



K

RETURN OF KINGS
SUZUKI SUZU / GoRA

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 1: DDoS ATTACK

The E-Rank player, with the username "Roadman", was operating his PDA from the driver's seat of the truck.

He installed an app called "Jungle" just three days ago. He has installed and disabled various gaming apps to kill the time waiting for delivery, but this one is quite funny. It is an application that combines SNS and games.

"Oh, here we go."

"Roadman" smiled when he heard the mission start report.

The large-scale mission that had been announced a long time ago, the full details, of course, "Roadman" did not know. He was only instructed to deliver the package. He can get an exceptional reward just for that, so there's no reason not to.

And, "Roadman" noticed a shadow reflected in the side mirror. He emerged from the side door of a building and hit the bed of the truck a predetermined number of times.

From the location information of the PDA, after confirming that the other party was the person to whom the luggage would be delivered, he opened the cargo platform.

The other party quietly opened the truck bed. Far from exchanging words, he didn't even check the other's appearance. This was also common in "Jungle". It does not care about the identity of the other party or the content of the package. They are only connected by missions.

"Mission Accomplished! 100 "Jungle" Points Added!"

At the same time Jan notified, the PDA's screen turned green and a success fee was added. The figure that had taken the luggage had disappeared through the side door of the same building, but "Roadman's" interest was already turned on what to use those points for.

A ranked player, username "Non-chan" returned to the cafe from the side entrance with a baggage.

She works as a reception staff at this cafe. From ordering and registering to cleaning and serving food, she was quite busy with a wide range of tasks, and the only thing she could do to relax was the occasional game of the app.

The fact that she received a package from an unknown truck was part of that game. At first, she was worried that she might get involved in a crime, but recently she has come to think that it is exciting and interesting.

A little spice in a boring life: that's "Jungle" for her.

"Non-chan" returned to her work in the living room and vaguely observed her surroundings.

She soon found a partner. Judging from the appearance information of "a man in a brown suit" in the quest content, she called him.

"Customer, are you okay here?"

After saying that and handing over the luggage, the man accepted it with a very natural gesture.

"Oh, thanks."

Of course, there is no relationship between "Non-chan" and the man. This is the first time they have had a conversation. Even so, she acted like she was the employee who received the request because she was told to do so.

"Excuse me, then."

"We hope to see you again."

"Non-chan" bowed deeply as she exchanged empty greetings. At the same time, the PDA that was in her uniform pocket vibrated. Successful mission report. Sensing it, she smiled.

A G-Rank player with the username "Sky Goldfish" was walking towards the scrambled junction in Shizume City.

The reason why he is so aware of the baggage he carries under his arm is because he knows its contents. The higher your rank, the more you can understand the full scope of the mission. In other words, the responsibility of being exposed will grow.

"Sky Goldfish" usually works in the legal field. He knew very well what kind of punishment he would expect if the contents of that package were exposed to daylight.

The more he thought about it, the more nervous he became and he purred.

Even if he risks so much, he doesn't dare to give it up because he finds "Jungle" very attractive. This is more than a game. It is a tool that allows you to change your boring and mundane daily life as you wish and realize your ideals.

He couldn't stop there now. By using that power, he can go higher. That desire drove "Sky Goldfish".

Besides, he wasn't the one doing it. The other party does not know his identity or his name. The secret of "Jungle" is amazing, and he doesn't think it's searched for unless there's a very good reason.

After taking a deep breath, "Sky Goldfish" appeared at the scrambled intersection.

Almost at the same time, a bicycle approached him.

A young blond man with a quizzical expression, aware that the eyes behind the sunglasses were staring at him, "Sky Goldfish" swallowed again.

An N-Rank player by the name of "Emerald" skillfully caught the thrown luggage and made the bike work as it was.

Everything was going according to plan. He has spent a lot of points preparing that package, but if he succeeds, he will get more than enough points to make up for it. The rewards for completing large-scale quests that have been announced for a long time were delicious.

The heavy users of "Jungle" are probably all participating. With that many points, you can use your psychic powers to fulfill your wishes, or even rise to a higher rank. Everyone was desperate and looking for that opportunity.

And he would be the first to seize that opportunity.

"Emerald" whispered as mounted his bike.

"Activate "Disguise"."

In an instant, a mask covered the face of "Emerald". The dark green flickering mechanical mask is used primarily by "Jungle" users for criminal purposes. You can hide your face and voice from it, and as a head-mounted display, you can instantly retrieve the information you need.

The screen was now focused on the mission objective.

Yatogami Kuro. Commonly known as "Black Dog".

One of the main objectives of this large-scale mission.

"Kuh, hihhi!"

Inside the mask, "Emerald" laughed. He is not going to settle for killing the Black Dog. He will use those points to become even stronger. And if all other large-scale missions are successful, even high ranks will be within reach.

Like "Beauty☆Angel" and "Five". Everyone will mention the name "Emerald", yearn for it and want to be like that.

While dreaming of a bright future, "Emerald" threw the luggage in his hand towards the Black Dog.

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It was Neko who caught the stuffed animal.

The two of them suddenly stopped and looked at him. It was a stuffed animal that looked like a misshapen parrot. There was no reason for him to receive such a thing. That's why Kuro thought that the stuffed animal was just a lost item.

"Hey!"

He stopped it, but the person who threw it just raised his hand and ran away.

Feeling a slight sense of incongruity, Kuro frowned.

That man's face wore something resembling a mask. Sure, that...

"Hmm? You can't eat this, right?"

Neko, who had been complaining of hunger for a long time, bit and sniffed the stuffed animal. Looking at the situation, Kuro realized that his feeling of discomfort was turning into a sense of danger with a shock.

"Yes. That mask, if I'm not mistaken, is from "Jungle"!"

"Unya?"

Neko nodded in agreement. In her hand, the stuffed animal swelled up suddenly.

"Neko! Let go it!"

Kuro's combat experience and Neko's instincts made them instantly take evasive action. Neko dropped the stuffed animal, and as Kuro held Neko with his left arm, he extended his right arm towards the wall of the building. When the "colorless" skill was activated, an invisible force field entangled the building's ducts like a rope, binding the two bodies together.

Ten seconds after Kuro and Neko jumped into the sky, the stuffed animal exploded with a roar.

"Roadman" did not hear it. He was enjoying rock on the radio while he was driving his truck down the Metropolitan Freeway.

"Non-chan" noticed the sound and looked up, but immediately turned around to hear the customer's voice calling out to her and began to politely take orders.

"Sky Goldfish" involuntarily shrugged. Although he knew they wouldn't catch him, he couldn't stop the cold sweat from running down his back.

"Emerald" turned around. He laughed out loud as the flames and black smoke receded into the distance.

Kuro and Neko were clinging to the building's duct, looking out at the devastation.

The explosion itself didn't seem to be that big. It appears that some people were injured by the scattered fragments, but no one was fatally injured.

Even so, people were confused, scared, screaming and running away from the explosion that took place in the middle of the city.

"...Kurosuke. That's all."

Neko's voice was unusually tense. Even the unassuming girl knew without thinking what the current situation meant.

"Oh. They targeted us."

If the action had been delayed, even for a moment, they would not have survived unscathed. They could have lost one of their limbs, or in the worst case, they could have lost their lives.

But, what Kuro felt at that moment was not fear or impatience that his life was being attacked.

It was an unmistakable anger.

"This is how you do it, "Green King"..."

Without showing himself, he manipulates the clan members using the means of the Internet, trying to achieve his goals even involving unrelated people. That is the most stupid, cowardly and unforgivable act.

"They will continue to target us. To prevent that, we must hide for a while, where they can't see us."

Neko nodded slightly, but immediately asked with a worried look.

"Yes, but where?"

Kuro laughed softly. To ease the anxiety of the only companion who was now at his side.

"What are you talking about? Hiding is your specialty, isn't it?"

Neko's face suddenly lit up. She realized that she could overcome that situation.

"I understand! Leave it to me!"

When she said that, Neko raised her head and squealed in a high-pitched voice.

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The rest area of "Scepter 4" had a stagnant atmosphere.

The source of that atmosphere was the members of the Special Forces who were resting here and there. Some were drinking tea, others slumped over their desks, and others

making calls to the office. What they all had in common was that they clung to a dark color of fatigue.

Then the door to the rest area opened and other members of the Special Forces ran in.

"I'm exhausted. I'm finally back at the garrison!"

"Thank you for your hard work, Domyoji-san."

"Oh, I'm tired, Hidaka."

Hidaka, who had fallen asleep, raised his head and thanked Domyoji. Domyoji responded with a smile, but he still couldn't hide his fatigue.

Akiyama turned his gaze to Enomoto who returned and asked.

"Enomoto, Fuse. Did you find out what happened to Yatogami Kuro, who was involved in the bombing incident?"

"It's refreshing. Fuse was pretty tenacious in dealing with that informant."

"After the incident, it seems that he has completely hidden with his partner."

The bombing incident that occurred in Shizume City was widely covered in the news and various programs. The acts of terrorism that have taken place in the heart of the city have aroused the interest and fear of many people, weighing heavily on those who respond, in this case, "Scepter 4".

Akiyama muttered thoughtfully.

"Isn't that unreasonable? It seems the Green Clan is specifically targeting them."

Originally, the victim, Yatogami Kuro, and his partner, Neko, should be protected by "Scepter 4". To guarantee their security and prevent further acts of terrorism.

However, they still haven't been able to follow in the footsteps of the two. That also resulted in the exhaustion of the "Scepter 4" resource.

Domyoji muttered as if he was fed up.

"Anyway, various incidents are happening here and there at the same time, and I can't do it."

"Goto. What the hell is the Green Clan thinking?"

Goto answered Hidaka's question in his usual relaxed tone.

"I don't know."

At this time, the person who was quietly looking at the laptop opened his mouth.

"Are you stupid? Regardless of the executives, the people below don't think of anything."

The eyes of everyone present were drawn to that person.

Fushimi Saruhiko. Executive number 3 in "Scepter 4".

He prefers to act alone and is a troublemaker who often ignores orders. His personality is also twisted, and he's not the type to be liked by others, even if he's not wrong. In fact, many members of the Special Forces were initially hostile towards Fushimi.

Still, Fushimi was gradually accepted as number 3, due to his exceptional ability.

"What do you mean, Fushimi-san?"

When Hidaka asked, Fushimi clicked his tongue and turned on the computer he was looking at. The carefree Hidaka looked at the screen with a grateful smile.

"Thanks. That's... "Hooray. Now I'm up to Rank-N. I will get more points and get more power."..."

"Mission. Intimidate the Black Dog. Shake the blue clothes more and more."

Goto took over after that and read aloud. The other members of the Special Forces also gathered around the PC before he knew it.

Fushimi muttered as if he vomited.

"It's an underground site created by users of the Green Clan, "Jungle". Well, I guess it's all fun for them."

"A game, huh?"

Akiyama raised his eyebrows and said that. For him, who has a serious personality, it would be amazing if he got involved in crime for fun.

"..."Jungle" is a clan that is united by interests. There is no point in trapping subordinates. There are plenty of substitutes for them."

The members of the Special Forces nodded as they listened to Fushimi's nonchalant explanation. His analytical ability was second only to that of the "Blue King" Reisi Munakata, and that was the common understanding of the Special Forces.

"It's a man wave tactic because it's easy to replace staff..."

"However, no matter how lowly the opponent is, as long as they commit crimes, they cannot be overlooked."

Fushimi snorted at Akiyama and Benzai's words.

"That's what they're aiming for. This is a government office, so we have to treat even the most trivial incidents seriously. We inspect the scene, collect testimony, locate suspects

and make a report, that's all. If a large number of cases are solved one by one according to the rules, how much effort would it take us?"

Domyoji and the others nodded deeply at Fushimi's frivolous comments.

"That's right. There was a robbery the other day, there was a bombing the day before yesterday, and yet today I was chasing guys who started dancing in the streets. I think I'll catch a cold from the temperature difference."

"There were also nuisances like randomly dropping lemons around town. The problem is that the lemon-shaped bomb was mixed up."

"Some seemingly insignificant acts hide serious crimes, and vice versa. And we have no way of knowing..."

The more they talked, the darker their faces became. No matter how many they caught, there was no end to what they were doing, and it seemed to be completely useless. That fact weighed heavily on the Special Forces.

Enomoto timidly raised his hand.

"If there's no point in catching the subordinates, then you have no choice but to catch the upper echelons, right?"

However, Fushimi dismissed it.

"If you can do that, you won't have any difficulties. A clansman with Rank-N or higher will have a good amount of information, but those guys are usually the ones giving instructions. That's right, you can't grab his tail."

"What's with that girl? The ninja we captured during the Mihashira Tower Incident, she's a high-ranking clan member."

Akiyama answered the question.

"U-Rank, Hirasaka Dohan. Certainly, she should have a considerable amount of information, but no matter what, she won't speak at all. It will be almost impossible to extract information."

"There's nothing like claiming you're a pro behind the scenes. A high-ranking player who went out of their way to catch you is out of luck with that deal."

Kamo sighed, but Benzai suddenly thought of something.

"But isn't it true that not all high-ranked players are as quiet as Hirasaka? If you're a clansman who just became an N-Rank like the guy who posted this, there might be a gap."

"...That's how it is."

(Currently, "Jungle" is running a series of large-scale quests. The success rate is exceptional, and a large number of points are distributed to users. A thoughtless Clansman who would never have been able to rise through the ranks could end up in an important position by chance. The question is, what kind of actions will those idiots take next?), Fushimi thought.

"Fushimi-san! The site has been updated!"

Fuse's voice suddenly rang out, snapping Fushimi out of his thoughts.

The next mission was displayed on the laptop. Fuse caught his breath when he saw the image flowing along with the words.

"This is because "Homura" is not silent."

Hearing those words, Fushimi let out a wry smile.

(Idiots trying to attract idiots? I can't laugh.), Fushimi thought.

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"We are being influenced by many members of the Green Clan, right?"

Office of "Scepter 4". His boss, the "Blue King", Reisi Munakata, said so with his usual calm expression on his face.

It was Munakata himself who was more energetic than anyone who dealt with the incidents of supernatural powers caused by "Jungle" recently. Awashima Seri was once again struck by the relaxed appearance of her respected superior, who showed no signs of fatigue.

Straightening her back, Awashima made a report.

"Yes, unpleasantly. The other party uses high-anonymity tools on the Internet to cause chaos in a fun and criminal way. For that reason, it is extremely difficult to identify the culprit, and last night during the investigation, we came across the Red Clan in Shizume and we ended up in a showdown."

Munakata put his hand to his chin and seemed to be thinking about something. Suspicious, Awashima asked.

"Captain, what's going on?"

"I see. They still had that hand."

"Eh?"

"It's a way to harass us. Awashima-kun, contact the Red Clan as soon as possible."

"Yes..."

Munakata explained to Awashima that he seemed to miss the point, logically as a boss.

"It means that the Green Clan doesn't have to move to disturb us. If there are pieces that can be moved, they will actively move them."

"Does that mean that "Homura" will be that piece?"

"They're by no means a bunch of idiots, but they do have a line of non-negotiables. "Jungle" will easily trample them. For example..."

Hearing Munakata's prediction, Awashima's face paled. Certainly, if such a thing happened, the Red Clan would not remain silent. Collision and chaos between "Homura" and "Jungle", that would put an additional burden on the already exhausted "Scepter 4".

"I'll get in touch with them as soon as possible!"

Awashima said that as she took her PDA. However, Awashima, and perhaps Munakata as well, knew that the act would end in vain.

No matter how long he stops, "Homura", whose precious things have been desecrated, will never stop. Just like they did a year ago.

At that moment, the office door was opened without knocking. When she turned around while listening to the sound of the doorbell, Fushimi Saruhiko was standing there with an irritated expression.

"Captain. It's going to be troublesome."

Munakata stood up and quietly gave the order.

"Everyone, prepare for dispatch."

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A girl was sleeping on the couch.

Pure white hair and white skin that is beyond compare. The expression on her face as she snorted silently was innocent.

Of course, she is not an ordinary girl.

The Red Clan, "Homura". Anna Kushina, the Third King who should lead it. That is her name. Among all supernatural beings, the "Red King" has the most severe "violence" attribute. The fact that such power resided in such a young girl showed the cruelty of fate, and at the same time strengthened the unity of those who encouraged her.

Kamamoto looked at the sleeping Anna and whispered softly so as not to wake her up.

"Yata-san. Anna, does she seem to have fallen asleep completely?"

Yata Misaki, the vanguard leader of "Homura", replied with the same low voice.

"I guess she didn't get much sleep last night because she was so busy all night. Shizume was noisy all over."

"Hey, you two. Don't get distracted and give the lady a blanket."

Chitose prepared a burgundy blanket from somewhere and gently covered Anna. It's almost mid-December, and the cold weather is only getting stronger. If you sleep in such a place, you might catch a cold.

Yata looked away from the sleeping Anna to the outside of the HOMRA bar. The people walking on the road were all dressed in warm clothes, and their breath was cloudy with white.

(It will soon be a year old.)

Suddenly, such a thought crept into his mind. The hint of winter reminded him that it was so long ago that Yata, no "Homura", had lost many important things.

Yata shook his head and pushed that thought out of his head. Before they start crying over the past, they should think about the threats that lie ahead.

"Chitose. You and Dewa had a dispute with "Scepter 4" last night, right?"

When Yata asked, the two nodded.

"Well, a bit with the beautiful underboss."

"It seems there was a face out there, but it was our territory. It couldn't be helped. In the end, Kusanagi-san came out and the situation calmed down."

"I see..."

And Fujishima and Eric also spoke.

"Eric and I also had a near miss with the blues. It wasn't a big deal, but..."

"Recently, the blues have been circling here and there on alert."

"Fujishima and the others too."

It wasn't about his companions or "Scepter 4" that clicked his tongue. It was out of frustration towards "Jungle" which has been causing a stir lately.

"Jungle", which hid in the shadows of the network and was never shown, has been causing a lot of trouble recently. The territory of "Homura", Shizume, is no exception, and the other day Yata and Kamamoto dueled with the members of "Jungle".

Even so, they still spring from anywhere. It looks like a real bug.

Yata slowly clenched his fist and opened it again.

Yata understood that his frustration was not just because his territory was being invaded. Yata and "Jungle" have more than a one-sided fate. That was the event in the distant past that inspired him to join "Homura".

He couldn't help but think of the person next to him at the time, so it irritated him.

As he took a deep breath and tried to calm down, Bando let out a maddened voice.

"What is this...?"

Bando stood still, looking at his computer. Akagi, who was also looking at the screen from behind, was also trembling. Sensing that this was not a trivial matter, Yata called out to him.

"What's up, Shohei?"

"Please watch."

They all gathered at the computer that Bando opened. Then, when they saw the images on the screen, they froze in the same way as Bando...

A few seconds later, they were all on fire in the same way.

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It was a video made by combining raw pixel art with 8-bit sound.

Probably imitating retro games. Illuminated with eye-catching effects and colors, the title appeared in the center of the screen.

"The end of "Homura"."

A scene in which a blond-haired youth is shot dead by a person wearing a fox mask was screened as a game.

"The weakest executive... really was the weakest!"

A scene in which a red-haired man with a huge sword looming over his head is stabbed to death by a man in blue was screened as a game.

"The stupid king died stupidly. (laughs)"

A blond-haired youth and a red-haired man collapse into the spotlight. As if to emphasize that, the dot characters were written in huge letters.

"KING IS DEAD. HOMRA IS END."

"..."Homura" is finished!"

To someone who didn't know anything about it, it might have looked like an ad for a game.

However, if someone who knew a little about the situation saw it, they would have noticed the tremendous malice that lurked behind that image.

Both the blond and red-haired youth were humans who once lived in this world. They lived, breathed, ate, slept and woke up, talked with friends, laughing and sometimes fighting.

That video was a mockery of life or death. By laughing at their deaths and caricaturing them as games, they almost spit out their lives.

The names of those who stomped on the two were clearly indicated on the title screen. Those who treasured them had to engrave their names in their memories.

The Green Clan, "Jungle".

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Kusanagi Izumo listened intently to Awashima's voice, echoing on the PDA.

"This is an absolute provocation. Izumo Kusanagi, never act prematurely. Your words can stop the Clansman. That is why..."

Awashima's voice was like sweet music, and he always wanted to listen to it for as long as possible. But now, just this once, for Kusanagi, it's just a noise.

Kusanagi spoke in a clipped tone.

"Be patient, Seri-chan."

Awashima gasped on the other side of the PDA. Or maybe she noticed the seething fury hidden in Kusanagi's voice.

"We're not human enough to just ignore something like this."

"Wait, Kusanagi..."

After that, Kusanagi hung up the call.

He called Yata immediately. He answered in a second. The voice that echoed from the PDA had the same kind of burning anger that Kusanagi carried.

"Kusanagi-san..."

"Yata. Did you see the video?"

"Yes. Bando found it, so... everyone saw it. Anna too."

Kusanagi frowned. If possible, he didn't want Anna to see something so ugly. He didn't want her to feel like they were trampling on the precious memories she kept in the back of her mind.

But things had already started. They only had one option.

That was endangering those who imitated that.

"Send me the video data. If we've been being provoked so blatantly, I'm sure we'll have some leads. Talk to Bando and those familiar with the Internet and discuss it."

"What should I do?"

"You're the captain of the vanguard. Once you find out where they are, I'll let you in first. So now it's time to wait a bit."

"...Yes."

"You're not the only one who's angry."

"I know, I already understood."

After hanging up the phone, Kusanagi smiled slightly. Yata has also grown. If the previous guy had been shown something like that, he would have run off without knowing where he was going, and he would have gone to hit the "Jungle" clansmen at random.

However, that doesn't necessarily mean that Yata's enthusiasm has waned. It means that he learned the art of swallowing passion as it is. When he finds someone to hit, his anger will explode even more fatally.

Kusanagi muttered under his breath as he analyzed the data sent.

"At least, as long as you don't regret it, "Green King"..."

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"Yes. The goal is to make the "Blue King" who wields the "Slate" look exhausted, intimidate the Silver Clan, and bring out the hidden "King", right?"

At a coffee shop overlooking the crosswalk in Shizume, Gojou Sukuna happily reported.

"In that case, let's get the Red Clan to participate in this event and make it even more exciting. Yes, I have already given orders, Nagare."

The name of the large-scale mission, "Harass Homura", was proceeding smoothly. As a large-scale mission alongside "Provoke the Black Dog" and "Make the Blues Work", the clansmen were highly motivated. If you complete it at the same time as the reward quest, you can accumulate enough points to reach J-Rank. The fact was spreading, and more people were joining.

"Of course, I'll be there too, behind the scenes. I want to see what it looks like up close."

As he said that, Sukuna narrowed his eyes happily.

"Still, do these guys really think they can become J-Rank? 100.000JP is a point you can't reach unless you defeat the "King" class."

To Sukuna, the low-ranking clansmen were not allies, they were just pieces. The only people he calls companions are those who are in the same rank as him.

"Well, either way, it's fine with us. If Awashima's or Kusanagi's class can get a scratch, that'll be great. Even if that's not the case, they'll be more tired from this commotion."

And the computer that was open in front of him showed a new situation.

"Are you monitoring there too? Yes. Yata of the Red Clan has started to move. Maybe he cracked the code. It's too early for an idiot."

He couldn't help but laugh. When the movements are so easy to understand, he felt like he was watching a comedy. Everything was going according to the scenario they wrote. The funny thing was that the actors themselves did not know.

"Well, why don't we go see him up close? Nagare, come see him if you'd like."

Sukuna's computer received information one after another. Combined with the surveillance network that spans the city and reports of clansmen being sent here and there as spies, it's easy to tell where someone is.

Around the same time as Yata's departure, the blues were dispatched. That includes the "Blue King". The leader is Fushimi Saruhiko, number 3 of the blues. If he launches an attack while he is isolated, it is possible that he can harvest the red and blue executives in one go.

"It's okay to go your own way. You can't do it that easily."

Sukuna grabbed the long staff and stood up, saying that they were making a fool of themselves.

"A weak boss character doesn't even count as an opponent."

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Ran.

The skateboard made noise and ran. The passers-by let out shouts and yells. Yata accelerated even more, leaving all that behind. To get to the nest of those who did that as soon as possible, even if it was just for a minute or a second.

(Shit! That's it! They shouldn't have done that! I'll never forgive them!)

Yata gritted his teeth as he crossed the park and jumped down the stairs along with the railing.

Memories of days gone by were the first thing that came to his mind. Suoh Mikoto. Totsuka Tatara. They were irreplaceable companions and people he admired and respected. Because the days he spent with them will never come back, Yata's... no, the memories of "Homura" remain as bright memories.

(That time was a treasure to me! That's...!)

"Jungle" stained them. They made fun of them.

At that moment, Yata only wanted one thing from the bottom of her heart from him.

Retaliation.

Those who defiled the precious things of Suoh, Totsuka, and Yata would be beaten, trampled, and writhed in fear, pain, and regret. That's all he wanted.

Therefore, Yata ran. In a straight line towards the destination, nothing else was reflected in his eyes. With a burning fury and steely determination in his heart, he was running.

The place he arrived at was a family building.

He rode his skateboard inside, he made a tight turn and stopped. As he did so, Yata quickly turned his gaze.

There was no one there. The clean first-floor room, which was a reasonable size, was completely empty. Yata muttered with vigilance and tension in the unnatural situation.

"Is this where you were...?"

He once visited that building when he was looking for the perpetrator of Totsuka's murder. Was it a base for some foreign mafia? It was not an enemy of "Homura" who possessed supernatural powers, but he hardened himself to make the culprit vomit the route of the weapon obtained.

Of course, Yata doesn't know who owns this building now. He doesn't need to know.

The important thing is that there was someone here who desecrated Suoh and the others.

"Uh!"

Suddenly, footsteps echoed through the empty building.

He held reflexively. If it was the base of "Jungle", then there was definitely his enemy there, that thought became embarrassing.

"...Tch, you?"

Fushimi Saruhiko, the owner of the steps, said it like he was throwing up.

"Saruhiko. Why...?"

"You've identified the source of the images, haven't you? That's because the address of this building was written into the text in some flashy cipher. How stupid. It's a trap, you know?"

Fushimi shrugged in amazement.

"I wonder if Kusanagi-san has figured it out anyway. That's why you asked about the location and rushed in by yourself, huh, Misaki?"

Fushimi's eyes looked provocative, but Yata returned his gaze.

"Tch. I'm following Kusanagi-san's instructions correctly. The other "Homura" guys will come later."

Fushimi, who once belonged to "Homura", but now belongs to "Scepter 4", is considered by Yata as a traitor. Whenever they come face to face, they always start a fight.

However, he did not dare to fight Fushimi now. Because there was something he had to do first.

"I know this is blatant cheating, but a clue is a clue! That's why you're here, right?"

"...Tsk."

Fushimi clicked his tongue again and turned his back on Yata.

Yata lowered his gaze a bit.

Fushimi wondered why he went there alone.

Fushimi, sent by "Scepter 4", came to investigate the situation first. It was natural to think so, and considering his personality, which has always tended to be dogmatic, it was not surprising that he was alone in enemy territory.

But... maybe there was another reason.

In the past, Fushimi was also a member of "Homura". Although he is no longer around, Suoh and Totsuka were still friends.

Fushimi, like Yata, probably went there because he felt that something important had been desecrated.

What came to his mind was the situation that happened half a year ago, when Anna woke up as the "Red King". Fushimi told Yata about the whereabouts of Anna, who was kidnapped by "Jungle". Despite his feud with Yata and "Homura", Fushimi was not the type to abandon a little girl.

"Hey, Saruhiko. I, last time, thanks to you..."

Just as she was about to say thank you, which he couldn't say at the time, Fushimi muttered in a cold voice.

"That silly video is making a fuss."

Yata widened his eyes and let out a high-pitched voice.

"Hey, Saru. What are you saying?"

Fushimi looked at Yata and responded with a bored look.

"Oh? Did I say something wrong? Trash is trash, right?"

Yata knew that his expectations were misplaced.

"It's silly, you say?"

If you are ridiculed for the death of your comrades and feel the slightest bit of anger, those words will never come out. Saruhiko Fushimi was a member of "Scepter 4", and that image was nothing more than a seed to cause confusion.

Yata muttered in a low voice.

"You, retract."

Fushimi said with a mocking voice.

"Forever you act like an idiot."

"You, retract!"

"Suoh Mikoto is already dead!"

"You, retract!"

When he kicked the ground with all his might, the wheels of his skateboard were engulfed in flames. Yata rushed towards Fushimi at the speed of a bullet, leaving fiery trails on the floor of the building.

"Haha!"

Fushimi blocked the approaching skateboard's attack with a high speed saber. As he swung his saber with all his might, Yata jumped without resisting the impulse. Spinning in the air, he drew his staff and attacked Fushimi again.

The flame-covered staff collided with the glowing blue saber, creating sparks.

"This time..."

"Hahaha!"

Fushimi had a dark smile on the other side of the fight. Yata's anger increased even more. He knew he didn't go there to do that, but he still felt compelled to shoot him in the face.

He felt strength in his arms. It was the same on the other side. At that moment, the force of pushing each other increased to the limit, and the balance was about to collapse.

"Yata, that's it!"

"Fushimi, stand down!"

Two different voices sounded at the same time.

Maintaining the balance of power, Fushimi said in a shrill voice.

"Tch. An unnecessary obstacle."

"Saru. They saved your life!"

He pushed the stick and it bounced back. Fushimi withdrew in the same manner, and behind him was a long line of "Scepter 4" blues.

As if paired with them, the "Homura" members were standing behind Yata. When Yata looked at him, Kusanagi, and the Red Queen standing next to him, Anna nodded slightly. She was also burning with anger because they insulted her comrades.

"Oya, oya. Everyone in "Homura" is really angry."

A man came out of the line of blues. The face with a cold smile that did not suit the place was familiar.

Reisi Munakata. The boss of "Scepter 4", the "Blue King".

Yata waved his arms and shouted.

"Of course! They have desecrated Mikoto-san and Totsuka-san! We will punish them accordingly!"

Munakata didn't break his smile, but his subordinates were shocked. Although he is from another clan, it is probably not the attitude towards the "King", but that is not what Yata knew. He doesn't like what he doesn't like.

Deputy Commander Seri Awashima stepped forward and suppressed the tumult with her eyes alone.

"Izumo Kusanagi. I want you to stop here. We will deal with the Green Clan."

"Deputy Commander Awashima. I'm sorry. Just like Yata said, let's punish this guy who did such a stupid thing with our bare hands."

While he maintained a calm expression, Kusanagi lit the lighter in his hand and muttered.

"Literally. If we don't, "Homura" won't work."

Despite the lynching statement, Munakata said without changing his complexion.

"Well, in that sense, we're also being quite ridiculed. It's no coincidence that they chose this place."

At that moment, Anna looked up.

Looking up with a catlike gesture sniffing the air, softly.

"...They are there."

With a smile on his face, Munakata again raised his voice to the upper floor.

"Stop looking from above and get out."

As if responding to that voice, a group of figures appeared.

It was a creepy bunch. Their clothes, genders, and physiques were all different, and yet they all wore mechanical masks from the neck down. Around 20 of them were parked in the corridor leading to the entrance hall and looked at them as if they were prey.

One of them leaned forward and shouted frivolously.

"We really caught them with that kind of bait! "Blue King" Reisi Munakata, 100.000 "Jungle" points. Anna Kushina, 100.000 "Jungle" points. Awesome! If we do it, we'll go up about 3 ranks at a time. Heh!"

"Oh, that woman with the big tits is Awashima, right? 6000 points. The guy with the sunglasses, Kusanagi, is also worth 6000. Fushimi is worth 4000, Yata is 3000!"

Applause and laughter. Yata coldly stared at the heated figure of each of them arguing about things they didn't quite understand, while each of them struggled to come up with numbers.

What should they do with them?

As they trample on people's deaths, they feel no remorse. It was extremely ugly and silly to think that they were allowed to do anything, as if everything was happening in a game.

The anger did not subside. There was only contempt mixed into it. Exterminate pests, not kill enemies. Yata understood that this was one of those cases.

"So, we don't hold any hard feelings towards you, but this is also for points."

While saying that, the masks took out the stuffed animals from their pockets.

"They are dead."

They threw them all at once.

Twenty stuffed animals fell to the floor, bouncing, rolling, and rapidly puffing up. The next moment, explosive flames and thunderous sounds engulfed the entrance hall.

The masks looked at them, laughing happily. They did not feel the slightest guilt for taking someone's life. They were only chasing short-term points, wanting to move up the ranks.

That laugh, however, was frozen.

The blue-glowing barrier repelled the explosive flames swirling in the entrance hall. Inside the hemispherical barrier, the unharmed "Homura" and "Scepter 4" turned their angry eyes upwards.

"Why...?!"

"Aren't they dead?!"

Yata is shocked from the bottom of his heart by the disorder of the masks. With a "King" class ability, you can hold 10 or 20 bombs in one hand; that's something a Clansman should know.

Munakata closed his eyes silently and sighed.

"It's really vulgar and silly agitation. Our detention center is far from comfortable. Please prepare yourselves."

"You said that "Homura" is finished? Don't you know? Now we have a new "King". A "King" who is as strong as Mikoto."

In response to Kusanagi's words, Anna took a few steps forward. There was an unmistakable anger on her innocent face.

"They laughed at the life that Mikoto and Tatara lived."

In an instant, Anna's small body burst into flames.

The flaming crimson aura of the Sanctum displayed by the Red Queen. Influenced by that aura, Yata felt a surge of power within him.

"It's unforgivable."

The quiet phrase represented the heart of "Homura". Yes, unforgivable. Who would forgive them? No one who ridicules Suoh Mikoto, Totsuka Tatara, or his irreplaceable companions will get away with it. They had to squash them completely so that no one would come up with such a silly imitation again.

Burning passion gushed from his throat as was.

"No blood! No bone! No ash!!"

No blood, no bones, no ashes. With an aura of hellfire burning everything, the members of "Homura" rushed out like wild beasts unleashed.

Munakata, who was observing the situation, muttered in a low voice.

"Then let's go. Our cause is clear."

"Everyone, draw your swords!"

Under Awashima's orders, the members of "Scepter 4" unleashed their sabers. Finally, when Munakata drew his sword, a crystal blue aura radiated from his sword. Responding to the blue "Sanctum", the clansmen began to advance with a single, unruffled step. It's perfectly controlled movements reminded him of a giant machine.

"Uh, shoot, shoot! Do it!"

The masks panicked as they saw the two-color red and blue clansmen rushing over. They have no "King", nor protection from Sanctum. They only have one thing to rely on, the firearm in their hand. But...

"No, no! I can't communicate at all!"

"What's going on?!"

All the bullets fired at Munakata were blocked by his super power. The moment he touched the glowing blue barrier, the bullet scattered into the air like flakes of snow. Munakata advanced with a cold expression through the hail of bullets.

A majestic march, the masks trembled in fear at the sight of the "King's" march.

"Ah, he's a monster...!"

"She's a girl! Aim at the girl!"

Someone yelled. Her character was less than that of a beast, but no one noticed it. Impatience, fear and desire led them to point their weapons at Anna.

Anna stared helplessly at the death cannon that was pointed at her. Like a child looking at a balloon, there was no emotion on her face.

But if you've seen it before, you'll know it's the opposite. Beneath the weak and expressionless expression, a silent anger can be seen.

Her anger manifested as wings.

A pair of wings of flame that burned crimson. The wings that grew on the girl's back fluttered gracefully.

With just that move, a wave of deadly heat hit the members of "Jungle". Those who were aiming at Anna screamed, dropping their weapons and rolling on the ground in agony from the heat.

The Kings were not doing anything. They only showed a small glimpse of their power, the power worthy of the name of the "King".

At that time, the members of "Jungle" were falling apart.

"Hey, this is a different story! Is there no way we can win like this?!"

"Let's run away! If it's now, it's still... Gah...!"

One of the receding masks screamed and collapsed.

"Where are you guys going?"

Yata glared at them as he stepped on their necks.

"I won't let you get away. I'll make sure each of you learns properly."

"Hey, hey!"

A mask panicked and pointed the barrel of its rifle at Yata. Yata readied his staff and prepared to attack, but the mask turned and dropped the rifle.

"I'm burning! What is this?!"

The mask let out a scream as he dyed his shoulders blood red. When Yata looked back, a blue outfit appeared from the stairs on the opposite side. Playing with a throwing knife in hand, Saruhiko Fushimi opened his mouth nonchalantly.

"Are you prepared with guns, knives, and even bombs? Sounds like a fun toy, doesn't it? Tell me where you got it."

Yata and Fushimi looked at each other for a moment. However, no words were exchanged. Before that, there was something to do.

Yata and Fushimi kicked the ground and attacked the trembling "Jungle" clansmen while their staffs were clad in red and their knives ran blue.

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"Hey, hey, hey, hey!"

"Emerald" ran down the back alley.

As he forgot to remove his mask and gasped, he looked back over and over again. He desperately kept running, trying to get away from the scene, even a little.

All the companions who tried to carry out the mission together abandoned him. No, they're not friends in the first place. It's just another person with the same interests. From the beginning, "Emerald" had no intention of helping when they were in trouble.

Even so...

"What are they talking about? They're monsters!"

"Red Queen" and "Blue King". The two kings were literally displaying power in different dimensions.

The "Red Queen", who looked like a normal girl, waved her fiery wings and shot down all the members of the "Jungle".

The "Blue King", who was deploying a blue barrier, knocked them down with a single blow without even being able to touch him with a single finger, let alone a bullet.

Despite exhausting almost all points and connections, and being well prepared and well-armed, the mission was a complete failure.

The glory that he should have almost attained disappeared like a mist. "Emerald" was now a devastated loser. No one in "Jungle" will listen to him anymore. In "Jungle" where the strong eat the weak, the value of the loser is infinitely close to zero. Realizing that he had fallen into the position of those who had looked down on him up until now, "Emerald" tasted despair as if his eyes were pitch black.

But that was not the only misfortune that awaited him.

Two figures got in his way as he ran down the back alley. Seeing that, "Emerald" stopped involuntarily.

"Oh, you!"

He got goosebumps on his neck. It seemed familiar, not a story. A few days ago, "Emerald" himself went on a mission and tried to take a person's life to earn a reward. Yatogami Kuro, known as "Black Dog", and his partner.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Nihihi! I won't let you through here~!"

The Black Dog said that coldly, and the girl seemed to enjoy it.

The humiliation of defeat, the impatience of being persecuted, turned to anger. If he killed them, he could gain something. He may have had that plan.

"Don't underestimate me! I'm an N-Rank from "Jungle"!"

As if to convince himself, "Emerald" yelled and tried to stick out his tongue.

"I can use not only bombs, but also supernatural powers!"

He activated a special app and launched an attack. That was all he could think straight.

Before he knew it, the Black Dog appeared in front of him.

"Eh?"

At the same time, that question mark appeared in his mind, the body of "Emerald" spun in the air. Unable to take a passive form, he was slammed into the ground from behind. His breathing stopped, a sharp pain went through his body and "Emerald" writhed on the cold asphalt.

"Gah, ugh..."

"Ok. Will you listen in order?"

The Black Dog nonchalantly asked "Emerald" as he groaned.

"It was your 'King' who ordered this attack, right? Or was it the executive class guy named Mishakuji Yukari? What is your 'King' thinking? And do you know anything about a man named Isana Yashiro?"

"Emerald" was not in such a mood not to reply. Pain, impatience, humiliation and fear dominated him. Turning his back on the Black Dog and crawling away, no matter who was watching, he was an unmistakably defeated loser.

The footsteps of the Black Dog approached from behind. Little by little, impatience burned his neck. "Emerald" gritted his teeth and crouched on the ground as he looked at the Black Dog.

"Damn! Eat this!"

It wasn't because he wanted to fight back that he bit his tongue. The difference in combat power was obvious. It was just a desperate plan to gain time and escape.

However, the electrical discharge of extraordinary power was not released.

"Eh? That's it!"

Instead, a lone parrot emerged from the PDA. A hologram of "Jungle's" mascot "Jumpy" floated into the air and declared no mercy.

"Mission failed. Mission failed. All "Jungle" points are gone. All abilities will be looted."

"No..."

The blood drained from his body. He finally remembered the rule that if he lost all his "Jungle" points, the rank he had accumulated up to that point would also disappear.

"What an idiot! The points I finally saved by doing my best just because of that!"

"Emerald" yelled as if he was vomiting blood.

No. It wasn't "Emerald" anymore. The "disguise" mask that had appeared due to his supernatural power disappeared, and behind him was the face of an ordinary man.

"Damn... I'm an N-Rank... I was an N-Rank who would soon be able to talk to the King... How did it end up like this?"

The twisted pain of the man who had lost "Emerald", N-Rank or even a clansman, without getting anywhere, was sucked into the air.

Faced with that figure, Yatogami Kuro looked down coldly.

He turned on his heel and began to walk. As she was lined up next to him, Neko asked strangely.

"Kurosuke, are you alright?"

"After all, he's a small object that can be cut right away. He probably doesn't know anything."

"Jungle" is clearly a different clan than "Homura" and "Scepter 4". Mutual camaraderie is almost non-existent, and most Clan members are nothing more than puppets from higher levels. He felt sorry for someone whose tail would be docked if he got in his way, but he doesn't think he needs sympathy for people blowing up bombs all over town.

"Scepter 4" should take care of the rest. In the process, he may get closer to "Jungle," but that's not his job.

"Shiro's whereabouts, after all, no one knows."

With a sigh, Neko started walking. she asked Kuro as they walked side by side.

"You are worried?"

"No."

Neko laughed and shook her head.

"Because he's the Shiro of Wagahai. We'll definitely meet again! All we have to do is work harder and harder to find him!"

"That's right."

Kuro softened his expression and nodded.

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Sukuna looked up at the sky while he was standing on the rooftop of the building.

Two giant swords floated there. Red and blue, the sword that shines in each color is the "Sword of Damocles", the proof of being the "King".

Sukuna's smile only deepened as he looked up realizing the great power with which any psychic should be in awe.

Because the stronger the boss, the more interesting the game, he knows it.

"It got quite interesting when I guessed all the little characters, Nagare. Unfortunately, I couldn't get the "Silver King" out."

This large-scale mission had multiple implications.

One of them is to explore the trends of the "Silver King". Unfortunately, the plan to meddle with the Silver Clansman Kuro, which would result in the appearance of the "Silver King" (possibly) ended in vain.

That does not mean that the mission has failed. Rather, it can be said that the results were better than expected.

At this time, Sukuna was silently smiling as he looked at the blue "Sword of Damocles". The joy that came from finding a strategy for a difficult enemy welled up within him.

The biggest obstacle for "Jungle", the sword of "Blue King" Reisi Munakata, was cracking and splintering.

"The "Blue King", it's just a matter of time, huh."