



K

RETURN OF KINGS  
SUZUKI SUZU / GoRA

## TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

### CHAPTER 13: THE END OF THE DREAM

As he ran through the dark passage, something bright opened again.

It was similar to the space where Mishakuji was located, but it was even higher in the ceiling and with countless huge cylinders. There was even a strict air, like an ancient Greek temple.

As he ran through the pillars, Shiro thought of Kuro whom he had left just now.

(Kuro. I believe in you.)

Mishakuji Yukari is a strong enemy. Perhaps his power will even reach the king. Facing the blade, Shiro did not confirm whether Kuro could win alone.

That's why he believes in him. That's the only thing Shiro can do.

At this moment, multiple members of the "Jungle" clan appeared from the front.

"There they are! Don't let them pass!"

The muzzle turned there at once. Looking at them, Neko who was running next to him, murmured.

"They won't defeat me!"

With the spirit, Neko drew a zigzag path, lowering herself like a four-legged beast. She jumped into the air and decided to drop the heel to the main Clansman.

"This is...!"

Other Clansmen quickly take the distance and aimed at Neko. However, they couldn't catch her literally jumping like a cat, and she was just thrown away.

At this moment, Neko's eyes were shining, and the sound of the bell echoed.

"Take this!"

"Jungle Attack!"

The Clansmen held their weapons and began to hit each other. Neko's reconnaissance operation skill and ability. Neko watched the Clansmen using their weapons to hit each other, and was satisfied.

"Neko!"

Shiro ran again as he called after her. There isn't much time left. They have to get to the "Slate" as soon as possible.

And...

Shiro suddenly saw that something strange was placed between the pillars.

A tatami with six mats. Kitchen with an old refrigerator. Various plaques in the Chabudai.

The appearance of a room, as if a family lived there, was left in a solemn underground space.

"....."

Hisui Nagare also has friends. The opponent has something that can be called family.

The fact that he knew sank into his chest.

But he can't stop. Hisui Nagare has a wish, and Shiro also has his own wish. That's completely understandable too. If there was something that could not be certified, there was only one thing to do.

Shiro and Neko arrived there.

A gigantic stone disk placed carelessly on the ground, the "Dresden Slate".

A relic that brings innovation and confusion to humanity.

And, as if to protect him, a solitary bird was there.

"It's here! It's here!"

The parrot made a sound. He had seen that parrot several times. He is a messenger of the "Green King" named Kotosaka.

Then, the young man with Kotosaka on his shoulder slowly stood up.

"...Hisui Nagare."

Hearing Shiro's words, the young "Green King" Hisui Nagare smiled silently. Neko nodded and snuggled into Shiro.

Nagare looked at him and silently opened his mouth.

"First King, Adolf K. Weismann, Isana Yashiro. Welcome."

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Mishakuji gently narrowed his eyes as his sword flickered slowly.

Kuro's sword in front of him doesn't seem to be as shaken as before. Unfazed by Mishukaji's brilliant move, he is trying to discern the true nature of him.

Mishakuji freely admired that state.

"Good. Although it contains great power, it is as calm as the surface of a lake. I can see your growth."

In response, Kuro replied in a low voice.

"...I've finally begun to see it too. It may seem like your sword can change shape, but there is a core running through it. The core that sustains the strength."

Mishakuji chuckled and readjusted his "Ayamachi".

"It's a strange destiny. Although we grew up under the same "king", we each received different "kings" and now our paths cross this way. It's wonderful."

Once upon a time, when they were wielding swords together under the tutelage of Miwa Ichigen, did they ever think that something like this would happen?

At the very least, it is true that the current Kuro has become an attractive enemy. There aren't many people he wants to kill from the bottom of his heart.

Mishakuji was happy about that, regardless of his morals or his feelings.

"I guess it's time we found our King. Let's get started, Kuro-chan."

Mishakuji pointed the tip at Kuro, as if he was swearing.

"My sword is to fulfill the sincerest wish of the "Green King"."

Kuro also pointed the tip of "Kotowari" towards Mishakuji and muttered to himself.

"And I, to fulfill the wish of the "Silver King"."

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"Oraaaaaaaah, but what?!"

Yata was running the entire time, letting out a roar.

The map that was informed to him in advance has long since been forgotten by him. That's not to say he was running blindly. Yata already knew the coordinates he had to reach. The "warmth" he feels from Anna's supernatural network is directly beneath the presence of his friends.

But before he gets there, he will have to go through a maze.

From the darkness along the corridors, behind the barricades, from the walkways, members of the "Jungle" clan began to emerge. They really were a nuisance. Yata swung his staff to deflect the bullets they fired, smashing them, jumping over their bodies and moving forward.

"Yata-chan, have you arrived yet?"

"Yata-san, hurry up...!"

Yata's frustration increased as he received communications from Kusanagi and Kamamoto. He shouted, gritting his teeth and punching the members of the "Jungle" clan.

"I'm so excited that I keep running as fast as I can! Just wait a little longer!"

Anna's supernatural network also shares his sense of sight and hearing. Yata was well aware of the burden his late arrival placed on everyone else. Yata forced himself to take a breath, which was about to run out, and accelerated even more.

"Alright."

Suddenly, he heard that voice.

"I believe in Misaki."

He felt as if Anna's direct gaze was fixed on Yata.

Hearing that, Yata laughed. He thought to himself as he emitted flames from the tip of the staff.

(King believes in me. If I don't answer, it will be a lie!)

The staff slammed into the wall, leaving a trail of flames in the darkness. Even more clansmen wait beyond the toppled and exploded wall. Yata stood up and stared at them.

"I am Yata Misaki, captain of the "Homura" vanguard! Stay away unless you want to die!"

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The unrest on the ground was already calming down.

The defeat of the "Gray King" had a great impact on the morale of the Green Clan members, and most of them retreated to their hideouts or were unable to escape and were captured by "Scepter 4". Some began to surrender voluntarily, showing no signs of resistance. Many people on the ground have probably already made up their minds. However, Awashima's expression never cleared up.

"Captain..."

Reisi Munakata was looking towards the "hideout" when she called out to him with concern.

Blue sparks scattered intermittently on his back. An uncontrollable supernatural ability causes a short circuit, which manifests as a visible anomaly.

Without turning around, Munakata said to Awashima.

"...Awashima-kun. When the time comes, don't hesitate."

Awashima bit her lip and looked up at the sky.

A broken "Sword of Damocles" hovered directly above Munakata. Like Munakata's body, it emits numerous sparks and blue aura crystals constantly break off and disappear into thin air.

It wouldn't have been strange if it fell at any moment.

Awashima looked at him and put her hand on the hilt of her own saber. Pain, sadness, despair. He kept all those emotions inside her heart and thought.

(Just do what you have to do.)

All the other members noticed Awashima's deadly expression. Before they knew it, they were watching Awashima and their "King" from afar. No matter how fate turns out, they want to see it with their own eyes.

Then only one person noticed it.

The "Gray King", Tenkei Iwafune, who was lying on the ground, suddenly disappeared.

He maybe he used some supernatural ability, or maybe he crawled with all his might. The only person who noticed that was Gouki Zenjo, who silently closed his eyes and muttered to himself.

"...At least he has a place to die."

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His first impression was that he was a much younger man than he had imagined.

To awaken the "Slate" and encourage innovation in humanity. He was a delicate and gentle man who did not seem willing to commit such a scandalous act. If he had not been surrounded by a powerful aura, perhaps he would not have been able to believe in him or even now.

The "Green King", who was connected to the "Slate", silently opened his mouth.

"Honestly, I didn't expect you to go this far. As expected."

"Because I also have a will."

Hisui Nagare tilted his head slightly at Shiro's response. In a regretful tone, he said...

"I'm your fan... that is, I'm a fan of the "Silver King" that you used to be. I have great empathy with the feelings you once confided to the "Slate". Do you want to join hands with me?"

Shiro shook his head without hesitation.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to reject you again."

"...Now that I think about it, you didn't answer me why last time either."

"That..."

Just as he was about to speak, Neko suddenly stepped forward and stuck out her tongue.

"Bleh, no! Shiro won't be your friend!"

Kotosaka, who remained on Nagare's shoulder, replied in a sharp voice.

"Shut up, you stupid cat!"

"Shut up, you idiot bird!"

Neko and Kotosaka looked at each other, growling and threatening each other.

"Ameno Miyabi."

Suddenly, Nagare called out to her.

Neko trembled. Hisui Nagare guards her true identity, the absolute secret that Neko tried to hide. Neko was afraid of that more than anything.

"Like me, you experienced the Kagutsu Incident. You are one of the few people who survived that tragedy."

Nagare easily revealed his true identity.

"Just as I woke up as a "King" when the "Red King" caused a burst of royal power, you also gained power and became Strain. And just as I lost my life, you manipulated your own memories and ended up living like a cat. We two are people from whom the "Slate" stole everything... and we got everything new."

Shiro looked at Neko.

Neko didn't exchange glances with Shiro, she just grabbed him tightly by the sleeve.

"In the course of life, people encounter many irrational situations. What matters is whether or not you can resist that irrational fate. Do you have that power? We encountered the Kagutsu Incident, but we overcame it with the power that gave us the "Slate". People should have the power to protect themselves and pave their way. The "Slate" will give them that."

Shiro flatly denied that theory.

"No. The power of the "Slate" is too much for humans to possess."

Nagare also immediately replied.

"Why? Don't you believe in people? If so, I'm disappointed. I'm disillusioned. You used to believe in people's potential more than anyone else."

"That's not true! I..."

"I don't understand!"

Only a little.

The discussion was interrupted by Neko's words.

Biting her lip and suppressing her fear, Neko still kept her eyes fixed on Nagare. She thought slowly and, as she did, she opened her mouth.

"I don't understand what you're saying. But Wagahai doesn't need a "Slate". Shiro, Kurosuke and everyone else can do without that!"

"...Neko."

"Whoever it is, even if I'm a monster, I'll never disappear just because of that. So, I'm fine with that. That's all I need! I don't need anything else!"

"....."

"There have been bad things in the past and I think there will be more in the future. But what I want right now is not a "Slate". It's delicious food and someone who will eat it with me. That's what Wagahai wants!"

Tears welled up in Neko's eyes.

What is her "true identity"? Shiro still doesn't know.

He probably doesn't need to know. Unless Neko wants them to know, there's no need to pry. What Shiro and Kuro want is the "Neko" of now, who is innocent and full of emotion.

Taking Neko's hand, Shiro looked at Nagare and said...

"Hisui Nagare. What people need is not a "Slate". It's just it... that's right. A chabudai. That's enough. That's my conclusion. The choice of the "Silver King"."

After a while of silence, Nagare suddenly said...

"...What a pity."

"Nagare! Don't be disappointed! Nagare!"

Encouraged by Kotosaka, Nagare smiled a little. He looked at Shiro and said...

"So... let me ask you something. Why did you come here, "Silver King"?"

"I came to destroy the "Slate"."

A slight sneer emerged from Nagare's smile.

"How? You should be the most aware of the physical strength of the "Slate". I would like to add that I will not let you touch it again."

In an instant, a green light illuminated Nagare's chest. In the blink of an eye, it enveloped his entire body, manifesting as an aura so powerful that he could feel it on his skin.

"I guess so..."

When he replied in a low voice, the slight sneer that had been mixed into Nagare's expression disappeared. Along with his warning, the green shrine that Nagare uses became even more intense.

"Now I can connect with the "Slate" and absorb its power inexhaustibly. If I feel like it, "Silver King", I can use your "immutable" power and my "alterable" power. I can overwrite it and even kill you. I am invincible."

"....."

"Still, you are resisting, "Silver King"."

"If you were me, would you give up?"

Nagare narrowed his eyes and kicked the wheelchair back.

That was the end of the story. From now on, it was not the time for conversation, but for beliefs and fist bumps.

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Anna was the first to notice.

As the "Red Queen", she has a sensory capacity that far exceeds that of a Strain. Her higher perceptive powers sensed the existence of "it" before it manifested.

She turned her gaze toward the sky as if to check. In her field of vision, which only reflected red, "It" tried to take shape, not as a color, but as a figure colored by an aura.

"Silver" and "Green", the two "Swords of Damocles".

Anna understood exactly what that meant. The two kings, Isana Yashiro and Hisui Nagare, finally met.

Slowly, impatience crept up her spine.

In a head-on confrontation, the probability of Shiro defeating Nagare is zero. In theory, no one could beat Nagare, who can draw unlimited energy from the "Slate".

There is no more grace left. If they don't carry out the plan immediately...

At this moment, the marble that Kamamoto was holding emitted a red glow.

"Anna! It's here, it's the signal!"

Anna gritted her teeth. Her excellent sensory ability felt that "it was not like this yet". All the marbles are not in the correct position yet.

At that moment, Yata and Kusanagi's screams echoed through the network.

"We're almost there! Just do it!"

"Anna, do it!"

She closed her eyes, she gave a sigh and when she opened her eyelids again, her doubts had already dissipated. She broadcast the proclamation of her as "King" to the supernatural network.

"From now on, we will gather all the power of the Red Clan and open the "way"...!"

A bright red aura came out from her folded arms. The aura turned into a flame, a shrine, and spread towards the clansmen like flames spreading across the plains.

Anna felt a burning sensation on her neck as the fourth "Sword of Damocles" appeared above her head.

Kamamoto, who was next to her, clenched his fist and shouted.

"No Blood!"

Kusanagi, who was deep underground, laughed in fighting spirit.

"No Bone!"

Yata, who was further down, ran with determination in his heart.

"No Ash!"

At their respective stations, the clan members (Akagi, Bando, Chitose, Dewa, Eric, and Fujishima) expressed their thoughts and threw the marbles in their hands.

Anna could see it in her eyes. Her eyes, which only recognize the color red, were able to see through "Homura's" red color through space. The red dots were connected in a straight line, forming a straight line.

She should have already abandoned her doubts. She knew she had to do it.

Still, she couldn't help but wonder if she could do it.

That flame. That red. The power of the King. Is it possible for her to control it?

(Will I be able to achieve things like that person?)

A few seconds of coma. The question that ran through Anna's mind, however, disappeared in the next moment. Someone was behind her.

It wasn't Kamamoto. Neither do the other members of the clan. His presence was clearly felt even from a distance.

Furthermore, the person behind Anna was much bigger than them. A bright, warm, soft and beautiful red.

Anna watched, unblinking, as his hand reached over her shoulder and took hers.

Anna's lips parted. Her voice overlapped with that of the man behind her, echoing her words.

"Burn them!"

The flames on both arms enveloped the marble in the air, as if it had a will. The exploding supernatural flame penetrated the ground and caused the marbles on the ground to explode, expanding further and swallowing the marbles below, increasing its power by doubling each time it was chained together. A huge column of fire engulfed everything from the first floor of the basement to the tenth floor of the basement, burning it to the ground.

Anna could see that enormous column of fire.

The flame of the King that she created with the power of all.

Anna looked back.

However, there was no one there. The shadow of his tall figure, the warmth she felt, the smile on his lips, nothing. There was no trace of his existence left there.

Instead, Munakata's face loomed near the exit from the ground.

Seeing a hint of pain in his eyes, Anna knew that Munakata had seen the same thing as her.

She met Munakata's eyes. Anna nodded slightly and lowered her eyes.

Then, remembering the man who was behind her at the end, Anna laughed a little.

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The sound of an explosion echoed in the distance, and Nagare recognized it simply as the sound of a battle.

In various parts of the "secret base", clan members "Jungle" and "Homura" fight fierce battles. Naturally, the weapons given to the clan members included bombs, so he thought that was the reason.

By the time he realized that was different, it was too late.

The sound of explosions echoed at regular intervals, getting closer and louder. When he gasped and looked up, a waterfall-like flame had already broken through the ceiling and was falling onto the "Slate".

The roaring stream of flames engulfed Nagare's body and licked the entire hall. Kotosaka jumped into the air and the others deployed a supernatural shield to block the flames.

Nagare was the only one who was directly exposed to the flames.

If he were a normal person, he wouldn't have been left with even a speck of dust. Even a normal "King" would not have been able to survive unscathed.

Of course, Nagare was none of those things.

"Is this your plan?"

Despite being exposed to the inferno that was still pouring out, Nagare did not suffer a single burn.

Nagare said with a sigh.

"I am deeply disappointed. What is the point of doing something like this?"

He thought that Isana Yashiro's intelligence was on par with his, so he didn't want to think that such a foolish plan was a trump card. If he truly believed that Nagare could be defeated with the supporting fire of the "Red Queen", then he was no longer even a person to talk to.

And Shairo did not disappoint Nagare's expectations.

"...The path is already made."

"Path?"

Nagare looked up again at the words he murmured.

He could see the blue sky.

Nagare stopped breathing. The blue sky, the white of the clouds. And floating there, swords of various colors.

He felt as if his electromagnetic heart was beating rapidly.

"Perhaps..."

"That's right."

The light of determination shone in Shiro's eyes. Determined to overcome or crush the difficulties before them by any means necessary. The formula for this already exists within Shiro.

In a lower voice, Shiro spoke of the method.

"I will destroy the "Slate" with a "Damocles Down"."

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Mishakuji Yukari had never thought that his sword was as beautiful as it was now.

A flash of "excess" released from an impossible angle, free and flexible, is truly art. Mishakuji views his swordsmanship that way, not as a boast, but as a fair evaluation. A human-like swordsman who steps forward as if he were dancing and wields his sword as if in full bloom will not be able to take a single hit.

Yes. If you do not have the proper skill in using the sword, you will never be able to bring out the beauty of the sword.

That's why Mishakuji loudly praised his opponent.

"That's amazing, Kuro-chan! You've become so strong. You're almost on par with me now!"

Yes. Yatogami Kuro also became more beautiful than he had ever seen before.

Firm and solid as a rock, no matter how unexpected the blow, "Kotowari" will absorb it and unleash a devastating counterattack. His eyes never waver, always fixed on Mishakuji.

Ah, Mishakuji thought, with a tingle.

(I wish this moment could last forever!)

However, the reality is that that is not the case. Mishakuji knew this better than anyone.

The elevated "Ayamachi" and the lower "Kotowari" crossed each other. The surrounding auras repel each other, producing sparks and a sizzle.

Mishakuji smiled charmingly as he used one hand to relieve the pressure of his spit.

"But right now, you can't just be even. If you don't surpass me, you won't be able to go to your "King"!"

"Kuh..."

Biting his lip in frustration, Kuro shifted his grip slightly. When he released the amount of pressure that had been loosened, Kuro flexibly withdrew and readied his sword again.

Mishakuji raised his voice as he made his sword dance gracefully with just one hand.

"Come, show me!"

At that moment two lights exploded.

Silver and green. He could know it without seeing it, because it is the light of his King.

"That's from Nagare-chan."

The appearance of the "Sword of Damocles" meant that Isana Yashiro and Hisui Nagare were at war.

That in itself stirred no emotion in Mishakuji. If those two fight, Nagare will definitely win. There was no way that his "Green King", who was connected to the "Slate", would be defeated, no matter how many conditions were combined.

So what surprised Mishakuji was Kuro's reaction.

He took something out of his pocket. It is a single coin that shines silver. Gripping his tightly, Kuro muttered.

"That's right. My sword is to my King, Shiro. As long as I'm with him..."

Along with the coin, Kuro grabbed the hilt of his sword and silently looked at Mishakuji.

Mishakuji was impressed by that look. His eyes are like the surface of a calm lake, without haste or hesitation, just a determination hidden deep inside.

Kuro declared happily, mirroring Mishukaji in his incredibly deep eyes.

"Mishakuji Yukari. I will surpass you!"

Mishakuji let out a sigh and laughed.

The current Kuro is the strongest Kuro to date.

Yatogami Kuro is not Mishakuji Yukari. He operates with a completely different logic than Mishakuji, who acts freely and selfishly.

Kuro demonstrates his ultimate power for the sake of the King. For his Lord. It's for someone important.

That's why Kuro was the strongest at that time. To save the "King" who is in trouble, run to his side as soon as possible and defeat the enemy in front of him. He will expend all of his life force for that purpose.

Mishakuji couldn't help but be happy about that. He considers the last-minute exchanges of life and the brilliance of will that emerges to be the most beautiful of all.

Kuro kicked the ground.

Unconsciously, Mishakuji also started running.

Rounding to "Kotowari". Preventing, in return, he pushed "Ayamachi", repelling him. Sparks fly from tip to tip and the pressure on the blade emits light. A deadly dance with

two swords, a thin line between life and death as if they were playing. As if he were playing in a paradise, Mishakuji was captivated by the moment.

And then, the end came without a hitch.

Kuro intervened. Two steps, three steps, the speed far exceeded Mishakuji's expectations. As he raised the spirit of division, he turned, as if half of his body was immersed in it.

Before he knew it, the "Kotowari" sword had pierced Mishakuji's chest.

"Ayamachi" flew through the air and rolled on the concrete making a sound.

Before he could think of anything, the words came pouring out.

"That was beautiful..."

He collapsed and fell to his knees. Fever and pain from his shoulder to his chest. He could feel the blood dripping and coming out of his fingers.

His fingertips could still move, meaning he could still grasp the sword.

But he wasn't going to do that.

The decision has already been made.

This is the first time he has been defeated since he pointed his sword at Ichigen Miwa. He couldn't bear to see that great swordsman slowly lose his life to illness. He wanted to see his life burn in the midst of battle. So he doesn't regret what he did.

And now...

At this moment, his youngest disciple, who could only tremble, was about to surpass him. Mishakuji felt quiet satisfaction in the fact that no one else had cut him except the man who had inherited Miwa's technique.

His feet were shaking. Someone is fighting somewhere. Kuro looked towards the end of the hallway with an impatient expression on his face.

"Damn, it's started!"

Mishakuji muttered under his breath.

"...Kill me. And go quickly to your king."

Then, Mishakuji closed his eyes.

There was a pause.

Mishakuji opened his eyelids at the sound of the doorbell.

When he looked, he saw that Kuro had sheathed his sword.

Before Mishakuji could say anything, Kuro stared at him.

"In the fields and mountains the color may differ, but we are like noni seeds."

Yes, he recited a poem.

Mishakuji rolled his eyes. He remembers the poet Miwa's haikus without missing a single word. However, what Kuro said was...

"...I don't know that poem."

"It's my poem... Goodbye."

Without saying anything, Kuro turned his back on him and started running.

Mishakuji looked at his back in shock. The only thing he could do was record a single phrase and follow in the footsteps of his younger brother.

When he looked down silently, a slight smile appeared on his lips.

"Are you looking, Ichigen-sama? That child has finally become a full-fledged person."

He then he got up. Stumbling, he picked up "Ayamachi" and gently placed it in his holster. The time to exercise that will not come for some time. Now that all the battles are reaching their final stages, there probably isn't much he can do.

But that doesn't mean there's nothing.

"Now... the least I can do is get a new seed."

Mishakuji muttered that and started walking in the opposite direction of Kuro, looking for the stairs that led to the top.

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The great hall was engulfed in flames.

The breath of the "Red Queen" blew from above, completely burning multiple armor plates and leaving large holes. In the distance you can see a blue sky and a sparkling silver tip.

Nagare turned to Shiro and glared at him.

"Are you crazy? Damocles Down..."

Shiro accepted that look head on.

"It's the only way to destroy the "Slate". Neither me, nor the "Golden King". Another person involved in "The Beginning" told me this option."

"Are you planning to turn this into a crater?!"

No, Nagare denied his own words. If Tokyo is caught in the "burst of royal power", it will not simply become a crater. The swords of all the "kings" present there could fall together. Their power is not just a metaphor, but it would be worthy of destroying this planet.

For a moment, Nagare doubted Shiro's character, wondering if he was trying to negotiate with the world itself as a hostage. But he shook his head slowly.

"Concentrate the enormous energy of the "Damocles Down" in a single point. According to the Second Methodology of the Schwert Regulation, it will cause a Hammer Resonance Effect. After calculating the degree of resistance of the "Slate", I discovered that its limit value, was theoretically the same as "Damocles Down". When certain conditions are met, the "Slate" and the "Sword of Damocles" will only annihilate each other."

Nagare opened his eyes.

He only had a little experience with Schwert's control methodology. Weismann's deviation, the source of supernatural powers, and his crystal, the "Sword of Damocles", are normally phenomena that not even the "King" can do anything about. Although it can be observed, it is impossible to intervene, and the only way to prevent it from happening is to end the King's life. That was the conclusion of the first methodology.

However, the second method proposes another way.

Nagare punched the air. The hologram image that appeared instantly, along with dozens of data, showed that his prediction was correct.

"Impossible! He is pushing his own Weismann level to the limit!"

What the Schwert Control/Second Methodology proposes is that the "King" can voluntarily cross the critical point of the Weismann deviation. By deliberately dropping the largest energy body, the "Sword of Damocles", the power from it becomes directional. In that case, "Damocles Down" transmits energy as "penetration", rather than "diffusion".

The "Silver" Sanctuary is expanding. No reservations, no restrictions, to the point that even Nagare, who was directly connected to the "Slate", was overwhelmed. A dazzling silver glow overflowed from the hand that Shiro had placed on his chest, and in contrast, his expression began to distort in agony.

"Shiro?!"

Neko next to him huddled worried. However, Shiro forced a smile and looked at Nagare.

"What do you think, Hisui Nagare? Don't you think this is some kind of message?"

"What...?"

"The "Slate" can only be destroyed when the "King" releases the sword of his own will. I don't know who he is, but it seems to me that someone who created the "Slate" is saying that."

He closed his eyes in silence and connected the words.

"If it is too much for you, you must destroy it with your own hands."

"I will not leave you!"

Nagare released all the power of him.

A green aura enveloped his entire body and a ferocious momentum coursed through his body. Nagare roared as he tilted his body downwards.

"Looking at Suouh Mikoto's case, it takes less than 10 seconds from the start of the fall to reach the underground! If I kill you before, the sword will disappear!"

Shiro slowly opened his eyes.

"...Try it."

The value indicating the Weismann deviation in the image exceeded the critical value.

The fall began.

Before he could confirm that, Nagare had attacked Shiro. An extremely fast, lightning-like strike aimed at the throat of the "Silver King".

A red Japanese umbrella blocked his fingers.

"Grr...!"

The two auras, silver and green, collide and annihilate each other while emitting a shockwave. Shiro who rules "immutability" is dedicating all of his power to defense. Even though Nagare was directly connected to the "Slate" and gained infinite energy, it took him three seconds to break it.

The Japanese umbrella broke into thousands of pieces and the pieces flew into the air.

Shiro's body was also swept away by the shock wave like a strong wind and fell to the ground. Now that he was helpless, Nagare pounced on him like an animal.

"This is the end!"

A fist that turned into electricity pierced Shiro's abdomen. Nagare's imagination of burning his internal organs and his spinal cord and killing him along with his life did not come true.

Shiro's appearance dispersed like mist, melting into the air and disappearing.

(Ability to recognize and manipulate!)

It took him two seconds to remember those words and find Neko trembling in his arms. 5 seconds left. It was more than enough. The "Silver King" has already exhausted his power. It takes less than a second to destroy the defenseless Strain.

Lightning claws fell on the two from above.

A single swing of the sword blocked him head-on.

Yatogami Kuro. He grabbed the hilt of his sword with both hands and gritted his teeth to block Nagare's attack.

Through the space between his clenched teeth, he shouted the name of his "King" with a voice that sounded like a roar.

"Shiro...!"

Nagare frowned.

Yatogami Kuro is there. He stopped trying to think about what that meant. Now is not the time to think. That happened a long time ago. Now is the time to finish them off.

"You're in the way!"

At the same time as he shouted, the pressure of his supernatural ability increased even more. However, that prediction that only one clan member's sword would break for no reason turned out to be wrong once again.

It did not break. The sword held by Kuro, his colorless steel, still withstood the full force of the "King".

A silver aura enveloped that figure.

Taking a deep breath, Nagare looked over Kuro's shoulder.

Isana Yashiro woke up and enveloped Neko and Kuro in a silver shrine.

In that last moment of collision of destructive power, what passed through Nagare's mind was not impatience, but doubt.

"How? Why? They reject power, how can they be so strong?!"

Kuro, Neko and Shiro's eyes were staring at Nagare. The six eyes told him that if they fight, they would never lose.

At that moment, Nagare wanted to turn around.

Shiro, the reason they were there.

Why aren't the clan members who were supposed to be there to stop them?

Mishakuji Yukari, Sukuna Gojou, Kotosaka, Iwafune Tenkei.

For a moment, he could see them sitting around a tea table in their six-tatami "secret base," talking, fighting and laughing together.

At this moment, he suddenly exhaled.

A shock ran through his heart.

".....!"

He has been dreaming about that for many years. Life outside the straitjacket. Breathe freely and fly around the world.

That was the heart. If you have the heart, you can do it. The dead can return to the living and fulfill the wishes of those who also died. Extraordinary abilities for all humans. The power to resist. Be king.

The heart that had heard his prayers was pierced by a sword.

Nagare learned that not through observation but through actual experience. A silver slash pierced Nagare's stone heart. The blood of the supernatural was spilled and the life that was supposed to have been recovered returned to nothing.

His knees buckled and he fell to the ground.

Hisui Nagare looked at the sky through his falling hair. An open well and the blue sky beyond.

The "Sword of Damocles" floating there disappeared.

Nagare murmured hoarsely.

"How unfortunate..."

Then, Nagare turned his gaze towards Shiro.

The tension and caution had not yet left them. That was annoying and Nagare smiled slightly. Nagare silently closed his eyes and said:

"But I'm satisfied..."

Those were the last words that the "Green King" Hisui Nagare said.

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It was certainly visible to others.

After the silver sword fell and a shock and tremor resounded, the "Swords of Damocles" floating in the sky vanished one after another.

The test of being king, the crystal of supernatural power. It was in the heaven that he could not reach, even if he stretched out his hand, and it was about to disappear without him reaching it.

The "Red Queen" stared at that.

The sword, a symbol of the destiny that took from her family, but that also brought her something so precious, disappeared. At the same time, something inside her slowly...

"That disappeared..."

The words that Kamamoto murmured were also Anna's voice.

Disappear. The things that had bound them until now. The things that have brought them together until now. That will disappear.

Anna suddenly felt like someone was calling her and looked around her.

But she couldn't find it anywhere. That warmth and that beautiful red are no longer anywhere.

Feeling alone, Anna looked down and closed her eyes.

The "Blue King" watched the situation unfold with his usual calm.

Therefore, even when his "Sword of Damocles", a cracked symbol of power that seemed about to crumble, disappeared, he had no particular feeling about it. However, he simply said...

"It seems my life has been spared."

That's all she said.

However, Awashima, who was behind him, looked different. She dropped the saber she was holding and ran towards Munakata's back.

"Captain!"

Awashima was crying. Relief and joy are on all their faces. Munakata saw that, smiled slightly, and said casually.

"Hehe. I was a little curious to see if you could kill me, Awashima-kun. Anyway, thanks for your hard work."

At those words, something disappeared from Awashima's expression.

Before Munakata's clear mind could formulate a response, Awashima opened her mouth to ask what that was.

"Captain. I'm sorry, but gratitude is not enough."

"Eh?"

"Excuse me!"

Awashima's fist slammed into Munakata's cheek, sending his glasses flying and sending them crashing to the ground.

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"Nagare! Nagare!"

Kotosaka descended and screamed in pain next to Nagare.

However, Nagare did not move. With a satisfied smile on his face, he lay on the cold ground, not moving in the slightest. The fierce energy that had overflowed a moment ago could no longer be felt anywhere.

Kuro asked, still not letting his guard down.

"Is he dead?"

Shiro looked down in pain and responded.

"He survived thanks to the power of the "Slate". That's why..."

Those words were drowned out by the sudden sound of an explosion.

All three were hit by tremors that made it difficult for them to even stand. A low, resounding explosion sound echoed and deafened their ears. Kuro and Neko shouted in unison as they helped Shiro, who has become unstable.

"What is happening?!"

"Meow! Earthquake!"

In response to the clan member's dismay, Shiro remained calm. He looked up at the shaking ceiling and muttered to himself.

"No, someone blew it up."

"Ah. I'm sorry, but I have to fix things."

"What?!"

Kuro held his "Kotowari" in the direction of the voice. It was a familiar voice, and its owner was the one to be careful of along with Nagare.

"Gray King", Tenkei Iwafune.

He slowly walked out from behind the pillar. Blood flowed under his feet. Iwafune muttered with a self-deprecating smile on his mortal face.

"I never expected that situation to change... it was a complete defeat."

"...Kuro."

Without Shiro telling him, Kuro lowered his sword. Iwafune already lost his fighting power. No, he may already be on the verge of losing his life.

However, Iwafune showed no signs of worrying about his situation and simply said:

"I have also ordered my clansmen to flee. You should leave too."

The sounds of the explosion were getting louder. Small pieces of concrete fell from the cracked ceiling. Kotosaka flew away while he avoided them and shouted alongside Iwafune.

"Iwa-san! Iwa-san! Nagare is...! Iwa-san!"

With a weak smile on his blood-stained lips, Iwafune looked at Kotosaka with a gentle gaze.

"Haha. You too, Kotosaka. Now. Go!"

Kuro had no way of knowing what Kotosaka was thinking.

He hesitated for a moment and then flew away with a sad cry. From the hole in the ceiling to the clear blue sky. As if he was chasing him, Kuro also stretched out his colorless hand and jumped, holding Neko and Shiro in his arms.

Just before reaching the top, Kuro looked back for a moment.

Iwafune held Nagare in his arms and looked at him. His lips, with a wide smile, uttered some words.

He couldn't hear him. Kuro and his friends went up. Iwafune looked at Nagare with his eyes closed as if he were sleeping.

The explosive smoke enveloped the figures of the two "Kings", and since then nothing could be seen.

That was the scene at the end of the battle between the Kings.

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Amidst the roar of explosions and tremors, Kusanagi stood alone, staring at his feet.

"We won?"

Through Anna's supernatural network, he had already given an evacuation order. Most of the clan members in "Homura" should have been able to escape safely. Still, his role as Senior Official of the Reds was to wait until the last minute.

He still couldn't be sure what happened to the Silver Clan or the "Green King". They must be escaping alone, he thought, when he heard a voice behind him.

"Kusanagi-san! Let's run!"

It was Yata. Sliding his skateboard from the end of the hallway, he came straight toward him.

Kusanagi nodded silently and ran off with Yata. As Kusanagi headed towards the stairs leading to the upper floor, he couldn't help but ask Yata.

"What happened to Fushimi? Is everything okay?"

"Heh," Yata laughed. He looked back for a moment and then looked forward without hesitation.

"It's okay. It's okay now."

Kusanagi also laughed at his confident words. Yata-chan, who was good at running and going wild, had grown quite a bit. They ran together toward the light, feeling out of place.

Munakata's instructions were quick as tremors resonated from underground.

"All personnel, evacuate."

"Yes!"

Awashima accepted that and gave orders one after another through the intercom. It was supposed to be a normal scene from "Scepter 4", but the only difference was that Munakata's cheeks were very swollen and his glasses had gone somewhere.

The members running back and forth are surprised every time they see Munakata's face. However, Munakata's attitude was calm. After forcing themselves to accept that it was probably his fault, the members returned to their jobs.

At that moment he felt a presence behind him.

When he turned around, a man and a woman were about to appear, trying to get out from under the solid ground.

Douhan Hirasaka's "Wall Breaking Technique". Feeling satisfied that he was able to witness the ninja's skills, Munakata looked at Fushimi, who was being helped by her.

Fushimi had the same dull expression on his face as always. As expected, he felt tired, but he was not proud of having brought that operation to success. He simply said, as if nothing had happened.

"Mission accomplished."

"Thank you for your hard work."

Munakata responded as if nothing had happened and looked forward again.

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By the time they reached the ground, the noise of the impact had already subsided.

Kuro was the first to emerge from the sewer and, while helping Neko and Shiro, he quickly looked around.

It was an alley in the middle of nowhere. There were no members of the "Jungle" clan. Many people have already decided. Most likely they escaped or were captured.

Kuro breathed a sigh of relief. Just as he was about to say that they were safe, he stumbled and fell to his knees on the ground.

"Shiro?!"

"Are you okay?!"

He clutched his chest in pain and sat with his back against the wall. He looked at the worried Kuro and Neko and smiled weakly.

"It seems that I am also running out of strength..."

"What does that mean?!"

"The body I'm in is not my original body... Before the incident at Gakuenjima, the "Colorless King" changed our bodies... In other words, he was taking over the body of a strange boy."

Kuro and Neko gasped at the same time.

They knew it. Isana Yashiro is a temporary name and the current Shiro is not the original body of Adolf K. Weismann. Due to the plot of "Fox Mask", the mastermind behind the incident a year ago, he was trapped in his current body.

Shiro spoke breathlessly.

"I have been able to continue existing thanks to the immutable power of the "Silver King", but... that power has disappeared. Along with the "Slate"..."

"What? Hey!"

"What? Hey, Shiro!"

Kuro and Neko felt a horrible sense of loss at the same time.

If he was able to stay in this world thanks to the silver supernatural ability, what will happen to him now that the "Slate" is gone?

"I've been borrowing it for a long time, but I have to return it to the original owner..."

"That is...!"

"Shiro...!"

With tears streaming down her face, Neko took Shiro's hand. Shiro smiled slightly and squeezed Neko and Kuro's hands tightly.

His palm was warm.

"...It's okay. I will definitely come back. Because I am your king..."

After that, he closed his eyes as if he were sleeping.

A silver light came out of Shiro's body. He disappeared as if he melted into space, leaving nothing behind.

"Shiro!"

"Shiro, wake up! Answer me!"

As they clung to Shiro and called desperately to him, his shoulders suddenly moved.

"Ah..."

He stirred and slowly opened his eyes. Kuro opened his eyebrows and looked at Shiro's face with relief. He thought that he had regained consciousness and that he had not gone anywhere.

But it was different.

Shiro's gaze looking at Kuro was filled with fear and confusion. That is not the expression of Isana Yashiro that they know. Like a child who had never seen them before, he looked at Kuro and Neko's faces, and timidly opened his mouth.

"Who are you?"