



K

RETURN OF KINGS
SUZUKI SUZU / GoRA

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 3: RETURN

The first thing that caught his eye when he opened the fusuma was Mishakuji lounging on the couch and relaxing.

"Oh, Sukuna-chan. Welcome back."

"Kuwa! Welcome! Welcome!"

Gracefully filing his nails, Mishakuji glanced at Sukuna out of the corner of his eye. Sitting on the back of the couch, Kotosaka spread his wings and rejoiced at his return. Beyond that, Iwafune was vacuuming with a beer in hand, and in the kitchen, in the back, was steaming a hot pot.

Sukuna let out a small sigh when he saw the scene just before dinner at some house. Even if he said that this is the hideout of "Jungle", a supernatural group that is causing a stir in the world, few people would believe it. Sukuna himself once suspected that it was some kind of camouflage due to over-familiarity.

However, it is an undeniable fact that this "secret base" is their base of operations. Sukuna sat on the tatami and turned his gaze to Mishakuji who was lying on the couch.

"Even though people have been working, you are calm."

Mishakuji just snorted and didn't reply. Well, it's true that the mission Sukuna was involved in until now was only for Sukuna. Mishakuji had nothing to do with it, so whether he brushed his nails or took a bath, he was up to Mishakuji.

But apart from that, he was annoyed by Mishakuji's aristocratic attitude.

With a childish competitive spirit, though he didn't realize it himself, Sukuna puffed out his chest and appealed to his achievements.

"While Mishakuji was taking it easy, I did a great job! The "Homura" guys danced exactly as I expected, and I was able to bring out the guys in blue. After all, the more clans that participate in the game, more colorful it will be."

However, Mishakuji paid Sukuna no mind and smiled at the finish on his fingernails.

"Yes, it's beautiful."

"Hey! Are you listening, Mishakuji?"

As Sukuna threw a tantrum, Mishakuji finally smiled at him.

"I'm listening. If "Homura" goes into a rage, the number of people "Scepter 4" can devote to suppressing the incident will increase dramatically. Involving "Homura" was an interesting choice, wasn't it? The method of using the dead as reserve is not very beautiful."

Sukuna turned around at the stinging last word.

"I don't care about aesthetics like you do. Thanks to that, I also saw the blue and red swords of Damocles. On the blue sword, the wound is wider than when I saw it before."

A broken sword of Damocles. What it shows is the fact that the charge of regicide haunts the Blue King Reisi Munakata.

After all, this game is a fight for the King. Just like shogi and chess. No matter how much other pieces are sacrificed, in the end the team that defeats the "King" wins. The fall of Munakata, who had taken over the previous "Red King", was close, and Sukuna's current goal was to hasten it further.

Mishakuji nodded and narrowed his eyes.

"It's going well. By the way, how was Kuro-chan?"

Kuro? Sukuna finally remembered after tilting his head.

"Ah, Yatogami Kuro. He didn't seem as strong as you said. Is he really your brother?"

Mishakuji Yukari is one of the few strong people that Sukuna recognizes as superior to him. Since he was the younger brother, he was planning to find out how much strength he possessed, but he was mostly just running around and not doing much. If all he could do is defeat a small item like "Emerald", it was a good place to be disappointed.

Mishakuji shrugged at Sukuna's exasperated face.

"He's not my real little brother, you know? It's just that we were under the same master, Ichigen Miwa."

"Yukari, training brother!"

"That's right. Kotosaka-chan is better at remembering things."

Pointing his manicured fingernails at him, Kotosaka rubbed his head comfortably against the tips of his fingers. Sukuna looked at him with a confused face.

"That boy is growing interestingly. That was enough to stick a sword into me. Even if it's Sukuna-chan, how would you feel if you dealt with that boy?"

Sukuna stuck out his tongue at the provocative way of saying it.

"It doesn't matter. I don't have time to hunt down guys who don't even give me points, and if he comes up against me, I'll just crush him."

Before Sukuna, Yatogami Kuro had a low priority. Despite his rarity as a member of the Silver Clan, removing him is not currently in the cards. What was necessary was to "torture" him, and it was fine to leave such trivial matters to the lesser members of the clan.

Besides...

Iwafune stopped vacuuming and gave Sukuna a reproachful look.

"Anyway, did you buy the detergent I asked for earlier?"

Sukuna was exhausted, but still he pushed the store bag he had bought towards Iwafune.

"I'm busy too, so it's boring, don't ask me to run an errand! I bought it!"

"Okay, I can't go out right now. Guess I'll have to get someone outside to buy it for me."

Iwafune looked into the plastic bag as he said something that sounded like a scolding, frowning.

"Oh, you have to buy the one with fabric softener!"

"Softener! Softener!"

Kotosaka roared as he flew through the air. Sukuna tried to hit Kotosaka with a clenched fist, even though he knew he couldn't reach him.

"Don't worry, dammit! It doesn't matter, Iwa-san, you're always piling up clothes, but are you so picky about detergent?"

"I'm not hoarding it, I'm just waiting for the right time to wash it. The proof is that you wash your pants relatively often."

Iwafune took a sip of his beer as he shrugged. Sukuna became more and more annoyed seeing him as a useless househusband or elderly pimp. With a big sigh, Sukuna picked up the portable game machine that was sitting on the dining room table.

"More than that, I want to do something new soon. I'm tired of just giving missions to people under me."

Mishakuji agreed and applied a base coat to his manicured nails.

"Well, it certainly lacks glamour. It's frustrating that the "Silver King" is still missing."

"The "Silver King", is he really alive? I mean, even if he was alive, he would have escaped to heaven for about 70 years. He's good at running away."

At that moment, a voice echoed from the back of the room.

"But he came down to earth a year ago. He came down."

The wheels turned silently, pulling the owner of the voice out of the darkness.

He is strapped in a straitjacket and can't even move without using a state-of-the-art wheelchair. His appearance is reminiscent of a sick man on the verge of death, or a delinquent trapped in the dark underworld.

But Sukuna said no. Everyone recognizes the "Jungle" clansman on the spot.

Even on the verge of death, his thoughts are freer than any human being.

Even if he was pushed into the dark underworld, he knew that his thoughts were bigger than any "King".

The Fifth King, the "Green King" Hisui Nagare, slowly looked at everyone.

"I want to meet the "Silver King". He, the first "King" who discovered the mystery of the "Slate"."

Sukuna noticed the warmth hidden deep within those eyes. Nagare possesses a machine-like logical way of thinking, but at the same time, he has a passion that is stronger than anyone else. Otherwise, the dream of creating a new world would be a joke.

Nagare's will is now directed at the "Silver King". There was something about it that made him think about it. Sukuna is the highest ranker in "Jungle". If Nagare so wished, he intended to fulfill that wish with all his might.

As he lay on the couch, Mishakuji said in amazement.

"The opponent is an unchanging "King". Although he has the worst compatibility with Nagare-chan, the "King" of Alteration. He might be our biggest obstacle, you know?"

"It's useless to say it. You know if this guy says it, he won't listen."

Iwafune's voice was mixed with the sound of a wry smile towards a boy who had no sense of hearing. Mishakuji got up from the couch and gently shook his head.

"Well, Nagare-chan should do whatever he wants. I just want to see if the new world Nagare-chan creates will be beautiful."

That's right, Sukuna thought.

"Jungle" is, after all, a gathering of such people. A clan of those who seek new worlds and possibilities. If there is a horizon they want, they will open any obstacle. If you don't have that kind of value, you don't have the right to belong to "Jungle".

"If it's a game that Nagare plays, of course I'll play it. Because we, the green clan "Jungle", are the players of the game created by Nagare!"

Sukuna declared that with a smile, and Nagare nodded slightly. Suddenly, several windows appeared in the air of the "secret base".

"This is...?"

What was projected there was a group of people that even Sukuna knew well. Reisi Munakata, Anna Kushina, Seri Awashima, and Izumo Kusanagi are the main figures of the clan against which "Jungle" is hostile.

Nagare slowly moved in front of two of them, the images of Yatogami Kuro and Neko.

Iwafune asked as he drank beer.

"They are the vassals of the "Silver King" that you are obsessed with. Are you curious?"

"Yes. I'm curious about them."

When Nagare blinked, the holographic image changed in response. The scene where Reisi Munakata and Anna Kushina were having a conversation. It was probably a video from the final phase of Mission 2086, when the "Jungle" clansmen were destroyed by "Homura" and "Scepter 4".

"Silver Clan members entered and exited the headquarters of "Blue King" Reisi Munakata and "Red Queen" Anna Kushina. This is a situation we need to be a bit concerned about."

"Are these guys going in and out of the red and blue because the "Silver King" is pulling the strings behind the scenes?"

Nagare narrowed his eyes as if he were sinking into silent thought.

"It is unlikely that the "Silver King" is contacting them while evading our surveillance. However, the possibility cannot be ruled out. Since we do not know the whereabouts of the "Silver King", we must consider that he has a means of communication that we do not recognize."

"Aren't you thinking too much?"

"Yes. Maybe I'm overthinking it. But I have to do what I can."

Nagare's gaze unintentionally turned to Mishakuji. Mishakuji smiled charmingly and spread his arms wide like a stage actor.

"Flower buds are beautiful. But buds that drop before opening are even more beautiful."

Pulling the sword from his waist along with the scabbard, Mishakuji let out a sonorous voice.

"Is that so? Iwa-san, Nagare-chan?"

"What are you saying?"

In contrast to the stunned Iwafune, Nagare nodded in agreement.

"That's right. No matter what the possibility is, if you pluck the cocoon, it will still be a possibility."

After a pause, Nagare uttered those words.

"Mishakuji. It's a mission. Please remove them from the game board."

For a short time, the "secret base" was filled with silence.

The elimination of Yatogami Kuro and Neko. The removal of two people who could lead to the absent King, Adolf K. Weismann, who "Jungle" mistrusts the most at this time. It means that the game will go to a different stage than what they were doing.

Faced with that fact, the J-Ranks showed their respective reactions. Gojou Sukuna was seething with excitement and Iwafune Tenkei was a bit worried.

And Mishakuji Yukari was...

"I can't believe I can continue from that moment so quickly."

There was a contradictory echo in his voice. A slight sadness and much more joy and anticipation. He put the hilt of the sword on his shoulder and muttered a bit.

"I wonder if this is also fate."

Of course, Sukuna didn't know about Mishakuji's sentimentality. He didn't know if he was a junior brother or a junior disciple, but if it was a mission, there was no need to stop anywhere.

"If you're going to get rid of Yatogami Kuro, so am I. Mishakuji and I have different opinions on whether he's strong or weak. I'll make it clear in black and white here!"

At Sukuna's triumphant declaration, Iwafune replied, "Oh!".

"Are you going to put it in black and white?! You're a brat, but you say cute things, Sukuna!"

Sukuna didn't even try to hide his disgusted face from him and spat it out.

"I hate Iwa-san to death."

"What the hell, I'm praising you so don't be embarrassed. Just be honest and say you're happy!"

Iwafune took a sip of his beer again, laughing out loud. Sukuna stood up with a cane in hand as he no longer had a problem dealing with him.

"So, let's go pick the sprouts, Sukuna-chan?"

"Ah!"

Then, when Mishakuji put his hand on the fusuma, Nagare suddenly muttered.

"I forgot to say. Mishakuji. You can kill Yatogami Kuro, but please bring Ameno Miyabi back alive."

Sukuna tilted his head at the unfamiliar name, but immediately remembered it.

Ameno Miyabi. If he remembered correctly, it must have been the real name of the girl called Neko.

"I don't care, but may I ask why?"

Mishakuji asked over his shoulder, and Nagare spoke matter-of-factly.

"Because she is my compatriot."

It was also an unknown word.

No, he never heard the word "compatriot" come out of Nagare's mouth. Those words, which were neither comrades nor friends, seemed to represent a side of Nagare that Sukuna didn't know.

But Mishakuji seemed to have a clue.

"Compatriot, I see. Understood, My Lord."

After responding lightly, Mishakuji left the "secret base". Sukuna walked out as if he was chasing him.

Cool, humid air caressed Sukuna's cheeks.

The "secret base" exists in an abandoned underground water storage facility. The spectacle of huge pillars lined up in the dark is like an underground temple.

Sukuna asked as he walked between the pillars.

"Hey, what did you mean earlier?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't be silly. Ameno Miyabi is that Neko person, right? Why is she a compatriot of Nagare's?"

Mishakuji looked at Sukuna with sidelong glances.

"Come on? Why do you think?"

Just from that look, Sukuna understood that Mishakuji had no intention of answering directly.

"That's enough."

With his lips pouting in frustration, Sukuna pondered.

Ameno Miyabi. The girl named Neko.

Originally, she was supposed to be a Strain girl. She is good at hallucinating, blinding, faking memories, etc. She's quite a troublesome ability, but he didn't perceive her as a threat because the person in question was stupid.

Why was she a compatriot of Nagare?

She is not a "King". She's not like she has a history of being in "Jungle" before. In the first place, he didn't think that any of them were the existence that Nagare called "compatriots". Killing the "King" and cutting down the Clansman, he could do without hesitation.

Does it mean that Ameno Miyabi is a special existence for Nagare?

More than a "King", more than "Jungle", more than themselves?

"...It's stupid. Stop it."

Muttering so, Sukuna gave up on the idea.

There was no way he could come up with an answer just thinking through everything himself. Although Mishakuji and Iwa-san knew the true identity, it was annoying to ask them for an answer. Sukuna decided to focus on the mission, assuming that if anything happened, he would tell her.

While fiddling with his PDA, Sukuna said quietly.

"Yukari. Can I decide the mission outline?"

"At your discretion."

Mishakuji's answer was simple. Despite being a J-Rank, Mishakuji doesn't really want to do things like create and launch quests. He prefers to take things into his own hands.

It was in contrast to Sukuna's method. Sukuna uses everything that is available and often entrusts the complicated but important functions of reconnaissance and finding enemies to the lower ranks. He also knows how to manipulate them at will.

"Ordered by the J-Rank authority. Mission 3921, activate."

"Voiceprint authentication confirmed. Mission 3921 with J-Rank authority, activated."

Jumpy's wings glowed green. The electronic information that Sukuna had just created turned into innumerable lights and was sucked into the darkness above him.

"Jungle" extends its roots from underground to the ground. They will soon discover that the kingdom they must defend is already entrenched in its roots.

The mission setting is Ashinaka Academy. It is the home of the Silver Clan.

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There was pure white rice in front of her.

There a red marble was placed on a small cushion. It's a marble that reflects Shiro, and it's highly prized (that's what Neko thinks for herself), so it would be perfect as an offering.

Neko said kindly as she clasped her hands together.

"Shiro. Wagahai is fine. Don't worry."

Then, as if to finish the meal, she made a sound with her chopsticks and a cup of tea.

With that, she was sure that she wouldn't have to worry about making Shiro, who was somewhere far away in the sky, hungry. She was happy until Kuro, who was sitting at the same table as her, let out an angry voice.

"Stop! It's not even auspicious!"

Neko flinched, but she still objected disapprovingly.

"Because I want to feed Shiro too!"

"I don't mind that, but you should finish your food first."

"Uh..."

"Come on, put it away right away. I won't be able to put another plate on."

Reluctantly, Neko put away the cushion and the marble that she had prepared. Kuro quickly put the plates there. White rice, miso soup and grilled horse mackerel were served with grated daikon radish. Seeing that, Neko's stomach groaned "Kyururu...". Of course she was worried about Shiro being somewhere, but other than that, she was hungry and the fish looked delicious.

"Itadakimasu."

At the same time, they put their hands together and began to eat.

"Now that I think about it, this room also has a lot more stuff."

As he loosened the horse mackerel with the tips of his chopsticks, Kuro suddenly said such a thing. Neko raised her head and looked around the room.

It was certainly as Kuro said. Maneki-neko, Japanese umbrellas, temari balls, even tanuki figurines and totem poles, the room is cluttered with clutter. At first, Kuro was diligently tidying up, but when the large number of things that came up exceeded the storage limit, he gave up everything.

"While he was looking for Shiro here and there, he somehow brought it back."

"This room is used as a base to search for Shiro. But where the hell is he wandering...?"

To Kuro who was muttering, Neko picked up the fish bone and said:

"I don't know, but I think he's unexpectedly close."

"Why do you think that?"

"Somehow I know!"

He said that innocently and she bit into the bones of the fish.

Kuro looked at her in astonishment, but before long he closed his eyes in silence and, as if he was impressed, he said...

"You don't need reasons, do you? I think that's what it means to believe."

Neko stared at Kuro.

Why did he take it for granted? Motives and bases, that kind of thing doesn't make sense. That's what she thinks. Neko has always lived like this.

Because...

Because?

".....?"

"Neko? What happened?"

Kuro called out to Neko who was staring at the sky. Raising her voice, "Uh...", Neko looked at Kuro in surprise.

"What?"

"No, it looks like you were thinking about something. Is there something bothering you?"

"....."

Neko's blue and gold eyes pointed at Kuro.

But she hadn't seen Kuro. The worried expression on his face, the messy room full of things, and the favorite fish on the table were not reflected in Neko's eyes.

At that moment, she almost remembered something.

She didn't know what memory it was.

However, only a vague feeling of dread remained within Neko. It was like looking into a deep, bottomless hole. It was as if she suddenly heard a voice calling her name from inside the hole. That's how it felt.

"Neko?"

Kuro's expression took on a serious look, and his hand reached out and grabbed Neko's shoulder. With a soft shake, Neko blinked as if she had just woken up.

"Hey. Are you sure you're okay?"

"...Yes, hey! It's nothing!"

Especially brightly, Neko said that.

She didn't think to tell Kuro about the sensations she had just learned. It wasn't because she thought Kuro couldn't understand. It was because Neko wanted to get away from that fact.

All her life, Neko has lived according to how she feels. She has been running away from things that she doesn't like or that she fears. If she can't escape, she pretends not to see him. If she does that, one day it might disappear, even if it's something inside of her.

So Neko did.

"Kurosuke, another serving! Wagahai wants to eat more rice!"

"...Oh, yes. I understand."

Although he was confused, Kuro accepted Neko's bowl. As he served the food, Neko smiled more than necessary.

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Send 01: "Report target position", is activated.

Shipment 01: "Target Position Report", completed. Adds 5 "Jungle" points.

Send 02: "Report target position", is activated.

Shipment 02: "Target Position Report", completed. Adds 5 "Jungle" points.

Notification: Guys, too many reports! The EX1 send "Report target position" will be triggered every 5 minutes from now, but it is first come first served.

Send 03: "Issuing a guest pass for Ashinaka Academy", is activated.

Shipment 03: "Issuing a guest pass for Ashinaka Academy", completed. Adds 5 "Jungle" points.

Warning: We are almost at Gakuenjima. We have prepared a lot of missions, so you can earn as many points as you want. Stay tuned!

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"Geez..."

Yata let out a tired voice as he entered the HOMRA bar.

He went directly to the stool at the counter and sat down. Kusanagi, who was behind the counter, only looked at Yata and then quickly looked back at the PDA in his hand. The behavior bothered him a bit, but he had to report it anyway.

"I kicked out all the green guys that got into Shizume. They look like cockroaches."

When he said that with a sigh, Kusanagi gave a small laugh.

"Even if it's Yata-chan, it's impossible for everyone. One of the characteristics of green guys is that you don't know where they hide."

"I know! That's what makes me mad!"

"Well, thanks for your hard work. You should rest for a while."

Even as he said that, Kusanagi didn't let go of his PDA control. As expected, he suspected and scream.

"What are you doing?"

Kusanagi smiled and showed Yata a PDA. The bright green rear screen and the characters that floated in the center are from "Jungle".

Suddenly, blood boiled through his entire body. Suoh and Totsuka, the memory of when his two dear friends were desecrated, suddenly revived, and Yata involuntarily raised his head.

"Kusanagi-san, that's all!"

"Calm down. I know what you mean."

Kusanagi's voice was calm, but his eyes weren't smiling. Yata took a deep breath, exhaled, and sat back down on the stool.

Kusanagi is like him, no, Kusanagi has been with those two the longest. That anger might even surpass Yata's. Kusanagi is probably looking for a way to defeat "Jungle" with his head, just like Yata hits the "Jungle" members hard.

While manipulating the PDA, Kusanagi spoke in his usual tone.

"If you know him and you know yourself, you won't be able to fight a hundred battles, okay? I was curious about how "Jungle" works, so I explored with a disposable PDA. Then I came across this."

A familiar face was projected into the air from the PDA. That is to say...

"What is this?! My picture!"

Yata felt an uneasy feeling when he saw the photo of his face and the letters "Yata Misaki 3000JP" flickering below him, as if he had been secretly photographed somewhere.

"In short, that's the bounty on your head. If I can kill you, I get bonus points. So if you accumulate those points, your rank in the clan will go up."

"I see."

Yata was satisfied with Kusanagi's explanation.

Now that he thought about it, he remembered that the guys who were ambushing them in that building also dropped strange numbers. It must have been a strategy to get a large amount of prize money by bringing "Homura" and "Scepter 4" together. However, it was the other side that was everywhere.

"So it's a reward? Well, that's why they're afraid of this Yatagarasu-sama, isn't it?"

On second thought, it wasn't bad either. He didn't know how many points 3000JP was, but being the target with a photo of his face was probably a big threat to them. If his existence becomes a nuisance to "Jungle", it would be better than that.

Then, Kusanagi turned the PDA around again.

"Yata-chan, Yata-chan."

"Eh?"

"Look here."

What was projected there was a familiar face and the letters "Fushimi Saruhiko 4000JP" blinking below.

The blood boiled again and Yata hit the counter with his fist and stood up.

"Eh? What a joke! Why do they give more reward for the monkey?!"

"We'll be evenly matched in strength, but Fushimi can also process information. If I change it to green, won't it be a bigger threat?"

"Damn, I can't believe it!"

Kusanagi's careful explanation only added fuel to Yata's anger. If it was something like that, he should have made a more violent rampage in that building. He should have carved into theirs hearts that he was even more terrifying than Fushimi.

Seeing Yata like this, Kusanagi smiled and put the PDA on the counter.

"Yata. Are you in contact with Fushimi?"

Yata's eyes widened as if struck by the void, and then he immediately turned around.

"Why are you asking all of a sudden? You're not going to ask him for help, are you?"

"No, I wonder what happened to "Scepter 4" after the incident the other day. I also try to sound out Seri-chan in various ways, but this is quite a strict guard."

"So you mean contact the bastard monkey and ask him about this or that?"

There were some thorns in his voice. Despite Yata's piercing gaze, Kusanagi still kept his calm expression.

"You still can't forgive Fushimi?"

"I won't do such a thing."

He believed it was natural. Fushimi Saruhiko is a traitor. "Homura", Suoh, Kusanagi, Totsuka... And then, the man who betrayed him and fled to "Scepter 4".

However, his anger was not as intense as before. It was still hot, but it had turned to a dull, smoky fire, like coals buried in ash.

Kusanagi looked directly at Yata and said:

"If that's the case, then Fushimi or "Jungle", which one can you forgive?"

Yata pursed his lips.

Seeing that expression, Kusanagi let out a small sigh.

"Reconcile with Fushimi, is what I say. We and "Scepter 4" are not allies or anything. However, we are not enemies either. The only enemy is "Jungle"."

"....."

"Don't mess with the wrong person."

Yata seemed to understand what Kusanagi meant.

It wasn't like it used to be. That's what he said.

When Suoh and Totsuka were close, Yata didn't have to think about anything. Yata was the kamikaze commander who pounced on "Homura"'s enemies without hesitation, and he thought of the role of Kusanagi and Totsuka.

However, after Totsuka's death, Suoh also lost his life. There was no one to unite "Homura", and at one point it was even in danger of disbanding.

All members of the clan trust Anna, who has become the "King". But Anna is still a child. To unite "Homura" as an organization, Kusanagi alone is not enough. Someone has to take the place of what's gone.

He was vaguely aware that this was his role.

However, he probably won't be able to become like Suoh or Totsuka. He was sure that he could not possess the great power to attract people, or the kindness that makes even a raised sword come down. Yata Misaki is just Yata Misaki after all. He didn't think he would be able to take their places.

"I know. That's all."

When he said that bluntly, Kusanagi relaxed his expression.

"Well, if that's the case. Sorry for saying unnecessary things, Yata-chan."

"....."

Kusanagi's kind tone was even more pitiful, and Yata clenched his fist tightly.

At that moment, he heard the footsteps of someone coming down from the second floor. When he turned his eyes there, the white-haired girl, Anna, suddenly peeked into his face.

"Oh, Anna. What's wrong?"

When Yata called out to her, Anna blinked slowly. Her expression was as expressionless as ever, but there was a sign that she was somewhat confused.

"A lost item."

"Eh?"

"When Neko came yesterday, she seemed to have forgotten something."

Neko. A girl who belongs to the Silver Clan. It's true that she came to the HOMRA bar yesterday to hang out and then left, but Yata said in amazement.

"Did she forget something? What a careless woman."

"I have to deliver it. I'm sure she'll have trouble without it."

Yata suddenly stopped Anna, who was about to head for the exit of the bar.

"Give it to me. I'll take it."

Anna stopped and looked at Yata in surprise.

"But..."

"A king shouldn't go out lightly, right?"

"Misaki...?"

Reading something from Yata's expression, Anna tilted her head and looked at Yata. That look was embarrassing, and Yata said as he turned to the side with a slightly reddened face.

"Anna is now the "Red Queen", but you are different from Mikoto-san. Didn't I tell you that I will be someone you can trust?"

He couldn't take the place of Suoh or Totsuka.

Yata can only be like Yata. He will become someone that Anna, Kusanagi and everyone in "Homura" can trust. Yata's determination was to become a man who would make people think they would be okay with him.

"Yes."

Yata held out his hand and Anna smiled gently.

"Thank you. So, give this to her at Gakuenjima."

Yata felt his determination waver when he saw what Anna had given him.

In Yata's palm was a small piece of frilly white cloth, women's underwear.

Kusanagi, who was looking at him from afar, said in a plaintive and amused tone.

"Yata-chan, are you going out with that?"

"That woman..."

In shame and anger, Yata yelled as loud as he could, grabbing the underwear in his shaking fists.

"What should I do to forget these kinds of things?"

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The path to Ashinaka Academy was prepared by "Jungle".

After leaving the "secret base" and walking for about 30 seconds, a taxi was already parked in the alley. There are tens of thousands of taxis everywhere in Tokyo, but the driver is a member of the "Jungle" clan. An N-Rank, "Transporter." As his name suggests, he possesses specialized skills as a transporter.

The best thing about him as a messenger is that he shows no interest in the "cargo". Without even looking back at Sukuna and Mishakuji, who had quietly boarded, without even asking where they were going, the "Transporter" slowly started the car.

All surveillance cameras on the route are controlled by the supernatural app "Glass Route Ver. 3.0", and Sukuna and Mishakuji were transformed into electronic invisible humans. Sukuna verified the location information of the targets Kuro Yatogami and Miyabi Ameno as he watched the scenery of the bay flowing through the vehicle's window.

"Neither of those two are moving. I mean, they don't seem to even notice our movements."

"Yes."

"It's a bit disappointing. I wish I could spy on their movements like the "Homura" guys. Then I could tease them and set a trap for them."

When he complained, Mishakuji chuckled.

"There's no way Kuro-chan could pull such a trick. Neko-chan wouldn't even dream of such a thing."

"Well, that's correct."

Sukuna muttered. After all, a clan without a "King" is something like that. Sukuna let out a sigh, thinking that this would be a boring and uninteresting mission.

It was only after getting out of the taxi that he had a disagreement with Mishakuji.

Heading to the front gate of the school, Mishakuji, as if nothing had happened...

"By the way, I will defeat Kuro-chan by myself. You can take care of Neko-chan."

He hadn't heard of it. Sukuna rolled his eyes and protested loudly.

"Hey, why?! Let me fight him too!"

"I told you. Kuro-chan is my apprentice. It's my job to kill him. My destiny.", Mishakuji looked at Sukuna,

"If you get in the way of that, even if it's Sukuna-chan, I'll have no mercy."

A chill ran down Sukuna's neck.

There was a serious light in Mishakuji's eyes. It was the same light as when Sukuna had once faced him as an enemy. If Sukuna still had to defend himself after that, he would actually draw his sword out.

But that light soon gave way to a slight smile.

"If you want points, I'll give you as many as you want later. So stay out of the way."

Sukuna pouted. He complained about being swallowed by Mishakuji's spirit.

"It's boring getting free points. That's not a game."

At that moment, Sukuna's PDA made a ringtone.

Sukuna responded to that. After exchanging a few words, Sukuna's communication and all previous anger disappeared.

"Ok, Yukari. I'll leave that to you."

"What happened?"

"I have a little urgent matter. Please take care of Yatogami Kuro! See you later!"

Waving his hands excitedly, Sukuna trotted towards the front door. One of the students who was nearby noticed him and handed him a PDA.

"J-Rank, thank you for your hard work!"

"Yes, yes, Gokuro-san."

Tossing the PDA to the student, Sukuna hurried towards the school. Yatogami's name had already disappeared from his mind. He would leave that to Mishakuji. He had found better prey than that.

"Homura" executive, Misaki Yata.

"Scepter 4" executive, Saruhiko Fushimi.

The information that the two were going to Gakuenjima was picked up by Sukuna's network, though it was only a appropriation of the one Nagare had built. In any case, most of the important people in the clans that were hostile to "Jungle" were being caught.

If Yata and Fushimi were to clash, the strength of both clans would be greatly reduced. It would bring a favorable future to the "Jungle" battle. More than the point itself, that fact made Sukuna's pace even faster.

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Gakuenjima at noon was filled with many students.

After a long morning of classes, students who took a breath of relief flooded the school all at once. There are plenty of places to eat in the school cafeteria, the terrace of the cafe for shopping, and there are students who fill their bellies early and start playing. Lunch time is the busiest time of the day.

Among them, the figure of Yata stood out a lot.

He was not wearing a uniform, he was riding a skateboard and holding a stick that looked like a lethal weapon. It was a strange object that anyone could see.

Yata shook his head and muttered at the strange look that pierced him from here and there.

"Where the hell is that Neko...? If I'm caught walking around with this kind of thing, shame will make me a suicidal man."

Inside the paper bag he held under his arm were women's underwear. He surely would feel more comfortable with a bomb in hand. Furthermore, Yata is one of the criminal group that occupied this school exactly one year ago. He would like to finish his errands quickly before security finds him.

Suddenly, Yata stopped skateboarding.

It was because he saw a familiar figure in his path.

"Saru..."

That person, Fushimi Saruhiko, also noticed Yata around the same time. He narrowed his eyes behind his glasses and clicked his tongue.

"Misaki. What is Homura doing in a place like this? Do you plan to occupy it again?"

He said that to ridicule him, and his blood rushed to his head momentarily.

"Ah? It has nothing to do with you!"

When he turned around, what Kusanagi had said came back to his mind.

(Don't mess with the wrong person.)

That's right, he shouldn't do that.

The enemy of "Homura" is "Jungle", not "Scepter 4", and even if he is wrong, he is not the same Fushimi Saruhiko. Yata's personal feeling is that he can't forgive him, and that shouldn't lead to unnecessary quarrels.

Besides feeling unforgivable, he owed Fushimi one thing.

"I didn't say thank you correctly at the time."

"Ah?"

What came to his mind was the incident that triggered Anna's awakening as the "Red King".

"It was when Anna was kidnapped by the green clan before she awakened to the King's power. If you hadn't told me, I wouldn't have been able to help her, let alone find her whereabouts."

"So...?"

Fushimi's seemingly bored tone irritated Yata. Still, it was a sacrifice. He had to talk to the end.

"For that! I don't care about you, and I still can't forgive you, but I am grateful for that time. Thank you."

At that moment, a silver light flashed in Fushimi's hand.

"Oops?!"

Yata jumped to the side and narrowly avoided it. Throwing knives that appear out of nowhere are special items that Fushimi, who is a dark weapon user, often uses for surprise attacks. Yata instantly prepared for battle, yelling as he grabbed the staff.

"No way! What are you doing?!"

However, Fushimi did not see Yata. He had a wary look on someone behind him.

"Cheez. Did the attack from behind miss?"

Hearing a voice behind him, Yata turned around in a panic.

A boy was standing there.

A boy with a cheeky face who was about to enter Gakuenjima. If it was just that, he wouldn't have paid attention to it, but having a scythe with a glowing green blade in hand, it was a different story.

"Hey, what? Who are you?!"

"If you have time to talk, be a little careful with your surroundings."

In contrast to Yata's upset, Fushimi was calm. He slowly put his hand on the saber.

"You are Sukuna Gojou, the highest ranked of "Jungle"."

Yata held his breath at those words, and the Sukuna boy laughed merrily.

"Hey. You know me. Well, that's why you got more points than the guy in the beanie."

"What did you say, brat?!"

Even as he cursed, Yata raised his staff without letting his guard down and turned to Sukuna.

Rank-J, he murmured into his mouth. Among the many members of the "Jungle" clan, he must have been the highest ranking existence. He was disappointed that he was a boy, but he should never let his guard down.

Age is irrelevant to those who struggle with supernatural powers. Anna, their "Queen", is about the same age as the boy in front of them. Yata carved into his heart that this guy was stronger than any member of the "Jungle" clan he had ever fought.

"If I can kill them both and get 7k, that's a pretty tasty quest, right? So..."

Sukuna smiled brightly. The smile of a predator. Then, brandishing his green scythe, he leaped high.

"Become my points!"

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Leaving Shiro's room in the student dormitory and walking with Neko, Kuro looked at her again.

"Neko. Are you sure you're okay?"

Neko gave a surprised look and then chuckled.

"Hmm, Kurosuke, what's wrong? There's nothing special wrong with Wagahai!"

"Oh, really...?"

"Yes! I ate rice and I'm full of energy!"

Once she laughed at him with a gutsy pose, he couldn't say anything more. With a vague nod, Kuro glanced vaguely at Neko's profile as she walked down the hall.

The smile from before was gone, and there was a vaguely depressed expression.

He groaned inside.

It was still weird. It wasn't good at all. Yet somehow Neko didn't want to tell people, or didn't seem to realize it herself.

There is no point in forcing people to answer about their concerns, which they do not want to say or of which they are not aware. There might be a way to get rid of it and find out, but to be honest, Kuro wasn't good at such tricks. Or, if Shiro were here, he would magically solve Neko's problems.

It was then that he sighed at his immaturity.

"Kuro-kun, I've been looking for you!"

There was a figure running from the other side of the hall. A student belonging to Gakuenjima, who is especially close to Kuro and Neko, Yukizome Kukuri.

"Kukuri. What's wrong?"

"Well, it's none of my business, but there's a girl who wants to talk to Kuro-kun. Come on, come out!"

As Kukuri called out to her from behind, a female student ran towards Kuro from the shadows. A student he didn't recognize. As she tilted her head down, she handed him a pink envelope with flushed cheeks.

"Umm, Yatogami Kuro-san! Please take this!"

"For me?"

"E-excuse me!"

When he received the girl's letter without understanding, she bowed her head and ran away. As she left, Kuro's ears picked up a familiar electronic voice.

No way.

An ominous sign hung like a dark cloud. However, it seemed that only Kuro had such a concern. Neko and Kukuri were curious and looked from both sides.

"Hey, what's written there? Let's open it up."

"Uh..."

Opening the envelope and unfolding the letter, Kuro's eyes widened.

There it was written:

"I'll wait for you at the connecting bridge, Yukari."

"The girl from before, her name is Yukari-chan, right?"

Kukuri was playing innocently. However, Kuro was in no mood to be cheerful.

He thought it would come someday. The green clan cannot sit still forever. He had half guessed who would be sent at that time. Therefore, it was inevitable that this letter would reach Kuro.

An old companion of his, but a sworn enemy that he turned his sword against his master.

(Are you finally here? Mishakuji Yukari...!)

Muttering so to himself, Kuro put the letter in his pocket.

Kukuri gave a big thumb up as she smiled.

"Good luck! I support you!"

Of course, she did not know the fate of Kuro and Mishakuji. She's just a normal, good girl who isn't even tinged with supernatural powers.

Still, he was grateful for Kukuri's prayers. Even though she doesn't understand the circumstances, she supports them. That fact alone is why Kuro wields the sword.

"Oh. Pray for my safety, Kukuri."

Saying that, Kuro started to walk.

A bit later, Neke followed him. There was no trace of melancholy in his expression, only the color of determination, but with an irrepressible fear.

After thinking for a moment, Kuro said to Neko.

"Neko. If you're scared, stay here."

"I will go."

Neko's answer was simple. When he looked at Neko with a bit of surprise, she clung to Kuro's arm with an angry expression.

"I told you. This is my house! That's why I'll protect it!"

He took a small breath, and then Kuro chuckled softly.

"...That's right. I'm sorry."

Gakuenjima was the place Kuro, Neko and Shiro had to return to. If someone tries to invade that place, they will face it with all their might. If Kuro thinks that, naturally Neko will think so too. Because they are comrades who share the same destiny.

"Come on, Neko."

"Yes!"

The two then walked away, to protect their home on Gakuenjima.

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He was looking down from that figure in the sky.

For nearly half a century his time has passed drifting through the skies. It's a place where he has been wandering with regret and a little hope, comforting himself with occasional guests with whom he had no connection whatsoever.

It's been a while since he's been back there. After a long time, "home" was comfortable and it reminded him of the reason for wandering. He should not be in contact with the earth. Even the reasons that led him to think that way were vivid.

But now...

Anticipating what was about to happen, he was in a state of intense impatience.

He could understand the intentions of the "opponent". He thought they wanted to drag him out of there. Or did they wish that he never descend to earth?

If he abandoned his companions, even for a short time, he would lose the right and reason to go down to earth.

Behind the impatience, he was impressed that the calm thinking part of him was "a good move." From what he heard, the "opponent" seems to be familiar with the game. Royal Fork, or Rookie Checkmate. He had to choose one and discard the other.

He had already decided which one to choose.

He orders a turn. The old "home" turned slowly and swam as if scratching the sky.

The place he should return to was Gakuenjima.

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On the connecting bridge pillar, Mishakuji Yukari was blown away by the wind.

A slight smile appeared on his lips, as if he enjoyed the breeze that caressed his cheeks. His expression was so calm that it was hard to believe that he was about to fight a life and death battle.

It's not because he will take the upcoming battle lightly.

He expected it from the bottom of his heart.

For Mishakuji Yukari, fighting was both a means and an end. Fight to fight. It is pure, transparent, beautiful and strong because it is lean.

Probably more than Yatogami Kuro.

Looking at that person, Kuro clenched his teeth.

He had already put the thought of whether he could win out of his head. He would just do his best to protect this place, Gakuenjima.

With just that determination in their hearts, Kuro and Neko stopped.

Mishakuji's eyes looked at the two of them. The smile on his lips changed color slightly.

"Long time no see. Nice to see you again, Kuro-chan."

"Mishakuji Yukari. What did you come here for?"

Mishakuji shrugged and answered Kuro's hostile question.

"I already told you to call me Onii-sama, didn't I? Besides, I can't say that it's nice to ask everything you don't have to ask."

Saying so, he took out the sword from behind him. Half of the two swords delivered in the Miwa Meishin style, "Ayamachi". The blade shone mysteriously in the sunlight.

"Neko. I'll stop him. Please support me from behind."

"Yes!"

Neko hurriedly nodded and moved away from Kuro and ran behind the pillar. The red Japanese umbrella she is holding is the one she brought from Shiro's room. Because that will protect them instead of the one who is no longer there.

After confirming that, Kuro put his hand on the sword at his waist, "Kotowari".

"So you came here to fix things?"

"It's not okay to answer every single thing you don't have to answer either."

Mishakuji's right arm moved as if he was dancing.

"That's not beautiful!"

The next moment, a flying slash split the air.

Kuro quickly jumped to avoid it. The cut shattered the asphalt and smoke blocked Kuro's vision.

From the smoke, Mishakuji jumped out along with the tip of the sword.

Mishakuji didn't slow down his attack on Kuro, who barely blocked the thrust. The swing of the sword and the "pass" that swung down from the side cut into Kuro's sleeve.

An opportunity!

With his sweaty hands gripping the handle of "Kotowari", Kuro attacked without warning. However, a blow strong enough to create a vacuum only emptied the air.

Mishakuji had disappeared from his sight.

The survival instinct screamed. An enemy was lurking somewhere in his blind spot. In a second the sword could run through him. Knowing this, Kuro was still stiff and unable to move.

"Up! Kurosuke! It's dangerous!"

Neko's scream saved Kuro.

The blade rose before his eyes. "Kotowari" and "Ayamachi" intertwined and sparked. Mishakuji landed light as a feather and pushed his sword further. An unimaginably heavy pressure from that slender body tried to crush Kuro's entire body.

As he did so, Mishakuji showed a charming smile.

"As expected, your skills are still immature. But I will commend you for not running away!"

"This school island is the place where my king, Shiro, will return! I will not allow you to take a single step towards that place."

Mishakuji laughed sarcastically and knocked out Kuro's body.

"It's a shame. Just now, a friend of mine came in."

"What...?!"

Mishakuji did not let the confusion go unnoticed. The pressure was suddenly released and the sword hilt slammed into his upper body as he lost his balance and staggered. Kuro's body was bent like a dog, and his defenseless neck was exposed. The blade of "Ayamachi" was getting closer.

"Don't bully Kuro!"

At the same time as that cry, a huge beckoning cat appeared on the bridge.

"Oh."

Smiling happily, Mishakuji lightly swung his sword. The slash that was unleashed easily cut through the illusion created by Neko's supernatural ability and made the beckoning cat disappear. The reconnaissance operation was forcibly cancelled, and Neko was blown off the bridge, and the red Japanese umbrella she was holding flew into the air.

"Kyaa!"

"Neko!"

Neko who collided with a parapet stretched out and didn't move. Suppressing Kuro who was trying to rush at him with his sword, Mishakuji spoke casually.

"Don't worry. My king wants me to take you back alive, Neko-chan, no. Ameno Miyabi-chan."

Neko leaned against the parapet and shot a startled look at Mishakuji.

"Ameno...? Who...?"

"You don't remember. That's fine."

Shrugging, Mishakuji walked over to Neko. Keeping the sword in his hand.

Kuro's chest was full of passion.

"Mishakuji Yukari! Don't mess with my friend!"

He kicked the ground with a roar and unleashed a slashing attack. Mishakuji danced away from him. He jumped onto a pillar using his supernatural power and ran vertically just as he was. As he held on to it, Kuro boldly attacked him.

"Ooooooooooooooh!"

Top, middle, bottom, from all angles, at all speeds, and with all possible techniques, Kuro attempted to overthrow Mishakuji.

On the other hand, Mishakuji's sword was ghostly. If he thinks he's looking for him, he'll hit him, and if he thinks he's right, he'll shake him and his core will never waver. Despite

being users of the same Miwa Meishin style, Kuro and Mishakuji's swordsmanship was as different as heaven and earth.

It's probably because Mishakuji fully owns the Miwa Meishin style and then added his own enhancements. He has already reached a height that can be called Mishakuji Shiryu.

Mishakuji said as he mocked Kuro's despair.

"You're as straightforward as ever, Kuro-chan. It's beautiful and upright, but there's a limit to that."

"What are you saying...?!"

"For example, it was the students themselves who allowed Sukuna-chan to enter this academy. That student knows nothing. Not knowing your thoughts, anger, or sense of mission, he invited Sukuna-chan to enter. The place you are dealing with! to protect is already ours!"

The image of that student flickered in Kuro's mind for a moment.

She is about the student who became Mishakuji's henchman and delivered the letter. She was definitely a student at this school. But, at the same time, she is probably also a member of the "Jungle" clan.

If so, how much meaning does his fight to protect this school from "Jungle" have?

"You see, "Jungle" takes root anywhere and absorbs nutrients from anywhere. Our great green tree will eventually reach for the stars with its branches and leaves, swallowing up the golden sun and silver moon alike. And this world will be covered with a beautiful greenery and it will be reborn. I want to see that!"

Shouting like a song, Mishakuji wove a series of feints to corner Kuro. The hilt of the sword struck his forehead and his vision darkened for a moment. The blade approaching the nape of his neck was bounced back with a blind "Kotowari" move, but by this time, Mishakuji's attack had plunged into Kuro's belly.

"Gah!"

Kuro was thrown off the top of the pillar and pulled down by gravity. As he writhed in the air, he activated his supernatural ability to hold off the chasing Mishakuji and, at the same time, tried to absorb the impact of the crash as much as possible.

Even so, he couldn't kill him. Hitting from behind, Kuro tried to regain his balance as he rolled on the ground over and over.

Sticking his sword into the ground, trying to get up.

The tip of Mishakuji's sword pointed at his throat.

"But you will never see that world. You will fall here like a cocoon."

Kuro gritted his teeth as he looked at Mishakuji, who spoke heartlessly.

(Couldn't I win? I'm not this guy...!), Kuro thought.

He felt that he has always been like this.

Since he was swinging his sword under Miwa's tutelage, he was never able to defeat Mishakuji Yukari.

Even when he asked him to practice swordsmanship.

Even when he pointed his sword at Miwa and left.

Even when he appeared as a vanguard of "Jungle".

The result was always like this. Mishakuji remained on his feet until the end, and Kuro finally fell to his knees.

Compared to Kuro, who faithfully executes the techniques taught by his teacher, Mishakuji Yukari's talent is brilliant. In terms of skill and genius, Kuro ranks far below Mishakuji. No matter how much time and effort he puts into it, he may never be able to beat Mishakuji.

Kuro knew that. He understood, but still...

"I won't give in to you...!"

Hearing that, Mishakuji narrowed his eyes.

"Yes. You are ready. Your face is beautiful now."

What dwelt in those eyes was the light of pure intent. Cut Kuro without malice or hostility, just for his own good. Kuro knows better than anyone that Mishakuji Yukari is a man who can do that.

He would be lying if he said he didn't regret it. What will happen to Neko, Kukuri and Gakuenjima after he take his life? Is it possible to stop the tyranny of "Jungle"?

And above all...

Isn't it possible to finally find the man whom he admired as his teacher and who was his friend?

"Yatogami Kuro. Your life is mine!"

Mishakuji raised "Ayamachi". As he looked at the shining white blade from the front, Kuro on his chest, called out his name.

"Shirō!"

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He heard a voice.

A voice calling his name.

For half a century he wandered the skies. Even then he heard voices.

A voice calling for help. A voice pleading for salvation. A voice that revealed anguish.

Those were the voices of people who had some kind of illusion towards the airship that was drifting aimlessly through the sky. That heavenly airship was inhabited by paranormal beings that would bring them out of their afflictions. There were quite a few people who took those fantasies seriously, even if they weren't sure where they came from.

But the voice never said his name.

Because whoever it was had nothing to do with them. Gods, angels, aliens, etc. He who brings salvation does not need a name. They fantasize about salvation itself, not about existence as a person.

But now...

"Shiro, Shiro. At this rate, Kuro will be killed."

She was calling his name.

Isana Yashiro, abbreviated as Shiro. The name of a man who did not exist anywhere on this earth. It would also be an illusion.

But she called it by herself.

Even if it was an illusion, even if it was temporary. It was definitely his name. It is proof that he, who had lost all contact with the earth and only wandered alone in the sky, spent time with them, even if it was for a short time.

Just like Kuro and Neko are already part of him.

Isana Yashiro is definitely his name.

Because of that, Shiro thought, "This time, I'll take a step forward."

"Shiro, please help me! Shirooo!"

Shiro took a step forward as if drawn by Neko's voice.

The "Schattenreich" was anchored 300 meters above Gakuenjima. Without hesitation, he threw his body off the ramp into the void. In an instant, gravity caught Shiro's body, and his body began to fall in a straight line towards the ground.

Almost at the same time, the aura of his shrine as the "Silver King", was emitted from Shiro's entire body. A powerful force capable of distorting normal space appeared in a single form above his head, far above him.

The Sword of Damocles.

As proof of being the "King" of "Kings", it is the embodiment of that power.

While deploying a wide area shrine that engulfed the island, Shiro used gravity to superimpose his own super powers and accelerate further. Along the way, a red color crossed the edge of his vision and Shiro smiled quietly. With an invisible force, he pulled the red Japanese umbrella that had been caught in the wire and held it in his hand.

Then Shiro landed on the ground.

He opened the Japanese umbrella and slung it over his shoulder. With just that gesture, all the dust that had been raised was blown away, revealing the figure of Mishakuji, whose eyes were wide with astonishment.

"You are...!"

"Shiro..."

"Shiro!"

With the cheers of Kuro and Neko behind him, Shiro turned the Japanese umbrella around with a cold gaze.

"Isn't it too arrogant to walk into someone's house with your shoes on and try to take and kill someone's family?"

The destination of that line of sight was not Mishakuji.

A bird perched on the pillar of the connecting bridge. The man who watched them through the bird was Shiro's true enemy.

"... "Green King", Hisui Nagare."

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The declaration of war received through the screen made his straitjacketed body crack.

Not out of anger or remorse. Clearly, that was jubilation. Nagare's expression, which usually never reveals his emotions, distorted with joy.

"Finally, finally, finally, you are back. You are back, first king, "Silver King" Adolf K. Weismann. You returned to this world, to our game board."

Eliminate the "Silver King". Alternatively, clarifying his whereabouts while making plans for it, Nagare gave little consideration to the first possibility. Judging from his relationship

with Yatogami Kuro and Ameno Miyabi, there's no doubt that Weismann would show up. He expected that, and it turned out to be a perfect fit.

Of all the countless plans he has made thus far, there has never been a more exciting moment than this. The "Silver King" is a special existence for Nagare. The forerunner who discovered the "Dresden Slate" and the oldest "King". Being able to see him was one of Nagare's long-hidden wishes.

If his arms could move, he would have extended them. If he had a heart, it would have beat. Nagare, who was not allowed to do any of those things, simply expressed his joy in words. That is to say...

"Welcome."