



RED CASE FILES: HOMRA IN LAS VEGAS

CHAPTER 9: DELIRIUM

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

Maria Reyes sat on the bed and looked at the PDA.

She tapped on the "Edward" entry in the contact list and tried to make a call. Maria had been repeating that action over and over for a while now. The reason she always gives up is because Ed told her not to contact him during work.

Maria has never broken that ban. She knew that it was her submission that allowed her to remain the lover of Edward the Red, the infamous Las Vegas gang member. Unprecedented and cheerful, cruel and childish. Maria understood Ed's characteristics and she loved him too.

That's why she Maria knew that Ed's cheerful behavior was nothing more than a pretext. In its depths lay a dark void that no one could touch.

Before waking up, during the meal, after the adventure, Maria watched Ed's dark face carefully, from time to time, as the void appeared. Maria didn't do the foolish thing to ask what it was. Only then would she be able to continue living that way.

But...

Maria looked at the PDA one more time.

Just before Ed left this morning, the void appeared. Although there is nothing in the dark, it seems to have an irresistible scorching heat, the kind of thing that is hard to name.

"I don't think Ed will ever come back here again.", Maria had such an intuition.

At that moment, she heard a sound in the distance.

A muffled sound, like something exploding.

Unable to resist, Maria got up and ran out of the room.

The members of "Blood and Fire", who were supposed to always be below as Maria's guards, were nowhere to be seen now.

This also made Maria feel frustrated. Many of the members are thugs who follow Ed by force, and among them are many remnants of the mob that he crushed. There are few people who have good feelings for Ed, and Maria's guards should have been those people.

The fact that even that was being pushed meant that the "work" this time was on a grand scale.

Maria got into the car and started the engine. She knew that she was acting reckless. Nothing yet. Stepping on the accelerator, Maria drove towards the direction of the explosion.

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It wasn't bad at all.

Suoh had such an impression as he was walking leisurely at night in Las Vegas.

Two robots descended from above, blocking Suoh's path with a roar. This time they came with an extra flying saucer. There were several, but he stopped counting.

They would soon become scrap metal anyway.

Suoh dispersed his aura. Receiving an aura like a heat wave storm, the robot tilted and the saucer escaped into the sky at a dangerous point. In that space, Suoh took a big step forward and slammed his fist into the robot's knee.

Steel legs creaked and shards of wires and electronics flew.

A rotating machine gun was aimed at Suoh from a short distance. Suoh carelessly stuck his arm into it. If you stick your arm into a steel shaft that spins hundreds of times a second, it will usually turn to minced meat in an instant, but the "King's" arm was unusual, and it was the barrel of the gun that broke. An annoying noise rang out and the motor that detected an abnormal load stopped immediately.

Suoh grabbed the barrel of the gun and dragged the giant robot body down with all his might.

He stepped on the body of the robot, which was spinning on its legs like a dying insect. Clad in a red aura, he stomped on a military armor crushing it like an eggshell. He destroyed the other robot in the same way.

He exhaled and thought.

He didn't feel bad after all.

There were people who jumped on him. He didn't have to take it easy. That was indescribably comforting.

If this were Japan, it would be different. The hostile yakuza, or the Clansman of Scepter 4. Suoh always held back when he punched, kicked and threw them. He didn't know what would happen to his opponent, but he didn't even think about taking their life. That's why he had to gently slap those who pointed their weapons or sabers at him.

It was a stressful job.

However, this was different. So Suoh thought as he created a fireball and threw it at the puck, it was pure fighting. Destroy his opponent. Apart from that, he didn't think about anything else, so he felt good.

The disk spat fire as it crashed, making a loud crack. Suoh stepped on it and proceeded. Even with a slight smile on his lips.

However, that smile disappeared the next moment.

Several discs appeared in front of Suoh after canceling his transparency. Attached to the bottom of the eye chamber was no weapon. It was a flash that seemed to be attached to an SLR.

The three flashes hit Suoh with intense light like a strobe light.

"....."

Suoh reflexively closed his eyes. He let out a small click of his tongue.

The flash blinked erratically and relentlessly pursued him no matter how hard he tried to get away. A nasty, damaging and effective attack.

If you can't destroy the "King's" body, you can destroy his senses. Visual, auditory and olfactory stimuli will certainly become an attack if they accumulate.

But it didn't make sense.

Suoh raised a hand in front of him and focused his aura there. An indiscriminate attack with some degree of directionality, so to speak, a shotgun with an aura. If you randomly shoot "where enemies are likely to be", the unpleasant stimulant will soon wear off.

Suoh was just trying to give off an aura.

He stopped, because he heard a scream.

A boy or a girl, he didn't know from the flood of light. A little boy, probably 10 years old or younger, was crying for his mother, in the direction from which Suoh was trying to emit an aura.

Suoh twisted his lips.

He knew exactly what his opponent was aiming at.

They were trying to wear Suoh down. They wanted him to use his physical strength and thus reduce his energy. It was no accident that the boy was in the direction of the puck. He can destroy weapons, but he couldn't kill children, that's how they see Suoh. That is why the "Human Shield" can be used effectively. That must be the enemy's strategy.

That was the truth.

The aura was still stored in his palm.

However, there was no need to think of other measures. The sound of an explosion suddenly resounded and the light stopped.

He lowered his hands and opened his eyes. The puck became a ball of fire and lay on the ground.

When he looked around, Kusanagi was about to put away his Zippo lighter. Seeing him smile, Suoh snorted.

"Sunglasses came in handy for the first time."

Kusanagi shrugged and ignored Suoh's words.

"It helped me focus my attacks on you. It caused unnecessary damage to the surrounding area."

As he spoke, Kusanagi slipped past the broken disk and approached the boy crouched at the base of a plant. He spoke to him in soft English and lead him to safety by pulling his hand.

Suoh looked at him with his hand still in his pocket.

Kusanagi returned shortly and Suoh fell silent.

"Go back to the hotel."

Kusanagi's eyes widened in surprise. As if reading Suoh's thoughts, he looked at his face.

Finally, Kusanagi gave up and sighed.

"Okay. What are you going to do?"

"A little more fuss."

However, it was difficult to become violent there. The intrepid tourists watched Suoh and the robot he crushed from afar. There were also those who recorded with their PDAs pointing at them, as if they thought they were shooting a movie. Suoh's fighting style was not designed to protect them.

Kusanagi must have been aware of that. Checking on his PDA, he pointed to the right,

"So, there's a city golf course there. No one will be there at this hour."

"Yes."

Suoh nodded and started running.

The race of the "King". The concrete he passed through broke and Suoh's body jumped due to his power. He grabbed onto a traffic light, broke it, jumped back, landed on the roof of a building, and ran again.

Several helicopters were flying in the night sky, which was closer than before. Seeing Suoh move, they hurriedly followed him.

Suoh looked at them. Helicopters will presumably have a pilot on board, unlike robotic weapons. If they really wanted to kill him, it shouldn't matter if he killed them. Now that he sold a fight, he wouldn't complain no matter what the price.

However, there may be another child directly below the crashed helicopter. He can be someone's father, or mother, or all of them.

Thinking of that, Suoh clicked his tongue again.

Las Vegas had too much going on for him to mess with.

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The second floor of "Fontaine" had become a battlefield.

Yata called that foreigner Ed. The flames spread to the curtains, and from the sprinklers that detected it rained down a large amount of water. Customers were eating bubbles and running away, the store staff desperately trying to calm them down so they wouldn't panic.

Then another source of confusion erupted.

A shot.

A scream followed by another scream and an angry roar. The passengers rushing towards the exit turned around one after another, lowered their posture, and threw themselves on the ground.

Like Moses parting the sea, the ones who appeared from among the guests were the boys in black.

Kamamoto muttered in amazement.

"It's them again. They don't get tired of being hit?"

Chitose replied calmly.

"This time they have a toy, so they are optimistic."

As he said, those in black were carrying something they didn't have last time, a gun. All of them were holding submachine guns in their hands with murderous and excited eyes, pointing at them and shouting something.

A few men in black rushed forward and pointed their muzzles at them.

"Hehe." Laughing, Kamamoto also took a step forward.

Kamamoto's aura unfolded almost at the same time as the wild firefight began.

A red-hot aura swirled around, blocking and deflecting all bullets. Kamamoto did not know the name of the probability change field, nor was he aware of it. However, they only know from experience that guns and bullets are useless against them.

"Chitose, Bando!"

When Kamamoto raised his voice in the middle, Bando rushed towards the black ones as if he was crawling on the ground and Chitose rushed into the sky. They panicked and fired wildly, but they weren't as good as the clansman who developed the aura. A fist sank into the face of one of the leaders and a fight began.

Kamamoto looked back. Using the overturned table as a shield, Anna crouched down. Her expression was tinged with fear, but she bravely looked at Kamamoto and nodded.

Eric knelt beside her and looked at Kamamoto in the same way.

"Kamamoto-san, I will protect Anna."

"I understand!"

Beating his chest, Kamamoto ran towards the line of men in black like a human bullet train.

He punched, kicked, stomped while he was holding a headlock. In the midst of that, Kamamoto looked outside. The beautifully decorated window panes of "Fontaine" mercilessly shattered, revealing a still-going fountain show.

Flames and blades danced as the column of water rose.

He let out a snort. No matter how he thought about it, it was annoying to leave it to "that guy". However, it was Yata's own order to protect Anna. They couldn't get out of there.

"Shut your mouth!"

Kamamoto decided to direct his dissatisfaction and frustration at the attackers. He threw the two of them out the window together, and Kamamoto looked at the black clad men who were still fighting and began to walk quickly.

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That was what it meant.

The area was already surrounded by the supernatural weapon "Ostrich". If you are attacked by their machine guns that penetrate the probabilistic deviation field, even if you are a supernatural person, it is not free. If you don't want to be a pile of corpses, you have no choice but to escape from the siege. And the exit to the siege was in the window they broke, maybe a jump from there and a fall of more than 100 meters would save them.

That's what Totsuka wanted to say.

Tanaka reflexively opened his mouth.

"You're crazy?"

It was a very rude comment, but Totsuka didn't seem offended and just laughed.

"Easy. I can handle it."

Saying that, he jumped on the remains of the "Ostrich" and looked out the window.

"Look, this hotel is shaped like a pyramid, isn't it? That's why the outside isn't a "wall", it's a "slope". If you slide down instead of falling, you can handle it, right?"

"No... What do you think?"

It was Akagi who said that without confidence. He also stuck his head out the window in fear.

"Even if it's tilted, isn't the angle too narrow? If you lose your balance in the middle, it's the end of the series."

"But isn't there another way?"

"Well, it is. I wish there was another way."

Dewa scratched his cheek as he looked out of the room. The door had been attacked by multiple "ostriches", and almost all of them were broken into pieces and floating in the air. Even so, the "Ostrich" still couldn't enter because Tanaka was blocking it with the "fixed coordinate zero point".

But they didn't have much time left.

The sound of gunshots began to be heard from the wall a little way from the door. They were trying to get through the wall to get in. Tanaka's ability couldn't fix two points at the same time. If they got out of there, he couldn't do anything this time.

Fujishima muttered calmly.

"You are ready?"

Then, everyone in "Homura" looked at Tanaka.

It was just as Fujishima said. He had no choice but to make up his mind.

Even a supernatural person would die if he fell normally from a height of 100 meters. The probability deflector field doesn't even deflect the impact of a fall. Probability is "chance that it is possible", not the magic that makes the law of inertia not exist. After jumping, each person's decision will be the difference between life and death.

Tanaka inhaled and exhaled at the same time.

"Okay. Come on. I just have one thing to tell you."

Looking at "Homura", Tanaka spoke gravely,

"I'm afraid of heights. Please understand that there is a possibility that I can make an error in judgment."

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Ed looked his own "arm".

A long arm of flame, the stigmata that once bestowed upon the baptism of "Purgatory". It was cut from his wrist and scattered.

He then saw the cut human.

Of course Ed didn't know anything about him. He didn't need to know. There were only two things that mattered: a scruffy blue uniform and a loose saber. In response to that dull look in his eyes, Ed smiled.

He thought he was back.

At that time, during the height of "Purgatory". In the age of red and blue killing each other.

"Blue clothes, wow!!"

At the same time that he shouted, Ed flexed his long fiery arm like a whip and let out a horizontal calm. The blue clothes jumped to dodge the blow, then slashed at it with a flash of the saber. Ed stuck out his tongue, laughed, and swung around to regenerate his arm. He could create as many flame arms as he wanted.

However, he couldn't follow up. Yata took advantage of that gap and hurried inside.

"Ohyaaaaaa!!"

An enthusiastically unleashed fist slammed into Ed's stomach. Severe pain and nausea erupted at the same time, and his body broke into a dogleg shape. Yata head-butted sharply into the face of Ed, who had swum in front of him.

This time, Ed's body leaned back, swaying from side to side.

His left hand suddenly reached out and grabbed the back of Yata's head.

"Hahahahahahahahaha!!"

With a mad laugh, Ed pushed himself up and head-butted Yata back. Yata, who is short in stature, flew out with nosebleeds everywhere and was thrown onto the stage from behind. In order to crush his skull, he hit the palm of the flame directly from above.

A blue barrier blocked the chase.

It was the blue clothes. Yata's body was wrapped in a shield created by the saber. The sparks of the aura scattered wildly, and in that space, Yata turned as if he was breakdancing and kicked out the palm of his hand. He wiped away the bloody nose with his fist and jumped to his feet.

Yata was on the left, and Blue was on the right. Seeing the two of them slowly approaching each other, Ed's expression took on a demonic rage.

"Red and Blue, why are you fighting together?"

In response, Yata yelled at him and spat on the blue clothes.

"Gak! I don't do that!"

"I told you it's just work."

Ed narrowed his eyes. Slowly, killing intent and madness rose up his throat. Faced with the combination that was absolutely impossible at "that time", the depths of Ed's soul were screaming, denying those guys. He wanted to kill them, crush them, and pretend it never happened.

Yes. That was all that mattered to Ed.

For those who had already left, all he could do was kill them.

So, someday...

Ed raised his right arm. The long arm of flames shone even more violently and rushed towards the heavens like an ascending dragon.

Even higher than the rising column of water, it remained in the air, and in the next moment, it turned into countless flames and rained down on the stage.

"Tsk!"

The blue clothes swung his saber precisely and cut down all the fireballs raining down on him. Still, the flames rained down endlessly. The blue clothes was stuck in place, unable to take a single step.

But Yata was different.

Amid the rain of fire, he charged at Ed.

Evasion was minimal and no defense was considered. Yata was unfazed, despite the fact that he was hit by several fireballs. His eyes were filled with the same fiery fighting spirit as Ed.

A red symbol. It was the color of violence and madness.

"Haha!"

Along with Ed's laughter, a torrential rain of fire focused on Yata.

"Ooooooooooooooh!!"

Yata, with his spirit, filled his crossed fists with a red aura.

The two reds collided.

"Well...!"

As expected, Yata's legs stopped. He barely blocked the torrent of flames like a waterfall with his fists, but couldn't move forward due to the pressure. Ed smiled with the confidence of victory. He wanted to turn him into a handful of ashes.

At that moment, Yata let out a low growl between his teeth.

"Hey, Saruhiko...!"

When Ed realized it was the name of that blue clothes, it was already too late.

The blue clothes turned to the side kicked the water and came closer. A cold, expressionless face and gray eyes with murderous intent. The tip of the saber hit Ed directly.

"Haha.", Ed laughed.

A scene he had seen over and over again. The guys dressed in black being slashed, ripped apart, and poked with the blues' sabers. Dripping blood, dying as they screamed, never moving again.

The time had come, he waked.

Thinking of that, Ed stared at the approaching sword tip.

The saber went through Ed's right shoulder.

A blue aura unfolded and forcibly cut off the flames rising from inside Ed. The right arm that had been outstretched disappeared in the bud, and the fountain spilled out and doused the flames that had engulfed Yata.

Eyes wide and teeth clenched, Ed grabbed the collar of the blue clothes with his left hand.

"Guh...?!"

"What are you doing, bastard?"

He curled his fingers like claws and bit down on the blue cloth's throat.

Looking into the eyes behind the glasses of the blue clothes that were distorted in agony, Ed let out a murky fury.

"You should have killed me now! Why are you doing such a sweet thing? Still, are you a member of "Scepter 4"?"

The blue clothes frowned as he suffered. Either he didn't understand English or he didn't understand Ed's words. Either one would do. He could break a human neck with one hand. Ed squeezed his hand even tighter, trying to make him pay for the sweetness.

At that moment, Yata hurried back inside.

"Let him go, come on!"

The aura covered fist pierced Ed's face.

His awareness wavered and the strength left his hands. The blue clothes took advantage of that gap and moved instantly. He kicked up the tip of the saber embedded in his shoulder, tearing at the flesh of the shoulder and springing up.

Mixed with the gushing water, the blood danced.

Ed knelt down and shook his head. He tried to put out his long arm of flame, but he couldn't. When he looked up, his right arm was almost removed from his shoulder. If he concentrated, the stigmata would react, but the amount of flame that came out was so small that it seemed like it wouldn't grow to his arm.

Ed looked up as he was hit by the falling water.

Yata was looking at Ed. He breathed on his shoulders and wore an aura on his fists. If he felt like it, he could smash his head or break his neck.

But he wouldn't.

Finally, Ed's back teeth clicked. A crisp voice escaped.

"You can't even kill people? A kid like you being a member of the Red Clan? I won't admit it...!"

"I don't know what you're talking about.", Yata whispered.

"What do you want to do and who are you really? I don't know. But, I also have something I can't give up."

"....."

Facing Ed's fierce gaze from the front, Yata scratched his chest.

"I'm a member of the Red Clan, "Homura"! No matter who you are, if you deny it, there's only one thing I can do. I'll hit you. That's all."

He heard a tongue click. It was the blue clothes. Ed didn't understand what that meant. He just had a grimace on his wet face.

"Then give it a try. Misaki."

Yata swallowed hard. He hesitated for just a second. He raised his bright red fist.

After...

Everyone present felt it.

Forgetting all the circumstances, Ed, Yata and the blue clothes, looked up at the sky. Beyond the city where the neon lights and the lights intersect, the gap between the high-rise hotels that line up.

A red "Sword of Damocles" floated in the night sky over Las Vegas.