceeds that of ordinary people, it is common for psychics to be unable to do anything due to confusion.

However, that doesn't seem to be the case with "Homura". Either because they have overcome many crises, or because of their strong convictions, they seem able to move with precision even in danger, just like veteran soldiers.

When he tried to praise them out loud, he heard a voice yelling through the headphones in his ear.

"Captain! Enemy reinforcements! Eight more supernatural weapons confirmed! We're surrounded! Order us to stand down!"

Tanaka let out a sigh.

They aren't "rabbits", they are just "Tokijikuin" agents, and their special abilities are not suitable for battle. Besides, it would be better to think that being so upset is useless.

"Bad news for everyone. The enemy has sent more reinforcements. We are surrounded by 11 "ostriches" in total. We must leave here now."

Just as he was about to say that, the door to the suite across the street turned into a honeycomb and flew. Two "ostriches" peeked out from inside, and Tanaka and the others ran back to his room before they could say anything.

A second later, a hail of bullets ripped through the hallway. Tanaka closed the door and fixed it... or at least prevented anyone from coming through the door.

But, if things continue like this, they will eventually be surrounded and annihilated.

The exit had already been blocked. Would it be possible for him to launch a desperate suicide attack and destroy those two bodies? There are 11 newly confirmed "ostriches". To protect "Homura" from them, strength is absolutely insufficient.

"Tanaka-san, Tanaka-san."

Totsuka pushed Tanaka's shoulder. Tanaka frowned and looked at Totsuka.

"What are you doing? Let's run away quickly."

"Eh?"

Tanaka was confused for a moment. Along with Izumo Kusanagi, Totsuka is seen as the brains of "Homura". He shouldn't have known the current situation, but...

However, Totsuka pointed behind himself with a soft smile on his face.

"If it's an exit, it's right there."

Tanaka remained silent and stared at him.

Surely. Speaking of a way out, it's a way out.



A 130-meter-high windblown window that was destroyed by an "ostrich" attack... it was possible for a psychic to escape from there.

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Inside the Fontaine store, screams and confusion erupted.

The shattered pieces of the table burst into flames and spread in all directions. The tourists, who were watching the show in peace, were caught in the shrapnel like bullets and collapsed in pain.

However, Yata had no time to worry about such things, because he could feel the immeasurable threat of the man in front of him, who had suddenly changed.

"Protect Anna!"

Screaming, Yata jumped. The mop handle in his hand was wrapped in a red supernatural ability, and he waved it at Ed with all his might.

A blow that would have easily destroyed the skull of an ordinary human was blocked only by Ed's left hand.

".....!"

"Hahaha... Are you going to attack right now?"

Baring his fangs at him, Ed laughed. As he firmly held the mop in his left hand, he swung the long arm of flame.

(Eating this guy is bad!)

An intuition flashed through Yata's mind. He quickly dropped the mop and crossed his arms in front of his face.

A glowing fist of fire struck the center of him.

Yata's body flew out with a jet-like flame.

Yata was thrown into the sky on top of a large fountain, shattering the window glass, along with a piece of glass that sparkled and reflected the light. The ever-changing night sky of Las Vegas, the glitter of the hotel, the column of water that still spouted and the arms of fire.

"Hahahahahahahahaha!!!"

While he was laughing like crazy, Ed launched a follow-up attack on Yata. Yata spun his body in the air, narrowly avoiding the arm trying to wrap around him as he whipped around.

He fell backwards onto the center stage of the fountain.

"Hahaha...!"

Ed landed a few feet away. With his long arms of billowing flame, his face no longer held a smile as he rose to his feet.

"Haaah... You're weak, Misaki. Are you from the Red Clan? Really?"

Yata stood up as he caught his breath. He looked at Ed, who wasn't even trying to hide his disappointment from him, and yelled.

"What's wrong with you?! What the hell is that power?! Pressure?!"

"Misaki, are you not only weak, but also foolish? You've been saying that for a while. I'm Edward the Red, a member of the Red Clan "Purgatory"."

".....?!"

As far as Yata knows, there is only one red clan. "Homura", to which he belongs, is the only Red Clan.

However, Yata also knew that "Homura" was not the first Red Clan.

The "kings" appeared about half a century ago. The clans have existed ever since, and those clans continued as long as the "King" lived, and most of them disappeared with the "King's" death.

In other words, Ed was...

"Are you the survivor of the previous Red Clan...?"

"Previous, huh?"

Ed's dark expression was filled with killing intent that stung the air.

"We, "Purgatory", are the only red clan in the world. This is proof."

Lifting the scar on his right hand, Ed muttered. The flames that erupted from the burned wounds turned into arms and hit the stage.

"So, Misaki. I can't let you and Mikoto Suoh live. If I left a fake monster like you alone, I would be crushed by the boss in the other world!"

A long arm of fire closed in on Yata at the speed of a snake aiming for prey from him.

"Tsk...!"

With a click of his tongue, Yata managed to dodge it. Even though he was on the fountain stage, it was annoying being submerged up to his shins. Since his mobility had been reduced, the other side with reach had more of an advantage.

Just as he was thinking of a countermeasure, water gushed out from directly below.

As if to divide Yata and Ed, the column of water rose one after another, and the color of the spotlight illuminated it beautifully. The fountain show at the Varangia hotel continued. A column of water that gushed high in the sky obscured the view and Ed was no longer visible. Yata put his fists in a red aura and remained vigilant.

An arm of flame reached out, piercing the column of water.

"Kuh!"

Pounding his fists at him, Yata ward off the blow. It was a heavy blow that could have broken his body if he let his guard down. Arm long as he was, he returned to the other side of the water column while kicking up thick steam.

Yata gritted his teeth as he grew warier of the unseen Ed.

(This guy is strong...!)

As the vanguard of "Homura", Yata has overcome many difficult times. Among them, Ed would definitely be a first class skill. Along with his raging passion, he possesses a veteran combat mentality that cannot be underestimated.

(Or maybe he is stronger than me.)

But... he couldn't afford to lose.

Just as Ed is proud of "Purgatory", Yata is also proud to be a member of "Homura". No matter what the survivors of the past say, he cannot give in. "Homura" is the only Red Clan, and Yata is a member of the clan, defeat would dirty the Clan's billboard.

"That's why I'm going to win...!"

He took a deep breath and let it out. The red supernatural power that inhabited in both of his hands began to shine brighter.

The next blow would be victory. A long-range attack has a big hole in the chest. Yata imagined that scene, slipping under his long arm and throwing his fist at Ed.

At that moment, the flames spread towards Yata's face again.

"Eh?!"

With a momentary sigh, Yata slipped through the blow. He had an ache from the heat in his temples, but not enough to stop him. Yata jumped onto the pillar of the spouting fountain.

A flaming hand grabbed Yata's neck.

"Gah...!"

As he slowly burned his neck, his long arm of fire grabbed Yata's neck and lifted him into the air. Ed smiled as he looked at Yata, who was kicking his legs.

"You're really dumb, Misaki. If you think about it, you can predict the feint of the fireball, right? Well, it might be impossible for a sweetie like you."

The pressure on his neck was getting stronger. It was as if he was about to break his cervical vertebrae along with the guard that was barely stretched by his supernatural power.

"Well. Don't worry, I'll send you to your friends later...!"

Yata heard the sound of his bones crunching from within. Yata gritted his teeth and tried to close his eyes.

The long arm of flames was severed from the wrist.

"Ah...?"

The superpower vanished into thin air and disappeared, and Yata, who had lost support, fell. A figure walked past Yata, who was coughing violently.

The human figure was Fushimi Saruhiko, who rested his saber on his shoulder and let out a deep breath.

"Exactly. You're right. This damn idiot's stupidity is guaranteed."

A growl escaped the back of Ed's throat.

"Scepter 4..."

"Well, I'm as unlucky as this guy's head. On the orders of my unreasonable boss, I traveled to Las Vegas to find a silly charm. Really, I don't like all this at all, but..."

He then pointed the tip of his saber at Ed and said in a disgusted voice.

"This is also a job."