



RED CASE FILES: HOMRA IN LAS VEGAS

CHAPTER 10: CLASH

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

The night breeze caressed Suoh's cheek.

There were no people on the golf course and not even one of the lights was on. With only the bright moonlight for light, Suoh walked. Through the forest, passing the fairway to reach the green place surrounded by bunkers.

A quiet space where the hustle and bustle of before seemed like a lie.

But Suoh knew that it would not last long.

From far away, multiple continuous rotor sounds rang out. Several armed helicopters belonging to the "enemy" were heading towards the golf course.

Suoh narrowed his eyes and slightly clenched his fists.

A red aura pooled there and created a ball of light. There, even if the helicopter crashed, there would be no unrelated human casualties.

Projected searchlights lit up the street and closed in on Suoh at the speed of a snake. Suoh watched the spectacle with cold eyes.

However, no attack occurred.

The searchlight illuminated the area around Suoh. No shooting or shelling.

".....?"

Suoh, who had been looking up doubtfully, noticed "it".

A huge gun was hung at the bottom of the helicopter.

The shape was clearly different from the bipedal robots that had been discarded until now. With a height of about 4 meters, a huge torso covered in thick armor, with thick arms and legs that were comparable to that. Compared to Totsuka's "Ostrich", this one would be called "Gorilla".

The cable that suspended the "gorilla" was removed and it began to fall freely.

With a heavy sound, the "gorilla" landed on the street. The impact of the fall caused the grass to rise and the earth to erupt. Behind the clouds of dust, the eye camera was looking at Suoh with a flickering red light.

"Fu, fufufufu, fufufufufufufufufufufu!"

The "gorilla" approached Suoh with heavy footsteps as he laughed out loud.

"Hey, hey, hey! It's been a long time, Suoh, the "Red King"! Do you remember me?!"

Suoh tilted his head. He didn't remember the voice. But the other side seemed to know him. Using logic instead of memory, Suoh replied.

"Are you Mizuchi?"

"Oh, my god! It's an honor to have been remembered by the "King"! I see... So, do you remember "him"?"

As he said that, the 'gorilla' made a gesture of opening his arms. It was an action like introducing himself, but Suoh responded with amazement.

"I don't know."

"Ay, ay! How ruthless! The "King" doesn't remember anything about the lower class! I don't think so, Suoh Mikoto, after all, he is..."

Then Mizuchi cut off his words and muttered.

"Because he is the man whose life you took with your own hands."

"....."

Suoh blinked and dug up the memory of him.

He certainly remembered the people he killed with his bare hands. In regards to the Mizuchi incident, there was only one person.

Suoh said that name.

"Senkouki, huh?"

The "gorilla" dropped his arms and landed on the ground like a real ape. He stretched out his wild neck as hard as he could and brought his face closer to Suoh.

The "gorilla" face made a mechanical noise and slowly opened to the left and right.

"Yes. The man you killed. My friend, Senkouki. He is the "Mark II"."

A lone man was enshrined behind his face covered in armor and electronics. He burrowed into a narrow seat and gripped the control stick with both hands.

The man also had half of his face turned into a machine. The cameras of the three eyes looked at Suoh at once with a chirp.

"This is a battle for revenge, Suoh Mikoto. At the same time, it is also a battle for humanity's innovation. If the supernatural weapons I have developed, the most powerful of them, the "Perforator Mark II", can defeat you, we will be freed from the yoke of the "King", and we will finally be able to face the threat of the "Slate"!"

"....."

The "gorilla" face shield closed again. While standing, "Perforator Mark II" folded both arms to show the strength of it.

"So, let me kill you, Suoh Mikoto! For humanity! My friend, "Perforator Mark II"!"

Suoh casually hit his stomach with his fist.

"Uoooooooooh?!"

With Mizuchi's scream resounding, the giant 10-ton body flipped backwards, rolled over, and fell to its knees. Pushing the manipulators of both hands towards the street, Mizuchi loudly condemned.

"What are you doing?! I was still in the middle of speaking though!"

"You're crazy."

Muttering in amazement, Suoh began to walk. He slowly moved closer to him while engulfing both his fists in a red aura.

Mizuchi was crazy. In just a few words of conversation, he got it right. If so, he didn't want to hear any more. Get rid of that big bastard and quickly join his friends. That was the basic route.

On the other hand, the "Perforator Mark II" emitted a red light from the eye chamber on him and he laughed fearlessly.

"Fufufu, that's fine! A surprise attack is also a way to fight! Then... let's go too!"

The thick armor that covered both shoulders immediately came loose. Missile pods arranged in a honeycomb pattern were exposed, and he fired countless missiles at Suoh without even taking a moment to breathe.

"Uh...!"

As expected, Suoh took a deep breath and avoided it by jumping sideways. However, the swarm of missiles that had cleared the empty space turned sharply as he raised jet flames, chasing Suoh everywhere.

Suoh shot the aura that covered his fists like a double shotgun. The missiles collided with the aura shots, turning into countless fireballs and lighting up the darkness of the night. Being exposed to the heat and shock wave, Suoh instinctively raised his hand.

"Perforator Mark II" was waiting there.

"Suoh Mikoto!"

A powerful punch was fired from the fist held at his waist.

Suoh defended himself with folded arms against the pressure equal to the full power of the heavy machinery. A normal person would have been stung in an instant, and his heels dug into the grass.

At the same time, the fist of "Perforator Mark II" slid from left to right.

"Did you forget... the origin of the name "Perforator Machine"?!"

Behind the sliding fist, a "stake" flew out at explosive speed from the open cylinder.

He couldn't take it. Suoh's body flew out like a cannonball, jumping horizontally across the green, crashing into a tree, and finally coming to a stop.

Beneath the violently swaying branches and leaves, Suoh lowered his arms.

The blood that dripped from his arm fell onto the grass.

Both handlers hit the ground violently and the "Perforator Mark II" let out a whoop of joy.

"I see! This is good news! The extraordinary alloy created with the "Gold" power seems to work for the "King" as well! Well, this will be excellent data! We can take another step forward!"

Whether he heard that voice or not, Suoh also stepped forward.

"...Interesting."

A fierce smile appeared on Suoh's lips.

When he finds a suitable prey for himself, when he learns that it's okay to go on a rampage without holding back, he grins like a beast. Grasping his bloody hand, Suoh balled his fists in front of his chest.

Above, the red "Sword of Damocles" appeared in the Las Vegas night sky.

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The VIP room of the "Pyramid Hotel" is about 200 meters high and about 300 meters long. According to the Pythagorean theorem, the hypotenuse is given by the square root

of the sum of the height squared and the length squared, so the length of the slope they will slide down is...

"Hyaho...!"

Interrupted by Akagi's shrill laughter, Tanaka tried to look at him in frustration. However, Tanaka found it difficult to imagine a human gliding at high speed, so he clung tightly to the mattress his body rested on, barely suppressing his screams of fear.

Currently, Tanaka and the "Homura" members are sliding down the "Pyramid" wall at high speed.

For Tanaka, who was afraid of heights, it was nothing more than torture. Even so, it was the only way to escape the siege of supernatural weapons. They smashed everything in the room and used it as a makeshift sled. Akagi with the remains of the "Ostrich", Dewa with the closet door, Fujishima with the bathroom bathtub, Totsuka and Tanaka climbed on the mattresses and embarked on that terrifying journey.

The strong wind, the landscape that seemed to disappear, the feeling that even the soul was being pulled by gravity. All those things were about to shake something in the center of Tanaka. While biting his lip and desperately suppressing the erupting screams, Totsuka, who was sitting in front of him, suddenly turned around.

"Tanaka-san, are you alright?!"

Being able to care for others in that situation was a big problem. Tanaka parted his trembling lips and tried to reply.

"There!"

Multiple "discs" appeared as if they were clinging to everyone who was sliding down. It was an "attack type" equipped with guns on the bottom. He was aiming at Totsuka's head.

Totsuka immediately kicked the wall.

The mattress changed its trajectory while spinning, and 0.5 seconds later the "disc" fired a volley. Countless bullet holes were carved into the walls of the hotel, and in an instant they were receding far behind.

"Gah...!"

Tanaka pointed his shining golden arm at the "disc" that was trying to follow them and used the "fixed coordinate zero point". The "disc" stopped for a moment, during which the mattress slid down at high speed. If Tanaka doesn't stay on the same coordinates, "coordinate lock" won't work, but if he wants to escape, it is enough to just stop for a moment.

An "ostrich" fell in front of Tanaka and the others.

"Uoooooooooooooh?!"

While shouting involuntarily, Tanaka tried to change direction like Totsuka did. They were screwed. The "ostrich" landed on a slope less than 10 meters away, and the mattress crashed into the "ostrich" without time to take countermeasures.

Totsuka and Tanaka's bodies flew into the air.

Tanaka barely looked down into his swirling field of vision. The city lights were spreading. The altitude was still over 50 meters. The fact that he was in such a place without any help would make him lose his soul, but something inside Tanaka held his soul together.

Responsibility and pride.

In order to protect the peace and prosperity of this world, he turned into a "rabbit".

Tanaka waved his arms. Dwelling there was the golden aura of "Tokijikuin". He fixed his body and Totsuka's body in the air by "fixing coordinates"... As long as the coordinates themselves are fixed, the "fixing coordinates" will remain effective.

Tanaka slowly lowered Totsuka's body which was left in the air.

Totsuka looked at Tanaka with a surprised expression, then yelled.

"Tanaka-san! Up!"

Of course, it goes without saying that Tanaka took notice.

An almost silent rotor sound was spinning over his head. Without even looking at it, the mouth of the "disc" was pointing at him.

But Tanaka didn't do anything, he couldn't do anything. "Coordinate lock" uses both arms. He used one for Totsuka and the other for himself. If any of them break free, Tanaka's purpose could not be achieved at that time. The purpose is not to let the "Red King" go crazy.

Even if he dies, Suoh won't lose control. Because Tanaka is not his comrade. Tanaka's goal was to protect the "Homura" members, including Totsuka, and the survival of him and the "Tokijikuin" agents was not included from the start.

Tanaka covered his head with his golden arm. Even if he penetrated the probabilistic deflection field, it didn't matter as long as he didn't die instantly. There were 10 seconds left for Totsuka to hit the ground. As long as he held him for that moment, he would be fine.

There was a faint hammering mixed with the sound of the rotor. Bracing himself for the impact, Tanaka held his breath and tensed every muscle in him.

A shot rang out.

The "disc" went flying as if struck by an invisible hammer.

".....?!"

Unexpectedly, Tanaka looked at the falling "disc" while holding his breath. Furthermore, the shooting continued, and several "discs" floating around were blown up while scattering fragments.

Support for "Homura"... no. They would have already reached the surface by sliding down the slopes of the "Pyramid". It wasn't even a backup of "Tokijikuin". This was clearly a long-range sniper. There are no such firearms in the American branch of "Tokijikuin".

Then who...?

Totsuka landed on the ground. Tanaka then lowered his own body as well. Meanwhile, he was toying with the question.

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Seeing the glowing red "Sword of Damocles", Yata's eyes widened.

"Mikoto-san?"

The "Sword of Damocles". A supernatural sword that appears when the "King" uses all of his power. There are only a handful of instances where Suoh the "Red King" has gone all out, so even Yata, a veteran "Homura" member, has only seen it a few times.

It was showing up.

That meant that the person Suoh had to do his best with had appeared.

"Shit!"

Yata tried to run in the direction where the "Sword of Damocles" was floating. If there was a powerful enemy in front of Suoh, Yata's role was to charge him.

However, his run was blocked by the rising flames.

"Ha."

It was Ed.

Flames shot out from the tip of the torn arm. Stronger and longer than ever, the flames engulfed the dying arm and began to cover everything.

"Hahahahahahahahahahaha!"

His arms on fire writhing, Ed laughed. Just like Yata, his dazzling gaze turned to the "Sword of Damocles" that was floating in the distant sky.

"What the hell is that...? Are you saying that he is a "King"? Are you saying that he is the "successor" of Genji Kagutsu?! I won't admit it! I won't forgive him!"

Mixing seething anger with laughter, Ed casually stepped forward.

Yata had an intuition.

What he should do is not go towards Suoh. He must not let this dangerous clansman guy get to Suoh.

"Ed!"

Screaming, Yata ran at Ed's back. A blow from behind to the defenseless neck. He was supposed to be able to suppress it.

Yata took a heavy hit to his side and was blown sideways.

"Gah...?!"

Going on stage, Yata endured the pain. It was an unexpected blow. Not from Ed. And besides him and Ed, there was only one person in that place.

Fushimi Saruhiko.

"You... Monkey, what are you doing...?!"

Fushimi did not reply. With the leg that kicked Yata, he coldly looked at Ed.

With one flaming arm dangling, Ed slowly descended from the stage into the fountain. His palm touched the water and steam rose as he made a loud noise. A billowing column of smoke was trying to hide his back from him.

Yata stood up as if he was rejected by him. When he tried to chase Ed, he was clearly blocked by a saber.

"That is all."

Yata looked at Fushimi as if there was no such thing as a saber pressed against his throat.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean? Didn't you hear what I said? From start to finish, I'm going to do my job."

Fushimi said that coldly and let cold steel bite into Yata's throat.

"My job is to protect you, I'm sick of that."

"What...?"

"What we're worried about is that all of you die and Suoh Mikoto gets out of control. If that happens, there will be international problems, and in the worst case, Las Vegas will turn into one big hole. We just have to avoid that."

Yata hit the stage with his fist and cried out desperately.

"That's why I'm going to stop him! To protect Mikoto-san, you were also helping, weren't you, Saruhiko?!"

"Hey, are you serious?"

Fushimi sneered and Yata gritted his teeth.

"The clansman protects the "King"? There is no way you can do that. In the first place, no matter how dangerous he is, he is not an enemy to Suoh Mikoto. There is nothing a clansman can do for a "King"... Misaki."

What Yata had been chewing on was his own stupidity.

That kind. He was an idiot for believing Fushimi Saruhiko even a little. Yata knew better than anyone who that guy was.

Fushimi was the worst traitor.

He was definitely not on his side.

"...I understand, Monkey."

Yata grabbed the saber from his throat. A red aura spread across the steel as if it were on fire. Fushimi had drawn his saber before he could hear it.

"You are my enemy!"

A fiery fist cut through the place where Fushimi should have been just now. Fushimi, who landed, smiled as he saw the tail of the flame disappear into thin air.

"Oh, yes. Did you notice now, Misaki?"

Yata did not reply. That guy was another enemy of "Homura". He didn't have a word to speak to a guy like that.

Defeat that guy and go after Ed. That was his new purpose.

With that in mind, Yata swung his fist at him. He smashed into the saber, sending up red and blue sparks.

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A funeral procession was advancing through the desert.

Slowly. A group in black suits were walking towards the horizon. Past the mist of flickering heat, toward the black figure that seemed to disappear at any moment, Ed gasped.

"Wait, me too...!"

Without voice. It was the same, but now Ed could move.

Tears welled up in both eyes, but a smile appeared on his lips. Joy filled Ed.

Finally, he could reach them. He arrived quite late, but he could get killed for that. Even so, he could go back to "Purgatory".

Ed ran into the crowd of departing men in black. With one arm missing and his entire body covered in blood, Ed didn't stop. He had survived until now only to catch up with them.

"I'll be there soon, so don't leave me!"

With tears, blood, and a voiceless scream, Ed just ran.

After a penetrating impact, gravity disappeared.

Ed's body flew 10 feet into the air and crashed to the asphalt.

Blinking several times, Ed craned his neck and looked up at the night sky. The giant sword that was floating in Las Vegas didn't get any closer. Vegas is big. It was impossible to walk.

Then Ed raised his upper body.

"Are you okay?! You?!"

An old man got out of the car and ran towards Ed. The bumper was slightly dented. So, apparently he was run over by him.

Ed smiled a little. There was no anger at being run over. It was his fault for being careless.

"Hahaha... it's okay, it's okay. It doesn't hurt at all."

Ed slowly got to his feet. The man had a puzzled look on his face, but still he didn't try to escape. Normally you wouldn't want to get involved with someone who's covered in blood and missing an arm. However, out of a sense of responsibility for running over him, he couldn't turn his back on him.

He thought that he was a good person. He couldn't bear to kill him.

But now he needed his legs.

"I am sorry."

Ed's left arm snaked out and grabbed the man's neck. Ed squinted at the drowning man and manifested his right arm of fire. He raised a clenched fist.

"Ed!"

He spun around at the cry.

Maria was there. She got out of her truck and ran towards him. With a beautiful face mixed with concern and joy at the reunion, there were even tears in her black eyes.

Ed looked at the man.

The man was also crying. That was out of pain and fear. Over and over, she looked at the flaming fist and Ed's face.

He didn't need two legs.

"Haha, that's good, man."

Ed caught his breath and laughed, releasing the man. The man shoved his butt into place, gasped several times, and crawled away from him.

With her running momentum, Maria hugged Ed. Hot tears wet Ed's chest.

"I'm glad...! There's no one here, and I can't contact Diego or Alan, so I thought something might have happened to you, so...!"

"Maria. Drive."

"Eh...?"

Ed began to walk, dragging his body. He opened the passenger seat of the truck and got in. While she was puzzled, Maria got into the driver's seat as he told her to. Then, as if she finally noticed it, she took a deep breath.

"Ed, that arm...?!"

"Ah. This is fine. Further on. Please drive in that direction."

With his left arm, Ed pointed to the side where the "Red King's" Sword of Damocles was floating. Maria wrapped his finger in a trembling hand.

"You're not fine, right?! Besides, you have to go to the hospital."

Ed grabbed Maria's head and slammed it against the driver's side window glass.

"I'll say it just one more time. Drive there. Or I'll kill you and drive. It's hard to do it with one arm, but you can't help it, right?"

Speaking in a soft voice, Maria nodded repeatedly as she continued to be pressed against the window glass.

Satisfied, Ed nodded and leaned back in the passenger seat. Maria is a good girl. Good and obedient. She didn't want to die if it was possible.

The truck began to run at a smooth speed. Ed dreamily gazed at the "Sword of Damocles" floating in the distance for a while, but before long he closed his eyes and began to rest momentarily.