



K

RETURN OF KINGS
SUZUKI SUZU / GoRA

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 6: OPEN WAR

When was the first time he had that dream?

When facing the "Golden King"?

When did he find out about the "Silver King"?

Or when he was picked up by Iwafune?

Hisui Nagare could not remember that moment clearly.

Before he knew it, the dream was inside Nagare. Like a replacement for his lost heart, it throbbed in Nagare's chest, driving him into action. Or, in order to force Nagare to do so, the "Slate" may have stolen his heart.

Free the "Dresden Slate" and evolve all of humanity to the next stage.

Nagare believes that this is why he became the "Green King".

Hundreds of thousands of lives caught up in Genji Kagutsu's rampage were necessary sacrifices for that.

It is his dream, his reason for being. Nagare has used everything to achieve that. The "Colorless King", the "Red King", "Jungle", Iwafune, Kotosaka, Mishakuji, Sukuna and even himself were nothing more than tools to make his dreams come true.

And now...

He is in the place where he can touch that dream.

"The execution date is the 24th, Christmas Eve."

While looking at the many information screens floating in the twilight of the "secret base", Nagare spoke with a passionate tone.

"We will use all the power we have to seize the last sacrament, the "Dresden Slate". This is the purpose of us "Jungle"..."

But...

None of the Rankers, the highest ranking clan members of "Jungle" who are Nagare's tools and limbs, saw their "King".

Iwafune was happily drinking beer.

Kotosaka stayed on the couch and got ready.

Mishakuji looked at himself in the mirror and worked on his mask.

As for Sukuna, he was lying down and engrossed in the game, not in a position to listen to people.

He didn't want to say it, but he had to. This is a very important strategy meeting. Nagare looked around and said in a monotone.

"Are you listening?"

"I'm listening, Nagare-chan. No, I have wrinkles."

Mishakuji replied as he carefully examined the condition of his face.

Nagare felt a relief. It's okay if he's listening.

"Yes, Yukari. Let's continue. Currently, the "Slate" is stored in Mihashira Tower. Originally, in my plan, after the death of the "Golden King", the "Slate", which would no longer have humans to seal it, was supposed to evolve into the entire human race, demonstrating its original function. Leaving aside the old Daikaku Kokujoji, I thought that the young and immature "Blue King" would not be able to control it, so I decided to leave it in the building..."

But...

The highest ranked Clansman and Rankers of "Jungle", who share the same dream as Nagare, were not seeing their "King".

"Are you listening? Are you?"

"I'm listening, Nagare. Wow! My level's up!"

While he was lying on his back, Sukuna clenched his fists in cheers.

Nagare agreed. If you're listening, that's fine, and it's a good thing if your level goes up.

"I see, Sukuna. Congratulations. Anyway, the "Blue King" worked harder than expected. Excellent. On top of that, the most troublesome "Silver King" came back and joined the new "Red King" to solidify the defense of Mihashira Tower. With this, we have no choice but to take the method of directly controlling the "Slate"."

Having said that, Nagare sighed quietly and reluctantly said:

"Besides, you guys haven't heard me."

"Hey. Guys, listen carefully, ok? Even with this, he's our king, right? Some respect needs to be shown."

Iwafune deftly shook the 350 ml can as he made a complaint. Opening the lid of the next beer, Nagare looked at Iwafune with moist eyes.

"You are the one who shows the least respect, Iwa-san."

"Don't get me wrong, Iwa-san."

Mishakuji smiled brightly through the mirror.

"Right now, I am refining myself so that I can dance with the greatest splendor and grace on the battlefield. My heart is already high. I am always ready to draw my beloved sword, "Ayamachi"."

"Me too."

Sukuna also smiled as he focused his gaze on the game screen.

"I do it because I can't help but feel uneasy when I'm not playing. To be honest, I know enough about what Nagare says."

"I see."

This time, Nagare understood.

They are no longer the members of it. It is his flesh and blood. Nagare thinks and expects the same.

He wants to see a new world, a beautiful world. That's why they move. Therefore, no sacrifice or obstacle is cause for concern. Iwafune, Kotosaka, Mishakuji, and Sukuna understood.

"Are you both ready? I'm impressed. So, let's have a fancy Christmas party after we safely collect the "Slate"."

"Chicken! Chicken! Juicy, delicious!"

On the couch, Kotosaka spread her wings and was happy. Nagare smiled at that first friend.

"Kotosaka, I want you to do your best too."

"Oh, then, we'll decorate the "Slate" that you'll get instead of the tree."

Mishakuji said that jokingly. Nagare doesn't really understand jokes, but even so, he felt a slight slack in his shoulders.

With that, Sukuna closed the game console with a snap and looked at Iwafune.

"For one thing, we're all in high spirits."

"Yes?"

"What about Iwa-san? Will he function properly this time?"

No wonder Sukuna wasn't satisfied. The J-Rank of "Jungle" Iwafune Tenkei had almost never done anything that felt like work. In the first place, the existence of himself was unknown to most of the clansmen.

The one who kept Iwafune a secret was none other than Nagare himself, and so Sukuna was convinced.

The next mission will be total war. He is not a lukewarm opponent who can win while he retains power.

You must put all the cards in your hand, including the "trump card", into play to reveal which one is stronger.

Faced with such a big event, Iwafune still smiled like he was crazy.

"Well, it's me. I'm slowly drinking beer like this."

"...Damn. I beg you, Iwa-san."

Sukuna said in amazement, but he didn't seem to have any intention of continuing. He also knows Iwafune's true identity, the extent of his strength. If he plays his role correctly, it will have a great effect.

Mishakuji chuckled and pointed at Nagare.

"More importantly, Nagare-chan. It's rare for you to have a proper meeting beforehand. Perhaps you think it's painful to deal with three "Kings"?"

"Haha. Well, isn't it? Hey, Nagare."

Iwafune laughed and Nagare nodded silently.

"That's right. It is true that the allied army of the "Silver, Red and Blue King" is a formidable enemy. But..."

Their union has serious flaws.

He wondered if Isana Yashiro and Reisi Munakata were aware of this.

Even if they were aware of it, they wouldn't be able to fix it. The flaw is too fundamental. If they can hit their trump card there, even if there is an overwhelming difference in strength, they would have a good chance of winning.

Nagare looked down into the gap, toward the floating hologram.

A swarm of inorganic data simply reflects reality. Nagare, whose limbs were sealed, had his first weapon, "Information". Nagare knew that deciphering it and accumulating it would lead to a dream.

And now...

His dream is within reach.

As he stared at him, Nagare silently took the last step.

"Ordered by the "Green King" authority. Mission 1224, activated."

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As expected of "Tokijikuin", what they prepared in the basement of the Mihashira Tower was a very spacious conference room.

Being there reminds him of the "Chabudai Conference". He remembers being crammed into a room in a student dormitory until he was suffocating. Well, he was the one who suggested that, but it was still nice to have a wide space.

Coff-coff, clearing her throat, Shiro let out a cheerful voice.

"Hey. Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for joining us. How are you?"

Now, in front of Shiro, are the two clans.

One is the Red Clan, "Homura". They are sitting on the right side of the conference room, looking at him with dark eyes.

The other is the Blue Clan, "Scepter 4". They are sitting on the left side of the conference room, looking at him with cold eyes.

At them, who seemed to be slightly dissatisfied, Shiro smiled,

"It doesn't look very good. Considering my position as the "Silver King", I don't think you'll openly object, but I wonder, are you a little dissatisfied with the fact that I'm calling you over and over again?"

"Something like that."

Misaki Yata, the executive of "Homura", said so with bitterness.

"If you get it, why don't you help out a bit? We're the only ones fighting the green guys, right?!"

Yata's words are also valid, and the Silver Clan has not contributed at all to the current cleanup operation against the "Jungle" of the "Chabudai Alliance". Shiro was worried about deciphering the materials they received, and neither Kuro nor Neko would leave Shiro.

Shiro scratched his head and said, "No."

"I don't have the words to answer when you say that, but thanks to that I got some information, so I wonder if you'll forgive me."

Then Kusanagi raised his hand.

"Uh, "Silver King". May I speak?"

"Of course, Kusanagi-san."

"First of all, the main premise is that the Green Clan will come to this Mihashira Tower to take the "Slate". There's no doubt about that, right?"

Shiro narrowed his eyes and nodded gravely.

"That's right. The "Green King", Nagaru Hisui, said so himself. That's not a hoax or a trick. It's a declaration of war against us, the "Chabudai Alliance".

After that, he turned his gaze towards "Scepter 4".

"And if the Green Clan gets the "Slate", which the Lieutenant... no... The order in this world that the "Gold King" and the "Blue King" have worked so hard to maintain will likely collapse. At best, it would cease to be the world we know. Because..."

After taking a deep breath, Shiro announced.

"They, the Green Clan, want to give all of humanity the power of the "Slate".

For a moment, the place was noisy.

Grant the power of the "Slate" to all of humanity. That is, all human beings will possess supernatural powers. Much destruction will be wrought by those who cannot control their supernatural powers. There are likely a myriad of people who abuse their supernatural powers. The tense expression of "Scepter 4" vividly expressed that threat. If that happens, your business will collapse in an instant.

Kusanagi looked at "Scepter 4" with compassionate eyes, then looked back at Shiro.

"Both us, the Red Clan and the Blue Clan members who are waiting, there shouldn't be a single person who doubts your status as "King". However, whether or not you have the ability and ability to wield this kind of strategy is a different matter. To be honest, I think people are worried about it."

Neko behind Shiro got irritated.

"Hmm! Shiro is amazing!"

Kuro, who was also waiting, stopped her.

"Enough, Neko. Kusanagi Izumo, it may sound like I'm being biased, but this man has the ability to do just that. He's smart, he has the ability to lead and make decisions."

"Kuro, thank you."

Shiro smiled at the trust he received from the two of them, and then turned to Kusanagi.

"And Kusanagi-san as well. I'm sure you dared to represent everyone's feelings, right? Well, the reason why I'm in command of this interception operation is simple. Because I know all about the specifications of the "Green King" Hisui Nagare."

Yata stood up as if he couldn't take it,

"Hey, you! What does that mean? I heard that the "Green King" is a guy who rarely appears? Maybe you don't even have a connection to them!"

Kuro's eyebrows rose at Yata's almost abusive words, but Shiro suppressed it with his hands.

"That's right. You're right, he keeps his own information very secret. As expected of a "King" who rules the network. His origins, appearance, abilities, age, and even gender are unknown. But there is only one person who met Hisui Nagare in person."

"What's that?"

Nodding to Awashima's soft murmur, Shiro operated a PDA.

Behind him, projected on the widescreen, was a gigantic, muscular old man with bare copper-colored skin, and a young man in a straitjacket stood before him.

Awashima let out a surprised voice.

"His Excellency?! No way, who is that person?"

"Yes. Simply put, the "Green King" Hisui Nagaru once challenged the "Golden King" Daikaku Kokujoji. And all by himself."

Once again the place was in an uproar.

Shiro operated the PDA without caring and played the video. As the "Golden King" and the never-before-seen "Green King" began to move on the screen, the shock turned into awe-inspiring silence. They all stared at the image.

Shiro continued to speak nonchalantly.

"I have all the recorded images from that time. I received the data from the Lieutenant and heard the story from the Lieutenant himself."

Awashima raised her hand as she focused her gaze on the video.

"May I speak, "Silver King"?"

"Of course, Awashima-san. And for me, Shiro, please."

"Ok, Shiro-san. Frankly, I can't believe it. Why did the "Green King" fight such a reckless battle?"

Shiro looked at the screen again.

Nagare kicked at the gravel and jumped. Shaking his claws of glowing green energy, he leaped at Kokujoji.

"Maybe he wasn't reckless. Because even though he was defeated in the end, for a while he turned the strongest "King" against him and had a close fight."

Kokujoji's fist smashed into Nagare's chest.

Nagare's body went flying like a bullet. He bounced as he drew a green trajectory, was sucked into the distant darkness and disappeared.

The video stopped there.

In the middle of the silence, someone muttered.

"Is this... the "Green King"?"

It was the first appearance of the "enemy" they saw. He is not some random clansman who gets cut if he gets caught. The culprit of all the incidents that are happening now, the figure of the enemy "King" that they must eventually face and defeat.

"Hisui Nagare's reason for launching that abnormal attack is also very strong. It's a throwaway line after losing, but he said, "I tried to challenge the big boss"."

"He is a child!"

"What a dumb guy."

Hearing Yata and Fushimi mutter, Shiro smiled.

"That's right. Hisui Nagare is different. He plans things so carefully and meticulously that no one notices, but he also puts his childish ideas into practice. But that's why his actions are unpredictable."

Shiro went back to fiddling with the PDA. What was projected on the screen was the result of his efforts to trace Nagare's traces, a follow-up investigation of "Tokijikuin".

"Tokijikuin" is a system that is in the center of this country, and its tracking ability is as good as "Scepter 4". However, even with them, they were unable to capture Hisui Nagare's existence.

"Barely escaping from the "Golden King", the "Green King" disappeared from the main stage. The reason they haven't moved until now is because the Lieutenant was there. But the Lieutenant is gone now."

Shiro shook his head and chased away the thoughts that were about to spring from his mind.

"That's why I want to be in command of the operation this time. I also know how to defeat Hisui Nagare. The "Green King" is very strong, but he is not an opponent you can never defeat. But that requires the cooperation of all of you."

He looked around with a sincere look.

The two clans looked at each other in confusion. They can understand the importance of the information that Shiro brought, but they don't know if he is okay to hand over the command.

"But, even if you say so..."

"I will."

Anna cut him off.

"Eh?"

"Anna...?"

Kusanagi and Yata looked at Anna questioningly.

But their "Queen" did not look back at her subjects. Indifferent, and therefore with sheer determination, she spoke clearly.

"I will. I can't leave them alone."

With that alone, "Homura"'s mind seemed to have made up its mind.

Kusanagi, Yata, Kamamoto and the rest of the members, there was no one who disagreed with that determination. No one has forgotten what the Green Clan did to them.

"I see. Then you don't have to say anything else. "Silver King"... no, Shiro-san, the Red Clan will cooperate with you."

"Thank you."

At Kusanagi's words, Shiro returned a smile and turned his gaze to "Scepter 4".

"What about the Blue Clan?"

Munakata crossed his arms and was deep in thought.

Since he entered that room, he hadn't said a word. Since he has been the one who has led the fight against "Jungle" up to now, his silent attitude was even creepy.

When Munakata suddenly opened his eyes, he said in a low voice.

"It depends on the content of the strategy."

Shiro smiled. It doesn't seem to be a case of rejection. If so, there is still a chance to get cooperation.

"Makes sense. Then I'll explain it to you now, Kuro."

"I understand."

Kuro nodded, and when he operated the PDA, the image on the screen behind him changed again. What appeared there were the figures of two people.

Mishakuji Yukari and Gojou Sukuna.

The rankers who are considered to be the most powerful force in "Jungle".

"In fact, it is not Hisui Nagare himself who becomes the heart of the Green Clan's battle. These two are Mishakuji Yukari and Gojou Sukuna. I want you to remember their faces well. Our first goal is to prevent these two from working. Ok? For that..."

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"Well, lately, I haven't been able to."

"Kerun" murmured as he moved the straw in his mouth.

"Jema", who was playing with his PDA, just looked up and said nothing. He continued to operate enthusiastically as if to say that there is something more important than that, and then made a small gesture with his fist.

"Ok, sure."

"Uh, what? What mission?"

Throwing away his apathetic attitude, "Kerun" leaned forward.

"No, I don't know. The mission is to send a lot of emails."

"What is that? How much are the points?"

"Five."

"Trash!"

Looking up at the sky, he exclaimed loudly and "Kerun" leaned back on the couch.

"Jema" is gloomy, but nothing to complain about. He agreed that this mission was rubbish. He tossed the PDA onto the table and leaned back against the couch.

Both are "Jungle" users.

They're both G-Rank, and they're probably around the age of college students. The reason why he went "gloomy" is that neither of them has revealed his actual age. He doesn't even know his real name. They get along well and have the same ability, so they always hang out, but their connection is only in "Jungle", and their actual status has no meaning.

Using that restaurant as a place to hang out, they have lived a satisfying "Jungle" life, chatting about irrelevant things and going on delicious quests.

"...The other day, it failed."

"Jema" is who was talking about. "Kerun" nodded as he chewed on the straw.

"That's right. There are many users who say they lost a lot of money because of "Five"."

"The other day"... that's the full-scale mission, "Mission 2086".

"Jungle" got excited about the quest issued by the Highest Ranker, "Five". Not only was it a large-scale quest straight from a Ranker, but the points distributed were huge. They were inundated like bugs in sweet juice with quests that rewarded 100 or 200 points for just a few tasks.

Both "Jema" and "Kerun" fell into the category of those missions that made them feel good. They did something a bit illegal, but the rewards you get from this game are full of charm, regardless of the existing rules.

And yet, the reason "Mission 2086" is a bitter memory for them is because, in the end, that mission failed in the final stages.

"That's right. There was an idiot who tried to hunt the "Red King" and the "Blue King" together."

"Oh, yes, I thought it was the name of a jewel, but... because you messed it up so much, both the Reds and Blues got really angry."

"Seriously, don't be silly. And in the end, aren't we the ones who pay for it?"

The straw that he spat out rolled across the table and touched

"Jema's" PDA. "Jema" made a disgusted face and took his PDA and wiped it with a wet towel.

"Since then, most of the larger missions have failed. "Kazimun" and "Four" were also arrested."

"Really? Those guys are U-Rank dealers, right? The Blues have no mercy."

"It's better than getting caught by the red guys. Rumor has it they'll be half dead."

"Hah, not good anymore. What's that ending? Isn't it game over for "Jungle"?"

"Kerun" shrugged and said that cynically.

"Jungle" is a clan with thin ties. In a world where it is natural to use others and kick others, the sense of belonging to the clan itself is low. In the current situation where there are no

delicious quests and you can get caught if you do something wrong, the worst part of the dissatisfaction goes to the official higher levels of "Jungle".

"Well, let's wait and see. Let's find another interesting game."

"Ok. Can I make a report too?"

"I've never seen you do that."

"No way, I'm doing it at home! This is probably a secret base for "Jungle". I keep my work and play separate."

At that time, the two PDAs issued a notification at the same time.

"Eh?"

"What...?"

The two looked at the PDA at the same time and stiffened.

The popup shows:

"1224 Mission Activation Emitter: H.N."

H.N.

If there is a middle or upper rank who doesn't know his name, he is definitely a fool. The abbreviation for "command name" is the name indicating the pinnacle of "Jungle", the "Green King".

"The "Green King", directly, a mission?"

"It's been years, how is that...?!"

"Kerun" and "Jema" quickly opened the application screen and began to devour the details of the mission. As the story progressed, the faces of the two became more and more red.

"What is this, aren't reward points weird?!"

"500 points for just one transport mission! He must have made a mistake!"

"No, but it's real because it has an official electronic seal! Even if something goes wrong, I'm sure the points will be paid!"

"Hey, is there something like 1000-3000 here?! Seriously, I don't know what this means, huh?!"

A little further, there was an explosion. The waitress who brought the water had dropped the tray. "Oh, sorry!" The waitress said, tilting her head, and she quickly began to pick up the broken glass, which, of course, they did not notice. There's no way you can afford to notice a petty accident when gold is scattered in front of you.

"For now, let's go! Whoever can do it in pairs will request acceptance of the mission!"

"Ok! I'll apply for the next mission now! First come, first served!"

Grabbing the slip, the two of them hastily left their seats. The bright eyes in their eyes had already removed the sense of stagnation they had felt before.

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In the empty conference room, Shiro breathed out silently.

The strategy meeting ended successfully. Both "Homura" and "Scepter 4" agreed to follow Shiro's instructions, and most of the clansmen have now come out to take positions. The only people left in the conference room are the "Red and Blue Kings" and the business class members, such as Kusanagi, Fushimi, and Awashima.

First, the first stage.

He managed to gain the trust of his "friends". They will act according to Shiro's strategy.

However, there are still many things to worry about.

Kusanagi and Anna then approached Shiro.

"Hey, Shiro-san. I think the strategy makes sense. Let's do our best together."

Izumo Kusanagi. Shiro considers him the balancer of the makeshift "Chabudai Alliance" as an executive of "Homura". In the previous question and answer session, he took the initiative to raise questions that other members might have. Thanks to that, the exchange after that was pretty smooth.

"Thank you, Kusanagi-san."

"But are you sure? The members of the "Jungle" clan are just two people who are getting on board, what's going on?"

That question, too, was probably something that came from "Homura" instead of him. Shiro nodded.

"Yes. As I explained earlier, those two are the only people Hisui Nagare really trusts. Other members of the clan are probably used for diversionary operations to save manpower against "Scepter 4". A mission has already been launched for that purpose."

"Mission 1224" has multiple meanings. Disruption of "Scepter 4", improvement of lower clan members by dispersing a large number of points, and above all a declaration of war against the "Chabudai Alliance".

With a snort, Kusanagi looked into his PDA.

"Huh, "Mission 1224". How nice of you to let us know when you're going to hit the road to attack us."

"I thought of a line called a hook, but it probably isn't. Hisui Nagare probably won't do such tricks at this stage. On this day, he must come from the front. "Homura", together with "Scepter 4", should form a blocking line. Please, Anna."

"Leave it to me."

The little "Queen" nodded silently. Although she is a girl, the willpower that dwells in her eyes is comparable to that of any "King". The current "Red King" will surely become a good "Queen".

That's what Shiro thought, and even though it was before the battle, he felt a relief.

"...By the way, what do you think of him?"

Kusanagi suddenly said that.

Following his line of sight, Munakata was standing on the other side of the conference room.

Next to him is Fushimi Saruhiko, an executive. He looks like he was giving an order for something, but he couldn't hear it from there. However, just the cold expression in his profile left a terrible impression on him.

"He never spoke his mind. I wonder if we can trust him."

"I don't know. But it's the only way to win. That's how powerful the opponent is."

For Shiro, the "Chabudai Alliance" is a friend. Probably for Anna too.

But for Reisi Munakata, it's different. The "Chabudai Alliance" is a partner in the fight, and more importantly, it is nothing more than an "enemy of the enemy."

After completing the request, Munakata left the conference room. Looking at that back, Anna muttered.

"Reisi..."

"Furthermore, that person has been holding the "Slate" only since the Lieutenant passed away. Therefore, the load is heavy and the consumption is heavy. No wonder he is being cautious."

As he said that, Shiro also narrowed his eyes at Munakata's back.

"The "Slate" will allow humans to evolve without limit unless it is controlled by the power of the "King". Munakata-san took over the job previously done by the Lieutenant. We, especially me, must thank him."

How much weight is on his back? Despite being injured and overwhelmed, Munakata tries to carry the "Slate" alone, without anyone helping him. It is not an exaggeration to say that now that the "Golden King" is dead, the order of the world depends only on him.

That's why Shiro hopes someone will stay by his side. It would be great if there was someone he could take on, even a small part of that great responsibility. He couldn't do that himself, but even so, the "King" needed such an existence.

The "King" is also a human being.

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"Well then, I'll give you the rest."

Munakata said that as he entered the elevator leading to the "Slate Room".

Fushimi remained silent and did not reply. Until the moment the elevator door closed, he continued to look at Munakata. Munakata said nothing more either and looked at him with a cold expression.

As the elevator began to move, Fushimi finally let out a click of his tongue.

Turning on his heel and walking down the corridor, Fushimi pondered on the order he had just received.

Since he joined "Scepter 4" until now, he has received numerous requests. There were many orders that were out of common sense, and Fushimi was able to carry them out despite his complaints. Because he could predict the importance of that order and the extent of its effect.

However, this time the order was canceled once.

Fushimi had no idea what would happen if he followed him. But Munakata must have seen it. A vision of how things will play out after that.

Because he is the "King".

They were chosen by the "Slate" and move the world itself with their superhuman macroscopic vision and abilities. Fushimi and other members of the clan are nothing more than pieces. There is no need for the cogs connecting the gigantic mechanism of the "King" and the world to understand the whole, that makes Fushimi irritated.

"If it's you, you won't hesitate."

Munakata didn't even change his expression and said it clearly. He knew he looked that way, but he was quite refreshing to be told so boldly. He even made him think that he might have gotten into "Scepter 4" in anticipation of that order.

Traitor.

Fushimi's mouth formed a smile that seemed to rise.

Excellent. Such a role is suitable for him. Not because he sees himself as such, but because it's the most effective. Fushimi decided to carry out the order.

"Fushimi."

He stopped when his name was called.

Before he knew it, Vice Commander Seri Awashima was in front of him.

"What are you doing? Hurry up and go to your post."

"I know. I'm about to go now."

The function assigned to the Fushimi post, by Isana Yashiro, was to manage the battlefield from the outer command vehicle. Analyze the information, divide the enemy and lead the battle trend as desired. Although they are not on the front line, there is no doubt that they play a very important role.

Fushimi believes that he will always be watching.

Fushimi's ability doesn't shine in a group. Fushimi's strength lies in observing, analyzing, and remotely controlling the crowd.

He can't deny what the "King" does. No, but it is also true that he is irritating.

He let out a small huff and was about to walk past Awashima.

"Wait."

Awashima stopped him again.

He wondered what it was, and when he turned his eyes, he was greeted with a questioning look.

Awashima remained silent for a moment, as if she chose her words, but when she finally opened her mouth...

"The Captain did he seem okay?"

She asked that.

"Eh?"

When he involuntarily raised his eyebrows and asked back, Awashima's cheeks were unusually red. As she muttered nonsense words like "no" and "it", her gaze wandered in the air.

"This is the decisive battle between "Jungle" and us. The Captain's condition is directly related to the success or failure of the strategy. From your point of view, is the Captain alright?"

Fushimi was stunned. He only knew one thing.

"Aside from being fine, he wouldn't do something like this if he didn't have a chance to win, right?"

"I see. You're right."

As he said that, Awashima looked down anxiously. Seeing that, Fushimi felt a pain in the side of his stomach. "King" is the same as the sky or the sea. It is beyond human control. Even if he was worried that the sky would fall, it was literally a baseless worry, but it seems that even a person as smart as Awashima couldn't understand it.

Although, the sky can fall and the sea can dry up.

There are also times when the "King" falls apart.

Still, Fushimi's conclusion remained unchanged. "King" is "King" and man is man. If the time came for him to break down, there was nothing they could do. It was just a waste of time to fight.

Even if he said that, Awashima's trembling expression would not change. Fushimi thought it was a bother, so he casually said...

"And if something happens, the Vice commander should do something about it. He seems to only trust you."

".....!"

Awashima's eyes widened and then she clenched her fists as if she was ready for something.

"Oh, it's true!"

(It's easy, this person.)

So he thought, but of course he didn't say it.

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The sun went down and the night grew.

"Outside" is, oddly enough, Christmas Eve. The eve of the savior's birth.

Gorgeous illuminations, lively crowds, and laughing voices. That kind of happy scenery is nowhere to be found in this building. All the windows and doors are covered with steel

barricades, and the interior is packed with countless barriers and traps. In contrast to the celebrations in the outside world, this place has a pre-war silence.

However, the silence gradually began to fade.

One by one, like a flash of light in the darkness of the night, those reports were sent to the Mihashira Tower.

A mysterious group is holding a mask parade in Yodomiya.

It is said that a threatening letter was sent stating that a bomb had been planted in the Tsubakimon government office building.

According to legend, a robbery by a masked group occurred in Shizume.

All these are psychic crimes that "Scepter 4" should deal with. According to the protocol that Munakata had promulgated beforehand, those crimes should be solved by the ordinary members. He doesn't know how it turned out in reality. The Special Forces, who can quickly respond to unforeseen circumstances, cannot move from that location now.

If this place is controlled, this country, no, the order of this world will collapse.

And then the vanguard appeared without being too flabbergasted.

"In front of the main gate, the members of the Green Clan, Mishakuji Yukari and Gojou Sukuna, have been seen!"

A surveillance camera attached to the front door showed their appearance. One is a small child and the other is a tall young man. Both steps are light, and not the slightest tension can be seen to go to the decisive battle now. As if enjoying a night walk, the two of them slowly approached each other.

A green blade flashed in Sukuna's hand.

"I'm going to hurry up!"

Like a wolf unleashed, Sukuna began to run. The close-up of Mishakuji and Kotosaka, they noticed the camera and smiled and waved their hands, and then the surveillance camera footage stopped.

"It seems that all 4 surveillance cameras have been destroyed!"

A rippling wave of agitation swept through the "Scepter 4", which surrounded the invaders inside the main gate. The "Silver King" had already predicted this situation, but even they had doubts as to whether it would come true.

"From the front... How reckless."

"That's why we have confidence in our power."

Hearing voices whispering one after the other, Awashima stepped forward and raised her voice.

"They're coming... All members, draw your swords!"

"Yes!"

On command, the members of the Special Forces unleashed their sabers. The experts who have dealt with numerous crimes with supernatural powers stared at the front door with a tense expression.

Suddenly, the front door exploded.

Two shadows rushed forward, easily breaking through the fire shutters reinforced with military barricades. Gojou Sukuna and Mishakuji Yukari. They are the two best ranked rankers that "Jungle" has.

Mishakuji walked with magnificent steps as if he had just appeared at a party.

"Merry Christmas! I have come to receive the "Slate"."

"So number 2, Seri Awashima, is the only one who seems to be able to score points!"

Saying that with a horrible smile, Sukuna rushed straight towards Awashima. Of course, Awashima has nothing to fear. Gojou Sukuna, who emphasized "points", was already expected to target her. She didn't mean to come up with a silly game, but if she limits the other person's actions, she'll use it.

"All Members! The Match Begins!"

"Yes!"

Special Forces are deployed to the left and right of Awashima. Surrounding Sukuna from three directions and defeating him. Seeing the absolutely unfavorable situation, Sukuna smiled like a warrior beast.

"Scepter 4" misjudged Gojou Sukuna's characteristics. He wasn't just a battle junkie who liked to fight. Unfavorable battles and boss battles with a high degree of difficulty are the most exciting. Sukuna was that kind of player.

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A loud sound coming from below marked the beginning of the battle.

Explosive sounds, crushing sounds and cutting sounds The sounds are so diverse that it is hard to believe that there are only two enemies. The situation below can be monitored from where Shiro is, but so far the damage is progressing within the expected range.

Standing next to Shiro and looking at the monitor, Kuro said in a low voice.

"Looks like it's started."

The images on the monitor clearly conveyed the inferiority of "Scepter 4". Unable to withstand Sukuna's attack and Mishakuji's sharpened offensive, it seems they were falling behind.

"Shiro. I have absolute confidence in your strategy, but is it alright? Leave the first floor alone to the Blue Clan."

Shiro silently shook his head at Kuro's concerned question.

"As I explained in the strategy meeting, the first thing we should do is interfere as much as we can with those two... the envoys of the "Green King". Their goal is to reduce our strength. We'll do the opposite. I told Awashima-san to fall back at an appropriate point. It's okay."

As if she heard Shiro's words, Awashima started issuing retreat orders on the monitor. Withdraw in an orderly manner while maintaining formation. This is a feat that would not be possible if it weren't for "Scepter 4", which focuses on control tactics.

"The real thing is when the "Green King" comes out. Conversely, does that limit the amount of time the "Green King" can move?"

"That's right. That "King" is certainly close to being the strongest. I don't know if I, the "Blue King", and the "Red King" could win even if we try our best. No, on the contrary, I think it can even overwhelm the people in this building by itself. However, it doesn't take long for it to exert its power. In a nutshell..."

Shiro raised a finger.

"If we exhaust everyone and let the "Green King" run out of time, we win. If they reach the "Slate" before time runs out and steal it, we lose."

"I see."

Kuro nodded silently, and then Neko appeared.

"Hey, Shiro. It's kind of funny."

Kuro lowered his head in amazement.

"What are you talking about?"

"Because there's Shiro and Kurosuke. All together. They're all working so hard together. Wagahai, my heart feels tight."

Then, Neko opened her arms and hugged Shiro and Kuro together.

"I think it's alright. Nyahahaha."

"My gosh, you're such an airhead as always."

Kuro laughed helplessly, and Shiro also hugged Neko's body and laughed.

"Yes. That's right. We're all good together. Let's celebrate Christmas in a big way."

"Yes!"

Neko's energetic response echoed with the sounds of the battle below.

(Yes. It's okay. It should be okay.)

With a smile on her face, Neko desperately tried not to listen to the voice that echoed from within.

From below, the sounds of the battle can be heard endlessly. The blues are fighting the greens. They're going for them, she believed. As for the blue ones, frankly speaking, Neko didn't like them very much, but now she wants them to do their best. She wishes them good luck, and she wants them to win.

She wants the greens to get out of there.

The sound of battle was getting closer. To Neko's ears, they sounded like footsteps. The sound of "it" approaching. An "it" with an eye that never loses even the slightest hole, far away.

She heard it from inside her. It is the sound of knocking on the door. Inside her, a door that shouldn't exist was being knocked on. Someone was trapped there. She walked out of here, screaming to remember, knocking on the door.

Neko pretended not to hear it.

She put more strength into her arms that hugged them both. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to keep smiling. Like a child huddled in her house waiting for the thunder to stop, she went still and rigid.

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At some point, the excitement of the battle began to turn to frustration.

As Sukuna advanced, the enemy fell back the same distance, maintaining their formation. At first, Sukuna realized that was just a ruse.

As proof of this, no one has yet beaten the other player. The damage is dealt steadily, but just as they are about to finish, an exquisite obstacle appears.

Even now, as he was about to stab the collapsing blues with a sickle, another one rushed in from the side.

"Scepter 4". Vice Commander, Awashima Seri, is the most troublesome, Sukuna clucked. She carefully observed the overall situation of the battle and made accurate and quick decisions. If it weren't for Awashima, the enemy camp would have collapsed long ago.

In that case, he would just finish that first.

"Yukari! It's Awashima!"

When he gave an order to attack from the left, Mishakuji turned from the right with the same breath. Sukuna cornered Awashima with explosive acceleration using the extraordinary "Burst Dash" application. Sukuna bared his teeth and smiled as he brandished his scythe.

"I'll get those points!"

At that moment, Awashima screamed.

"Now, Fushimi!"

Along with multiple ejection sounds, his vision was dark and blocked. The acceleration of "Burst Dash" couldn't be stopped right away, and Sukuna lost his balance from being caught by it and rolled awkwardly on the ground.

"Dammit, what is this?!"

He swung his scythe blindly and tried to cut it, but couldn't even move his limbs. Just when he realized it was a catching net, he heard Mishakuji's voice from outside.

"Don't move if you don't want to hurt yourself, Sukuna-chan."

Almost at the same time that he cringed, several sword flashes ran and his vision opened up brightly.

The net that was cut to pieces by Mishakuji's sword danced around Sukuna, who was on his buttocks. Mishakuji snorted at Sukuna, who was frozen with wide eyes.

"Are you okay? Shall I give you a hand?"

"No!"

Red-faced, Sukuna stood up and readied the scythe again.

While Sukuna was being restrained, the opponent was setting up their formation. Retreating further into the hallway from the front door, Awashima yelled.

"Come on!"

The reason why the blood rushed to his head was because he was aware that she had once exposed him to something unpleasant.

"You make me sick! You're a small-time character though!"

Mishakuji's high-pitched voice stopped Sukuna, who was about to use the extraordinary app again.

"Sukuna! Don't chase her!"

"But!"

"You know where we should be heading right?!"

Mishakuji pointed a finger above his head, and Kotosaka also flapped his wings in agreement.

"Up, up!"

"Our job this time is to pave the way for Nagare-chan, who can only fight for a limited time."

He clicked his tongue. He was maddening, but it was just as Mishakuji said.

"It's certainly not the time to use resources in a place like this."

He took a deep breath and regain his composure. It was none other than his own mistake that he got caught up in the opponent's plan. Mistakes are mistakes, and repeating them without understanding them is hopelessly clumsy. Thinking so, Sukuna once again directed his attention to "Scepter 4".

They all held up their sabers and turned their eyes full of fighting spirit towards them. But they never tried to attack them themselves.

With just that, it seemed that the intentions of the other side could be seen. Don't attack aggressively and set up a trap while blocking that attack. It's a perfect delay tactic. Sukuna clicked his tongue again at that impatience.

Mishakuji smiled slightly and took a step forward.

"Fufu. You seem to be making a lot of plans, but it's no use. After all, you are the bright green of "Jungle" and the beautiful flowers that bloom there are my food."

Mishakuji struck a strange pose as he moved his body like a stage actor.

"It's only a foil!"

He exclaimed very happily.

Feeling embarrassed to see his partner's embarrassment, Sukuna turned his gaze to "Scepter 4", but there was no one there. Even though Mishakuji is in his own world, they will probably go ahead with his own tactics.

"Oh, yes. Let's move on."

After saying that and starting to walk, Mishakuji stopped his pose as if nothing had happened and followed Sukuna. Sukuna started heading towards the stairs as he thought about how he could do something like that, even though he had full confidence in his abilities.

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"Seriously, you have a useful power, the new "Red King". With this, you can communicate without worrying about the intervention of the green ones."

Putting a red marble in his palm, Shiro muttered so.

The red marble pulsates slightly and emits a slight heat. This marble, which all members of the "Chabudai Alliance" have, is the medium for Anna's network of supernatural powers.

Not only images and sounds, but also thoughts can be transmitted instantly. This power, which was like an expansion of Anna's sentience when she was Strain, was the cornerstone of this operation.

If the other side is winning with individual strength, it is a good plan to suppress it with numbers and cooperation.

With his eyes closed, Shiro spoke to the marble with his mind.

"Mishakuji Yukari and Gojou Sukuna have launched an invasion. Everyone, please follow the plan, ok?"

That voice reached Anna's consciousness and spread throughout the "Chabudai Alliance". The members of "Homura" lift their spirits. Although out of print, "Scepter 4" still has a strong fighting spirit. And...

Munakata, who was motionless in the "Slate Room", looked at Shiro through the net.

"Now. If possible, I would like things to go according to Isana Yashiro's plan."

Shiro smiled wryly. There was no anger. When the line is drawn so clearly, it's quite refreshing.

Also, apart from Munakata, Shiro had a firm trust in him. Maintain order in this world and strive for its functioning. Reisi Munakata, who tries to do it out of a sense of responsibility rather than selfishness, is similar to Daikaku Kokujoji.

The fact that Munakata is standing on the last line is a great relief for Shiro. As he said, if things go according to Shiro's expectations, then it's fine. Even if something unexpected happens, it will definitely happen. As long as Hisui Nagare isn't stupid, Munakata will do something about it. Somewhat irresponsibly, Shiro decided to think so.

And now...

The image of a "Jungle" member breaking through a blocking net that was placed ten and twenty times in a straight line appeared in Shiro's mind.

"Mishakuji, Gojou, both, captured by the security camera on the 10th floor!"

"I understand. Manually activate the defensive equipment inside Mihashira Tower as planned."

At the same time, in the command car of "Scepter 4" that was waiting outside, the scene of two members dealing with them fiercely was also sent.

Fushimi Saruhiko and Enomoto Tatsuya. He is an information warfare expert on "Scepter 4". Of course, he is no match for Hisui Nagare, who controls the electronic network, but even so, within this limited local network, he can carry out operations without interference from him.

"Entrapment 10-E +3, +4, F -4."

"Normal Entrapment Deployment Confirmation!"

"It's a whole course in suspended ceilings, traps, and electric shock. Please dance at least."

After taking control of Mihashira Tower, the numerous barriers and traps created were activated one after another by Fushimi and Enomoto. Enomoto glanced sideways at Fushimi's smiling face.

But...

"Everything is broken!"

Those obstacles didn't seem to stop him. As he brandished his sword while humming, Mishakuji easily broke through the barricades that stood in his way and the traps that attacked him. It was like navigating an uninhabited field.

The smile disappeared from Fushimi's face and he clicked his tongue.

"Tsk. After all, this level won't stop you. So..."

Again, Fushimi began to write at breakneck speed. He was trying to catch Mishakuji and Sukuna jumping on the hierarchical map like tops with his fingertips.

"Entrapment 11-D -3, -4, -5, 2-S +4, +5, 9-Z full yards."

In the video, traps that are a bit more radical than before (flash grenades, rubber bullets, high-pressure water cannons, and tear gas bombs) appear one after another and attack the two of them. Mishakuji and Sukuna turned left and right and began destroying the traps while repelling and dodging those attacks.

But that's what they're there for.

As Fushimi pressed the last key, a huge blind came down, dividing the room in two. In the video, Sukuna and Mishakuji stopped their feet and turned to the shutter in surprise. Multi-alloy reinforced shutters block even tank shells. Not even they can break it.

"Entrapment Deployment Confirmed! Mishakuji, Gojou, both have been successfully separated! However, the damage seems to be extremely small for both of them."

"Monsters."

Fushimi spat that out. According to the plan, he was supposed to wear them down a bit more, but it didn't seem to be going so well. Fushimi began selecting the traps to activate next as he called out their predicted routes that had started moving again.

Those shows were fully shared with "Homura" who was waiting upstairs.

Anna's heightened sense makes it, like different parts of a single body, tied to a vast consciousness. If "Homura" is the right hand, "Scepter 4" is the left hand, one of Fushimi's fingers.

Lighting a cigarette and exhaling purple smoke, Kusanagi said in admiration.

"A plan to divide and guide two powerful individuals individually, surrounding and exhausting Gojou Sukuna with our Red Clan and Mishakuji Yukari with our Silver Clan. It would not have been possible without Fushimi's ability to master and perfectly operate the security equipment of this building. Right, Yata-chan?"

The dialogue pointed towards him and Yata turned irritated.

"Kusanagi-san. I even admit that he has his skills in this."

Fushimi was removed from the combatant list this time because his information processing ability was outstanding even among the "Chabudai Alliance". Although he has Anna's support, he has so far been able to guide those two non-standard people. It's "Homura's" job, to do the "finish off" after leading them.

"More importantly, was it about time? Is the child in charge of us coming?"

"Really. That's all thanks to Shiro. That brat owes me a lot."

With a fighting spirit on his face, Yata slammed his fist into his palm. Fushimi support is annoying but useful. If he failed to defeat the cornered enemy, he doesn't know what kind of disapproval he would do. With that thought, Yata turned his gaze towards the direction the enemy was supposed to come from.

At that moment, the barricade was cut into a cross.

"Here we go!"

With a warning voice echoing, Yata charged the staff in his hand with red supernatural power.

A tall shadow appeared from behind the clouds of smoke.

"Eh?"

To all appearances, he was not a child. For some reason, the man whose entire body was drenched with water brushed his hair as if to remove the dripping water droplets and looked at them.

"Oh? Are you my partner?"

Saying so, Mishakuji Yukari pointed his sword at him.

"Hey! This is not the brat, Saru!"

When he involuntarily yelled, the counter argument returned without delay.

"Each of these guys is strong against nonsense. I was able to lead him somehow, but it's a mistake to the extent that the opponent is different! If you have any complaints, go ahead and do it yourself!"

"Well, that's correct."

Shortly, Kusanagi found himself next to Yata. With a lighter in hand, his lips smiled, but his eyes didn't. He was ready for battle.

"Nothing will change if you "suppress one". Or else, Yata-chan, why don't you try your best if you're not dealing with children?"

"Tsk! Shit, I get it!"

Gritting his teeth in frustration, Yata was still holding his staff. As Kusanagi said, he can't choose who is his opponent. His role is to defeat the enemy in front of them.

"Get ready, you green bastard! We won't let you through here!"

"Yes. I'm looking forward to it!"

With a happy smile, Mishakuji ran straight ahead and Yata gripped the staff tightly.

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The noise began to enter Anna's otherworldly web.

Perhaps because the Red Clan has begun to fight in earnest, they are worried about her support. Shiro's spirit is sensitive to how turmoil is transmitted as waves. Not surprisingly, he believed her. Even though she is a "Red King" and she is determined to fight, this was the first time she had fought an enemy equal to or better than him.

"Well, our turn is almost here."

When Shiro said in a low voice, Kuro nodded.

"Mishakuji and Gojou will be held by the entire clan, including the "King". And when the "Green King" arrives, the three "Kings"... "Silver", "Red" and "Blue" will fight against him. Surely there is no other way than this. But..."

A slight shadow fell over his expression. Shiro tilted his head and asked.

"Kuro, what's wrong?"

"Don't think I'm being foolish. If I were stronger, at least if I could fight Mishakuji Yukari on equal footing, you'd be able to fight more easily."

"Kuro."

Shiro touched Kuro on the shoulder.

"I've only heard the story, but I don't think you're inferior to Mishakuji Yukari."

"But you also said that back then."

Kuro asked back with a doubtful face. At that time, Shiro had just returned to Gakuenjima. In fact, Shiro said something to the effect that it would be easier if Kuro could compete with Mishakuji. Astonished, Shiro pondered on whether he had been worried about it for a long time.

"That was a joke. And I also said that you weren't doing your best."

Kuro was upset.

"What do you mean? I certainly did my best to deal with it. I didn't mean to cut corners."

"Yes. At that time, you still couldn't use your true power as a member of the Silver Clan."

"Silver...?"

"I certainly made you a member of the clan. But that's it. It didn't get to the point where we could use the Silver power, our supernatural ability. But now..."

Shiro put extraordinary powers into his own hands. A shimmering silver aura was transmitted from that hand to Kuro's shoulder, and Kuro's eyes widened in surprise.

"This is...?!"

"Kuro. The only thing you could use was the colorless ability. There's no way you can win against Mishakuji Yukari who uses two colors. With my power, you'll be able to fight him on equal terms for the first time."

It was as if the Silver power had turned into Kuro's self-confidence. As he confirmed the supernatural power that filled him, Kuro looked back at Shiro and nodded forcefully.

Shiro smiled quietly and added.

"Besides, I'm sure you'll really show your power more."

At that moment, Neko who had taken the form of a cat at his feet suddenly raised her head. She returned to her human form and let out a voice full of vigilance.

"Shiro! Something's getting closer!"

At last the time has come. He was ready and he had nothing to fear. Even if the opponent is the strongest Clansman.

"Is it Mishakuji Yukari? Neko. If the parrot is with him, I'll leave him to you."

"Yes! Leave it to me! I'll eat him like Christmas chicken!"

The moment the Neko bravely said that, the shutter at the entrance of the room was destroyed with a crash.

Through the hole, a small figure slowly entered. A child. Bracing a scythe with a glowing green blade on his shoulder, he looked around vigilantly.

Shiro frowned and said in a low voice.

"It's not Mishakuji Yukari. Is it Gojou Sukuna?"

In response to that voice, Sukuna looked at him. A belligerent smile appeared on his lips.

"Oh! He's the "Silver King"! I didn't expect the last boss encounter here. He was irritated with so many traps, but I'm lucky!"

"Shiro, let's do it!"

Neko, who was ready for battle, yelled and Kuro drew his sword silently. Seeing that, Sukuna's smile deepened even more. Even though it was three against one, and one of them was the "King", there was not a trace of fear in his expression, as if he was enjoying the difficulty.

"I'll make Nagare have one less thing to do. It's time to earn a lot of extra points, "Silver King"!"

"Don't believe it!"

Kuro yelled and ran off. Sukuna waved the scythe at him in response. As he looked at the two clansmen who began to fight violently, Shiro's thoughts were spinning at high speed.

However, Mishakuji Yukari and Gojou Sukuna, the two members of the clan, do not have the same abilities. Mishakuji is clearly stronger. That's why the plan was to have the silver team, including a skilled "King", against him.

It collapsed. Although war is always accompanied by unforeseen circumstances, now they must anticipate the consequences of that situation.

What about the Red Clan?

Though aware of the marbles in his hand, Shiro thought of the other clan, "Homura", that he had to deal with the powerful enemy that he was supposed to be in charge of.

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A few minutes after the battle began, "Homura" began to fall apart.

Mishakuji's attack was like lightning. By the time he seemed to arrive, he had already made up his mind. Several clansmen had already passed out and were lying on the ground. They weren't dead, but getting back into combat would be difficult.

"Bastard!"

Yata's skateboard sped up, transforming anger at his friend's defeat into speed. Rotating the flames wrapped around the staff, Yata attacked Mishakuji with the same momentum.

With a smile on his face, Mishakuji took it smoothly.

"Tsu...!"

"It's a good hit. But momentum alone won't do anything."

Swaying, Mishakuji's sword swayed as if carrying a mist. The pressure on the rod instantly disappeared and Yata felt as if all his hair stood on end. His intuition as a fighter who had been through many a rough patch told him exactly what would happen next.

Be killed.

It was Kamamoto who saved Yata from that prediction.

"Get away from Yata-san!"

With an aura pouring out from his entire body, Kamamoto launched himself into a desperate stance. The sight of a red-hot giant crashing into him is like a volcanic bomb.

Mishakuji narrowed his eyes and instantly stepped back. Kamamoto's gigantic body passed through an empty space and buried itself in the wall, creating radial cracks.

Kamamoto said out loud as he looked at Mishakuji.

"Are you alright, Yata-san?"

"Oh. You saved me, Kamamoto!"

"Hmm, I see."

Swinging his sword, Mishakuji slowly looked around the room.

While Yata and Kamamoto dealt with Mishakuji, other clansmen surrounded him. All of them were looking at Mishakuji with angry eyes.

Facing a look of anger and hostility, Mishakuji opened his arms quite happily.

"It's obvious, but it's very different from the blue boys. Even if you get hurt or fall, you'll never break and your life will shine even brighter... Fufu."

With a heartbreaking smile on his lips...

"You are beautiful!"

"Go away! Guys!"

Almost at the same time as Kusanagi's order, Mishakuji kicked the ground.

If he hadn't pushed the skateboard behind him, he probably would have been knocked over. Yata barely managed to parry Mishakuji's attack, which shot out as he spun, then turned his back on him and began to run. Kamamoto shook off his giant body and followed.

"Yata-san, it's dangerous, it's dangerous, it's dangerous!"

"Shut up and run!"

"My God, didn't you let me in?"

From behind, Mishakuji, still smiling, chases after him. Yata ground his teeth as goosebumps rose on his neck. It is completely true what the enemy said, and it is too uncomfortable to run away with a tail between your legs, even though you have fought so hard. But...

"Hurry up, Saru!"

Several blinds fell behind Yata and Kamamoto, as if they had heard the words shot into his head. Kamamoto looked back with a relieved expression.

"Hey, good! With this, for a while..."

The shutter broke and Mishakuji ran inside. Carrying a mysteriously shining sword and running while smiling charmingly, he has a terrifying beauty that is far from human.

The two fled again with all their might.

Behind Yata and Kamamoto, multiple layers of shutters blocked him. These obstacles last less than a few seconds. Mishakuji's sword pierces shutters 1, 2, and 3.

The fire bullets fell like shotguns that attacked Mishakuji.

"You failed."

Although he was taken by surprise, Mishakuji's reaction speed was still amazing. He quickly swung the sword to knock down all the bullets. Then, alert, he lowered the point of his sword and looked at the man who shot the flame.

Correcting the misalignment of his sunglasses, Kusanagi said in a relaxed tone.

"My young man, will you be with me?"

With a laugh, Mishakuji pointed his sword at Kusanagi.

"So, will you be my partner?"

"No... sorry about that."

Kusanagi turned around. The shutter came down again as if to cut into his back.

In a room surrounded by shutters on all sides, Mishakuji shrugged as he still held his sword.

"It's really endless... It's not beautiful to blatantly waste time."

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"Shit! This guy!"

Sukuna jumped again as he echoed evil.

In terms of speed alone, Sukuna could surpass Mishakuji Yukari. Irregular feints. Kuro's body reacted precisely to him approaching while preparing irregular feints. Sukuna's scythe attacked from the right, but Kuro's sword "Kotowari" stopped it and repelled it.

(My body is light... Is it because Shiro is next to me?)

Kuro's eyes widened as he saw the sword glowing silvery white. The power that springs from the depths of the body resides in the sword inherited from his master. As if to congratulate Kuro who became a member of the Silver Clan.

He thought so. This is what he wanted. He can fight for his own master. He is now standing in a place that the powerless young Kuro could never reach.

Instinctively, Kuro looked at the sword with a silver aura.

(Ichigen-sama, I am...!)

"Don't look away!"

Seeing that as an opportunity, Sukuna continued to attack. But...

"Neko!"

"Yes!"

As Neko activated his supernatural power, silvery-white bubbles began to bubble around Sukuna. Sukuna tried to shake off the waves of foam rising from under his feet and tried to get rid of it with his sickle.

"What is this?!"

That is exactly the gap. Kuro quickly approached and roughly pushed Sukuna's body with the scabbard he was holding in one hand. Sukuna twisted his body to avoid it, but all he could do was change the angle. He was shocked as he was, he rolled backwards on the ground, but immediately got to his feet.

Sukuna yelled in anger and fatigue.

"Dammit! You coward!"

"Hmph. Say what you want."

"Ah, Shiro looks bad."

Shiro and Neko lashed out with light banter, and Kuro pointed the tip of "Kotowari" directly at Sukuna. The three members of the Silver Clan are organically cooperating and supporting each other. Sukuna was his only opponent and he didn't feel like losing at all.

Suddenly, the smile disappeared from Shiro's face. Turning his Japanese umbrella around, he turned his cool gaze on Sukuna.

"Well, your activities have ended. As a fighting force, you will surely be crushed here."

Sukuna was overwhelmed by the intimidating feeling of a "King" that was unimaginable from his usual gentle demeanor.

He yelled out loud to cheer himself up.

"Do not be silly!"

In a fit of rage, Sukuna attacked Shiro with even more violent movements than before. The blow was blocked by Kuro, who immediately stepped forward. He wasn't going to let his fingertips touch Shiro. It became the sword of the "King", and it moves like a shield. At that, Kuro felt joy well up from the depths of his body.

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The wheels of the wheelchair creaked as they rolled across the marble floor.

Hisui Nagare, who had advanced to the center of the hall, looked up silently. Various sounds can be heard from the upper floor, which has been converted into an atrium. The sounds of crashing, breaking and running. Combat sounds.

Iwafune, standing next to him, spoke as if he were someone else's problem.

"Oh, you're also surprisingly good at it."

Nagare closed his eyes and tried to activate his supernatural power. Most of the electronic networks have been removed from that building, but some are still alive. He tried to control it and check the situation of the battle.

But he changed my mind.

Now he's there.

He's not the person he was when he could only look out from his underground hideout. If he feels like it, he can go anywhere. He can see the world with his own eyes, not an image as a collection of light particles.

That made him so happy that he trembled.

"Right now, the status is around 70% clear. You're a little early, Nagare."

Nagare denied those words in a calm voice.

"No, it's not too soon. I'm here to fight."

"Eh?"

Iwafune, who questioned him curiously, guessed everything just by looking at Nagare's profile.

The appearance is nothing more than the usual deadpan. However, inside, the excitement and enthusiasm of a child impatiently waiting for an excursion is about to overflow. For a long time, Iwafune, who had been with Nagare as father and son, understood that very clearly.

Iwafune said with a sigh.

"Hey, there are three "Kings" waiting for you upstairs, you know? Wait a bit longer until Yukari-chan and the others make a route."

"I'm not going to wait."

Iwafune laughed as if he had given up at Nagare's stubborn insistence.

"At this rate, you can't even hear Iwa-san, who is a surrogate father?"

"Affirmative. I will act selfishly."

"Fufu, it's time to rebel. Alright, let's go."

Nagare looked at Iwafune and smiled.

"Thank you, Iwa-san. I am grateful to you."

And so, Nagare stood up and looked up again.

There is an enemy ahead. His enemy. Enemy of "Jungle".

Hisui Nagare never had ill will towards them. He recognized the power of their as a "King", and even respected one of them.

But still...

"It is true that the combined forces of the "Silver King", "Blue King", and "Red King" are powerful. But if it is me..."

There was no wavering in the confidence that he was the strongest.

"It's an easy win!"

Then, Hisui Nagare opened his arms.

He easily broke through the straitjacket that wrapped around his body and unleashed all the supernatural powers that were sealed.

Picking up his wheelchair, Nagare began to run. Due to the "alteration" power that overflows from his body, his body transforms into lightning. With a trail of green glow, Nagare disappeared up the stairs, bounding up and down like an unleashed beast, or like a happy child.

"Well, you can enjoy it as much as you want."

The expression on Iwafune's face as he watched with narrowed eyes was just like his father's.