



THE FIRST STORY
RAIRAKU REI / GoRA

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TRANSLATION:

NARU-KUN

RAWS: RIDIA

PROLOGUE: THE BOY

Even if I were to leave today, surely no one would care.

Sometimes I think about it.

I am not regretting it at all. Given the stress, discomfort, and concern for others, I don't think I'm particularly strong, so it's easier to live alone without worrying about anyone.

Since I am an orphan, I have no important memories so I could just let them go. Everyone says "I'm sorry", they always have something to do, you need some power to get along.

Above all, in my case, I am not good at communicating with people, I need more power, the total amount of energy is also very low.

So, after graduating from high school, I chose a way of life that does not use power, regardless of people as much as possible.

After living quietly in a room in an apartment with no neighbors, part-time work was changing, cleaning work, night traffic control and factory work, things you can do only in silence.

If you live calmly as a plant, you don't have to do much, there is nothing good or bad. So I'm satisfied, but sometimes I wonder what would happen if it disappeared.

If I were absent from work, I would be contacted for that part-time job, but if they got no response, they would surely give up.

If I fell behind in renting the apartment, I would receive a reminder, but if they find out that I no longer exist, they can terminate the contract without looking for me.

I still have no friends at school or on the premises.

When I will leave, I suddenly think that my existence will melt and disappear, without anyone's concern.

Somewhere in my mind, I want solidarity with people, although the connection with people bothers me.

There's recently one thing I'm addicted to, it's a certain SNS game that I install.

It is an experience based game, in which the mission is emitted through an in-app bulletin board and is executed in real life, and thus you get points.

Missions can be shared between players, or they can be issued by someone who appears to be operating.

Participating in a mission makes you feel that you have fulfilled the request of someone you do not know, even indirectly, and when you join a large-scale mission, you work with someone else in the city to do something. Makes me feel scarlet with a weak person.

The missions are broadcast in many places in Tokyo, and to participate in the missions, many people often appear in the center of Tokyo in vacation.

Even today, he is walking in the night city of Shizume-cho, holding his stomach.

He was not used to crowds in the city, and he crossed the intersection, writhing so as not to hit people. The mission in which he participates is very simple. Just go to the designated place.

The mission was not an invitation on the bulletin board, but was issued to an individual. For missions that do not require a number of players, a mission can be issued by randomly selecting a player. In such cases, you generally get more points than open recruitment missions.

The destination that shone on the map on the screen was almost over. His steps were lighter.

Some of the things that attracted me to this game were the weak words towards humans and the slightest stimuli that fall into everyday life like plants, but the most fascinating part was the "magic" hidden in the game.

Complete various missions and collect points to rank up in the game. And if you rank above a certain level... you will gain the power of "magic" that can be used in the real world.

What idiot, he laughed when he first saw this rumor on the bulletin board. But sometimes, he saw it. The way those in the first rank act, they don't really appear to be ordinary humans and avoid strange powers.

Knowing that there is an unknown world in this world, I felt comfortable changing the color of the world.

I felt that the game was suspicious and that the mission system could easily be used for crimes, but once I saw the world I didn't know and was fascinated by it, I wanted to go further.

The mission's designated location was an alley in Shizume-cho. When the destination signs on the app map and your current location mark overlap, the in-game pet parrot character appears and gives the message: "Mission Complete! One Hundred Jungle Points Added!"

One hundred points is a big thing for me, I'm still in a lower range. This is an exceptional point for a mission that is only to reach the designated place. Perhaps it was a service

mission to promote the habit of participating in missions. I smiled when I thought I was going to rank up soon.

At that moment, something appeared from behind.

"Hey."

Had finished. I was wondering if he was the mission issuer. What if it's a dating mission? If you post in the hope that a pretty girl will come, a person like me may be irritated. ...No, the mission emitter was the one that seems to be running. If not related to the game...

They look at each other while thinking of various things in an instant.

And strengthened his entire body.

There was a fox-faced person.

A fox face that appears to be laughing softly, enjoying the red light of sunset from behind and floating in the backlight.

It was creepy and all the hair on my body was screaming.

"What... what...?"

My voice was shaking.

The man in the fox mask shook his shoulders. He laughed.

"Do not be afraid."

He said it out loud in a cat voice, slowly taking off his fox mask.

The eyes that came out from under the mask met his eyes.

Gently.

I felt as if that had devoured the inside of my head, the world had darkened.

CHAPTER 1: THE BOY NAMED ISANA YASHIRO

A great sword floated in the sky.

As he looked at that, he felt his chest was crushing, and he wanted to scratch his chest and start screaming.

He thought it shouldn't be like this.

He doesn't know where to go from here, his feet are not clear.

His cold body began to tremble and he felt a warm, soft, small object touch his forehead.

Open his eyes.

So, he sees a fluffy kitten with a small forefoot on his forehead. The pad on his forehead is warm and soft.

"Ah... good morning?"

"Meow."

The kitten screamed to reply.

He thought he was sleeping with his head dead, but the haze of drowsiness faded vaguely and cleared, the mysterious dreams in his head that made him feel very sad begin to clear up.

He is Isana Yashiro. Second year of the Ashinaka Academy.

Finally, acknowledging the reality, the boy, Isana Yashiro, got out of bed.

He gives a big yawn, stretches. This is the school bedroom where he lives. A room like an apartment with kitchen and bathroom, which is alarming for a student dormitory.

The wall is a video projection technology that has been popular recently, and it was designed so that the wallpaper can move in any pattern you want.

"I had a mysterious dream. I don't remember, but I think it was a sad and painful dream."

When he petted the kitten, he worried that the kitty would yell, "Nyaa" again, and rub his face against the boy's palm and give him a little lick with his little tongue.

"I have to go to school. Breakfast is... just white rice and sausages, but you eat it too, right?"

"Nyaan."

This kitty is not a domestic cat. The cat that lives in the Ashinaka Academy, called "Ashinaka School Island", whose land belongs to the entire school, is one of the cats that had become familiar with the boy.

The boy acknowledges that they are friends rather than related to being held back. So for some reason, he did not name this kitten. Even if he doesn't feel like giving a selfish name, calls his using the "you"

He divides the remaining rice from the rice cooker into its own portion and the kitten portion, take the sausage out of the refrigerator and place it on top of the rice. It is a varied meal, but it is the best that someone who has never cooked can do.

He thinks he can easily eat breakfast and think about what to do with lunch. He has eaten all the rice in the rice cooker.

"Okay."

The boy takes a bowl, washes the rice cooker, and weighs the rice. Gently and quickly, pour clean water on the scale and place it in the rice cooker.

He hung his backpack over his shoulder, carried his favorite red protective umbrella, and picked up a rice cooker. The kitten jumps on the boy's shoulders, knowing he is ready to go.

"So, let's go."

The boy leaves the bedroom. In the hallway, he meets his classmate Sota Mishina, who was about to go to school.

"Oh, Shiro. Good morning... what have you got?"

Shiro is his nickname in that place. The boy replied with a smile.

"It is the restaurant's rice. It's fluffy, moist and sweet, I don't think it's as delicious as freshly cooked white rice."

The boy likes white rice. And he will spare no effort for what his like. Among the rice cooker in his possession, the rice is probably slowly absorbing water. After that, if he presses the rice cook switch at a good time, another rice will cook at noon.

Mishina has an angry face and sighs.

"You... are you going to school with a common rice cooker? Weird kid. You don't seem to have any worries, you're always happy."

He certainly is not concerned with the current situation. The boy was in a good mood and went to school lightly while holding the rice cooker.

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There is a classmate who is interested in Shiro.

It doesn't mean she's in love.

The boy has a strange atmosphere, and sometimes he seems to fly like a fluffy balloon, and you can't take your eyes off him.

Today he brought a rice cooker to the classroom. In class before lunch, white steam was coming out of the rice cooker, and the teacher was angry, saying, "Who's cooking rice in the classroom!"

However, when his teacher was angry that he was cooking rice, he wrapped his teacher in smoke with a strange smile and a speech, which allowed him to cook rice in the classroom.

This boy, Isana Yashiro, was a very mysterious young man.

His look is not flashy, and the facial features are quite mature, but as he always has a loose smile, he makes a bright and warm impression like a sun. He's a skinny guy, he has cute round eyes and there's nothing intimidating about him, making him a guy that even girls can't make a wall for the opposite sex. He seems clueless, but he's surprisingly smart, and his big eyes sometimes shine wisely. He is wearing a uniform, but he does not look bad or fashionable, he plays with the knot of his tie, he wears brown shoes, without socks. For some reason, he always has a red umbrella as a trademark, and he's dressed as a free person.

Now he is blowing the cooked rice in the rice cooker.

"No, today I forgot the side dishes!"

With a lunch box full of white rice alone, the boy rushes over to his classmate Mishina.

"You lie!"

"Please!"

"Not good! By the way, don't bring the rice cooker with you!"

The boy was already a show at the famous Ashinaka High School, for begging for side dishes for lunch. For some reason he always has a diet of just bringing white rice and getting side dishes from the people.

Whether it's Mishina, whom he's begging now, and who is fighting with the boy for wanting to get his favorite side dishes, many students enjoy giving side dishes to the boy. They feel like they are feeding a sweet cat.

Kukuri stared at the boy's appearance, and spoke to a friend, Inaba Sumika, who was trying to open a lunch box next to her.

"Hello, Shiro-kun."

"Shiro? Ah, Inaba-san."

"I wonder if he has no friends."

"What?"

Inaba bowed her head. Her long black hair falls out of her shoulders.

"No, he's popular, no matter how you look at it."

What Inaba says is correct. Even now, the boy has managed to catch Mishina's fried chicken and laughs as Mishina locks him up. The students around them look at them with great fun.

"But you know, if you look closely, he doesn't seem to really get close to anyone..."

The boy who walks in the classroom with everyone's garnishes seems to have fun with everyone, but he is not around a specific person. They all like the boy, the boy likes them all, however, he does not approach anyone deeply.

Such a mysterious sense of distance is like a fluffy balloon, and it's something Kukuri can't help but worry about.

"Also, he doesn't have enough vegetables."

Kukuri said it very seriously. Inaba has a strange look.

"Vegetables?"

"He is stealing all the main garnishes, so he is partial to the meat."

Kukuri took the bento box out of her bag and placed it on her desk.

There are two bento boxes that Kukuri has prepared. One is for her, and the other is for the boy.

"Therefore, today prepare boiled foods, salads, hot vegetables, etc. to improve nutritional balance."

She showed Inaba a homemade lunch box full of vegetable garnishes. But in the meantime, the boy has already left the classroom with a spongy step.

"Ah, come on!"

Kukuri hastily covers the lunch box and follows the boy. Inaba looked at Kukuri with an astonished look saying, "You will do well."

When she took the lunchbox and went out into the hallway, she could no longer see the boy.

"Where did he go?"

If you take your eyes off for a moment, he will disappear. This is another characteristic of the boy. Maybe he has its own secret route, he should have been there a little while ago, but suddenly when you realize it, he instantly moves to another place.

Kukuri ran out of the hallway, saying she would definitely catch him.

She sees him through a window, walking along the terrace of the cafeteria with a garnish.

When Kukuri rushed to the cafeteria, he disappeared. Then she saw him receiving candy from a girl in the hallway through the school window.

When Kukuri returned to the school building, he was gone again, and witnesses told her that they saw Shiro go to the dining room, but when she went to the dining room, he was no longer there, and the chef said in the kitchen, "Also, took the garnishes..."

While collecting sightings, she searches the yard, runs down the hall, and out the window again, finds the boy walking in a good mood in the opposite hallway. He had a lunchbox in one hand and a red umbrella on the shoulder of the other.

The place where the boy is close to where she is.

Kukuri ran as hard as she could down the hall of the student council, but when she got there, the boy was gone and there was only a cleaning robot Tsukumo 99. Kukuri meets Tsukumo with too much energy.

A cleaning robot that speaks the samurai language, which is loved at this school, complained to Kukuri, who had beaten him "Be careful."

"By the way, he's a runaway boy!"

Kukuri looks around and walks towards the missing boy.

At that moment, she could hear the sound of tinkling and bells, and although there was no one around her, she felt a cute aroma like a girl's shampoo for a second.

After all, she couldn't catch the boy, and Kukuri decided to eat the two bento boxes side by side.

The boiled taro in her mouth tasted delicious as she'd tasted it, but she wasn't going to eat it herself.

Besides Kukuri, Inaba, who had already eaten her bento, grabbed onto the table with her chopsticks and took a garnish from Kukuri's bento box and brought it to her mouth.

"Is love. It is not love?"

Kukuri chased the boy, perhaps because he was supposed to have lunch with people, Inaba said in a bored voice.

"No, that is not the case."

Kukuri dropped her shoulders.

"Somehow, that person seems to disappear when I take my eyes off him..."

That is the reason why Kukuri cares about the boy.

He talks to everyone so happily and is loved by so many people, he eats a lot of side dishes at lunch, but she feels like he is leaving when they find out.

Like today where she could see he right there but couldn't catch he, someday really, she thinks he's going to disappear out of reach.

With such a strange emotion, Kukuri chased after the boy with the feeling that she should catch him if he was not strongly connected to anyone.

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Thanks to everyone's favor, collecting side dishes for lunch was a great catch.

The boy eats the delicious white rice and the side dishes recommended by all in a lunch box, on a rooftop of the school building.

There was a screech and a bell noise, and a kitten appeared that was going somewhere during class. The boy smiles, "Welcome." and he place a snack on the lid of the lunchbox, for the kitten.

Having eaten a full meal, the boy lay down at the wind blowing across the rooftop. He put the red umbrella open and start taking a nap.

This umbrella was something that the boy found in the school warehouse. He was disappointed because he felt it was something that was used at some school festival, and the dusty umbrella was very attractive. The boy loves this Japanese style umbrella.

The boy spread his arms and legs and stretched.

"Japan is a peaceful country."

He feels sleepy and tired.

The boy who swims between reality and dreams saw a golden light in the dark.

Who is...?

A very tall man was in the golden light. An old man with a strict gaze. He has a hard body and his back is straight. An old man with terrifying intimidation and terrifying atmosphere, but the boy felt the nostalgic light of his light.

The old man opened his mouth.

"This country is over, Weissmann."

It was a heavy voice. It was like scolding and begging for something.

Suddenly, he hears someone laugh.

When he noticed, there was a man in his twenties and a white man who had long silver hair on his back and was smiling mysteriously.

Looking at the silver-haired man, the boy felt as if his head was shaking.

This is different from nostalgia. However, the intense sensation of seeing and discomfort builds up, making the lower stomach feel uncomfortable.

Quickly, the boy opened his eyes.

On the rooftop of the school, it seems that the boy had a strange dream at this time.

He was suddenly surprised by what happened, but the kitten who had curled up due to the boy's weakness, withdrew.

"Now... what did you say?"

The boy asked the kitten that way, but the kitten tilts its neck.

It is not surprising. There is no way for a cat to speak. First of all, this is just a dream.

The boy was able to fight for a fortune in a strange dream that was different from the sad dream it did not remember this morning.

He returned to the classroom at the last minute of class, but everyone in the classroom was humming with their thoughts, and it wasn't as if the class was starting soon. The boy bows his head.

"How about class?"

Mishina, who was working in the front seat, has an astonished face.

"Preparation for the school festival in the afternoon. Work hard!"

That was. It was less than a week before the school festival. The Ashinaka School festival, commonly known as Gakuen Island, which is a gigantic school, is a festival that literally lists the entire island, and the budget and enthusiasm are enormous.

To ensure that no one other than relevant persons can enter and exit the school island, you cannot enter inside the island gate without a student pass or a staff pass installed on the PDA. It is a mechanism that remains. However, on the day of the festival, the door will open and visitors from outside freely.

The Ashinaka School Festival is not just a school festival; it is also a great event that the general public outside the school is looking forward to.

All of the students took the school festival seriously with the goal of not only creating their own memories but also entertaining the people, and in December, when the school festival is held, there were often days when internal students were given allowed preparation work until midnight.

The fact that the school festival is held in December is a little different, but this is because the school festival on Gakuen Island is held at the same time as the annual shrine festival on the island.

The boy looked around the classroom. Everyone seems to be busy practicing theater, making costumes, combining costumes, and various gatherings. When he was watching the scene without help, Kukuri quickly entered.

"Hey, someone asked me to use student council! We are recruiting people who are free!"

Kukuri raises her hand and recruit's volunteers. Although there is a small natural place, Kukuri, who is a solid, cheerful and kind person, is a member of the student council and everyone can trust her.

In the eyes of the classmates who worked, she walked over to the boy holding a kitten. If you are a leisure person, stay here, everyone's eyes said.

Go to a downtown store to collect fireworks for the event. Even if he rushes from Gakuen Island, it takes over an hour to get to the center of Shizume-cho. Certainly, he was the right one to go as he currently has no job.

Kukuri operates the mission, makes the purchase note, and hands it to the boy.

"Then Shiro, I will send you a note."

The boy thought he would say that and smiled. By the way, what happened to his PDA? He feels like he hasn't seen it recently.

He looked in his pocket, but couldn't find it. Does he leave it in the bedroom or did he lose it? The boy is not in the habit of playing with his PDA, so he is not in the habit of carrying it.

"Don't you have a PDA?"

Kukuri rolled her eyes. The boy somehow makes a fake smile. Kukuri feels it is a bit strange, but says, "Well, I'll write it down on paper." However, on the way, he realized that...

"Oh, I can't leave school without first looking for it to use."

The pass to enter and exit the Gakuen Island gate is on the PDA designated by the school and that each student has. At school, the PDA serves as an identification card.

However, the boy did not remember wearing it these days. The boy is familiar with the secret passageways at school.

Security seems to be disabled, but the boy knew that even if he didn't have a PDA, he could do anything.

Taking the memo from Kukuri, who had a worried face, the boy laughed and said, "Ok."

The boy has many friends on Gakuen Island, although the relationship is wide and shallow.

There were many "friends" among teachers and staff, as well as among students.

Teachers who are taking lessons directly can be the best people if they really care about a particular student, (Still, old school teachers tend to listen to the boy's requests.) Staff, other than teachers, like security guards thought the boy was like a stray cat.

That is why the boy walked out of the school, not through the gate, but through the guard station. He laughed and said, "I don't use it for long, but I lost my things." The man said, "Please order another one again soon."

Even with good security, there are places where a person tends to be able to pass.

The boy was walking on the bridge connecting Gakuen Island and the mainland, reviewing the shopping notes with the kitten on his shoulder.

All travelers and those on the main island use monorails that pass under the connecting bridge, which is primarily for vehicles and few people walk on foot. However, you need a PDA to travel on the monorail. The connecting bridge is long to walk on foot, but the boy liked to walk on the bridge looking at the sea.

Illuminated by the falling sunlight, the sea is blue and glowing.

The boy leaned on his side and watched the landscape from the bridge. A gentle breeze blows with the scent of the tide, making the boy's hair flutter.

It was a beautiful and calm sight.

Suddenly he feels like staying there forever.

Good weather. Soft breeze. A kitten that clings to his shoulders, and has many bright and fun friends on the way home.

What is here and now seemed calm and terribly difficult to find.

He wondered if something smelled bad about it.

He smiles at his thoughts and is yelled at that he is in the process of being used. He must collect the fireworks she ordered and get a receipt at Shizume-cho, and he must return at six o'clock.

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A young man was sitting on top of the building.

He is called "black dog". It is a popular name that sounds like a derogatory name, but he is proud to be the servant of a "King", so he is proud of himself.

Her long black hair in a ponytail flutters in the wind.

Shizume-cho's bustle extends below him.

He saw a boy trying to cross a crowded intersection.

A 16 or 17-year-old boy with a little pink kitten on his shoulder. He's small and has a soft girlish look, with an atmosphere that won't warn anyone.

But...

He saw a guy with a red shirt and a cap who was walking away from the boy with the umbrella a little and made his way through the crowd. The conscience of the guy in the hat is completely directed towards the boy with the umbrella, and his expression is disgusting. Probably a "Homura" member. It's a bad job as a follower, but the umbrella boy doesn't seem to notice.

Looking up at the boys from a height, he took his precious recorder out of his pocket and pressed the play button. The recorder is an important treasure that preserves the voice of his late master and guides his actions.

"The king's shadow lights up."

A deep, slightly bright voice is heard from the recorder. He closed his eyes and listened to the voice.

The boy with the umbrella walks with an unprotected face. Well, he was quiet walking around Shizume-cho city. He doesn't know if the boy has something to think about or if he's dumb.

He put his hand on the sword at his waist. The famous sword "Kotowari" entrusted by his master. He draws that sword only when he fulfills the orders of his master.

"Please look, Ichigen-sama."

He murmured to pray and stood up.

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The boy received the fireworks that the student council had ordered at a fireworks store called "Kadamaya" in Shizume-cho. Mainly fireworks, but there are some weird types too, and it was quite interesting that the store owner lectured him on how to use them.

He leaves the store with the receipt received from Kukuri.

There is still time until dusk. Even if he deviated a bit, it looks like he'll be back at six o'clock, and when the boy started walking, something loud was heard slipping on the ground behind him.

When he looked back, he saw a young man on a skateboard hitting a metal bat and approaching.

"Eh?"

The boy opened his eyes and made his thoughts and body stiff for a moment. He visually saw the metal bat swinging toward his head, the stiffness of his body dissolving before he thinks, and he jumps with a reflex.

The downed metal bat destroys the storefront, and the desks and products placed in the store were crushed and scattered.

The boy like a fluffy rice cake on the way was surprised, looking at the young man who swung the metal bat.

A young man who looks like a high school student, wearing a knit hat and a red hoodie around his waist.

He put his foot on the skateboard, put the metal bat on his shoulder, looked back slowly and observed the boy who was confused.

What? What is happening? He wanted to ask, but suddenly the words don't come out of the boy's throat.

The young man on the skateboard manipulates a clock-shaped device on his arm and projects a screen in the air. Carefully compare the boy's face to something projected there and he laughed violently.

"Eh?"

The boy smiled with a cheat, but felt the aggressive will that was near the murder surging from the skateboard guy's body, and he stood up.

Not good. Perhaps this person does not speak. He means, he's so angry he won't have ears.

However, he is not a demon. He doesn't know why, but this young man with a skateboard is angry at "Isana Yashiro".

Why?

The boy tried to engage in boring dialogue while slowly backing away.

"Oh, what is that so sudden? I don't think you have any reason to hit me."

The skateboarder's brow furrows. That's not good. The boy wanted to cover his face when he responded by pouring oil on the fire. On his shoulders, a kitten clings to the boy with its claws, escaping from the young man on a skateboard.

"Don't you remember being hit? You are brave, shit. So is. I will not stop."

The body of the young man on the skateboard seemed to sway in red.

The boy scratches his eyes. It is not an error. A bright red light bursts from the young man's body.

When the boy stepped back, the red light appeared, enveloping the young man on the skateboard. Hot. The boy's bangs are slightly burned. The overflowing red light turned into a flame and filled he.

"It's not enough just to catch you. I'll kill you!"

The young man on the skateboard screamed and kicked the ground. He jumps high with his skateboard and shakes the red flame at the boy.

The boy screamed miserably and started running at full speed.

The young man on the skateboard lightly brushes the boy's hair. The sound of the street being destroyed, the explosion and the heat entering from behind, but there is no room to look back.

The boy ran to death.

Run between pedestrians and obstacles, cross the railings and choose a stepped street, he can run on routes that are difficult to ride a skateboard.

He couldn't even pretend and jump onto the street, and he fell onto the back of a truck that stopped at the signal.

With the truck that started to work, he managed to catch his breath.

The kitten looked up at his knees with its front paws. The boy strokes his head.

The man believes that it is problematic to take this boy because it is dangerous, but if he throws it in such a place, it will be difficult for him to return alone to Gakuenjima.

"Sorry for involving you."

With a miserable face, the boy smiled at the kitten.

It's okay to be scared, but in this situation, the kitten doesn't seem particularly dependent and stands on all fours, looking out from the platform with his round eyes. In that figure, he felt a strange sensation as if to say, "You should beat this."

Who is it that attacks the child? Given the appearance of that skateboarder, the boy has probably been mistaken for the person who bought his grudge. He thinks the boy may have unknowingly bought a grudge, but he doesn't think there was a point of contact between the boy who lives in Gakuenjima and the boy on the skateboard who holds so much grudge that he tries to kill him.

The boy had a difficult face, the kitten jumped on the boy's shoulder again, and bit his cheek to tell him to stop thinking.

The sound of the skateboard mixed with the sound of the car. The boy is resistant. Looking at him, the boy on the skateboard just before putting his hand on the shoulder of a young man straddling the back of a two-seater motorcycle, borrows the speed of the boost and drives the skateboard, approaching.

The man who rides the motorcycle is a man with big fat sunglasses, and behind him is a young man in a red jacket and a helmet over his cap. He took a wood with his hand, and was excited to attack the boy.

The truck suddenly stopped when the boy pressed his cheeks saying that the number of pursuers was increasing. The boy hits the load on the stepped platform.

"Ouch!"

The young man on the skateboard jumps while screaming. Jump on a skateboard and shake a metal bat wrapped in a bright red flame. The boy screamed, but managed to dodge the blow.

The two men on the motorcycle approached without interruption, and the young man in the back seat shakes the wood that is still burning.

The boy rushed out of the truck, avoided him, and ran away.

He escapes to the sidewalk, but a skateboarder walks down the road and a motorcycle duo closes behind.

The boy glanced around and immediately found a narrow alley between buildings where a person could pass and jumped over there.

Passing through the alley against the back of the scream and the sound of the chase. He ran down the alley as he listened to his breathing sound as it bounced, and he moved as far away as he could, but it turned into a dirty, secret alley.

When he started running again, he saw a tall man smoking a cigarette in the distance.

A handsome man in his twenties, wearing a tight jacket, with a red scarf around his neck, and blond with sunglasses, creating an atmosphere that is not solid. The boy ran towards the man who was like a host or bartender during the break.

"Sorry! Stay away!"

He is chased by men who wield weapons that eject flames. It is irresistible to be involved in an incident like the mysterious burning of a man in Shizume-cho.

However, the man slowly exhaled cigarette smoke in front of the boy who was working with a sign saying "It's an emergency."

On the back of the boy, there is a bad feeling.

The tall man shook his cigarette in his hand with his thumb.

Burning cigarettes fly in the air.

A small fire at the end of a cigarette puffed up, turning into a fireball, which looked like slow motion. The boy stops.

The fireballs that were born in the air were divided into numerous pieces and flew towards the boy at once. It is a rain of flames. There is no short wish.

But mysteriously, the fear of death was far away. He thinks your senses are on fire for a series of unrealistic events.

"Ah." While looking at the many high-speed flying fireballs, the boy was prepared to receive the flames.

But the flames did not burn the boy.

A black mass falls from the sky and lands between the boy and the fireball.

A person.

A young man wearing a black coat and long black hair.

He looked up and blew up all the fireballs with his right hand.

At first glance, it looked like he was playing with his own hands, but his hands and the fire were not in direct contact. The space where he places his hand becomes distorted, and the trajectory of the fireball changes. The fireballs whose orbits changed landed everywhere on the back streets and generated smoke.

From behind, the skate boy attacks the young man suddenly and without fear.

The young man with long dark hair raises his hand towards the skate boy.

In the next moment, the skate boy was drawn to the black-haired young man and pushed at the slot with his elbow, as if moving instantly.

It was as if the space between the black-haired young man's hand and the skate boy was compressed in an instant.

The boy was surprised, looking at the skate boy who flew in the air slightly through the groove and the black-haired young man who did a series of things without moving an eyebrow with a simple face.

The young man with black hair grabs and pulls the boy's loose neck and clutches it to himself.

As he was, he shrugged at the black-haired young man and looked him in the face a short distance away.

Their faces are close.

He felt that he had not sensed another person at such a close distance in a long time.

There is a strange tension in the boy's body that may be stronger than when he was chased by a murderer.

"Wooh!"

The boy's feet floated in midair with the sensation that the body was dragged heavily.

The young man with the black hair is reaching the distance. The air at the tip of the palm seemed distorted. The space at the end of the hand was compressed, and it seemed that the boy holding the body of the black-haired youth was up.

The boy, who decided to fly at high speed in the air, hurriedly clings to the arm of the young man with black hair and holds on tight. A fallen skateboarder, a stupid fat young man, and a young man in a red cane cap, and a tall blond man looking at him with a calm expression, the sight of the back alley turned distant and the landscape around him flowed behind.

"Who you are?"

The boy muttered while holding on.

The young man answered nothing, looking at his destination, with a well-organized and determined face.

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Kusanagi Izumo suddenly lowered, reported the situation, and gave a small sigh when he saw the young man who flew away with the target.

"Damn... who is that guy?"

Misaki Yata holds his belly that was hit with a strong elbow strike.

"Black dog. Yatogami Kuro. I'm getting in trouble again."

Kusanagi smiling, looking in the direction the targets disappeared.

However, he confirms the face of the target. A handsome boy with a pretty face, but that's the person in the video.

Kusanagi repeatedly watched that annoying video over and over again.

If he closes his eyes, he will see a child with a terrifying smile on the back of his eyelids.

He will never let him go. No matter which hand he use, he will catch him and mark his fall.

Kusanagi took out his PDA.

"I do not know. Next move."

The preparation has been completed. Kusanagi tapped to activate it from his PDA.

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The boy was taken to the roof of the building on an aerial walk like a roller coaster.

Upon landing, the young man with long dark hair throws his body on concrete. The boy hit his butt hard.

The kitten holding on to the boy is also thrown out, but unlike the boy, it landed well and emerged immediately.

The boy stood up getting ready. Looking around from the rooftop, he saw a large, symbolic monitor in front of the Shizume-cho station.

"Oh, here in front of the station? Thanks for your help! Well then..."

At a glance, with a sense of security that escaped the crisis, the usual boy returns to base. He felt it. It was a little difficult, but it seemed to have worked. Then he would return to Gakuen Island with his goods.

A sword in the sheath of the young man with long black hair blocked the boy's path.

(Huh? Yes, it's a sword, this... Why does this person have a sword?)

The black-haired young man swings the sword in the scabbard, rolling it onto the concrete again.

"I am a disciple of Ichigen Miwa, the previous Seventh King, I am Kuro Yatogami."

The black-haired young man drew his sword quickly as he spoke in a low voice.

The boy cannot understand the young man's words at once, and he bows his head.

"The Seventh King Ichigen Miwa?"

After repeating it as a spell, something comes to his mind.

"Oh, is it a name? My name is Isana, Yashiro Isana."

He introduced himself as cheerfully as possible, but as if trying to silence the company, Ichigen Miwa's royal envoy shook his sword.

The blade flew at such speed that only a silver trajectory was visible, slicing off the school emblem on the boy's neck.

The school emblem near the boy's throat was cut by a sharp sword and rolls on the rooftop concrete with a little noise.

As expected, the boy breathed silently and looked at the young man in front of him.

Looking seriously, the black-haired young man with the sword, Kuro, seemed to be younger than expected. He may not be much different from the boy, he may be a boy too.

He had a clean and drifting atmosphere with a sharp face. He was like a young warrior appearing in a movie, combining a place where a sword with a naked body looks good with a burn, a hairstyle that combines long straight black hair in a high position, a place where the back seems to be serious and upright.

Kuro walks towards him a few steps with a calm expression that does not express emotions.

"Under the orders of my late master, I will defeat the evil "King"."

The voice with which he declared it was calm. But deep in his voice, it seemed that a tragic determination was lurking.

The boy does not know what to accept and what to do, and makes a confused voice.

"What...? King...?"

Everything was strange to him today.

As always, calmly and carefree, he cooks rice at school, he made everyone share a garnish, he ate rice with the kitten, he took a nap, seeing everyone prepare for the school festival happily, Kukuri asked him to help her.

So he was supposed to go back to school and repeat a similar, calm and happy life.

Kuro, who holds a sword, does not have the murderous feeling and burning anger that the skate boy felt.

Instead, he felt a mission sensation like steel that is definitely determined to cut something.

When the boy is stuck, the image on the large monitor in front of the Shizume-cho station, where the promo video was streaming, is suddenly altered and another stormy video appears.

In an abnormal scene, the boy's conscience and Kuro moved together to the monitor.

The monitor screen suddenly changed, and the image that was taken by a hobbyist with a camera was displayed, which was completely different in quality from the beautiful advertising image that had been streaming so far.

The image is rough. It looks like it was taken with an old camera.

At the bottom of the screen, "07.12 23:45", the date and time are displayed.

What was projected was a scene that appears to be the rooftop of the building at night. There is a boy's back resting against the fence.

He was humming.

The voice made the boy aware. Singing Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 "Song of Delight" in a voice he has never heard.

"It's a nice night."

A different voice than the person in the back humming said that. Probably who was recording.

"I came to film the night view, what are you doing here?"

The person in the back doesn't seem to respond to the one who is recording, and he's shaking himself.

Cold sweat pours from the boy's body.

The boy doesn't know about this. He swears to God, an unforgettable sight.

However, he had a bad feeling and his heart was racing.

"I am Totsuka Tatara. And you?"

The person behind looked back. He had a gun in his hand. He fired and fired without any scrutiny.

Bang, the shot sounds.

The image is blurred. The camera appears to have dropped. The screen went black for a moment, and immediately after that, he saw what appears to be the cameraman collapse.

After a while, the camera moves as he whispers. It looks like the person who shot just adjusted the camera with his foot to show himself.

The person's face is clearly projected.

It was the boy. It was the face of Isana Yashiro.

The face he sees in the mirror every morning. However, he had a crazy smile with narrowed eyes and raised corners of his mouth, instead of his usual tense expression.

Someone in the boy's face said,

"I am the Seventh King, "Colorless King". Waiting for someone here. Is it a good night? Oh, sure, it is a good night."

In a euphoric voice, someone in the boy's face pointed the gun at the camera and fired again.

Then the video stops.

The boy continued to stare at the large monitor that stopped when the gun was fired and another person's face just looked up.

"Is that correct for you?"

Kuro's voice is heard.

The boy took off the line of sight from the monitor and looked at Kuro.

Without anger or hatred, Kuro, who looks at the boy with a clean face and points his sword, seems like an ideal executioner.

The boy couldn't help but smile at him.

"Uh... does it look like this?"

CHAPTER 2: FLAMES

December 7th. That day was the day before the important girl's birthday.

Tatara Totsuka, who is not the only one from "Homura", has been preparing for a few days with his friends for the eleventh birthday of Anna Kushina, the girl who is everyone's princess.

She is an important girl to Totsuka.

She is like a sister, a good friend and a comrade.

Totsuka thought that she had the ability to get closer to the "King" than anyone else in Homura.

When Totsuka looked up, his Supreme "King" Suoh had just descended from the second floor.

A man whose red hair is slightly raised like a lion and looks like a gangster boss, but today, he loosened his poor eyesight a bit and looked around the bar.

The first floor is the HOMRA bar, which is also the base of "Homura", and the second floor is a residence where Suoh and Anna live.

From inside the counter, Izumo Kusanagi, the bar master, speaks lightly.

"Mikoto. Anna fell asleep?"

"Yes."

Although the preparation for the birthday party is directed to Anna, who is the protagonist, at the moment, it is a secret, but Anna is a very intelligent girl with sensitive abilities. Of course, she will know that Homura members are restless to celebrate her birthday, and she may even be careful to look away. However, Totsuka thinks this kind of thing is very important.

Totsuka gave Suoh a red rose to give to Anna tomorrow.

"So, King. Yes. Give it to Anna tomorrow and congratulate her."

Anna has a color vision deficiency and can only recognize colors in red. Perhaps that is why Anna is deeply concerned with the color "red". Tomorrow, he plans for Anna's arms to hold the bright red roses given by each of the members.

For a few seconds, Suoh looked at the red flower Totsuka offered him and received it.

"Oh, what honesty."

Kusanagi lightly mocks the king who obediently holds the flower without complaining.

"Keep Anna upstairs until noon tomorrow. In the meantime, I will prepare for the party."

Totsuka laughs at Suoh and asks Kusanagi, who works at the counter, "Do you have anything to help?"

Misaki Yata, a boy who cuts Homura's bark, broke in and said, "I will do some work for you." (Yata is nineteen, but because he has a baby face and is always skating in clothes with his knuckles on his knees, he looks more like a boy than a young man.)

Glancing at Yata, whom Kusanagi told him to do a chore, Totsuka raised his favorite camera.

Totsuka has an old camera. Because he likes the taste of digital movies that are different from the ones he takes with the PDA, Totsuka has a hobby of using this camera to take photos of Homura's everyday life. Totsuka has many hobbies but this is the hobby that continues the longest.

"Then, I should go home after a while."

"Totsuka, do you have something to do?"

Totsuka laughed and said that he had something to record to show Anna tomorrow, on her birthday.

He wanted to show her the scene where Anna, who can only see the color red, would surely think it would be great, using the camera that always records his friends.

Hearing Totsuka's story, Kusanagi and Yata laughed as if convinced. Suoh didn't say anything, but snorted a bit with a softer look than usual.

Totsuka, wearing a coat and holding a camera, laughed at his friends, "See you tomorrow!" And left the HOMRA Bar.

There is an application called "Candle". It's that kind of app that when you turn it on, a red candle-shaped light comes on the screen. There is no usage conference, etc.

But everyone who puts it on their PDA, is using the app for a purpose.

It was an urban legend.

When you direct a "candle" light at the airship, the airship lifts you off the ground.

Such rumors have sincerely been told. Actually, he has heard stories that they've been on the airship, but generally think of the common phrase in urban legend that says "friend of friend".

The airship flying over Tokyo is rumored to carry a globally wealthy person, but the actual situation is shrouded in mystery, there are various theories like alien theory and living god theory, and some of it is the object of faith.

The general public recognizes that a strange rich man who continues to fly on the airship, but his mystery, believe it or not, attracted many.

Totsuka and the "people related to the Slate" know his identity. He is just a "King" similar to Suoh. Adolf K. Weissmann, the first king, the "Silver King". The King, who has been flying in the sky for more than half a century and does not interfere with the ground, must be an old man as much as the "Golden King", but he has an immutable attribute and is still young. Apparently. He only knows what information appears to be, but Totsuka has never met another "King", and has no particular interest.

However, for those who did not know the existence of the heavenly royalty of the "King", Totsuka was interested in those who wanted salvation in a mysterious "something" full of mystery.

Everyone who points the "sail" towards the airship has something to do with this land, dreaming of another world, not here. The red light shining on the PDA seemed like a lot of colors in their lives.

When he stands on the roof of a building at night, he can often see the red light of a "candle" shining everywhere. He believes that the red light of the "candles" can be seen in the city at night, as if the entire city were a large cake with lit candles. He wants to show Anna that on her birthday tomorrow. Totsuka was heading to the building, which is a hidden place where the night view looks particularly beautiful, camera in hand.

Will Anna say that the red light on the candle is clear or will Anna, who has the ability to respond, feel the emotions of the people in the candle and feel the pain? However, Totsuka

thinks the scene is beautiful, including the fact that each red light is full of people's thoughts.

Totsuka reached the target building and went up to the rooftop.

There was an unexpected customer on the rooftop.

From behind, he can see that he is a little boy like a high school student.

Did he come to see the night view? Or he may be trying to aim the sail at the airship. His body seems to sway a bit, but it's suspicious behavior, but he can hear him sing a song of joy with a buzz, and he doesn't think he's reached the rooftop to commit suicide.

Totsuka sometimes met a person who lit a "candle" when he came to record the night view.

At those moments, Totsuka decides to speak. People who light the "candles" often have some kind of worry and dissatisfaction, and when he listens to them, they can glimpse their lives and they can spit out a lot of regrets, and often cry.

Between the clear night sky with the stars and the lights of the city with human activity, Totsuka walked towards the boy's back while pointing the camera at him.

"Hello, it's a nice night."

A cold winter breeze blows high, stroking his cheeks. An illuminated night. It is a nice night, with the beautiful starlight, the city lights and the red lit candles.

"I came to film the night view, what are you doing in such a place?"

There is no response from the boy. He doesn't even look back.

"I am Tataru Totsuka. What about you?"

The boy suddenly turned around. He could see something black glittering in his hand.

Soon after what he thought, a shot rang out.

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The news of the death of Totsuka Tataru, the executive of "Homura", reached "Scepter 4" at midnight near dawn.

The first report was brought to Seri Awashima, Lieutenant of "Scepter 4", by Izumo Kusanagi, the executive staff of "Homura".

Awashima heard Kusanagi's voice so cold for the first time. Kusanagi was calm and not bothered at all. However, the calm he usually shows in front of Awashima is not so fragile, and he simply announced the minimum deeds and will necessary.

The fact that the executive, Tatara Totsuka, was shot dead by a person claiming to be the "Colorless King." Since this case is a problem between clans and the police intervention does not make sense, they did not denounce it and they report that those who took the body was "Homura". The report states that "Homura" will use all of his strength to pursue him after all. She knows that "Scepter 4" cannot be used in places where it is useless, but "Homura" goes after the criminal on his own and does not require any cooperation from "Scepter 4".

Kusanagi said it terribly clerical and one-sided. He barely answered Awashima's words. Kusanagi reaction remained the same whether he called as "Kusanagi Izumo" deputy director of "Homura" to "Scepter 4", or as "Kusanagi-kun" and her acquaintance to Awashima Seri.

When he hung up the phone, Awashima immediately manipulated the PDA, took off her garment and put on her underwear while calling out to the "King" and "Head of Scepter 4".

Despite arriving late at night, Reisi Munakata, the head of the office, responded with a single call.

"What's happen?"

"There was a report from Izumo Kusanagi, the executive member of "Homura". Tatara Totsuka, an executive of 'Homura', was assassinated by someone claiming to be the "Colorless King"."

Awashima made a simple statement, inserting a jacket between her shoulder and face and pulling the sleeves into her uniform.

Munakata replied, "I understand."

"We will call members on an emergency call. Please meet at the base immediately."

"Yes!"

When the call ended, Awashima was already well dressed in her uniform. To finish, she quickly tied her tousled hair in front of the mirror, fixed it with a hair clip, put on her boots, and left the room.

As she hurries down the hall, Awashima feels the rush of blood close to her heart.

A member of the clan dies. That's sad. She also experienced it in "Scepter 4". However, if the criminal becomes another "King", a clan war is inevitable. Furthermore, Tatara Totsuka is surely the oldest member of the clan with Suoh and Izumo Kusanagi.

Remembering Kusanagi's voice on the phone, when she entered the captain's office of "Scepter 4", which was adjacent to the bedroom, she was led into the twister due to the commotion that might occur. Munakata and the members of the special affairs team were already prepared.

Awashima bowed to Munakata, who was sitting in the office, and looked briefly at the faces of the hurried members. After thinking that Fushimi was missing, the door opened at the same time with a loud bang.

Saruhiko Fushimi, who has entered the office, said with a sulky look that the "Homura" executive was killed.

The eyes with black rimmed glasses and slightly long bangs carry a somber light. She has never seen Fushimi in a good mood, but today he seemed more frustrating than ever.

Fushimi is a young man with a unique past who has changed from "Homura" to "Scepter 4."

He lacks coordination, but he has a lot of power to make up for it, and although he is still 19 years old, he is at number 3 on "Scepter 4."

"Scepter 4", which plays the role of a police force against the Strains, and "Homura", which started from a street gang, are conflicting organizations that collide frequently. What happened to Fushimi's turn, Awashima doesn't know the detailed circumstances and never felt the need to know in particular.

However, she was deeply impressed by how he received the news that the "Homura" executive with whom he had been involved was assassinated.

Munakata bypassed the members and began to explain the current situation.

Shortly after receiving the news from Awashima, Munakata had contacted the police and made the minimum necessary adjustments.

Police had already launched an initial investigation after receiving a report from the general public that heard the shot, and had also obtained sightings of men carrying what appeared to be the body. However, Munakata received notice that the right of investigation was moved to "Scepter 4" and that the police would only deal with the backup because it was a "male case" involving a person with special abilities. Police investigations have stopped.

Fushimi irritated his hair in front of Munakata, who insisted that they conduct an investigation.

"Isn't this dangerous? If it goes wrong..."

"Yes, we cannot do bad things. We will catch the criminal."

Fushimi's words were accepted and Munakata said in a rejecting tone.

"We cannot let criminals who get out of order and commit crimes go unchecked, and we cannot afford to ignore a private sentence that could involve hundreds of thousands of unrelated people."

Awashima took a breath in the current crisis that was clearly declared by Munakata.

Suoh wants to kill the "Colorless King". It was a possible future, where Awashima tried not to look ahead, feeling what would happen if he killed the King due to the instability of Suoh's Weissmann deviation.

Awashima reconsidered Munakata. The orderly "Blue King" did not disturb his calm and graceful face, his eyes beyond his glasses were calm, but his feeling was not always the same.

"Let's find the criminal. In our cause, without cloudiness."

They all corrected their attitude and welcomed Munakata's statement.

Awashima casually stopped next to Fushimi and walked side by side as they moved to their respective posts.

"Totsuka Tatara, who was killed, what kind of person was he in "Homura"?"

She asks Fushimi in a calm tone. She thought that he wouldn't reply deeply if he was astonished, but Fushimi looked at Awashima, and replied without emotion.

"He was a non-combatant. He mainly played the role of turning situations well, such as taking care of the education of newcomers or dealing with problems from his colleagues. Usually, Izumo Kusanagi was in charge of negotiations with the outside, but there were times when Totsuka was good at correctly engulfing the opponent in smoke and deceiving them."

Does it have a purpose to respond only with the performance without touching the personality? Awashima looked at Fushimi's profile. After all, his emotions don't show up there, but she felt that his always pale cheeks were paler than usual, probably because he woke up at dawn or because of the content of the news.

"Suoh Mikoto is..."

Awashima muttered as she recalled the "current crisis" she told Munakata.

"Even if he knew he would repeat the tragedy of 13 years ago, would he kill the "Colorless King"?"

Nobody knows Suoh like Awashima. Awashima, the first member of the Munakata clan, was alongside Munakata when he first collided with Suoh. At that moment, Suoh laughed at Munakata's persuasion and concessions and removed his fangs. Facing Awashima, Munakata, who was always calm, disturbed his feelings at the situation of the fire beast or the disaster of the human form.

She believes that he is a terrifying man who has a violent orientation and destructive power. Awashima couldn't qualify that man, that even Munakata couldn't understand, he was immeasurable.

"The role of Tatara Totsuka. I think there was also an aspect like Suoh's security device."

Fushimi said bluntly. In the end it was a completely self-talking tone.

Before Awashima answered anything, Fushimi suddenly left Awashima.

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A shot sound.

The sound he doesn't know how many times, Kusanagi heard at the bar. The images taken by the old camera of Totsuka are converted into data and now played back on a personal computer. The video data was sent to the PDA of all the members of Homura to report the face of the criminal.

Seeing the images of his friend being killed over and over again gave him the feeling of falling asleep in his chest, but when anger and sadness find a place in his heart, those emotions are felt. No more irrational fuss. It may be okay to say that you are used to it.

Hearing the criminal boy make a name for himself, Kusanagi paused the video and spread the boy's hands. He intended to identify the type of weapon and follow the weapons acquisition route.

Kusanagi's PDA by his side, receives reports from "Homura" members one after another. Now they are gathering information about sightings around the building where Totsuka was killed and they go to the information store and the people behind the scenes to ask, but the results have yet to be achieved. There are many reports that members with blood on their heads were rude and had trouble, or had a fight with a member of "Scepter 4" who rushed in.

In particular, Yata, who is the leader of "Homura's" vanguard, was prone to ruin now because he was prone to getting caught in a direct path. He uses Kamamoto as an immobilizer to keep his balance, because otherwise he could hit some average person and hurt him. He was still a teenager and often played the role as his brother. Above all, it was Yata who saw Totsuka take his last breath, it can be said that it is reasonable.

As Kusanagi worked diligently, he heard footsteps descending from the second floor. Kusanagi removed his sunglasses and narrowed his eyes slightly, where the loud noise of stepping on the stairs and the soft noises of light weight, overlapping each other, made noise. "It's about time.", he mutters under his breath. Soon the other members will join as well.

Suoh and Anna appear at the bar. Anna's hand that was clinging to Suoh's back to hide in the middle, had a red flower. Anna held her in her hands, holding her to her chest.

The flowers were planned for everyone to give as a gift one by one on Anna's birthday. It seems that the rose that Totsuka gave to Suoh to give to Anna last night, was correctly

given to Anna by Suoh. Kusanagi couldn't do it. The rose that could not be delivered or thrown away remains alive in a glass vase in Kusanagi's room.

Totsuka was supposed to give it to Anna when she brought that ribbon. He felt sad when he thought about the gift Totsuka prepared, but when he saw Anna holding the rose in her hand in an important way, he also thought that it was the best gift that could be given to Anna.

"Well, everything is ready."

Kusanagi stands up off to a good start.

"Anna, wait here. Mikoto..."

At the call, Suoh follows Kusanagi without answering.

As he climbed the stairs, Kusanagi looked back and saw Suoh behind him. A simple ring-shaped earring was on the cartilage part of Suoh's left ear, which follows Kusanagi after slightly dropping his line of sight. Sometimes it glowed red when it received light. Kusanagi turns forward, looking at the earring he's not used to in his ear.

"Do you think the boy who killed Totsuka is the "Colorless King"?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you understand that between "Kings"?"

"No. It's just intuition."

Kusanagi sighed. It was a small sigh, but the exhaled emotions were heavy. The opponent is a "King". Kusanagi understood the meaning well.

"The previous seventh king, the "Colorless King" Miwa, died in late September. After that, I don't know the story of the birth of the new "Colorless King". He was born in secret. We also don't know why he murdered Totsuka."

"Never mind."

It was an audible voice that he couldn't hear.

Suoh doesn't care who he is or why he did it.

Just find him and kill him. He's probably thinking that's enough.

Kusanagi said nothing more and approached Totsuka's body that was lying in Suoh's room on the second floor of the bar.

He closed his eyes and smelled the blood from Totsuka's cold body. There is not the piercing that he always wears in his left ear, just a small hole in the cartilage.

Behind Kusanagi, Suoh made a noise that lit a cigarette and the familiar smell of smoke wafted through. The smell of the cigarette slowly replaced the smell of blood.

Kusanagi looks at his friend's white eyelids, which no longer open.

The graceful face whose auditory hair casts a shadow on the blood-boiled cheek looked like a doll, and was like a stranger.

"Even though I'm always calm, I'm dying to face it."

From now on, he will be cremated with the flame of Suoh.

It was also the smoke from Homura's battle of retribution.

The body was burned near the sea.

Kusanagi and his friends, who were cheerful, spoke well and laughed at all times, lay silently and without expression in front of the coffin.

They couldn't erase Kusanagi's mood as if he was dying, his expression was so calm that he suddenly stood up and said, "Is it just a surprise?" And serious. Totsuka didn't wake up and closed his eyes with a disgusting look. The contrast between Anna's soft reddish color next to Totsuka and the pure white color of his skin, which is no longer bloody, stays strangely in the eyes.

The moment Totsuka was cremated it felt strangely quiet and calm. Only this time, everyone was filled with sadness and regret rather than anger, and Suoh seemed to be as clear as usual from the edge.

Suoh's flame of extraordinary power instantly burned the coffin that contained Totsuka, leaving nothing behind.

No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!

It was the last moment that he embodied the words of "Homura", but like the remains of Totsuka in this world, the earring that Totsuka wore shone on Suoh's left ear.

After three days.

It seems that the quiet moment of Totsuka's funeral was a dream, time was running out and it was too difficult.

"Homura" did his best to search for the criminal boy, and even the members who had little relation to Totsuka were burning with the spirit of battle and revenge.

When it's normal, there are a lot of nice people who get together and make stupid noises, and that's why they get excited like children to celebrate a girl's birthday, but once they get angry and have a fighting spirit, they burn like a flame and they don't fit in until the other part is burned.

Kusanagi usually sprinkles water on those people as needed to control them, but this time, Kusanagi lets them burn as well.

Using all kinds of information networks and some rough means, he was able to find out how the killer got the gun, although the whereabouts were unknown.

Kusanagi, who got the information at midnight, hurriedly returned to the HOMRA bar and made his way to the second floor room where Suoh was the first to live.

"Mikoto."

Suoh was lying on the couch in the room, lazy with a cigarette in hand. When he turned to Kusanagi, the long ash that had accumulated on the end of the cigarette fell to the ground.

"What happened?"

"I discovered the origin of the weapon that killed Totsuka. A multinational mob that wins a large business. Recently, it seems to have focused particularly on arms trafficking."

"I see."

"I need to ask the 'customer' who sold the weapon if he knows him or has a relationship with him. Muko-san doesn't speak so easily, but the time and effort of using the hands to fry is pitiful. I think I'll just take the elite around Yata and Kamamoto to the question."

"No."

Suoh with a low voice, carelessly interrupted him.

"I'm going too."

Kusanagi stared at Suoh's apparition, who said that while still in a lying limbs position, and blinked several times.

"When you go, it will be important."

"Yes."

"Even for the last few days, 'Scepter 4' has been keeping an eye on us. If you move there, maybe those guys will be out there big."

Suoh smiled.

He grabs the cigarette that has been too short, squeezes it in his fingers and extinguishes it with his own flame.

"Let me be."

In a word, Kusanagi somehow sensed Suoh's heart and sighed with a bitter smile.

"Goodbye to the plan, right? It's weird, but if you call, you can gather members right now."

"No, tomorrow is fine. You should take Anna with you to see if he's lying."

"I agree."

When he tested the calculations for tomorrow in his head and solved the difficulty, there was a voice from behind calling him, "Kusanagi."

When he turned around, Suoh had a mocking smile and cheered at Kusanagi lightly.

"Go to sleep."

Kusanagi slightly opened his eyes, squeezed his face for about two seconds, then bent down and shook his face.

"Yes, thanks."

"You can't sleep well all the time."

"I will return that word exactly as it is."

On the contrary, it seems that there are few humans who sleep properly after the incident among the members of "Homura".

But surely, he should have slept well. From now on the situation of having to move the head and body continues. He needs sleep.

The same thing happened with Suoh, but Suoh shrugged slightly at Kusanagi's words.

"If you do it now, you will be asleep."

Guessing the meaning of the word, Kusanagi frowned.

From before, Suoh was sometimes "sleeping". While sleeping, control of the power is removed and the flame escapes accidentally, burning the walls of the room. It is usually when Suoh has a nightmare. He hasn't asked in detail about his dream, but he can imagine.

Although it is true. He thinks now it's even better.

"No matter how much you sleep; you will not sleep."

Suoh chuckled slightly when he said that he had no words to say to the ground, neither poison nor medicine.

Probably tomorrow, he will meet "Scepter 4". If Suoh moves, so will the "Blue King" Munakata.

Kusanagi thought silently, looking at Suoh's expression, thinking that that might be a good thing.

+++++

That day was a very cold day.

However, if she walks alongside Suoh, the cold recedes.

Anna looked at the back of Suoh, who is walking at the beginning of "Homura". In the sight of Anna, the color of his power is visible from Suoh's body.

The most beautiful red than anyone.

Suoh, who was visible to Anna, always wore a clean red. Red has a terrifying power, but it is very beautiful and warm.

Even now, Suoh's red is transmitted to Anna from the hand that holds his jacket and warms Anna.

"Ok, let's go ask."

"Sorry, Shohei! Open the door first!"

"Ok, San-chan. I've worked part-time at a pizza parlor, so I can go naturally. I'll pretend to deliver pizza, and when the other door opens, they'll attack!"

"Yata-chan, run after the signal. Don't run ahead."

"Yes."

Behind Suoh and Anna, Kusanagi and his friends make the final confirmation.

From now on, "Homura" will attack a multinational mafia office.

According to a Kusanagi survey, the weapon that killed Totsuka appears to be a modified pistol sold by the mob. The criminal boy is unlikely to be a member of the mob, but it would be a great clue if there was a firearms trade between the mob and the boy.

Anna had a reason to accompany this storm. Anna has the ability to see through everything. Even if the other person is reluctant to give out information, Anna can reveal the lies and secrets.

Suoh's hand was clutching the lid of the lighter he had, playing with a clicking sound. In this way, Suoh's strong emotions do not flow towards Anna even when he is close to her. Suoh's emotions sank deep into Suoh, and the surface even seemed to calm down.

Suoh flips the lighter with the lid open and places it near the cigarette still in his mouth. There was a little noise.

Suoh turned around and looked at Kusanagi. Kusanagi cleared his eyes, followed by Suoh from behind and slightly raised his hand to greet him.

"Good, go ahead. Mikoto, come as slow as possible."

When Kusanagi said that, he passed Suoh's side and advanced, Yata and his colleagues bowed slightly to Suoh and continued.

Suoh and Anna became the only two to part with Homura's people, who were moving fast.

Anna takes a red marble out of her pocket.

She often uses this marble as a vehicle when using her sensitive abilities.

Anna looks at the monochrome world through red marbles. Suddenly, she saw small snowflakes fluttering from the sky.

Anna looks up at the sky. It was starting to snow. Small snowflakes fall in the wind as they dance. No wonder it's cold. It's cold today, like that night Totsuka died.

"Mikoto."

When Anna called softly, Suoh looked at Anna. Suoh's left ear glows red with the earring.

"Are you going to kill him?"

In response to Anna's question, Suoh makes a selfish smile.

"It's not that good."

Anna pursed her lips tightly and concentrated on her hand that was holding Suoh's jacket.

"Just do what you want to do."

Suoh's steps remain the same, slowly, but in a straight line without hesitation.

+++++

Sitting next to a mob member who was shaking after being beaten by Yata and his friends, Kusanagi was smoking slowly.

On the floor of the spacious mafia office, who had been drunk, there were men rolling on the floor after "Homura's" attack.

Sitting next to Kusanagi, a member of the mob staring with his swollen eyes, at his comrades sprawled on the ground. Kusanagi brings the image projected on the PDA closer to his eyes.

"So, this is the guy we are looking for..."

Speaking to a foreign mobster in English, he points out the image of a boy claiming to be the "Colorless King" who killed Totsuka.

"Look the gun he has. It's from your place. Don't you know anything about it?"

The mob executives just flinch and don't respond. The weapons they brought to this country, modified and distributed, killed Totsuka. They needed to be remembered carefully.

Kusanagi put his arm around the back of the couch where the mob member was sitting, and he spoke so low and close that his breath was very close to his face.

"Relax and take your time to remember."

At that moment, a roar was heard. Dust enters through the entrance that Kamamoto broke during the attack. It seems that more tough customers have arrived.

Kusanagi smirked. He wanted to shake it some more, but the King had already arrived.

A heavy step was heard from the dust. Suoh stands in a relaxed look, hidden behind him, a pretty girl looks uncomfortable in this place.

"King!" Yata, Kamamoto and other members of "Homura" bowed at the same time.

"It's early, Mikoto."

Kusanagi says that, the lower part of his eyebrows are lowered. Suoh paused for a moment as if he had come to the neighborhood for a walk.

Anna stepped out from behind Suoh's waist, and when she noticed the shaking member next to Kusanagi, she hurried to run.

A mafia man with a swollen face and a nosebleed looked scared at a doll-like girl. Perhaps another kind of fear was felt in the appearance of the girl who appeared in the middle of such a disaster.

Anna took a red marble out of her pocket and hung it in front of her left eye.

She is a Strain with unique abilities before she was a member of the Red Clan. Her eyes communicate with various things like the past and the future, distant places and human hearts, and "see" by her total feeling. There is no such thing as looking at the thought of a scared man. If it's still hard to see, just push a little harder and try to uncover the hidden stuff.

However, Anna, looking into the mafia man's eyes through the marbles, simply lowered her arm.

"He does not know it."

Anna's words spread an air of disappointment among the members of "Homura". There are no leads on the criminal. Although some sighs ended, Suoh seemed not to care and said in a low voice.

"Let's go."

Suoh turned his back on him slightly and started walking.

Unfortunately, the members of "Homura" chase after him, and Kusanagi also offers a sincere apology by raising a hand towards the crushed mob and continues.

Suoh did not use the regular entrance and exit, and hit the wall protruding from his body slightly on the nearest wall and made a large hole, and got out of there. It's exciting.

"Mikoto-san, Kusanagi-san."

Fujishima and Eric, who are the "Homura" members who were watching, run down the hall.

"The boys in blue are coming. It seems that riot police are also deployed on the first and second floors of the building."

Behind Fujishima's report, Eric also says with a strange face. "The "Blue King" is also coming out. It only hits the mafia, it's an overdone team."

"I'm sorry. Right now, the Blues should want to stop us, even if we push a bit. Normally we wouldn't squeeze as much as we did a bit of force to ask at the yakuza shop, but this time we want to catch ourselves the hard way. The harm to the general public by people with powers is a great cause for the Blues due to the violation of accord 120."

"Agreement?" Yata greatly distorted her youthful face.

"The damage to the general public was just the wall that flew off, right? If the Blues get in the way, let's attack!"

Kusanagi shrugged, with Yata's breath at his side, and put his hand on Anna's shoulder, which was attached to Suoh's back, and gently pushed her towards Fujishima and his friends.

"Anna, evacuate with Fujishima and Eric. It's going to be difficult."

Anna gently approached Fujishima and others, but looked at Suoh with concerned eyes. Suoh doesn't look at Anna, but starts walking again.

Kusanagi smiles and looks at his back, and puts his hand gently on Anna's head and follows Suoh.

A red flame arises again from Suoh's body and deflects. The flame breaks the wall of Suoh's hand slightly like chocolate and opens a path. Apparently, it seems that the structure of the building is completely ignored and a hole is drilled in the desired location.

Maybe he has settled on a horizontal route, or maybe he just wants to spit out the flames swirling around his body.

When he went down to the second floor, Suoh burned the wall again. A red, tsunami-like flame penetrates the wall easily and the heat melts nearby metal. The flames in Suoh still

burned so that he couldn't calm down, a loud sparkling noise crackled under Suoh's feet, who stomped on the ground.

Behind the hole in the wall that Suoh opened was an entrance hall. As Fujishima said, riot police stationed with gear and a duralumin shield attached. However, they show clear confusion in the face of Suoh's flame and heat.

In the entrance to the first floor, there were people dressed in blue uniforms and hanging their swords at their waists. Unlike the riot police, they stand their ground against Suoh's flames.

"The Blues!"

Yata, who recognized their existence, released a scathing voice. Kusanagi smiled slightly to make it seem intimidating at best.

"Scepter 4" has arrived. What will you do, Mikoto?"

Suoh looked at "Scepter 4" from the second floor of the colonnade and laughed slightly.

A special task force, an elite group of "Scepter 4", is side by side, and Seri Awashima, the Lieutenant who is familiar with Kusanagi, is in charge of that.

And they are followed by Reisi Munakata, the fourth "King", the "Blue King".

Munakata watches silently, looking at Suoh from the other side of the lens of his glasses.

Suoh also silently looked at Munakata and said in a low voice.

"Burn them."

Yata thrusts his fist at the command of his "King". Led by Yata, who inspires with "Let's do it!", Kamamoto, Akagi, Bando, etc., responded like members of "Homura", raising their fists and raising their voices.

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

At the same time that he heard the voice of the "Homura" members, Suoh gently jumped over the railing with his hand in his pocket and jumped into the entrance hall on the first floor.

The intense red light bleeds and overflows from Suoh's body, who lands and stands up. It rages like a beast unleashed, swirling and swelling throughout the lobby.

The flame burns the wall, breaks the window glass and goes out.

The flame ran across the ceiling and the high heat caused the lights to fall to the floor and melt like butter.

Facing the raging flame, Reisi Munakata, the "Blue King," did not waver. A harsh blue light also overflows from Munakata's body, forming a dome-shaped wall of light that blocks Suoh's flames and protects himself and his men.

Suoh also smiled deeply at Kusanagi behind him.

Suoh's strength relaxes even more and the pressure exerted by Suoh increases.

Kusanagi looked up. There is a skylight over the entrance hall of the colonnade, and sunlight shines on it. The sky, which had been flashing with snow, was regaining blue sky now, but a red light was shining through the blue sky.

The red light that explodes in the sky swells as it distorts space, and a huge sword appears in the center.

It is a sword of Damocles.

A symbol of that person's royal authority and power status.

Suoh's sword of Damocles was huge, but it was cracked and crumbling.

"Ok."

Munakata pulled up his glasses and said.

"Control the sword with the sword. There are no clouds in our cause."

"Everyone, draw your swords!"

Awashima orders her subordinates in response to Munakata's cheerful comments.

The members of the Blue Clan, members of "Scepter 4," dressed in blue uniforms, lined up in a row, drawing their swords fluidly along with their names.

"Akiyama, Batto!"

"Benzai, Batto!"

"Kamo, Batto!"

"Domyoji, Batto!"

"Enomoto, Batto!"

"Fuse, Batto!"

"Goto, Batto!"

"Hidaka, Batto!"

Munakata, standing vertically and facing a forest of white swords, also placed his left hand on his sword sheath.

"Munakata, Batto!"

With that voice like a key, the saber opened and Munakata drew his sword in a beautiful manner. A sword white glossy leaf appears and looks up at the sky.

At the same time, the space next to Suoh's red sword of Damocles distorted and the blue sword of Damocles appeared.

Munakata unleashes his power. The barrier, "Sanctum", emitted by the "King" unfolds, and the blue light escaping from Munakata and his clansmen attacks Suoh. Suoh played the blue power with his own Sanctum without making a slight move.

Kusanagi jumps onto the railing, follows Suoh, and jumps to the first floor of the entrance hall. Followed by Yata and Kamamoto, the Red Clansmen who were behind Suoh.

Suoh and Munakata's centrally emitted red and blue powers collide and conquer.

It was Suoh with a slight smile who broke that balance.

Suoh spins the flame around his body with his hands in his pocket and slams it towards Munakata and "Scepter 4".

Munakata took off Suoh with sharp eyes, strengthened the exit of the blue barrier and reached for the fierce flame. Munakata's hair flutters in the hot air.

"Fu!"

With a little spirit of encouragement, Munakata waved the saber sideways. The flames that Munakata accepted and repelled are pushed towards Suoh and "Homura".

Kusanagi and others flew back slightly to avoid it, and Suoh was exposed to his own flames as if he was exposed to the breeze.

Suoh's flame gently melts around the body, turning into hot air.

Suoh leaned down and jumped like a beast. Break the barriers of blue power, attack Munakata and wield a fist with fire.

Munakata's sword flashes, hits Suoh's fist and plays with them. The sword and the fist that possess the power of the "King" are equivalent weapons.

Suoh laughs. The flame flutters over Munakata, and Munakata rejects Suoh's attack as if he is fighting with a sword.

Thinking it was a brilliant bullfight, Kusanagi smiled brightly, wondering if he could call his "King" bull.

"Mikoto-san! We too...!"

Yata, who was excited about the blood, showed that he had jumped before the battle between Suoh and Munakata, but Kusanagi raised his hand slightly and stopped him.

"But don't move. Don't let go."

Awashima, the member of the blue clan holds the barrier with her sword raised. Even if a clan member plunges into the battle between the kings, they will be annihilated.

Further...

(In any case, this is a sham.)

Kusanagi, with a complicated feeling, continued looking at the "King" who was fighting.

Munakata repels the flames emitted from Suoh's body with his blue sword.

"Suoh Mikoto. I understand the feeling for the death of a member of the clan. But we cannot forgive an audience so upset that it could harm people, much less retaliation that could involve unrelated citizens."

"I don't even want anyone to forgive me!"

Suoh says that laughing and kicking. Munakata brought his sword upright and linked his left hand to the peak of the blade to catch the kick. The flame protrudes from the kicking foot and tries to swallow Munakata.

Munakata's graceful face was slightly distorted, and he could see a small amount of irritation mixed with calm.

"Do you know the state of your sword?"

The end of Munakata's words turned harsh, and the eyes on the back of the glasses sharpened to lift Suoh off. As if angry at Suoh who raised the tip of his mouth, Munakata thrust his saber with force and flew away from Suoh.

The powers of red and blue collide violently for a moment and spark.

Suoh bounced and was thrown through the air, and when he made a revolution in the air, he landed in front of Kusanagi and the others.

Munakata also slid across the ground in reaction and came down in front of Awashima and his friends. A trace from the sole of Munakata's shoe rubbed against the ground, kicking up friction heat smoke.

Munakata, who had been irritated for a moment when he rebuilt himself, returned to his cool and calm expression, and when he repositioned his position, he put the sword in its sheath.

Looking at Munakata, who was holding the sword in front of the enemy, Suoh shrugged slightly, but did not provoke further and held back the flame he carried.

Munakata approached while stomping on the ground in his military shoes, and stopped in front of Suoh.

"I'll detain you under Settlement 120. Do you have any objections?"

Munakata asks a question.

Alongside Kusanagi, Yata is taking off against Munakata in a hostile manner. Kusanagi casually appeared in front of Yata to prevent him from attacking.

Suoh laughed, her voice slightly leaking.

"But that's not true. Well, take care of me."

Suoh presented Munakata with both fists, just as a sinner would admit his sin and surrender.

Kusanagi closed his eyes for a moment, then immediately opened them and ordered in a low voice to the impressive and disappointed Yata.

"Homura", retired."

Suoh was held back by "Scepter 4". If it was Suoh's choice, then with such a "King" in place, they followed the choice of Kusanagi, who is Suoh's second in command.

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An attack on a multinational mafia office by "Homura" and a collision between "Scepter 4" and "Homura" in the building where the office was located. After reporting the damage and further processing caused by him, Fushimi lowered the tablet displaying the report and looked at Munakata sitting on a chair in his office with messy eyes.

"Still, it was a bag that carried a lot of problems."

Munakata smiled in response to Fushimi's displeasure.

"Uncomfortable luggage is uncomfortable to put anywhere. It should at least be stored in a place that has the ability to handle it."

Munakata naturally understands that Suoh was restrained by "Scepter 4" without resistance and the members who were in the underground prison of "Scepter 4" were scared by him.

Fushimi frowned.

"Only the Captain will have the ability to handle it. As long as you have Suoh held in the basement, you won't be able to take care of him all the time."

"Yes, but I can't leave he on the streets."

Fushimi returned his gaze with a complicated expression. He was originally a member of "Homura". Both the "Red King" and the old friends have something to think about.

"If Suoh Mikoto gets out of control when I'm away, please prioritize the safety of the members over repression. Awashima-kun is too responsible, so I entrust it to you, Fushimi-kun."

Fushimi said reluctantly: "...I understand." Munakata thinks it's cute that he shows his emotions.

"Then, while still paying attention to "Homura's" movement, look for the assassin who is known as the "Colorless King"."

Munakata gets up and walks to the door.

"Where are you going, Captain?"

"I'm going to see the problem luggage."

After smiling at Fushimi and leaving the office, Munakata erased his expression and headed for the underground warehouse of the barracks.

The "Scepter 4" underground depot is a place to temporarily detain those who commit a crime.

The power possessed by a Strain, which appears spontaneously without being empowered by a "King", has various powers, including its strength, and this underground reservoir is made quite strict to maintain them.

As Munakata walks in the cold underground and approaches the entrance to the detention center, the sensor reads Munakata's iris and the lock is released. Passing through several automatic lattice doors and walk to the desired cell.

All doors have multiple electronic locks and are equipped with a Strain control device, and it is basically impossible to break them with powers. Also, in case of an emergency, there are escape prevention measures, in which the blinds also have the effect of suppressing powers in multiple layers, but all of them will be like paper boats if the King gets serious. It's an order of magnitude less powerful than the King's power, and it's an S-type that's great for anyone.

So that power comes with great responsibility. Nevertheless...

Munakata was left alone on his chest and stopped in front of a single cell.

In that dark cell, a red-haired man was lying on his bed with his back to him.

Munakata opens the cell door and enters.

A red-haired man, Suoh, a "dangerous baggage" that "Scepter 4" brought to his headquarters, was sleeping comfortably. Sleep peacefully, despite the inconvenience of having humiliating handcuffs on his hand that stifles his power.

Munakata was a man who had little emotional influence from the beginning, but only before Suoh. When he faced this guy, he got mad.

Munakata grabbed Suoh's sleeping head with one hand, lifted it, and slammed it against the wall.

A dull sound echoed through the cell, and Suoh opened his eyes, "Hm?" He doesn't look good.

"Oh, it's you."

With a face that looks like a yawn, Suoh looks at Munakata with only his eyes, his body slammed against a concrete wall.

"Suoh Mikoto. I'll get straight to the point."

Munakata sank his emotions and silently cut the matter off.

"Your Weissmann deviation is already close to the limit. If the sword of Damocles falls, it will be the reincarnation of the crater of Kanto. If you want to get more out of the Dresden Slate, I must kill you."

Only the facts are listed.

The Weissmann deviation shows the stability of the King's power. Abuse of power, lack of balance of spirit and interference of power with other kings, in particular, having a "King" kill another "King". It endangers the Weissmann deviation, which ultimately leads to the fall of Damocles, where the sword of Damocles, the symbol of the "King" falls.

The consequences of that are explained 13 years ago, when the southern region of Kanto disappeared and left a huge crater.

However, Suoh leaned against the wall, and said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Suppressing the urge to hit him, Munakata put his hand on the side of Suoh's face and looked down at him.

"I am telling you to renounce the throne."

Originally, Suoh's Weissmann deviation was dangerous. The power was great, but it had instability as if it had an excess of power, perhaps because it was not used for a definite purpose.

Originally an unsuitable man to be "King". No, maybe he's a man who can't handle the power of the "Red King". Like the predecessor "Red King", Kagutsu Genji, who died by

destroying the sword of Damocles, causing destruction, ruin, and the death of seventy thousand people.

Suoh has been in the last minute so far. But now, with the death of a clan member, Suoh seems to have somehow abandoned his stability. It's like he's blaming himself, but he seems to be running straight to ruin. The fall of Damocles is inevitable if he kills a "King" in this state.

For Suoh to stay alive without causing harm, there is no choice but to stop wielding the King's power and live a quiet life.

However, Munakata himself understood that Suoh could not choose that path.

Suoh smiled a bit embarrassed, as if to be surprised.

"What you say is still not interesting, Munakata."

"Then you have to figure out how to stop for the rest of your life."

Suoh smiled slightly. Looking at Munakata with a provocative look.

"There is only one. One way to keep me locked up all the time... and that is if you, Munakata, the "Blue King", take care of me directly. In this room for twenty-four hours. If I start to wreak havoc, you will use all your power to hold me down."

Suoh's eyes glow dark red, and a red aura rises from Suoh's body like a haze of heat.

Only a "King" can control another "King". That was what Fushimi had pointed out earlier. Including that Munakata, who has the power, couldn't stay in the same place all the time.

"The fact of having to breathe the same air as you make me sick. And unfortunately I am too busy. I can't just get involved only with you."

Munakata returns to his posture and turns his back to Suoh.

"Sorry, Munakata."

Suoh says it in a voice that can't get serious or play. Munakata comes out of the cell and looks back.

Suoh was rolling in bed again and starting to sleep. His shoulders wrapped in a white t-shirt move slightly every time he breathes.

"Me too, Suoh."

Munakata's true intention spilled out and he didn't reach Suoh, and the cell door closed to separate the two.

+++++

Akagi Shouhei sat on the counter seat in front of the cafe's large window and vaguely looked at the crossroads in front of Shizume-cho station.

He couldn't drink the iced coffee he bought, starts sweating on the surface of the plastic cup.

Akagi has been a member of "Homura" for about two years and is relatively new among the main members who often come and go to the "HOMRA" bar. However, two years, which is shorter than life in high school, was enough time for Akagi to decide on "Homura" as his place and to connect with his friends.

Totsuka Tatara who was killed also had the role of caring for a newcomer, so when he arrived at "Homura", Akagi was cared for in various ways. He was a strange person with a smile and a fluffy atmosphere all the time, but he thinks "Homura" was always filled with a happy atmosphere.

Akagi will never forgive anyone who has killed a friend. Since that incident, Akagi runs every day looking for clues about the criminal. However, the result has not yet been achieved.

The other day, they went to visit the mafia office that sold the gun to the murderer, but in the end they couldn't get a powerful clue, on the contrary, Suoh and the others collided with "Scepter 4" who arrived at the scene.

"Ah, now!"

Akagi was alone and scratched his head on his cap.

Suoh was captured by Munakata, the "Blue King". Although he had even dropped the sword of Damocles, Suoh did not fight seriously for some reason, but he held out both hands to Munakata, who claimed he was breaking the agreement, and was arrested.

That caused a great commotion in "Homura".

Suoh is in the heart of "Homura". What happens? That shook "Homura". Of course, Kusanagi, who is number two, is in charge of carrying out his own activities, and it was thought that Suoh had been arrested, but...

Akagi, who was in a bad mood, sighed once more and looked out the window.

Although it is a weekday, the front of the station is crowded with people.

Looking at the people waiting for the signal at the crossing, Akagi stared wide-eyed.

He hastily pulled his PDA out of his pocket and pointed it at the person waiting for the signal. Repeat enlarging the person who appears small, until the face is clearly visible.

"Yes."

That boy.

The boy who pointed a gun at Totsuka Tatara and pulled the trigger to take his life. Unlike the ghastly expression at the time, he looks like a harmless person and looks harmless, but this is definitely a characteristic.

The criminal who they have not been able to find a clue of so far, proudly walks down the main street of Shizume-cho, which is the territory of "Homura".

Well, Akagi bit his teeth, quickly moved his finger and sent a photo of the boy and his current position to his partner Saburota.

Akagi hurried to follow the boy's figure out the window so as not to lose sight of him.

When he left the store, just as the traffic light changed, the killer boy crossed the crosswalk. He had a red Japanese umbrella on his shoulder and a kitten on the other shoulder.

Akagi only sees the boy's rear view and follows his back as he hits a person.

The boy walked through the crowd without seeming to care about the killer and finally entered the "Kadamaya" fireworks store.

Akagi hides in the shadows and waits for the boy to come out.

When he made the concession, a motorcycle came up behind him and stopped next to Akagi.

"Kamamoto-san."

Rikio Kamamoto, a handsome man with a lot of fat accumulated around his belly, saw Akagi. He gives him a helmet and a bat.

"Get in behind. Yata-san will come here immediately. Hit it in the middle."

Akagi clenched his expression, pulled on his helmet and held his weapon tightly.

+++++

Kusanagi leaned against the dirty wall in the back alley and lit a cigarette.

With the torch in one hand, he instructs the members of "Homura" to lay siege to the criminal.

Smoke deeply and exhale slowly and long.

A mysterious boy who has killed Totsuka Tatara and claims to be the Seventh King, the "Colorless King". Kusanagi has no idea what he's thinking. However, no matter what the speculation is, "Homura" will see to it that he receives the damage he deserves.

When he was standing while smoking, he hears an angry familiar voice and some footsteps from the alley. They have been deployed so that he does not escape where he runs, but the boy seems to have chosen this alley with Kusanagi.

The boy who jumped out of the alley had a slender and cute appearance that looked like a girl. The appearance of rushing and running can only be seen by a good citizen who is chased by a bully, but Kusanagi, who has seen that terrifying video over and over, knows how terrifying his face can be.

"Sorry, get out of the way!"

The boy noticed that Kusanagi was on the way and made a panicky voice.

Kusanagi slowly inhales another puff of smoke and focuses his attention on the smoke coming out of his mouth. The power of the Red Clan member received from Suoh in his body is linked to the small fire at the tip of the cigarette, and Kusanagi's flame is reflected there.

At the moment, he doesn't control the killing intent that silently erupted.

Kusanagi touches a cigarette with his thumb and tosses it into the air. The cigarette spun, and a small tip of the fire bulged out enormously in accordance with Kusanagi's will, turning into a ball of fire and splitting, flying towards the boy like a bullet.

The child stiffens and stops.

If he were the "Colorless King", he would avoid this kind of attack. When Kusanagi thought that he should throw away his innocent boy mask, a young man dressed in a black coat leapt from the sky and landed between Kusanagi's fireball and the boy.

The black clothed youth deflected all the fireballs with the palm of his right hand holding a transparent power. Furthermore, Yata, who was chasing the boy, is drawn into his hand in an instant with the power of his right hand, and silenced is knocked down with a single elbow strike.

A power like a transparent hand that compresses space and grasps distant objects, a Japanese sword worn at the waist, about 20 years old, a long black mane attached like a dog's tail. Kusanagi knew a person with these characteristics.

A young man dressed in black holds the criminal boy and quickly walks away from Kusanagi and his friends.

Kusanagi and the others, who had their prey abducted in front of them, looked in the direction in which they were disappearing.

"Damn! Who is that guy?"

Yata squeezed his elbow-struck belly and stood up, furious.

"He's the 'Black Dog', Kuro Yatogami. It has been troublesome again."

Kusanagi said, picking up his PDA.

"Well, we'll have to use the next move."

+++++

"Hi, it's a good night. I came to photograph the night view, what are you doing in such a place? I am Totsuka Tatara, and you?"

The sound of gunfire rang out and the cameraman, Totsuka Tatara, fell. Then the camera that fell to the ground moves and faces the person who shot. The person was still a teenager.

"I am the Seventh King, the 'Colorless King'. Waiting for people here. It's a good night. Oh, sure it's a good night!"

Awashima was watching the image on the monitor in the "Scepter 4" briefing room.

Among the members who are upset by unexpected situations, Fushimi says without changing his sullen expression.

"The urban network in Tokyo is hijacked."

"Specify the font!"

"I'm doing it now."

Fushimi's euphoric attitude isn't a compliment, but he's probably already working on it.

In Tokyo, mainly in city chains, electronic devices ranging from visions of street lamps, televisions and even personal PDAs were temporarily stolen and video of the murder was released.

The one who did it was "Homura". There is no doubt that it will be considered as a strategy of that clever person, Izumo Kusanagi.

"To catch the criminal, does he expose the death of his friend?"

Awashima was alone with a small, low voice that no other human could hear.

This is the first time that "Scepter 4" has obtained this image because "Homura" refused to investigate the case with "Scepter 4" and did not pass any information.

While it will be a great lead to proceed with the investigation, matters related to sovereignty should be kept secret only from those with powers, and that form of informing the general public is overlooked. Cannot be. It was a headache when she thought about canceling the videos that had flown and stopping the release to the media. Either way, they will soon have to ask the "Golden King" for help.

Above all, Awashima was terribly frightened by "Homura's" unwillingness to try to pursue the criminal, even after revealing the vision of how his ally was killed.

Domyouji, a young middle-aged staff member in the Information Room, looked at the screen stopped by the criminal with a pistol and said, "He is saying "Colorless King", but he is a child like a high school student!" He is horrified.

Awashima once again looked at the face of the mystery boy who claims to be the "Colorless King".

No matter what, they have to find and catch him before "Homura".

Before the raging flame becomes irreversible.

CHAPTER 3: THE SWORD, THE CAT, AND THE SEVEN KINGS

Kuro Yatogami had a mission to fulfill. It is not an exaggeration to say that it means the meaning of living for the current Kuro.

(I ask you, Kuro.)

Miwa said from the hospital bed, and looked at him with compassionate eyes.

Miwa, never showed illness. Kuro wanted to do something for Miwa, but did not provide his care like a nurse, except to prepare the daily meals and take them to bed, and did most of his own work to the end.

He didn't want to believe that Miwa died, but as soon as he fell to the ground, he said, "My life seems to be short.", With a bit of embarrassment, but with a kind look. If Miwa was an ordinary person, he would have said, "Please don't say anything.", But Kuro, who knew Miwa's power, had no choice but to grip his fist tightly and accept it.

Kuro found it difficult to imagine living in a world without Miwa. For Kuro, Miwa's existence was a sign of life. He was worried because he lost him and didn't know if he could walk forward properly.

It may have been because of that Kuro that Miwa announced his death. Even after he died, Miwa showed him the way to go.

On the rooftop of the building in front of Shizume-cho station, Kuro was pointing his sword at a boy.

The boy seems guilty of his sins and is confused by what he does not remember.

But the evidence is already available. From now on, Kuro will kill this boy.

The sword arm has been trained since he was little. However, he has never killed anyone. It would be a lie if he said that he is not scared, but there is no doubt.

(This is the last difficult task.)

Miwa's smiling face after entrusting his life to Kuro was revived, and Kuro focused on the hand holding the sword.

The sword "Kotowari" that Miwa entrusted to him to fulfill his last mandate. He will not needlessly unsheathe this sword.

"Isana Yashiro!"

Kuro proudly pronounced the name the boy gave himself. Grab the handle of the sword with both hands and prepare.

"The word of the seventh king, Miwa Ichigen, is to take your life."

"Wait a minute!"

"Take this!"

The boy turned around and started running.

Kuro didn't chase after him, activating his right hand. It is the power to ignore space and grab the desired object, manifested as a member of the Colorless Clan. He can call it an invisible hand.

Kuro grabs the boy's neck and uses his long, invisible hand to hang him up in the air so he can't escape.

"Are you really going to kill me?!"

The boy screamed, flapping his limbs in the air unsteady. Kuro lowers his eyebrows at the evil of his death.

"Resign yourself!"

"No! I'm innocent! Is it Miwa's order to kill an innocent person?!"

"Innocent?"

Kuro turned his eyes to a huge monitor on the wall of the building. There was still a still image of the boy holding a gun with an evil look.

Kuro released the ability of the right hand dangling the boy. Catch the falling boy with one hand, turn around and look at the giant monitor.

The boy looked ridiculous at the motionless evidence.

"Ah... I may not seem innocent. But aren't you saying it right? People aren't watching, let's judge from the content."

"My idea is that people are not what they seem, they are not what they are on the inside, they should be judged for their actions."

"No, that's why I'm telling you it's not me! You're wrong!"

"No matter how you look at it, it's you. Don't swear wrong!"

"If I took a hundred steps, why didn't you kill me? If I were a murderer, the police would arrest me, the prosecution would prosecute and the judge would decide, that is the right way to go in a law-abiding country."

"My Lord is not in this country. It is only Miwa's word."

First of all, "King" is not something that the police can handle, and since it has no public existence, it does not go through the country's judicial power. There is an alternate organization, "Scepter 4," but Kuro had no intention of leaving this mission, which he received from Miwa, to others.

The boy drowned as if he had lost his power.

"Ok... I can't help saying this. Boil me or bake me, whatever you want."

"Finally ripe."

"But in the end, please allow me to make a request."

When a dying person asks him to make a final request, he can't do anything, but Kuro thought about it for a moment and then replied, "Tell me."

When he released the captured hand, the boy took a seat across from Kuro.

"I want to write a suicide note. To my sister."

"Sister?!"

"Yes. To remember me. I can't help you trust my innocence. But I don't want my sister to believe that someone else killed me."

Criminals have families too. That's obvious. However, Kuro got upset when he was hit by the obvious.

"My sister was born seriously ill and has been hospitalized for a long time. She has never had friends since she was a child, and I am the only person she can talk to... If they killed me, my sister would be alone."

His sister is not guilty. Even though she was sick and hospitalized, he wondered how sad she would be if she didn't have her brother, and Kuro went hard.

The boy took out a sheet of paper and a pen to write a suicide note and wrote something soft. Facing the suspicious boy who decided to make a decision, Kuro asked a question.

"What is your sister's name?"

He wondered if he wanted to postpone the innocent girl's misfortune even further. Maybe the boy was thinking of something else, he glanced at the brochure swaying in the wind on the edge of the rooftop and said vaguely.

"Marilyn."

"What?"

"Oh, yes, Mari. She's Mari."

"Isana Mari. It's a good name."

The boy's pen stopped and the completed suicide note was folded and presented to Kuro.

"Thanks. Well done. Hey, but will you give this to my sister?"

Imagine a little girl crying in a hospital bed, Kuro took a break. The boy ran to Kuro, who was holding his hand to grab that, and said...

"Please. No one else can ask. Because my sister will be alone for the rest of her life..."

When Kuro picked up the letter, the boy stepped back a bit.

He looked at the folded suicide note written in a short time, like a shopping note, and carefully opened it.

Kuro averted his eyes, at the thing that jumped into his sight.

"What is this?!"

When he raised his face, the boy opened a red umbrella and had a round object in his hand, be it a bomb or a firework.

Before Kuro could recover from his surprise, the boy dropped the round object in his hand onto the concrete and turned his back on it.

Frush! An intense light flooded the rooftop. Kuro closes his eyes and covers his face with his arms.

When the light that had lasted for a few seconds faded and Kuro opened his eyes, there was no one there.

There is a door that leads to the ajar building, a protective umbrella that the boy has thrown away, a dog character costume that seems to have been left by a human in this building, and on the ground the suicide note that Kuro grabbed, a paper with a cartoon that raises its thumb with its tongue sticking out and says "Lie.".

The brochure the boy was looking at next to it is fluttering and rolling. It was a brochure from a store called "BAR Marilyn", depicting a shameful woman with her skirt up.

Kuro stood still and silent for a while as the wind ruffled his long hair.

It took a long time for him to get angry because he was overwhelmed. Gradually, he raised his eyes to the anger rising from the bottom of his stomach and he rushed open the door to follow the boy. The iron door throbbed too hard, but he couldn't afford it.

Once found, Kuro ran down the ladder into the building, with a strong determination to strike and slash without question.

+++++

Kusanagi had decided not to choose the media that day.

The video could be broadcast in the city center centered on Shizume-cho. It will soon be removed by "Scepter 4", but it cannot be said that the video once played was completely absent. That footage will continue to run underground for a time, followed by takedowns and resupplies.

Kusanagi looked at the vehicle that was parked. The interior of the car has been remodeled to make it a temporary information room filled with PC devices.

"How's the 'bounty announcement' going?"

"I'll upload it right now!"

Akagi answered Kusanagi's question and hit the "Enter" key on the computer.

The video of the criminal boy who was still on the huge monitor in front of the Shizume-cho station was changed and the announcement began to flow.

"Reward Notice. I am looking for a boy who shot on the rooftop of the Hirazaka 3-2-5 building in Shizume-cho at 11:45 PM on December 7 this year. Those who contribute powerful information about this boy will receive a 10-million-yen prize."

The vast majority of humans will consider it a bad joke. But money is power. There will be quite a few people who will be taken seriously if the rewards will be paid with 10 million for the supply of influential information that will lead to the capture of criminals and the rewards will be paid properly even for other trivial information.

In the vehicle, the PDA of the member of "Homura", who is the reception desk at the same time, begins to ring.

"Yes, this is "Homura". Are you the person providing the information?"

"Oh, yes. Ten million. What? It's not a lie. Would you mind not speaking ill of us?"

Seeing Akagi and his friends busy, Kusanagi climbed onto the ladder attached to the back of the truck and looked up at the ceiling.

Talk to Anna, a girl in a red dress, sitting on the roof of the vehicle and looking at the map seriously.

"Did you find something, Anna?"

On the map Anna looked at, several red marbles roll by themselves.

Anna was investigating along with Kusanagi in response to the sighting of Akagi's criminal. Although he made her wait in a safe place so she was not in danger, Anna also witnessed the criminal from a distance. Anna, who recognized the sign of the other party, followed the boy with her sensitive ability.

Anna stared at the marbles without responding for a while. Kusanagi silently watches over his whereabouts so as not to disturb her concentration.

Finally, the rolling marbles gathered in a certain place and stopped.

"Here."

Anna points to a point on the map. Kusanagi raised his hand with the meaning of understanding and appreciation, immediately manipulated his PDA, looked for the map, marked the area indicated by Anna, and sent it to all the members of "Homura".

There was immediate reaction to the group call from the online criminal search members.

"This is a clue! I get it. I'll go immediately!"

The violent voice that answered is Yata's. It seems that he has come a long way, perhaps due to the regret that the black dog has rid himself of the criminal in front of his.

"I went into an alley that is not on the map, hahaha."

"Don't laugh, stupid!"

"Understood... This is Kamamoto. Hmm... I can't let go of my hands, and a little more... Ah, add fried rice!"

"Don't buy any more food!"

"Hey, who are you? What did you say about "Homura"?"

"Ah, is there someone who has made a fool of 'Homura'? Put a marker in the place, we go immediately!"

Kusanagi laughed bitterly as he smoked a cigarette and listened to the loud exchanges of the members.

"Search correctly. Ah, I don't know what to do with the black dog. I can't help you. Kusanagi, over and out."

Kusanagi sighed slightly after leaving the group call despite Yata's unhappy voice.

"It's not okay, they're just kids."

+++++

Kuro was angry.

After all, he couldn't sympathize with the evil "King" and should hate that heinous assassin, Kuro bit his immaturity.

"I'm sorry, Ichigen-sama. However, tonight, I, Yatogami Kuro, am sure that I will fulfill my mission."

Kuro put his left hand on his sword sheath, "Kotowari", with determination.

"Where are you? Isana Yashiro! Get outside!"

The people who are after the fox are roaring loudly in the city.

Listen to the rubbing of the wheels against the ground. Kuro doesn't move and turns his face towards him.

A boy with a metal bat rushes straight towards Kuro, riding a skateboard while spewing flames from all over his body in the form of anger.

Is it the red clan member he encountered earlier? He knows how he feels, but now he is busy...

Kuro frowned slightly and put his strength into his bent legs. To dodge the boy who is rushing towards him with a metal bat, jump high and descend into the street light. He misses the time he was talking about now.

Yata, a member of the red clan on the skateboard, stood up to Kuro's level staring at him.

"Hey, Black dog! Where is that boy?"

"Member of the red clan. What is that?"

"I'm asking where the guy who hid is! If you don't want to hurt yourself, give me a quick answer!"

He can't afford to be a kid. The eyes looking at Yata grew colder than necessary.

"I don't have time to deal with you. Stay away from it."

The murder signal is increasing. Irritation from others rubs off and the air becomes hot.

A suddenly blurry voice echoed in the room.

"Oh, Yatogami-kun! I think I can escape from here. I'm going to get there soon!"

Kuro has doubts and looks for the origin of the voice. Then, he sees a person waving from the rooftop in front of the building.

Without a doubt, the evil "King" who called himself Isana Yashiro.

"You damn..."

Keeping people confused with such a lie, what is he planning?

At the same time that Kuro sharpened his eyes, Yata sharpened his teeth.

"You...!"

"You can defeat such a person in one fell swoop, beat him quickly, and come here soon!"

The boy says that. You see, the purpose is for Kuro to hit the red clansman and escape in the meantime? The villain who keeps circling the tolerance meter, Kuro raised his sword.

"Sorry! I'll tie that guy up after I crush you!"

Yata, easily fanned, raised the outer corners of his eyes and barked. It seemed unlikely that his eyes, burning with anger, would put out the fire, and he decided it was impossible to leave.

Even though Kuro pretends to be calm, he is overwhelmed. He looks at Yata from the high place and says chillingly.

"If you try to fight me, expect no mercy."

"Damn!"

Yata kicked the ground and ran. From the skeleton wheels that skim the surface of the street, flames erupt like a raging wave.

Kuro extends his right hand and extends his invisible hand towards Yata.

However, Yata may have learned from the fact that he was caught in the hand of a different talent down the alley. He deftly steers his skateboard to avoid Kuro's extraordinary hand and heads towards him.

Then, Kuro switched his target from Yata himself to around Yata. He concentrates his consciousness, increases the pressure of the power of different abilities, and pinches the surface of the street behind Yata with invisible hands.

Kuro's invisible hands squeeze the asphalt, car stop barriers, and even street lights, bend to pieces, and attack Yata from behind.

"Damn!"

Yata appeared to be swallowed up by the debris. However, he ditched his skateboard and jumped out of the dust onto the sheer rocks attacking him.

Yata, who jumped high using the wind pressure from the steep rocks, jumped to the spot where he was standing in the street light and swung his bat with a joyous voice.

Kuro escaped through the air passing him. The metal bat that cuts through the sky makes a loud metallic noise and hits the streetlight.

In midair, Kuro jumped a step higher, using Yata's face as a springboard, and reached with his invisible hand at the sign on the rooftop of the building that he noticed. Kuro, who was a bit sensitive to the word "sister", feels free to tear off the sign that appears to be an advertisement for a book titled "My Sisters Struggle" and drop it on Yata.

A powerful member of the clan. It won't do much damage, but if he's going to stall, Kuro drops Yata under the sign and jumps onto the rooftop of the building where the boy was.

Kuro has no reason to compete with the red clan member. All Kuro has to do is find the evil "King" before them and kill him for that "reason" before it turns into a great battle.

The boy was no longer on the roof where he had been screaming.

Kuro takes out a small emblem from his pocket, which he cut from the boy's neck when he swung his sword. Kuro tightly gripped the emblem, which is the emblem of Ashinaka High School.

"I will not let you escape."

+++++

Get home safely.

The boy arrives at Gakuenjima's bedroom, which is his current home, and walks over to the bed in his beloved room to lie down.

"Oh... I'm tired..."

He literally thought he was going to die.

He was glad that Kuro was a silly, serious and good person. His sick sister's lie that he thought had happened once, and among the fireworks he had, there was a flash ball for the production of events (there was a mysterious sales season called "One Step Before Military Supplies!") , and the fact that the costume was left on the ceiling saved the boy's life.

He dazzled with a flash ball and quickly donned the costume, escaping from Kuro who thought the boy had run away. Fortunately, he got away with the costume because it belonged to a popular dog character often seen walking around town on campaign. After

all, it was right after a flashy video of a person with the boy's face killing a person. He was grateful that he could move around without being seen by people.

Along the way, he escaped while disturbing the people who were looking for the boy and the people who set fire, and he managed to return to Gakuenjima. He was unable to fulfill his mission because he had used the fireworks that Kukuri had asked him to bring. He will have to apologize to Kukuri tomorrow.

Following the boy who was weak and lying on the bed, the kitten who overcame a difficult adventure jumped to the headboard and meowed cutely.

"What was that, who are those people?"

The boy closed his eyes with a soft duvet. When he lowered his eyelids, he did not have time to desperately reflect during the trip, the image of a person who looks like him with a gun comes to mind.

"Was the person in that video... really me?"

Do not understand. It must have been a mediocre day. The days of floating fluffy while watching his friends' smiles without having to think about anything are about to be reversed.

"Somehow, it seems to be troublesome..."

"Hmm. I've been doing it quietly until now."

The boy's eyes suddenly opened when there was a close response to the boy's soliloquy. There was white skin there.

A member lying in a gentle curve. Rounded butt, narrow waist, flat chest and gently reshaped over sheets, smooth shoulders. There was no fabric to cover them, just long hair that flowed along her body.

A girl.

Naked

A naked girl.

At the same time as the recognition, blood pooled on the boy's cheeks.

"Waaaaaah?"

The biggest scream that came out today.

Whether he's about to get hit by a flaming metal bat, a flying fireball, a sudden aerial walk, or a sword that's about to cut his through, his voice so far hadn't come out.

"Who you are?"

The girl woke up with a mysterious look as she jumped back and saw the boy with his back pressed against the wall.

A pretty girl of fifteen or sixteen. She has strange, large, almond-shaped eyes, with different colors on the left and right like a cat. One blue eye and one gold eye lined by long gleaming eyebrows.

The girl from the deep looked down at her body and made a slight "Ah." look, but soon turned to the boy with a smile in full bloom.

He doesn't know why a beautiful naked and unknown girl can give such a pretty smile.

She said happily.

"I am Neko!"

+++++

Ashinaka High School. Known as Gakuenjima.

The evil "King" wore the emblem of this school, which is the entire school island in Tokyo Bay.

It's ok to cross the bridge to the Gakuenjima entrance, but it seems that you can only enter the school grounds through the automatic gate at the entrance. Outsiders were told that they would not be able to enter without a guest pass issued by student association staff or officials.

It seems that if you have a matter, you have to go to the window for the visitors, but even if you make a statement in the window, it will be difficult for Kuro to get a guest pass issued.

When Kuro tried to direct his skill towards the door, he was greeted with a bright and gentle voice.

"Ah, what do you need?"

When he turned around, a girl who seemed to be a student from this school was smiling. She has shoulder-length brown hair and side ornaments.

"Kukuri, what happened? Do you know him?"

"No, but he seems to be in trouble."

A girl named Kukuri shakes her head, surprised by a schoolgirl who appears to be a friend. He was impressed by the kindness with which she called, probably because he was carrying some suitcases.

"I'm looking for a man named Isana. Do you have any ideas?"

"Isana...? Oh, Shiro-kun, I'm a classmate."

The girl answered so easily. In such a large school, Kuro leans towards the luck of suddenly meeting that man's classmate.

"Where is he currently?"

"Where... I think he went shopping. Oh, but I think it's about time he came back. Oh, would you like me to guide you to the student dormitories?"

The girl took out a PDA from her pocket and gave Kuro a guest pass. Being able to issue a guest pass probably means that she is a student association officer. At the same time that he is lucky, he thinks of the abominable idiot and the face of the evil "King", saying that Heaven is not on the side of the bad guys.

The girl smiled when she sent him guest pass to Kuro's PDA.

"Yes, this is fine. Follow me! I'll show you the men's dorm."

Kuro bowed deeply to the girl.

"Sorry. Thank you for your cooperation."

"It is an exaggeration. It is a matter of course."

"My master said" There are few people who can do what is natural." I will never forget what you did for me."

The girl laughed shyly.

"Hahaha, you are an interesting person. What kind of relationship do you have with Shiro?"

Kuro tightened his expression and put his hand on the sword at his waist.

"I have something to give him."

"What? Lost property?"

"It is a guide."

The girl bowed her head.

+++++

The boy stuck to the wall and was frozen in front of a naked girl who affirmed "I am Neko."

Who is this girl? When she appeared? Why is she naked?

Despite being confused, the boy decided to do something about the third question, so the boy took the coat from the chair and offered it to a naked girl claiming to be a cat.

"And for the moment..."

"No!"

Neko turned around and jumped on the desk to escape. She is terribly light. Really like a cat. But it shouldn't be naked and squatting. It seemed like he could see many things that he shouldn't be able to see, so the boy was sweating coldly and tried to force her to put on his coat.

"Girls shouldn't stay like this!"

"The clothes are annoying, so I don't like them!"

He felt as if he heard a bell ring.

The boy is relieved. Neko who was supposed to be wearing a coat disappeared in an instant. When the boy was confused by the girl who suddenly disappeared, just like when she appeared,

"Do you want to play? Well, it looks like fun!"

A screaming voice came from above. When he looked up, Neko lay down on the furniture and looked at the boy who was wondering when she had moved. The bare chest is crushed by the corners of her face.

When he didn't know what to do... he heard a voice calling him from outside the window.

"Oh, Shiro-kun! I brought a friend!"

It's Kukuri's voice. The word "friend" made him uncomfortable, and the boy rushed to look down from the window.

"How is your sister, Isana Yashiro?"

Next to Kukuri, there was a sword god, Kuro, who ironically raised the edge of his mouth.

The boy attracted a lot of attention.

It is bad. There is only a feeling of having been killed.

Kuro turned his palm towards the window where the boy was. The boy suddenly noticed that mysterious technique and retired to the room. Kuro grabbed the window frame from the boy's room with a mysterious power that seems to be capable of grabbing a distant object and jumped into the room immediately.

The boy somehow thought of engulfing him in smoke again, but this time Kuro didn't even give him a grace. As soon as he lands in the room...

The chill ran, and the boy moved according to his instincts, rolling on the ground and avoiding the sword by a short hair.

Crisp and light, Kuro's sword sits right next to the boy's face.

Really dead. The boy struggled to his feet and tried to escape. The naked sword pursues the boy.

"No!"

It was the girl's nudity that protected the boy from the sword.

The mysterious girl who calls herself Neko seems to have no shame to be naked, and stands in front of Kuro with her arms outstretched.

Suddenly, he froze before the bare wall. The face is tinted bright red.

"Hmm... embarrassing!"

Neko grabbed the boy's hand as Kuro involuntarily walked away. She pulls him hard by the hand.

The boy jumped out of the room and ran down the hall to the bedroom, being dragged by Neko.

Thanks to her nakedness he was saved. However, she is still naked and running in public places is bad.

The boy puts the coat he was holding on Neko.

"This! Put this on!"

Neko, whose head was covered with the boy's coat, was fluffy and small. At the same time, the sound of the bell resounds again.

Immediately, Neko's back running in front of him moved away. The boy staggers at the feeling of confusion. Out of nowhere, Neko suddenly sped up. The corridor has grown.

The corridor, which is not very long, suddenly becomes long enough to run 100 meters in a straight line, and naked Neko turns her back on him and walks away.

"Eh, what?"

The boy is confused and involuntarily stops and looks back. Then this time, the hallway behind the boy got much longer. The entrance to their room, which he had been in before, can be seen in the back, and Kuro who came out of the room to chase them looks like a bean.

Without knowing why, the boy worked again. Follow Neko's back tightly. Beyond the boy's line of sight, he gently jumped out the window. He hopped onto the external emergency stairs of the next building, jumped over the railing, and climbed out onto the next rooftop.

When he thought she really was like a cat, the long corridor suddenly shrunk and the boy was about to crash into the window.

"Wow, is that back? Is that girl's doing...?"

There is no doubt that the naked girl who calls himself Neko has a mysterious power. Maybe the hallway wasn't really stretched out, only the boy assumed it was. But now it is not the case when he is thinking deeply about it. After all, Kuro is chasing the boy from behind, and Neko who just snagged the boy's jacket on her head is trying to run outside, generously exposing her naked body.

The boy imitated Neko and went out the window, more dangerous than for Neko, he followed the bundle out of the window to the emergency stairs of the adjoining building, over the shackles and railings, sliding and clinging to the rain gutter.

The boy turned around, finally reaching for Neko's back who had already descended and was running down the street. Kuro was standing on the rooftop of the building next to the bedroom. Looking down at the boy, he can see his right hand pointing towards him.

It is bad. That mysterious hand will grab him again.

He can't think of a way to escape from that hand, ignoring the distance, the boy stiffened.

Neko who was running ahead looked at Kuro. Neko's eyes, strange eyes with vertically long pupils capture Kuro's appearance.

Hear a bell again.

Then, a small twister erupted on the rooftop where Kuro was. From the center of the twister, a huge bipedal ghost cat appears. A giant monster with a body reminiscent of a professional wrestler looked at Kuro with crescent-shaped eyes and laughed through exposed teeth.

"What is that?"

When the boy took his eyes off her, the cat was furry and naked.

"Strong!"

"That seems strong, but that's not the case... what the hell are you?"

"Wagahai is a cat."

"I heard... a cat..."

Neko smiled a big smile.

"It's a cat that has been with Shiro the whole time!"

Inside the boy, the girl in front of him and that kitten that was friends with the boy overlapped.

Certainly this naked girl appeared in the wrong place with the kitten sleeping next to him. Does that mean this girl is in the shape of a cat? No, the opposite? This girl transformed into that kitten. Rather, if she had the ability to display illusions, it would mean that she had an illusion that made her look like a kitten.

In other words, the boy intended to spend time with the kitten and was actually stroking and hugging a naked girl.

When the boy recalled the dizziness, it seemed like Kuro on the rooftop had already countered the giant monster.

Neko is unmoved by the fact that the giant monster cat has been defeated, and starts running again with a smile and a guard from Kuro. The boy also hurriedly followed her.

While chasing Neko, he noticed that she seemed to be invisible to other humans. It is an incident, a naked girl running around the campus during the day, but no one seems to make a noise even if they run among the students who are busy preparing for the school festival.

Neko running like the wind, with the boy's jacket over her shoulder without closing the front, crashed into a student who was walking with a basket full of oranges. He thinks she plans to make a maid cafe at the school festival. The schoolgirl dressed as a maid looked surprised and dropped the orange she was holding, the boy stopped his leg chasing Neko and stopped, helping her to pick up the orange.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes... there was something invisible..."

Looking at the student who gets confused and says "What...?" Without confidence, he is convinced that Neko is no longer visible except to him and Kuro.

Is it possible to not only show illusions but also make herself invisible? What is this super power that affects a person's cognitive ability?

While he was picking up the oranges and thinking about it, Kuro's footsteps were approaching from behind.

Kuro, who is running with his black hair tied back, is about to turn his palm towards the boy.

Before the boy answered, the bell rang again. Immediately after that, the phase of the place where Kuro is located changed.

Like a deception image, only the path where Kuro was floating in the air, and the place where the path was supposed to be was a wall.

On the crushed stone pavement that turned into an aerial tower, Kuro is standing looking at the boy who has collapsed. If Neko's power is the power to alter perception, there may be a way to step forward, even if it seems like he's gone. But humans can't easily ignore visual information.

The boy looked at the student in front of him, but she didn't seem to notice anything unusual. This illusion seems to work only for Kuro and the boy.

After picking up the orange from the student, the boy raised his hand slightly, greeted her and started running.

The escape and the chase in a world that seemed to lose itself in an image of deception continued for a long time. The boy was chased by Kuro and he is not sure why he is running because he accepted Neko.

It seems that the girl's appearance is not visible to other people, so why not leave her completely naked? Remember that it was not a problem, and that the main purpose he had now was not to dress Neko, but to escape the pursuer Kuro who was trying to kill him.

It was supposed to be a crisis situation, but the reason why he jumped in thought was because Neko who was fleeing to the front seemed to be having fun. Neko was laughing so hard it seemed impossible to think it was a life-threatening escape drama.

"Think, Isana Yashiro! The play is over!"

It's okay to chase after Neko and jump to the back of the school building, but he hit a dead end. Kuro approaches from behind.

Furthermore, the sound of the bell echoed.

"Nya nya nya!"

From the ground between the shrine and Kuro, a huge wall with the face of a ghost cat grows skyward as it screams.

"Anyway, this wall is also an illusion!"

From the other side of the wall, he hears the brave voice of Kuro, who inspires him. Humans can't ignore visual information that easily, but it seems that Kuro decided to believe his rational judgment rather than crazy perception.

Neko lightly tugged on the boy's elbow, who was staring at the wall, involuntarily. He can move a few steps sideways.

In the next moment, the painted wall of the ghost cat's face was scattered like petals from Kuro's assault.

The scene where the illusion was shattered was quite beautiful, and he decided that the illusion wall was an illusion and collided with it, and broken Kuro was echoing.

However, he smashed through the ghost wall, smashed through the place where the boy was standing, and hit the actual wall beyond his face.

It was quite a surreal scene because the look that broke the illusion was great.

"Nyahahahahahaha!"

Neko laughs out loud when she sees Kuro, whose face is buried in the wall.

With awkward and awkward movements, he hit a wall and turned his flushed face away, and Kuro looked towards Neko and the boy.

The voltage of his anger is only increasing, the boy sweats coldly.

However, when Neko saw Kuro, she really enjoyed with her big eyes. It was like a cat playing with prey.

Kuro looks at Neko and turns around. Neko stands happy, trying to protect the boy behind. The original purpose was lost in its pursuit.

Then the sun set, the night passed, and the sun rose again.

Humans, if they're too hungry, their heads won't work.

The boy is accused of murder, he is about to be cut by a guy with a sword, a naked girl shows illusions, and loses the power to think deeply about them. He just remembered the relief that Neko, who was running naked, put on his jacket properly because it was so cold in the middle of the night.

Now the three of them aren't even sure what purpose they were pursuing, and are kneeling in the boy's room, which is the beginning, to get rid of his harsh breath. The fatigue and hunger from not having eaten since last night seems overwhelming.

In the hallway of the student dormitory, the peaceful buzz of boys and girls trying to go to school in uniform resounded, like "Good morning." and "Did you do your homework?"

Kuro was also tired of being thrown during the night. Still, he has not lost sight of his purpose, and when he stands weakly to his feet, he reaches for the sword at his waist.

"Bad "King"... Isana Yashiro... By order of the dead "King"... You..."

However, since he has escaped many times, he is very weak. Also, there is swirling graffiti on the raised Kuro's left cheek, with "stupid" on the right cheek and "meat" on the forehead. It was written by Neko while being carried away by illusion. However, while chasing him, she got used to it, so she didn't laugh anymore.

Looking at Kuro, who was trying his best to draw his sword, the boy was confused on what to do, with a feeling that was different from the already imminent sense of crisis and was mixed with a slight sense of humor.

At that moment, a sad sound and signal was heard. It's Neko's belly.

"Shiro, I'm hungry... Ah~"

At what was said, the boy's belly screamed and responded.

"At the moment... aside from the accumulated stories, why don't we eat?"

At the boy's suggestion, Kuro frowned, "What...?", But his belly obediently complained of hunger.

The boy was flirting and standing up to him.

"Thanks for your support."

It's okay to put the problem aside for the moment and eat, but the boy had no other household skills than cooking rice.

It seems that Neko loves to eat too, but she can't seem to cook like a natural thing, and when they stood in the kitchen and talked about how they could make something that they could eat, it seemed like they couldn't make it. He stood up.

When he sees a briefcase that appeared to be stuffed with guns on the table, does he want to kill before meals? Although it was loud, when he opened it, there were some kitchen gadgets like his own kitchen knife and condiments that he thought were professional.

What kind of person is this guy, a chef who thinks he is a samurai? The boy is confused and watches Kuro's tendency.

Kuro first looked inside the refrigerator and looked at him.

The contents of the refrigerator in the room of the boy who does not cook is deficient. There are some ingredients that can barely be made with miso soup, but there is nothing that can be a side.

"Shall we go shopping? Because there is something like a supermarket on campus."

"I want to eat fish!"

Kuro looked at the boy and Neko with a hard look, and fell silent with a thoughtful look for a moment. Finally, he turns to Neko instead of the boy.

"Do you want to eat fish?"

"Yes!"

"Then buy three horse mackerel. The skin is crispy and the inside is smooth and juicy."

"Nyaa!"

Neko happily makes her eyes shine.

"If you put some soy sauce on the freshly baked horse mackerel, it tastes great. Because it's simple, it tastes universal and happy."

Horse mackerel, Neko sniffed at the drool.

"Then let's buy eggs. Do you like rolled eggs?"

"Dashimaki?"

"It is a dish that is made by mixing many sardines with broth and eggs, and rolling it while baking. It is a soft and smooth food with a spongy dashi aroma. When you put it in your mouth with grated radish, the flavor is accentuated and returns to be delicious."

Neko's drool could no longer be held and hung from the edge of her mouth. Kuro looked into Neko's eyes and said.

"You want to eat?"

"I want to eat!"

"Well. Then go buy it. Write down any other necessary items in a note. Well, your most important role is definitely bringing Isana Yashiro back to this room. If you run away, you won't be able to eat the delicious food I just mentioned. Do you understand?"

"Okay! Wagahai will eat delicious fish and dashimaki with Shiro!"

It seems like he intends to catch Neko with her appetite and make sure the boy doesn't run away.

In the chase during the night, Kuro seemed to have grasped Neko's characteristics to some extent. The endurance game that lasted over a dozen hours, gave birth to a kind of strange bond between the three of them. There is no trust in her, but he can somehow understand the points that he can trust.

He won't run away anymore... He's so hungry that he doesn't know where to run since he found his home, so he only wants to talk quietly once.

The boy laughed bitterly and watched the exchange between Kuro and Neko.

Steam comes out of the rice cooker and there is a slightly sweet aroma that can cook boy's favorite rice.

But that is not all today. The fragrant smell of burning fish mixed there, playing an indescribable harmony.

Wearing a pink apron, Kuro rhythmically cuts the onions. The boy gazed admiringly at the onions, which quickly and accurately became increasingly thin.

Tofu miso soup is made on the stovetop next to the fish, which has a small, crackling, explosive skin and is exquisitely browned.

After chopping the onions, Kuro takes it upon himself to bake rolled eggs with one fluent hand.

After chopping the onions, Kuro takes it upon himself to bake rolled eggs with one fluent hand.

The egg, which was stirred well in a bowl and mixed with the broth, soy sauce, mirin, etc., was rubbed with a strainer, and the liquid egg was poured into a heated, oiled pan. The egg makes noise and hardens in good condition. Kuro started to roll it into a half mature state with beautiful movements.

"Oh~"

The boy and Neko involuntarily give a voice of admiration. The belly of the two screamed again.

When the eggs in the skillet are tightly rolled, the remaining egg liquid is also poured out and rolled further. In the blink of an eye, a beautiful rolled egg was completed and Kuro put out the fire.

At the same time, the sound of cooking rice resounds, and the fish appears to be baked and the grill rises.

It was a wonderful skill to finish everything at the same time.

The boy and Neko make their eyes shine on the table. It's simple, but that's why it stimulates an empty stomach.

He didn't have all the china in the boy's living room, so he bought it when he was shopping for ingredients.

While shopping, he offered to buy a bowl for Neko and was delighted with her large eyes glowing brightly. Along with Neko, who carefully selects her favorite tea bowl, the boy also chose tableware for Kuro. He doesn't eat as often in the boy's room, but he can't bear to let him eat white rice from a flat plate or drink miso soup from a cup.

Kuro opens the rice cooker. The white steam that smelled of freshly cooked rice rose, and Neko happily offered her a new bowl of tea of her choice. He's staring into her glowing eyes as another rice is spilled.

A boy dressed in a killer robe, a guy trying to cut it, and a mysterious girl who suddenly appeared and was believed to be a normal kitten until yesterday, like a united family, clasped their hands around the warm rice.

"Itadakimasu!"

When he sipped the miso soup, the moderate salty taste and aroma of the soup spread through his mouth. The ingredients are simple, tofu and fried, but the boy thought it was the first time he had had such a delicious miso soup.

"It's delicious! It's really delicious!"

The boy lifts the cheeks with red tide. Kuro didn't look careless, but he snorted with a casual expression.

Neko also hurries, squeezes the muff and rice, and enjoys the fish. However, she didn't seem to be very good at using chopsticks and she spilled grains of rice in a conspicuous way.

When he saw how Neko was eating, he looked up and pulled the voice recorder from his chest.

"Rice is important, chew it well."

A man's deep voice rang out from the voice recorder. It was a good voice that was smart but also had a mysterious feel to it, but the boy twisted his head at a strange word like haiku, slogan, etc.

"That's..."

Kuro's eyes said, "Do you want to listen?" He turned to the boy as his eyes twinkled. Seeing his glowing eyes, he said that he was talking about a mysterious tape recorder, the boy was sensitive to the long annoying air it created, and the sign that a story was likely to unfold that the boy didn't care, and he quickly turned his important attention to the rice.

As he cut the fluffy rolled egg into bite-size pieces with his chopsticks, cut out the story of the person that is important to the guy.

"By the way, I want to ask you now."

When the boy changed, Kuro also turned to the boy, erasing the childish expression he wanted to show off when he played the tape recorder.

"In the first place, who are those men who chased me?"

They were people who manipulated supernatural powers, such as attacking with a metal bat that spewed flames and shooting fireballs with cigarettes. Both Kuro and Neko have a mysterious power, so the boy feels lost if he is the only common person.

"A member of their clan was killed. They are seeking revenge."

"Clan member? Are they a runaway tribe or a mafia or something?"

"Clan is a group that follows the "King", and Clansman is a member of it. The "Red King" Suoh Mikoto is the "King" of the third clan, and the most temperamental man among the "Kings"."

Clan, clan member, "King", "Red King".

The boy freezes slightly, writing down the words that appear in his head.

"In short, the head of the supernatural powers? Is there some other group like that? Do you mistake me for the criminal who killed that member?"

"I am not mistaken; you are the criminal himself. When I finish eating this, I will crush you properly."

The boy was told with a very serious look and a tone that declared that he would take care of the domestic matters he had to do.

"Yes..." He withdrew.

Although he is eating rice with him, he seems willing to carry out the execution after the meal. There are simple parts that are easy to use in Kuro and stubborn parts that are unlikely to bend smoothly, and it seems easy to understand and difficult to read.

"Fill it up!"

Neko, who was happily eating, happily handed the empty tea bowl to Kuro. Kuro receives his bowl and tries to serve rice naturally as if he is doing it every day.

"Oh, yeah, me too!"

They have an especially delicious side dish today, and the boy's favorite white rice is on the rise. Kuro silently stared for a few seconds at the boy who took advantage of Neko and pushed the tea bowl away.

"Well, this is probably the last white rice of my life."

With a light sigh, Kuro also received the boy's tea bowl.

He doesn't want this to be the last meal, but the white rice he eats with the garnish that Kuro made is really delicious, so the boy chews the stuffed rice he got and puts a juicy fish on it.

"I know why they are after me, but why are you trying to kill me in the first place? You are not a partner of those people, right?"

It seemed like a lonely little shadow had fallen over his eyes.

"Because I am a vassal of the Seventh King, the former 'Colorless King'."

"Colorless?"

"It means it has no color. My deceased master ordered me to carefully identify the next 'King' and if he is bad, I will not hesitate to eliminate him. He had the power to predict the future."

He must have longed for the dead master. When talking about that person called Miwa Ichigen, Kuro has a scathing tone.

"The power of prophecy... 'Colorless King'... What is that 'King' you mentioned earlier?"

"He has great power and embodies the reason of this world. The power of the 'King' is moving this country. It is something that ordinary human beings do not know."

It's a tremendous story and the boy makes his eyes go round

"I was wondering if the Prime Minister was the greatest in this country..."

The current prime minister, Samukawa Kanichi, is not very popular but he is not very obnoxious and he is a person who still maintains a medium approval rating. There is no atmosphere like that of a king, but in this country where there should be no royal system, Prime Minister Kanichi should have the decision-making power to move the country first.

"Now, the politics and economy of this country cannot be established without the power of one man. Japan, which became a defeated country and was eaten by the surrounding countries, could now become the greatest economic and technological power of the world because of the appearance of that man in this country."

"Who is that man?"

"He is called the 'Golden King'. His power is secretly everywhere, for example..."

Kuro poured the soy sauce into the chabudai and took the PDA out of his pocket.

"Both were created by a company controlled by the 'Golden King'."

Soy sauce, PDA, gender and manufacturer are different, but both are famous brands that are spread all over the world.

"The head of those people with fire powers, you said he is the 'Red King', right? Is there red and gold?"

"There are seven kings."

"Seven people?"

Kuro took out various condiments from the briefcase containing a set of kitchen utensils and placed them on the table.

The seven seasonings with different colors on the tops can indicate seven "kings" respectively. Kuro puts his index finger on the seasoning on the red cap that contains paprika powder.

"The character of the clan is completely different depending on the "king" who rules. For example, if you describe the Red Clan in one word, it is violence."

The boy instinctively frowned, "Uh...". He is being attacked by people who are like symbols of violence. The boy on the skateboard who attacked the boy with a metal bat without asking questions was certainly violent language.

"That is a very close-knit clan, which is united with an elegance darker than blood. Killing that member was a very stupid thing on the part of the new 'King'."

"That's why! It's definitely about someone else! I'm not a 'King' and I didn't kill anyone in the first place!"

The boy is quick to insist on the premise of something he does not remember. Kuro sipped tea silently with a nasty face.

Neko, who should be on the boy's side, seems not to be interested in the story of the two, and when she finished eating the rice, she got on the bed and started playing with the boy's umbrella.

"The 'King' is the one that moves the economy and is the boss of the mafia, right? A high school student living a mediocre life like me is not a "King"!"

"I have said that the nature of the 'King' varies. There are several ways to do it. The fourth royal authority, the "Blue King", is the head of an institutional police organization for those who have powers, while the first royal authority has immutable power, but is shrouded in mystery. He is patrolling the sky over Tokyo in an airship without fulfilling the role of 'King'."

"Airship... Oh, I certainly could see it. That's a 'King' too, isn't it..."

There is something strangely intriguing, and the boy hugs himself around his belly on the shirt.

"Furthermore, although the existence of the fifth 'King', the 'Green King' has been confirmed, but he has not appeared on the table and appears to be planning something under the surface. It's no wonder if you're a newborn 'King', a high school student, or if you're hiding your status and power as a 'King' and killing for an evil purpose."

"Oh... what does that mean..."

"There is a mysterious relic called "Dresden Slate" that selects the "King" and grants him great power. It is said to be a huge block of stone with a mysterious power that was discovered and studied in Dresden, Germany, during World War II. After the war, the Slate was brought to Japan and is now kept in the Mihashira Tower, which is the residence

of the "Golden King". I've never really seen it. The criteria for the Slate to choose the "King" are unknown, but history shows that not only are good people chosen, and that position and age have nothing to do with it."

"Hmm...", the boy gave a warm reply.

"But I don't have any supernatural powers..."

"Is that what you are hiding? The Seventh King, the "Colorless King", is a special "King" who has different characteristics for each generation. What kind of power and what role does he play appears on the Slate. It is said to be a prankster who knows no limits, the king of clowns. So I don't know what kind of power you have, even if you're hiding it."

"No, I'm not hiding it..."

"Just what is common to successive "Colorless Kings"."

Without hearing the boy's objections, Kuro continues.

"The "Colorless King", good or bad, has the power to interfere with the "King" and change the balance of power between the "Kings". The predecessor, Ichigen Miwa, was a kind person. He was doing his best as mediator so that there would not be a conflict between the "Kings". The new "Colorless King", as "King" has shed human blood, and I cannot forgive him for causing and causing chaos!"

In front of Kuro, who speaks enthusiastically, the boy again heaves a heavy sigh.

Perhaps Neko was tired of playing alone, she returned to the kotatsu and picked up a piece of fish that was slightly stuck to the plate with her finger and put it in her mouth.

Each plate was carefully emptied. When Kuro put his hands on the plate he had finished eating, the boy did the same.

"Thanks for the food."

When Kuro and the boy talked to each other, Neko compared them to each other, clasped his hands as if to look at them and said, "Sorry."

Kuro drinks the hot tea and stands up naturally.

"It's time to kill you."

So, Kuro said that with the same ease as if he said that he would go to a convenience store.

Neko jumps up and poses intimidatingly while yelling "Shah!" The boy was impatient and held out his hand.

"Wait, wait! Then it's funny! Let's calm down! The reason you want to kill me is because I'm the evil "Colorless King", right? What's the evidence?"

"That video."

"It's so easy to fake! Don't you think that's funny? Why would I call myself the 'Colorless King'?"

"Evil, you reveal yourself."

"If it were so... I made a mess with those dangerous people, I'd already be running away to a safer place! Right?"

Kuro looked away with a thoughtful gaze, but it seems his determination to kill him hasn't changed yet. The boy says desperately.

"I said it many times, I'm just a mediocre high school student!"

"So who is she? Is she not your clan member?"

Kuro pointed at Neko. Neko, who was still intimidating, turned to her own topic and showed her big eyes as if she had struck the void.

"Eh? No... She is..."

The boy looks at Neko from head to toe. The beautiful long-haired girl, who wears only the boy's uniform coat and exposes her bare feet in the harsh place, does the movements that animals actually perform, as she claims to be a cat.

Apparently, it is the identity of the kitten who was friends with the boy, but that is not what he wants to hear and the boy had no words to explain what she was.

The boy asks Neko directly.

"Who are you? Or what are you?"

"Wagahai is a cat!"

Neko said it like she did at the beginning, and she was very excited.

Kuro puts his hand on his jaw as he ponders.

"A Strain... Is she here by chance? Cannot be."

"Strain?"

"A person who has her own special power without being granted by a 'King'. Some people have it."

The boy asked Neko, "Is that so?", But Neko tilted her head with a smile.

"I don't understand anything, but I'm Shiro's cat, and Shiro is mine!"

Neko declares that in a good mood and starts dancing around happily.

Kuro also thought that it was difficult to think that this innocent girl understood the story of the evil "King" or was his vassal.

The boy turned to Kuro and faced him with the greatest sincerity he had.

"Hey, Kuro Yatogami. This is probably some kind of unfair accusation. I'm going to clear up that suspicion in front of you! And I'll ask those scary people to clear up the misunderstanding. No!"

Holding his fist in front of his chest, the boy insisted.

"Your deceased master said to identify the other person and kill him if he was evil, right? Then identify me correctly, if I am good or bad!"

Kuro straightened his line of sight towards the boy and paused to think a bit. Finally, he took out of his pocket that voice recorder that played during meals and handed it to the boy.

"Press a button."

"Hey?"

"Do it."

The atmosphere cannot be maintained any longer, the boy gets confused and presses a button, "Well then..."

"Do not judge the cold, without first knowing the heat of the burning sun."

A good voice flowed with astringency, depth and sensuality.

"What is that?"

The boy was very confused, but Kuro was convinced of something.

"Don't make a quick decision. You have apparently earned a chance to live, Isana Yashiro."

Even with a smile, he was confused. He's not sure what that means, but for the first time, he's happy that Kuro's attitude has softened and the boy's expression relaxes.

"Shiro is fine. Yes, can I call you Kuro?"

"Isana Yashiro."

Kuro, who called him by his full name to cut off his offer, stretched his back and looked at the boy with a stern look.

"I will identify you as you say, and if I find out that you are evil, I will kill you immediately. Okay?"

He thinks he was stubborn, loud, but sincere. In response to Kuro's statement, the boy smiled and asked for a handshake and extended his right hand.

"Thank you, Kuro. That is enough for now."

"If you are grateful, thank Ichigen-sama for advising me."

Kuro doesn't hold his hand and walks away.

The fact that he gave up means that the voice of that recorder is the voice of "Ichigen Miwa". The boy wondered why he was really worried about the tape recorder containing Miwa's mysterious words.

"What is that voice recorder?"

At that moment, the atmosphere Kuro was wearing changed. The atmosphere becomes brighter as if a flower is blooming, and a loose smile is shown as if such a face is made, and the cheeks become red.

He seemed to be excited and began to speak rapidly while breathing.

"This is...! This is a record of the words of the late master, Ichigen-sama. The words of Ichigen-sama, who was also an avant-garde poet, were so connotative and beautiful! I was recording it. It was not enough. burn it on my soul, and I still get lost."

Out of breath, Kuro presses the switch on the recorder.

"Occasionally walk the path you have chosen, the path of your dreams."

"Miwa's words" flow from the tape recorder, and during the narration period, he listens with an elated face that appears to have been beaten. Stained like an apple, Kuro picked up the recorder and looked at the boy with a proud face.

"That's what I'm saying!"

"How awful!"

An honest impression came out of the boy's mouth.

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Wagahai is a cat. There is no name yet.

She feels like she used to have one, but she forgets. So a cat is just a cat.

Neko is now curled up on the boy's bed in the shape of a kitten.

She chased him from last night until morning, and when she had breakfast, she made her sleepy, so the boy said, "We will sleep for the moment."

The boy is sleeping under the blanket where the cat is curled up, and on a small tatami space, Kuro is leaning against the wall, sleeping with a sword in a sitting position.

Neko doesn't like Kuro. He came to destroy the happy days with the boy.

There is no way she will like people who say terrible things like kill the boy.

However, the rice he made was so delicious that she forgives him a bit. Especially the fish with crispy skin and plump body was wonderful.

Inside the room with the curtains closed, the morning sun shines through the gap, but it is comfortable and dim.

Neko tried to fall asleep as she was, and after thinking for a moment, she moved towards him. Bring her face to the boy's face and wave by bringing the tips of their noses together.

"Good luck, Shiro."

Neko snuggled into a position where the boy's body temperature could be felt. It is not cold here. She is not alone. She liked this place where she could hear the boy breathing next to her.

Neko is from Shiro, and Shiro is from Neko.

Feeling the temperature of her favorite company, Neko closes her eyes and enters the world of dreams.

CHAPTER 4: BLACK OR WHITE

There is a system that has never been used in a formula. It would have been better if he hadn't used it, but now is the time to move it.

"All eyes and ears."

Awashima agreed with Munakata's instructions.

"Yes. If it can't be handled, we need eyes and ears. We have to handle it properly."

Munakata smiled at her, she is his right arm, who had a straight face and praised her as an evil executive.

"You are a wonderful person, Awashima-kun."

Munakata looks at the puzzle at hand.

The complete picture of the puzzle is visible. No matter what kind of puzzle it was, Munakata never wondered which piece to put where. What should be to where it should

be. By doing that, messy things are put together in the right way. So Munakata enjoys the puzzle.

But now, the full picture of the incident Munakata is facing is not seen. Also, there is only one piece left in Munakata's hand for Suoh.

He picked up one of the Sansui painting puzzle pieces scattered on the office desk, and Munakata looked at it through the lens of his glasses.

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Kusanagi received several report calls and made some instructional calls inside the HOMRA bar counter.

"Oh, Bando. Are you aware? Yes, then join Dewa and head to the location on the map that I just sent."

"That is the seller's hidden store."

"Oh. It's the one with the mobster who was in charge of the arms trade. It seems like he died about ten days before Totsuka was killed."

Kusanagi's words made Bando groan over the phone.

"So that damn guy killed him and Totsuka-san?"

"No, that's not the case. The vendor was used by the criminal and murdered... there is a good chance. And recently, there have been a number of other mysterious misconduct."

"Ah, I'm sure you suddenly heard those rumors. Strange urban legends have become popular, like the fact that there are criminal groups that hold people and sell them, and where they meet gods."

Bando suddenly makes a hasty voice.

"Kusanagi-san, do you think the criminal who killed Totsuka-san is involved in the disappearances?"

"The story is a possibility. At least, there is no doubt that the arms dealer who disappeared this time did come into contact with the criminal in some way. Anyway, check the dealer's hidden warehouse and look for clues."

"Understood! I'm heading there now!"

"Okay, be careful."

As soon as the call hangs up, the Kusanagi PDA announces a new call as if it were waiting for it. When he answered, it was Chitose, who is currently in charge of providing information and gathering information online.

According to his report, the video of the criminal on the network has already been removed and appeared to be treated as a naughty video. It seems that people's interests are turning in another direction after rumors that the murder video was fabricated and posted were stopped.

It would be the instruction for "Scepter 4". Kusanagi is impressed that the work is quite fast.

However, at the time, the video was viewed by many people in various parts of Tokyo, focusing on Shizume. Some of the videos themselves have been uploaded to the "Jungle" site. There should be a reaction in the future, as it can be a prize.

Kusanagi hung up when he said in a casual tone that there was no problem. He stared at his hand a bit, thinking that the PDA would start ringing, but it seemed that the PDA in his hand had finally decided to rest, and he remained silent.

Phew, he takes a little breath.

The situation is not good. Although the criminal appeared once, he disappeared again, and also...

"It's finally becoming a hassle to get to that fox."

Miwa Ichigen, the predecessor "Colorless King", said that he only had two clan members in his life.

One of them was born nearly ten years ago, and Kuro Yatogami was the only remaining vassal.

Since Miwa Ichigen basically lived a life as a retreat in the mountains, Yatogami Kuro rarely appeared in the village, but it is said that his power as a clan member and the dexterity of his arm and swordplay, which he has shown several times, that is perfectly maintained.

It would be difficult for Kusanagi to cross evenly when he suddenly appeared and saw how he was treating Yata like a child.

However, he heard that he would not use any other power other than for Miwa. That is why it bears the name "black dog" with the meaning of loyal black dog.

He wonders if Kuro will move with the will of Miwa, who died, or something like that. After dying, serve the next "Colorless King"? Either way, it must be a hindrance for them.

"Uh, I don't have much time."

Anna, who was sitting at the table in the tent, turned to Kusanagi in response to the words that had come out of his mouth.

Anna spread the map on the table, rolled a marble on it, and continued searching for the criminal with her sensitive skill. Kusanagi laughs at Anna inadvertently, acknowledging that he has cut off his focus and probably worried Anna.

At that moment, the door of the bar opened with a loud noise.

"Gah! Yata-san!"

"Sorry! You said something stupid!"

Kamamoto and Yata rushed into the bar as they broke into a fuss. Yata, in the form of bright red rage, hurls Kamamoto's plump giant.

A large body flew into the air towards Kusanagi, hitting the counter.

It was unfortunate because the quality of Yata's small body, Kamamoto's heavy weight, and his stone-hard head were all combined.

Kusanagi's beloved bar counter is chipped by a head shove similar to a Kamamoto missile. Kusanagi screamed.

Yata attacks Kamamoto, leaving behind the broken counter. Kusanagi moaned low, "Guys..." while shaking.

He grabs the head of the slowly moving person who hurt his beloved counter with his right hand and the other with his left hand, and squeezes them mercilessly.

"Sorry it was not my intention!"

"Kusanagi-san! It will seriously break! My head will break!"

"Huh? Guys, what is this counter? It's expensive because a British pub gave it to us. It's a historic gem drenched in the scent of beer and cigarettes, and the hustle and bustle of drunkenness."

With both of them screaming and hanging from their hands, they scream and preach the weight of their sins.

"What is the cause of this fight, guys?"

Looking into his eyes, Yata complained as he hovered.

"It's because of Mikoto-san!"

"What is Mikoto-san doing?"

"This guy said that Mikoto-san gave up on the blues! Kusanagi-san, you should also punish him!"

"Oh, no! No! I wonder why our king was captured without any resistance!"

"Hey! Isn't that a turning point?"

"It's totally different!"

That's it.

The appearance of the two people making noise is like a fight of elementary school students, but it is not clear how they feel.

Kamamoto's doubts are natural, and although they are not mentioned, many of the "Homura" members are probably thinking. Yata himself, who is angry with him, must have the same anxiety and doubts.

Suoh must have an idea, and since he told himself that he shouldn't hesitate, he was so angry at Kamamoto that he raised his doubts about Suoh.

Kusanagi laughed a bit guiltily, saying they were too honest, and then deliberately laughed out loud.

He lets go of the two surprised heads, hugs them and whispers in the ear.

"Do you want to know?"

"Eh?"

"Why was Mikoto-san caught on purpose?"

Yata was confused and said "Yes."

Alright, Kusanagi released them from his arms and made them "repent" on the counter that they had hurt, so that they could first reflect on them.

Kusanagi was pleased with the appearance of the two people bowing his head towards the counter in silence, in the atmosphere of a completely scolded elementary school student, and decided to take a seat.

"Well, that guy is kept as that natural disaster all the time. In some cases, the "Blue King" must be clear about it. What if that happens? Will it make it easier for us to move? He got caught to free us."

He can see Yata's face bright and clear. Seeing the expression, which seemed overwhelmed by anger, anxiety and dissatisfaction, repainted with joy and pride, the guilt ends in Kusanagi again.

Yata stretched out his chest, smiled boyishly, and shook Kamamoto's shoulders.

"Hey, you said that! I'm going to find that rotten outer path and the fox again! I'll live up to Mikoto-san's expectations!"

Yata, who is completely fine, urges Kamamoto to leave the bar.

Kusanagi encouraged him slightly, saying, "I charge you, Yata-chan."

When Yata and Kamamoto noisily exit, the bar fills with suffocating quiet.

"Liar."

Anna said that like a slap. Kusanagi smiles bitterly at her painful words who silently heard the exchange between Kusanagi and Yata.

"Well I'm not saying... there are some aspects like that."

The words he just said to Yata and others are not lies. However, for that reason alone, Suoh would not have chosen a way to chain Munakata.

Kusanagi glances at Anna. Anna looked at the map in front of her with a doll face.

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Inside the lunch box, alongside the white rice, the colorful and well-balanced garnishes are well packaged. The boy thinks it's like being full of "happiness".

The boy loves it because it looks like the treasure chest with an unbalanced brown lunch that is filled with "special" items like meat and fried foods that are always blessed with recommended side dishes. However, he was impressed by the desperate lunch that Kuro prepared as a harmonious world.

From the lunch box, the boy takes a plump, beautiful yellow egg with chopsticks and puts it in his mouth. The sweetness spread through his mouth. He asked Kuro to do it yesterday, the rolled egg was delicious too, but the sweet flavored egg grill is good too.

While trying with a smile, he heard a clear voice next to him.

"Shiro has his own lunch with side dishes!"

Kukuri opened her eyes and looked towards the shrine that surrounded the lunch box with Kuro and Neko in the coffee shop. For whatever reason, he have two lunches on his hands.

He decided to advance through school with his own face, saying he was a "transfer student."

This school is located on an island, isolated from the outside, and basically he cannot enter the site without a pass. However, probably because they were relieved by safety, the people on the school island were enthusiastic about the safety aspect. Even the seemingly suspicious Kuro and Neko are accepted as "I'm a school person because I'm here with a natural face."

By the way, he managed to calm down Neko, who doesn't like clothes, and put her in the Ashinaka school girls uniform (when the boy praised Neko in uniform like "cute!") However, Kuro is still in his uniform. Also, even though he had a sword on his waist, the

people around him naturally accepted Kuro's existence, probably because the boy was with him.

Kukuri looked at the contents of the boy's lunch box with a surprised look, and the boy put his hand on his cheek.

"This time it is my beloved wife's lunch."

"If you just say stupid things, I'll stick my tongue out at you."

Kuro draws his sword threatening to cut off the boy's tongue.

As for Neko, he has already eaten Kuro's lunch, and she looks at Kukuri's lunch and makes a voice that waits, "Are you hungry?" Kukuri opened the lunch box and asked, "Do you want to eat?" She opened the lunch box, but for some reason there was no main food, such as fried or roasted salmon, and various kinds of vegetable side dishes such as slow-cooked dishes, salads, and hot vegetables were packed in the lunch box. She wonders if she is on a diet.

Despite the interaction between Kukuri and Neko, the boy looks towards a PDA.

"Oh, what's up? It's different from the school's designated PDA."

Kukuri said, paying attention to the boy's PDA.

The boy's PDA has disappeared, therefore he borrows Kuro's. By the way, a handmade plush doll hangs from Kuro's PDA. When he told him that he thought it was a hobby that did not suit his face, it seems that it is a doll that he made himself, imitating the appearance of Miwa Ichigen, and from there he began to sigh the story of how wonderful Ichigen was. So sorry to ask. Frankly speaking, Kuro's emotion when he talks about "Ichigen" is very disgusting.

The boy squeezed Kuro's PDA and made another comment.

"It's from my wife."

"Do you really want to separate yourself from your tongue?"

Kuro draws his sword again threatening to cut off his tongue. He's not sure if he's unexpectedly good or if he's really mad, because he can't even pull a joke, but his reaction when he hit him is a bit funny.

After a little tantrum, Kuro regains his mind and turns to the boy looking at the PDA.

"Did you find out something?"

"No, it is an unclear image..."

What the boy sees on Kuro's PDA is that video of a person, who looks exactly like the boy, killing a person.

This was transferred from his classmate Mishina. He said he found this video on a website. With the curiosity and drive of a healthy high school boy, Mishina is good at watching erotic videos and images, avoiding the security restrictions placed on school-designated PDAs. Some of his classmates also have part of the videos that Mishina found. Yesterday, Mishina intercepted the boy in an uncrowded corridor and told him a secret story: "I found a bad video yesterday."

Although the boy does not have a young and perky sex drive like Mishina, he looks at Mishina's PDA with the feeling of "Well, if he wants to show it, I can't wait to see it." But, it was not an erotic video.

It is the video of a murder that was shown on a huge monitor in Shizume.

However, Mishina believed that this video was false. It seems to be treated like a naughty video even on the net. However, the criminal's face looked exactly like the boy, so he became interesting and came to show him.

Mishina laughed mockingly, saying, "If you did something wrong, should you be selfish?"

In fact, the boy cannot tell if it is a fake video. But if the person was actually killed and this was false, it would probably mean that the real criminal had redesigned the footage to replace himself with the boy. However, this video was taken by the murderer himself, and from what the video looks like, it appears that it was taken with a retro camera rather than a PDA. The video itself is also owned by "Homura", whose partner is the murdered person. Could the criminal have tampered with the video? If that is not possible, is it the crime of a person with the appearance of the boy? Is that possible?

The doubts have no end, but what the boy must do is not pursue the truth, but prove his innocence.

The boy never does. The boy who lives in the dormitory has rarely left Gakuenjima except to run errands these days.

The boy looks at the picture. It says "12.07 23:45". It's been a week. Of course, the boy does not remember leaving Gakuenjima at that time.

"Are you seeing it multiple times?"

Kukuri looks mysteriously at the boy's hands.

"Hmm, this is a mysterious video delivered by Mishina."

"Eh, Mishina-kun?"

Kukuri overreacted to Mishina's name. The cheeks are slightly tinted red. The boy suddenly remembered the incident that would save himself at Kukuri's appearance.

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Fushimi snorted as he watched the scenes projected on the many monitors in the information room.

Each image in each location is displayed one after another on the monitor. Not only the city's surveillance cameras were collected and analyzed, but also all kinds of data such as personal camera images of PDAs and the content of private communications.

Knowledge of the system. As long as the system is up and running, there will be no privacy for the people of this country.

It was a system that prioritized investigations into people's human rights, which could be triggered by the special "Real Level" information disclosure request issued only in emergencies where an undetermined number of lives are in danger. Since the approval of the activation also requires the permission of the Prime Minister, the order of the "Golden King" Kokujoji Daikaku has also been obtained.

He doesn't want to activate it to find a child.

Fushimi was alone in his heart and ironically distorted his mouth while looking at the private lives of strangers.

"It is quite a masterpiece."

"Help me if you have free time."

Awashima takes Fushimi's words as dislike without raising her eyebrows.

"I am not free."

Fushimi looks back at his desk and slides his finger over the keyboard.

On Fushimi's desk monitor, there was a video of the murder posted by "Homura". A bullet was fired into the roof of the Hirasaka building, in the Western District, at 11:45 p.m. on December 7.

Tatara Totsuka was not good for Fushimi. When he was in "Homura", even if he showed that he didn't like that Fushimi didn't get used to it, he didn't care and felt like he would stop him and see through the line that he really didn't want to step on. He saw it with his eyes. It was not good for those eyes.

He was a man of the opposite nature to Fushimi, and he always laughed with a face that everything he saw was funny.

"Totsuka-san, you are dead."

A whisper came from Fushimi's mouth.

Fushimi stared at the image of the man whose face was always smiling, falling on the concrete without force.

Suddenly something happened. Akiyama, who was doing the compilation work, called out to Awashima in a whispering voice, "Lieutenant Awashima!" The voice turned the eyes of everyone in the briefing room towards Akiyama.

There was a child on the monitor that Akiyama showed. The facial recognition matches the criminal boy that Fushimi just confirmed. Fushimi's expression also tightened slightly.

"Do you know where he is going?"

"Yes, please wait a moment."

Akiyama immediately responds to Awashima's question and runs his finger across the keyboard. Review the points on the web in chronological order. He was at the foot of a bridge where he is captured by Shizume's surveillance camera, an ordinary PDA camera trying to capture the confusion caused by "Homura's" people, and finally the boy.

A connecting bridge that spans from Tokyo Bay and leads to an artificial island. The boy goes over the bridge and enters the island. That was the last appearance of the boy found by "Yuishiki" (Wisdom).

Awashima looks at the map of the place where the boy was last seen.

"The Ashinaka school island?"

It is a gigantic school that is very independent and does not allow outsiders to enter easily, partly because the whole island is one site.

He hears Awashima mutter under her breath, saying it was troublesome.

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Anna finally did.

Yata was running. Anger and fighting spirit burn the flames of the body. From that day on, he couldn't find a place to hit and was swirling in his stomach, turning Yata into a fiery bullet with the target he should be heading for now.

A motorcycle gets next to him and they run side by side, they seem to fly in the landscape around them. There was a huge body that he knew on the motorcycle.

"Yata-san! What's wrong?"

"Oh, Kamamoto! Very good, you are coming too!"

"Where you go?! What happened?!"

Yata looked down the road and told him to sharpen his eyes and growl.

"We're going to the school island."

"Gakuenjima? The school island in Tokyo Bay?"

"Just a moment ago, Anna's skill finally found out where it was!"

Kamamoto took a deep breath.

Anna is a member of the "Homura" clan, but has more power as a Strain than the power of fire. She has always been searching for the criminal's whereabouts with her sensitive ability.

It finally showed results.

Yata remembers the bar just before. Anna spread the map on the table and stared at the many red marbles rolling on it. Its responsiveness detects the criminal's signal, and the marbles move and gather towards a point on the map. Beneath the bright red marble is an artificial island in Tokyo Bay.

"Here.", Anna's transparent voice said like a decree. The criminal is there.

Yata holds his hand tightly in his fist. That night, it was a hand holding a bloody body. This hand knows the cold body that fell on the rooftop in the middle of the night and the warmth of the blood that was spilled.

Yata gritted his back teeth tightly and said, "Kamamoto, take me.". He put his hand on Kamamoto's shoulder and jumped into the back seat without slowing the skateboard propelled by his skill. At the same time, he kicked the skateboard and lift it to catch it in the air.

"Speed it up! I'm going to Gakuenjima to kill that damn guy!"

"Hey!"

Kamamoto twists the throttle grip to accelerate the motorcycle. Grasping Kamamoto's thick back, Yata puts his strength into his arm holding the skateboard.

"Wait, you fucking bastard!", he whispers into his mouth.

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In the locker room, which was simply installed by pulling a curtain in the classroom, the boy dressed in a khaki kimono and looked at the borrowed PDA. The video plays on the PDA.

"The date shown in that video that was shown in the city was at 11:45 p.m. on December 7th. Given the distance between the school and the crime scene, it is not possible to move in an hour."

"And so..."

Kuro was also dressed in Japanese clothes. With a short sleeve and a hakama, the original long black hair hairstyle collected and the sword attached to the waist match, and it looks like a samurai.

The boy wears a yellow garment over a khaki kimono. It's a hand-sewn costume for a female student, but it's pretty cool.

"Yes. If it is proven that I was at school around 11:45 PM on the 7th, my alibi will be established."

"But you're in a single room. If you slept alone in the room, it wouldn't be an alibi."

Kuro turned his eyes to Neko. Neko also wears kimono. Although she was wearing it, she didn't seem to know how to wear the kimono, so he could see the white skin with the front wide open.

Neither the boy nor Kuro did not change their complexion because they got used to seeing Neko naked. Perhaps he couldn't see Neko playing with the obi in her hand, and when she approached him, he wrapped the obi around Neko's body with one hand as if he was gathering an old newspaper.

"I'm telling you! I don't accept this testimony as an alibi!"

"Kurosuke, you are stupid! Shiro has been with me since I met him! Wagahai's Shiro is a good Shiro!"

"Shut up. You're saying you don't trust me. If I find out you were responsible for this, don't worry. I'll be prepared."

The boy opened his mouth sweetly, looking at Kuro and Neko as if they were really like a dog and a cat.

"Well, it's my fault. That day was the day that preparations for the cultural festival were allowed at night, and as I recalled earlier, it was a day where there were many incidents."

"Incidents?"

The boy trusted the mysterious Kuro.

"So there must be someone who can prove that I was there too."

The boy used a bird hat to finish. A beard is also attached to the mouth.

"Hmm! How many times do you change your clothes while chatting!"

Feeling free to open the curtains on the simple wardrobe, Kukuri stuck her face inside.

"Oh, it looks good! Shiro-kun, you are a valuable person to look good like Ebisu-sama even if you are not fat at all."

The boy, Kuro, and Neko were forced to try on the costumes they would wear to the main event of the school festival. On the night of the school festival, they will wear these costumes, carry a sword and pull a horse to parade to the shrine behind the school.

The Ashinaka school festival has a mysterious flavor, in part because it overlaps with the annual shrine festival.

Kukuri was in a good mood when she saw the three people wearing costumes, and while saying to Neko, "Wagahai-chan is a beautiful woman!" On the first day, Neko who hated wearing those clothes and had trouble with the boy's hands, was also happy to be told that she was a beautiful woman.

Well, the boy changed his expression.

He has been living at school almost normally for the past half day, but his life is involved. He has to ask someone to testify that he was at this school that day.

The boy saw Kikuri. The girl who started the confusion that night.

Yes, it started with a runaway boy who fell in love with her.

--- Testimony of the classmate, Sota Mishina.

Oh sure, it was around 11:45 PM on December 7th. There is no doubt that the preparations for the night of the school festival had just finished.

He climbed the stairs of the clock tower with the determination of a generation.

His heart was making a loud noise and his hands were sweaty and slimy. Still, he did not stop climbing the stairs. He is also a man. He will do what he has decided to do.

When he climbed to the top of the clock tower, he could see the view of Gakuenjima. Everyone is working hard to get ready for the school festival, which is coming up two weeks later, and the huge objects that he put in the yard look pretty good from the top, and the fire from the PDA that he plans to use at the night festival is beautiful.

He was thinking about that as he watched the situation below and was blown away by the cold midnight winter wind, he saw Yukizome coming. As a student council officer, she tells them to finish getting ready for the night. His reading that the last time she would come to the clock tower would be about 15 minutes before the date changed was correct.

Yukizome spoke a word or two with Inaba, who was pulling a rope, and came to the front of the clock tower. A moment before she tried to give instructions to everyone around her, he took a deep breath and yelled from the bottom of his stomach.

"Yukizome Kukuri-san! It's true love at first sight! Please go out with me!"

Everyone in the place fell silent and was looking towards the clock tower where he was.

Yukizome had the same lazy face as everyone else, but gradually her face turned red and she started to panic. It was cute, but she was so nervous that she was ashamed, so it wasn't the case.

After making a panicky movement, Yukizome turned to him and bent her head with force and bend her waist at a right angle.

"I'm sorry!"

He knew it. He was honestly thinking there was no pulse.

But he liked her for a long time, all year long. When he entered the school for the first time, he got lost because the school is big, Yukizome called him and accompanied him to his destination.

It's too big here, but she's so cute and kind, she was love at first sight. After that, she was nice to him.

Perhaps he misunderstood and thought she also liked him a bit. Yukizome is a kind person to everyone. He knew it wasn't just for him. Even so, he still wanted her to turn around. He wanted to hold her hand and dance together at the festival that night.

The dream was shattered and he was slightly shocked and unconscious. He was sad because he was totally sorry, he was sorry for Yukizome, who shrugged with a bright red face and ran away, and was not surprised by the eyes around her. He cries and stumble back. A strange laugh escaped his mouth, although it was not strange.

What he saw was a mountain of fireworks that was scheduled to be launched from the top of the clock tower at the school festival.

Filled with sadness, shame and apology, he wanted to blow away those feelings that swirled in his chest, so he approached the fireworks with a quick movement and lit them.

"Another love has fallen!"

The fireworks went straight up the night sky and the light flowers bloomed in the black sky. It was a memorial service for his love. He is reflecting on that now.

"You mean, what is it? Why do you suddenly want to hear about my sad night?"

"Huh? You wanted to ask if I saw Shiro at the confession? Would you mind the details of the confession if you heard that?"

"Oh... I don't know!" He could only see Yukizome in his eyes.

"That's right. Mishina-kun, were you watching everyone from the clock tower? You must have seen his figure when you were crushed!"

The boy lowers the end of his eyebrows and touches Mishina's arm.

The boy, accompanied by Kuro and Neko, caught Mishina, who was the party to the incident that night, in the corner of the classroom looking for someone to testify that the boy was on campus the night of December 7. He was listening to the story. As his

costumes were still being tried on, Mishina was surrounded by Ebisu, Benten, and the Samurai.

Mishina was crying, perhaps because he remembered how he felt when he lost his love as he spoke.

"Don't say crush clearly! Why are you trying to smear a person's wound with salt?"

"Because even if I ask Kukuri, it's not so much at the time, and I don't remember if I was there..."

"Did you ask Yukizome-san?"

As Mishina cries with the urge to hold his head, the boy feels a little sorry and tries to comfort him.

"But Mishina-kun, shouldn't you have made the confession a bit more normal? Is it okay? Isn't it a problem for the other person?"

He thought he was worried, but the amount of tears that had accumulated in Mishina's eyes increased.

"At first, I approached her more normally! I tried to tell her that I casually liked her! But it was amazing to feel the goodwill!"

"Ah! Kukuri, that seems pretty boring."

The boy laughed inadvertently.

"So, as impressive and dramatic as possible, a confession aimed at the suspension bridge effect..."

As he said that, Mishina held his chest as if remembering the pain of a lost love, and was screaming.

Kuro, who was listening to the story with his arms crossed at his sides, punches Mishina's back to strengthen him.

"Don't be so depressed. I think your way of declaring yourself is wonderful."

"Oh, yes. I respect the love and action of passionate young men like Mishina-kun who can make such a confession."

"You guys never comforted me, are you stupid?"

"That's not the case. I was looking at Mishina-kun, who loves a girl so much, thinking it was really amazing."

While raising his hands and calming the approaching Mishina, Kuro looked at the boy with half-eyes.

"But there seems to be no evidence that he was at the site where Mishina was."

"Eh, huh? You actually saw Mishina-kun's crush site, can you talk about the details?"

"Many students will have witnessed Mishina-kun's crush site. You can acquire as much information as you wish later."

"Crush site... stop saying crush site!"

Mishina cried out in a sad voice. Neko laughs.

"Fireworks, sunrise! It was so beautiful!"

While innocently laughing, Neko expresses how the fireworks could be seen with both hands open. When she looked at it from the side, it seemed like she was thinking, "Did you see it too...?"

The boy doesn't remember if Neko was with him at the time (after all, he didn't know that Neko was a human girl at the time, he thought she was just a kitten), but Mishina was sad and urged him to lose love. The beauty of the fireworks launched remains in the boy's memory.

"By the way, it was the people from the student association who stopped the fireworks that Mishina continued to fire, right?"

Mishina shook his face with a bitter bite.

"Oh! They were there, the people from the student association."

--- Secretary of the student association, testimony of Sakura Asama.

She arrives on the scene just as the date changed from December 7-8.

It took about 15 minutes before the first fireworks were launched. At the time, she and President Hyuga were working in the student council room. President Hyuga is an excellent student president who is also known as a teacher with abundant intelligence and ability to execute. She was a little nervous when she was alone with the president in the student meeting room at night.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise and the outside of the window suddenly lit up. Many bright fireworks were blooming in the night sky. It was romantic watching the fireworks with the president, but that's not the case.

"What's wrong? There shouldn't have been an app for practice shooting fireworks, etc."

The president squinted through the back of her glasses and immediately contacted a student council officer who was supposed to be looking around the clock tower where Mishina was setting off fireworks. The president knows exactly where and what the executives plan to do and everyone's work schedule. That is why she can immediately

give appropriate instructions and verify the situation. (Is that amazing? You're longing for it, right?)

Well, the PDA didn't connect. It's not unreasonable because the student association officer who should be looking around the clock tower was Yukizome.

She was unable to reach Yukizome, but soon another officer contacted the president.

It seems like second year Mishina Sota confessed to Yukizome from the top of the clock tower and was hovering around in despair and burning fireworks.

The president immediately ordered other officers to rush to the scene to stop the fireworks launcher. Sakura quickly got ready for office with the president. She took the wire cutter out of the toolbox and prepared to open the door even if the caster locks the clock tower and stands up.

Glancing sideways as she was ready, the president turned and walked out of the student council room, continuing to speak into the PDA. At that time, the president's clean hair was fluttering and smelling pleasant. The president's hair goes well with her image, and has a refreshing scent that is not sweet but fascinating.

It was midnight when she joined the other officers from the student association and arrived at the clock tower.

The area around the clock tower was full of gathered students.

The area around the clock tower was full of gathered students. Everyone just opens their mouths and watches the fireworks that are launched one after another. There were so many people, so she couldn't help stopping someone. Well, there are people who cannot move easily unless someone takes the initiative. That is why someone was needed who had the power to make decisions and act as the president.

The students around the clock tower noticed the arrival of the president and said: "The student association has arrived!" They raised their voices. It is an air that is safe if it comes from the president. The crowded students quickly cleared the way for the president, who was like Moses.

When the president observed the surroundings and understood the situation, she gave instructions in a clear voice. "Stop this!"

"Ah, the president was great!"

"Eh? If did I see Isana over there? I don't know. He's small so I didn't see him."

The boy was drowning.

It was good to visit the student council room with Kuro and Neko, see the first-year girl, Sakura Asama, and hear the story from the night of December 7, but it emphasized how

wonderful the student council president was that day. He was unable to obtain any testimony that she saw the boy.

Asama is a fluffy, mature-looking girl who looks cool with braided hair that's tied sideways, but when the story reaches the student council president, the picture shows the heat dissipating.

Chiho Hyuga, the president of the student council in question, is processing the documents in question without paying attention to the boy, whether she is listening or not. Hyuga is a beautiful girl with straight black hair on her back and red-rimmed glasses. A talented person who stands at the top of the student association, rumored to be more powerful than teachers, and manages various school events. It has gained overwhelming popularity.

The boy sat down and asked Hyuga.

"I... should have been there, don't you remember?"

"I don't know. It wasn't work to see if a fool was in the place."

She replied coldly without raising her face.

The boy let out a disappointing voice in response to the blunt answer.

"It was really difficult at the time. What if the president didn't deal with it quickly? Do you have the article at the time?"

Asama presented the school newspaper to the boy as her cheeks turned slightly vermilion, perhaps in contradiction to Hyuga's attitude at the time. "The flower of love that bloomed in the night sky!" Below the caption, there were many photos from the scene from that night, including a photo of Mishina, who was captured by sympathetic students' association officers with both arms clasped. But...

"I am not here."

It is not far-fetched because he does not recall jumping into the camera to appear in the newspaper photos, but he is disappointed that there is nothing to prove his innocence.

Kuro looking at the newspaper next to the boy also looked rough. Only Neko has a mysterious appearance, as if the situation is still unknown.

"If you want a picture of the riot, why don't you ask the journalism club? Because they were filming a lot that day."

"Yes. The president should have dealt with the incidents that happened in succession, and her activities should have been photographed."

Asama leans her body enthusiastically. Hyuga raised her face without paying attention to Asama's situation, and finally turned her attention back to the boy.

"More than that, guys. No matter how much you are preparing for the culture festival, don't wander around campus in a playful way. Especially you, long accessories are forbidden."

Hyuga's eyes were on Kuro's waist.

"Ah, this is for accessories...!"

Kuro was upset, but Neko laughed happily, perhaps because he was angry. The boy wanted to confiscate weapons that were aimed at his own life if possible, but thought that trouble was more likely to occur because of that. He immediately left the student council room.

"What was that, did she say that 'Kotowari' is a prop?"

"Okay. It means your samurai style suits you too well."

The boy treats Kuro, who bites his teeth while walking down the hall, with appropriate words that move only half his head. Kuro looked at the costume he was wearing, and then turned his eyes to the boy and Neko.

"But, well... like this outfit, the school festival here has a lot of excitement."

"Also, under the initiative of the students, the members of the student association will divide so that everyone can do whatever they want and work together to do and prepare various things. Like December 7, there are days when you can prepare until the evening and there are many free places in this school."

The boy looks out the window. Students wave a props mallet in the yard, talk about how they are decorated, and laugh happily at each other. The scene seemed somewhat defeated and the boy narrowed his eyes.

"It's because it's peaceful that you can do this and work hard at it. I think it's amazing, very nice."

Speaking of stubbornness, Kuro opened his eyes a bit, looked at the boy's face suspiciously.

"Don't say something like an old man all of a sudden."

"Eh? Are you intrigued?"

"And don't forget that your situation is not peaceful at all."

"Ah! That's..."

The boy was drooling. Maybe she thought he was depressed, Neko hugged the boy's arm and encouraged him, "Shiro, cheer up!"

Kuro took a deep breath and crossed his arms in thought.

"By the way, that girl said the incidents happened quickly after that..."

"Oh, that's right. There was a crushing incident, and while the student association was going to capture Mishina, there was an uproar."

"What is that?"

--- Testimony of colleague Sumika Inaba.

About Mishina's case, she thinks it was tough. She thinks the time was around 0:15.

She was moving the horse that was going to guide the gods at the school festival.

He is a good and calm horse. He has beautiful brown fur, round black eyes, and is friendly. The riding club usually takes care of him, but that night they loaned it for the event.

"So, I was about to return the horse to the riding club stables, but that idiot Mishina made that confession, right? That guy is really useless. That kind of thing should only be done by a kid who has a pulse and that he's sure she likes flashy surprises. I think about Kukuri's feelings that she has to reject him in front of the public. Well, in Mishina's case, he wouldn't have had such an upset spirit to pressure her to say "yes". It's just stupid."

"When I looked at Mishina's feelings from the end, I knew it completely, but Kukuri was so bored in the love relationship that she did him no favors, so she desperately tried to make him notice it for himself."

"But I never heard about Mishina from Kukuri, but I understand that she has no more feelings for Mishina than she does from friends. There is a possibility that Kukuri likes him, no, not at all."

"Well, what was the story? Oh, the story after the confession case. Mishina was turned away and set off fireworks, so the horse I was leading was excited. I was desperate to calm him down. Normally he's quiet, but it seems like was surprised by the sound and the strange atmosphere."

Everyone around her was in awe of the fireworks that continued to increase with the momentum of today's school festival. Among them, there was a guy who had a PDA, but he always forgot that he had a fire and watched the fireworks. It seems that he was experimenting with the tatami used in the evening festival, but he was told to be very careful when using the fire, but he neglected his hand and looked up at the sky, so the fire was next to him. It burned the object that was there. It was an object stretched out with paper glued on a wooden frame, so it burned vigorously. The scene was in a panic.

Then the horse she was leading, which was already excited, saw the flames and panicked. She started running all the way so she was about to get dragged off the rope. The horse was running with a force that seemed to bounce off the people around him, and she was half crying and chasing him. Thanks to the fire and the raging horse, the people around her screamed.

"Really, that night was hard, right?"

"Huh? See Isana at the scene? I don't remember. Why is that important?"

The boy dropped his shoulders in front of the lonely Inaba.

"Hey... I'm looking for someone to prove that I was there..."

The boy, who found Inaba right in front of the clock tower at the scene of the incident, recalled that Inaba was in this place with a horse that night, but the result was also lost.

"Isana Shiro-kun has an image that is not strange wherever he is, so he doesn't leave much of an impression no matter where he is. It feels like he's not there, even though he's there..."

"That's..."

Inaba put her finger to her lips and tried to remember for a while, but finally shook her head.

"No. I can't remember. After the horse ran away, I couldn't even look around."

"I see. Yes... thank you..."

He couldn't hide his disappointment, but with a slight smile, the boy raised his hand to Inaba and thanked her. Inaba watches the boy's face closely.

"By the way, Kukuri said, 'Shiro-kun looks like he's going to disappear somewhere when you take your eyes off.' When I heard that, I didn't understand at all, but he was there. I felt like I couldn't remember what he was doing and I felt like I could understand what Kukuri said."

Inaba is a good friend of Kukuri. The boy hesitates a bit, wondering what they were talking about.

"Eh...? Am I that overshadowed?"

"That's all. He is a popular person who is loved by everyone. Somehow... well, I can't trust his existence... I can't express it well..."

Inaba turned her head several times, but quickly stopped giving an answer and returned her gaze and interest to Neko sitting on a bench and dangling by her legs in her spare time.

"By the way, are you Neko? It's an interesting nickname. It looks cute on you, doesn't it? The costume looks great. I'll give you a candy."

"Hurrah!"

When Inaba took out the candy wrapper from her pocket, Neko who was bored jumped up with a bright expression. Neko, whose head is caressed with candy in her mouth, looks like a little girl with a full forehead.

"Good girl, Neko-chan. Should I buy a delicious Daifuku later?"

"Really? Food!"

Seeing Neko loved like a younger sister is fun, but it's not the case when the boy smiles at her. He already felt at a dead end when searching. Feel the spicy skin next to her, with a haunting aura.

She wishes she could remember who the boy spoke to that night, but sadly she doesn't have such a clear memory.

"You..."

"Ah, wait! Oh, look! Asama-san said that a lot of people in the journalism club were taking pictures that night, right? I'm sure if you ask him..."

Upon detecting Kuro's signal that he is about to draw the sword, the boy asked Inaba who was with Neko, quickly.

"I am also a journalism club. Do I ask the director?"

Inaba simply takes the PDA out of her pocket and calls the manager.

The director of the journalism department appeared to be taking pictures of the school festival preparations and came with a beautiful single-lens reflex camera hanging from his neck.

Upon hearing from Inaba, the director took the tablet from the PDA and searched for a photo from the night of the incident.

"It's a photo from December 7th, within an hour from 11:45 PM. Right after Mishina made the confession until the fire was extinguished and the wild horse was captured. At that time, there were many incidents at the same time, so several people took pictures at random."

"Wow, help!"

Looking like a god of salvation, the boy jumped on the offered tablet. Kuro also looks seriously.

While looking for the reflection of himself in a large number of photographs, Inaba went away saying: "See you later. I'm going to the classroom.", And the director of the journalism club began to photograph the traces of burned objects in front of clock tower. Neko who seems to be free begins to play with the cleaning robot, type Tsukumo 99, which was passing by.

In the idyllic afternoon sun, the boy and Kuro kept looking at the images on the tablet one by one.

Fireworks strewn across the night sky. The horse looking at them. The student council president who arrived in a hurry. A student association officer who opens the door of the clock tower. An object that begins to burn.

Dismay, come and go, run away, fire extinguisher.

Students who run with them. A horse that begins to rage and run. Those who run away from the horse, those who pursue it. Mishina is captured and taken out of the clock tower. The student council president who sees the noise outside and quickly begins to give directions. A student association officer who brings down students desperately trying to put out the fire with a fire extinguisher and pulls a hose from the fire extinguisher. Discharge of water that starts strongly. A member of the riding club runs in. A member that stops chasing the horse and keeps them away. A horse that moves through the school grounds. Students who coordinate and monitor. A flame extinguished by discharge of water. Guys who are full of soot and rejoice in putting out the fire safely. People around her clapping. A boy who starts crying. The student council president scolds him. However, after that, the vision of putting her hand on his shoulder as if he was happy he wasn't hurt. In a calm and warm mood, a horse that has run and calmed down slowly returns, and a member of the riding club and Inaba gently catch him. Robots that appear to "clean up the mess."

There were so many photos. The boy kept rushing to see the images appearing one after the other, but gradually the movement of the fingers when swiping the images weakened.

"No..."

Involuntarily a helpless sound leaked out. Many of the photos show a large number of other students who are not the protagonists of the case, but the boy who should have been there is nowhere reflected.

"I think I was wandering around here."

When he lowered his eyebrows, the director of the journalism club, who was pointing the camera around him, looked back with a look of surprise.

"Ah, really? There are so many photos from that day, so if you were there, you could find them somewhere, right?"

"No..."

Family views and rushed friends appear one after another, but he can't find the essential boy.

Kuro made his badass look even sharper and turned to the boy.

"You, after all, weren't there!"

"What happened? Is it important that you were there?"

The boy smiled a warm smile, suppressing the director of the journalism club, who bit a strange place and said: "No, it's nothing."

After all, unable to find a photo where it appeared, the boy returned the tablet containing the photos to the director of the journalism club and thanked him.

The boy, who had been unconcerned by the memory and the confidence that he was there that day, began to feel a gradual impatience.

"Hmm, I'm in trouble. I'm sure of it."

Although he made an effort to have a carefree voice, he painfully feels the disturbing signals emitted by Kuro getting louder and louder. Look sideways. Kuro with his eyes on his sword, seemed to have come to the realm of murder out of suspicion and anger, and looked at the boy with cold air. Partly due to the disguise he was wearing, he had the feeling that he was a samurai trying to behead the enemy. It can seriously cut it.

When the boy was in a cold sweat and faced Kuro, a bright and refreshing voice broke through the tense atmosphere.

"Oh, Shiro-kun!"

Kukuri, holding a luggage in his arms, was puffing out his cheeks when he saw the boy.

"Everyone is busy, but what are you doing?"

Before the boy made an excuse, he withdrew the murderous signal from the sword that had leaked just now, walked over, and scooped up the heavy luggage stuck in the cardboard box from Kukuri's arm. When asked, "Where are you going to take him?", Kuro has grown into a young warrior who is kind to girls and children. In a short relationship, the boy knew enough to say that he was basically a very caring man.

Kukuri happily thanked her and smiled.

"So can you bring it to the staff room? I have to take this to the student council room."

"I get it."

The moment he heard the exchange between Kukuri and Kuro, an inspiration ran inside the boy.

"Oh, that's right... the staff room..."

The boy gently raised the edge of his mouth.

"The student's departure record? Daimon?"

"Yes."

The old teacher who is in charge of literature has a rough and very laid-back personality. He is the perfect person to make this request.

The literature teacher turns his head mysteriously.

"Good, but... why again..."

"No, it's not a big deal... just that I could die."

The boy turns to the literature teacher and tells him the situation in a whisper. The teacher said, "Oh, yeah." If it was troublesome even though it seemed like he didn't understand why.

"When?"

"December 7th."

Check-out for December 7th was provided by a former literature teacher. When the boy succeeded, he laughed at an angle that did not look like a fox.

The only entrance to Ashinaka High School, which is an island, is the gate in front of the connecting bridge that connects to the mainland, commonly known as Daimon. To pass, the door sensor must be made to read the school-designated PDA, which also serves as a student ID card. Basically, all the times of entry and exit of people are recorded.

As he left the staff room and walked down the street in front of the research building, the boy analyzed whether the student's check-in and check-out from December 7, which he had just received, is endorsed to prove his identity. Start going through the list.

"Torisawa, Ariyoshi, Iida, Ikuno... Next is Inoue! Look! Isana Yashiro is not here."

On the paper, the names of the students who passed through the door that day are listed in the order of Aiueo, and the transit time is recorded next to each name. Students who go to school are basically on schedule to get in and out of school, and students who do not live in the dorm are on time to leave and return to school.

There is no boy's name on the paper, which means that the boy who lives in the dorm has not left campus one step that day.

The boy killed the tension and listened to Kuro's reaction with a casual face.

Kuro doesn't look at the recording paper the boy is showing, and walks with his gaze down with a calm expression that makes it difficult to tell what he's thinking.

"Shiro, Shiro! Wagahai is hungry!"

Neko who was not interested in what they were doing, complained innocently.

The boy does not care about Neko's comment, and pushes the recording paper to force him to see Kuro, who is looking down.

"This cleared your suspicions, right?"

Still, Kuro doesn't move his expression or his gaze. While the boy gulped and waited for Kuro's behavior, Neko feeling ignored clenched her fist with both hands and screamed.

"I'm hungry!"

Both the boy and Kuro stop at the scream of Neko's angry girlish look.

"Sorry, sorry. I'm relieved, so let's have a snack slowly."

"Yahoo! Snack! Kukuri has delicious senbe! After that, Kukuri's friend should buy Daifuku! Oh, I'm thirsty! Buy something, Shiro. Let's go!"

Neko, who is excited about the snacks, moves in a good mood and romps.

However, in contrast to Neko's high enthusiasm, Kuro still looks at the boy coldly.

The boy sighed and said in a tone reminiscent of the confused.

"That's why everyone who enters and leaves this island is controlled by the automatic gate. It is a pip. The fact that it is not on this list means that I have been on this island the entire time and could not have gone to the crime scene. Right?"

Kuro still hasn't opened his mouth. The boy left him and turned to Neko who was waiting in front of the vending machine.

"Wagahai should have juice!"

"That? Not enough coins."

When the boy clenched his pockets in an attempt to respond to Neko's pleas, a beep was heard. So, there is a sound of the juice Neko wanted.

When he raised his face, Kukuri, who was holding the PDA over the vending machine, turned her dismayed face towards the boy.

"Don't you have the PDA again? It's a rule, so you have to have it correctly. I mean, it's a pass."

An eerie air fell over the place. It can be understood without looking. There is a sign of anger that crosses the skin of the person in charge.

"Kukuri. Are you saying this boy never carries a PDA?"

Kukuri is unaware of Kuro's disturbances. The boy raised his finger in front of his mouth and desperately sent a gesture that he wanted to keep a secret, but Kukuri didn't notice and took it easy.

"No matter how much you tell him, he will forget."

"You can't walk through the door without a PDA, right?"

"He always manages."

The boy covered his face with the palm of his hand. He thinks he did, and it was at the same time that Kuro touched his sword.

"Kukuri. From now on, something unpleasant will happen here. Leave us alone."

"Wait, wait! I'm serious! I'm seriously looking for evidence!"

"Okay, I know you are a dishonest man."

In response to Kuro's threat, Neko stood up with a threatening voice and stood in front of the boy. Kuro keeps Neko in a sharp line of sight.

"Go away, or are you still this guy's partner? Do you want to get cut off with your master?"

"Wagahai is a cat! I'm Shiro's cat! I won't give you Shiro, Kurosuke!"

Neko hugged the boy with a desperate face and tried to be the boy's shield. Neko is hideously self-taught, but like animal cats, she is sensitive to danger. She exposes herself to Kuro, who is about to draw his sword, and strongly appeals over misaligned issues.

"Shiro is a good person and we eat delicious rice and sandwiches together!"

"Easy, Neko. You're making things more complicated."

The boy calmed the watery-eyed Neko and pushed her behind him.

She is innocent about the murder case, but it is true that she tried to ridicule him. The only one he should be mad at is the boy, who cannot involve or hurt Neko.

As soon as the boy took a position to hold Neko on his back, he rolled his eyes as if confused. Kuro, with a sad look, loosens his hand from the sword's handle as if he had lost.

"Sorry, Kuro. I'll take it seriously from now on! There were still a lot of things that day! Sprinkler destruction incident, toilet flooding incident, gym ceiling penetration incident, etc. I must have been somewhere. That's it!"

As the boy said, Kukuri, who had been left vacant with a face that until then could not swallow the situation, responded to the case of penetrating the roof of the PE warehouse and said, "What?"

"I ran into Shiro-kun at the gym that day, right?"

The boy opened his eyes to Kukuri's words, which seemed casual.

--- Testimony of the classmate, Kukuri Yukizome.

That day, she had the incident with Mishina at the clock tower... She was shocked and embarrassed. She did not know what to do and ran away.

She felt sorry when she learned later that there were several difficult things after that...

When she escape to the school building, she could hear loud voices and sounds from the clock tower all the time, and the people in the school building also noticed the noise and looked at the situation towards the clock tower. "I ran towards, I... I mean... it's also the cause... I felt like I didn't have a place to hide..."

So when she walked through the school building and down the high street, she heard something loud in the gym. She went to see what happened.

"It really was a terrible noise..."

When she opened the gym door and looked inside, she found Shiro. She was surprised because she didn't think there were people.

("Isana-kun! What are you doing here? Hmm. You were skipping the preparations for the school festival, right?")

"Shiro-kun disappears and takes a nap somewhere. Oh, but it was time to get ready for the night, so maybe it was a nap. If it makes him sleepy, I wish he would at least rest in the bedroom."

When he was talking about it, she suddenly realized that the moonlight was coming from a strange angle into the gym, which should be dark, and when she looked up, there was a large hole in the ceiling of the warehouse.

"Shiro-kun, you were also surprised when the ceiling suddenly fell, weren't you? I'm so glad you didn't hurt yourself."

That's why she went to the staff room to report. After all, it seemed that the roof was quite damaged, and it seemed that something flying in the wind had fallen. It is an old warehouse and it looks like they are going to demolish and rebuild it.

"Hmm? Shiro-kun, why do you look so happy?"

The boy who moved to the gym with Kukuri, and they looked up at the hole in the ceiling. The hole was repaired by putting a wooden board in its shape, but sunlight shone through the gaps in the board.

This is the scene of the "PE Warehouse Roof Penetration Incident", which is a relatively small incident among the many incidents that occurred that night. The discoverers are Isana Yashiro and Kukuri Yukizome.

"Oh, that's right. Hey, do you remember exactly when it was?"

The boy looked at Kukuri with a face that couldn't hide expectations and joy.

Kukuri operated the PDA in her hand to display a single photo. She had to report the hole in the gym to her teacher. The image clearly shows the boy looking at the hole in the ceiling.

The date and time data in the photo are...

"It was at 12:30."

"Less than an hour from the time of the crime."

The boy sighed with deep relief.

Kuro muttered with a complicated expression that seemed unhappy, but somehow relieved.

"It is impossible to return from the scene of the crime at that time."

"This time, the alibi is established!"

The boy jumped for joy. Even though Neko doesn't seem to understand the meaning, she jumps out with a face that makes the boy happy.

"What? What are you talking about?"

Kukuri looked at the boy with a clean face.

"You are my lifeline!"

The girl who proved the boy's innocence blinked slowly.

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He was confused by himself, that somewhere in his heart he was relieved that an alibi was found.

He may not have been a bad "King", but the boy is a dishonest man. He tried to pray for Kuro with a sigh. However, in front of Kuro, who was about to draw his sword, the boy kept Neko behind his back. If he is a coward, he will escape with a woman as a shield, he can cut him off without worrying about it.

When he saw the boy hiding Neko, the memories of the old days returned to his mind.

It was a memory from when Kuro was ten years old. There was an incident where a man who was Kuro's brother and Miwa's disciple, requested a battle from Miwa and raised his sword. Kuro, who was still young, wanted to protect his beloved master while confused, and trembled while holding a stick.

That brother, he was terribly strong. That person was offensive to Miwa. That fact scared him and made him think that he had to keep Miwa safe even if he replaced him.

However, Miwa gently put his hand on his head and smiled gently, appearing in front of him with a very natural movement.

The Miwa of that time and his appearance overlapped with the boy and Neko who was hiding.

Kuro knows the horror of having a loved one threatened.

Kuro also knows the strength and goodness of his back, which stands up to threat and protects.

"Is he fake or not? What is he?"

Kukuri, who was next to him, raised her face at the leaked message inadvertently.

"Hmm? Kuro-kun, did you say something?"

"No, nothing, sorry."

"Hmm... that? By the way, Shiro-kun?"

After confirming the boy's alibi in the gym, Kuro and the others returned to the classroom with Kukuri. However, along the way, the boy seems to have gone somewhere alone. A man soft and restless as a balloon. Although an alibi was found, the murder video mystery stands strong, and although the situation has not been resolved, he is surprised that it is a person with a weak sense of crisis.

"Hey, Kukuri, sandwich!"

Neko always becomes attached to the boy, but now it seems that with Kukuri's words, "Let's give her a sandwich", she stays glued to Kukuri.

"Yes. Kukuri-san's rice patisserie is open! Wagahai-chan, roasted rice, Negi Miso, roasted shrimp mochi, roasted mochi, carrot shoyu, Zaramé roasted mochi, super spicy roasted mochi."

Kukuri takes the rice cakes out of the paper bag one after another and orders them. Neko looked at the rice cake with bright eyes.

"Is it spicy? Super spicy?"

"Super spicy is a very spicy rice cake."

"You want?"

"That's right, it's going to be very hot!"

"Nyaaah! Then that!"

He looked at Kukuri and Neko happily playing with each other, and Kuro pondered.

If the boy is really innocent and someone puts him to sleep and dresses in the murderer's wet robe, then his life in this school cannot be destroyed. The boy is a careless man, but after working together all day today, he knew well that he was surrounded by many friends at this school and loved this peaceful life. If something happens to the boy, Kukuri and the others will be sad.

After seeing Kukuri parading around the room and handing out rice cakes to other friends for a moment, Kuro looked at Neko sideways.

"Hey, Neko."

To Neko who is happy to receive a spicy rice cake from Kukuri, Kuro bluntly throws words at her.

"I am still reluctant to your existence, but what are you really? Why are you with Isana?"

"Wagahai is a cat."

"That again... Are you a Strain?"

"Strain?"

"He is a talented and lonely person."

Neko puffed out her cheeks as if offended.

"I was alone, but now I have Shiro. Because this Shiro, I'm not alone anymore. Also being with Shiro, I received a snack from Kukuri."

"Isana the one who picked you up?"

"Shiro picked up Wagahai, and Wagahai picked up Shiro. So Neko is Shiro's cat, and Shiro is Neko's."

What Neko says is still irrational. However, even so, Kuro has deepened his sympathy for Neko.

Kuro is also a person who was alone until he was picked up by Miwa.

"Since when have you been with Isana?"

He felt a bit grumpy and made a softer voice than before, but Neko didn't answer this question. She turns to the side and holds the rice cake she received to her chest and walks away from Kuro.

Kuro sighed deeply and looked around.

In the classroom, students are on their feet and working to prepare for the school festival. Everyone was working hard, especially Kukuri seemed to be busy, and although she was still smiling, she was on her feet and working as she watched the progress here and there.

(Because it's nice to be able to do this and work hard at it. I think it's really nice.)

Remembering the boy's words, Kuro inwardly agreed. Everyone enjoys peace as a matter of course, so they can work hard to prepare for a festival like this. Is very precious.

It was supposed to be a distant vision for Kuro, who is destined to cut down the evil "King".

However, when he was looking at them, he feared they were uncomfortable.

According to the boy, the school festival was only three days away. Even so, he can still see a blank cloth in the hands of the students who are sewing the costumes, will they be okay? They are putting together an accessory, but if they stretch the board first, he thinks they won't be able to fit that part later. As for the group that does interior decoration, it seems they don't even know what they want to do, but maybe they can't get it done in time.

As he stared at them, something in Kuro began to sting him. It may be because the boy's search for an alibi has stabilized and relaxed him. Since Kuro is from a rural school with a single digit number of students, it is possible that he was not related to such a school festival and has stimulated something of a longing. Maybe the nice guys at this school he was involved with today couldn't just leave him alone, thinking he might get in trouble later.

"Hey! Then they won't be able to make it in time for the school festival! Lend me the tools! I'll help you!"

When he suddenly raised his voice, the students' eyes slyly met. Kukuri rounded her eyes, and the next moment she said with a happy voice, "Really? Help!"

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The boy returned to the bedroom, rubbing around his tense shoulders.

He has not been able to take a nap in his daily routine because he was desperately moving while being watched by Kuro today. When he was relieved, he was suddenly tired and sleepy.

"Oh, I'm tired. I wonder if they want to kill me every day."

As he tried to dive into bed, he found he was still in his school festival costume and stopped. Sorry for the clothes his friend sewed with so much effort.

"Wow, I left my uniform in the classroom."

The boy opened the closet looking for a change of clothes. He should also pick up his uniform when he deliver the costume to the classroom later. He searches a poorly organized closet, trying to put on comfortable clothes.

As soon as he grabbed a replacement shirt from the bottom of the closet and lifted it, the boy's body froze.

There is blood.

As soon as he realized that, his body starts to shake.

Under the shirt he grabbed, there was another white shirt. Blood was attached to the front like splatter. It became rough and hard.

Does not know. He doesn't know what that is.

The boy did not remember the bloodstained shirt. The only thing he inevitably remember is that murder movie.

(It's a beautiful night, right? I came to take a night view, but what are you doing in such a place? I'm Tatara Totsuka, and you?)

Someone with the boy's face turns around and shoots the photographer who speaks quietly.

When the image is blurry and the photographer collapses for a moment, and then the person who looks like the boy reappears, the shirt is stained with blood.

(I am the Seventh King, the Colorless King. I am waiting for someone. Is it a good, night? Oh, yes, it is a good night!)

The shot in the video echoes behind the boy's ears.

Is different. He can't be him. He doesn't remember that, and Kukuri proved he was in Gakuenjima 45 minutes after the crime. Thinking normally, there should be no way to get from the crime scene to Gakuenjima in 45 minutes.

But... no one proved his alibi at the time of the crime. It must have been in front of the clock tower at the time, but no one remembered if it was there and it wasn't in the photos.

"Wrong! It's not me! I'm not killing people! So... what is this damn shirt?"

Many thoughts swirled in the boy's head.

"Shiro!"

Neko's bright voice broke into the boy's disturbed thought.

The boy hurriedly shoved his shirt back and closed the closet door.

When he raised his face, innocent-faced Neko had just entered the room.

"What? What's wrong? Oh, is it a sandwich?"

"Kukuri gave me a super spicy rice sandwich! So, she said to call you, and after that she said she will give me an ultra-spicy sandwich!"

Neko moves happily and informs to express her mood with her whole body.

The boy returned an awkward smile.

"Okay, now I'm going."

Neko looks at the boy's face and clouds her happy face a bit.

"Shiro...? Does your stomach hurt?"

Eagerly walking towards Neko, the boy puts his hand on her head.

"Is nothing."

Suppressing the anxiety and fear that slowly spread throughout his body, the boy gently stroked Neko's head.

CHAPTER 5: THE LINK

For Misaki Yata, friends were the most important thing.

Since he was a child, he was good with people and was able to confirm his existence by trusting someone.

When he was young, he felt something like the importance of his existence by protecting his mother, who raised him as a single mother. Since his mother had only him, he had a strong determination to be strong in his childhood.

As he got older, his general temperament grew stronger and he came to think it was more fun to do it. He would cut the wind on his shoulder, and if someone messed it up, he would fly and wave his fist.

However, in the end his mother remarried and she had a new child with her new husband, and her mother was no longer the one he had to protect. He went on to do things like "use" instead of "trust".

Leading friends and doing stupid things together, eating alone was irrational and boring. Even if he was having fun, he couldn't laugh alone. However, Yata silently built up his prowess because he did not have the skill and finesse to match others by force, and he could not accept loneliness.

He met a boy and spent several years with him, but when he remembers him, he gets angry, so he erases it from his memory.

For Yata, it was a man named "Suoh Mikoto" who changed his world.

The "King" with overwhelming power that destroys Yata's prowess.

He was cool and he got addicted to all of it.

Yata took Suoh's hand and befriended the followers of the "King".

Friends became the most important thing to Yata. It doesn't matter if it was used, regardless of everything, he just looks at Suoh's back and follows him, and if Suoh says "Burn them.", he becomes a flame with his friends and will do his best to do so.

This place where he can hang out with friends, is the absolute only place to live in Yata.

(Totsuka. Somehow...)

Remember that while he was shedding blood, as if trying to reassure Yata, Totsuka's face tried to laugh somehow.

Two people, Yata and Kusanagi, rushed in after receiving the news of Totsuka's shooting. Fallen on the rooftop, at midnight in December, it was Yata who lifted Totsuka's cold body that was still bleeding. Totsuka touched Yata's tearful cheek and tried to smile, but in the end his hand fell limp and left a mark of blood on Yata's cheek.

(I'm sorry.)

That was Totsuka's last word.

He was a man who always laughed. He was good at finding fun and was in the center of his friends and made everyone laugh a lot. He was an executive of "Homura", an old friend of Suoh, a weak but fluid person, who took care of his friends. For Yata, he was a person whom he sometimes considered a kind brother, and other times a good friend.

That person was killed.

The criminal is now in this school.

"Hey, hurry up, get a PDA!"

However, when he saw a couple of boys walking through that area, he grabbed their chests and they were terrified, the boys made a pitiful voice.

It's nice that Anna's skill revealed the criminal's whereabouts, but it seems like they have to go through a locked door to enter the school premises. Yata and Kamamoto knew they needed a school designated PDA for that purpose, and they were harassing the boys to get the pass.

"I'll give it to you! I'll give it to you, so please forgive me!"

"You should have been this honest from the beginning."

Yata exhaled through his nose and played with the PDA he had obtained.

"Can I come through with this? Sorry to copy you."

Yata turned his harsh gaze towards Kamamoto.

"Let's go."

"Yes."

Yata, along with Kamamoto, headed back to Gakuenjima's gate. Among them, there is a person who broke something important in Yata.

Yata stepped forward with a burning killing intent that was stronger than anger.

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After being taken by Neko and returning to the classroom, the boy feels that the situation is strange.

Kuro quickly moved the needle and sewed the costume, looking at the boy.

The boy sits alone in the back seat of the classroom, gazing vaguely out the window. The expression is clearly shaded and the outward-facing eyes are out of focus to show that his heart is not here.

He's a nice guy so he's okay to float more when he found his alibi, but the glow was gone immediately after finding that in his room. Of course, the situation has not been resolved, so it would be a problem if that were discovered, but it is a strange time to put a serious face.

Currently, Kuro's comment about the boy was trying to settle down to the point that "I don't trust him, but he doesn't seem like a bad guy." He seems to be a person who loves this school and his friends.

"Kuro-kun is amazing! The seams are straight and very tight, although the sewing is very fast."

Kukuri looked at Kuro's hand and made his eyes shine. She is a very good, hard-working and kind girl. She was the type of person that Kuro respected.

"This is natural as Ichigen-sama's disciple."

"Kuro-kun, do you have a teacher? A sewing teacher?"

"No. Ichigen-sama was a swordsman and a master of life. Ichigen-sama was not only a kind and thoughtful person, but also a wonderful person who was familiar with all things. I am a swordsman because of Ichigen-sama. I learned various things like sumo wrestling, horseback riding, car, bicycle, helicopter, boat, etc., and studying for licenses, cooking, sewing, cleaning, tea ceremony, flower trail, fishing, dancing, and investment in dance.

He faced me with one thing seriously and always led me harshly with a calm heart. Ichigen-sama's beautiful heart and profound culture are reflected in the haikus that Ichigen-sama sang, and I impregnate my heart with that. It is my Favorite moment listening to his haikus. Not only is the phrase wonderful, but the depth of his voice is exceptional as well."

When it comes to Miwa Ichigen, he gets a fever. The boy said something rude, like "annoyed", but Kukuri asked him with a smile. The student next door has a stern look, but Kuro decided that he couldn't hide his surprise from her because she was so versatile.

"Kuro-kun is interesting. I'm glad that Shiro-kun has a friend like Kuro-kun."

Unable to grasp the intention of Kukuri's words, Kuro bowed his head. In the first place, Kuro was not friends with the boy, and although he did not have a single life, the boy seemed like a person with many friends.

Kukuri lowered her eyebrows and laughed, pointing her eyes at the boy sitting vaguely in the distance.

"Shiro-kun is good friends with anyone, but it seems that no one can enter deep places, so I feel like one day he will go to some fluffy place alone, and I'm a bit worried. But Kuro-kun seems to enter Shiro-kun, and I'm relieved that you don't lose sight of Shiro-kun."

Kuro was confused by the words he heard. He was surprised by the boy's reputation, and "they" were not the friends he expected, on the contrary, in some cases he felt guilty for having to kill the boy.

"Kukuri! I have you!"

Before Kuro said anything, Neko hugged Kukuri from behind.

"Oh, that's right. Kukuri-san, let's give you a special super spicy rice cake."

Kukuri laughs and walks away from Kuro with Neko. When he saw his back and sighed, he turned to his hand. He cuts the thread with which he has sewn.

He folded the finished costume, he stood up and lined it up with the other costumes.

"Are they all costumes? Okay, then check yours and report immediately if the size doesn't fit."

When it comes to manpower, he looks at the group doing other work.

"What is the progress of the decoration?"

"A little more..."

"Okay. I'll join. There are other things I can do..."

Looking around, Kuro noticed a thread extending from Kukuri's sleeve trying to open the rice cake for Neko. As he walks silently, Kukuri mysteriously raises her face from him.

"What? Kuro-kun..."

"There is a tear in the elbow of the uniform."

"Oh, really. I wonder if I ripped it somewhere."

"By the way. I'll sew it up. Don't move from where you are."

When he pulled out his own needle and thread that he had been using earlier, he repaired a small tear around Kukuri's elbow. Looking at Kukuri that she got stuck while she was holding a bag of rice cake, Neko seems to be dissatisfied.

While sticking a needle into Kukuri's sleeve, Kuro again snooped towards the boy by the window.

Surrounded by sunlight, the boy looked strangely dreamy. He felt that he would melt into the light just as he was, and when he was poisoned by Kukuri's story, he changed his mind and retreated lightly.

"Isana Yashiro! How long will you be like this!"

"Shiro, he got mad!"

Neko was happy, probably because she wasn't really mad at his voice. Kukuri said to Kuro, who turned his attention from her to the boy, with the needle stuck in her sleeve, "Ah, Kuro-kun, please don't look away now!"

She raised a terrified voice.

The boy clears the look of disgust, changes his face and turns to them.

"Sorry. Well, what should I do?"

"Let's eat Senbe together!"

"I'm telling you to work!"

"Oh, Kuro-kun, please..."

After making a discordant voice, Kukuri suddenly changed her face.

"Oh, that's right. Shiro-kun, if you don't have anything to do, can I ask you a favor?"

Kukuri's request was a small purchase, primarily for the purchase of additional fireworks.

"Will you use them again?"

"Don't complain! Generally, when Shiro-kun was working yesterday, he missed some fireworks, right?"

The lost fireworks were probably used by the boy to evade the attackers from him. The boy seemed to have no words to answer, and he was cheating and laughing.

After her sleeve was repaired, Kukuri laughed happily "Thank you." and turned to everyone.

"Everyone! Shiro-kun will take care of it, tell him what you need!"

"Oh Shiro saved us! I'm running out of nail polish, so buy it!"

"Shiro-kun, can you buy me two purple threads?"

"I want potatoes! Consomme flavored!"

"I want chocolate and cookies! In a large bag of individually wrapped packages for everyone to share!"

"I want to eat ice cream!"

"The ice will melt!"

"Then bring me wool!"

"Take a receipt!"

"Wait, wait, I'll take a note now!"

Surrounded by colleagues, the boy writes on a piece of paper. The laughing boy in the middle of the crowd doesn't seem to disappear one bit, but something is trapped in Kuro's heart.

"Be careful, Shiro-kun. Please come back early!"

Kukuri laughed cheerfully and pushed the boy back, entrusting him with a general shopping mission.

When they accompanied the boy without a PDA and left the school by the back route without going through the gate, Kuro, the boy and Neko walked together across the connecting bridge. Neko was cheerful wanting to walk. As for the clothes, she put on the school girls uniform that she had worn in the morning, and when Neko ran, the hem of the short skirt fluttered.

Neko, who was walking while her interests changed from here to there, jumped onto the railing of the connecting bridge and happily looked at the landscape from there.

Kuro and the boy also stop.

The sea reflected the light and shone.

When he arrived, he ran down the street without looking around his due to his anger and his sense of mission, but when he looked at it like that, it was a truly beautiful sight.

As Kuro and the boy follow Neko and approach the parapet, the sea breeze blows gently and makes his hair flutter.

Looking at the calm and beautiful landscape side by side, he felt calm after a long time.

When he thinks about it, peace hasn't come to Kuro's heart since Miwa got sick. Miwa's death pushed Kuro into deep pain and a feeling of loneliness. Even so, the reason he stayed was because he made a promise to Miwa before he died. Defeat the evil "King". Determination to fulfill that last mission made him walk straight even after Miwa's death.

However, on the way, he was preparing for the festival with boys and girls of the same age, and relaxing with a mysterious boy, and Neko, looking out to sea.

"It's beautiful."

He leaked from his mouth inadvertently. The boy leaning against the parapet looks at Kuro and laughs softly.

"Right? I also really like the view from here."

"Glitter killer!"

Following the boy, Neko said happily and took a deep breath.

"Shiro, let's finish soon and go home early!"

Neko laughs with her whole face. The boy also looked towards Gakuenjima with a warm smile somewhere in the shadow.

"Yes. Let's go home early. Kukuri is waiting for us."

+++++

For Fushimi Saruhiko, the moment his heart moved was extremely rare.

Most of the time, his emotions only move in the direction of irritation or disgust, and he has lived by cutting off most of the joy and sadness from him. He does what he is supposed to do, but most things are lazy and annoying. Additional involvement with others is the worst of all. He is not thrilled by his daily life.

It was partly due to the quirks of Fushimi's growing environment, because he stopped waiting for others early on, and because he left most of the world.

He met one of them and spent a few years with him, but in the end he broke it into pieces with his own hands, so he is not going to tell anyone.

Tatara Totsuka was killed, and the members of "Homura" who are angry are looking for the criminal, but Fushimi was still unmoved and participated in the search for the criminal, because that is Fushimi's job.

"Scepter 4" is different from "Homura", and adapts to Fushimi's character as he is. It wasn't a hassle to get the job done quickly without getting used to it.

However, situations where easy tasks cannot be accomplished quickly, and situations where incompetence becomes a silly obstacle and makes work difficult, is purely painful.

"I am very sorry for the sudden request, but I would appreciate your cooperation. I want to reiterate; we will not cause problems at your school."

"That's right, but... given the current age, revealing students' personal information is not correct."

In the reception room of Ashinaka School, the incompetent-looking headmaster and vice-headmaster give a clear answer as they get confused over Awashima's request.

Fushimi was taken by Awashima to the Ashinaka school, also known as Gakuenjima, which the "Yoshii" system identified as the criminal's hideout. Awashima's job was to persuade the directors, and Fushimi was waiting standing behind Awashima's chair, but he was tired of listening to the careless exchanges.

"I would like you to understand that we are willing to pass through the hands of the judiciary if necessary."

"No, that's...!"

"Yes. I don't want to complicate things as much as possible, so I would like to have voluntary cooperation."

"However, when it comes to searching for a student without knowing his name or class from all the students, it is not realistic to do it right now..."

Awashima's voice also begins to sharpen with irritation. However, the director kept trying to escape with an errant word, he wanted to avoid making a decision here. It was getting harder and harder to hear the silly conversations, and Fushimi looked out the window, letting their voices flow like a distant noise. The wind is strong, he watches the clouds slide and flow.

"Are you sure? This investigation is already a decision. If your school does not have the investigation capacity, we will do it for you."

"Are you going to do it? It's too overbearing."

"I don't want to be misunderstood, but I am not convincing them. I am explaining the situation to them and telling them to take appropriate action."

In Fushimi, this whole situation became irrelevant.

Fushimi turns his back on the exchange between the headmaster and Awashima, who was making noise.

Fushimi quietly escaped from the reception room when he looked at Akiyama and Benzai, who were lined up in a polite manner, and he touched Akiyama's shoulder with the intention of pushing the rest away. Awashima didn't even look at Fushimi, although she did notice.

He walked into a quiet hall with a light humor. Unlike the area where students walk, this building for teachers and foreigners is quiet. Fushimi took out the PDA and slid his finger from it to call the spokesperson for this school. He took a quick look and discovered that the student council room is the right place to fulfill his purpose. The student council room was located in the building across the courtyard from here.

As they exited the building, the soft light of the winter afternoon sun fell on Fushimi.

Contrary to Fushimi's mood, as he walks under the clear blue sky, Fushimi feels the area around his lips twitch and he notices the quiet irritation within himself.

The death of Tataru Totsuka. Suoh Mikoto's selfishness. The Weissman deviation of the "Red King". The "Colorless King" killing a member of the clan. The revenge of "Homura". The "King" who wants to invite the slaughter. Possible consequences.

Maybe Izumo Kusanagi understands it and is on the way, and Anna Kushina knows it. But the others would not know anything. Especially that boy.

Fushimi clicked his tongue and sped up.

When he got to the student council room, he opened the door a little and looked inside the room, there was only one student. A mature woman with braided hair tied next to her head.

Fushimi thought about what to do for a moment, but it became problematic to use an indirect hand and chose a direct means.

He closed the door again, knocked gently and moved his body to hide behind the door.

The door opened and the student appeared. Fushimi presses a medicine-soaked cloth against the student's mouth from behind her. The student who took the medicine lost consciousness and was bent over.

Fushimi lifted the student's body with minimal physical contact and carried her to the student council room. If he borrows her fingerprint to unlock the computer, he will have access to all the students' data. He connects his PDA with a cable and starts hacking.

Once he has full access rights to the campus network using the student council computer as a springboard, he can begin to match the faces of all students, teachers, secretaries, and all the people who belong to this school with the face of the criminal.

Fushimi also felt irritation burning inside his chest, looking at the automatic compilation work. Like static electricity, it is annoying and disturbs Fushimi's thinking.

When he sighed sharply, an electronic sound was heard and the screen showed a screen informing her that the job was finished and the result.

Looking at the screen, Fushimi raises his eyebrows and lifts his back from the back of the chair he was sitting on.

At that moment, he heard a familiar voice far away, outside the window.

"Look closely, don't look away, fool!"

The voice yelling at someone, as soon as it enters Fushimi's ears, it turns into something that bristles his skin and spreads all over his body.

Fushimi stood up, stuck his finger into the hole in the blind that covered the window, and looked outside.

The figure immediately jumped into Fushimi's eyes.

A student intertwines with two male students and is listening to their destiny. A boy with a skateboard under his arm and a beanie that would be more appropriate for a young man, a boy with a boyish look who is lifting a tight fit.

He can understand why they are there and what they are doing without asking. He remains straightforward and can only see what is in front of him.

He remembered irresistibility and destiny.

For Fushimi Saruhiko, the moment when his heart moves are extremely rare.

But now, Fushimi twisted his mouth into a smile, feeling shaken after a long time, as if to repaint the annoyance and little irritation he had felt a while ago.

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It was okay to invade the school, but the Ashinaka school was so big that he thought it was stupid.

It is far from Yata's school image, which he thought was at best about the school building, the gymnasium, and the school grounds. Here is a clock tower, cafes, shops like supermarkets, fashionable open spaces, etc. It could be said that it was already a town.

Of course, there is not just one school building, but several school buildings are built in a relaxed way using a sprawling site, and there are other buildings such as a research building, a teacher building, a clubroom building, a dormitory room student, etc. There is greenery between them, a mysterious fashionable bronze statue and an arch with stained glass on the ceiling. It seems that the school festival is near and preparations for the festival are underway here and there.

Yata was stressed while he wandered around such a place while he listened to the murmurs.

"Hey, don't you know this guy?"

"Don't you know where this guy is?"

"Do you know this guy?!"

He asked randomly as he showed the photo of the criminal that he put on the PDA, but he never got a good reaction. They always shook their heads if they didn't know about it, or they were scared of Yata and ran away, and he couldn't find any clues.

As he bit the impatience and irritation with his back teeth, Yata searched for the next student to listen to him, and his footsteps became wild and steady.

"Please wait, Yata-san!"

Kamamoto, who had been left behind before he knew it, shook the giant body and reached for it. Yata clicked his tongue.

"Idiot! Go shopping and eating after asking."

"Yata-san, have you eaten? Did you rest? Since that day..."

He tried to tell him not to change the story, but Kamamoto's eyes on the back of the sunglasses seemed to be more serious than he expected, and Yata was a bit confused and then smiled.

"It's okay."

He has little awareness of whether he is eating or resting properly. If he is hungry, he will put something in his mouth, and if he is sleepy, he will sleep. But since that day, he certainly has felt less hungry and sleepy. He is addicted to the excitement of anger.

The sight of that cold ceiling revives in his mind. Blood spilled onto the concrete and the eyes lost light. Totsuka will never return.

He remembers the back of a man whom Yata respects more than anyone, stretching out his hands before the Blues and being captured without resistance. There is no way Yata knows what Suoh is doing now and what he thinks he is.

With that in mind, he doesn't really care about food or rest.

Yata turned his back on Kamamoto and started walking. He heard a small sigh behind him, but Kamamoto followed Yata without saying anything else.

The inside of his chest is noisy, and Yata searches for the next person to ask as he walks fast as if he's looking for a place to hit his feelings with nowhere to go.

Yata, who was impatient, kept asking with astonishing tenacity, but the results did not improve after all. When he wandered around the big school and asked in a half lost state

because he did not know where he was, he felt like a small boat that had gone out in search of a sunken ship and was in danger.

"Hey, you guys! Look at this picture! Do you know this guy?"

When they found a couple of boys behind the school building and he hit the PDA screen like he was hitting the pent-up frustration, they made an openly scared face. Yata clicked his tongue, saying this guy will scare people just by talking to them.

"I do not know..."

The boy said backing away, but it was clear that he was looking for an escape route and not looking directly at the screen.

"Look carefully!"

When Yata asks, the boys' eyes escape even more.

"You've averted your eyes right now, huh? Oh! Do you know this guy?"

"I do not know!"

"I do not know..."

Faced with the guys trying to escape at any moment, "Where is he?" Yata asked, and put his hand on his shoulder from behind.

Kamamoto grabbed Yata by the shoulder and shook his head.

Yata clicked his tongue and turned away from the student, who was leaning forward with his forehead down. Seeing Yata settled, the two boys fled as if rolling.

"Is it a dead end again? I'm angry."

"Yata-san, you can't help it. This place seems to be huge."

"Shut up!"

Biting Kamamoto, who makes a terrifying voice, Yata takes off from the front and starts walking.

"I don't want to delay another second. I will avenge Totsuka-san's death."

Yata told him to ask in a lower voice. At that moment, he heard a small woman cry.

When he rolled his eyes, he saw two schoolgirls, looking at Yata and Kamamoto standing in a way that was clearly inappropriate for this school, and huddled together.

Yata was openly scared.

He may be strong against men, but he is not good at dealing with women. A woman is a different creature from a man, who hurts himself quickly and he does not know what she

is thinking. He's not good at knowing what kind of attitude he should have. Yes, he is not good at understanding it, but he is aware of women and gets nervous. Yata insisted on his heart.

"Ah, you there! Come here for a moment. I have something to ask you!"

Ignoring Yata's feelings, Kamamoto called out to the two schoolgirls with a lot of pressure. Being called out by a standing giant with blonde hair, a beard and glasses, the schoolgirls get more and more scared.

"No, oh, that..."

"Ah? What is this? I'm just saying there is something I want to ask you..."

Without saying anything until the end, Yata hit Kamamoto's head with a fist. Kamamoto makes a plaintive voice.

"Hey, don't scare the girls like that! I'll punish you."

He was so upset that his voice changed. Yata turned to the girls with a flushed face.

"Hey, sorry, that was wrong..."

He intended to act like a gentleman to the best of his ability, but when Yata screamed, the female students finally fled with a frightened voice that they could not bear.

Yata lets them go, and then slams Kamamoto's head next to him to shake off the awkwardness.

"Gya! Please forgive me, Yata-san."

"Shut up! I always tell you not to threaten a woman!"

"No, I haven't raised my hand... First of all, Yata-san, you've only asked the boys all this time."

"To find a boy you must ask other boys!"

When Yata said that, Kamamoto made an exaggerated gesture. When Yata clenched his fist again to hit him again, a voice that touched the most sensitive part of his nerve slipped into Yata's ear.

"It feels like the virgin is exposed as usual."

The moment he recognized that voice, Yata's head turned white.

It was a very familiar voice and, at the same time, very distant.

Yata slowly shakes his head and looks back at the sight that he feels like he's shaking.

First, the toes of the boots came into view. Looking up, he saw an abominable blue uniform and a saber with a blue scabbard at the waist. AND...

"Damn..."

A face with a murmuring smile. From the other side of the black-rimmed glasses, his familiar eyes stare at Yata.

"Saruhiko!"

Fushimi Saruhiko, a man who is now a member of "Scepter 4" and was once Yata's partner, was there.

A voice containing rumors flows from Fushimi's thin lips, which form an undistorted smile, and entwines with Yata.

"It's a strange situation. How is this? Ah, Anna. But Kusanagi-san can't let you listen to this recklessly. Misaki lost control without permission? Seriously, as always."

Perhaps by the way, he said the first name of him and of Yata's close friends. Throwing those friends, their spirits, into messing with them was annoying.

"Shut up! Don't call me casually! Don't feel free to talk about my friends! Traitor!"

Fushimi laughed deep in his throat.

"It couldn't be helped. After all, I am of a different race than Misaki and the others. It was inevitable to leave."

"Ah! You are not wrong about that. You are different from us!"

"Yata-san...! If you make noise in a place like this..."

Kamamoto inserts a frustrated voice between Yata and Fushimi, who are filled with tingly air. However, Fushimi behaved as if he hadn't seen Kamamoto's existence.

"By the way, Misaki. How did you sneak in here?"

"Ah? It's none of your business."

"The security level here is high. Where is your pass? Show me, Misaki."

"It's none of your business! Don't call me by my name, you make me sick!"

Fushimi also makes a catchy laugh.

"Oh, that's right, you hate being called by that name right?"

Fushimi locked eyes at Yata. His lips move slowly as in slow motion and a moist, sweet, audible voice is exhaled.

"Mi... sa... ki..."

Something snapped in Yata's head.

A fiery red light seeps from Yata's body as if anger is overflowing with a physical form.

"You asked for it..."

Fushimi lifted the edge of his mouth.

"Yata-san! This is not good! Remember what Kusanagi-san said, don't let Mikoto-san have been captured in vain! What good would fighting that monkey do?"

The word "Mikoto-san" affects the feelings and power of Yata, which he is about to attack. Yata managed to restrain his furious fist with desperate self-control.

"Mikoto-san, huh?"

The tone of Fushimi's voice becomes lower and the laugh becomes darker. It was a voice that lurked with malicious intent, and Fushimi's sheer irritation.

"He seems to have lost his bearing on him, right? After all, he decided to give himself up. I guess it means he has matured. You should learn from him, Mi... sa... ki..."

Yata was filled with an icy rage, which was the exact opposite of the rage that had blood on his head, making him feel cold and icy.

Insult Suoh. Fushimi's mouth said it, no one else.

Yata took a deep breath and threw down the skateboard he was holding. The skateboard turns vertically and falls into a position waiting for Yata to get on. He didn't want to take anything anymore. He hears Kamamoto's impatient voice in the distance, "Yata-san!"

"Saru... You are going to die!"

Yata barked.

Fushimi laughs and touches the handle of the sword.

"Fushimi, ready for an emergency battle."

As Fushimi drew his sword, Yata put one foot on the skateboard and kicked the ground. The red light that overflows from his body turns into a flame and is directed towards Fushimi.

Fushimi lightly avoided Yata's rush with a laugh. Yata spins his skateboard without killing the momentum with which he jumped, increasing the output of the flame.

The flame that rises from the body swirls and becomes a bright red pillar that stretches to the heavens. At his feet, the wheels of the skateboard with the power of Yata sandwiched the tiles on the surface of the street.

Yata, who turned into a swirling pillar on fire, approaches Fushimi again. Fushimi turned the sword with a smile and inserted it into the swirling flame with the tip of the blue light.

As the blade was soft and flexible and entered the column of flame, Fushimi took a deep breath. The power of the blue poured from Fushimi's body onto the sword in one go, scraping away Yata's flame and scattering it.

Yata and Fushimi's eyes were intertwined as the red and blue colors mixed and danced. Fushimi's eyes seemed to be a mixture of pleasure and murder, and some emotions that Yata couldn't read.

Yata jerked it off him, focused the flames on his hardened fist and struck him down. Fushimi avoids Yata's fist with his sword, grabs his arm with a blue barrier, and stops him.

Fushimi is familiar with Yata's movements and fighting style. It was uncomfortable to realize that, and Yata enthusiastically jumped up on his skateboard and launched a nosedive attack. Fushimi received the bottom of Yata's skateboard with the sword from him.

Yata's skateboard and Fushimi's sword fight each other, and Fushimi raises the sword, deflecting the trajectory of Yata's power. However, just before being played, the skateboard wheel scraped off Fushimi's sword. His glasses flew off.

Fushimi, who exposed his true face, narrowed his eyes and looked at Yata, narrowing the distance with the lightness of taking steps, and extended his sword.

Yata jumped to avoid the sword. He flips high as he is, and at the same time he lands, he attacks again.

A fist like a bullet of fire. Kicking with the body on fire. If it's just a knife, it can be defeated, but there is also Fushimi's sword, which uses the power of blue that also serves as a barrier.

Fushimi attacked Yata. A blue light like fluttering phosphorescence. Yata leaped like a small animal and withdrew as he avoided a gentle but violent push, and used the skateboard as a folding shield.

The eyes of the two meet.

When they looked at each other they felt something emotional, and Yata kicked Fushimi down as if to shake him, and he too jumped on the skateboard and came down from behind.

"Ke, you're not as good as before, Saru!"

Fushimi laughed at Yata's provocation with just a sigh. He slowly lifts the glasses that have fallen to the ground and puts them back on.

"No... I'm stronger. Much stronger than before."

"Silly stuff!"

Yata kicks the ground again. He coiled the flames all over his body, kicked the back of the skateboard with his left foot, and jumped high.

Fushimi catches Yata attacking from above with his sword.

After taking action for a short time, Yata jumps once with Fushimi's sword power that can be repelled, regains his position, and charges immediately.

He remembered that he was rushing too much when he was next to Fushimi. However, stupid or not, Yata's haste has set in motion what is in front of him. Fushimi used to follow Yata running aside, but that is no longer necessary. Yata has both power and stamina. He doesn't need to be smart. He will push everything with just force.

He engulfed him with a fist engulfed in flames. Fushimi dodged Yata's attack or defended himself with the power of blue, but his legs slowly fell back.

Yata laughed at Fushimi, who was being pushed passively.

"What's the matter, Saru?"

Suddenly, Fushimi's mouth made a smile.

Fushimi flashes his left hand from the position where Yata becomes a blind spot. He sees a flying red light.

Yata opens his eyes to the red color that Fushimi gives off, and the reaction is delayed. The red light from "Homura" ignited Fushimi's knife that pierced Yata's shoulder.

The first thing he felt was heat, not pain.

When he realized it was a sensation of fire, Yata hit and rolled on the ground. He hears Kamamoto's impatient voice saying "Yata-san!"

Frowning, Yata grasps the right shoulder from which the knife is sticking out.

The burning pain from the wound pulses according to the heartbeat.

Yata removed the knife from his shoulder and gritted his teeth.

This knife is familiar to Yata. Originally, Fushimi was darker. Fushimi mainly used to throw knives as a weapon when he was in "Homura". Yata looked closely many times as if this knife had the power of red.

But now, Yata was completely surprised that Fushimi used a knife with the same red power that he used back then. He can tell that he was scared.

Distorted by anger and the feeling of wanting to cry for some reason, Yata crawls across the ground and covers himself.

Fushimi looked at Yata with a smile.

"Didn't I tell you? I left Suoh and got stronger. This is the test!"

The sword from "Scepter 4" that houses blue light and the knife he used in the "Homura" era that houses red light.

Looking at Fushimi, who is holding both colors, Yata's head was boiling.

"Ah, two colors?"

Kamamoto said in a frustrated voice and stepped out, perhaps trying to protect the fallen Yata.

However, the foot stops in one step. A bright red Fushimi knife flew in and stabbed into Kamamoto's feet. At that moment, the red power in the knife explodes and the column of fire rises. Kamamoto falls on his butt.

"Stay out of the way, I'm not interested in small fish!"

Yata staggered to his feet, staring at Fushimi's profile, who screamed at the impulse to change his voice.

"Saru is right... Stay out of this."

He grabs the knife stuck in his shoulder. Fushimi's red power burned Yata's palm. Regardless of the burning pain, he pulled the knife out hard and threw it.

The flames that were once shared as a partner are hurting Yata. Attacks of the same color are difficult to defend. Even if the blue power can be blocked by the red power, the same red power cannot be well noticed. It is the power of friends, not the ones that originally clashed.

Yata was unable to forgive Fushimi, who used that power as a tool while he was wearing a blue uniform. The more he felt the pain in his shoulder and the more aware he was of the heat of the blood flowing from him, the more his fighting spirit burned.

"Saru, don't get excited just because you have those powers. Do you intend to conquer this country?"

"I'm not interested in the vulgar things in the world. I'm interested i ..."

Fushimi distorted his face. His pupil opens behind his glasses.

"Blood and flesh."

Yata clasped his hands into his fists and screamed from the bottom of his stomach. He blew up a flame to squeeze all the power from the core of the body.

He looked directly at Fushimi. If he hits all the power he has now and knocks him down, that's all Yata has, and he can't see other scenarios.

Looking at Yata, Fushimi laughed with satisfaction.

Fushimi holds the sword. Yata, who has turned into a mass of flames, kicks the ground to hit Fushimi.

He didn't care if he died or killed.

At that moment, a cold, sharp blue wind blew and tore between the hot Yata and Fushimi.

"That's!"

I heard the anger of a woman.

When he looked, a woman dressed in blue was standing there with her two subordinates. Seeing her holding a sword in her right hand, he knows that blue breeze was a power cut from hers blue hers.

The wind it produced scattered the flames of Yata and the hot air between them.

Seri Awashima, a lieutenant from "Scepter 4", a blue-clad woman with an outstretched back, declared it again and sent an attentive glance at Fushimi.

"Fushimi, put your sword away, what are you doing? Where do you think you are?"

Awashima's cut seemed to have dissipated the damp heat that Fushimi was wearing, and Fushimi turned around with a fake smile on his face.

Awashima lowered her eyebrows, but she did not repeat any more words to Fushimi and turned her eyes to Yata.

"Misaki Yata, a member under the command of the "Red King". The captain of the "Homura" team who controls the skateboard, and you answer to the name of Yatagarasu."

He didn't feel bad about being called by two of his favorite names, and Yata snorted and laughed.

"I know you too. Seri Awashima, the right arm of the "Blue King". Call me a ruthless woman."

Awashima had an indescribable look, as if she was angry and stunned.

"I think that name was probably said by the owner of the bar, right?"

"Eh?"

"Anyway, it is a fact that I cannot ignore that you are here, but unfortunately it is too great a disadvantage to be here now. What if you guys postpone the meeting?"

"He was the one who started it."

"Yes? Maybe I was not clear. You are going to postpone a meeting, understood? Is that better?"

Yata looked wryly at Awashima, who was like a teacher, with only one corner of his mouth raised.

"I have no intention of obeying a Blue."

"Yata-san!"

Kamamoto called out in a voice trying to stop him, but he ignored it and continued proudly. He thought that retreating just because these Blues appeared would make "Homura" look bad.

"Your king..."

Suddenly, Awashima's voice seemed to be soft. Yata's shoulder shuddered at the words.

"All he does is complain about the food, but he finishes it and goes to sleep. I'm totally blown away."

He felt him being pushed hard in the chest.

Suoh seems to be Suoh and he's fine. He was so relieved that he wanted to cry over that fact, and he felt his strength gradually increase.

"Mikoto-san..."

Awashima smiled at Yata when he accidentally muttered. At that face, he suddenly felt uncomfortable when he remembered that Awashima, whom he had only thought of as an "enemy", was a woman.

"Let's go."

He turns around to hide his flushed face from her and starts walking with Kamamoto.

As he walked, Yata looked back just once. Fushimi kept his sword down and turned, not even looking at Yata. Yata clicks his tongue bitterly and turns to the front.

His injured right shoulder was annoying.

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"Do you have something to say?"

Awashima said in a very calm and simple voice.

"I'm sorry."

Fushimi made an apology, but it was neither an apologetic voice nor an apologetic tone.

However, Awashima forgave Fushimi's attitude as if it didn't matter.

"So how did it go?"

Awashima asked.

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't play dumb. You accessed the school's data anyway, right?"

Fushimi was struck by the void for a moment and blinked, realizing that he was discovered.

His thoughts and actions were read by Awashima, it made him feel a bit interesting and he evaluated.

His head went cold because he faced Yata, and his emotions that trembled after a long time settled in the original place, and his head switched to working mode.

"How is he? Is that boy a student from here?"

The result of the collection of data from school officials hacked from the computer in the student's council room revives in Fushimi's mind.

"No."

No applicable person.

After matching with the photo of the criminal's face, the system concluded that.

"The suspect is not enrolled in this school."

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Yata thought it was done.

It was Yata who insisted, "I'll just ask one more person!", shaking Kamamoto, who was persuaded to go home after first aid treatment for the wound on his right shoulder that was stabbed with a knife.

He was wondering if he could go home empty-handed, and he was so upset that he had that conversation with Fushimi that he didn't feel like coming home, and he was worried about Yata. It was also because Kamamoto is stubborn, he would tell Yata to go home as if he was trying to calm his son down.

Yata then stopped a group of students passing by without even looking at the other person's face before being stopped by Kamamoto.

"Yes?"

However, in that group, it was a female student who stopped in response to Yata's voice. The skirt of the Ashinaka high school uniform fluttered, and the hair cut with an ornament on the side swayed.

He stopped a woman. Yata was afraid to notice. On the other hand, the student who stopped didn't seem to be scared of Yata and tilted her head with a clean face.

He can't run away, Yata averted his eyes from her so as not to make eye contact with her, but pushed forward the image of the criminal boy that was displayed on the PDA.

"I'm looking for... this guy... have you seen him?"

The schoolgirl looks at the boy in the picture.

"Kukuri! We will get ahead of ourselves!"

A student who seems to be friends with her spoke to her from a distance. The girl named Kukuri looked at her friend, replied "Oh, yeah!", and then turned to Yata.

"I'm sorry."

Kukuri said with an apologetic bow.

"Do not know him."

CHAPTER 6: SIN

"I will be a servant of the king."

When he first told him that, he thought this kid might be a little crazy.

Suoh met Tatara Totsuka when he was a high school student and Totsuka was a middle school student.

Suoh at that time was not yet a "king", he was just a boy who was strong in fighting. Rather, Suoh, who was rejected by those around him, did not socialize, and lived properly alone, was far from being a King.

However, Totsuka appeared at one point and followed Suoh calling him "King". At the end of the day, he said, "I will be a servant of the king."

He thought he might be crazy, but Suoh did not reject Totsuka. He thought it was okay for him to like him, and the friendly but not greasy Totsuka was not unpleasant, and when he realized it, he was like a friend.

Because he was close to Suoh, who had many enemies, Totsuka had been lynched. However, Totsuka, who broke his leg, broke the bones in his arm and fingers, broke his forehead and was lying in the hospital bed covered in bandages, laughed without breaking his usual tone. He shook off the question of who had hurt him and enveloped him in smoke. Although he called himself the servant of a king, he was too free to answer even a question from the person he called king.

"For the time being, I'll be going home."

Suoh was amazed and said that. It was a summer day shortly after Totsuka's wounds were completely healed.

Suoh went to the festival with Totsuka and Kusanagi. Kusanagi and Suoh, who were seniors and juniors from the same high school, naturally mixed with Totsuka, and by that time, it was becoming more common for the three of them to hang out together, and that day too, when he was walking with him. at night, he hears the noise of the festival passing by.

"I want to eat takoyaki! Come to the festival." Totsuka said, and Suoh replied, "I'm sorry." Totsuka looked a bit thoughtful and suggested, "Then the person who loses the game will go buy it." He said that thinking it was a good idea. Even if Suoh had a sour face, Totsuka was ready to say "Janken...", Kusanagi laughed and joined in, so Suoh made a move as well. Suoh takes his fist out of him, but Totsuka and Kusanagi spread their palms open. Suoh got even more astringent, but it was a game that he accidentally got into. When he silently turned towards the hustle and bustle of the festival, Kusanagi said in an interesting voice, "Unexpectedly disciplined.", and Totsuka said, "It looks like fun, so let's follow him, Kusanagi-san."

He then thought he should go, but in the end he let his like it and the three of them walked between the stalls.

The crowd was woody, but hunger was fueled when he walked in the sound and smell of baked food.

Wandering the stall-lined streets, he bought some food, sat on the stone steps of the shrine, and Suoh looked good-naturedly at Totsuka piercing the takoyaki as he polished grilled corn with the fragrant aroma of burnt soy sauce. "What are you coming home to?" He said.

Totsuka tilted his head with a sharp look.

"You are not a servant, no matter what you think."

"Sure. I don't think there is any servant who wants to let the king go buy takoyaki."

Kusanagi puts the yakisoba on his knee and breaks the chopsticks.

Totsuka frowns in regret.

"I didn't let you go. I played fair. After all, the three of us went shopping."

"You do what you want."

Laughing at Kusanagi, Totsuka put a regretful look on his mouth. He was flirting with the heat.

"Your vision of the servants is certainly a mystery. No, when you said you would be a servant of the king, I had already thought that your idea was a mystery."

He swallowed the Takoyaki and thought Totsuka was weird. Kusanagi turned the tea from the side.

"Mikoto, King. What do you want to call him?"

"Oh, that's right. King, I wanted to call him 'King' because he felt like a king from the first glance."

Totsuka made a serious face and looked straight ahead.

"I think one day he will be a great person in the midst of people. At that time, I will work harder than I do now."

"What a servant job."

"In that case... Do you give the king a good laugh?"

"He is an entertainer who makes you laugh."

Totsuka laughed and saw Suoh.

"I'm the one who brings 'fun'. I'll keep doing it until King says he doesn't need me."

"I do not want."

"Bye."

"Hey. Isn't it useless to say no?"

He was a strange and energetic guy. But in the end, Suoh really enjoyed the festival that day.

King was supposed to be just a playful nickname given by Totsuka, but three years later, Suoh really became known as the King.

It was an awakening in the conflict. There was a big dispute involving the entire city of Shizume, Suoh was attacked by a man and during the fight, the Slate called out to him.

In the darkness he was thrown into, losing sight of his surroundings, Suoh felt his heartbeat synchronize with something.

The moment he instinctively felt that it was the beat of the "Slate", the power, memory and intention of the "Slate" flowed towards Suoh.

Suoh became "King". A huge red sword floated in the sky.

The Sword of Damocles.

A test of the "King", a symbol of the power of the "King", and a sword that judges and kills the "King".

Shame made him feel lost, which was rare for Suoh. Totsuka also thought that he might have been chosen by a strange man and because he called him by a stupid name.

Kusanagi and Totsuka looked at each other stunned, and Suoh spread his flaming hands and asked, without giving any explanation.

"Would you like to hold my hand?"

Suoh knew from "King's" instinct that if this flame passed, a part of Suoh's power would take root in them, but they didn't understand exactly what would happen if they took that hand. Others would not have. Still, they took Suoh's hand on fire without hesitation.

At that moment, Suoh chose a path. It is a way of making friends. It is a lie to say that he never thought that his choice was wrong, but it is also different if they ask him if he regrets.

Kusanagi and Totsuka also chose a path. They took Suoh's hand, and chose a path where they could enjoy Suoh's flames.

As soon as they took his hand, Kusanagi's and Totsuka's body was engulfed in flames. The flame did not burn them, but settled on their bodies. He did not inflict a single burn, but instead left proof that they were members of Suoh's clan on their bodies. On Kusanagi's right shoulder blade and Totsuka's left shoulder blade, a red figure of a flame emerged. The shape of the flame that inhabits the interior has emerged on the surface of the skin and is now permeating as a symbol of "Homura".

Even if Totsuka unexpectedly noticed the claim to "become a servant of the king" as the playful words he said when he was in high school, nothing changed.

As usual, he was free, he did not listen to Suoh's words and he lived happily as he liked.

Suoh offered a hand to anyone who asked, so the number of friends increased one after another. People who do not have a container to accept the flame will see pain, but many people who are prepared to hold the burning hand manage to accept the flame and gain power.

The ritual that gives birth to a Clansman. It seems that rigid people call it "installation", but in "Homura", the term "test" was repeated, and the number of people increased, and Suoh was placed on top of many people. He had the appearance of a "king".

Kusanagi and Totsuka formed, turned and organized a group of friends named "Homura" instead of Suoh, who was there. Kusanagi ran the organization with his skill, and Totsuka with his natural personality became a lubricant among the people, and created a place where the people gathered there could think of a "whereabouts".

It was just when he became a member of "Homura".

That day there was a silly conflict with the mob, and Suoh came out. He left behind the swirling flames and heat in his body and went all the way to radiate even a little.

The power of the "Red King" was out of control for Suoh. A mass of power like magma was so close to Suoh's nature and desires that he often seduced him.

The temptation to unleash all power, burn all the bonds that cling to him, destroy all the fences around him, and turn the area into a free and wide desert.

Even before he woke up as "King", that urge slept deep in his stomach. But he now he has the power to do it. If Suoh wants, he can destroy everything and turn the world into a scorched field.

Suoh had no choice but to suppress the pesky temptations and urges and sometimes diverge the power from him in small amounts.

That's why he also went to the battlefield that day. However, the result was only a punishment. They were just fragile humans, trying to pull the opponent's weapons from him, the mob, and Suoh could only make the gesture of wielding a small limb by gently shaking his fist, which was restrained. Only the disease of the weak, as if intimidating, was left as a harsh aftertaste.

"I'm stressed."

When he returned to the HOMRA Bar, Kusanagi muttered with a sigh that seemed astonished. Anna, who was waiting at the bar, ran over and sat next to Suoh, who sat on the couch. Suoh looked at his right hand on his fist, not looking at her.

It is a fist that has just hit a person. The people around him flew and fell just by waving their arms without taking a step. If he put a little more effort into it, the shape of the person would surely collapse, and if he had increased the flame output a little more, it would have been burned to pieces.

Energy and heat with nowhere to go corrode Suoh from within.

He was so frustrated that he couldn't breathe. When he impulsively stood up, a soft, carefree voice rang out.

"Today's dinner is Thai soup!"

At that voice, the pressure that was tearing the outer skin from within Suoh relaxed, and Suoh stopped. He relaxed the fist he was holding firmly enough to make a sound. He looks up.

On the couch opposite, there was a bundle of white blanket. The edge of the blanket turned and Totsuka who was lying down came out.

"Are you here?"

"Of course. This is my place to nap. Thanks for your hard work."

Suoh lowered his fist in dismay at Totsuka, who was waking up with a relaxed voice.

"What job? It was a boring skirmish."

Totsuka finished waking up and got up. The blanket was still covering him, making him look like a monk.

"Kusanagi-san was wondering why King would move."

Suoh looked at Kusanagi at the counter. Kusanagi is polishing the glass as usual. Suoh himself was aware that he didn't need to do anything today. Although they didn't need to have Suoh, he came out and shook his fist, and as a result, he was recruiting more people.

A small sentence leaked out, leaning against the couch as if to throw it away.

"Why did I become a 'King'?"

"I knew from the beginning, that you were different from other people."

From the moment they met, Totsuka called Suoh "King". At the time, it can be said that Totsuka seemed to be crazy, but in the end he was right, and Suoh became the "Red King".

However, even now, Suoh still feels awkward about being in the "King" position.

Yata and the others treat "Homura's scarlet" as the most important thing. He is proud of the "sign" that appears below his left clavicle as proof of his partner, he looks at Suoh with hopeful eyes and defines "Homura" as the place where he lives. It's not just Yata. This is the case with many people in "Homura".

However, that power was also a straitjacket.

"I seem to attract everyone's attention. What kind of king is that?"

"Even if you say that, you are very important."

Totsuka said that with an unexpectedly serious voice.

He can't argue with him, Suoh folds his mouth into a U shape.

Totsuka smiled and pointed to the side. When he shifted his gaze according to Totsuka's fingertips, he met the big eyes of Anna sitting next to Suoh.

Anna's red eyes see through many things. Suoh was reluctant to see what was inside her in her eyes, and gently moved his gaze from her.

He cannot argue with Anna, the flame-burning friends with Suoh, Kusanagi and Totsuka, who have been by his side since he was a student, and this place where they meet.

But because of that, Suoh also feels clinging. He can't go anywhere because it's important. And if he makes a mistake, he will burn them.

Suoh looked at his palm. This is probably the hand of the mighty King.

But what is the "King" for? What will this hand, which has the power of destruction and the power of ruin, do in the future?

"I will one day."

Suoh spilled those words.

"Hey. Somehow, everything will work out."

Totsuka said that in a singing voice and stood up slowly.

"You have always been the carefree type."

Suoh said that with weakening consternation, and Totsuka came around the table and approached Suoh.

With a soft, confident smile, Totsuka looked at Suoh.

"There is nothing to fear. You are a King. Your power is not to destroy."

Totsuka points his fist towards Suoh, who reflexively catches it with his palm.

"It is there to protect."

Totsuka laughed, putting his powerless white fist in the hand of the "King" who has the power to destroy everything if he wanted to.

"I assure you."

Suoh looked at Totsuka for a while.

Totsuka once said that he would be the one to bring "fun" to the king. When he caught on, Totsuka certainly brought fun things to Suoh one after another, making an increasing number of friends laugh and creating a nice place to stay.

Suoh's power is said to be to protect, although the place may be erased.

Although he is not ignorant of the horror of fire.

He thought he should say something, but no good words came out, and in the end Suoh said in a silly voice that it didn't matter.

"What kind of soup?"

"Have you never tried it? It's like a hot and sour soup. It's reddish and looks really spicy, but it has an unexpected complex flavor."

Totsuka happily talks about a soup with a strange name that seems to be today's dinner. Anna, who had been sitting next to Suoh in silence until then, leaned forward a bit.

"It's red?"

"That's right, it's red. Anna, let's do it together."

"You are going to cook?"

Totsuka made a peace sign and laughed.

"I really like to cook right now."

Totsuka was an amateur. He tried to do what he thought was fun and his friends were involved in that hobby.

The Thai soup, which Totsuka made with Anna, seems to have been a time when cooking was among his hobbies, it had many spices and fragrances that Suoh would eat for the first time, and it certainly had a complicated taste. It seemed to be redder than usual, probably to please Anna, who can only see the color red. The shrimp inside were delicious.

Suoh often has nightmares.

The dream usually comes when Suoh is about to lose power stability.

In his dream, Suoh is rumored to be on fire. The flames in his body roar in search of freedom.

The flame erupted violently from inside the body, and Suoh shed his fangs, driven by the sweet temptation to release it.

Suoh, who removed his fangs, turns into a beast. Human society, thoughts, ethics, emotions and all that kind of thing disappear and they become a fiery beast that is just instinct.

The flames thrown by Suoh turned into a fierce fire and swallowed the city. The familiar cityscape is burned by flames, swallowed up by boiling magma, and collapses.

The creatures evaporate blood, bones melt, and even ash disappears.

Suoh felt overwhelming pleasure as he gave in to the urge to destroy and blaze through him. The soul cried out for joy as it submerged freely and became a mass of pure power.

However, in a world where flames have witnessed it all, the city has dwindled and no one is alive, including his friends, Suoh stands up.

The world where the flames were extinguished was cold, and Suoh knelt to collapse.

In a cold world that has changed from the previous one, only Suoh is hot, and Suoh's breath is tinted white as smoke.

He is afraid of this all the time.

He feels that that moment will come one day.

Even if the world cools down, the flames in Suoh will not go out and the black charcoal will spread from Suoh's palm to the entire body as if the flames were eroding.

Suoh was terrified, as it seemed to be a sign that he himself was no longer human.

No, he is no longer really human. That hand is the hand of a monster that destroys everything.

At the top, he can hear the collapse of the sword of Damocles. It will soon reach the head of Suoh, who has lost his qualification of "king".

"Hey, I'll do something about it."

He hears a soft voice. Suoh raised his face like an idiot.

In a world where everything burns, Totsuka was standing and smiling.

Incorrect. Because he is gone.

"Your power is not to destroy, but to protect."

Totsuka says that with the same voice as that day.

At that moment, Suoh believed those words. He decided to believe him. By defining his power in that way, he looked away from the work that was under him and covered it.

However, the lid was opened.

Suoh was in a position, covering his face with his burned hands.

Suddenly, he heard a song of joy.

When he looks up, the abandoned castle of Suoh's burned remains and Totsuka's figure disappeared.

There, on the rooftop of the building at night, a boy standing by the fence is singing a song with his back to him and shaking his body.

The boy shook his shoulders and laughed, then turned and fired.

A gunshot sounds and a burning fever and severe pain spread through the stomach. Suoh slowly looked at his belly. He looked at the red blood spreading and touched it with his palm. He had the feeling that blood was pouring out of the hole in his stomach.

Well, Suoh wondered if he was shot dead like that.

"Is it a good night? Oh, sure it's a good night!"

The happy voice of the boy who shot echoed.

A flame rises from Suoh's body. Suoh has now completely renounced control of the flame.

The fire spreads like a red tsunami with Suoh as the center of explosion. The flame that turns everything into a desert perfumes the world.

Perhaps something important was coming out of the hole in his stomach along with the blood, and Suoh's insides were empty, and he felt a terrible loss. But at the same time, he was also impressed that it was so easy.

Unleashing the flames, Suoh spread his arms and looked up at the sky.

The sword of Damocles, which no longer retains its original shape, loses its light and begins to fall as if the thread had been broken.

"Mikoto."

A girl's voice reached his ears. Anna. A young but mature girl who snuggled close to Suoh. Totsuka told him that she was important and he couldn't argue with him.

She is calling Suoh.

"Mikoto, don't go."

But it's too late.

The tip of the falling sword comes close to Suoh's eyes.

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When he opened his eyes, his heart was screaming out loud.

He was sweating all over his body.

Suoh blinked several times, realized that he was dreaming and exhaled slowly.

He was in the "Scepter 4" detention center. Suoh lay on a board where he slept badly, staggering, and apparently had a nightmare that was a little different than usual.

He exhaled a long, warm breath.

Suoh did not make the world a scorched field.

Suoh's sword has not fallen.

Not yet.

When he curled his back a little, the chain on the deck made a loud metallic noise.

"Fool."

Poisoned by a person, Suoh closes his eyes again.

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He doesn't know Tatara Totsuka. He hasn't killed anyone.

Although he was convinced of that, the boy had a sense of anxiety that he could not erase.

The boy must have been in Gakuenjima at the time that person named Tatara Totsuka was killed. He has that memory in him. However, no one clearly stated that the boy was there.

Also, the bloody shirt that was shoved into the back of the boy's closet was a big problem.

"Here you have!"

A cheerful voice was heard, and a tray with a plate of steaming, good-smelling grilled fish was placed in front of the boy.

The boy comes to, and raises his face.

The boy stopped by a convenience store called "Yamadaya" during the purchase requested by Kukuri. It was an old shop with a retro interior and a simple menu, but it was a popular shop with Gakuenjima students because it was cheap and had an exceptional taste. Since it is located near the connecting bridge that connects to Gakuenjima, it is a favorite shop for commuters, and students living in dormitories often stop by when they go out in search of a warm family treat.

The boy has also visited this store many times with Kukuri and the others. That should be it.

The boy shook his head slightly when he realized that he had lost confidence in everything.

Freshly baked and fragrant horse mackerel, plump white rice, and hot miso soup. Did he really eat this menu many times?

Neko, beside him, happily waved the horse mackerel.

"Hey, what are you thinking? I'm telling you we're not done yet."

Kuro shook his eyes and said that looking at the boy.

"Ah, what?"

"There is still a suspicion against you. If you are not the murderer, then there must be someone who impersonated you."

"Oh, it's true..."

When he found that bloody shirt, the boy quickly hid it. Perhaps it was one of the clues to the true criminal that he hid that shirt, since he may have been beaten by the true criminal.

But he did not. When he saw that blood, he felt a sense of fear and self-doubt. He felt the existence of "Isana Yashiro, who was in Gakuenjima on the night of December 7", which he had taken for granted until a while ago, was reeling.

The boy is now more confused than Kuro and begins to doubt himself.

Neko, unaware of the boy's anguish, was secretly reaching for his chopsticks to steal his food after eating his own horse mackerel. Kuro slaps her hand without looking at her.

The boy smiled and transferred his portion to Neko's plate. To be honest, he now he didn't have much of an appetite.

When Neko received the horse mackerel she raised her hands and was pleased, she looked at him with a bitter face.

"We came here just because you keep complaining that you're hungry. Shut up for a bit."

After looking at Kuro who was scolding her like a mother, Neko, who was in a good mood, ate the delicious food without worrying about it. The boy looked around the store with his chopsticks stopped.

He is too early for dinner, so there are no customers but them. The owner crouched at the entrance of the store and gave a piece of fish to a stray cat. The owner who gleefully looks at the cat sticking his face into the plate and eating gently is a great cat lover, and this shop is popular not only with Gakuenjima students but also with cats, and there are stray cats coming frequently.

Looking further, he notices the cork board on the wall. There are plenty of snapshots with handwritten messages like "It was delicious!" And "I love Yamadaya-san's shop." There was also a photo of Kukuri, Inaba and Mishina.

"Sir, this photo..."

When the boy called him, the owner who was watching the cat's food got up and came over.

"Oh, these are photos of my usual customers. They have always been posted here."

"I don't see mine here."

"Oh, really? How strange. You're a regular customer."

The merchant mysteriously twisted his head.

The boy looks at the photo of Kukuri and the others. If he sees his friends being photographed like this, he should take the initiative to enter the scene. The merchant will probably try to point the camera at the boy. But why isn't there a photo of him? Did he happen to be busy when the boy came and wasn't trying to take pictures? For some reason, he can't remember well.

After finishing the meal, he left the store. As he moved on to Shizume, the boy couldn't get back on track.

Even when Neko spoke to the boy, which is usually vague, it was a distant feeling, like being called from behind a wall of glass.

"Hey... Hey, Isana Yashiro!"

Called by Kuro in a scolding voice, the boy raises his face. When he realized it, he was in front of "Kagitamaya". It's the place where the people from "Homura" attacked him right after he bought the fireworks the other day.

"He's too lazy for a while. Do you know exactly what Kukuri asked you to buy? What kind of fireworks do you buy here?"

"Uh, yeah, wait a minute. I've made a note..."

He handed the note he took out of his pocket to Kuro. However, as soon as he received the memo, he made a bold face.

"You... how am I supposed to read this?"

"Oh, I do not know..."

The boy's shopping memo was written in mysterious characters like hieroglyphs. It was terrible.

Maybe he was distracted by something else, he didn't write in Japanese, and in fact for some reason things like the alphabet got mixed up here and there.

Kuro drew a blue line.

"What good is a note if you can't read it ?!"

"Oh, wait, wait. I'm trying to remember what I was thinking about as I was writing it."

"You..."

Kuro stood up, but sighed a little as if he had immediately given up.

"Okay. All you have to do is contact Kukuri."

Kuro takes out a PDA from his pocket. Then suddenly...

"Nya!"

Neko screamed and ran towards Kuro.

"What?!"

"Why would you call her?!"

"What does that mean? I'm requesting contact information for this kind of time."

Kuro shows the PDA with a suspicious face. The boy was also dismayed by Neko's sudden uproar.

She was always energetic and noble, but now she had a surprisingly troubled face.

"You can go back and ask her directly! Hey, Shiro, let's go home!"

The boy was filled with words when they called out to him with narrowed eyes.

"Why do we have to go back? What do you think we have phones for?"

"Wow, I hate phones!"

"Why?"

Neko flushed and fell silent, eyes rolling uneasily as if she were searching for an excuse. However, maybe she didn't come out at all, she scratched her head with a crying face and yelled "Nya!" again as if she had a habit.

Immediately, she disappears and a little kitten appears more familiar to the boy than a girl. The kitten ran away with a strangely sad voice.

"Neko?"

"What was that?"

Kuro was looking in the direction Neko was leaving with a face mixed with confusion and dismay, but he operated his PDA as if he had regained his mind, and called out to Kukuri. He offered the boy the ringing PDA, so that he could speak for himself.

"Hello."

Immediately the phone was connected and he heard Kukuri's usual bright voice.

"Ah, it's me, Isana. We're here buying the fireworks, but..."

"Isana? Who?"

He hears Kukuri's mysterious voice.

The boy's breathing stops for a moment.

"What are you talking about? It's me, Isana Yashiro. You know, Shiro."

"Shiro? Sorry, but I don't know anyone named Shiro. You must have the wrong number."

The call was hung up while the boy was away and silent.

(Welcome, Shiro-kun! Come back early!)

Kukuri's voice that said that and laughed a while ago and Kukuri's voice that mysteriously said "Who?", overlap.

His feet wobble and the sense of reality disappears. The boy wandered in fear and anxiety that what he believed was broken and crumbling.

"Hey, give it back to me."

Sensing the change in the boy, Kuro seems suspicious. However, the PDA is no longer connected to Kukuri.

The boy was stunned and slowly lowered the PDA that he was holding to his ear.

"What happened?"

"Kukuri doesn't remember me. She says she doesn't know any Isana Yashiro."

For a moment, Kuro frowned.

"Was she kidding?"

"It didn't feel like a joke."

In contrast to the boy, who appears annoyed, Kuro seems to calmly think about the direction Neko was running.

"Neko was acting strange. She may have done something to Kukuri. For the moment, let's go back to Gakuenjima."

Kuro started walking without waiting for the boy's response. The boy silently grabs Kuro's hand. He felt Kuro stop and turned around, but the boy remained depressed and didn't look up.

"Hey, Kuro... can I borrow your phone again?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll call my parents' house."

"Why?"

"I want someone to tell me that I really am Isana Yashiro."

Then the world of the tottering and collapsing boy could rebound.

The boy writes the parents' house number, which he remembers slightly on the PDA, and gently holds the PDA to his ear when the call rings.

Oh, by the way, he thinks it's been a long time since he has talked to his family.

As he closed his eyes and waited nervously, he heard a small sound that made a call.

"Hi, I'm Yashiro..."

"The phone you called is not currently in use. Check the number."

The boy's world collapses.

+++++

At dusk, the angled reddish sun shone through the window.

Kusanagi finishes a few work calls alone at the quiet HOMRA bar. He hasn't been able to open the bar properly in recent days, but he can't blame the business associates. He made his feel a bit resentful of his nature, causing him to change his daily life properly even in such an emergency.

Anna, who continues to use her responsiveness and eventually finds out where the criminal is, is tired and sleeping upstairs. It seems that Yata, who jumped, joined Kamamoto on the way and entered Gakuenjima as expected, but not only did he have no results, but after fighting with Fushimi, he was stopped by Lieutenant Awashima. There was a report by phone.

When Kusanagi wondered what to do next, the doorbell rang.

Kusanagi smiled seeing the woman enter the bar with the sound of stomping on her heels.

"Before the store opens, okay?"

"How can I oppose such a beautiful lady? On the other hand, I heard you went after my boys."

A beautiful woman in an elegant dress, and decorating her neck and her wrists with pearl accessories, walks around him. Her chest-length hair was pulled down and slightly dislodged.

She walked over to the counter, took off her coat, and sat on the stool.

"How was your order? Lieutenant Awashima Seri from "Scepter 4". Also known as the merciless woman."

"Can you tell your boys not to do those things?"

"But Seri-chan, you are as cold as ice."

Awashima, when dressed in the uniform of "Scepter 4", is as strong as a man in a masculine, cold and scary society (this is why the nickname "merciless woman" suits her perfectly, as opposed to appearance Kusanagi), the atmosphere becomes a little softer in private, showing the femininity of a normal age.

She was a hidden customer of this bar.

"A Martini."

"Oui, mademoiselle. What's your recipe today?"

"Let me see... Four parts gin and one-part vermouth. And I'd like 5 parts of anko, please."

This order that destroys the Martini, as a master of a bar who loves cocktails, he was already used to.

"Oui, mademoiselle."

Kusanagi replied in a painful voice and took the container full of anko out of the refrigerator. Unfortunately, this bar always has anko to fulfill her special requests.

Dry martini with strong gin. Normally, an olive is added, but a large number of anko balls are added instead. Kusanagi doesn't want to call this desperate cocktail Martini, but Awashima always asks for this terrifying drink that makes the Martini taste disappear.

"That is one of the parts I can never love about you, Seri-chan."

In front of Kusanagi, who changes his expression, Awashima gracefully drinks the delicious Martini, whose anko balls sink thickly.

"What is the 'Red King' thinking?"

After putting down the glass and taking a breath, Awashima said in a low voice.

"Oh, right. Sounds like our boss is giving you a hard time."

"Your 'King' was captured by another 'King', but you look quite relaxed. What are you planning?"

As she says that clearly without changing the expression, Awashima breaks the anko dumplings with the toothpick and mixes them, turning the transparent Martini into a cloudy color.

"Oh, that's not a nice thing to say."

"I don't know why you're calm. I'm sure you're conscious, right?"

"What?"

"Weissman's deviation from the 'Red King' is reaching its limit. You know what will happen if he continues to exceed the limit."

Kusanagi smiled at Awashima, who did not allow him to dodge, and replied.

"You mean Kagutsu crater? It's a disturbing story."

A dozen years ago, Weissmann's deviation from the predecessor "Red King" exceeded the critical value, and the sword of Damocles fell. Called the case of a royal blast, it is a leak of enormous energy possessed by the royal authority, and it causes a large explosion that involves not only the royal authority but also a radius of several tens of kilometers. The predecessor, the "Red King", Kagutsu Genji, who was the head of "Purgatory", obliterated the entire southern region of Kanto, killed about 700,000 people and created a large crater in the belly of the Japanese archipelago.

"That is the power of the 'King'. If he loses control, the terrain of Japan will change a bit like then, are you saying that it is okay for this city to disappear?"

Awashima drinks when she makes a muddy cocktail. Kusanagi muttered as he stared at her white throat.

"That is why he is with you."

He may be a little tired too. Is it some kind of indulgence for her, or is it her honesty that he may be struggling with?

"At least you have someone who can stop him. Maybe he wanted to sleep without worrying about accidentally burning everything around him for a while."

Kusanagi laughed bitterly, thinking about what Suoh feared.

"He hated being patient, in control, and annoying things forever."

Awashima, who was holding the toothpick on her cheek, exhaled through her nose as if she was amazed.

"He is not qualified to be 'King'."

He is not going to argue that. He's sure that's what Suoh thinks more than anyone. Suoh is not suitable to be "King". However, he is an essential champion.

"He would probably have been happier, if he had been born as a lion somewhere in the savannah."

Kusanagi lowered his eyes, imagining a beast running alone, freely in the savannah.

"You are a surprisingly sentimental man. Well, we just do our job."

Awashima put the empty glass and the price of the cocktail on the counter and got off the stool. She tried to leave as she clicked her heels, but stopped midway.

She was looking at the bonsai and the projectors on the edge of the counter and the guitar leaning against the wall.

"One of our members brought that in. He was a guy with a lot of hobbies. Thanks to him, the inside of the store has become strange."

It seems that Awashima immediately realized who Kusanagi was talking about. She made her face look a bit understanding.

"I've never had contact with him. He was a non-combatant. The number 3 of "Homura", the weakest executive, the first member of "Homura" along with Izumo Kusanagi, Suoh Mikoto's friend for a long time. That's all I know. What kind of person was Tatara Totsuka?"

Kusanagi left the counter and lined up next to Awashima. Look at the things Totsuka left behind. Until a few days ago he used to tell him that he shouldn't take anything he liked to the bar and take it to his house, but now he doesn't feel like getting rid of those things anymore.

"A tamer of beasts."

"Beast tamer?"

"Oh. Most of our guys are tough, right? Normally, to bring them together, we use a kind of bond on the team, but there are also many who hate that kind of thing. "Homura" is basically a free spirit principle, even so, the reason I didn't have a problem with "Homura" was because Totsuka was slightly softening our beasts in a loose atmosphere."

Kusanagi remembers seeing the bar with Totsuka. Even in the now quiet bar, when friends gathered and Totsuka was in the middle, they were usually overjoyed.

Totsuka was interested in Yata's skateboard and began practicing skateboard tricks at the bar with a table to one side. At that moment, Totsuka was surrounded by everyone and made everyone laugh. Yata got good at teaching Totsuka how to skateboard, Kusanagi scolded the skateboarders inside and Suoh sat on the counter and looked at everyone in a vague but relaxed way.

"That's why he was a beast tamer... I wonder if the best beast is the "Red King"."

Awashima's calm eyes gaze at Kusanagi. Kusanagi shrugged slightly.

"Totsuka was... because he befriended a ridiculous beast like Mikoto."

He reached out and played the guitar that Totsuka used to play. A sound that was kind to his ears rang out.

(Can you sing something?)

Anna sometimes asked for a song like that.

Music was also one of Totsuka's hobbies, and Totsuka showed his own songs written and composed for everyone in addition to playing the guitar. "I'll do it thinking about all of "Homura"!"

The song, which Totsuka laughed a bit shyly at, had a soft sound.

Suoh also listened to the Totsuka song, sitting on the bar and gently looking down.

Perhaps the tone of the guitar and Totsuka's voice probably had the power to put the beast to sleep.

"But the beast tamer is dead."

Awashima said that in a cold voice on purpose.

"If the beast tamer dies, the only thing left is to lock up the beast. That is true."

Turning her back on Kusanagi, Awashima heads for the bar door. The doorbell rang. Awashima stops once with the door open a little and looks at Kusanagi.

"But I wonder if there is a place to plant a bomb with a broken safety device."

Having said that, Awashima did not ask Kusanagi for an answer and left.

Kusanagi laughed a bit at the bar after being alone.

"It's tough, Seri-chan."

He muttered.

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"Take an umbrella."

His sister said so and offered him a red umbrella.

"But today is a good day, right?"

He looked up at the blue sky and laughed. But her sister gently held an umbrella in her hand.

"Because you are afraid."

She said that and smiled at him a concerned smile.

When they told him that, he suddenly felt that something was empty, and that something scary was coming from the sky, and he opened his umbrella even though it was not raining.

The umbrella his sister gave him covered the sky and he was relieved to feel protected underneath.

When she saw him, she reached out her slim white hand and touched his cheek.

"Come on, kid."

He thought that.

He was haunted by the feeling of discomfort that he did not understand.

It must have been a lonely dream, but the awakening came with a painful movement.

He went on the train. Yes, remember to go to his parents' house now.

After that call, the boy decided to go directly to his parents' house with Kuro. It seems that the boy took a nap on the train on the way and dreamed.

"What happened? Did you have a nightmare?"

Kuro, stood in front of the boy without sitting on the seat even though the inside of the train was empty, and said that. The boy laughs warmly and shakes his head.

"Yes, something like that. I dreamed that I was with my sister. It was a dream that felt strange, but... a dream is like that."

The boy has an older sister. His sister is his favorite and important to him. He remembered that and dreamed of going to his parents' house.

(When I return home, my real sister will meet me and welcome me. I'm sure of that.)

Even trying to think about it, the boy's frustration and anxiety didn't subside at all.

The automatic, inorganic voice that answered the phone call to his parents' house is still spinning in his ear.

"When I called my parents' house, they told me that currently that number is not in use. What can you think of in this case?"

At the very least, the boy moves his mouth to shape the whirlwind of frustration and anxiety. Kuro didn't reply and silently looked at the boy.

"One, I made a mistake on my parents' number. Two, something happened and they changed the phone number without telling me. Three, I'm lying."

From Kuro's perspective, the boy was originally a suspect. He believes the third possibility is the highest among the three, and a selfish smile comes to mind. However, Kuro has a very calm voice and follows the boy's words.

"If not, four, are your memories flawed?"

The boy was surprised, he opened his eyes and looked at Kuro. Kuro's eyes seemed clear and flat, not the hostile ones he encountered the first time, nor the suspicions he had when he was looking for an alibi.

The boy squeezed his hand on his knee into his fist, trying to regain his feelings.

"I'm Isana Yashiro. It's mediocre, but I have a pretty happy family, and now I'm away from my parents and I go to school, I'm a school student."

He looked at the red umbrella leaning to one side. The umbrella that his sister gave him in his dream. What is his sister doing now? Two years older... Did she go to college to study because she was a very smart person?

Somehow his mind was confused, and the boy seemed far away as if he wanted to shake off.

The train rattled and there were no other passengers. An empty box, where the setting sun was shining faintly, continued to shake regularly.

"Where did Neko go?"

The train enters the tunnel and the inside of the carriage sinks into darkness.

+++++

Kusanagi remembers the last call many times.

When the call came, Kusanagi was about to leave the bar and go home with Yata, who helped clean up to the end.

When he closed the bar door and put the key in his pocket, the PDA announced the incoming call. When he took out the PDA while he was thinking about who he would be, at that moment, Totsuka's name appeared.

"Hello, Totsuka."

He answered the phone in a loose voice because it was his friend, Totsuka, but didn't get an answer right away. There was a subtle silence, and when Kusanagi shook his head in a strange way, he heard a painful little voice from the other side of the PDA.

"Kusanagi... san..."

Kusanagi's spine froze due to the weakness of his voice.

"Hey, Totsuka? What happened? Hey!"

The sound of dropping the PDA reached his ears. The impatience increased even more when he heard "Kusa..."

"Kusanagi-san, what happened?"

Yata leaned forward to see Kusanagi's extraordinary appearance.

"Yata, come with me! Totsuka..."

"Eh?"

Kusanagi ran into the parking lot and grabbed the car key. Yata runs through the grass without knowing why.

Meanwhile, Kusanagi continued to call Totsuka. When he pressed the PDA against his ear so that he could pick up any weak voice, he heard Totsuka's voice a little further than before.

"Kusanagi-san... Can you hear me...?"

He was breathing harsh and painful, but it was a calm voice.

"I have been happy."

Kusanagi was horrified by the words he heard.

"I still believe it..."

"Idiot, Totsuka!"

From the other end of the phone, he heard a slightly laughing exhalation and a painful cough.

Kusanagi kept calling Totsuka many times. Totsuka seemed to say something, but he groaned and couldn't quite reach Kusanagi's ears.

When he got into the car in sweat and frustration, he started the engine, he told Totsuka forcefully.

"Wait a bit, let's go there."

"Yes I'm waiting."

Totsuka's answers came to Kusanagi firmly. It was a weak little voice, but it was a tone that didn't lose the character of Totsuka even in that case.

He knew about the places Totsuka used to go for night views. Hirasaka Building. It is a building that even outsiders can climb to the rooftop from an external emergency staircase, and there is also a height from where you can get a panoramic view of Shizume city.

Kusanagi broke the speed limit, ran in front of the Hirasaka building, and climbed the emergency stairs with Yata. When he reached the rooftop, he jumped into his eyes the figure of Totsuka lying on his back without strength and a large clot of red blood underneath.

Kusanagi stood up for a moment, but Yata immediately yelled, "Totsuka-san!", And ran to support Totsuka's body.

Totsuka was still breathing and conscious.

"Totsuka-san! Hey! What happened?!"

Totsuka groaned and opened his eyes to Yata, who screamed in a crying voice, and looked at Yata. He seemed to vomit blood while he waited and his mouth was soaked with blood.

"King... Colorless..."

Totsuka squeezed the words out quietly.

"... 'King Colorless'? Totsuka-san, were you attacked by another 'King'?"

"Yes, Yata. Don't force him to speak."

Unable to see it, Kusanagi said that in a murderous voice.

Totsuka, who said that he was waiting, was certainly waiting for Kusanagi and his friends. But at a glance he knew what was happening.

He could feel that the Totsuka flame delivered by Suoh, was about to go out, as he was always by his side as Kusanagi's partner.

Yata seems to be trying to hold the wound and puts his palm around Totsuka soaked with blood on his belly. The coat sucked up most of the blood, which was now coming out with a slight noise.

"It's okay, Totsuka-san. We are calling a doctor right now; you can get rid of this kind of injury right away..."

Yata, desperately trying to cheer him up, had his face close to tears. Totsuka's face, which was supported by Yata's arm, could have looked good. He looked at Yata with a concerned face and managed to lift his weak arm and reach Yata's face.

"I'm going to get rid of that..."

Totsuka touched Yata's cheek to comfort him, but his hand was exhausted and he fell, leaving a trail of blood.

"...I'm sorry."

Somehow, it will be fixed.

It was a Totsuka habit. He always laughed and said it, and his unique optimistic ease made him feel like he could really handle it.

But now the power of that word is gone, with Totsuka's life.

Totsuka opened his eyes and stopped breathing with a worried look.

"Totsuka-san...?"

Yata's hand shook a little.

"Totsuka-san... Hey... Don't be sleeping... Wake up... Hey!"

Many tears welled up in Yata's eyes. Holding Totsuka's cold body, he hugs him and cries.

Kusanagi silently turned his back on Totsuka's body. He walked slowly towards the ancient chamber that Totsuka used to carry, and that it was lying on the concrete of the rooftop. Totsuka's blood was also on the surface of the camera.

Passion did not bother Kusanagi. The sadness, anger and intense emotions that seemed to slow down his thoughts were suppressed and he decided what he should do now.

He grabs his PDA and call the person he had to report to.

On rare occasions, the other party answered with a call.

"Mikoto, I have bad news."

Kusanagi remembers that night many times.

Kusanagi, who had told Awashima about Totsuka that night, silently lowered his gaze.

It was getting dark outside and it was starting to rain. A whispering rain envelops Kusanagi's lonely bar.

Kusanagi walked over to the shelf where the Totsuka relics were placed, placed the palm of his hand on the Totsuka camera at the end, and patted it lightly.

Totsuka, who had many hobbies and changed his interest to various things, had the most enduring hobby, the camera. There are many images of friends that Totsuka left behind. Everyone in the video used to laugh.

They also seemed to be a sign of Totsuka's love and attachment to "Homura". Since Totsuka was always handling the camera, there were few images that showed Totsuka himself.

(Hey, hey, somehow...)

Relive his laughing expression after saying that.

"Just say irresponsible things and go your own way."

He put his hand on the camera in his fist and squeezed it hard.

"Fool."

Kusanagi closed his eyes, muttering resentment against his deceased friend of his.

+++++

The boy was standing in the stadium on a downpour night.

He was terribly shocked, but not surprised. He somehow he had felt that way since the phone call to his parents' house failed to connect.

"This is your house?"

"It was here, it should be. I left the station and went straight down the street... here was a house with a little garden..."

What spread out in front of the boy was a large stadium and empty audience seats.

There is no such thing as "Isana Yashiro's mediocre happy house" in memory of him.

Kuro looked at the boy with calm eyes.

"You don't seem like the type of person you think you are."

"...Yes."

He has been raining a lot. The raindrops falling on the stadium lawn made a flapping noise. Both the boy and Kuro were drenched. There is no point in putting an umbrella on now, but the boy slowly opens the red umbrella that he was still hanging in his hand.

An umbrella that his sister told him to carry in his dream, when he was afraid.

But in reality, the boy may not have had an older sister.

No, on the contrary.

"It may not be Isana Yashiro in the first place. I mean, maybe there was no person named Isana Yashiro."

"Oh."

"I felt like something was wrong. When I tried to remember the details, sometimes it didn't work."

He tilted the umbrella to hide his face and spun it like a rusty hand.

He hears Kuro's voice from the other side of the umbrella.

"Who are you?"

"A murderer?"

When he answered that, the words made the boy hurt more than he expected. He stopped the spinning umbrella and squeezed the handle hard.

"I can't say there is absolutely no chance. I can't believe in myself anymore."

From under the umbrella, the boy gave Kuro a weak smile.

"You want to kill me?"

Kuro looked at the boy and was silent for a while.

Eventually, however, he takes up the sword stance and touches the sword's handle.

The boy closes its eyes when he sees it.

He didn't know anything, but the boy no longer thought he was an innocent person. He also thought that if he killed him for something he was guilty of, he should accept it.

Kuro's breathing changed. The boy was ready to give up closing his eyes tighter at the sound of his breathing.

The next moment, he hit the boy.

"The final curtain falls the moment a person enters."

It was a haiku, not a hit.

The boy opens his eyes, surprised.

What Kuro had in his right hand was not the handle of his sword, but the "recorder with the haikus recited by Miwa Ichigen" that he appreciates.

At that moment, he picked up the recorder with a satisfied face.

"What beautiful words."

"Were you listening to me...?"

"Is it a story you can't believe? It's weird, I don't believe you either, long before you can't believe yourself."

The rain hits the umbrella. Kuro, who had no umbrella, was soaked in the rain, but he stood up straight without shrugging his shoulders.

"I believe in only one thing, the words of my late master. Ichigen-sama told me to find out. I have not yet given up. Therefore, I will not close the curtain."

Kuro looked directly at the boy.

"What about you, Shiro?"

For the first time, he called him Shiro.

It was not out of trust or affection, but he showed that he was not an enemy, but that he had reached the position of a neighbor who was seeking the truth together.

Kuro's righteousness gradually permeates the heart of the desperately fleeing boy.

"Don't give up? Yes. That word is correct."

Kuro perhaps thought the boy was praising Miwa's words, and his cheeks flushed like a child. He had a rough nose.

"In any case, I can allow you to repeat this sentence. When you say Ichigen-sama's words, your heart will clear."

As usual, words of revulsion rippled in the boy's mouth. With a smile, the tense thing loosened, and his eyes were about to get wet with water that wasn't rain, and the boy covered his face with the umbrella.

"Rare."

The whispered voice was loose and a little wet.

CHAPTER 7: THE BLUE KING

When he woke up as the "Blue King", Munakata's first impression was "I see."

He understood it and became convinced that he was a "king". There was no shame or fear.

Since he was little, he had been thinking about who he was and what he should do.

It can be said that the confusion has cleared up after becoming the "Blue King". Munakata, who was wondering who he was, found a way out when he received the answer: "I am the King."

After becoming "king", he was not mistaken for anything. Even if something doesn't go according to plan, it doesn't upset his emotions and, as an "event that didn't go as expected," he figures out where it should fit and puts things on top in an orderly fashion.

Just except that man is involved.

Munakata was sitting in a tea room set up in his office and thinking about it.

He wondered if he was confused now.

Certainly he is a bit confused. When his emotions are altered, Munakata calmly analyzes his spirit.

Now, in the basement of "Scepter 4", finds the "Red King" Suoh Mikoto. At the moment, the suppressor's hand of different ability is still, but it amounts to a rest. His intention was to stay there.

Yes, if he really wants to stop the royal authority, the royal authority itself must continue to lay down with all its might. Interestingly, as Suoh playfully put it, he stayed for 14 hours. However, even if it was done, Munakata and Suoh's powers are almost the same.

It is impossible for Munakata to always beat Suoh, and it is only an act that increases the risk of the swords of Damocles falling.

So, what to do?

Before the red clan finds the "Colorless King" who is Totsuka Tatara's assassin, Munakata must find him first. What will happen to the Weissman deviation from the "Red King" who would have lost the brunt of the revenge? And how likely is it that the man will quietly stop exercising his power and choose a way to hide, even if it is a grain of sand? It is unknown if he is or not, but at the moment there was no other way to do it.

There are other ways, except for Suoh Mikoto's survival condition. However, Munakata has no intention of giving up.

He will not die and, of course, no innocent will die, and the case will be solved. He keeps thinking and acting because of it. It was because he judged that he was "the right thing" as the "Blue King", and at the same time, because of the personality of the human being named Reisi Munakata.

Munakata exhales slowly and opens his eyes.

When Munakata reached for a tea utensil to calm his mind and make tea, the office door was hastily slammed.

"Captain! The Yuishiki (Wisdom) System" once again caught the alleged assassin of Tatara Totsuka!"

Enomoto, a member of the special task force, reported with a short breath. Munakata lifts his eyes with an "Oya."

"The suspicious child is still moving while he was caught in "Yuishiki's" surveillance net several times after being caught passing from the school side to the mainland side under the connecting bridge of Ashinaka High School!"

"Is he still hiding at Ashinaka High School? Awashima-kun reported that the suspect did not belong to the school, but even though he was not a student, he made Gakuenjima a hiding place. Is there any reason why he could?"

"What about you, Captain?"

Munakata got to his feet quickly.

"It's a dispatch. Let's set up a siege net so the suspect won't notice it. Keep the suspect in a place that doesn't involve the general public, not even in battle. Fushimi-kun will be in charge of personnel. Awashima-kun She was scheduled to go home today, so sorry, call her back as an emergency."

"Understood!"

Enomoto greets him and hurries.

Munakata looked out the window. The rain washes the window pane and the other side sinks into darkness.

"A mysterious boy. Let me show you your true identity."

Munakata pulled up his glasses and stood alone, adjusted his shoes and left the office.

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He couldn't see the downcast boy, and he said something to cheer him up.

As he looked at the boy, who seemed to have recovered a bit, Kuro gently touched the sheath of the "Kotowari" sword entrusted to him by his master, Ichigen Miwa, with his left hand.

It is true that he cannot kill him until it is determined if the new "Colorless King" is good or bad. Ichigen Miwa would never punish based on suspicion.

But more than that, Kuro knew that he had placed himself on this boy's shoulders. Seeing the confused and trustworthy boy, he wanted to be purely useful.

If, after investigating the truth, it turns out that the boy is really the culprit and has lost his memory, could he kill him?

(Ichigen-sama. I will keep my promise. I am prepared to carry out the mission that Ichigen-sama gave me to the end, even if it costs my life.)

But this guy... at least this guy in front of him, he's not evil. Even if this boy's past may be that of a sinner, now that he is anxious because he cannot understand his past and his true identity, he is an ordinary person who loves and appreciates his friends.

(Will I be able to find the true identity of this boy's past, and if it turns out that he was evil, can I forget his appearance in front of me and cut him off? I wonder if I am a mature and weak-hearted person who thinks about such things. Ichigen-sama...)

He wanted an answer from Ichigen Miwa and he wanted to press the button on the tape recorder.

However, at that moment, a strong light fell on Kuro and the boy.

Suddenly, the strong white light hit his eyes, and Kuro covered his face with his arms. At the same time that they knew that the night lights were all on at once, they realized that they were surrounded by darkness.

"God of the night sword, Kuro! And his accomplice!"

A woman's voice with a clear pitch flew through the speaker.

A stretched-back woman, dressed in a blue uniform, stood at the edge of the stadium with members who seemed to be her subordinates. "Scepter 4", Lieutenant Awashima Seri.

"We are 'Scepter 4'! According to Article 2 of the Special Phenomenon Management Act, we will take them into custody!"

Awashima holds up a PDA and projects his "Scepter 4" membership card into the air with a hologram to prove his identity.

"Well, uh... I don't know what's going on, but I'm sorry..."

"We refuse!"

After being dragged away and interrupting the boy who apologized for not understanding the meaning, Kuro said that out loud.

Awashima must have expected resistance as a matter of course. As soon as she stepped on the procedure, she changed the air she was carrying for a combative one and touched the handle of her sword.

"Everyone, draw your swords!"

Under Awashima's command, the members of "Scepter 4" lined up in a row draw their sword one after another.

"Awashima, batto."

The sword that carries blue light is gently drawn. The spirit that overflowed from Awashima's body was a bit different from the other members. Feeling that it was quite well done, Kuro was ready. He takes a step forward to hide the restless boy behind him.

Defeat Awashima while he protects the boy and breaks the siege of other members of "Scepter 4". The world was distorted when Kuro was slightly frowned upon under difficult conditions.

When he realized it, the view of the stadium had disappeared, and Kuro and the boy were in the middle of the jumbled intersection in front of Shizume Station.

"What's going on...?"

The boy leaked a confused voice. The empty night stadium suddenly became a crowded city during the day. It seems like he was dreaming during the day, but if he looks closely, he can see that there are members of "Scepter 4" behind the crowd, and they are also surprised and confused. If it is a "dream", then the city scene he is looking at is a dream.

Kuro remembered this feeling, chasing the boy in Gakuenjima and being teased by Neko.

Kuro was at the mercy of the illusions that were unleashed one after another.

So this is it.

Neko ran in from the other side before Kuro searched her. The boy rolls his eyes at her.

"Oh, Neko."

Neko emerges from the crowd, shaking her long hair and exposing her naked and white body, just like when they first met. She quickly took the boy's arm and ran to guide him. Kuro also followed them silently and ran through the crowd.

A phenomenon like they suddenly moved to a different place, "Scepter 4" was confused by the appearance of a large number of ordinary people, this was a perceptual interference caused by a person with abilities, and it seems that they realized that the people passing by were not real human beings.

The members lined up at the place where the exit "should be", and began to put a shield with their blue power to not let the boy escape.

"The exit is over there."

He consults with Neko.

"Yes! Beyond that blue boy!"

After that, she turns into a kitten to make it easier to escape. Kuro gave a visual cue to the boy, jumped up alone and knocked down the members who raised the shield.

No matter what fallen limbs they were, Kuro ran in the direction that seemed to have a way out. The boy and Neko also immediately follow Kuro.

However, a blue slash attack passed in front of him as if he was going, and Kuro, who was running in front, took a step forward and stopped. Immediately the blade of the sword passes over the tip of his nose.

The blue bar was sharp and straight. There was a deep straight crack in the concrete, but it was not destroyed. It was a sharp force that accurately pierced only the target.

Kuro turns towards the direction the bar was released. As expected, Awashima was holding her sword.

"I'll take care of this! Go protect your place!"

Awashima gives the instructions while she looks at Kuro. The fallen limbs quickly recovered and attended.

After all, it seems that the fight is inevitable, and Kuro took an offensive stance, holding "Kotowari's" sheath with his left hand. Behind the scenes, the boy's annoying breathing sounds.

"Back off."

Amid the phantom crowd, Kuro confronts Awashima.

Whether the woman with the sword is standing or the man with the sword is holding it, the phantom passersby walk without worrying about it. Kuro disappeared from his consciousness.

"Draw your sword, I don't care."

Awashima makes a cheering gesture with her jaw, as he keeps his sword in his sheath. But Kuro doesn't move.

"This sword is not to cut you."

"If so, you will be cut off by someone like me!"

Awashima closed the distance in one step. The distance between the two instantly disappeared, and Awashima's sword, radiating a blue glow, pierced the place where Kuro stood. Kuro jumped at that moment. He kicked the surface of the street with his landing foot and Kuro made his way to Awashima. He didn't draw his sword, but he swung a fist with Colorless power. The opponent is a strong fighter. He shook the fact that she was a woman out of his head and shook his fist mercilessly, but Awashima squirmed and shook it.

Awashima, who flew up and took distance, fired another slash from a distance. The blade of blue light came flying, but during the period of the sword, the trajectory of the cut is changed by the power of spatial manipulation in the right hand.

It is a retreat.

Neither attack has reached the other yet. She didn't feel like losing, but there was something that was a bit difficult for Awashima as it was still a fist. It is not good to have a long-term battle.

Still, he had no intention of overtaking her. This sword cannot be drawn due to Kuro's circumstances.

That's something to scoop and shake only when Miwa's mission is accomplished.

Even though it was at Kuro's waist, it was not Kuro's sword, but Miwa Ichigen's sword.

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As he listened to reports of what was happening inside the stadium, Munakata sipped relaxed tea.

Traveling to the assigned place in the specially equipped command vehicle is a good thing, as he can enjoy the tea he missed at the office. The field in the rain has a strange atmosphere.

The sound of the rain hitting the umbrella is not bad either.

"You are missing a deciding factor."

Fushimi said from inside the command vehicle. Munakata replied with a "Hm."

There is no distinction between private time and public time for Munakata. If the fights are every day, bedtime is for the well-being and order of the greatest number of people. Members who know the nature of Munakata are no longer surprised that Munakata brews tea and drinks on site.

"Please go to work now."

He is not surprised, but Fushimi says that with a slightly displeased voice. Munakata said "Hm." Again.

The situation inside the stadium that can be heard is quite interesting.

A crowd that suddenly appeared, what appears to be an extraordinary sensory interference ability.

Awashima, who has the best sword skills of "Scepter 4" except for Munakata, and Kuro Yatogami, a vassal of the predecessor "Colorless King" who fights more than equal without drawing his sword.

And the boy who is suspected of killing Tatara Totsuka, who claims to be the new "Colorless King" protected by them.

The night sword god, Kuro, is unlikely to serve the new assassin king, even if the "Colorless King" has been replaced, even if the person with the unknown perceptual jamming skill is left behind.

Munakata also learned about Kuro Yatogami's story. He is a vassal called "loyal dog" who has sworn "allegiance" to Miwa Ichigen.

Why is he doing this? Was there any instruction from Miwa Ichigen in his life?

Munakata remembers the "Colorless King", Miwa Ichigen, that he once saw.

He was a kind man dressed in Japanese clothes. He seemed to be ill and had a dream related to it, but he also sported an aura that was more than compensated for. He had a mysterious dignity, a power opposed to violent power, it can be said that his figure generated confidence.

The unique power of that "King" was "prediction". Certainly, he was an impressive person with eyes that looked through everything.

"I wonder if this situation was also foreseen."

Munakata muttered, carefully placed the empty tea bowl on the floor and stood up.

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Awashima's cut was intercepted by Kuro.

Awashima began to show annoyance at Kuro, who continued to deflect the attack when he was slimy from space manipulation.

She can feel the movement of the muscles throughout her body, the blue light that envelops her body becomes brighter and the hand holding the sword gains more power.

Along with the exhalation of smoke, she put force on the blade and launched a cut through space.

"This is not a problem!"

The blue bar turned into a grid and attacked Kuro. In a deadly attack similar to a throwing net, Kuro also put his luck in his right hand.

Attacks with such a wide range are difficult to deflect from the trajectory.

He extended the power of the colorless extraordinary ability in his right hand in a way that made the palm huge, caught the bar in a grid shape from the front, and canceled it later with a countermeasure.

With that impulse, Kuro kicked the ground.

When he gets close to Awashima, who had a gap right after launching a big move, he tries to punch with her.

The color of his mind changed.

Horribly, Kuro stopped moving.

A blue sword hovered over the ghost town of Shizume.

A mysterious, majestic giant sword that is made of mineral, but has an organic atmosphere.

"The sword of Damocles!"

The landscape around the sword began to distort into blue like a paralyzed image. The blue distortion constantly spreads around the sword and erodes the world of lies created by Neko.

Slowly, a man walked under the sword.

He was approached by a man with glasses and a fearless smile, with a blue light pouring out of his body. He was a man with beautiful eyes, but there was a terrifying horror hidden behind his eyes.

Kuro took a deep breath and involuntarily stepped back and braced himself.

The "Blue King" Reisi Munakata.

Munakata approached in front of Awashima and stopped.

"Thank you for your hard work. Thanks to you, I was able to understand the situation."

"Huh."

"Let's go to work, because Fushimi-kun is loud."

Munakata's bottomless eyes turned to Kuro, the boy, and Neko in the form of a kitten that the boy is holding in his arms.

Munakata looks at them with interest for a while, then laughs and takes a step forward.

As soon as Munakata's foot stepped on the surface of the street, a blue distortion spread out from under Munakata's foot. He repaints the surface of the street blue with the force of the water that overflows and spreads suddenly and spreads through the air. The "correct world" appears from the blue distortion.

The scrambled intersection at Shizume disappears into a wet lawn, and the clear daytime sky turns into the rainy night sky.

Neko, the kitten the boy was holding, turned into a human girl.

"Nya!"

Neko, who has reverted to her original form, hides behind the boy as if she is scared to see Munakata's figure.

"I see, there is an unknown third person involved, a Strain? It exerts a force in a specific area centered on itself, and interferes with the perception and recognition of humans in it at the same time and manipulates it freely. It is a dangerous ability."

Munakata quickly raised a hand. The bustling and bright city of Shizume, which had been disappearing, completely disappeared, and returned to the original stadium at night when it was raining.

The members who gained power with the appearance of the "King" set out to capture the boy.

Before the swordsmen, the boy raised both his hands to show them that he was not harmful to them. Neko next to him, she imitates him without knowing why.

"Um... do you want to join us?"

The boy said that looking at Kuro.

Kuro makes his expression steep and takes off the unpleasant situation in front of him.

The "Blue King". He is not an opponent that he can fight and win against. However, it is difficult for three people to escape. Neko's ability is effective for subordinate clansmen, but not for the "Blue King".

However, if only members other than a "King" are involved, there is a strong possibility that they can escape with Neko's power.

Kuro rolled his eyes on one of the subordinates.

"I'll stop him. You defend yourselves."

The boy made a confused voice, but Neko showed an understanding demeanor. This guy is stupid, but he's such an easy-going guy that he doesn't refuse what is important. Assuming he could take the boy and escape, Kuro quickly glanced at the members blocking the exit.

He activated his extraordinary ability, grabbed the head of one of the two limbs blocking the exit and used his ability to withdraw his body from the exit immediately. The member whose head was grabbed by the strange hand, was thrown against the other.

"Let's go!"

The breakthrough has opened. The boy was still confused, but Neko grabbed the boy's hand without hesitation and ran out the exit made by Kuro.

Kuro stood in a position to protect the exit where the two of them came out on their backs, and looked at the colorful limbs at a glance. Awashima calmly orders her subordinates outside to block the entrance passage.

Munakata was smiling an amused smile.

"I see. So you chose to sacrifice yourself."

As if swallowed by Munakata's intimidating feeling, Kuro inadvertently grabs the handle of the sword.

"The celebrated sword, "Kotowari"."

Munakata narrowed his eyes and looked at the sword at his waist that Kuro touched.

"The seventh king, the 'Colorless King', the sword of Miwa Ichigen. It is a good idea to cut me with this sword, but you decided never to take it out except to fulfill Miwa's mission."

However, ashamed of himself that he lost his temper and touched the handle of the sword, Kuro removed his hand from the sword and attacked Munakata.

The attack was evaded without raising an eyebrow.

The lower part of the palm, which was stretched over and over without rest, could be easily avoided. Munakata, who was still in a position with his hands folded behind him, even seemed to be waiting for the moment to remind him, watching the childish ruckus.

Munakata's room for maneuver increases Kuro's impatience and increases the number of attacks to desperately eat him.

When the bottom of his palm, which was pointed at his jaw, cut across the sky, his cheeks stretched. His face was fine, so he hit it with a flat hand.

Instead of punching, a slap that does not recognize the other as an opponent fighting on an equal footing damages self-esteem more than the cheek.

Gently biting his back teeth, Kuro jumps up. Munakata avoided the spinning kick that tried to hit him and dodged it with minimal movement, and grabbed Kuro's head that was landing with his palm.

"Did you get it? I'm saying you still lack."

Putting strength into the hand that grabbed his head, Kuro feels pain when he seems to hear the sound of the piercing of his skull. He suddenly tried to reach for the sword again. He heard Munakata say satisfactorily: "Okay."

He realized what he was trying to do and stopped his hand.

Munakata frowned at the scene.

"You are an indistinguishable child."

From under Munakata's palm, Kuro stands up.

As if to shake himself off, Kuro shakes his head with all of his might. He could easily remove her hand from him. No, he was separated.

Is he playing or testing him?

Gritting his teeth, Kuro challenges Munakata again. He slaps the palm of his hand, fires a kick, and keeps shaking, biting and killing the sense of helplessness that seems to sprout, whether Munakata's move doesn't crack one bit, or there is a gap.

Munakata removed the sword from his waist and swung it slightly like a guard stick to attack Kuro. Kuro puts the scabbard on the protruding arm and moves it, grabs the kicking leg.

At the moment when Kuro was slightly unbalanced, Munakata, who turned around slightly, hit him hard with the sword sheath.

Even though it didn't seem like he had put much effort into it, the blow was strong, choking Kuro's breath and his spine screaming at him. He managed to drop it.

"You can't help being so stubborn."

Speaking in a sighing voice, Munakata seemed to give up on Kuro drawing the sword from him and turned to attack. He used the sword that was still in the sheath to push it out, and used the tip and body of the sword to throw it where Kuro avoided it.

His world spun around and he slammed into the damp ground without being passive. He jerked to his feet, lost his sense of balance for a moment, swallowed the ironic blood that had spilled from his mouth just now.

"God of the night sword. Let's finish the game here."

For Munakata, it was just a play.

He didn't reward him, but he didn't throw it away, and Kuro took off Munakata and rushed in with a loud voice.

"I refuse!"

With power in his right hand, he struck head-on. Munakata stood upright and no longer tried to dodge it. Just before Kuro's fist reached Munakata, Munakata moved only his right hand. He defeated Kuro's attack with his sword sheath with a thin layer of blue power.

He could see the black night sky as he flew out and raindrops kept falling. The view changed, and this time the green grass moved closer to his eyes and slid away as he rubbed his face against the ground.

Shortly after getting up, he felt weight and pain on his back. Munakata's boots were trampling on Kuro's back from above his arms that were spinning behind him. His internal organs were compressed and an involuntary voice leaked out.

"Well, let's move on to the main topic."

Munakata said that with a calm voice that he couldn't believe he was trampling on people.

"You stayed to face me. It's a wonderful personal sacrifice. Is that boy the Lord you serve now?"

Kuro lowered his head and didn't reply.

"The 'Colorless King'. The seventh and weakest 'King'. Although he is not a powerful entity in himself, he is a clown 'King' who has the property of controlling the balance of power between 'Kings'. In other words, one of the most vigilant for me. That boy is the new 'Colorless King' who replaces Miwa."

Munakata leaned over and approached Kuro, touching the back of his neck.

"Please answer."

The hand that touched Kuro's head is full of power. Kuro was small.

"My master Ichigen-sama said to examine it."

"Well, what is your decision?"

Intent on opening the gap, Kuro taps Munakata's foot on his back and leaps like a spring. However, the moment he turned to Munakata, Munakata's sword sheath calmly pierced Kuro's groove.

"Guh... No one will lay a hand on him until they can identify him."

"I see. That may be your intention."

The tip of the sword sheath pointed at Kuro's throat. Kuro didn't move, didn't change his expression and looked towards Munakata.

The sword at the throat twitched and Kuro's jaw lifted.

"As long as he maintains such a warm situation where he is neither good nor bad, you can join the guard as the 'Black Dog'. He couldn't ask for a stronger worse. It's easy to fool yourself and the people around you with that Strain girl. We may be in on that boy's trick. Don't you think?"

For some reason, Kuro felt a bit weird.

His whole body hurt a lot. He has the feeling that he is doing it, he is protecting him until he is in that state.

"That could be it. The only things that come out of his mouth are lies and a constant laugh. That's the kind of person he is."

"Is it worth risking your life for such a man?"

Kuro relaxed his expression and smiled a selfish smile.

His job is to identify it and he cannot give it to "Scepter 4". That's true, but it doesn't make sense that Kuro himself is restricted by "Scepter 4". After all, he realized that he believed him and protected him because of his personality.

Kuro opened his mouth to reply.

The lights shining in the stadium suddenly went out and darkness fell before Kuro spoke a word.

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The boy was dragged by Neko and ran down the hall of the stadium. The members of "Scepter 4" who come to catch them are defeated by Neko's illusion, and Neko's detection ability finds a path without people and points to the exit.

Escape, escape.

(Oh I'm just running away.)

Escaping from "Homura", escaping from Kuro, escaping self-suspicion, escaping from facing the truth and trying to surrender, and now again, he is leaving Kuro where he's trying to escape from.

(Are you running away?)

Feeling scolded by someone, the boy stopped.

"Shiro, hurry!"

Neko rushed over, turning to the boy who stopped and stopped moving.

"I'm sorry, Neko. After all, I can't escape."

"Why?!"

The boy turned to Neko.

"Neko. Please help me. I will return to rescue Kuro. With your cooperation, I am sure I can do it."

You are a director. Do you understand the production? It's about decorating and coming up with various things to make it look "like this." Even if you are not strong, you must be strong, and if you are not a king, you must do your best to look like a king.

The boy told Neko like that and told him his strategy.

First, he turns off the stadium lights. He really didn't have to turn it off, because he didn't have time to search for a power source. Neko's power made it seem like there was no electricity.

Next, the boy appeared in the public seats of the stadium with a small emission of light. This emission of light is also Neko's power. All the people with mysterious powers are glowing in various colors, so she decided to make the boy glow as well. She enveloped him in a colorless light.

From the public seats in the high place, he can see the stadium.

Kuro looked hurt, holding on weakly, his clothes ripped and kneeling. The hair that he was always tied up is also frayed and falling out.

The boy frowns when he realizes that he has caused an unreasonable battle.

Among the members of "Scepter 4" who were upset when the lights went out, Munakata stared at the boy without moving.

"Oh, did you forget something?"

"Idiot! Why did you come back?!"

Kuro, who started to get up in a hurried voice, was knocked down by the sheath of Munakata's sword and fell to the ground. He looked painful and the boy frowned.

"Oh, I guess I can't abandon my friends, right?"

The boy smiled as he scratched his head, Munakata raised the edge of his mouth in a laugh and pulled up his glasses.

"I see, so you shared your destiny again. What a noble gesture, but it doesn't make sense."

"No, it's not that it doesn't make sense."

"What?"

The boy clasps both hands imitating the movement of thanking for the food.

"Kuro, I'm sorry! I've been lying to you! Actually, this is who I am!"

The boy slowly releases the combined hands. Then, a small sword-shaped illuminant appeared between the boy's hands, as if it was a substitute for a business card.

As it grows, it rises upward, becoming a powerful sword and shining brightly on the boy.

Everyone in the place looked at the sword with a shocked face.

The Sword of Damocles Colorless.

(It's false.)

"Kuro... can you hear me?"

While everyone's conscience was focused on the boy's sword of Damocles, the boy borrows Neko's ability to speak with Kuro's conscience. It is a pseudo-telepathy that makes Kuro recognize that "the boy is speaking directly to his head".

"From now on, I will make a momentary hole in the 'Blue King'. Follow him and flee the place."

The boy smiled and unleashed the vibration of "King" power from his body.

Munakata erased the fringe of his expression and developed blue power with a serious face. To receive the boy's power, he turns his palm towards the boy and focus the power on it.

However, the moment the boy's power and Munakata's power came into contact, Munakata looked on suspiciously.

Kuro correctly captured that moment. He jumped from under Munakata's legs onto his back and struck Munakata's side with his fist.

The blow went straight to Munakata, who was aware of the boy. He didn't stagger, but his glasses flew off.

From the place where the glasses fell to the ground, Kuro ran out and slipped between the stunned and useless members.

The boy took a breath. Then the boy's body disappears as if he is melting in the night breeze. The boy who appeared in front of the people from "Scepter 4" was a ghost made by Neko. The real boy would hide behind the public seats and observe a number of situations. He exchanged a quiet "high five" with Neko who was hiding next to him, and we also began to move to escape.

He went through the passage of the stadium while he hid with the power of Neko. As he ran, he heard the sound of destruction and the voices of various men. The boy turns his foot in that direction.

"Kuro!"

Sure enough, he saw Kuro running while he defeated the members of "Scepter 4."

When Kuro notices the boy, he stops and waits for the boy and Neko to catch up.

Kuro's appearance seen in the immediate vicinity seemed to be more damaged than when he saw him from a distance, and the boy tried to hold his breath and say thanks and apologize.

However, Kuro controls the boy who is about to open his mouth and turns to the front.

"Save the talk for later. Let's go."

"Yes."

"Nya!"

It was not difficult to break the siege without the "Blue King" and the main force.

They escaped the stadium, shook off their pursuers, and finally stopped and breathed into the back alley away from the scene.

Kuro staggered a bit and knelt like a broken thread.

"Hey, hey, are you okay?"

"It's nothing serious. I'll be back in two minutes."

The boy was in a hurry, but Kuro said that in a calm voice.

Maybe "Scepter 4" is also closing in on the police, the sirens of police cars have been heard for a while.

The three of them were silent for a while in the dark and gloomy alleys, bathed in unstoppable rain.

The boy looked up at the sky. The sky seen from the back alley was like a thin, unreliable crack. The falling raindrops reflected the light that filtered through the building's windows and sometimes sparkled.

The boy caught the raindrops on his face and turned around looking into their eyes.

The three of them ate a delicious breakfast prepared by Kuro and a lunch box. He thought he could prove his alibi. He found a bloody shirt. Kukuri told him that she didn't know him. He did not have a family home. He lost sight of Isana's existence, the one he believed in. He was cornered by the "Blue King", but Kuro protected him. He knew what he could do with Neko's power.

The boy lowered his eyebrows and smiled. He spoke gently to Neko to show her that he had no intention of blaming her.

"You know, Neko... you were great a while ago."

Neko shook her shoulders in surprise. She looked down with an anxious and crying face.

"The people in blue were amazing, but the sky suddenly cleared up, the landscape around me changed and a lot of people came out. And you helped us."

"What do you mean?"

It's not always how Neko wants it, she said that quietly and backed away.

The appearance of being afraid of something makes him want to leave it as it is. But the boy can no longer escape.

"The 'Blue King' talked about how you can interfere with people's senses, was that what he was talking about?"

"It's not just about hallucinations and hearing. She can even manipulate memories."

Kuro was silent for a moment and slowly stood up.

"What do you mean?"

"This girl can implant false memories in your mind, making people you just met believe that they are old friends."

The boy came to mind, all the faces of the friends he made in Gakuenjima. They kindly called him "Shiro", shared the side dishes from the lunch box and laughed together.

Although he was a friend, Kukuri said on the phone that she did not know the boy. That was true of Kukuri, who had fallen outside of Neko's range of abilities.

"Oh... I see. I understand. The story finally connected... So, Neko."

The boy turned to Neko with a smile on his face.

"It's like my amnesia, heal it a bit. Then it will be clear if I am the bad king they are chasing, right?"

Kuro was pleased that he led the way to the truth, but he remained bumpy, then said...

"If you are found to be the evil 'King', I will kill you on the spot."

"Well... that's correct."

"It's life threatening. Why don't you think about it and calm down a bit?"

"I'm calm. I..."

The sound of rain is strengthened. For some reason, Kuro had a confused look.

"It's okay to talk about the matter after we've escaped from this place for now..."

The boy smiled bitterly. He seems like he is a kind person who tries to give the boy an escape route, even though he is trying to find out. Honestly, he is happy for that kindness. However, he already felt that he had "escaped" enough. He thought that he shouldn't run away anymore.

"I'm tired of it. For the moment, this place is for the moment. Even if I extend the conclusion as usual, there is no way forward. If I don't clarify it here and now, I'm not going anywhere."

Ever since he met Kuro, he has been engulfing himself in smoke. However, Kuro continued to face the boy seriously. He should reward that honesty. The boy said in his own words, the conclusions he had drawn seriously and his feelings.

"I don't know what kind of person I was originally, and no matter what I did in the past, I feel like now I have to take responsibility."

"What good words... they don't fit you."

The boy laughed.

Kuro's hesitation was only for a moment. The next time he looked at the boy, his eyes were full of determination. Kuro touches the handle of the sword.

"It's okay."

"Very good, everything settled. Do it, Neko."

The boy laughed as Neko cowered fearfully. Kuro also turns his serious eyes towards Neko.

"Undo your spell completely. No tricks."

Neko's eyes trembled.

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Neko was confused. She was more confused and lost than ever.

Neko thought that she had "the power to really lie". Then, she with that power, she made the boy and the people around her believe in lies and she made them a "truth", and she stayed with the boy "like a white cat".

But Neko's lie didn't turn into "truth". The boy seems sad because the lie was still a "lie". He smiles at Neko, but the boy is really sad. Neko got it.

Neko has been alone the entire time. She has been wandering alone for a long time, so long that she cannot remember when she was a lonely stray cat.

It was a little better after she came to Gakuenjima and made it her territory. There weren't many people who bully cats and it was easy to steal food from the coffee shop. The man in the coffee shop would immediately get angry saying "thief", but even if he raised his fist, he didn't actually hit the cat.

If she doesn't want to anger him, she simply leaves the island and goes to the nearby cafe "Yamadaya", where usually goes to school people, and the cat-loving merchant helps her. Even the people of Gakuenjima were quite interesting to see. She also thought that everyone preparing for the festival was funny.

However, since Neko was a cat, she was alone looking at people who seemed to be having fun from outside. Even if the people there didn't intimidate Neko, she was scared, so she didn't want to get close to them.

Just the boy. Neko wanted to get closer to him, and stay by his side forever.

(But Shiro is sad, even though I am Shiro's cat. It would be difficult if he lost the "true". I can no longer hold on to a lie out of selfishness.)

Neko closed her eyes.

(I don't like Shiro being sad. Therefore, I will return the "true" before Shiro became Shiro.)

Neko banishes the false memories she implanted in Shiro.

It was a lie to be a student of Gakuenjima.

It was a lie to be friends with Kukuri and the others.

The boy's memories were also a lie. What Neko saw in Gakuenjima and what the boy's own memory related in a spongy way to make him look like this.

His name Isana Yashiro was also a lie.

Neko met the boy who had fallen from the sky.

That day was a cold night.

Gakuenjima was relatively safe and comfortable territory that Neko found during a long journey, but cold winter nights were no different than anywhere else, and Neko wanted a warm and soft bed. She got into the gym and curled up on the mat.

Suddenly, the roof of the gym cracked with a loud noise and something large fell.

Neko was amazed, jumped up and flew away.

It was a child who had fallen.

At the boy who fell on the gym mat, Neko panicked and lifted the hair from all over her body, curled her back and raised her ears and tail to look bigger, and puffed up her entire body.

The boy got up slowly. He lifted his half body onto the mat and looked mysteriously around him.

Whether it was a demon or a monster, Neko was even more intimidating.

"Hm? Hey... what about you?"

The boy spoke to Neko in a soft and somewhat relaxed voice, despite the ridiculous appearance of going through the ceiling and falling. He apologized to the intimidating Neko and lowered his eyebrows.

"Ah, were you surprised? I'm sorry."

The expression of the boy who scratched his head and smiled like he was in trouble was so gentle that Neko suddenly didn't know what to do.

The boy's eyes looking at Neko were deep and soft. Neko was confused by the eyes that seemed to absorb all of Neko's fear.

He was different from a cat-loving person (that scared her) that has a desire to stroke a cat all over her body. Her alertness melted and disappeared, his gaze seemed to catch Neko. Neko stopped threatening him and gently approached the boy's heart.

Neko's power begins when she touches the other person's heart. She touched his heart and assembled the parts and memories of him, giving it the shape she wanted.

There were many blank spaces in the heart that Neko touched, and in those spaces the feeling of "loneliness" rolled without protection. She felt that it was very similar to Neko's heart shape.

The boy looked at Neko with a kind smile.

Neko was afraid to approach the boy. The boy did not hesitate to approach, he just approached and showed his willingness to accept her.

Neko dares to jump onto the boy's arm. The boy took Neko and caressed her with a soft hand.

(Hot.)

The boy's hands were hot. It was someone else's temperature, which she felt after a long time.

In the gym at night, when the moonlight pierced through the perforated ceiling, the moment she felt the boy's body temperature, she felt as if were the two of them alone in the world.

The boy who made Neko recall his memory, was confused.

He certainly remembered the moment when he became "Isana Yashiro". It also means that the memory of him as "Isana Yashiro" started from that moment. He also remembered that he for some reason broke the roof of the gym and when he fell he ran into Neko.

However, the previous memory is still pure white.

"This is the end? What are my memories before this?"

"This comes first! Shiro fell from the sky!"

"It's over...?"

Kuro also seems confused.

"Wagahai found Shiro! Wagahai picked Shiro up! That's why Shiro's mine! Shiro's from Neko!"

Neko appeals with all her might from him. But she can't convince him here. What the boy needs is the truth before he becomes "Isana Yashiro".

"I wonder if I can remember what happened before Neko found me. I want to know that."

"So... will Shiro disappear somewhere? Will Shiro no longer be Shiro?"

Neko said that while being filled with anxiety.

However, the boy smiles. Isana Yashiro was a non-existent person. But still, the fact that Neko called him "Shiro" was not a lie. The boy's existence won't go away.

"Okay, because I'm Neko's Shiro, right?"

Speaking proudly, Neko smiled again.

"Then I'll try!"

The boy's body was exposed to strong winds.

The hem of the boy's hair and clothes were violently fanned by the cold, strong wind. It is a high place. He was in a very, very high place. The sky where the stars are scattered was near. The air felt thin. In such a place, the boy clung to somewhere with just his arm. Somewhere? Things that fly in the sky. It was not an airplane. It was not a helicopter. That was an airship. The boy barely clung to the floor of the airship's open hatch, his legs swinging in the air.

A great laugh was heard.

There was a man standing in the hatch, looking at the boy and laughing.

A white man with long silver hair blowing in the wind.

He looked at the boy with a distorted smile, lifted one leg slightly and kicked him.

"Goodbye."

The boy who was knocked down falls. He could hear the roar of the wind cutting off his ears. The silver-haired man quickly walked away, and when he thought that he could see the full image of the airship, it soon became smaller and farther away, the sky was far away, a tall building was reflected on the edge of the field of vision. He then he hit his back against something and broke it.

Suddenly, the boy opened his eyes.

The boy's consciousness, who made a brief journey through the memories, quickly regained his sense of reality. Whether in the cold air behind the rainy alleys or in the brief, but shocking memories he remembered, the boy winced.

"Now... who was he?"

Neko eagerly looked at the boy, and Kuro also turned his eyebrows and dropped his hand on the sword's handle.

"Shiro...?"

"What happened? Do you remember something?"

The boy couldn't answer immediately and looked at the sky silently. A ship "flying" crossed the narrow sky between the buildings.

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Inside the airship, the man was humming a song.

The airship was quite comfortable. However, he lay down on the couch placed on the large floor and looked through the monitor.

Many photographs were projected on the monitor located on the ground.

"I wonder if the chaos has been reduced well."

Looking down at the ground, he laughed deep in his throat. When he rolled over on the couch and lay down, his long silver hair flowed softly from his shoulders and fell to the floor.

"But I don't like you, Isana Yashiro. Why are you still alive?"

The images on the floor monitor were of a boy with a red umbrella.

CHAPTER 8: THE MAN IN THE SKY

Sunlight reflected off the surface of the sea and shone. The winter morning breeze was cold, but today, the cold was pleasant for the boy.

Gakuenjima can be seen across the sea from the boy's line of sight. A monorail passed under the connecting bridge that connected the continental side where the boy and the island were located. It seems that the students going to school in Gakuenjima were on board.

Until yesterday, it was a place full of everyday life. But now it seems terribly far away. Every day until yesterday felt like a happy dream that disappeared as soon as he woke up.

Looking back, Kuro with Neko asleep, looks at the boy with a complicated face. Neko, who escaped from "Scepter 4" during the night and used her full potential, began to feel drowsy on the way, and Kuro, who couldn't see her, turned his back on her.

Neko, who put her cheeks on his shoulders and fell asleep with a small sigh, her face was unprotected.

On the other hand, Kuro looks at the boy with a worried expression. He may be worried about the boy that he lost everything he believed in overnight. He would never admit that he was worried.

(What does it look like?)

The boy gave Kuro a warm smile.

It's probably due to Kuro's innate goodness piggybacking Neko swinging back on himself and that he's worried about the boy who may have to be cut off. The boy no longer thinks

of Kuro as a scary person. He doesn't believe that even that person named "Ichigen-sama" gave him a terrible order to kill the evil "King".

"Hmm...", Neko leaked a difficult voice behind her and widened her almond-shaped eyes.

"Ah!"

When the surrounding landscape was reflected in her eyes, Neko's facial expression filled with joy, she jumped off Kuro's back and she ran off. It seems Neko has no problem not saying a single thank you, and she just rolled her shoulders.

"It's our house!"

Neko ran to the beach and spread her arms as if she was trying to hug the school island.

"I am back!"

Neko sat on the grass near the pier and looked at the school island with a feeling of security. The boy smiled and knelt next to Neko.

"I am back..."

It was the boy who wanted to come here. However, the boy was not as obedient as Neko.

"What is this to me?"

He just whispered to him. Kuro made a calm voice as he looked at Gakuenjima.

"I must say I came again because it was all fake. Was it okay to come here with the Blue Clan chasing us?"

The boy is aware that this is risky behavior. Still, he came here again to take a look at the Gakuenjima scenery.

He's not going back there now. The boy who has already been freed from Neko's power, is no longer Isana Yashiro. He must know himself since he is not that person. No matter what kind of person he is, he has to regain his true self and make it up to him if he is guilty of it.

"It's okay!"

Neko made a loud voice to interrupt the boy's thoughts.

"Because this is our house!"

Neko's words rang out without hesitation, and the boy blinked and inadvertently put the word "house" in his mouth.

Home. A place to return.

The word created a slight temperature in the boy's empty chest. He slowly spread throughout his body and permeated him. The temperature was soaking in the back of his eyes and he realized that he was about to cry.

The boy raised his hand and gently stroked Neko's head.

"Yes. Before that, there was nothing. And although it was all fake, the last few days I spent with everyone were real. That's why it's okay to say that I have returned home."

Kukuri called him Shiro-kun. She used to tell him: Welcome Shiro-kun. Come early!

Shiro! Mishina was casually slapping his shoulder. Shiro! Do not deviate. I am waiting for fries. Let's eat together when we get back!

Now that he is not under Neko's power, they will no longer remember the boy. Even so, it certainly was Yashiro Isana at the time when they called him that. Certainly that was the place he called his home.

"Now I understand. I came back here to etch this place on my heart."

The boy closed his eyes.

He had nothing for sure now. The beloved everyday life he believed in was false, and all that remains in the boy is the mysterious memory of being shot down by a long silver-haired man from the top of an airship.

"I can't remember anything more than that, that's why I'm scared."

The boy looked back at Gakuenjima. His heart was already calm. The confusion and sadness have passed, and the boy's heart is determined.

"Let's get rid of everything. To start the real days here again."

"Shiro!" Neko jumped up and brought the boy warm body temperature.

"Shiro.", He looks at the boy with a strong gaze that Kuro hasn't given up on.

Now Kuro and Neko are close to the boy, whose existence has turned into Shiro, and they call him Shiro.

He is still Yashiro Isana.

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In the office tea room, Munakata was making tea while he listened to Awashima's report. He made a slight noise and produced fine tea bubbles.

"As mentioned above, due to the rainy weather, each unit could not track. Until now, there is no relevant person in the transport monitoring network."

"I see. Not only did he escape my eyes, but he also evaded Fushimi-kun, who took command of the chase, and it seems like it was no accident that he was able to hide until now."

Awashima bowed slightly, put her tablet aside, and began to brew tea.

"Currently, we are reducing the siege on Ashinaka High School while following the expected escape route..."

Awashima puts anko from a tin on top of delicate Japanese sweets that seem to go well with tea, which is a beautiful flower-shaped Japanese sweet that is placed on a plate.

Munakata gently averted his eyes from the brutal sight.

"It will be difficult to capture. Apparently he is elusive. Besides, those two... what a disgusting opponent."

Awashima seriously listened to Munakata's words and placed a mountain of thick stalks on top of Japanese sweets using about three cans of red bean paste in front of Munakata. Munakata raised his glasses silently.

"I am Fushimi."

He banged on the office door and a voice was heard from outside. Fushimi rushed into the office when they replied "Please come in." Awashima looked back at Fushimi and asked energetically.

"What happen?"

"It has been reported that a member of the follow-up investigation has just been attacked and transported."

"What is the exact time of the attack and what unit was he in?"

"Chikushi, third division officer in the Eastern District, about 15 minutes ago."

"What is the degree of damage?"

"Only minor bruises, but his PDA was stolen."

Munakata, who was listening to the exchange between Awashima and Fushimi, raised his eyebrows slightly at the words.

"His PDA?"

"I am monitoring your assigned area."

Fushimi handled the tablet in his hand and projected the hologram on the screen into the air. He projected a map of the area around the stadium, which was the site of last night.

"Is the assailant known?"

"It's about the Black Dog. Chikushi said that he didn't see the other two."

Awashima frowned suspiciously. As Awashima thought about it, Munakata casually avoided the mountain of red bean paste placed in front of him.

"That night, Kuroh Yatogami continued to haunt that neighborhood."

Munakata watched.

"This was not an attack; he was just looking to make contact. Fushimi-kun, was there anything left at the scene that could be a message from them?"

"Just an object."

Fushimi also handled the tablet. Another photo appeared on the map showing the hologram screen. It was a note scrawled like "1400."

The time now is 13:45.

"I see."

Munakata exchanged glances with Awashima. Without waiting for Munakata's instructions, Awashima took her PDA and began preparing to start the reverse detection system.

Everyone in the office didn't need any more words.

Until 2:00 p.m. 15 minutes until the time indicated by "1400". There is almost nothing to do now but wait.

"Fushimi-kun, why don't you sit here and wait?"

Awashima relaxed her tone like a nimble boss and said with a voice close to private.

Fushimi showed a momentary movement, but found a terrifying mountain of red bean paste next to Munakata, and pulled his cheeks away.

"Here is ok."

"Well then, let's notify the reserve team at headquarters to prepare for the emergency dispatch."

Fushimi seemed relieved to be given a job instead of anko, and responded immediately.

The fifteen-minute wait felt as long as it was. Fushimi quickly contacted the reserve team, Munakata served Awashima the tea, and Awashima drank it beautifully. Munakata laid the monstrous bean paste aside without touching it, closing his eyes with his arms crossed as if he were next to a monster. The incoming call came in exactly at 2:00 p.m.

As the digital clock shows 14:00, Munakata's PDA rings an incoming call.

Munakata slowly took out the PDA. As expected, it was an incoming call from the PDA possessed by the attacked Tsukushi.

"I am Munakata Reisi. Who are you?"

"Isana Yashiro, or so they tell me."

He hears the same sweet voice from the boy who was at the stadium last night. Awashima operated her own PDA and began reverse detection.

"I suspected it could be you. You took a very aggressive method."

"I'm sorry. I couldn't think of another way to speak without getting caught."

"Hm. First, I'll hear what you have to say."

"It's a long story, and I will say briefly that the man in the airship is deeply involved in the murder. They treat me like a criminal, but I don't remember anything about it."

"Do you know what you're saying?"

"What?"

The reverse detection result came out. Munakata raises a hand towards Fushimi as he continues the conversation, and Fushimi bows his head slightly and immediately exits. Apparently, the suspect is moving down the Metropolitan Freeway while he calls. Awashima begins contacting him to order an inspection of the Metropolitan Highway.

What do you know about the man in the airship?"

"Just enough of a small talk."

"So you can understand that it's too important to be dragged into this, just because you claim to be innocent? I think you could at least show your goodwill by giving yourself up right now."

"When you watch a detective drama, you may realize that there is no point in shouting that you are innocent in prison. That is why I decided to turn myself in for the right price."

"I see; you are a difficult man to handle."

In fact, it was unexpected that he came out so bold. He met him at the stadium last night, and although he felt the rotation of his head and the force of the game, he seemed quite hungry overnight, even though he had a remarkably unreliable side.

"That's it. So, in that transaction, if they promise to bring the blimp guy ashore so I can ask him some questions, I'll turn myself in. How about that?"

"I'd like to agree since you're willing to go so far, but the suspect's allegations in the case aren't enough to interfere with him. Even if you end up turning yourself in, if you're at a disadvantage, are your two remaining friends supposed to come to rescue you?"

"Haha, you're right. After all, was it too good?"

"No, let's accept your terms."

"Huh?" I hear a voice of real surprise from the other side of the PDA.

"I am saying that I, Reisi Munakata, the Fourth and Blue King, will stop the man from the airship, also known as the First and Silver King, Adolf K. Weismann."

Awashima is also surprised. Munakata turned his palm toward her and held it.

"If you feel like it, come visit us. Let's arrange a meeting to clear up the case. However, in that case, all three people will show up."

There was no answer. The other side of the PDA was silent and the call was cut off.

Did the matter end or did you notice the signs from Fushimi and others running towards the fountain?

"I hope Fushimi and the rest of him can hold back."

"If he can do that, it will probably be difficult. Isana seems to be an intelligent person, and Kuroh Yatogami has both cognitive and manipulative tendencies."

Frankly speaking, Awashima sighed deeply. She looked at Munakata with a thoughtful look.

"Captain... you accept that person's request and will you seriously try to stop a king?"

"Not well?"

"It's unreasonable. It would be nice if the 'Silver King' accepted the talks in a relaxed way, but when it comes to hard-line measures, it could be a battle between kings. You know how dangerous it is!"

Awashima stared at Munakata and appealed by leaning forward.

The danger is justified. However, Munakata thought that this was an inescapable path.

"Awashima-kun. I would like to meet the 'Silver King', who is a 'King' but he is roaming the sky without knowing anything about earth."

Munakata has never seen how he is the "Silver King". The "Silver King" does not meet anyone. He climbed into his airship alone and continues to float in the sky. Only the "Golden King" Kokujoji Daikaku knows him.

"The "Silver King", who has invariable attributes, seems to still be young, but he is the oldest surviving "King". In years he is like the "Golden King", who is an old man. He who keeps flying in the sky for almost 70 years, he thinks that being a spectator is his role as "King". If he resigns his duty as "King" and fled to heaven, I think he is an irresponsible man, but it does not matter. The problem is that it can be a malicious person for this world."

Tension runs in Awashima's expression. Munakata dared to smile at her.

"The "Silver King" Adolf K. Weismann, was an ally of the "Golden King" Kokujoji Daikaku during World War II. In fact, even now, Daikaku Kokujoji offers great comfort to the "Silver King". The personality and the bases Daikaku Kokujoji's are true. If Daikaku Kokujoji believes in him, I think he's a decent person."

Munakata got to his feet, left the tea room, and stood in front of the office desk, his back to Awashima.

"Awashima-kun. Is it possible for a person to remain alone for decades in an isolated place without altering his mind? Do you think that the unchanging "King" has an unchanging heart?"

"Captain..."

"If the first "King" may have fallen into evil, we must confirm it as soon as possible, even if it is dangerous."

Awashima still had an uneasy look on her face.

It is a natural history. The more serious the battle between kings, the greater the danger that the Sword of Damocles will fall. A dozen years ago, as a result of the collision between the predecessor "Red King" and "Blue King", the sword of Damocles of the "Red King" fell and created a huge crater in the southern region of Kanto, changing the shape of the Japanese archipelago.

At that time, the "Blue King" also started a chain of outbursts that caused his vassals to die, but there is a past in which he avoided more disasters.

Already holding a large fire called "Red King" Suoh, who is endangering Weismann's deviation, now that he is chasing a person who calls himself "Colorless King", he fully understands the feeling of reluctance.

"But... as an action to be taken in accordance with the words of the suspect who seems to intend to use this... also..."

Munakata laughed.

"No. Aside from his words, I also have reason to doubt 'King Silver'."

"A reason...?"

When Awashima tried to lean forward, the PDA rang. Awashima shifted her posture and responded immediately. The other party appeared to be Fushimi, who ran to the source of Isana Yashiro's communication, but informed her that they were unable to capture him and only found an elaborate PDA.

Munakata approached the window as he listened to Awashima's voice, who gave the following instructions appropriately.

In the distant sky, he saw the "Silver King" airship, which was as small as a bean.

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The black cat meowed.

In the reference room of the "Scepter 4 General Affairs Division", Zenjo looked out the window, holding a pile of old files that were about to fade in his arm. He could see many members rushing back and forth.

During the last ten days, the murder of the red clan member by the new "Colorless King" and the capture of the "Red King" have not rushed into the headquarters, but today the air is even more urgent and there is tension.

But that was also irrelevant to this library, which almost only served as a warehouse for ancient materials. The storm didn't get that far either.

There was a knock on the door of the data room and a woman named Yoshino, an employee of the "General Affairs Section", showed her face.

"It's going to be amazing today."

Yoshino said, she opened the can of cat food that she brought and put it on the plate on the floor. A black cat looking out the window happily walked in and sniffed.

This black cat somehow lives in this library. It was not his intention to keep him like a good cat, but the members treated him like a good cat. Apparently, this cat has a talent for catching mice, and Yoshino, who was concerned about the damage caused by mice in the "General Affairs Section Office", came to donate the cat's food every day.

"What happened again?"

When Yoshino asked while she cleaned up the materials, she rolled her eyes behind her large glasses.

"Don't you hear? It seems that the operation will take place from now on, surrounding the Himmelreich with a helicopter and trying to catch the 'Silver King'."

"That is incredible."

"Zenjo-san, aren't you surprised?"

"I'm surprised."

It's probably because his facial expression didn't move much. Yoshino looked at Zenjo suspiciously.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. The 'Silver King' didn't come down even when Kagutsu Genji was there, but is he going to come down to the ground now?"

There was an indescribable emotion and Yoshino muttered with a downcast gaze. Yoshino bowed her head and looked mysteriously at the depressed Zenjo.

Zenjo was an assistant to the predecessor "Blue King", Habari Jin, and was part of the case involving the downfall of Damocles from the predecessor "Red King", Kagutsu Genji.

However, to Yoshino, Zenjo is just a man who organizes materials all day in this dimly lit room.

"The 'Silver King' is the 'King' who has been in heaven the entire time."

"Yes, it's correct."

As he looked at the black cat eating the food that Yoshino gave him, Zenjo suddenly remembered the words of his predecessor, the "Blue King", who was not Reisi Munakata.

(Because that is the "King of Immutability." The flow of time may be different from ours. Just as insects and people do not live with the same experience, the speed of time that flows differ according to the moment of life. The "Silver King" can spend fifty years thinking that Kagutsu will come to a conclusion in five seconds.)

Will man finally change his way of life? Can they change him? Or has he changed?

He thought about it, but soon his thoughts were cut off. He is not apt to think.

"If that's the case, you may be too busy."

"Usually I am supposed to be very busy with various procedures, but this time I am moving forward with the Captain's power, so the floor clerk's job is not so much now. Maybe it will be difficult after this. I'm sure."

"Is that so."

"That's right."

The black cat that finished eating the food began to wash its face with satisfaction.

"Emergency dispatch, emergency dispatch. Divisions 1-5 will intercept Himmelreich and take into custody the First and 'Silver King', Adolf K, Weissmann."

The broadcast in the room is played from the headquarters loudspeakers.

The black cat howled again.

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The interior of the "Scepter 4" command vehicle was spacious, and simple desks and chairs were set up for meetings to take place. The desk was now surrounded by Munakata and various members of the mission. The command vehicle circulated on the road at night towards the Suzugaya heliport where a large number of helicopters mobilized by the police await.

Awashima was at Munakata's side and gave a report.

"Still no response from the First 'King', the third request for communication was sent at 17:00."

"We have completed the necessary paperwork. Now we are going to take him into custody."

Munakata's statement creates an atmosphere of tension and anxiety among the members.

Awashima was still not convinced of this operation. Although Munakata was fully confident, abnormal situations occur in quick succession. In particular, there was the case of the "Red King", and she felt that Munakata might be impatient.

Awashima turns to Munakata to discuss the members' anxieties.

"But under Agreement 120, we do not have the authority to investigate the Himmelfreich airship, which belongs to the First 'King'. I think we should obtain permission from the Second and 'Golden King' before proceeding."

"For whatever reason, he will not allow me to get near the First 'King'. That is why I will move as much as I can until he stops me."

At Munakata's words, Awashima was a bit embarrassed to be like a child who was afraid of being scolded by her words, and she cleared her throat in a hurry.

"So at least, can you tell us why we're going so far on this?"

Due to her statement, the members' questionable eyes met on Munakata.

"It's fine."

Munakata replied.

"In the first place, this is not a sudden action inspired by Yashiro Isana. It is true that his request has made me decide to act, but I have always been aware of the First 'King's' suspicious behavior."

"Is the suspicious behavior related to the series of incidents?"

Awashima asked. Before Munakata answered, Fushimi, who had been silent until then, made a frustrated voice.

"The "Silver King" is simply floating in the sky in an airship, and the average person thinks he is an urban legend, right? How could it be related to the current case?"

Munakata projected a map of Tokyo in the air for everyone to see.

"Let's explain step by step. For decades, the Himmelreich airship has been navigating various patterns. Except for mistakes in stormy weather, the following 15 patterns."

According to the Munakata operation, 15 types of ordered routes appear on the map projected in the air.

"Originally, it looks like they were flying the optimal route compared to the weather conditions, but now they are."

Fifteen routes on the map disappeared and random lines like children's graffiti appeared on the map.

The members sensed it. There were no rules, and they stared at the random route, which seemed to vary on a whim.

"I became aware of this change only a few days ago. At first, I thought I was doing nothing more than flying along an unusual trajectory. But due to what was happening, I contacted the Air Traffic Control of the Ukita Airport, just in case. As a result, it became clear that the route began to meander as shown in the figure immediately after an incident, the routes that it had maintained for decades had abruptly changed from that point on. What is natural to suspect?"

Having said that, Munakata echoed Fushimi.

"Last night, he also approached the stadium."

Fushimi stopped and made a little surprised face. He clenched his fist in frustration at his carelessness. Awashima opened her mouth.

"No way... that incident..."

Munakata sharpens his gaze. The random route on the map disappears like a rewind and stops at a certain point.

It showed a point in the Shizume construction district. The address and "December 7, 11:45 PM, Totsuka Tatara murder case on the rooftop of the Hirasaka building, Shizume." are displayed next to the one that is lit.

The air in the limbs tightened rapidly.

Munakata stood up and looked at the members with determined eyes.

"From now on, we "Scepter 4" will begin the operation to apprehend Adolf K. Weismann, the First "King" and "Silver King". A person of interest in the Totsuka Tatara assassination case. We will advise you to Himmelreich to land at a designated airport. If he doesn't obey, hurry up and take control of the interior!"

The members stretched their backs and stood up to Munakata's loud voice, which was heard like this only in case of an emergency, and saluted in response with a "Yes!"

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Ignoring the radio of "Scepter 4", which was heard many times, many helicopters flew and began to surround the airship.

He sat on the couch and gazed out the large window at the view.

The Himmelreich airship is sometimes called an empty whale by observing humans on the ground. The surrounding "Scepter 4" helicopters were like a school of small fish swimming around a whale.

But it wasn't bad. It is said that, if there are small scales, it will be a masterpiece.

It got fun and the laughter leaked out naturally.

"Nice... Unexpected visitors must be as lively as this!"

He began to play on the spacious floor.

He took steps while singing a hummed song.

"Come on, more! More! More... I'll sneak away!"

The party had just started.

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"No, I can't be careful if I want to do it.", The boy laughed, and Kuro frowned and said, "You've been sick since I met you." Perhaps Neko misinterpreted it as a compliment, happily raised her hands and said, "Shiro, Kokatsu!"

The boy was in a "Scepter 4" helicopter trying to reach the Himmelreich, where the First "King" is located. Since his determination in the morning, he was able to get to this point in a whole day, so it would be quite a feat.

However, what the boy did was that Kuro called Munakata with the PDA that he had stolen from a member of "Scepter 4." After that, Munakata installed everything, and at night he settled in and put into practice the capture operation of the Himmelreich. The boy and the others just lurked on the helipad and waited. Then when all the members of "Scepter 4" tried to get on the helicopter, they put them to sleep with the illusion of Neko

and Kuro's physique, went into the warehouse and borrowed the helicopter that they were supposed to ride. Currently, they approach the airship among the helicopters flying the members of "Scepter 4".

"By the way, Kuro, why can you control a helicopter?"

"Because I'm Ichigen-sama's disciple. It's natural to be able to do so much."

Kuro was proud. The boy complained like saying "That guy again."

Kuro's maneuver was not dangerous. He followed the instructions on the radio and flew into the formation placed by "Scepter 4".

As the majesty of the Himmelreich, like a whale swimming in the air, approached, the boy's heart began to scream.

Wondering if he was nervous, the boy puts his hand on his chest.

When the helicopters from "Scepter 4" completely surrounded the Himmelreich, the radio instructions came hoarsely.

"Wait just three minutes from the Captain's final recommendation! If the airship does not lower its altitude or does not respond to the light-emitting signal, as soon as you confirm one of them, connect the cable of each machine and hurry!"

At that time, the "Blue King" is about to send the final recommendation to the Himmelreich. The group of helicopters that surround the Himmelreich and stand in an orderly formation in the air is more like soldiers protecting the King of Heaven.

In the hovering helicopter, the boy watched the blimp go by.

"Hey, Kuro."

"What?"

"Can you tell me more about the 'Silver King'?"

"I have not met him in person. I only have fragmentary information that I heard from Ichigen-sama..."

"That's fine. Tell me."

The buzzing in his chest hadn't subsided in a while. Kuro, who is concentrating on maneuvering, replied without looking at the boy.

"Among the seven kings, he is special just like the "Golden King". But the most mysterious thing is his nature. The "Golden King" is called the Second King, just because there is the "Silver King"."

"In other words, is he the First King?"

"He is the first of all kings, and he rules over heaven. The only being who can compete with the 'Golden King' who is the ruler of earth."

When he was seriously listening to Kuro's story, suddenly a limb light shone from the side and he accidentally closed his eyes.

"Hey, who's the one hitting the reflector on the side of him! It stabilizes your flight more!"

He heard a frustrating scream on the radio.

"Sparkly!"

Neko in the back seat, completely tired of the difficult story, leaned between Kuro and the boy's seat with bright eyes and played with the reflector. Believing that the many switches in the cabin were interesting, Neko began to play with the curiosity of an animal cat.

"Do not behave suspiciously! We will be discovered before boarding!"

"Fu..."

Even if she was scolded, Neko just turned around and didn't care.

"Even if we are able to tackle successfully, there is no way we can stop being bothered by these meddlers."

The boy dared to laugh optimistically at Kuro, who was aware of a large number of helicopter units and had a difficult face. Although he has managed to get transportation so far, he is well aware that he is a mouthful and a great plan. But no matter which route he choose, it's still a tightrope walk. He felt that he could do something if he was with Kuro and Neko.

"Okay, then we'll take it and escape again."

"You don't even have to worry about the bespectacled boss! You see, you can't go up first unless you hurry up more!"

Neko was much more optimistic about what the boy said with such joy, and he suddenly jumped on the control board that Kuro was holding. The helicopter rocked enormously and plunged into the belly of the Himmelreich as it moved like a drunk and staggered.

"Ah, idiot!"

"Who's the idiot? The Captain hasn't made any orders yet!"

Kuro changes his complexion and the most frustrating reprimand comes off the radio.

The boy also drew his face and stared at the suddenly approaching blimp; at that moment, he felt like someone was watching him from the airship.

At the same time, he heard a roar. The dark night sky had turned bright red.

An explosion.

In front of them, the Himmelreich suddenly exploded and was surrounded by flames.

"Eh?"

Only a slight sound escaped the boy's throat.

Suddenly on fire, the whale in the sky lost its ability to fly and died, and fell on the helicopter in which the boy and the others were traveling.

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At that moment, Daikaku Kokujoji was alone in front of the Slate.

A huge block of stone called the "Dresden Slate" was under the tempered glass on the floor.

A mysterious relic that was once studied by Kokujoji in a foreign country with friends and dreams, and has now chosen and empowered seven "kings" in Japan.

On the board, Kokujoji was looking at the Himmelreich airship, in which his friend was traveling, engulfed in flames and falling.

"Weismann. You are..."

Behind the window, he looks at the distant sky turning red and mutter under his breath.

CHAPTER 9: PRISON BREAK

"In the following, I would like to report on the contact accident between the Himmelreich airship owned by the wealthy international Adolf K. Weissmann and the helicopter of the Metropolitan Police Department. According to the police announcement immediately after the accident..."

The day before the school festival, Kukuri, who went to school early in the morning, was glancing sideways at the morning news on television in the student council room while she did the paperwork.

"Last night the distant sky glowed, maybe that's why."

When Kukuri said that, Asama opened her eyes.

"Hey, Yukizome senpai, did you see the airship explode?"

"No. It just looked like the western sky was glowing, and I didn't know if it was an explosion."

"But it's a shock. The whale in the sky has fallen."

"Whale in the sky?"

"It's one of the nicknames for that airship. That airship has been flying over Tokyo for a long time... it has been said that it has been flying over Tokyo since the end of the war, so there are various rumors and urban legends. Look."

On the television reported by Asama, there was a comment from the people of the city about the fall of the airship.

"Oh, that airship... wasn't it related to some new religion?" The clerk-like man didn't seem very interested.

"I heard that the man up there was like a living god, Ah, thank you, thank you." Said an old woman with a mysterious atmosphere, praying with her hands and holding some prayer beads.

"Well when he broke his heart, he got fluffy." "Nyahaha, it's impossible! It just crashed!" A flashy duo of high school girls giggled playfully.

Oh, this, Asama looks at the last high school girls in the picture and says.

"The urban legend of asking a blimp for help when it is sad or difficult is quite famous, and surprisingly many people believe it. There is an app for that... huh. I wonder if it was called 'Candle'. It seems to be one app that only lights a red light like a candle on the screen, but for some reason that light seems to be visible even from a very long distance, and targeting the blimp is the SOS signal somehow."

It was an interesting story, but purely questionable, and Kukuri bowed her head.

"What do you do after the blimp picks you up?"

"There are several theories about it. The simplest is that the foreign on board will listen to you."

"Hey, it's a flying counseling room for problems."

"After that, it can give you a mysterious power."

"Oh, the story is about to begin."

"It can take you to another world where everyone can be happy."

"Hm, isn't that scary?"

"It's a bit scary, isn't it? The official name of the airship, Himmelreich, seems to mean heaven."

"I wonder if it's romantic or scary."

After getting excited, Kukuri shook her head, remembering that that was the subject of the accident.

"I wonder if the person who was traveling there died..."

"Oh, by the way, it hasn't been reported for some reason. But this is an accident..."

"You guys..."

She hears a loud voice from the side. Student council president Hyuga Chiho, who was quietly processing the work, stopped and looked at Kukuri and her friends.

"It's nice to talk, but can you take your job seriously? The school festival is tomorrow."

It's scary when a beautiful woman silently gets mad. From the back of her glasses, she kept staring intently, Kukuri shrugged. Asama was holding her request for some reason.

Kukuri changed her mind and went back to paperwork. As Hyuga says, the school festival will finally be tomorrow. They have to prepare everything to finish on time.

Asama, who had returned to work to check the necessary items that day, said, "What?"

"Yukizome senpai, what is going on with the purchase of the missing fireworks?"

"What? What happened...? I'm sure I asked someone to buy them the day before yesterday..."

Surprised that she couldn't remember, Kukuri rolled her eyes in black and white. It was strange. Although she was busy, she Kukuri is not a person with a bad memory, and it is not something to forget who she asked for.

"Um... the day before yesterday someone went to buy them... who... but that person... hasn't come back yet...?"

Hyuga frowned suspiciously as she rolled her eyes.

"Yukizome? What's wrong, are you tired?"

"Well, is that so...?"

When she couldn't understand herself and made a pitying face, Hyuga looked a bit worried and sighed a little.

"Well, I'll fix it here. Originally, it was mainly to replenish the fireworks that were missing due to the statement that young man made to Yukizome. Yukizome, it sure was difficult to stand up to those people."

Kukuri turned red when she was mentioned about the case of Mishina's confession.

However, a few days ago she asked someone to buy the fireworks because she didn't have enough. But he couldn't buy them at the time, or there was something that disappeared because of some trouble along the way. That was the day before yesterday, she should have asked him to buy it again, and also asked for some other necessary items.

Kukuri puts her hand on her head and struggles to remember. However, the contrast between the strangely clear and the important that she couldn't remember was strange and terribly confusing.

"Yukizome? If you're not feeling well, you can rest..."

Hyuga was worried, Kukuri quickly smiled.

"Oh, no! Ok! I'll check the progress."

Kukuri fluttered out of the student council room before it bothered her further.

When she was busy touring the school, she was able to forget the unclear haze.

She asks the people who were practicing the final stage of the work if there were any problems or shortages, she toured the food stores to verify the handling of the ingredients and verified if there were any deficiencies, and if everything was ready for tomorrow. She looked around her to see if there was anything that seemed unlikely, and if there was a danger, she turned around to the staff that was ready and had free time, and confirmed the assembly of the costume parade, which was the event main of the school festival.

"Hello! Is the costume okay?"

When she went to the group that was making costumes in the room, they said, "Kukuri, it's perfect!"

They said they had all the costumes, but the warehouse room was full and they had problems with storage space and left them in the classroom. "I'll be using this classroom tomorrow, so I have to get rid of this. I don't have a place to put them." Kukuri hit her chest, in front of the student who had a worried face.

"Ok, I'll do something about it soon."

Kukuri headed towards the Dorm Manager's room. When she discusses the situation and negotiate if she could use the empty room, she immediately agreed. It would be convenient to put the costumes of the dormitory students there.

However, it seems that the room was empty for a long time, so it might be tiring for her to clean it by herself, so Kukuri headed to the central plaza first.

"Hello everyone, thank you for your hard work! This is the student council. Is there anyone who does not have equipment, needs to turn in a document, or is available to do extra work?"

In the central square, there were Mishina and Inaba who finished making portable shrines. Inaba turned to Kukuri and smiled bitterly.

"Ah, everyone is busy on this street!"

"Are you looking for him again? He must be somewhere around here."

Mishina spoke of "Him" with a friendly feeling.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Kukuri responds with a smile that is a good idea and it solidifies.

"Are you okay?"

Certainly, Kukuri's head must have had the same "someone" that Mishina had in mind. However, that "someone" disappeared from Kukuri's head in an instant. In the student council room, Kukuri had the same feeling of not being able to remember "someone" that he should have gone shopping the day before yesterday.

"Who was he...?"

Mishina opens his mouth with a laugh, wondering how she forgot. Kukuri waited for the name that should come out of Mishina's mouth, but Mishina also turned his head with his mouth open.

"Mishina, we are fine here. You can go with her."

A student who was finishing the portable shrine with Mishina told him that, and Mishina turned his eyes towards Kukuri, who looked a bit confused.

Since the confession case, Mishina and Kukuri have been feeling a bit uneasy. However, even though Kukuri had no romantic feelings, she would like to continue associating with Mishina as her friend. She smiled awkwardly and bowed slightly.

"Ah... well, thank you very much."

"Oh, yeah..."

Inaba laughed a mocking face when they were both embarrassed.

She put an excuse in her heart that it wasn't because she was awkward, but because she needed a little more manpower, and personal recruitment, saying, "Well, a few more people."

In the end, Inaba and another boy went as well, and Kukuri told them that she would like them to help her clean the empty room as she walked to the bedroom.

"Bedroom?"

"If you put the finished costume in its place, they can change clothes directly that day."

Upon Kukuri's explanation, Inaba says, "Oh, I see."

Kukuri was confused with her busy schedule, and the haze had returned. She felt as if she had forgotten something important.

Suddenly, she saw a vending machine. She thought she bought some juice here the other day, so what happened to that juice? She feels like she gave it to someone, but to whom...

"What are you doing?"

When Inaba called her, Kukuri suddenly returned to her.

"Oh, sorry, nothing."

She now she had nothing to do with it.

Kukuri quickly caught up with Inaba and her friends, who had gone a bit ahead, and entered the bedroom.

"So we have to clean the bedroom before we put our things inside. They told me we could throw everything away."

Kukuri laughed and opened the door to the empty room.

The room was filled with strangely unoccupied air. Cleaning is done by a large number of "Tsukumo 99" cleaning robots in the school, so even if it is not dusty, it does not have the taste of "a room that was left unattended until now".

"This feeling of life, I mean..."

Perhaps Inaba thought the same, she looked around the room and turned her head. Mishina thought so too.

"Looks like someone lived here."

"Well, I guess he was taking a nap without permission. See, that guy?"

At Inaba's words, Mishina and his friends laughed at each other. When they talk about "Him", everyone just smiles.

Inaba smiled too and said, "That boy...", and then she probably tried to say the name. Suddenly, she changed her expression.

"Huh, that boy?"

Gently away from Inaba and her friends, who were staring at each other mysteriously, Kukuri quietly walked over to the kitchen and took the rice cooker.

She was frustrating and lonely.

Such feelings arise in Kukuri.

Someone was cooking rice with this rice cooker. A vague but sure impression remains on Kukuri. Shiro, happily helping himself to another rice, and that's it.

Kukuri looked around the room as she held the rice cooker.

She doesn't know why, but the feeling of throwing things from this room into the trash has disappeared from Kukuri.

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As the Himmelreich, which exploded and burned up close, approached, Kuro's swift decision saved the lives of all three.

Facing the flame of the red lotus that stained the night sky, alongside the boy and Neko who had hardened with his eyes wide open, Kuro quickly swooped down from the helicopter to avoid the direct hit of the blast. In a violently shaking helicopter, Kuro held Neko's body with his left arm and said to the boy, "Hold on!" The boy quickly understood and grabbed onto Kuro's neck, and he grabbed onto a distant place with the force of his right hand, distorting the space, and he jumped out of the helicopter that crashed into the blimp like a bullet.

Although they were safe, both the boy and Kuro were exhausted and confused, and after wandering through the night to find a place to rest for the moment, they arrived at a motel at the end of the field.

It is a place where you can calm down without revealing your identity, which is why it is an embarrassing place, which is why Kuro entered with a bitter decision.

The boy, who was more tired, was lying on a heart-shaped double bed and fell asleep. Having been a disaster both mentally and physically, now, he was thinking that he should take a break and recover even a little bit.

And Neko.

"You... you seem fine..."

Neko was fine.

The motel she first walked into seems to be a weird place to Neko, and instead of being unpleasant, she enjoys the interior of the room filled with things like an amusement park and juice in the bubble bath with a strange mechanism. So when she came out of the

bathroom, she sneaked out next to the sleeping boy, with her bath towel and no clothes on, and when Kuro stopped her, she started a fight against Kuro again.

When he was frightened by Neko's naked body, she intentionally showed her nakedness, and when he tried to dress her, she jumped across the room and ran away from him, after working together they were exhausted and sat on the floor.

"Hmm... I'm always fine like this."

"I'm afraid of that inexhaustible physical strength, but please calm down a bit." After a long battle, Neko was half finished, but he managed to put her clothes on. During the process, Kuro sighed for a long time and looked at the boy on the bed, who was still sleeping without any sign of waking up even though he was very noisy.

"If you're depressed you go crazy, well, I don't care if you're okay. However, you should reflect on it properly."

"Reflect? Oh, Kurosuke, Wagahai moved the helicopter, are you still angry?"

"Oh, yeah, think about that too! Thanks to your irrationality, the three of us were almost caught in an explosion and charred!"

With Kuro's scolding face not working, Neko sharpens her mouth. Kuro changed his expression with raised eyebrows, took a small breath and then lowered the tone of his voice.

"But that's not what I'm talking about now. It's Shiro."

"Shiro?"

Kuro lowered his gaze lightly.

It was a short time for Kuro, but he felt comfortable when he was in Gakuenjima and got involved with Kukuri and the others. It was the same for the boy. The boy believed that Gakuenjima was his place, and that Kukuri and the students in Gakuenjima were his friends. Considering how he felt when he found out that he was a ghost, he had an indescribable feeling.

"Hey, Neko."

Kuro turned to Neko. Neko held back for a moment as if the fight had continued, but when she saw that Kuro's eyes were serious, she lowered her hand.

"Shiro won't get mad at you, but your power is terribly powerful. If you feel like him, you can make someone else's life your own."

Neko shook her shoulders at Kuro's words. She seemed like she was afraid to remember something.

"But if you wield that power, you could destroy something important to others. If you force him to do what you want, it is false. The reward will come soon."

"Hey..."

What should he do?

As he said that, Neko turned around and shrugged.

Kuro put his hand on Neko's head.

"Isn't it just a matter of saying you want to stay with Shiro without doing that?"

Neko opened her eyes and looked at Kuro. Her beautiful strange eyes shone with surprising color, as if they had just dropped the scales.

For a brief moment, Neko looked at Kuro with a respected look, but she soon returned to her and turned around.

"Hmm! You're trying to cut Shiro with your power though, Kurosuke!"

It hurts when they hit him there and Kuro got stuck on words.

Kuro has an important mission. If the boy is bad, Kuro must kill the boy for that "reason".

The feeling of not wanting to cut it was already welling up clearly in Kuro. Kuro believes in the current boy. And he hoped the last boy wasn't bad.

"If Shiro isn't evil, I won't cut it. When all this mess was cleared up, I would cook rice again. We would go to Gakuenjima and this time there would be no lies. Shiro will greet Kukuri and the others, they will be friends again and we will eat together."

It is a story when everything is done the way you want. However, he felt that fantasy gave him the power to face the things that he had in front of him.

"Will I have fish?"

"That's right. The fish may be the horse mackerel you liked, and the horse mackerel is delicious this season. The shiny teriyaki and horse mackerel simmered with radish are good too."

When he thought of the food he wanted to prepare for them to eat happily, several things occurred to him. Cooked rice with salmon and mushrooms will surely please them. Pork soup with abundant tuber and juicy fried tofu with fried eggplant. Which is better, omelette rolls or sweetly roasted eggs?

He saw Neko drooling. Kuro secretly loosened his expression.

Looking forward to a delicious meal, they will face off today. It is simple, but he believes that it is something important that forms the basis of human beings.

The uncertain boy who was built on illusion is also a flesh human who eats well, sleeps, laughs and cries.

Kuro closed his eyes.

When the boy wakes up, they will talk about the future. Aiming for the future they want, but fighting without running away, no matter what reality gets in the way.

With her determination on her chest, Neko leaned slightly against his back. Feeling a bit forgiven for the stray cat, Kuro giggled a bit.

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Munakata stood in front of the Mihashira Tower.

The skyscraper tower, which stands out in the seven areas of Kamado where Japan's central institutions are concentrated, is the residence of the "Golden King" Kokujoji Daikaku, and a huge institution that divides the political economy of this country from behind.

Looking up at the majesty of the tower, which added a Japanese design to the modern and functional construction, Munakata silently pulled up his glasses.

Last night, the Himmelreich, surrounded by helicopters from "Scepter 4", suddenly exploded and burned, involving a helicopter and crashing.

"Scepter 4" immediately cooperated with the police and fire department to extinguish the fire at the scene of the accident, evacuate and rescue the general public, they searched for Adolf K. Weismann, the "Silver King", who should have been to aboard, and members of "Scepter 4" who were aboard the seventh helicopter involved.

The helicopter that had crashed into the river was immediately identified, but the interior was unmanned and no bodies or injuries were found. At first, a desperate search was carried out as if they had been dumped, but in the end they were found intact in a completely different location. None of the three crew members of the crashed No. 7 helicopter boarded the helicopter. They were found passed out in the warehouse and had no recollection of what happened just before boarding.

In other words, there were other people in the helicopter who made suspicious movements just before the Himmelreich explosion, and they were probably alive and on the run. Munakata laughed when he heard the report that he was the man he couldn't catch.

On the other hand, Adolf K. Weismann was stepping on the line that suddenly disappeared and was the thickest, but to his surprise, the body was found.

The immortal "King". The First King is said to be immortal, but he easily died that way.

However, Munakata did not see it with his own eyes, because the "Rabbits" had arrived.

The men of the Golden clan "Tokijikuin", and guard of Kokujoji Daikaku. They are a group like a shikigami who hide their faces in the form of a rabbit, wear a kimono as a bandage, erase their individual characteristics and quickly carry out the orders of Kokujoji Daikaku.

Rabbits. Their moving was nothing more than Kokujoji Daikaku's order. The police, who were in charge of the scene, immediately said: "I accepted the offer of the rabbit and handed over the scene.", And the media they were interviewing also said: "The rabbits, we can no longer get new information from here."

"Scepter 4" is also formally like a subordinate organization of that system. At the site's discretion, "the rabbits could not go against their will, and Weismann's body found was recovered by the Rabbits without explanation."

But this time, he couldn't get it out if it was his intention.

Weismann is an important reference in the case, and if the "Golden King" was able to hide it in his own way, it cannot be overlooked, even if it is too big.

That is why Munakata Reisi went to the Mihashira Tower in person.

"Wait here."

He ordered the companions, Kamo and Goto, at the entrance of the tower, and when he removed the saber from his waist and entered the place leaving it to Kamo, the "Rabbit" immediately greeted him and led Munakata.

The room where the Dresden Slate is embedded is the top floor of the tower, which is high enough to pierce the sky. The closer he was to the Slate, the more the power of the "King" in his body felt like a buzz.

"The Fourth King, Reisi Munakata, will initiate the interview."

The "Rabbit's" voice echoed, and the door like a shoji opened automatically.

In the center of the great hall, which had a glass floor, he saw a tall and strong old man over six feet tall.

The Second King, "Golden King" Kokujoji Daikaku. Next to the old man, who was 95 years old but did not show the shadow of decline, was a capsule large enough for a person to lie down. He thought there was something he wanted in front of him, but Munakata walked slowly over the Slate without showing his expression.

As he got one step closer, the pressure released by Kokujoji increased. Even though they were both kings, the aura of Kokujoji, who had been a "King" for almost 70 years, was exceptional. It seemed that the universe revolved around him.

Munakata has met and exchanged words with Kokujoji several times in the past. However, the pressure from Kokujoji that he felt now was stronger than at any other time

in the past. Munakata inwardly understood that this was evidence that Kokujoji was disturbed.

He didn't know if it was out of anger or sadness, but Kokujoji's energy was rippling now. The wave turned into a pressure as if trying to eliminate Munakata from that universe, and attacked Munakata.

However, Munakata was also a "King", even though he was only two years old from Kokujoji's perspective. Munakata also has a Munakata universe, and there is providence.

Munakata walked to the correct position without losing his temper.

"King who has come to the Slate, I ask you, are you here to fight or speak?"

Kokujoji Daikaku said.

"I come without my sword. I am here to speak."

Munakata replied.

The meeting place between the "kings" was a form-oriented way of fighting, confirming that it was a meeting, not a war.

"It's been a long time, Excellency."

"Let's skip the introduction."

It was a terrible reaction, but Munakata kept smiling without caring about it.

"First of all, let me thank you. Thank you for interceding in the recent Royal Blue situation. All information obtained through extralegal measures will be used for the public good."

"I'm telling you to get to the point."

A heavy voice blocked Munakata's mouth. His roughly carved face didn't move, and it was hard to tell from the facial expression what kind of emotions were building up in his chest.

Munakata said clearly, forgiving the intimidating feeling emanating from Kokujoji.

"Bluntly then. I believe that the body obtained by your men from the Himmelreich is of the First King, Adolf K. Weismann."

"That's right."

Munakata stared at the capsule placed next to Kokujoji. Content cannot be viewed from distance and angle from where Munakata is.

"Weismann, the 'Silver King', was the origin. His attributes are immutable, right?"

"What do you mean?"

"The sudden death of the 'Immortal King' that kept his youth and power at its peak for over half a century. There are many mysteries in this situation. Please allow me to inspect the body."

Munakata's words changed Kokujoji's attitude. He placed his palm on the capsule as he looked at Munakata. He could see that his hands were clenched and trembling slightly.

The air moved gently. The pressure emanating from Kokujoji increased dramatically. He became almost a physical force, swelled and spread throughout the Slate.

His skin prickled. The Rabbit, who was standing next to him, backed away as if frightened. Munakata did not step against the pressure and stood up straight. He floated but stood with a smile on his face.

"It's fine."

Suddenly, the pressure of the road disappeared and he broke free.

Kokujoji removes his hand from the capsule and steps back to make way for Munakata.

Munakata bowed slightly to thank him and approached the capsule.

He saw a white man with long silver hair, stretched out through the lid of a transparent capsule. Appearance appears to be twenty years old. He was a beautiful man who seemed to be a gentle person with his eyes closed.

"The capsule that holds it is not a coffin to cry on. How can I open this capsule, which looks like it is meant to preserve the body?"

"If you feel like it, just do it. However, if you are a 'King', you will understand even in this state. This body is not alive."

The power of the "King" could not be felt from Weismann's body. The heart doesn't move either. He wasn't breathing. He can't see dilated pupils, he has all three signs of death.

Munakata looked at Kokujoji's face. After all, emotions cannot be seen. He wondered what it would be like to find an old friend who had fallen silent for the first time in decades.

In the vague imagination, the "Silver King" was more like a monster, and was a person with the same intimidation and dignity as Kokujoji, but the figure lying in this way was only a young man of the same generation as Munakata. Rather, he made him imagine that Kokujoji was once a young man and once aligned himself with this young man as an equal existence.

A man who stopped time almost 70 years ago. A man who could have lived forever is now cold again, stopping in front of him.

(Is the "Silver King" really dead? The "King" with immutable attributes was killed simply by the crash of his airship. Why? What was that explosion in the first place? Situationally, it's hard to imagine anything other than the "Silver King" exploding, but if so, is this suicide?)

The questions were endless, but it was certainly useless to ask the body.

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After cleaning the empty room in the dorm, Kukuri and her friends left the room once to bring their costumes.

In the end, she does not throw or take out the luggage in the room, but simply clean and tidy it up, putting the leftover items back. The rice cooker, bowls, and other dishes in the room also showed signs of being used with care, and she felt that she couldn't bear to dispose of them or pick them up.

"I think I can put my costume on with this."

"Yes. Thanks to everyone's help, we ordered in no time. Thanks!"

As she walked down the hall while laughing with Mishina and the others, a student from the same class came from the front.

"Hello."

"Ah..."

He exchanged a relaxed greeting with Mishina and they crossed paths. Kukuri also raised her hand slightly with a smile.

"Oh, that boy, is he a residency student?"

A few seconds after crossing each other, Mishina suddenly tilted his head. Kukuri also remembers "that?" His shoulders were stiff. The student was standing at the end of the hall, fox-faced. Before Kukuri made a voice, the fox-faced boy opened a room door and entered.

"Eh?"

The fox-faced boy walked into the empty room that Kukuri and her colleagues had just cleaned.

"Kukuri? What's wrong? Let's go early."

Looking back at Kukuri who has stopped, Inaba called out to her.

"No."

She thought it was probably due to her mind. She doesn't think he has anything to do in the empty room, and she was sure that he visited those in the next room. She was shocked for a moment because the fox face was a bit creepy, but now there are many people who are preparing for the school festival and they are dressed strangely. Maybe it's part of the costume parade tomorrow or something.

Kukuri regained her temper and quickly followed the others who were worried.

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How many days have passed since then? He was getting tired of sitting still.

Suoh sat on the bed in the "Scepter 4" underground detention center and closed his eyes.

All he repeated was a bad dream. However, in this place, he was thankful that his conscience wasn't so blamed even if something happened, and he thought that if he came across the glasses guy, he would hit him.

He does not know the outside situation. Munakata did not show his face except when he came to give him unscrupulous advice, and he spent his time eating the prisoner food they gave him and lying down without knowing if the situation had progressed.

Suoh wondered how long he should wait. If things change a lot, Kusanagi will probably try to inform him through Anna's responsiveness. He thinks the news comes first, or the other party comes first, but Suoh is not a suffering person.

As he calmly watched the flames waving and swirling inside his body, he thought about going to find answers with his own feet if he had to wait too long, then he heard something fall with a slight noise.

When he opened his eyes, a red dial-type telephone was lying randomly on the floor of the dimly lit cell. The phone was made of cheap materials and looked like a toy. It was lying on its side, the headset went off and rolled, and the phone line was broken and not connected to anything.

A phone that was not connected to anywhere began to ring.

Suoh looked at the phone, which kept ringing with a toy-like sound, without expression.

Apparently, he was hallucinating from someone's mental interference. To the extent that he received something like this, his spirit seemed to be exhausted.

There was a small click and the handset lifted by itself.

"Hello? Hello? Do you have a minute?"

From the raised handset, he heard a frivolous voice with a sign of insanity.

"Who am I, are you wondering? I am the man you are looking for. If I remember correctly his name was... Totsuka?"

Laughter can be heard from the other side of the receiver. As if the jarring laughter was embodied, something like white smoke came out of the phone.

"I'm the one who murdered him!"

The smoke from the phone formed the face of a creepy fox and presented itself to Suoh.

"No, I'm sorry for him. He probably sits alone in the other world, so I'm going to kill everyone from Kusanagi to Yata as well. Should I? Eh?"

The smoke fox revolves around the Suoh like a play. Suoh silently lowered her eyes as he fought against his voice.

"What's your reaction? Maybe next time, I'll entertain myself with that young woman. You know, the one who is always with you. Anna-chan. I'm sure it will be fun, right? I like young girls."

He opened his eyes downward. The smoke fox was in front of him and cheerfully raised the edge of his mouth.

"Oh, I got you!"

When the fox focused on the smoke body finely and turned into a needle, it jumped into Suoh's eyes. The inside of his head swayed. The fox's laugh echoed through his head and body.

"Hahahahaha! Hahahahaha! You did it! If you come here, this! You'll catch me!"

There was a feeling that Suoh's flames were sucked into something that had entered his body.

Suoh's expression twisted into a smile even though he didn't want to laugh, and the edge of his mouth sharpened. A laugh escaped his mouth.

Suoh thought and said.

"I see. This is how you do it."

The distorted smile recedes and Suoh returns to his original expression. He found out that "that guy" in Suoh was upset. Suoh's heart screamed as "that guy" swayed.

If he wanted so much to eat the flames on Suoh, he felt that he could feed him, but the cause of "that guy's" death was that Suoh's drinking did not diminish.

Suoh closed his eyes again and focused his attention on the flames within him.

The boiling flame was always there. A sea of flames that propels and inflames Suoh.

He has lived holding it and screwing it so it doesn't get rough and overflow Suoh and swallow the things around it.

He temporarily entrusted the image to the sea of flames.

The image that naturally arises is a ferocious beast made of flames. The beast repels the "boy" who has entered Suoh and raises its fangs. He found out that "that guy" was scared and ran away from Suoh.

Still, Suoh didn't let go of the fangs he had put on "that guy". A beast that is a mass of Suoh's power chases "that guy" who was trying to escape.

It was a bit like the feeling he had when he was sensitive to Anna. The contents of him and the others were intertwined. Someone's soul and part of Suoh's power flew in sync. He went through the "Scepter 4" camp, through the city, across the sea, dived on an island in the bay, and headed for a room in a building.

A fox-faced person was seen through the flames in the room. The body covered with a fox face is the host of "that guy".

"There?"

The fire beast barked without hesitation or adaptation. He attacked the fox-faced person and Suoh's power exploded.

Suoh slowly opened his eyes. Suoh's consciousness returned from a short trip to the dark cell of "Scepter 4."

He found it. However, he could not be stopped by a remote flame. Of course, he doesn't think it's that easy to get rid of Suoh.

Seeing where he went, Suoh stood up in a refreshing mood. He plucked the magnificent willow with a chain that was holding his hands. The shackles, which appears to have been an extraordinary suppressor, were shattered.

He released the flames a little from his body. The flames that surged from Suoh's body lightly knocked on the prison door and melted the surroundings with the excess heat. Suoh came out of the hole and started walking.

An alarm sounded and several bulkheads closed one after the other, trying to prevent Suoh from walking, but the flames that erupted without caring about everything pierced it. The bright red molten iron wet his feet like a puddle. Suoh continued as he stepped on it.

Right now, perhaps with the glow of running a part of the flame in search of the "Colorless King", the power increased and he wanted to start running again. Suoh did not suppress him by force, but instead he let the flames he wanted to overflow and proceeded while he burned the area.

He felt pretty good even though he had a rage that overwhelmed him.

Maybe it's because he wasn't against the raging flames and trusted himself.

Maybe it's because he decided to walk the way he wanted without being tied to anything.

Suoh literally walked with the heart of the beast released from prison.

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Fushimi clicked his tongue as if he had finally arrived.

He knew that he would not be quiet in prison forever, but more than that, he frowned at the bad time Munakata was absent.

Fushimi had come out in front of the main building of "Scepter 4" after ordering a nearby member to evacuate. It is the monster's escape progress route.

The moment he felt that the temperature of the atmosphere had risen, the entrance to the main building turned red and exploded. A blast of intense heat puffed. Even Fushimi, who was far away, felt that the aftermath of the heat would likely burn his skin.

The shadow of a man appeared swaying through the dust and heat haze. A bright red flame rose from the man's body. Man himself is an extremely hot source of heat and the residual heat that melts into the air is visualized as a flame. He looked like this.

Suoh Mikoto. With fiery red hair, sharp eyes that press on people with just the eyes, and a boxer body covered in taut muscles in a short-sleeved shirt, standing in a winter look, even repainting the seasons warms the winter air.

"Fushimi-san!"

A member called out to Fushimi with a voice asking for instructions.

"Even if he does something, don't do anything. Those were our orders."

"But...!"

He hears footsteps approaching. When he looks, Awashima was with a special task force behind the front door. Fushimi shrugged. Now that Munakata is absent, Awashima is in charge of this occasion. Her eyes shone with the will not to retreat even in front of the "King".

"Third King, Mikoto Suoh! You are under the control of "Scepter 4". You are not allowed to leave."

Whether or not he listened to Awashima's recommendation, Suoh didn't stop walking, but he didn't move his facial expression and walked towards her with a relaxed step as if he was taking a walk.

Awashima bit her teeth and drew her sword.

"Stop!"

Awashima concentrated the blue power in the hand that held the sword and launched the attack from him. It is Awashima's great ability that specializes in long distances, in which she uses her power to cut from a distance.

The slashes turned into a grid and attacked Suoh from the front. Suoh refused to avoid or receive it. He just kept walking down the path that he decided to go at the same pace. Before touching Suoh's body, the cut of the blue lattice flew as if the glass had been shattered due to the heat.

Awashima took a deep breath and withdrew.

Suoh stopped once with a face that he had just noticed his way was blocked.

Suoh took a breath. Just with that, the flame that enveloped Suoh grew larger, just like a flame that received oxygen and gained momentum.

Suoh exhale. The scorching power is exhaled with the breath, Suoh's feet make an ominous noise and collapse into a crater, and a small tile is rolled up.

Suoh gently spread both arms. A flame was held on his arm. The gesture seemed gentler, but the tornado of fire that appeared on his arm was fierce.

Fushimi clicked his tongue and ran away. Slipping in front of Awashima, who was still standing, he stabbed blue-powered knives into the ground and raised a shield to protect them.

The twister of flame released by Suoh scraped the stone pavement and burned the surroundings to destroy them.

Fushimi's barrier extinguished like a paper shield in the face of Suoh's flames, but it still helped kill the momentum. Fushimi didn't fall down just kneeling, even though he was hit by the flames that broke through the barrier and the heat dampened him. Awashima who was behind was not dead.

Fragile on the ground that had turned into a pile of tiled stones, Fushimi repeated heavy breathing at best. It looked like air.

He heard footsteps in the sound of flames. Mikoto Suoh was coming.

Fushimi touched his sword.

Suoh walked through the flames and dust.

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Kusanagi greeted the boss who came out of "Scepter 4" in a striking way, as if he was erasing what was blocking his way, with a bitter smile.

"Yes, good work."

His friends bow deeply, saying, "Hello!", Like a younger brother welcoming the boss who was released after finishing his duties.

"Mikoto-san..."

Yata was impressed by Suoh's appearance, which he saw for the first time in a few days.

Anna ran to Suoh silently and grabbed his hand. Suoh looked at Anna without saying anything.

It was Anna who felt that Suoh would come out. At the same time that Anna's responsiveness caught Suoh's growing flames, Kusanagi summoned all the members of "Homura". Only the men from the bar rushed here, but soon all the members of "Homura" will join in at the end.

"Boss. Did you finally find his location?"

When Kusanagi said that, Suoh looked at his friends and raised the edge of his mouth a little.

"It's a school island."

An edifying air boiled among the friends. "Kah! Just like I thought!" Yata was excited and clenched his fist.

After all, Anna was right. Kusanagi was also studying the search in Gakuenjima.

Gakuenjima is a very original school that is physically and informationally isolated from the outside world. If they really want to search for it, they either have to put in the time and effort, or they have to go through a lot of hard work.

And now that Suoh has left, the option to dedicate time has already disappeared.

When he looked towards the "Scepter 4" headquarters, Fushimi was behind the destroyed main gate. With a tattered appearance, he was looking at Suoh in a position to stop other members who were about to get up with his hand.

Guilty Fushimi's eyes seemed to be directed at what was ahead of Suoh, not at the destructive action he had just taken.

"Come on."

Suoh said softly and started walking. Yata and other members of "Homura" cheered loudly and followed Suoh.

From his position, Kusanagi could see that Anna was holding Suoh's hand tightly.

CHAPTER 10: THE MAN WITH THE FOX MASK

He doesn't remember the first thing.

However, when he was secretly called by the Slate and became "King", he knew that the color of the "King" he received was "Colorless", and he remembers that he was strangely convinced.

He was a transparent man like water. Not individual and flat. He was a person who had few emotional ups and downs, had no noticeable thoughts, was not attached to people, things, or even himself, and was just there in silence.

Why did such a person become a "King"?

He somehow he was convinced that he knew of his ability as "King".

He was able to insert his soul into someone else's body, read and swallow someone else's memory, abilities, and life and make it his own. In other words, it was just water in a large pot to make soup. That is why he was transparent, tasteless and colorless.

He had no interest or attachment to himself. So he left his body without any regret and walked around the bodies of others.

He doesn't remember it well, but at first he thinks he probably didn't have any particular purpose.

However, since he had become a "creature with such power", he continued to swallow the lives of many human beings with the vague idea that such power should be used.

"I wonder if this power can save people." He entered the body of a nurse and thought so.

"If my mind drifts, I can be a genius, right?" He entered the body of a college student, and that was the end.

"Most of the people in the world are stupid. It should be led by a powerful person." He entered the body of a politician and cross his arms.

"To have power, first of all, violence! Fear has brought people down." He entered the body of a yakuza man and breathe.

"Let's get what we want from one end. I can do that." He entered the body of a rich woman and laughed a lot.

"This is strange. This is wrong." He entered the body of a teacher and held his head.

"It's lonely. I want someone to praise me." He entered the body of a lonely child and cry.

He walks through many human bodies.

Many skills, knowledge, thought, experience and life have become his. He started to get a sharp idea and his emotions got higher and lower. Although his capacity was great, as a result of continuing to take possession of the lives of people with conflicting ideas and sensibilities, his thoughts, desires and actions became inconsistent, and his personality as a human being was disturbed.

One day he was visited by a parrot.

"Putting on a mask is a good idea. You are a person."

Said the parrot.

At that time, he was an old man who owned an antique store.

Interrupted by his personality and spirit, he took an attacking action, knocking the merchandise out of the store to the ground and rampaging, not knowing what he wanted to do.

The air outside was cold in late fall, but the windows were open. A parrot with green feathers was standing on the window railing and speaking in fluent words that could not be considered as a bird.

He should put on a mask.

"Who are you?"

The passion that had made him rampage like crazy until then subsided, and he asked calmly as he watched the strange parrot.

The parrot inclined its head in a strangely human gesture.

"I'm a passing advisor. You seem to be in trouble, so I called you. It's advice."

"What does it mean to put on a mask?"

The parrot makes a rattling noise and spreads its wings. It was very similar to how an exaggerated person extends his hands.

"Now you are unable to unify your will and your actions. This is the price of your great power. As a result of assimilating all human memory, your memory has been altered."

"Other than that, I don't regret anything in my memory."

"Still, it would be a problem if you couldn't define 'who you are'. You're just a bankrupt person. Without you, you have no purpose."

The parrot who spoke softly, did not take his eyes off his emotionless eyes.

"What do you do with a mask?"

"I entrust 'myself' to the mask. That mask will become your faceless face, and it will be a good idea to assemble the ego that is being photographed."

He silently stares at the parrot for a while, and suddenly he looks down at a point in the messy shop.

There was a fox mask that fell on the tea utensils that broke on the floor.

He reached out and lifted the fox mask, staring at the elongated, eerily cut eye hole.

The "King" fox, who is bad for others, is a source of the fox. He felt it was a good match for him.

(This is the face of "myself".)

That perception mysteriously fell on him and became the outline of his shyness.

He raised the fox mask to his face and looked at the parrot.

"I am the Seventh King, the 'Colorless King'."

"Fufu.", Laughed the parrot.

"Nice to meet you, "Colorless King". What is your dream?"

There were various thoughts and voices in him. Soft voices used to be quiet, lost to loud and violent voices and became inaudible. He heard many inner voices and shook the baton like a conductor to combine those voices into a piece of music and put it in his own thoughts.

"I will be the strongest "King"."

After that, the parrot became kind to him.

He gave him various information and advice when he started acting to become the strongest "King".

It was fun talking to the parrot about his ambitions and acting like him.

"The meaning of my birth was probably to unite the world. I am a recipient that accepts the whole world."

"I see. It's an interesting idea."

"The King does not need seven people, and I will swallow all of his power, skill, experience, memory, and thought, and unite him."

"That's your way. I understand."

The parrot disagreed with his words, but showed understanding.

He took the sincerity of this parrot to simply listen and understand that that was his chosen path, rather than a weak empathy.

"There are four "Kings" that we know where they are now. The first king, the "Silver King", who is still flying in the sky in an airship. The second king, the "Golden King", who lives in the huge Mihashira tower. In Shizume, there is the third king, the "Red King", who lives in a bar. And the fourth king, who has a camp in Tsubakimon, the "Blue King".

He licked his tongue, wondering where to start.

"The "Golden King" is still a bit overloaded. It will be difficult if you don't get the power of another "King" before sneaking into the stronger "King". The powers of the "Red King" and "Blue King" are similar, but the red is unbalanced. Between these two people, the red could be broken."

"I agree. We are going to come up with a strategy for that."

"Oh, but before the red, it is better to start with the easy part."

"The easy part?"

"The only king of his kind, the "Silver King". I think he's no longer motivated to play the "King". It's better for him if he gets it right away."

The parrot was a bit quiet.

"But it's also the beginning of the Dresden Slate. Don't let your guard down."

"My power is effective in humans who have a void in their hearts. The "Silver King" has abandoned the responsibility of the "King" and has been fleeing all the time. My heart is empty. For me, he is the easiest person. to catch."

Also, the attributes of "Silver King" are not modified. In other words, basically, he will be the strongest body that will not get hurt or die. He argued that once he had that power, it would be much easier to eat another "King".

"Okay, so it's a good idea to plan in parallel the contact with the 'Silver King' and the trembling of the "Red King".

When the parrot decided to take over from the "Silver King", the parrot seemed eager to cooperate with him, although at first he was a bit reluctant.

By carrying out the plan, the parrot even gave him a nice body as a gift.

A harmless boy with a pretty face and a simple identity.

"As he is an unaffiliated child, you can use it however you want and it will not cause you any inconvenience. I have tampered with the information and erased the public records, so it is unlikely that you will be caught by a public institution."

The boy's body was in good shape. He sang with his body. A song of delight. It was a song of joy.

He was ready. The necessary tools, including firearms and bombs, were collected on the way through the body and stored in various hiding places. The body of the mob was useful for collecting tools, but it was inconvenient for them to live after using them, so, he kill some of them when he leave their bodies. He killed them, but no one needed to cry, since all the memories and experiences of them were stored in him.

The parrot had never denounced or denied his actions. He was just there, taking care of him and giving him advice and information if he asked. For him, the parrot was the only "friend of the outside world."

"Hey, parrot."

The night before the decision, he told the parrot.

"The "King" creates the Clansmans, right?"

"As for the presence or absence of Clansman and the amount, it depends on the "King", but basically it is affirmative."

"Why don't you become my clan member?"

It was a funny word. But it's not that he wasn't serious.

The parrot rolled its eyes and bowed its head.

"I can't do that. Didn't you notice?"

"No. I noticed. Are you also a "King"? "Green King", Nagare Hisui."

There was no reason not to notice. In the first place, it was clear that he was not the only one who felt and he contacted the awakening of the "Colorless King", which not even the Golden clan could capture, and now he had this parrot ready. He was in the body of a young boy. All the memories of the boy were inherited by him. This boy was a user of an SNS called "Jungle" operated by the "Green King", and a game in which he actually completed missions issued from him and received points, a game in which many people are crazy behind the scenes. He knew, of course, that it was one of the more well-known games, and he kidnapped the boy in the first place because he was invited to an unpopular place called a mission.

The boy who possessed this body was a transparent boy who had little connection with people, like air, like water.

He felt that this boy looked a bit like the original me that he had forgotten about.

Just as the boy, who was not interested in interacting with people, was still looking for some connection with the peculiar social network "Jungle", he could have looked for something in the parrot.

"I just said it. I sent three people thinking that it would be fine if there was one person who could see me from the outside."

"Are you dreaming of putting the world in you? Don't get halfway there."

The parrot simply replied, spreading its green wings.

"You and I are walking different paths and dreaming differently. You were very interesting and I helped you because it was perfect for the basis of my dream. It is a unit of interest."

"Oh."

"In order for you to capture all the "Kings" and become the strongest "King", you will eventually have to fight me. So, let's play a good game."

The parrot's eyes were directly directed at him, not reflecting his emotions.

"Then, goodbye."

There was a creak.

The green feathers that flew fluttered in the air to his feet.

"Hey."

He called involuntarily, looking at the parrot, which flew away and got smaller.

The parrot, who appeared when he was about to destroy his ego, put a face on him, listened to his ambitions and gave him an answer, he was terribly gone.

Being left alone, he felt asexually reluctant.

He felt that the lonely child in him was crying "alone".

"Hey."

He calls back to empty space. At that moment,

"What?"

There was a voice to answer.

It was a voice that came out of his mouth, there was no one.

Oh, yeah, it felt like a revelation.

He was not alone. Even if he had only one body, he was filled with the greatest abundance. There was a world in his body. He lifts the world.

He heard the voices of the many personalities within him, but before the voices confused him and broke his ego, he covered his face with the fox mask.

"I am the Seventh King, the "Colorless King". A human being who accepts all "Kings", gains all power, knows everything and becomes the world itself."

It felt clear in his head.

He grabbed the pistol he had prepared and stroked the black barrel with his slender fingers.

"Let's step forward. First of all, as the first stone to destroy the "Red King", let's kill Totsuka Tatara, an executive of the Red clan who is also a plug of the "Red King"."

Then, he will go to see the "Silver King".

Once he has the immutable defense and the flame of destruction, he will no longer be afraid.

Making a smile under the fox mask, he also sang a song of joy.

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"Damn!"

He attacked the "Red King" and, on the contrary, he was bitten and jumped out of the room in anger.

Immediately afterwards, Suoh's flames, which were chasing his power, exploded and the force of the explosion sent him rolling down the hall.

The room he was in until now was blown up, and when it burned, the flames consumed everything. The power was great even though it was an attack from a remote location. He clicked his tongue feeling ridiculed.

He thought the unstable "Red King" was weakening in the "Scepter 4" dungeon, but he still seemed reluctant. Nothing is more dangerous than a beast that has some physical strength left.

His forehead ached a little and he touched with his hand. The fox face he wore was gone. Looks like he was blown away. He appeared to have a small burn on his forehead. It is not something he cares about; it is just a temporary body. There is no problem if it breaks.

"Wow! Hey, are you okay?"

He could hear the footsteps and the voice of the schoolgirl running down the hall. When he raised his face, Kukuri Yukizome, a girl who was a classmate of that body, came running up and looked at his face anxiously.

"Oh, I have burns on my forehead! I'm cold! What happened?"

Kukuri immediately wet her handkerchief with water and put it on his forehead. She made a confused look.

"I don't know... When I passed by, the room suddenly exploded..."

"That room shouldn't have been strange, but... maybe a gas explosion."

He reflected, looking at Kukuri, who was afraid to look inside the charred room, saying that she had to contact the fire department and the police.

Perhaps the red clan will reach Gakuenjima before the fire department and the police. The "Red King" Mikoto Suoh must have identified this place by grabbing his tail, which has interfered with his psyche.

It was easy to leave that body and escape before the "Red King" entered, but it was also an opportunity. This island, which is isolated to some extent from the main world, is a perfect place for battles between kings. He was ready to face it.

When the "Red King" arrives, the "Blue King" will definitely start moving. It's a good idea to push red and blue to physically weaken them before eating.

And the mystery boy, Isana Yashiro. The boy, who was alive even after being thrown from the airship, suddenly began living on this school island with the face of a student. He was in a position to be hunted by both the red and the blue, but he can return if this school island turns into a battlefield.

He will have to meet Isana Yashiro again.

"Hey, Yukizome-san."

He told Kukuri, returning the slimy handkerchief to his forehead.

"Do you know what Isana is doing now?"

"Isana-kun...? Um... who...?"

Kukuri turned her head with a confused face. It seems that Isana's memory is not preserved.

"Oh, Yukizome-san, you don't seem to know Isana. Nothing, don't worry."

"Oh, where are you going? Let's report the explosion together..."

"I'm sorry."

He smiled at Kukuri. Perhaps because he wore a fox face all the time, he smiled like a fox.

"I'm busy with a lot of things to prepare from now on. And since only one room exploded, Yukizome-san, you don't have to worry too much."

It's not as bad as a disguise or two disappearing, because something was about to happen.

When the Himmelmreich crashed, he kidnapped the boy's body and rushed to the crash site. He examined the body of the "Silver King", who had fallen from the airship, but after he left, his body had no pulse and he was not breathing, and he never woke up like Weismann again.

He left Weismann's body unattended, left the scene before the police and "Scepter 4" reunited, and went to a hideout in search of firearms and bombs to retrieve it.

He then kidnapped the driver of a truck carrying goods to Gakuenjima, loaded weapons and bombs, and invaded Gakuenjima. Weapons are important to him who does not have much attack ability currently, and Gakuenjima, who is very isolated as a hiding place, is unexpectedly convenient and above all, Isana, who is the person in question, was on the spot and was likely to return. After hiding the guns in the school, he kidnapped one of the boys and settled in the school.

It was a miscalculation that the "Red King" was stronger than he expected, but he was more or less within his calculations.

They were ready to start the festival.

Sitting in front of the clock tower, he was looking in the direction of Gakuenjima gate.

The sky above the door distorted and a red light exploded.

"He already came."

A huge sword emerged from the tension created in the sky.

The red Sword of Damocles.

The shape of the sword collapsed, cracked here and there, and the debris spilled into small pieces.

Well, he was impressed that he kept that spirit in that state.

"It's an early arrival, "Red King". Well, it's a day early, but it's the start of a fun school festival."

At the same time as his words, the door exploded. The screams of the students echoed.

From the rising smoke, Mikoto Suoh, the "Red King", appeared with a large number of clansmen behind him.

The students were stunned for a moment by the sudden explosion and the invasion of men with terrifying apparitions carrying weapons like metal bats and iron pipes, and then they all escaped at once, starting with someone yelling.

Looking at the fleeing students, Suoh made a troublesome face and developed a flame in his left hand.

He shook his arm with the flame lightly. The flame flew straight towards the clock tower and landed.

"Whoops."

Sitting under the clock tower, he hurriedly jumped out of the place. When he turned around as he evacuated inside where sparks and fine tiles fell from above, he saw the clock tower bend cleanly from the middle, kick up dust, and collapse.

(Just bullying the loud boy, I don't think it's an attack aimed at him, but... he's a strangely level-headed bastard.)

He was alone on the inside, with a cold sweat and a smile on his mouth.

The students, who were in a panic and trying to escape, were left with pale faces, witnessing the extraordinary power and the clock tower that collapsed.

The area had changed from the previous annoyance and was quiet. It is a horror that you can imagine, but when you witness a horror beyond your imagination, people become rigid.

In the frigid air, a man in sunglasses raised a megaphone. Izumo Kusanagi, the executive member of "Homura".

"Hi, keep calm. Didn't you learn anything at school? Don't push, don't run and don't talk during an emergency. It is important to obey those three 'no's. We are not here to cause you trouble. So please remain calm and cooperate. This shouldn't take long."

Kusanagi said with a smoky smile and a soft, reassuring voice, and when he removed the megaphone from his mouth, he exchanged a word or two with Suoh. Suoh seems careless, and now he was walking towards the clock tower that he destroyed.

After looking at his back and taking a breath, Kusanagi turned to the "Homura" people and raised his voice.

"Find the boy who murdered Totsuka, even if you have to destroy this place!"

According to the command, the members of "Homura" screamed. A large group of young men with bad style rioted. He snorted and looked to see if these unmannered thugs could conquer this vast school, but "Homura's" men were unexpectedly well-mannered on a personal level. They began to divide them by hand, and while listening to the students, they began to put them together in one place.

He gently left the place.

When he returned to the school building while he was avoiding the "Homura" boys, the students who still didn't understand the situation were wandering around.

"What's going on...?"

"I just heard an explosion nearby..."

Kukuri, Inaba, Mishina and others huddle together eagerly. He approached them casually.

"Now a lot of people like gangsters have broken through the door and invaded."

In his words, Kukuri and her colleagues expressed fear and suspicion. She maybe she couldn't believe her words because she couldn't feel reality.

However, the school broadcast started to flow at a good time.

"Well, from this moment on, Gakuenjima is under the control of "Homura". I repeat. Gakuenjima is now under the control of "Homura"."

"Lie."

Inaba muttered involuntarily and covered her mouth with both hands. Kukuri supported the one who staggered with a pale face. Mishina turned his face around and looked at the speaker he was broadcasting.

"Students must follow the instructions of our members. As long as you do, you have nothing to fear. We are currently looking for a friend of ours. He looks like the image on the screen. If anyone recognizes him, please report immediately to the closest member of our team."

The hologram monitor in the entrance hall of the important school building, which was sending information about the school festival, was distorted and the video was changed. An image of a boy holding a gun was projected.

"What is this?"

"Oh, this is the guy I saw at the website earlier."

Along with the stunned Kukuri and the others, Mishina screamed. Kukuri looked at Mishina with wide eyes.

"No, it was rumored that it was a video of a murder done as a prank, but I was curious and I kept it. But, it is true that they are looking for him like that. He is a murderer..."

"Why come to our school to find such a person?"

Inaba pursed her lips with a tearful face.

Apparently "Homura" is still looking for "Isana". The body of a child who was his favorite with a cute and harmless face.

That body now walks alone. He still has something to do with "Isana". If "Homura" can find him, it would be better.

Well, that seed is already broken for the "Red King". For Suoh, searching for "Isana" may just be to find a clue.

"Oh, the staff is here! Everyone quietly enter the room!"

Several men from "Homura" ran into the school building and intimidated the students. The schoolgirls scream in fear.

On the other hand, some well-built male students looked at each other and sent signals to each other, and all at once jumped to take control of the "Homura" boys. There were more male students than "Homura", and they probably had confidence in their strength in the martial arts athletic club or something like that. In fact, the boys managed to take the metal bat that they had as a weapon from several of "Homura's" men.

"You are the ones who should be quiet!"

One of the boys barked. However, the "Homura" man laughed. The guys who tried to support themselves turned and kicked with a single kick.

Shouts and echo of marshal. The man from "Homura" did not use flames, but the boys' large bodies flew slightly and fell silent.

"If you follow me, did you say on the air right now that you are not afraid? On the contrary, if you do not obey and make a fuss, I will hit you! Remember that!"

A man from "Homura" said that and took the metal bat that was picked up by a student. When the man shook it slightly, the bat turned red and on fire.

The strange sight increased the voltage of horror from the students. In addition to the fear of simple violence, the fear of the unknown cultivated the students.

"Good.", He giggled inside.

His power pierced people's hearts. He sneaked into the other person through a space in his heart, he shook the other person's heart and opened the door, and made the other person's content yours. Therefore, it is difficult to get into a stable human being.

But now there is no one in this place who has a stable mind. The students were shaking with fear and anxiety, and "Homura" was more excited than usual.

He licked his tongue alone, watching a convenient stage complete.

As the ready meals are lined up, he walks melee.

When the student's body was restricted in his actions and it was inconvenient, he entered "Homura's" body and then entered another student's body and wandered around the school.

Every time he changed bodies, he gained new memories and experiences.

Naturally, he was singing a song of joy again.

The song of delight shone well on the island where elation and crying mingled, and it seemed like an auspicious cry.

He shook his body from side to side, sang a hummed song, and walked down the hall. There was only one voice that followed the melody, but in it many voices overlap and reverberate like a magnificent chorus.

The chorus was the proof that he was not alone, that he was a "King".

(Who will move on? It might be interesting to eat the best ranks of "Homura" here. Oh, but isn't it bad to get close to Anna Kushina? I shouldn't look into that girl's eyes. That girl's sensitive eyes will see through of anyone inside.)

First, he will delve into the mixed environment. The blue will come and start to bite the red, then...

Ping, pong, bread, pong. And a silly sound that was not suitable for this situation echoed, and the transmission flowed again.

"Oh, attention to all the members of our team. The blue dogs will pay us a visit. The groups near the gates, reinforce the guard."

Izumo Kusanagi's voice was heard giving instructions to his friends.

The blue dog is "Scepter 4." It seems that the actors are getting together.

He laughs like a fox. The great delicious song chorus that hasn't stopped yet.

CHAPTER 11: THE NIGHT BEFORE

Awashima bowed deeply into the command car parked in front of the Gakuenjima bridge.

"I'm sorry. Not only did I let the 'Red King' escape, but I also made this happen... it's all my responsibility."

"The expression on your face accepting such humiliation is not all bad."

Before Awashima seriously apologized, Munakata joined his hands and said that with a serious face.

"Captain."

"Feeling responsible for not being able to stop the 'Red King' is a sign of considerable arrogance."

The apology became an advance and she turned her eyes to guilt, but Awashima lowered her eyes again without saying anything to return to the lines of Munakata.

"Yes."

Awashima received it mysteriously, understanding that it was not an unstoppable mistake, but a reckless attempt to stop him.

Munakata stood up silently and left the command vehicle without further pursuit or mention.

"Still, it was troublesome."

Awashima also got out of the command car following Munakata and stayed a bit behind. Munakata looked towards Gakuenjima in cloudy weather. The panic that might have happened there couldn't be seen from here, and the island beyond the connecting bridge was silent in the middle of the sea.

But now that island is in danger of ending even this country.

Munakata opened his mouth with a sharper light in his eyes.

"The 'Red King' Mikoto Suoh occupies the school island. The purpose remains..."

"Capture Totsuka Tatara's killer."

"That's right... But if that person was another "King", it would be really annoying."

"You mean the 'Colorless King'?"

Before Awashima, who said that with a firm expression, Munakata continued speaking.

"Unlike other kings, the Seventh King, the "Colorless King", develops his own unique abilities with each substitution of him. You won't know what he looks like until he appears."

"A trickster who stirs up relations between "kings". He's like a joker in a deck of cards."

"Awashima-kun, I hate the joker. That smells like deception... I feel like he lacks justice. Especially when he's out of my hands."

Awashima was a bit surprised to see that he was blatantly thinking that it would be fair if he had the joker. However, even though she thinks he's pretty badass, she doesn't think he's wrong.

Munakata sighed a bit frustratingly, which was unusual for him.

"Well, it would be much easier if he remained secluded in the mountains like his predecessor Ichigen Miwa."

"An unpredictable "Colorless King" is added to the "Red King", which is equivalent to a bomb on the verge of detonation. I must say that this situation is extremely dangerous."

"Because we have not been able to capture the existence of the "Colorless King", we have no choice but to hold down the "Red King". A full-scale collision with the Red Clan is inevitable."

By confirming the seriousness of the current situation, she was prepared. Awashima turns to Munakata, lines up her legs and stretches her spine.

"All units are ready for battle. You can give the order whenever you want."

Munakata looked back at Awashima after a brief pause.

"Awashima-kun. Can I make a rather selfish request?"

Awashima was surprised by the sound of the word "selfish" that came out of Munakata's mouth. Before Awashima asked the content of the expression "selfishness", it was not an order, instruction or request, a white thing fluttered next to Munakata's face.

Munakata and Awashima looked at the sky together.

From the heavy cloudy sky, the white shards began to flicker like petals.

"Snow."

Munakata muttered like a soliloquy.

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The amount of snow that began to fall at dusk increased and piled up as if to cover the colors of the world.

Suoh was lying on the clock tower that he had knocked down, whether it started to snow or at night.

When he lay on his back on the rocky shore of the clock tower and looked up at the night sky where the snow continued to fall, he felt that the world had become two colors, black and white. The snow that touched his skin quickly melted and disappeared, but the snow that had accumulated on his clothes and hair was thickening on the board.

From the bottom, he heard small footsteps and the sound of chunks of rocky shore falling.

Suoh didn't move and was listening to the approaching noise.

However, he heard the sound of the rocky shore collapsing and reached out. What he grabbed with his left hand was Anna's hood.

"What are you doing?"

Suoh puts Anna's small body, which he clutched like a kitten, next to him and asks.

Anna blinked on the spot and looked at Suoh with a serious face.

"Because the snow piled up on Mikoto."

"What with that?"

"I'm in trouble if I can't see the color red."

Anna complained, looking very serious.

Suoh thought of the world through her eyes, which only reflected red, for a moment, but he couldn't quite imagine it, so he stopped immediately. Instead, he slightly released the power of red and the heat melted and evaporated the snow from his body.

The white snow that covered Suoh disappeared and Anna loosened her eyes a little.

"Mikoto's red is the most beautiful."

Anna said. It was like trying to give something important. Since Anna has few words, she seems like she puts an invisible power in every single word she says.

Anna lay down next to Suoh. When he reached out, she obediently put her small head on Suoh's upper arm.

"It's cold?"

"It's warm next to you. This is the only warm place."

Snuggled into Suoh's chest like a small animal, Anna closed her eyes silently.

Suoh silently looked at Anna, who closed her eyes as if she was at ease.

When he thinks about it, Anna has rarely asked Suoh for anything. The only thing she asked for was (I want Mikoto's red).

Maybe it was just that moment when she wanted to be a member of Suoh's clan.

Suoh finally heard the wish. He shared the flame with Anna and gave her what she called "red" to make her a member of his clan. He knew it was not the same as doing it to street boys in search of power, but he offered his hand on fire as she wanted.

Since then, Anna has been with Suoh. She doesn't say anything, she doesn't ask anything, she just snuggles with Suoh, she stares at Suoh's red and squints in satisfaction. Even now, even though she can see ahead of anyone, she remains silent next to Suoh.

When he was in the "Scepter 4" detention center, he remembered that Fushimi had come to see him only once. He doesn't know if it was a sweetheart-type action that he used to

have in "Homura", or if he just wanted to complain, he came to the front of Suoh's cell, where no one but the members could approach him, and he threw up a few sentences, though he was strangely scared.

(Are you playing the fool?)

Unexpectedly, he thought he was a polite and serious guy.

(I wish I hadn't gathered around you with all your friends.)

He disagreed with anyone because it seemed dishonest to everyone, but he thought it was good to have someone blame him like that.

Furthermore, that revived the words of an irresponsible man who said the exact opposite of Fushimi.

(Your power is not to destroy, but to protect.)

At the very least, he made a dome-shaped shield releasing the red power with a small outlet, feeling like this. The little red shelter was warm and protected Anna from falling snow and chills.

When the falling snow approached the shield, it reflected the light and turned red, and he vaguely thought that he must smoke.

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Yata continued to look around the large school, as he skated on the roofs of the school building.

That criminal boy has yet to be found. Yata was appointed an entire island watchdog due to his mobility and good eyesight, but the job of just looking was frustrating.

Beyond the connecting bridge, "Scepter 4" is waiting. If they attack quickly, they will withdraw it, but they just line up a series of strict armored vehicles and observe this situation, and they do not move easily.

(I wonder if he will always come.)

He thought about it, and it didn't matter! He shook his head immediately.

Fiuuu fiuuu. He heard the sound of a finger whistling from a distance. Seeing that, Yata felt slightly offended. He thought he should use the PDA, and thought about ignoring it for a moment, but in the end he dutifully kicked the concrete on the rooftop and flew between the school buildings with his skateboard.

"What are you doing? I'm not a dog, so I'd like you to stop calling me that."

Upon landing, Yata sighed and looked at Kusanagi. Kusanagi, who was still in the whistling stance, laughed fearlessly.

"You are not a dog, I thought you were a crow with great night vision. What did you observe?"

"There is nothing unusual on the island. There were some idiots trying to escape, but they weren't that damn bastard, so I tied them up and threw them into the school building. Passing the bridge, it seems the Blues have the area completely surrounded."

Kusanagi took out the cigarette and it was probably troublesome to use his lighter, so he moved his finger to make his own flame appear from his fingertips and set it on fire. Yata, who doesn't smoke, secretly thought that the way he used his fingertips like flint was great.

"If we do face it, this time it will be a full-scale war."

"I say let's go get them!"

Yata clenched his fist with all his might at the words Kusanagi spoke as he exhaled smoke.

"I can't wait for it."

Fighting spirit boiled up and the power of red seeped out from the body, enveloping Yata's entire body in a faint red. Kusanagi shrugged and laughed a little.

"Don't get excited. You really do a better job when the blood circulates less through your head."

"It's hard to stay calm at a time like this!"

"Yata-chan, you'd be better off if you weren't such an idiot. But it wouldn't be you, if you weren't an idiot."

When Yata was congested and about to scream, Kusanagi suddenly looked at Yata with a slight smile and seemed to be cheering him on.

"You especially get excited when Fushimi is involved. Well, I can't blame you since they used to be partners."

For a moment, deep in Yata's eyes, he took the hand that held Suoh's flame, accepted Suoh's flame, and the moment he got the mark, the scene flashed.

(Yeah! This is a genuine companion!)

When you pass through the Suoh installation, you will see a tattoo-like "mark" in the shape of a flame somewhere on your body. Yata is proud of it, which is proof of the above.

When Yata graduated from high school, he and Fushimi received the installation from Suoh, and at the same time, they both received a mark under the left clavicle in the same place.

He remembers Kusanagi, who was watching them, saying that it was the first time that someone got the "mark" in the same place where the other's was.

Yata was happy that he seemed to prove that he was a partner of Fushimi.

When the feelings at that moment seemed to revive, Yata bit the surging emotions and said to Kusanagi forcefully.

"No matter how much you say it, it sucks."

Fushimi's finger with flames. A flame that crushed the "mark". A smile that looked at him with contempt.

Yata fought back bitterly, recalling the scenes he wanted to forget in a chain reaction.

"Besides, he was the one who betrayed me first."

Kusanagi glanced at Yata and shrugged a little.

"By the way, since you will be guarding the area for the rest of the night, there is something I would like you to do."

Kusanagi easily changed the story, turned his face to Yata and spoke.

Yata opened his eyes to the content.

"Eh? Why is it like this...!"

"There was a request for a 'personal meeting' in route from the lieutenant over there for me."

"Why don't you get it?"

Kusanagi forgave the yapping Yata with a smile. Kusanagi sometimes showed him a smile that he didn't know what he was thinking.

"The next time we meet face to face, it will be a war without questions. If you want to talk before that, you can't."

"But..."

"It is a violation of the rules to attack the messenger in war... But if other people know about it, I will have the same revulsion as you. Keep this matter here alone."

Kusanagi seemed to accept it and touched Yata's shoulder when he closed his mouth without complaint.

"Trust me, Yatagarasu."

Kusanagi called Yata's nickname and stepped away from the rooftop.

Yata, who was left alone, was silent for a while and then shook his tongue.

(From now on, the "Blue King" will come alone to this island.)

He remembered the words he had heard from Kusanagi and threw them away.

Yata does not like the "Blue King". He just doesn't like him, and he feels like he's going to take important things away from Yata, because he's going to attach a flirtation to Suoh, whom Yata respects more than anyone else.

Yata squeezed his eyes shut.

As he talks to Kusanagi, memories that he did not want to remember came to mind and they did not disappear.

Until a few years ago, Yata and Fushimi were best friends.

They met in middle school and spent their youth together. The two of them were holding something that surrendered to each other, but they could breathe well side by side and they had a great dream if they were together.

Yata still doesn't know where something went wrong.

He was in the back alley in front of the HOMRA bar where he ended up with Fushimi.

"I joined "Scepter 4"." Said Fushimi. For Yata, it was a declaration of war in his ears.

"Bastard, what's wrong with you now?"

After being stunned for a moment, blood suddenly spilled over his head and Yata grabbed Fushimi's chest and squeezed it. Fushimi didn't move and looked at Yata with icy eyes.

"Didn't you hear me? I joined "Scepter 4"."

"What for?! Why did you betray me? Depending on why..."

When he shook him hard, he swayed while Fushimi swayed, and was looking at Yata with rumored eyes seemingly distant from him.

He was shaken by Yata's hand and his neck was exposed, revealing the "mark" of "Homura" under Fushimi's left clavicle. The pride of "Homura", who is in the same place as Yata, and a test of Yata's partner.

When he left, Yata put his fist on Fushimi's "mark" and pushed hard.

"This is a sign, probably our pride! Even though I have this on my chest, why you...?"

"Pride?"

He asked Fushimi's voice, which turned wetter. Somehow, it was a voice that pushed through the emotions that Yata didn't really understand.

The fingertips of Fushimi's right hand harbored flames. Yata was confused when he saw the tips of his five muscular fingers emitting red flames. He had often seen red power in his knives during battle, but this was the first time he had seen Fushimi use this type of flame.

Facing Yata, who forgot his anger for a moment and waited for Fushimi's next behavior, Fushimi put his burning fingers on the "mark" below his collarbone and scratched his hard.

He heard a burning sound on his skin.

The "mark" was on fire. It should be hot. It should hurt. However, Fushimi scratched the "mark" up and down with a distorted smile as he sweated.

He drew a red-black burnt line at the "mark", as if it were a strikethrough.

Yata's entire body was bleeding. His limbs grew cold and didn't move well, and his lips trembled. The scent of Fushimi burning his skin drifted to the tip of his nose and he felt the rocking motion in front of him.

"Ah... the pride you say has collapsed, Misaki?"

Fushimi said. Fushimi's voice was slightly hummed with a smile, probably because he was encouraged to endure the pain.

Yata was beginning to lose track of her feelings, whether it was anger, sadness, or despair.

However, even when Fushimi hurt himself so terribly, he was ignorant of the fact that he was trying to destroy "Homura's" pride and Yata's essence.

Fushimi continued speaking with a distorted smile.

"You ask me why I betrayed you? Because this is stupid. Although we have a special power, everything we do is play punks and gangsters. I really suck in 'Homura'."

Yata's emotions, which had been scattered and disturbed, slowly integrate into one. He was angry. Anger rebuilt Yata, who was about to collapse, and gave him some power in his abandoned childlike mind.

Fushimi desecrated what Suoh gave him, which Yata prized above all else. Fushimi imitated spitting at Suoh, who gave birth to Yata's locked world.

"Saru! Even though you were picked up from the street by Mikoto-san, how dare you be disrespectful to "Homura"?"

In response to Yata's anger, Yata's red power overflowed to the surface of his body and he burned. He dissipates the heat to evaporate the tears that had risen.

He looked into the eyes of the man who once called his partner with the intention of shooting.

Fushimi shook his shoulders and laughed out loud. His eyes glowed with a dark light, but he lifted the edge of his mouth satisfactorily.

"That's right, Misaki. Don't laugh, look at me all the time."

"Damn traitor... I'll kill you...!"

The path between the two was divided.

Unable to understand what Fushimi was thinking, Yata suffered the sensation of ripping out his internal organs over and over again. He wondered why, he went to the place they shared and gritted his teeth.

(But that's okay. If you want me to look angry, I will. If you stand in front of me, I will crush you.)

Shaking off the pain in his chest, Yata took off across the sea.

At the end of the Black Sea, a group of blue lights lit by "Scepter 4's" armored vehicle floated in a row.

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Munakata, who arrived on the island in a small boat at midnight, thanked Kusanagi for welcoming him with a slight bow of his head.

Kusanagi replied with just a small bow and started walking without exchanging words.

Kusanagi took the lead, followed by Munakata. The snow flickered but kept falling.

Instead of going to the school building, he was heading to the shrine at the back of the island in a wooded area so as not to bump into other members.

"Wait here."

In front of the stone steps of the shrine, Kusanagi turned around, letting out only a minimum of words. The fact that he was on the brink of war was taken into account, not himself, but Kusanagi was called from behind when he was about to leave.

"Why?"

Kusanagi stopped and looked back. The orderly "King", dressed in a blue uniform, looked a little different than the usual Kusanagi knew, irreverent man, calm and serene, transcendental. There was even a childish atmosphere that he kept asking why he didn't understand.

"You know what he's waiting for at the end of this rebellion, right?"

When asked directly, Kusanagi did not have an answer. His question was correct, but he thought that Kusanagi would not be convinced when he answered.

"Breathing and living is crazy."

To say that, Munakata had an expression that was the opposite of what he was convinced of, and made an icy voice.

"So you're dying to 'live' as you call it? Involve unrelated students and endanger the lives of hundreds of thousands of countless citizens?"

Kusanagi smiled silently with a slight smile. He wasn't afraid to hear legitimate accusations from him, but he didn't mean to argue, so he chose silence.

Seeing Kusanagi like this, Munakata erased the irritation and discomfort from his facial expression and said in a simple voice.

"If you are so stubborn, why did you accept my offer?"

"Because you came to speak to him as an individual, not as a 'King'. I have neither the right nor the will to reject you, and I prefer that you see him."

Munakata said nothing more. Kusanagi started walking leaving him this time.

Kusanagi broke through the bushes surrounding the shrine and headed toward Gakuenjima's front place, trampling the fine snow. Immediately after entering the gate, where a clock tower was built as a symbol in the square, but it was knocked down by a light blow of fire from Suoh, and now he was lying on his side. The collapse of the clock tower was probably still neglected there.

The menacing threat to destroy the clock tower made the noisy students quieter and easier to handle, but a bit over the top.

(King's flames are too big, right?)

Totsuka said that when he was with him.

Yes, that was the first winter that Suoh became the "Red King", and Totsuka and Kusanagi became members of the clan.

It was a flickering snow night like today, when Suoh mistakenly controlled his power and burned down an entire abandoned building.

After getting rid of the situation, Suoh, Kusanagi, and Totsuka were walking down the snowy night street. Suoh was in a bad mood, but Totsuka said with a smile as usual, "King's flames are too big, right?"

Suoh made a little irony and let out a rarely misunderstood voice: "It was bad." Totsuka laughed in amusement.

"Didn't you say you didn't like it? No one complains that firepower is too strong like the sun."

"I don't want to be like the sun."

"That's right. King is a king, not the sun, so he doesn't just keep burning, but he burns and burns as he wants."

As Suoh thinks. Kusanagi appears to be frowned upon when Suoh, who hides the urge to destroy himself, hides on the back of his chest and behaves the way he really wants.

"I hope you are a little more dexterous. I wonder if the building often burns from the impulse of things."

"King is so clumsy!"

"Hahaha.", Totsuka laughed, and Suoh hit him on the head with a "Shut up."

Then, he practiced using the flames skillfully, and Totsuka turned his palm to the sky. A flame floated on the white palm like a dot and a red pill, which transformed into a butterfly shape and fluttered. The flaming butterflies rising from the palm of his hand flutter in the flickering snow, as if they were actually alive.

"This is an unexpectedly difficult and good practice."

With a red clan flame called the "Flame of Destruction", Totsuka would often do something clean and smooth, like a child enthusiastic about working with clay. They were mostly butterflies, birds and other creatures that flew free, showing off the beauty of the color of the red flames.

Kusanagi and Suoh looked at the red butterflies flying on a winter night with their detoxified eyes. The flaming butterflies that flew while scattering sparks were somewhat blurry and cute.

"But you can do something with a terrifying flame of destruction."

"King's flames aren't all scary. It's warm and clean."

In fact, Totsuka spun a fire butterfly and wagged Kusanagi's nose, claiming it would be hot and clean.

Emerging from the thoughts of the past, Kusanagi exhaled a white breath into the cold air.

It was a snowy day like today, but when he thought that he felt much warmer than today, Kusanagi laughed softly when he found a small dome of warm colors wherever he went.

"Yes, I know. The 'King' sleeps all the time, though his vassals are hanging around."

Kusanagi shouted slightly towards the dome of red light that floated above the clock tower that lay on its side.

The dome of light was formed by Suoh's power. Suoh was lying next to Anna. The inside of the dome was hot due to the power of the red that controls the flames. The broken tiles of the clock tower were decorated white with snow, but there was no snow inside the dome, and Anna, who was lounging outside at midnight in December, did not appear to be cold at all.

"That's what it means to be a "King"."

Kusanagi shrugged while Suoh was lying down.

"No, I think there is a problem with your image of a "King". Well, I'm not saying you have to work with us, but..."

Kusanagi frowned after saying that in a scared voice.

"...You are waiting?"

"Yes."

Do you think it will work?"

"Yes."

Suoh also gave a minimal answer to the questions. Kusanagi sighed with a bitter smile and lowered his eyebrows.

"Well we'll humbly do our best to catch him before then."

When he sat on a cracked tile, he turned his back on Suoh and Anna. Staring up at the night sky where the snow was falling as he felt the signs of him behind, the fluffy heat approached from behind and the fine snow that had accumulated under Kusanagi's feet began to melt. Suoh seems to have expanded the dome a bit.

He was deeply moved by the fact that he sometimes used gentle power, and was reminded of the flaming Totsuka butterflies that he once saw.

As if carried away by him, various memories so far emerged one after another in Kusanagi's head and exploded.

"When I met Totsuka, I wondered if that boy was not enough. I felt it was dangerous for him to get close, but he was happy saying that he would become a servant of the king."

Before Suoh became "King". Although he had a difficult and scary personality, he met Totsuka, a middle school student who called Suoh King and laughed at Suoh, who was just a high school student who did not carry something so troublesome and so big. It seemed like it was a long time ago, and it seems like it was yesterday.

The three of them hung out, hanging out and playing like fools. Eventually, however, Suoh became known as the "King" by people outside of Totsuka, and was chosen by the Slate and became the "Red King".

Kusanagi remembers the first time he saw the sword that appeared above Suoh's head. That day he was cloudy. In the cloudy sky that he hung low, a huge sword appeared while emitting red light. Instinctively it turned out that he ruled Suoh's fate.

Kusanagi thought that the huge red sword, which was shaped like a flame and pointed downward, was beautiful and terrifying.

"Don't put your sword to your head."

Kusanagi giggled and said that. Suoh seemed to be a bit embarrassed or confused, with an indescribable thin smile, causing flames to appear on both hands. He extended his right hand to Kusanagi, who was enveloped in the red flame, and his left hand to Totsuka.

"Would you like to hold my hand?"

The fate of Suoh, who possessed a powerful flame that could burn everything, changed, and the fate of Kusanagi and Totsuka, who held his hand, also changed.

"But you have become a literal "King" to "Homura"."

Those were the days of the angry clan. The number of friends and people who thought that the HOMRA bar was his home had increased. Between them, Totsuka always laughed. He kept trying to make the place where his friends gathered around Suoh a fun place.

"I thought you were a bomb that wanted to explode, not a guy who would protect or rally people, but... I guess Totsuka saw something different in you."

Suddenly, he heard Suoh laugh with only his breath behind him.

"You are more right than Totsuka."

Kusanagi also exhaled and laughed. Kusanagi himself believes so too. However, he believed that Suoh was a "King" even though he was not of that type.

"Even so, since you became "King", you have become a weapon that shoots at enemies to protect what you need to protect, not an explosive bomb. With you and the people around you. At first, I thought that I could have a good time."

It was fun.

Kusanagi obediently thought about it.

"Don't say that, it's irritating."

Suoh said that with a very irritated voice. Kusanagi laughed lightly this time and stood up.

"I'm sorry. When you're older, you start trying to hold on to the past."

He turned around, changed feelings, and called out to the girl next to Suoh.

"Anna, come with me."

Anna got up and looked at Kusanagi with her red eyes. Just by looking at him, Anna attended and took Kusanagi's hand as if she knew everything.

Kusanagi hugged Anna from the top of the clock tower tile, and Suoh turned off the warm red dome and lifted half of his body.

"Someone has come to see you."

He doesn't ask who he was. Suoh had a slightly subtle expression, but he silently jumped off the rocky shore.

When he told the location, Suoh said nothing and walked silently towards that place.

Looking at his back as he walked away, Kusanagi spoke words that he had never said or intended to say.

"Couldn't ask for a better king."

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He hears the sound of stepping on the snow.

Munakata was on his way to the shrine, waiting for the King of Steps. Looking down from the side, he saw a red-haired man walking through a snow-covered torii gate and up a long stone staircase.

The cold snowy night was horribly quiet, and Suoh's silent footsteps seemed to be the only sound in the world.

Even seeing Munakata, Suoh giggled a little and approached slowly without accelerating.

"I thought sharing the same air as me made you want to throw up."

"Sometimes I want to breathe poison."

Munakata laughed wryly and pulled a box of cigarettes from his chest when Suoh stopped in front of him. Facing Suoh's unexpected face, he added one and offered it to Suoh.

Suoh obediently took out the cigarette and put it in his mouth, and before Munakata reached for a lighter, he lit the tip of Munakata's cigarette with his finger. Suoh's flames turned red in front of him for a moment, and when he realized it, Munakata's cigarette was on fire. While Munakata was puzzled, Suoh laughs with an evil child face, slid down the side of him and climbed the stone steps to the top.

With some relief on his shoulders, Munakata inhaled slowly and deeply the cigarette smoke.

It was the taste of the cigarette he smoked for the first time in a long time. When he was an adult for a while, he first bought a box and smoked it to find out how he tasted, but got no more impressions than that.

He understood how to enjoy the taste and aroma, but it was not enough to balance the disadvantages they gave him and others, and he did not get into the habit of smoking.

But now, he was grateful for the cigarettes. He felt it would be a little easier to get away from his being, letting himself be carried away by the bitterness and sweetness that he felt on his tongue and the sensation that his skull was tingling.

He walked to the top of the stone steps and looked at Suoh, who shook the cigarette from him and for a moment purple smoke glowed silently.

"I'm going to get straight to the point."

Munakata said.

"Peacefully leave this school. I can't overlook the way you're involving unrelated high school students. If you do it now, he could handle this before things got out of hand."

"That's a good idea... is that what you hope it says?"

"It's not an idea, it's an ultimatum. You've gone too far, Suoh."

Suoh didn't seem to move the dust or move, and he was smoking slowly.

"That being the case, let me kill the criminal who murdered Totsuka Tatara, who calls himself the "Colorless King"."

This time, Suoh slightly moved his expression. He looked at Munakata with a helpless and surprised face, and then laughed wryly.

"It's an interesting proposal coming from you, but... I refuse."

"I am sure you have seen the terrible form of your Sword of Damocles. The Sword is the symbol of a "King" and manifests its true form depending on its condition. Your sword will soon fall."

"Oh, really?"

"Your deviation from Weismann is already at the limit. If the burden of killing a "King" is applied here, it will definitely reach its limit, and you could cause a repeat of the Kagutsu crater tragedy. You no longer have any right to be "King"."

Munakata looked at Suoh and said that out loud. He told him the same thing as in the dark detention center of "Scepter 4" with the urgency that there was no time left. He even felt like praying.

"It's time for you to resign, "Red King"."

Suoh laughed.

"I never acted like a "King"."

He smoked the cigarette Munakata had given him. Munakata grabbed Suoh's chest and pushed him down hard. Suoh fell backward onto the stone pavement covered in fine snow and relaxed without resistance.

Munakata bit his back teeth angrily, easily knocking him over.

Suoh was the only man who didn't always turn out as expected. Excluding the reason why Munakata preached, he fought the sword of Munakata with a fiery fist, destroying the ideal order of Munakata with chaotic violence.

Even so, Suoh was never afraid of Munakata and stood in front of Munakata. He now he was being ridden without resistance upon being defeated by Munakata. Munakata did not recall anger under justice, even personal hatred, in his attitude as if he was willing to accept anger for the destruction of sin.

The hand that grabbed Suoh's chest was shaking when he flinched because he was too strong.

"There are ordinary unrelated students here. Your men are here too."

He said to Suoh from a close distance.

"Do you understand?"

Suoh, who had been avoiding the chase with a relaxed demeanor until then, did not look away, did not move his eyes, and looked directly into Munakata's eyes closely.

As he looked at Munakata with a slight immobile eye, Suoh slowly tied his words together as if saying something.

"I'll hang my head. You'll do your job. That's it, right?"

At that moment, Munakata's entire body was struck by a feeling of helplessness that he had never felt in his life.

Munakata relaxed and released the hand that was holding Suoh's chest.

He froze and stood, aware of his emotionally heated head.

"You are a savage. You are beyond my understanding."

"Huh. Did you think you could persuade me? That's not your style."

Suoh also stood up saying that.

Not even at the gala could it be like that. He didn't understand Suoh, but he could tell that he understood him at the same time. At least he knew Suoh wouldn't bend his will here.

However, he believes it would be different if it were his own gala to surrender.

Above all, he would feel bad if he had to hit Reisi Munakata's words as an individual before facing him as the "Blue King" who championed a cause.

"Not really... I just came to see my friend."

When he turned around and said that he wasn't even at the gala, Suoh expressed his most amazing emotions. The expression quickly turned into a bitter and embarrassed smile.

Suoh dropped the cigarette he had just grabbed, and stomped on it.

"Come on."

Suoh turned his back on Munakata and said that in a soft voice.

The two of them, looking in different directions, stared at the chunks of snow falling in front of them for a while.

"Suoh, are you sure you don't change your mind?"

"I'm sure."

Munakata lowered his eyes.

The snow was a little bigger than before, and it fell softly to the ground without a sound and piled up.

The passion he simmered in Munakata had cooled, and the coldness of the snowy night had penetrated to the core of his body.

"Idiot."

The words he would normally never use disappeared as if they were absorbed by the snow.

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The exterior of the connecting bridge in Gakuenjima was surrounded by members of "Scepter 4", and the interior of the campus was guarded by members of "Homura".

However, none of them could see the "King", so by making full use of Neko's cognitive manipulation ability, they were able to reach Gakuenjima's bedroom and the place that was the boy's room without being discovered by anyone. To those who passed near the boy, they just looked like a cat, a dog, and a working garden.

"I returned!"

When he opened the door to the room he was used to living in, the words naturally leaked from the boy's mouth. However, he snuck into a scene far from the family room.

"Ah! What happened here? A thief?"

The boy's room was charred black. There was a large hole from the wall to the floor, and the rebar was exposed, and the churning snow was piling up at the edge of the room. The bed the boy was always lying on, the chabudai where he ate delicious rice with Kuro and Neko, and his favorite rice cooker were charred.

"What world would thieves blow up the wall to enter?"

Kuro said with a rough face. Certainly this high temperature burned mark is likely a powerful explosive, or the Red Clan's job to manipulate the flames at will.

When he was looking around the room, he heard Neko yell, "Nyaa!"

"My cup! She was my favorite!"

There was a broken bowl in Neko's hand. This is the bowl that was used when the three of them surrounded the chabudai and ate Kuro's homemade food. The bowl, which had been filled with white rice, was now split in half and stained black with soot. Neko was staring at the bowl in her hand with teary eyes.

The boy also lifted his tattered shirt on the ground and sighed a little.

"I desperately escaped the aircraft crash, but my homesick home ended like this..."

He was exhausted because he escaped from the helicopter involved in the accident through Kuro's ingenuity, he entered the hotel (it was a love hotel because he was not in a position to stay in a normal hotel) to recover his energy and physical strength. The boy's body was also recovering, but when he saw that this place, which was his base, was destroyed, he was disappointed.

Kuro also lowered his eyes with a harsh expression.

"We heard that Gakuenjima was occupied by "Homura" and we hurried back, but I never imagined that the "Red King" would show up."

"And it appears that the Blues have the entire area blocked off. Well, I'll put off looking for my true identity for now."

"This has become serious. At worst, this school could become a battlefield between clans. Perhaps we shouldn't have come here."

Neko, who was trying to hold the broken bowl together, puffed out her cheeks.

"I told you before! This is our house! It's only fair that we go back to our house!"

Looking at Neko who appealed to his claims, the boy was motivated to recover from his feelings of depression. It is not the case when he stumbles in a place like this and cannot escape from here.

The boy stood up with a strong forehead and laughed at them.

"Neko is right. We have to clean our own house. So what should we do now?"

In the middle of the boy's words, Kuro unconsciously touched his chest. The boy knew well what he was keeping there. Kuro's late master, whom he loves from the bottom of his heart. It's a voice recorder that records Ichigen Miwa's haikus.

"Would you like to ask Ichigen-san?"

When he asked him with a smile, Kuro replied, "What?" with a face that he realized what he had achieved for the first time.

"He had the power to look to the future, right? Then he could have given us some advice before our current situation."

When he thought about it, Miwa's words on the tape recorder helped him choose whether or not to kill the boy on the spot and encourage him to search for his true existence.

It was a casual question for the boy, but Kuro looked at the recorder that he took out of his pocket with a serious expression and thought for a moment.

"No, we already know what we have to do."

Kuro returned the recorder to his pocket without listening to it.

He looked directly at the boy and said.

"We have to rescue Kukuri and the others. That's obvious. You don't have to listen to Ichigen-sama's words to know that."

Kuro, who maintained his stance that Miwa Ichigen was everything and should be prioritized above all else, prioritized his own will and decision.

That fact surprised the boy a bit and encouraged him even more.

"Yes, that's right. Let's find out where Kukuri and his friends are. Neko, let's go."

"Huh? But I still haven't done..."

Neko looked down to put a stop to the bowl she was holding, that had the cracks stuck in a dangerous balance.

The boy smiled gently at Neko.

"Okay. We'll be back soon."

"Yes."

Neko still had a sad and lonely face, but she stood up. When she left the room where she lived with the boy, Neko said it was a "house" and looked sad.

"Goodbye."

She said a little goodbye, and Neko closed the bedroom door.

CHAPTER 12: CLASH

A few hours have passed since "Homura" occupied Gakuenjima. Dawn was approaching and the situation was in a state of prominence. They should have confirmed all the human faces in the school, but the criminal boy had yet to be found. Suoh and Anna proved that the criminal was in this school. No one in "Homura" doubted that, but there was an air of impatience that they couldn't grasp the tail at all.

"Scepter 4" spread out of the school island. A collision will occur in the near future. In addition to searching for the criminal, preparations for the battle with "Scepter 4" were underway, and the members of "Homura" were excited by the premonition of the battle.

Eric was patrolling the dimly lit campus before dawn. Eric was a new member of the often met faces at the HOMRA bar, who was picked up by "Homura" about two years ago, but has a stronger attachment to "Homura". He had a poor background and, until he came to "Homura", he lived committing crimes while others used him as they pleased. If he had been like that, he would have died miserably in the near future. "Homura" was Eric's first and most important place of stay.

Someone broke it. Totsuka treated people like Eric kindly, he was an executive member who protected "Homura" from within, and was assassinated, provoking Suoh, Eric's "King". He longed for the death of the criminal.

Eric pulled a hoodie down to the bottom of his blond hair to hide his murderous gaze.

The PDA beeped. It was Fujishima, a member of "Homura".

"Eric, is there something wrong?"

"No, nothing."

"So, can you come to the square in front of the gate? I need a little more people here, Yata-san."

"It's okay."

Communicating in a brief conversation, Eric hung up and handed the PDA back to him. He sensed a crowd signal when he tried to dash across the yard, thinking he could do more work than a fruitless patrol.

There was a boy student. With his back to Eric, something was setting up in the corner of the yard.

Although he was reflexively primed, it was clear from behind him that he was not the criminal boy depicted in the video. Eric stepped up behind the boy.

"Hey."

Students should be under house arrest in various groups. Has he escaped pretending to go to the bathroom?

"Go back to the classroom. If you don't resist, you won't get hurt and you'll be free soon..."

Eric gasped when he got right behind the student.

What was in the hands of the boys was a time bomb that even an amateur could see.

"Oh, what are you doing?!"

Due to his surprise, he heard a screaming voice.

The boy turned around.

The moment his eyes met Eric's eyes, Eric felt like he was falling into a dark hole.

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Suoh leaned against the wall of the student council room, holding a cigarette that was not lit, and watched Kusanagi busy giving instructions to the "Homura" members.

A whitish light shone through the window. The snow outside had stopped, but the whiteness of the snow that accumulated last night reflected the rising sun and shone.

Anna was standing next to him, looking up worried about Suoh.

(Your sword will soon fall.)

Munakata's appearance last night revived in his mind. He came all the way to see Suoh, insisting that it was a private meeting as an individual, and told him that it was a matter of course.

Suoh makes no distinction between his and his as "King" and as an individual. He is only one person, Mikoto Suoh, and the position of "King" is just a crown that is arbitrarily covered from somewhere else.

However, Munakata was different. Munakata himself defined himself as a "King" and always behaved that way. It may have been the first time Munakata was an individual in front of Suoh.

(No, did it happen once?)

He suddenly remembered. After a while of the first meeting, where he really didn't like him and hit him in a conspicuous way, he had a chance to meet him at a bar that he passed by.

When he remembered, a kind of strangeness arose and Suoh exhaled.

At that moment, he felt that he was confessing that he felt that kind of emotion after this.

The tip of the cigarette he was holding bounced slightly.

He sensed something unpleasant somewhere far from here. He kept his back away from the wall. Although it was a slight movement, he noted Suoh's movement sensitively, and "Homura's" eyes in the room met.

Suoh doesn't see anything as clearly as Anna. However, the pain was sharp. He didn't know if it's the power of a "King" or the instinctive sensation he's had from the beginning, but he's sensitive to smell, and now Suoh regretted that smell.

Suoh saw Kusanagi. Kusanagi also left his job as a command tower and was looking at Suoh.

He was frustrated, he was sure his old friend would come over, and put various things on his shoulder in the future.

This might be the last time he gives him a hand. He looked at Kusanagi and thought about saying something, but he felt that whatever he said would be different from what he wanted to convey, so he put his hand on that shoulder without saying anything.

"Mikoto?"

He released his hand, turned and left the room.

He found Anna trying to grab him, but he didn't look back.

Suoh walked alone in the school building early in the morning. He still hadn't caught the signal, but he had a feeling that Suoh was looking for someone nearby.

He proceeded as he wanted. Like a fish that migrates in the sea, like a beast that walks in the desert, letting itself be carried away by his instincts.

Suoh's eardrum caught a small sound with a click.

Then there was a roar.

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In Munakata's life so far, there were two people who made him think "I don't know."

One was himself before becoming "King".

From childhood, Munakata clearly showed what kind of person he was and what he should do. For some reason, he didn't know about himself. The question had its roots in Munakata until the answer was that he was a "King".

The second person was Mikoto Suoh.

He was a man who deviated from the world known to Munakata and could not be measured by the Munakata scale.

(You can only think with your own measuring stick, no matter how fast you turn your head, you are stupid.)

By the way, he told him that when he met him. The others had never called him stupid, so it was a new experience.

The answer to the second question was: "I wonder if this guy is also a "King"."

He still can't understand it. He cannot, but he understands that he is a human being who follows the path of a "King" that he cannot understand.

Sometime after meeting Suoh, who was angrier than Munakata, Suoh came by chance when he was drinking at a bar that he visited on a whim.

He was not the person he would want to drink alcohol with face to face. He expected him to change stores, but Suoh was stubborn, he sat on the only vacant seat next to Munakata without asking permission.

It was an exchange of childish sarcasm that turned out to be side by side, and drinking and exchange words.

But in the end, Suoh said.

(I hate you, but... you are one of the few people who is not afraid of me.)

When he heard that word, Munakata reluctantly felt that an extra power had come from his shoulders.

They had the same power and were on the same horizon.

Despite being on the opposite end of the spectrum, they shared a vision that only kings can see. It was a very strange relationship.

Munakata stood on the mainland side of the connecting bridge and closed his eyes as he was swept away by the cold sea breeze. He remembered that last night.

After all, he did not respond to Munakata's persuasion.

(I'll hang my head. You'll do your job. That's it, right?)

Suoh said so. For the first time, Munakata dismissed his duty as "King".

A roar was heard from a distance.

Munakata opened his eyes. Black smoke could be seen rising from the center of Gakuenjima, beyond the connecting bridge across the sea.

The members behind him murmured. Munakata silently turned around, looked at the members behind him and said.

"All members, prepare to enter."

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A mysterious explosion occurred.

It looked like a corner of the school building that overlooks the courtyard had blown up. The siren of a fire alarm sounded at the school.

Yata did not know who caused the explosion and why. It can be the work of the lurking criminal, or even the flames of Suoh or someone in "Homura". Kusanagi didn't even contact him, perhaps because headquarters couldn't figure it out.

However, Yata's interest in Gakuenjima's front plaza was already far from that. All his nerves focused on what he had in front of him.

He was already ready to face it. Behind Yata, the weaponized "Homura" members gathered and his gaze turned to the door.

Yata gently tossed the skateboard from his hand and stepped onto the deck. Kamamoto, standing next to him, looked at Yata.

"Yata-san."

"I know, here they come!"

A group of people in blue uniforms were stepping on the rocky edge of the gate that Suoh smashed.

The blue-clad men with sabers on their hips formed an orderly formation, in contrast to the messy "Homura."

The woman standing in front of him, Seri Awashima, lieutenant from "Scepter 4," echoed her voice through the speakerphone function of the PDA.

"This is a warning to Suoh Mikoto and his group. Surrender your weapons and surrender immediately. Otherwise..."

"Time to fight!"

Yata raised his voice without waiting until the end for Awashima's words. In response to that, his friends from "Homura" screamed.

When he heard the voice of his companions, he felt the anger and impatience that had swirled in Yata for a long time turned fruitful with a certain form of fighting spirit. The flames on Yata, which Suoh received, rippled across his body before the battle.

Fushimi was also seen among the "Scepter 4" members lined up. Fushimi also looked at Yata with a face that did not hide the lift from him. The line of sight was intertwined and Yata's hands were filled with power.

Awashima exchanged a word or two with Munakata in front of "Homura", which revealed her fighting spirit. For some reason, Munakata barely glanced at the "Homura" members who got in the way, and looked somewhere far away.

(Are you looking for Mikoto-san? Uh, Mikoto-san is not available.)

Yata inwardly dismisses Munakata's attitude, which he doesn't like.

Awashima was in the front, with Munakata, the "King", behind.

"We will advance with our swords in hand! Our cause is pure!"

Awashima raised her voice and a hand towards the members following her.

"Everyone, draw your swords!"

In response to Awashima's order, the members of "Scepter 4" drew their swords one after another. The blade of the saber that was facing the sky gleamed in the morning sun pouring through the gaps in the cloudy sky.

Yata also raises a fierce voice to counter.

"Defeat them! Let's fight!"

In response to Yata's fist, the members of "Homura" pushed up the weapons, such as iron pipes and other weapons that they had in their hands, one after another, and repeated: "No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!" They screamed and took a step.

The thick voices of the men and the sound of footsteps on the ground rang out as loud as the sound of the ground.

"Homura" jumped for a moment.

The bloody "Homura" kicked the ground like a beast, and "Scepter 4" also held their sabers and advanced to attack them.

The sounds of metal colliding with each other and piercing the ears sounded here and there.

A saber with a blue light and an iron pipe or a metal bat with a red flame meet and collide with each other. Red and blue lights flickered violently here and there, splitting.

Yata also rode his skateboard and jumped on the members of "Scepter 4". Flames roared violently as the skateboard wheel spun, and Yata took down multiple members of "Scepter 4" at once with a skateboard jump attack that spewed fire.

Fushimi and his eyes met, crushing the enemy in front of him from one end and taking down the members of "Homura" in the same way from a distance. This is a fierce battle. Although it was annoying dealing with the enemies facing each other, they were well aware of each other's existence, hoping to collide with each other immediately if possible.

At that moment, an explosive sound that shook the ground echoed in rapid succession.

Both "Homura" and "Scepter 4" suddenly stopped fighting for a moment and looked in the direction of the explosion.

One, two, three, the black smoke from the explosion rose from three places.

Yata's intuition said it was not Suoh. If it was an explosion caused by Suoh's flame, they should see a lighter red flame. That innocent black smoke was probably just an explosive.

If so, did the criminal move?

It made him uncomfortable to think that the criminal who killed Totsuka was right there. However, they could not leave the battlefield in front of them.

When Yata encountered a momentary conflict, Munakata moved, who had only waited behind his group until then.

Munakata suddenly jumped high, emitting a blue light all over his body. He then he landed in midair.

A scaffold floating in the air appeared at the foot of Munakata. The scaffolding made of blue light was probably an application of the shield often used by the guys from "Scepter 4". Munakata created scaffolding one after another in the air like a springboard and ran through the sky.

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Again there was an explosion in front of Munakata, who entrusted the command to Awashima and looked for signs of the enemy. This time, the sound of the explosion echoed in a chain reaction, and the explosion and smoke spread throughout the school building.

Not only the members of "Scepter 4" but also the members of "Homura" were upset. Something was happening that "Homura" didn't even know, who was occupying this island.

Munakata looked behind Gakuenjima.

The enemy was moving. Maybe Suoh was heading there too.

There was no time to lose.

Munakata kicked the ground and jumped. He creates scaffolding one after another that hardened his own power in midair and tore through him.

"Captain?!"

He heard Awashima's surprised voice, but even that was behind him and running through the sky.

When "Scepter 4" and "Homura" passed through the battlefield where they collided and the explosion happened again, it was just around the corner. The top of the nearby building collapsed and exploded, and the heat-trapping blast struck Munakata's skin. A rocky shore of tiles flew in front of him.

"Someone please help me!"

He hears a scream. There was a man who sank under the dizzying rocky shore and screamed for help. He was not a student. He could see blonde hair under the hoodie he was wearing in the sun. The white skin did not seem to belong to a Japanese.

Certainly, there is a white youth as an important member of "Homura". The name is Eric Surt. He wondered if he was asking the enemy for help in the crisis of his life after doing such a thing, but the option to overlook the crushing and killing of human beings in front of him was not on Munakata. After involuntarily clicking his tongue at him, he landed next to "Homura's" young man.

He held his left arm over his head where he rained on a huge rocky shore. From the palm of Munakata towards the heavens, the area controlled by Munakata's will expanded, and the blue light-wrapped tiles stopped falling.

"It's smart, but this is still..."

When he looked up at the sky and felt lonely, a strong impact ran into Munakata's side.

Suffocated, Munakata slowly lowered his gaze.

A young man from "Homura", who had been sunk to the ground a while ago, sneaks into Munakata's chest and sticks a knife in his side.

The young man raised his face hesitantly. The edge of his lips rose into a terrifying smile.

He was wrong.

Munakata understood the situation and bit inside his teeth at his slowness.

"You are..."

"Captain!" I hear Awashima's voice yelling and calling out to him from a distance

"The boy from "Homura" is with the Captain!" And the voice of another indignant member.

Damage taken to the flank fluctuated, and the blue control light emitted from Munakata's hand disappeared.

The group of tiles that had stopped in midair was again overpowered by gravity and began to fall, swallowing Munakata.

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The loud explosion sounded repeatedly, and the building where Anna and the others were also received earthquake-like vibrations many times.

"Damn, what's going on? The Blues bring cannons with them?!"

Kusanagi looked out the window and was surprised. The members who remained in the student council room were also upset without knowing the situation.

There, Anna made herself small in a chair and shook her body. It was not the explosion itself that scared her.

Anna's overly sensitive antenna trembles as she perceives the signs of malice swirling around the island with a force approaching physical violence. She felt that someone was trying to disturb their hearts. At the mercy of many human emotional ripples, Anna focused her mind on the sensation of her in search of his malicious intent.

"Kusanagi-san! What is King doing?"

"He can handle it! Right now, I need you to tell Yata to focus on what's in front of him..."

Amid Kusanagi's words, the explosion sounded again and the building shook. Anna squeezed her eyes shut.

Anna's responsiveness detects several things in an instant.

A detonation that burns the sky.

A member of "Scepter 4" raising an angry voice.

Everyone in "Homura" who is angry in response to the anger directed by "Scepter 4".

Gakuenjima students falling into depression.

Someone who looks at everyone's appearance and screams.

Anna opened her eyes.

Now Anna's power has captured him.

Is near.

Anna stood up and left the student council room. She grabbed the hall window and looked around her.

Overlooking the courtyard turned into a battlefield, she noticed the rooftop of the building facing the explosion, raising black smoke.

"I found you."

The parting lit up red, and she certainly did see "it."

He was dressed in a blue uniform, but he was not a member of "Scepter 4". Anna looked at what was behind the body of a member of "Scepter 4".

"It" also noticed reflected in Anna's eyes. The malicious intent of "it" increased, and the glass in front of Anna shattered for a moment.

He is a sniper.

Anna withdrew and fell into the hallway with strewn glass. Several red marbles spilled from her hands and rolled down the hallway as blood splattered.

"Anna!"

Kusanagi, who jumped up, yelled and hugged Anna. The bullet did not hit. However, the sensitive ability is exhibited.

Anna was struck by a powerful mass of malice that had struck the sense organs that had been opened to search. She shook her head.

He could hear the sound of the sniper again. Kusanagi leaned against the wall as he held Anna up. Dewa and other members of "Homura" who were in the student council room also jumped up in a hurry and saw the sniper.

"There's a Blue on the rooftop! He's got a rifle!"

"Damn it, Anna...!"

The angry voices of her friends get confused. Kusanagi's annoying voice can be heard in her ear, "What...?"

Anna still couldn't open her eyes. However, it can be seen that "it" who shot Anna is laughing out loud as she wore a blue uniform.

Dewa was furious and ran. He wanted to stop him, but he couldn't move, and Kusanagi hugged Anna in a relaxed way.

"No... if this continues..."

Anna murmured in a wise voice, like a sigh.

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"Anna got shot! He's a fucking blue bastard!"

"Ah! I'm going to crush them all!"

"Isn't it possible to confirm yet if the Captain is safe?"

"Damn reds, the Captain helped one of them, is this the way to show gratitude from him?"

Several angry voices rose from both "Homura" and "Scepter 4", and they were confused.

"Scepter 4" who came to suppress and "Homura" who tried to fight back. It should have been a very simple battle, but before they knew it, it turned into a battle muddled with mutual hatred.

Fushimi felt uncomfortable with this situation.

(How could a "Homura" minnow stab the Captain in the first place?)

(I don't think Anna was given such an order, and I really don't remember the kind of idiot who shoots snipers at a non-combatant girl without permission.)

(Is the wrong information flowing? Or is something being manipulated?)

Awashima's determined voice echoed in Fushimi's brooding ears.

"Keep calm and stay in control! No one can defeat "Scepter 4" in group battles!"

The emotional turmoil of the members was directly related to the turmoil of the battle. Awashima was desperately trying to recover, but she couldn't hide the confusion from him. At the moment, she looked in the direction of the collapsed school building where Munakata disappeared with an uncomfortable expression.

Some people did not overlook the gap shown by the lieutenant from "Scepter 4".

A light and fierce monkey-like thing attacked from the top of Awashima. Awashima suddenly came to himself, received what jumped from above with her saber and blocked him.

"Yatagarasu."

"Oh, let's fix this!"

Yata, riding his skateboard, landed on the wall and laughed with a warrior look. He jumped high again and ran towards Awashima.

Awashima responded with a sword attack at the skateboard that used red flames as an impulse. Awashima has the best sword skill in "Scepter 4" except for Munakata. But now her consciousness was half directed towards Munakata's whereabouts.

On the other hand, Yata is stupid. The fool has the strength of the fool. Yata doesn't think of anything extra in important situations. On the battlefield, he concentrates on the battle in front of him and devotes all of his energy.

"Don't look over it!"

Increase the momentum of the skateboard flame. Yata approached Awashima with a fierce impulse.

Yata's devilish eyes were now reaching Awashima. Fushimi was so frustrated that his back made noise.

"I have you!"

Just before Yata's skateboard tried to topple Awashima, Fushimi broke into his thoughts.

Fushimi stepped in front of Awashima and caught the bottom of Yata's skateboard with his sword. Sparks exploded.

Fushimi's emotions, which normally don't move, shook again, and Fushimi looked at Yata with wide open pupils.

"Guess again, Misaki! You and I have unfinished business, remember?!"

"Saru... Let's do it!"

Yata's passionate eyes pierced Fushimi.

The edge of Fushimi's mouth lifted.

He now he thought that he would be the same idiot as always. It doesn't matter if the situation is unnatural or if someone thinks. Fight the boy in front of him. Becoming that creature.

Fushimi rose and swung the sword with all of his might.

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A series of explosions destroy Gakuenjima, the place the boy returned to.

Terrified students screamed and ran out of the school building. Until now, they had been captured by the people of "Homura", but they became unruly due to the start of the battle with "Scepter 4", or it became dangerous to protect the safety of the students.

But, in any case, it was difficult for the panicked students to evade this mysterious explosion and exit the clan battlefield to safety.

When the boy bit his teeth, there was another explosion in the vicinity.

"Nyaaa! What's going on?!"

Neko shrugged and screamed, holding her head with both hands. Kuro throws the flying debris into an unoccupied place with his special talented hand.

"This is not due to the power of the red clan's flames. It was an explosive setup... who the heck..."

"The battle between red and blue is getting fiercer, even though there is another enemy that is exploding... It's strange, this..."

From the boy's point of view, both the red and blue clan seem to be angrier, and hated each other and involved in emotional battles. He felt unpleasant, as if he was dancing at the speculation of a true enemy.

Looking at the boy who was thoughtful, Kuro looked at the students running scattered.

"Anyway, the students will be involved in this situation. I want to evacuate somehow..."

"Ah, Kukuri!"

Neko screamed. Looking in the direction Neko was pointing, he saw Kukuri standing lost as she watched the students flee.

"Kukuri!"

The voice of the boy who called her was drowned out by the sound of the explosion that occurred at the same time, and did not reach the boy's own ears.

The rooftop of the school building was blown up by an explosion, and a man in the uniform of "Scepter 4" who appeared to be on the rooftop with the tiles fell towards Kukuri.

Whether she couldn't move in wonder or terrified, Kukuri opened her eyes and looked at the man who was about to fall on her and froze.

The moment her spine froze, Kuro jumped sideways and abducted Kukuri's body.

Kuro, holding Kukuri with his left arm, picked up the "Scepter 4" member who was about to hit the ground with an invisible hand that extended from his right hand, and released him appropriately.

"Kukuri..."

The boy ran towards Kukuri right at Neko. Kukuri, who was being held by Kuro, had a stunned face that seemed unaware that she was in danger. Mysteriously, she looked up at the boy who appeared while calling her name.

Whenever she saw the boy, Kukuri smiled intimately, but when she seemed to see a stranger, the boy smiled with slight pain.

"Oh, that's right. You don't remember me, right?"

The boy crouched down on his knees to align his eyes with her and approached Kukuri.

"Don't worry. We're here to help. Can you get up?"

Kukuri took the boy's hand. The boy grabbed Kukuri's hand and helped her to her feet.

"Anyway, Kuku... Yukizome-san. It's dangerous here. Evacuate immediately..."

"I found you."

The voice of a man crawling on the ground rang out.

The back of the boy shuddered.

It was a voice that echoed deep in his stomach. It wasn't a strong voice, it was a calm tone, but it felt like boiling magma lurked at the bottom of the voice.

The boy looked back in a cold sweat.

There was a red-haired man.

In a leather jacket and jeans, he looked like a young man who would normally walk through town dressed like this.

But the boy knew at a glance that this man was the "Red King". He felt like a great beast was taking him away. If he moved, even though he was a little sick, he could easily imagine that his throat would be eaten in the next moment. He instinctively felt that a ridiculously high amount of heat was hiding under his taut body.

He made a smile as he looked at the boy with his glowing eyes. It was a fierce smile.

Even being a "King", he is completely different from Munakata who moves by reason. He was afraid to appeal directly to the instincts of living beings.

The Third King, Mikoto Suoh.

"Stay behind."

Kuro stepped forward and left the boy behind.

Suoh approached with an agile and evasive step, reminiscent of a carnivorous beast that little by little closes the distance to its prey, with a smile on his face.

"Hey. I came here because you called me. So stop playing dumb, okay?"

It was unpleasant. He had no excuse for him now. Suoh had a smile on his face, but the boy also knew that anger and killing intent swirled inside of him.

As if the passion hidden inside had melted, he saw that a red light with heat had sprouted from Suoh's body, burst into flames and exploded.

Trapped by the heat generated by the high-temperature flame, the boy and the others irresistibly cover their faces with their arms.

Suoh, who emits flames, was no longer laughing. Looking at the boy with a good eye, getting closer.

"You are on my way."

Suoh put his hand on Kuro's shoulder who was standing. Kuro immediately dispelled his hand and pushed Suoh away and his arms crossed.

Not that he wasn't afraid. Still, Kuro turned his straight and discreet eyes towards Suoh.

Suoh giggled a little, removed Kuro's block in an instant and threw it away with the lightness of a doll. Kuro's body flew lightly a dozen meters away, hit the ground and rolled further.

"Kuro!"

"Nyaaa!"

Neko with her hair up, like an animal cat, activated his power. The Gakuenjima scene changed to the scene of a strange forest. Behind the scenes, the boy rushed towards the fallen Kuro.

"Why did you do that?"

Suoh muttered under his breath and turned around. Suoh's eyes were looking directly at Neko.

If Neko's power was really working, Suoh's eyes should see as if he had been suddenly thrown into the forest. However, Suoh's eyes captured the royal appearance.

"Woman... stay out of this!"

Suoh screamed. Neko's ability disappeared in an instant as if it had been blown up.

Neko tightly grabbed the boy's arm with a scared face.

"Go."

Kuro stumbled and stood up, saying that.

Once again, the boy bit his teeth. Furthermore, he made Kuro fight unreasonably alone.

However, it was true to say that they only depended on Kuro, as Neko's ability had no effect, and the boy was helpless. He couldn't allow Kukuri, who wasn't related, to stay in such a place.

"Hurry!"

Kuro yelled to scold the boy who showed hesitation.

The boy frowned hard and started running with Neko and Kukuri.

To ensure the retreat of the others, Kuro attacked Suoh from the front. With his right hand forward, he developed the unique ability to manipulate space with the exit wide open. He looked like he was trying to squeeze Suoh with his huge space distorting hand.

Suoh didn't make a slight move. With a lazy stance with both hands tucked into his jacket pocket without taking a step, the power of red unfolded slightly to disperse Kuro's power.

"I see. No wonder Yata had it hard against you."

Suoh said that with a smile.

He takes a deep breath. At the same time as he exhaled his inhaled breath in one go, a huge tornado of flames broke free from Suoh's body. The swirling flames destroyed the area like a mad monster and attacked Kuro as they swelled across the ground.

Kuro took a great leap and escaped into the sky. He leapt over the fiery tornado and attacked Suoh from above with that momentum. Kuro's kick, which had falling speed to the side of him, was also received by Suoh with one arm. Without pursuing deeply, Kuro immediately jumped up and took a distance.

"Not bad. I'd like to keep playing with you, but unfortunately, my thirst for blood is insatiable. Like I said before, you're on my way!"

Suoh's entire body turned red at the same time as he barked in a shaky voice.

The seething red that engulfed Suoh swelled into a spherical shape, obscuring his appearance. It seemed as if he had become a pure mass of heat, not a human being.

The mass of heat with Suoh as its core was like the sun. As the flare surfaced, a flame with a red-black mass flowed out the back. The mass of heat swelled and emitted a strong heat wave. Although he hadn't touched it directly, it looked like it would burn just from being exposed to heat.

The fleeing boy stopped. It became terrifying for Kuro to defy the rising sun, he didn't throw it, but his hair fluttered in the heat waves.

Kuro launched an attack with his strange hand, but it was repelled by a thick layer of flame and did not turn into scorched stone or water.

The lump of heat swelled even more and swallowed Kuro.

"Kuro!"

The boy screamed with the sense of running away. However, Kuro didn't look back and was trying to suppress the ever-expanding sun with his extraordinary hand.

The heat was rising. The December air, which should be cold, turned into intense heat. The surrounding area was dyed red.

A cold blue light flashed as everything was about to be swallowed up by the boiling heat.

The cold blue light collided with the red mass of heat, and they both disappeared instantly.

The boy lost his sense of reality for a moment when the hellish scene disappeared.

Suoh slowly turned around and turned to the criminal who doused his flames.

Reisi Munakata, the "Blue King", was standing with his right arm in front of Suoh. For some reason, a young man from "Homura" was carried on Munakata's shoulder.

Munakata slowly surveyed the area. He looked at Suoh, looked at Kuro, looked at the boy, Neko and Kukuri.

"I have discovered everything."

"Then we can get down to business. Shut up and watch."

Munakata did not respond and abandoned the young man on his shoulder. A hooded blond youth was thrown to the ground with a small groan.

"Kuro!"

The boy called out to Kuro with a pleading feeling. This time, Kuro immediately understood the boy's intention and landed close to him with a great leap. As he was, four people were running at full speed.

Suoh clicked her tongue and regained the power of red in his hand. Kukuri and Neko ran first, and the boy ran while he looked at Suoh from the side. The moment Suoh's reddened hand was about to address them, Munakata's aura swelled.

Munakata kicked the ground with the force of a shot, forming a line of blue light and heading straight for Suoh.

Suoh immediately repositions his arm, which was trying to point at the boy, to catch Munakata. The blue and red lights collided and exploded blindingly.

"Munakata!"

The boy ran with all his might, hearing Suoh's frustrated voice behind his back.

He simply moved his legs, feeling the sound of powers colliding and sparking, the sound of destruction, the sound of explosions, the sound of tiles breaking, and several more noises behind him.

"Here we will be safe for now!"

They reached the familiar dormitory building and went inside.

There was no one at the entrance to the bedroom, the hustle and bustle of the battle was far away and it was quiet. However, maybe there was an explosion or a battle around here, the glass was broken and scattered on the ground.

Finally, they stopped in the middle of the entrance hall and managed to calm their lively breathing. Kukuri seemed to be the most agitated, crouched on the ground and breathing on her shoulders.

Kuro looked in the direction he was coming from with a stern look.

"The two of you are finally fighting...?"

"My best moves had no effect on any of them! I can't take it anymore!"

Neko screamed as if to vent. Those guys are fighting each other, so now is our chance. Let's get away while we can!"

Neko tugged on his arm and the boy lowered his eyebrows.

"Neko..."

"Come on! Kukuri has been saved, so let's go quickly!"

"This..."

Kukuri was reluctant to speak.

The boy smiled at Kukuri, noticing that she had been brought out of her shock and apologizing for putting her through a terrifying situation without knowing why.

"I'm sorry, we can't explain all the details to you. But we're going to get you to a safe place."

"Wait, you're hurt!"

Kukuri looked to the boy's side and made a hoarse voice.

"Hey?" When he followed Kukuri's line of sight and looked at his body, the shirt around his flank was certainly torn. He looks like he cut on something, but he didn't feel like it was hurt.

"Oh, I'm fine. It's nothing."

"Let me see it."

Kukuri said that forcefully. Even if she didn't remember the boy, he was a bit happy despite this situation, saying that her nature of caring for people is still the same, and Kukuri approached the boy and Neko.

Kukuri looked at the boy and laughed hideously.

Her face was distorted asymmetrically and it was a strange smile.

The boy opened his eyes.

It wasn't Kukuri.

When he thought that, she stabbed him in the stomach.

Before he knew it, Kukuri's hand was holding a sharpened piece of glass that had fallen to the ground. It is deeply ingrained in the boy's belly.

Kuro held her down and Kukuri laughed.

Kuro impressively pulled Kukuri's body away from the boy, and pressed him to the ground. The piece of glass he was stabbed with shook his belly and slid on the floor.

The boy held the stabbed area and flapped his lips.

He really didn't feel pain. He just couldn't move from the impact and trembled.

"Kukuri! You..."

Kukuri kept a distorted smile even when Kuro suppressed her. She rested her cheeks on the ground and looked at the boy with wide eyes.

"I have to admit; I didn't think you would survive!"

Kukuri's eyes gleamed.

"But this time..."

A clear light spread around Kukuri. The color disappears from the place covered by the light.

In a colorless world, the boy saw something emerge from the center of Kukuri's eyes. He made the face of a fox, smoky. The fox-shaped smoke flowed into the boy's eyes with a laugh.

It was completely dark in front of him, and the boy lost sight of where he was. He couldn't make out top or bottom, right or left. He lost the physical sensation of him and it was unclear if he was still standing or collapsed.

In total darkness, he felt as if he and someone were merging.

The path someone had followed ran through the boy like a magic lantern. Kukuri stabbed the boy with a piece of glass. A member of "Scepter 4" who shot a girl from the Red Clan with a rifle. A young man from "Homura" who stabbed a knife in the "Blue King". A Gakuenjima student with a fox face talking to the "Red King" on a toy phone. In addition, he penetrated the interior of many human beings.

And the first king, the "Silver King", who blew up the airship.

A boy with the same face as him, who shot Totsuka Tatara with a pistol.

Who? Who is he?

He was thrown into chaos, as if his head was being shaken.

While the boy was reliving the memory of someone who had entered it, he found that that person was also exploring the boy's memory. As the outline of his body and the shape of his mind became uncertain, rumors of someone laughing appeared.

"It seems like you don't really remember anything. How carefree are you? How ignorant. You gave up everything you were responsible for. You lost once before. You lost, and you ran away in search of a peaceful life. did you want? Deep in your heart, you wanted a life like the one you're living now. Before that, even a long time before. That's fine. There's nothing wrong with that. Sleep... sleep without remembering anything. Let your body go to the place where you find silence and peace. You know nothing. Nothing."

Kuro yelled in a hurry.

Neko desperately called out to the boy.

A young man dressed in a military uniform said, "Are you running away?!"

Debris flies one after another. The surrounding soldiers were shattered and dead. Only he was not hurt.

The pointed rubble.

Rain of bombs. A silver sword floating in the sky. Everything was slow.

A silver-haired woman called out to him in a soft voice.

"Addy."

CHAPTER 13: ADDY

His world was made up of many books and his sister.

Immediately after being called a genius brother, his life changed. They took him out of a school where ordinary children gathered and told him to study in a place where all the people around him were adults. There was no dissatisfaction or loneliness about it. He did not find anything funny in the school lessons that tried to teach what he already knew in a simple and one-sided way, and even in an environment without children of the same age, there was no problem as long as he had his older sister.

For him, a large number of books was better than a teacher, and the knowledge he gained from discussions with his sister became more and more profound. With his sister, he was absorbed in learning various things with his intellectual curiosity. The adults around them generously gave them what they needed to learn.

They told him to take part in the German military investigation when he was fifteen and his sister was seventeen.

They joined the military investigation team as requested. It was a tribute to the fact that they were given an environment to learn, and he also thought that the research and development site would be a place where they could play an active role.

Starting with the development and design of new weapons in the Artillery Board, they achieved several results. Apart from military research and development work, they wrote several treatises and obtained a doctorate. The teenage brothers' medical advancements were well received and sought after in the military, architecture, industry, and many other fields, and they did well everywhere.

It was in 1943, when he was 20 years old, that they were appointed chief and deputy director of a strange investigation.

"This is the Slate."

In the basement of a church in Dresden, he crossed his arms in front of the huge stone. Next door, his sister, Claudia, looked at him with a serious expression.

"Yes. This was embedded in the innermost wall of this underground worship hall until two years ago. There were rumors that a believer might see a miracle, and the institution of 'ancestral inheritance' excavated it. Due to this size, they did not carry it out and keep it here. Two months ago, in front of the guards, the same miracle that the believers saw happened."

He stood with his head held high when he heard the words of an investigator who was to be a subordinate in this investigation.

"It is a procession of the Holy Sun Han. A few feather insects formed a procession with a bright red light in front of this 'stone slate', and finally they were burned."

Well. The researcher looked deeply.

He approached the "Slate" and gently touched the surface with a geometric maze-like pattern.

It felt like a smooth rock. The hardness did not appear to be that high to the touch. However, the usual method has been found not to harm one.

"I wonder if the "Slate" emits some kind of energy that affects living organisms. What do you think, sister?"

The older sister squeezed her kind expression, always smiling, and looked at the "Slate" with investigative eyes.

"It is too early to hypothesize that this bedrock itself is energetic. Perhaps the cause of the St. Johann procession was direct contact with the energetic magma or residual heat from the rock. I need a verification multifaceted."

"Yes. It seems that the truth of magma is a long way off, but let's start with the observation. It is very interesting. This "Slate" has tremendous potential that no one has touched yet."

"I am also curious about the inscription on the stone monument that was excavated with the 'Slate'. The word "King" written in modified Latin letters."

"I think the investigation begins in that area. It is a good place to probe, but it is very exciting, sister!"

When he returned his smile with his growing expectations and curiosity, she smiled as if she was in awe.

"Addy. You're like a kid again..."

Even if they called him a doctor, he would still be a child. With his sister, he was a free-spirited younger brother who was intellectually curious and enjoyed chasing what was in front of him, much like a child playing with toys.

"I feel like I can do it if you are with me, sister."

That said, the investigation on the "Slate" was extremely difficult.

He was appointed principal investigator of the investigation called "Project König", and his sister was appointed deputy director, and the elite investigators and the most modern equipment were prepared, but it was difficult to see the progress that seemed to be progressing.

To study the miracle, they first had to recreate the miracle. However, there was a long way to go to find out what factors could cause it.

For the moment, it took time to prepare all the measuring equipment, restore and decipher the pieces of the stone monument.

The investigation progressed dramatically after a Japanese officer arrived from Japan, an ally of the Third German Empire, in March of the following year.

Lieutenant Daikaku Kokujoji.

The encounter with him was important in his investigation of the "Slate" and in his life.

"It was an idea that he couldn't reach unless he met the Japanese magic lieutenant."

As he walked down the hall with his research materials, he said that he was ill. The lieutenant walking beside him flirted with a serious face.

"The opinions of the magic side would have been unacceptable to you, but thanks to the fluid understanding of the theoretical system based on the Five Element Thought, the progress of the investigation was rapid."

Lieutenant Kokujoji seemed to come from an "Onmyouji family" and was connected to a path that could only be described as "Japanese magic". The analysis of the "Slate" that the lieutenant had made from that perspective had taken a leap forward in the investigation of the brothers.

The Five Pillars is an idea based on the five elements of wood, fire, earth, gold and water. It seems that the "Slate", which suppresses the original power by sealing one of the items, was simply sealed like this.

The lieutenant used his technique to break a part of the seal and gave him knowledge. To be honest, he was too unknown to come to a full understanding, but he was able to continue developing equipment to operate the "Slate", and his sister and he built the theory of the energy that the "Slate" possesses.

"I don't think science is everything. If you stick only to the world you are aware of, you cannot wait for development. Thanks to the lieutenant, my world has expanded and I am sure it will expand even more in the future. W deflection modulator seems to be able to start early next year if it is in this condition."

He and the lieutenant were in the process of carrying out the institute's reports.

The Institute of the "König Project" uses the basement of the church where the "Slate" was found as it is. The place that should have been harsh is sacred because it is buried with various research equipment and materials. The air had completely vanished, but it was a familiar place to him, like his nest. In fact, his sister and he were building a house in a corner of this church. It was a small place for the brothers to live while they remodeled.

"Addy."

He hears a soft female voice. When he saw her, Claudia was across the hall.

The older sister who left the area where they lived approached them with a short run.

The lieutenant who stopped next to her seemed to stiffen his spine and was a little nervous. But this was not a bad tension. It is a thoughtful attitude of a young man towards a woman of strange age, and a reaction of a man named Kokujoji Daikaku towards a woman named Claudia Weismann who is "a little excited".

When she arrived in front of them, she first bowed slightly to the lieutenant. Her silver hair flowed smoothly from her shoulders. She had a soft smile on her gentle and delicate face.

His sister's facial expressions and movements were very graceful, but this is a bit different than when they were alone. In front of him, she came out more "squeaky", but with the lieutenant, she became a little softer and more feminine. A woman named Claudia Weismann was shown in front of a man named Daikaku Kokujoji, like a cute kitten.

"Thank you for your hard work, Lieutenant Kokujoji. Addy, are you ready to go to Berlin?"

"Yes. These are all supplies to bring."

He slightly lifted the box of supplies he was holding on his arm.

He was about to go to the party headquarters in Berlin to report on the current status of the "König Project". His sister and he were heading to Berlin with the lieutenant to explain that the long-defeated "Slate" investigation had finally progressed.

When he got up from the basement and opened the church door, it was raining outside. Large raindrops fell to the ground.

"It's raining. It's bad if the material gets wet..."

"No problem. I have an umbrella. Use it."

The lieutenant said that and opened an umbrella.

It was a red Japanese umbrella.

The skeleton was made of bamboo and lined with elegant red Japanese paper. The waterproof Japanese paper had a low sheen.

"Wow, a Japanese umbrella? It's cool."

"It's called an umbrella."

His sister, not the lieutenant, replied him, who gave a voice of admiration.

His sister had become thoroughly familiar with Japanese culture since she met the lieutenant. After the lieutenant sorted the Japanese ingredients that he received from his homeland, she became very interested in Japanese food, and had recently been thinking about it herself.

His older sister slid her slender finger over the bamboo handle of the lieutenant's umbrella.

"This is the first time I have seen something real. The skeleton is very beautiful."

His sister looked happily at the umbrella with a face that seemed delighted. The sound of raindrops falling on Japanese paper was a bit different from the sound of an ordinary umbrella and was pleasant to the ear.

"I want to go to Japan one day. In fact, I will see the culture and climate of the country where the lieutenant was born and raised."

His sister's suggestion made his heart stand out.

"I like it! Lieutenant, please give us a guide at that time."

She wondered if she would get a small answer, like a little carefree, but the lieutenant moved the military cap a little to hide his eyes from her and replied: "Yes.", in a shy way.

"I'm sure you will like it."

His sister and he looked at each other and smiled.

The three of them huddled like little birds in the lieutenant's red umbrella and walked a short distance to the car in a playful way.

The lieutenant was a collaborator in the investigation and at the same time the only friend to him and his sister.

The presence of the lieutenant blew a new breeze on both brothers who lived in a closed world with a wide range of knowledge, dedicated to study and research from a very young age.

Of course they talked about the "Slate" investigation, but they also talked a lot about other things.

The lieutenant listened with interest to the story of the investigation that his sister and he had done so far, and both he and his sister loved hearing the story of Japan from the lieutenant. The discussion with the lieutenant, who gave a sharp opinion from a different point of view than his sister, tended to be enthusiastic.

When the investigation got off to a good start, they had more work for their investigators than the lieutenant, and they loaned several books to the lieutenant who used to have more time. The lieutenant was a good reader, he read romantic poetry books that don't look good on his face, he read military books that fit his face and other books like history books, literature, plays, political science books, books of economy and several specialized books. He read anything. For Christmas, he also loaned her the first edition of "A Christmas Carol" that he read as a child. It was nice to see that lieutenant reading the fairy tale with a serious face.

He liked the printing of the book the lieutenant had.

Initially, the party headquarters in Berlin, rushed towards the outcome of the "König Project" and eager to hear the report, gradually waned interest in the investigation. The war situation deteriorated and there was no space to devote to research and other non-immediate effects.

Still, he was not told to stop the study. They continued the investigation of the "Slate", they left it half abandoned and unexpected. In a war that was to be ruined like an avalanche, they lurked in the underground laboratory of a quiet church in Dresden, on an isolated island, as they watched the violent muddy currents around them.

It may sound unscrupulous, but for him, the time spent there was a modest amount of happiness. He was able to dream the biggest dream of his life in a miserable time.

He hoped that, if this dream were to come true, it would glow in an era closed to darkness, leading to the realization of a world where everyone can be happy, regardless of war, enemies, or allies.

Almost a year after the lieutenant's arrival in Germany, the experiment that he believed in took shape and that led to the realization of that dream.

Based on the theory brought up by the lieutenant, his sister-designed W deflection modulator was completed by the end of the year. The functional test had been repeated since the beginning of the year and the results were obtained.

"Today, a formal initial experiment of the 'Slate' will be conducted with the presence of the lieutenant."

Before going to work, he put on a new lab coat to get excited. Commuting to work was just a short walk down the hall to institute. As he dressed in the living room shared with his sister, he suddenly noticed the carved wooden doll that was carefully displayed on the shelf and smirked.

It was a hand-carved klippe for him, the lieutenant, and everyone in the lab at Christmas. A set of dolls showing the Nativity scene. Centered around the Virgin Mary and Christ, Saint Joseph, the Magi and the angels are aligned. Between them, the two magicians, Gaspar and Melchor, were the work of him and the lieutenant. The personality and characteristics of each creator were reflected in strange ways, and it was strange that he and the lieutenant seemed to be lined up with mysterious faces.

It was the Christmas they held to hold their breath during the war, but that night, where he rode around the klippe he made for his sister, and a little gift with his sister and the lieutenant, was probably the most fun he'd ever had, can have been a holy night with hope for the future

Hope, yes, hope. He had hope beyond the miracles that this "Slate" brought. The lieutenant often raised concerns due to his personality, but is also passionate about the possibility of the "Slate".

He had never had a friend, but he thought he would be fine if he was with his older sister, but found the joy of working toward the same goal as his friend.

"Today I have to show the results."

Hoping the world would change, he turned over a new lab coat and headed for the "Slate".

That day there was tension between the investigators around the "Slate" due to an experiment that left an official video record to inform the top management.

"Ready to measure."

"Checking the Camera Operation."

"There is no abnormality on the "Slate"."

"You can start the experiment."

"What about the example mouse?"

"Dr. Weissman will bring it in now."

With the serious voices of the aspirants flying around and the cage with the mouse in it, he walks to the experimental field connected to the "Slate".

The back of the mouse in the cage was marked in blue with ink. This mouse was a small creature with great "potential" that woke up during the "Slate" test the other day.

An experimental field, a dozen white mice had already been released into a large mouse maze almost 10 meters long, and they moved as they wished.

After confirming the situation, he lifted the mouse bearing the blue mark from inside the cage as if picking it up with both hands.

When he looked up, she found a serious-looking lieutenant standing in front of the experimental field. That day, it was the first time that he would witness the results of an experiment. After involuntarily smiling, he gently stroked the back of the mouse in his hand.

"Alright, it's time, little mouse. Show the good points to the lieutenant from Japan."

Showing the mouse, he was holding, one of the researchers asked the lieutenant to listen.

"It is an experimental organism of the EX-Alpha group. It is under the influence of the "Slate"."

EX-Alpha, that's what the "King" shows engraved on the stone monument excavated with the "Slate".

He gently left the mouse in a labyrinthine experimental field. An investigator in charge of the recording announced the start of the experiment.

"The blue mouse is ready."

The mouse was clearly different from the other mice that roamed the maze in an irregular manner. Lifting and wiggling his little nose, he catches the light of reason in his eyes and look around.

Suddenly, the "Slate" began to emit a faint blue glow. Just by looking at the sacred blue light from the "Slate" that had been there for a long time, he felt the unholy joy of receiving a colorful reaction from a person who had refused to approach for a long time.

A blue mouse in the experimental field was stained with blue light in response to the glare from the "Slate".

The bright light was also generated in the air one meter above the blue mouse. A sword-shaped crystal appeared from the round blue light.

"There is a reaction to the "Slate"."

"Sword-shaped glow confirmation."

As the researchers watched, the blue mouse stood on its hind legs, wearing a blue light, and looked at the sword that appeared above it.

It was a beautiful blue sword with a hard mechanical shape. To humans, the little sword would appear huge to the mouse. The sword gleamed solemnly, point down. He believed that the sword-shaped blue glow is a symbol of "order".

After a while, the blue mouse started running through the maze of the experimental field without hesitation.

He never hit a dead end or wander in the same place. With a movement of being convinced of the way forward, he ran through the maze without hesitation.

Then the other mice moving through the maze suddenly changed their movements. They began to run with will and determined stride, and followed the blue mouse.

The mice formed a group and began to take in the same blue light as the blue mouse running in front.

The mice quickly went through the maze in the shortest distance, and when they reached the open area, they lined up behind the blue mouse and stood on its hind legs.

It was a strange sight. It didn't look like the action performed by a mouse, and he wondered if it was a mouse-shaped toy made by a human. However, this was the power of the group with the EX-Alpha of an individual "King". The group, led by the "King", with its sword-like blue glow, exhibited controlled demeanor and abilities comparable to trained human soldiers.

The lieutenant overseeing the experiment was impressed.

"Incredible! Will such power appear in humans?"

"Sorry, but this is just the tip of the iceberg."

Satisfied with the lieutenant's reaction, he smiled. He began to explain with an excited heart, illustrating on the board.

"The strength of the link with the "Slate" is proportional to the complexity of the brain. To be more precise, the deviation from the law of chance creates a force field that envelops the Beta bodies in the vicinity, as it increases its intensity in the form of a geometric progression. As a result..."

"Will an army of super humans be born...?"

The lieutenant said in a heavy voice.

Certainly, that is why the party is investigating the "Slate". Bring the miracle of the "Slate" to humans, create immortal soldiers, form an invincible army, and finally create an immortal realm of the Aryan scientific race with the "Transcendental Master Race". Of course, he knew that "miracles" were needed to reverse the crisis.

But besides that, he denied the lieutenant's words.

"No, lieutenant."

He wrote "Freude!" on the blackboard and laughed at the lieutenant.

"This will bring happiness to everyone."

What he saw was not the victory of the country. This "Slate" shouldn't be used for something so small. What he saw was the happiness of humanity that would enter a new horizon after ending such a foolish war.

When the lieutenant answered something, there was an explosion.

"Red mouse, shot down!"

One of the investigators yelled.

When he saw it, a mouse maze that was not the experimental field where he was filming exploded and broke.

A mouse with a red mark on its back lay in the rubble of a maze that was broken and strewn across the ground.

The power of the red mouse seems to have escaped. A red, sword-shaped glow spawned in the air a meter above him.

The red mouse had been confirmed to have a tough temperament and the ability to provoke a firing phenomenon. Since he doesn't do well with the blue mouse, he let him play in a remote-placed maze, but it may have been stimulated by the generation of the sword-shaped blue glow.

He giggled cheating as he pondered the fact that he should have kept it in a separate room, and he heard a woman's voice saying "Addy!"

Perhaps he rushed after hearing the explosion, his sister was standing. Recently, his sister was doing research on her own and she was often in charge of the "König Project".

As always, he was glad to see her face and shouted: "Sister!", and raised his hand. The lieutenant was worshipping in silence.

His sister ignored him and spoke to the lieutenant.

"That... is there a problem with my little brother?"

"I just showed you the experiment. Right, Lieutenant?"

"We have confirmed the remarkable results. It is truly surprising."

"Well! But the lieutenant thinks these kids are like tools of war or something! It's terrible, isn't it?"

When he made a fool of himself, his sister yelled at him, scolded him like a son, and pinched his side hard.

"You shouldn't say such things out loud. We are receiving a stipend for your research."

"That hurts, sister!"

The older sister who scolded him like when she was alone with her brother, she remembered being seen by the lieutenant, and she smiled a cute smile that seemed to repair itself when she hastily let go of her hand.

"Ah... Lieutenant Kokujoji. Please... ignore what I just said."

She wondered how he reacted to her. The lieutenant, who always maintained his strict demeanor, wandered his gaze in slight consternation and replied.

"Hmm... Don't worry, I don't understand technical jargon anyway."

Before the serious answer, his sister and him, looked at each other and laughed at the same time.

In front of them laughing, the lieutenant was trying to put on a serious and expressionless expression, but when he saw his sister, he lowered his gaze a bit embarrassed.

The miracle caused by the "Slate" would create a world where everyone was happy. It was the day that the dream they had begun to take concrete form and he took the first step.

It was supposed to be like this.

Dresden was a city that remained beautiful during the long war, with little damage from air raids.

Many Germans said that Dresden, which had nothing to do with the munitions industry and had little military importance and was lined with beautiful historical buildings or had high cultural value, would not be damaged by airstrikes.

It happened on February 13, 1945.

A myriad of Lancaster bombers flew over Dresden, showering blocks and incendiary bombs.

The city became a sea of fire and many people died. They were evacuated to the bomb shelter, but many of them were vaporized.

The city of Dresden, where the anti-aircraft guns were no longer working when the air defense organizations moved to the front, was left unprotected and unilaterally conquered.

His sister, Claudia Weismann, also died there.

"Sister! Sister!"

A roar shook the underground laboratory intermittently. The smoke rushed in and visibility was poor. The upper church could be on fire. The air was terribly hot. It was painful from the lack of oxygen.

He moistened the washcloth with the jug beside the bed, covered his mouth, and crawled across the floor.

His sister was not in her room. Recently, his sister seemed to be studying the "Slate" from another direction by herself. Not being in the room probably meant that she was with the "Slate". He whispered to his consciousness from afar and crawled desperately forward.

"Sister! Uh, ugh..."

As a consequence of calling his sister and screaming, he inhaled smoke and suffocated.

Still, he didn't stop and called his sister many times in a weak voice.

It took an enormous amount of time to walk down the corridor, which would normally walk too fast, and push the door to the lab room with the "Slate" to open it.

Immediately after that, heat rushed from the hall to the point that it was incomparable to the hallway. He accidentally closed his eyes. He managed to open his eyelids, which he didn't want to open to protect his eyes from the heat, and he saw the scene from the hallway that was in the lab.

The roof had fallen.

The collapsed rocky shoreline was crushing the experimental equipment. It was the "Slate" and the body of the woman that collapsed in front of it that left a safe form.

"Sister!"

He ran as best he could and hugged her. His sister's body had lost all power and felt heavy. She had almost no scars on her body and she closed her eyes with a calm expression to sleep, but she was not breathing. There was no pulse.

His sister, Claudia Weissman, was dead.

On the roof of the collapsed hall, the part of the church on the floor was raging with fierce fire. The air was boiling. The moment the roof came off, he breathed in the hot air that had entered, he burned his throat and suffocated.

He was looking up in a daze as he held his sister.

He couldn't think of anything. They, who were said to be the two-headed geniuses of the Third German Empire, were once again unable to think of anything, and one was useless and vaguely gazed at the sky.

The flame swirled. The roof of the church had already disappeared, either from flames or bullets, and he could see the sky beyond the flames.

The bomber was flying. Although that was hell, they never got tired of it and kept dropping bombs. From above, despair fell one after another.

He vaguely thought that he wanted an umbrella.

A soft umbrella that would protect him from this despair.

One rainy day, he remembers that the three of them got into the Japanese umbrella that the lieutenant was carrying.

The lieutenant protected him and his sister from the rain, while he wet his shoulders and back.

The sound of the rain hitting the umbrella was soft. His sister was laughing happily.

(I want to go to Japan one day.)

When he realized it, he didn't feel the heat or the pain that had been bothering him.

He looked at his body slowly. His body glowed pale silver.

He looked away from him. The "Slate" also emitted the same silver light as his body. He knew that scene. That was a luminescence phenomenon that occurred when an EX-Alpha individual was born in an experiment with mice, in which a W shift modulator activated the "Slate".

He looked up again.

A silver light was born in the night sky where black and red mixed reflecting the color of the flame.

The light fell apart and spread like an umbrella.

The umbrella of silver light that appeared above his head glowed for a while and then lost its shape and became the shape of a pointed down sword.

It was a sword-shaped glow.

A huge sword-shaped silver glow that was incomparable to what appeared on the mouse, was silently floating in the night sky that dispersed despair.

A bomb fell next to him. He could feel it. The detonation would take his eyesight and the scattered projectiles would hit his body.

However, that which would have ripped his limbs apart in an instant, did not inflict a single scratch on his body.

He, his sister's body, and the "Slate" that stood abruptly while the surrounding substances could not retain their original form, were there without any damage.

He was an EX-Alpha individual, that is, the "King" who displayed the stone monument, the "transcendental master race" who sought the party headquarters, and had the power to "make everyone happy". It was what he believed.

"Sister?"

He shook his sister in his arms and called out to her. If he had become a "King" with paranormal power, he now only had one wish.

"Sister, get up."

By incorporating others into the feedback loop of the causal bias generated by the EX-Alpha individuals, a new causal bias is generated and 8 individuals are produced. In other words, it is possible to give birth to a "member" who has shared the power of the "King".

He instinctively knew how to do it. The brain naturally understands more than the knowledge acquired as a result of research and experiments. Upon becoming an EX-Alpha individual, a strong resonant action occurred between him and the "Slate", and what could be called the memory of the "Slate" was flowing.

"Sister, take my power. I won't hurt myself anymore. The sore throat that just burned me is gone. I won't hurt myself or die. So, sister, you too."

He developed his own strength and continued to pour it into his sister. Waiting for an answer from his sister. If possible, he wanted to give everything he had to his sister.

But his sister never opened her eyes. His sister was dead. The power of the "King" cannot bring the dead back to life. Everything was slow.

He was supposed to be the "King", and he only held the corpse of a single family member helplessly.

How long had it been like this?

Before he knew it, the hellish night was over and the bombardment had stopped.

The sky was white and the early morning air was rapidly cooling the rubble of the city, which had been set ablaze by fierce fire.

He heard the sound of military boots running in the quiet that made him think that all the creatures had died.

When he raised his face, he saw a lieutenant out of breath.

The lieutenant was supposed to have been in Berlin, but hurried after hearing the news of the Dresden bombing.

He laughed softly at the lieutenant who stood up with a clear face. His cheeks shook his smile, and for the first time he realized that he was crying all the time.

"Lieutenant. My sister..."

His sister's body was already cold.

The lieutenant moved to Berlin with him, which was completely useless.

The Dresden bombing was divided into several waves and continued into the next day, resulting in a tremendous number of deaths. Due to the large number of evacuees and refugees in Dresden, which was thought to be safe, it seemed difficult to determine the exact number of deaths. Many of the bodies were burned by a whirlwind of fire and suffered indistinguishable damage.

For a few days, he was dumbfounded. The lieutenant told the party headquarters that he had become the first of what they called a "transcendental master race" by the "Slate". In fact, at that time, he was like a wooden puppet, far from being a "transcendental master race" or a "King". As an investigator that he was pitifully burned to no avail, he was left unguarded.

"The reason for the bombing was found."

One day, a few weeks after the Dresden bombing, the lieutenant approached him and said.

"It was a leak of information. The allied forces that seized the existence of the "Project König" decided that it was a threat to eliminate."

The lieutenant's voice was clear. No anger or sadness appeared on the surface, and he made a calm, unwavering and firm voice.

"Weissman. If you still desire the realization of your ideals, abandon your human life from this moment on."

Hearing the lieutenant's voice, he couldn't even lift his face as he sat on a chair and was choking.

"He reigns as the only "King" and rules all human beings. He condemns the fools. The equality and prosperity of humanity can only be achieved by having the power of ruin beyond human intelligence."

He understood the lieutenant's words. They had been thinking of ways to make the miracle of that "Slate" desirable as they progressed with the investigation. That was probably the lieutenant's answer.

On the other hand, he had been thinking about it. How to make everyone happy.

But now he couldn't quite remember his thoughts.

"Fulfill the "King's" responsibilities."

He couldn't think of his thoughts. Of course he couldn't even put it into words. Still, he had the feeling that the lieutenant's words were "different".

He just shook his head wordlessly.

"Actually..."

The lieutenant said in a low voice and took the holster from his waist. He pulled out the pistol and pointed it at him in one fluid motion.

"If you don't, I will. But there shouldn't be two "kings" on earth."

The lieutenant's finger went off. He looked up and slowly compared the barrel, which was aimed at his forehead, with the face of the lieutenant, who was determined to look.

"A bullet... Is that the punishment for the great dream we had?"

"No. Weissman, you don't have to suffer anymore. If your dreams are sins, I will take full responsibility and punishment."

The lieutenant's voice remained calm. It already seemed to carry everything. The prayers of the late Claudia, the work of his trying to get rid of the great responsibility of the "King" and the lives of the people of Dresden who were burned due to the investigation.

"As the only "King", I will carry all the hatred and resentment of the earth on my back and fall into hell. Therefore, I will not meet you in that world... Say hello to Claudia."

The lieutenant fired.

Shots rang out, but the bullet missed his forehead.

The bullet was still in midair in front of his head, as if it had driven into a transparent wall.

"It's useless..."

He said he, powerless in words.

"That's not good... Lieutenant, fear cannot make people happy."

The form of the dream he had was no longer uncertain. But he did not want to make the in-between world brought about by the rule of a lonely "King" beyond dreams.

"Give me time. The answer is... I'm sure there is a way to happiness."

The bullet that was parked in the air exploded and disappeared. No matter what the shell is, he was already a "King". Nothing could hurt his body, he was the "King".

The lieutenant waited without lowering the weapon.

"Do you think I can believe your words right now?"

"I do not know..."

He got up slowly and managed to laugh at the lieutenant, feeling that he was crying.

"If she was my older sister, I'm sure she would say that."

At that moment, the expression of the lieutenant that he hadn't trembled for a long time was distorted.

He said that with a mixture of anger, sadness and various other emotions and stopped.

In the end, the lieutenant never let go of the passion he had been through, but simply turned his back on him silently.

Two days later, he was kidnapped by a command unit of the United States Army.

"Dr. Adolf K. Weissmann, right?"

The men who intervened were camouflaged in German army field clothes, but it soon became clear that they were American special forces who came to seize the technology related to the "Slate".

Information about the "König Project" was leaked to the Allies, which was revealed in the event of the Dresden bombing. Not only did the "Slate" study eliminate the potential threat from the Third German Empire, but the United States seemed to have been interested in the technology itself. It was a plan that was about to be abandoned by the German center, but he vaguely thought it was ironic.

They stopped and seized him, and began a march into the mountains with the goal of joining the Allied forces clinging to the Western Front.

He did not resist at all. He was not afraid of the multiple weapons pointed at him, they handcuffed him and a soldier grabbed his arm roughly. It would take the power of the "King" to break the steel handcuffs that had been placed on both wrists. He was afraid of him.

It was not the judgment that he should hide the fact that he was a superhuman created by the "Slate". But stronger than that, the reason why he made the decision not to resist was an unmistakable "fear".

Without using the power of the "King", he killed his emotions and was attracted as he was, and on the second day of walking through the mountains, the march of the commando was greatly disturbed.

It seemed that the enemy had already started to take over his personality. The command unit, which had no land, was blocked by the pursuit unit, and gradually driven east, facing its original destination, the Western Front.

If he headed east as he was, he would reach the Eastern Front. While American and British troops were invading the Western Front, the Eastern Front was pushing the Red Army of the Soviet Union to the point where an all-out attack on Berlin was imminent. For the US commando unit, joining the Soviet Union's Red Army ran the risk of failing in the mission of stealing Adolf K. Weissmann's special confidential information from the Red Army's side, or worse, assassinating all members of the unit.

Looking at the faces of the Commando soldiers, who gradually became impatient and frustrated, he kept thinking vaguely the entire time.

If they could complete their mission and he was handed over to the United States Army, would he tell them about the "Slate" as they asked? Still, if they believe that "Slate" can bring happiness to humanity and he entrusted them with that dream, it was not an impossible option. He was like a salesman, but in any case, this war would soon be over.

On the other hand, what should he do if they joined the Red Army and fell into a life-threatening situation, or if they were captured and executed by a pursuit unit? Apart from the former, the latter was not something to be avoided for him, who was a German military officer. Rather, he would normally consider being rescued and punished by enemy soldiers a pleasure.

(No, Lieutenant. Everyone will be happy.)

The words he said circulated in his head many times.

Without an answer, he wandered through the forest surrounded by soldiers who were being chased and tired, that night they threw him directly to the ground and he fell asleep.

Feeling the cold that permeated his body from the cold ground, he dreamed of a conversation with the lieutenant again in a light sleep. From that day on, he remembered the exchanges many times and rebelled.

"He reigns as the only "King" and rules over every human being. Condemn the fool. Human equality and prosperity can only be achieved by having the power of ruin beyond human intelligence."

The lieutenant said that in a strict voice.

What is a prayer? What is damnation?

For example, is the enemy who killed his sister and burned the people of the city of Dresden a sinner to condemn?

"Fulfill the "King's" responsibilities."

He denied with his head. He just shook his head weakly. Like a child throwing a tantrum.

"Lieutenant, fear cannot make people happy."

So how could they be happy? He believed that the potential power of the "Slate" would make people happy. What should he do to make everyone happy?

"The answer is... I am sure there is a way to happiness."

Really?

Could he really find something like that? No, did he really want to find the answer in the first place? Can he realize the method of happiness when he search for it and find it?

To himself with such muddy despair.

For himself bound by sadness, anger and fear.

If he really wanted to make everyone happy, what could he do now?

He was surprised when they called him and woke up from his dream.

"Hey, get up."

There was a grumpy voice. Realizing that the soldier had kicked him in the back, he slowly looked around him. The vague head of awakening slowly recognized reality.

"Go to the Captain."

The soldier said coldly and turned his back on him.

He got up off the ground in handcuffs. He went to the commando captain as he was told, looking at the passing soldiers, wearing dirty clothes with damp earth and leaves.

The handcuffs were heavy and would normally hurt his wrist, but his skin wasn't hurt at all. Nobody cared about the body of a prisoner of war, so he wouldn't suspect him.

"You called me, Captain?"

The captain was looking at the map surrounded by his subordinates. He looked at him with a flat face that didn't show his emotions.

"I'm sorry for the circumstances, Dr. The pursuit team is getting very close. Today we will move soon without waiting for the night to pass."

"Is that so."

"Dr., please provide topographic information to supplement this map."

"I'm not familiar with this area, so I won't be very helpful."

When he answered flatly, the NCO next to him showed frustration with the situation and hatred for him, and bit him.

"I can't take it, hey, stand up! Are you a genius and didn't even memorize a map of the country?!"

"Yes, Charlie. What happens when you say you know something you don't know?"

The captain controlled in a calm voice, but the surrounding NCOs tuned in to a man named Charlie and made a barking voice.

A voice that fears parting with the Red Army and contempt are mixed.

Dr. Occult Charlie, who was really delusional and investigating the "mass production of psychic bodies" pointed it out and cursed. The officers agreed and showed frustration.

US military executives may have had some interest in the "Slate", but for those executives tasked with stealing that information, it was a perception where life was at stake.

He was listening to his words in silence. There was pain. The dreams he had were scorned, pushed away and spit on. There was anger and sadness, but it was stronger and filled with a feeling of emptiness to give up.

The captain opened his mouth after hearing the resentment of his subordinate.

"I am also going to avoid joining the Red Army. I was thinking of getting further away from the chase, but they were unexpectedly quick. If we go any further, I would be behind the German front. Before that happens, I will look for terrain that will hide the entire unit. and I will move on to the pursuit unit. I will confront them and clear the way if necessary. Then, we will force the march to the western front. That is the mission."

With a dignified voice, the captain declared so. The NCOs cheered for inspiration from the stated life policy.

It was a thin thread of hope. The entire unit was desperately trying to hold on to the thread. However, he knew that the thread was easy to break, and that if the thread did break, death would be waiting for him, and everyone here, not just him, would hate him.

He was reflecting on their lives. What were his options?

"As a doctor here, it doesn't matter as far as I can see on this map. A ground where we can hide, please check together."

At the captain's words,

"Okay, that's it."

"Hey, how much did you help kill your countrymen?"

Charlie slapped him maliciously. The captain didn't scold him, but he said to Charlie, "We'll get out of here as soon as the scout gets back. Tell the soldiers.", And he hardened his attitude.

He also skipped instructions to drop off other subordinates, and the NCOs began to move accordingly.

In it, another malicious word hit his ear.

"If only my sister had survived, she could have enjoyed various things while she stalked."

The whole body was full of hair.

Instantaneous anger and hatred filled his thoughts with black, and he was taking a step forward.

The step lightly shook the ground with a loud noise.

He didn't know what the step was for. He didn't, but there was an undeniable killing intent in him at the time.

His sister's smile, the flames of hell that surrounded the city of Dresden, and his cold, hardened body shuddered at the same time.

"What? I mean, let's do it."

Charlie shuddered with a scared face.

What the hell was he going to do?

The passion cooled as fast as the moment it arose.

"No."

He coughed silently and stepped back with the power of the "King" that was about to express his emotions.

He couldn't do anything.

After all, he could do nothing and choose nothing.

(You reign as the only "King" and rule all human beings. Condemn fools.)

(Everyone will be happy.)

"Captain, the map."

He turned her back on everything and muttered in a dead voice.

After that, everyone turned around and didn't become obnoxious or talkative.

He made some supplementary corrections to the extent that he could see from the inaccurate map presented and, as he was told, showed where it seemed most suitable for the troop to hide.

Without including any other intentions, he simply derived and submitted the requested response. Deep in the forest that stretched across the mountains, there was a depression on the north side of the ridge that looked like an indentation. It seemed that there would only be one place where this number of people could hide.

Immediately the troops left and marched into the depression. They reached their destination before dark that day.

Here, they caught up with the pursuit unit approaching from behind and changed the direction of the march to target the Western Front. Since it would be a march of considerable strength to the western front, they had begun taking turns resting while preparing for the engagement when the pursuit unit found them.

But no one was willing to go to bed.

Suddenly, the sound of planes cutting through the air echoed off the trees in the forest and was heard eerily bulging, and the trees near him exploded.

It was a bombing.

Everyone in the unit immediately tried to lie down on the ground, but some were delayed a bit. The next bombardment came in rapid succession, crushing the last like clay dolls.

Within that, he was standing alone.

He quickly realized what had happened.

The impending manhunt was a move to bring the Command into that dead end. Germany decided not to recapture it, but to destroy it.

Without a recommendation of surrender, they unilaterally massacred with the arms deck of the tank unit that he had prepared.

A grenade-like thing hit his cheek and burned him. But he didn't even rip it off and he wasn't affected by anything.

He was stunned when the soldiers around him crouched on the ground and had to wait, trembling as they were hit by a projectile that crushed his body.

Explosive smoke, smoke from the dirt and body parts of the soldiers that were ripped apart by the projectiles splattered, blocking their view.

With the roar that even the screams near him couldn't reach, the smoke in front of him suddenly vanished and he could see Charlie crouched down.

He was crying. His eyes met. Until now, he had only faced malicious and hostile faces towards him. But now, they had all fallen off him and were there in a state of helplessness, trembling from the water that flowed from his eyes and nose.

A projectile entered before he thought of anything about it. Charlie's arms and part of his head grasped right next to him.

He was crying too before he knew it. He began to walk aimlessly, leaving it dripping without drying it.

"What should I do with them?"

There was no one around him who held the shape of a person.

"Everyone, then... should they have forgiven and saved them?"

He had that power. There should have been power so that no one could die.

But he didn't do that. No one was saved. That said, he doesn't fight anyone.

He did nothing, they did not confront each other, they did not step on them, there was only slaughter.

The person who did it had his own dream, but he was dead.

"What did you want to do...?"

It was the lieutenant who protected him as he exited unharmed by the missile storm.

It was the Japanese lieutenant, Daikaku Kokujoji, who was entrusted with a power by the Führer, organized a pursuit unit and acted as a repellent himself.

The lieutenant who saw him said nothing. He knew the situation he was in and what he did or did not do, but he silently welcomed him.

The captain, who was in command of the pursuit, was terribly surprised to see him intact and protected, but the lieutenant cheated. The commando took him away, but he miraculously escaped just before the bombardment.

The lieutenant gave him winter clothes and rice balls made from rice cooked in Iikura. With the handcuffs removed, he received the rice ball from the lieutenant.

By the way, his sister, who was interested in the Japanese food that the lieutenant brought from time to time, served rice balls and pickles. His sister, who started her own research

on fermented foods, which was considered the heart of Japanese food, produced a lot of terrible prototypes, but the pickles were good. Those went well with rice.

The lieutenant's rice ball he ate was sadly delicious.

There were various memories of the lieutenant, his older sister, and the three of them.

The meeting of his older sister and the lieutenant, who brought a new breeze to the world of the two.

Investigation of the "Slate" by trial and error of three people.

The Klippe that he carved with the lieutenant for his sister at Christmas. A little party that night.

Successful start-up experiment of the "Slate".

A dream told on the banks of the Elbe river.

"The "King" will open many possibilities and bring prosperity. With great power, he can provoke violence, or, on the contrary, squeeze it in order. However, he can be a force to protect what is important and, above all, he will change this situation. It has the potential to be anything."

On the banks of the Elbe river, he said that to the lieutenant and his sister. After a successful start-up experiment, he was fascinated by the light of possibility. The light looked like sunlight shining on a dark night.

"The dawn of humanity."

He does not cry anymore.

"Lieutenant."

He called out to the lieutenant as he looked at the half-eaten rice ball.

"EX-Alpha, the individual "King" creates an individual by incorporating others into the feedback loop of causality bias. You can share your strength with different strengths. My power as a "King" can be said to be to be immutable, a power that is unaffected by any tangible power, other than blue that has excellent mastery and red that specializes in destructive power expressed in mice. In other words, my individual B will have similar, if not immutable properties. I thought I would do that for my sister that night, but it was too late. My sister was dead. However, it works in the living. I was alive until then..."

He didn't quite understand what he was saying. Maybe the lieutenant wanted me to blame him.

He did nothing until they found him, because of his anger and the emptiness of his nest. He didn't even resist because he was terrified.

The lieutenant, who was silent the entire time, muttered a single word.

"Isn't there an answer, Weissmann... What do you say, the path of happiness?"

He couldn't return any words.

He was involved in aircraft design when he was on the Artillery Board.

He planned to organize it into an air fleet as a flashy new weapon, but when it was completed, the situation had changed so much that he was put to sleep in a bomb shelter without even flying.

The name of the aircraft was "Heaven".

At Tempelhof airport, on the outskirts of Berlin, he was about to leave with the Himmelreich.

The lieutenant who was walking a little behind him, had a stern look the whole time. The lieutenant knew well that what he was trying to do was not express the departure in neat words, it was just an escape.

"Are you sure you can break through allied air defenses?"

The lieutenant asked in a firm voice.

"Yes. Even at that size, it is possible to adjust the composition of matter and adjust it to me. Then it becomes an unbreakable shell that no one can invade. It is easy to get out."

Even his power, that he couldn't do anything, could easily create an escape route for him. Looking away from his own feelings, he asked the lieutenant.

"Is it okay for the lieutenant to be better than me? After finishing the cleaning, you will return to Japan by submarine."

"Yes."

"Are you really taking the "Slate" to Japan?"

The lieutenant had already begun to deliver the "Slate" to the Japanese army and carry it out. Nobody was still worried about the abandoned "Konig Project" in the worst case, and he was able to handle it with the authority of the lieutenant.

"Oh. I should have said it by now. If you don't, I will."

The lieutenant's voice was unwavering. However, he was distressed by the lieutenant's determination and told him.

"Will you become "King"? It's not an easy thing."

"I know." Said the lieutenant.

However, the lieutenant said throwing it out wouldn't help.

That's why he would.

At least to achieve the desired miracle.

Hearing the lieutenant's words, he felt like crying over defeat.

Unlike him, who was so desperate that he couldn't move, the lieutenant faced the light. He wondered if he would really realize the scene of the dawn of humanity that he one day dreamed of.

He narrowed his eyes and looked up at the sky. The color of twilight was spreading as the sun had just dropped beyond the horizon. The night would come soon. He would go to the night sky.

Crushed clouds flowed across the twilight sky.

"Everything flows and disappears. This war is over."

"Nothing ends."

"It's over for me."

Still, the words of a friend declaring that it was not the end under any circumstances, it was the only joy in the cold darkness.

"Finally, I ask again..."

"Bye, Lieutenant."

With his back to the lieutenant, he began to walk.

The distance between the two disappeared.

A huge rigid aircraft shaped like a whale. He walks to where his last home would be, traveling without destination.

"You run away..."

He heard a low voice.

An angry and scolding voice hit him on the back because he hadn't abandoned him during that time.

"You're running away, Weissmann!"

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He drowned in the torrent of memories.

"Kukuku." A laugh rang out.

"You ran away. You turned your back on everything and chose not to get involved."

That's how it is.

He sent all his dreams to a single friend and he ran away.

"You didn't choose anything. You didn't save anything. You didn't do anything. You were afraid of your bloated dreams and you threw them all away."

Like a prosecutor reading the indictment, his voice pinpointed the crime.

"I won't blame you."

His soft voice stroking him suddenly, tickled his soul.

"Once again, throw everything away. I will pick it up and use it carefully. Anyway, you are empty. You have no intention of using that power for anything, you just have a surplus. Doesn't your heart seem to no longer is there?"

The voice laughed as he caressed the softest and weakest part of his heart.

"Leave it to me. I'll take all difficulties with you. You can also inadvertently close your eyes and dream of a happy high school student who has no responsibility. You don't have the power or the right to reject me, do you?"

He felt as if he were dragging him slowly to the bottom of the swamp. He couldn't resist, and was tempted to think that it would be easier if he slept like he was, as that voice said.

Yes, he had no power or right. He was a mindless creature who could do nothing, did nothing, and just floated alive. Whether his eyes were open or closed, nothing would change. He was caught up in those arrogant thoughts, and the world was going dark.

However, another voice emerged in his consciousness that was obstructed.

"I haven't given up yet."

"Neko is from Shiro and Shiro is from Neko!"

Kuro. Neko.

They kept looking at him the whole time.

He taught him the strength to never give up. She taught him the power of pure affection.

She gave him a name and kept calling him when no one else had.

As long as they were there, he could not abandon them.

He still didn't know how to be happy, but this time, he wouldn't run away doing nothing.

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"Tsk."

The "Colorless King", who was repelled from the boy's body, returned to Kukuri's body with a pitiful voice.

"Kukuri!"

"Well, you're putting it off!"

The fighting voice of Kukuri and Kuro, whose body was taken over by the "Colorless King", was heard far from the boy's ears.

The boy was lying on his back on the floor and was looking vaguely at the ceiling. He still couldn't move well because his consciousness and his body were too big. He breathed quietly, so he was doing his best.

Neko, full of tears, was reflected in the boy's vague vision.

"Shiro! Shiro! Hold on!"

Oh, he wanted to tell her that she didn't have to see him that way.

Kuro, who had abandoned the pursuit of the "Colorless King", knelt beside the boy with a worried expression.

"Don't move! You were just attacked..."

He try to tell him that he didn't need any help. The piece of glass that pierced his abdomen finally fell off and his wound had been healed. Even if he forgot everything and became a helpless high school student, his body had unvarying power.

Before Neko and Kuro's words came out, silver power flashed on the boy's body. The power of the "King" that he obtained under a shower of bombs in Germany in 1945. However, after that, he did nothing and stayed alive.

Neko and Kuro stared at the boy who was glowing silver, speechless.

The boy slowly stood up and smiled to reassure the two with anxious expressions.

"Macht nichts, ich bin unverwundbar. (Don't worry, I'm immortal.)"

He then said that he was not hurt, but his facial expressions remained confused.

The boy kept talking to tell who he was. "Endlich habe ich verstanden. (I finally got it.)"

"So you're really the 'Colorless King'?"

The boy shook his head at the confused Kuro, saying that was not the case.

"Mein... (My name...)"

Only then did he realize that he had just spoken in his mother tongue, German, due to the sudden return of his memory. The boy changed the language to Japanese, which has been familiar to him for the past decades, and responds.

"My name is Adolf K. Weissmann. The first king, the "Silver King"."

CHAPTER 14: VIEL GLÜCK (GOOD LUCK)

Before he knew it, he reached a wooded area at the back of Gakuenjima. The shrine where he found Munakata last night was also nearby.

It was likely guided by Munakata's intention to minimize the damage caused by the aftermath of the battle on the school premises. Suoh chuckled, saying that he was a flamboyant guy even in the middle of the fight.

He didn't feel bad. His anger continued to swirl in his lower abdomen, and the flames within him continued to try to pierce Suoh from within.

Still, there was a strange freshness.

He had a feeling that that unease, which had been settling on Suoh for a long time, was clearing up. Of course he knew what to expect.

"Hey, Munakata. My target is not you."

A smile leaked involuntarily. Lifting the edge of his lips, Suoh looked at Munakata.

"Isn't it going to be fun?"

Munakata didn't move his expression. Keeping silent, he looked at Suoh coldly.

But the next moment, the consciousness that they directed only to each other is directed in another direction. At the same time, they looked up at the western sky.

A pillar of silver light stretched into the sky.

"Oh..."

"This is..."

In front of the two people who were carried away, the silver pillars of the divine limb that pierced the earth and the heavens split into fine stripes and parted like an umbrella.

The silver-white light umbrella turned into light particles and disappeared. Among them, a swaying sword appeared that glittered high in the sky.

An enormous silver sword with the point towards the ground.

It is a silver colored sword of Damocles.

Suoh and Munakata looked at the sword for a moment.

When the silver sword flashed in the sky for a moment, it disappeared like particles of light as if the sand was collapsing.

Suoh, the owner of wealth, and perhaps Munakata, who saw the silver sword for the first time, were the ones with the power.

Adolf K. Weissmann, the "Silver King", has been flying in the sky for over half a century and has never used his power. Furthermore, according to Kusanagi, the "Silver King" airship caught fire and crashed while he was surrounded by helicopters from "Scepter 4". The "Silver King" seemed to have died. The "King" is now in this school, unleashing a power that exceeds fighting value, even for a moment, and causing a sword to appear.

Suoh turned his gaze skyward to Munakata.

It's a mysterious situation for Munakata, and it's hard to leave his alone.

Suoh smiled provocatively.

"What are you going to do? You can go and help them if you want."

Munakata glanced back without much thought, pushed the bridge of his glasses up with his middle finger, and smiled slightly.

"And ruin this perfect moment?"

Suoh took a breath at the answer he wanted.

"You're right. After all, this is our last fight."

Suoh took a slow stance. He caught the forces in the body and loosened the shackles of control. Bondage loosened and he found the flames in Suoh blazing with joy and courage.

Munakata looked at Suoh and grabbed the handle of his sword.

"Munakata, Battou."

He draws the sword in a heavy voice.

The exposed blade reflected the daylight that fell from the cloudy sky and glowed.

"Silver..."

"King...?"

Kuro and Neko looked at the boy with a shocked face.

The boy was still fine and reality did not return, and it was a spongy feeling.

Recovering the lost memory immediately seemed to revive his life, and he was overwhelmed by the vividness of it. However, it is the "continuation" that saved the boy and recovered him from the loss, the sadness, the despair, the emptiness and let go of all his suffering.

The story of Adolf K. Weissmann continues. The ruthless beginning of the "King" who was robbed and fell to the ground, and he met a person for the first time in seventy years, knowing the strength and warmth of her.

The boy smiled at Kuro and Neko who were looking at him.

"But now I can say it with all my heart. After all, I am Isana Yashiro."

The continuation of Adolf K. Weissmann is Isana Yashiro. The one who should be carrying a weak and stupid Weissmann on his back is Isana Yashiro, who now had Neko, Kuro and the others from this school island.

Kuro holds his head in a confused way.

"What do you mean? What the hell is that?"

"I'm sorry to surprise you. It's complicated because my body and mind are different, but... I'm the initial "King" you lectured me about earlier, the first king, the "Silver King"..."

To Kuro, who has black and white eyes, the boy told about his last memory of being in the body of the "Silver King".

"December 7... On the day of the incident, I picked up the 'Colorless King' in my body, on the airship. He had declared his intention to board the airship from the ground. It's an embarrassing story, but I decided that I would no longer be involved on earth. I also thought I was not qualified to get involved. If the 'Colorless King', born in secret, was asking for help, I just thought I would tell him to go to the 'Golden King'."

"Help...?"

"An app called "Candle" that was pointed at the airship. For some time, it was popular for people with a problem to hold it up to the airship for help off the ground. On a whim, I would sometimes pick up a person holding a "candle" in the path of the airship and listen to them. Although I left the ground and escaped to heaven, I think I could not get rid of my loneliness, loneliness and longing for relationships between people."

The boy looked down. He remembered when the "Colorless King" appeared who looked the same as him.

He wasn't asking for help. He called himself the Seventh King, the "Colorless King", and said that he had ambitions.

When he heard that, he thought he wouldn't like it. He did not want to hear about the content of that ambition and he did not have the will or the qualification to judge whether he was right or wrong.

The power of the "King" who cannot move in the good or bad direction by himself and continues to rot there, he only thought that that person was willing to act with some purpose, but he could not understand how it would affect humanity. The only thing a spectator could do was keep looking.

So he tried to tell him that too.

"I'm not on the ground anymore..."

"Isn't that in good taste?"

He told her anticipating the words.

"That's how it is..."

He looked up with a bit of regret and laughed terribly. He lifted his mouth in a crescent shape and his eyes widened. He felt something come out of his eyes and jump into his own eyes.

"I'm interested in your immortality! That's it! Immutable and immortal power!"

Everything was in a moment. The beginning "King", who had unchanging power, was easily kidnapped, clinging to the open hatch without knowing it, and staring at the silver-haired man who was his body until just now. He was kicked by the leg of him, that he laughed and said "Bye.", without any help.

"So did the body change at that time?"

Hearing the boy's story, Kuro frowned.

"Yes. To be precise, I think it was stolen rather than replaced. But my conscience and soul were not stolen, as I am the "Silver King"."

With a rough expression, Kuro thought, as he looked at the boy's body, that it is not the original.

"The "Silver King" is immutable. He is not affected by any external action. He has absolutely inviolable power. So, the characteristic of the "Colorless King" is that he can interfere even with a "King"."

The boy attended.

"As a result of my unaffected power and his power that could even interfere with a "King", it was stolen from me and he lost my power. I lost my place. My soul escaped to the body he left, perhaps the memory loss is due to shock."

"Oh! That's why you were able to fall from the sky without getting hurt!"

It seems that Neko also bought the main point of the story. Accepting the crazy facts, she jumped up and grabbed onto the boy's arm.

"This too!"

Neko turned the boy's clothes over. The wound where he was stabbed by Kukuri earlier, was no longer there. A piece of glass with the power of "Colorless King" was driven into the boy's belly, but the wound was regenerated by the invariant power that has been transferred to that body along with the boy's soul.

"In other words, the one who manipulated that body and killed Tatara Totsuka..."

"Without a doubt, it is his job."

In response to the boy's statement, Kuro bitterly distorted his face.

"The "Colorless King"..."

"He seems like he has been jumping from body to body many times. He has already discarded my original body and went to another..."

"Ah!" Neko said. Kuro also guessed and deepened the frown between the eyebrows.

"So, Kukuri is..."

Kukuri was a kind-hearted girl. Such a girl stabbed the boy with such a terrible physiognomy. Maybe he was still trying to kill someone. He felt cold when he thought her hands were about to be contaminated regardless of her will.

A girl who loves everyday life, laughing happily every day. Kukuri taught him the warmth and beauty of people's activities that the boy had long forgotten.

He always thought that he had no right to be on earth and was not qualified to judge the good or the bad of what other Kings did. But not. If he has rights or qualifications, that was just an excuse. He was just scared.

The boy stared at the weaknesses within himself that he had been looking away from for seventy years.

(The dream that I abandoned now leads to this situation. You have to clean your dreams yourself. Not for the welfare of all humanity. To recover the little happiness that caressed the people who were on this school island.)

The boy looked at Neko and Kuro and said.

"I'm going to save her. Can you help me?"

At the boy's request, Kuro and Neko attended.

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The silver sword of Damocles appeared and disappeared.

Awashima rolled her eyes at a series of situations that she cannot understand.

"That was the sword of Damocles, but..."

The battle between "Scepter 4" and "Homura" was escalating, with upheaval and the pilgrimage of Awashima.

"Misaki! Keep your eyes on me! Your only opponent is me, understand?!"

Fushimi, who usually shows only a lethargic face, became enraged and attacked Yata, who was fascinated by the silver sword of Damocles. Yata soon regained the heat of the fight and position from him.

"Tsk! Thanks for remembering, you damn monkey!"

Fushimi, who revealed his personal feelings and showed a fury that he doesn't usually show, increased the fever as if the other members were also inspired.

"Don't fall behind Fushimi!"

"I'll check this place as soon as possible!"

However, the fat man inspires his friends by saying, "Come on! Finish them off!", and the members enthusiastically shout and strengthen their attacking hands.

Awashima kept skipping instructions desperately, paying attention to the whole from the apse, but there was no prospect of suppression. Only the damage from both fields gradually accumulated.

"It's a muddy war of attrition."

Awashima put a lot of effort into the hand that held the handle of her sword.

Would they keep fighting until they collapsed together? However, it was impossible to withdraw leaving unrelated students on the island, and Munakata was still missing. Even if she gives them an instruction to retreat, there is a high possibility that they will collapse due to being overwhelmed by "Homura" who keeps increasing the outflow of flames with blood on their heads.

When Awashima bit her teeth, a blue Damocles sword appeared deep within the school buildings and other buildings, above the wooded area.

It seemed to be a sign of hope, and Awashima's expression took on a cheerful color.

"Captain! He's safe!"

However, the joy lasted a moment. The space next to the blue sword of Damocles was distorted and the red sword of Damocles appeared. Looking at the red sword that was about to collapse, the joy that rose to Awashima's face quickly cooled.

"The "Red King"..."

The two swords floating in the sky indicated that Munakata and Suoh were together, and that the battle was about to appear with the sword of Damocles.

Even in full form, there were times when the two collided. At first, they were shocked and trembled with a sense of crisis that the Reyes collision would increase the danger of Damocles falling, and as it was repeated, it eventually became a kind of everyday life, and now they were in the final battle.

Awashima's back jerked when she realized that she thought it was the "last" battle.

Contrary to Awashima's fear, the Red Clan members screamed as if the appearance of Suoh's sword of Damocles was a sign of hope. The flames that went against his body with more violence burned. Unlike their own "Scepter 4", they were delighted to exert their power and burn inside.

Awashima looked at the two swords of Damocles floating in the sky, feeling frustrated. Damocles' red sword was somewhat cracked when Awashima first saw it, and it was more visible than Munakata's, which was perfectly shaped. Now, however, Mikoto Suoh's sword of Damocles has collapsed to an unprecedented level, and the detached debris from the sword is scattered in the air like sand.

Inevitably, the tragedy of a dozen years ago revives in Awashima's head. The fugitive of the predecessor "Red King". The failure of the "Blue King" to stop him.

The fall of Damocles.

Awashima bit her lip hard.

"I'm sorry. I'll leave you in charge of this place!"

Awashima kicked the ground, entrusting command to Kamo who was next to her. She heard Kamo make a terrified voice, but she couldn't stop herself.

It is highly unlikely that she could do anything by going to the battlefield between the Kings. Still, if she wasn't there, she definitely wouldn't be able to do anything.

Awashima ran with a reckless and defeated wish that there might be something more than continuing to lead the war of attrition there.

She kicked the ground with her extraordinary power and leapt onto the rooftop of the school building with a leap that is impossible for ordinary people.

As the sky drew a little closer, the sword of Damocles seemed closer than before. The blue sword of Damocles, which normally encouraged and inspired Awashima, was lined up with the crumbling red sword, giving a sense of frustration that made her feel like her chest was being scratched.

Suddenly, a soft voice came down from above Awashima, who tried to step forward with sad determination.

"Well I'm sure you're a great 'Scepter 4' person, aren't you?"

It was the voice of a child with a dull tone that did not suit this occasion.

When Awashima looked up in the direction of his voice, confused that he was on the rooftop, the suspicious boy put on a red umbrella and clung to the Strain girl on his neck, hung her up and floated in the air.

For a moment, Awashima forgot the feeling of sadness and impatience and was absent.

"Actually, we need to talk."

Yashiro Isana, a boy floating on the edge of the rooftop, asked to speak. Awashima suddenly returned to herself and quickly drew her sword.

"You!"

A child who can be said to be one of the causes of this situation was flying through the sky with a smile like Mary Poppins. Awashima lost sight of reality in an unexpected situation.

Awashima, who drew her sword, did not move, and the boy was trying to lower himself unrelially as he trembled up and down.

"Wait a minute... this is the first time in a long time... I haven't been able to do it yet..."

The boy managed to land on the rooftop, descending to Awashima's height, flailing his legs awkwardly and swinging in the air.

The boy had a friendly smile at Awashima from start to finish, but the Strain girl, who was accompanying him, made a threatening face, like a vigilant animal cat.

Awashima suddenly remembered what happened at the stadium. Yes, this girl was a Strain with cognitive control. She possessed the ability to show strange things and confuse people.

"It's another illusion again!"

Hallucinations caused by reconnaissance operations are defeated by strong will or shock. Awashima swung her sword forcefully. She was convinced that their bodies, who received the sword, would be illustriously annihilated, just like the common people who suddenly appeared in the stadium.

However, Awashima's sword struck the skin of the boy's right hand.

Awashima took her eyes off him. Although the blade of the sword struck him, his skin was not cut at all. Even if she put a bit of effort into it, she didn't move anymore as if she had stiffened.

In front of Awashima, who was confused, the part where the boy's skin and Awashima's sword blade came into contact suddenly lit up with a silver glow. The light grew stronger and spread, and traveled the length of the sword to Awashima's hands, wrapping her entire body in silver. It was as if she was being eroded by the boy's power, and her voice screaming from her was about to leak out and she swallowed it hastily.

The boy smiled, he took the blade of the sword that still touched the back of his hand and raised it with a casual action that can be performed with the remote control of the television. Then, Awashima's body gently emerged, as if gravity had disappeared.

"Eh?!"

This time the scream couldn't be swallowed and escaped from her throat.

It felt like it was a balloon or something. The boy was pinching the blade of Awashima's sword as if he were holding a row of balloons, and she was worried that if she let go of that hand, she would go up to heaven and could not return. Awashima grabbed the handle of the sword with both sweaty hands and flapped with her waist to somehow return to the ground.

"Oh, do not worry."

Said the boy with a simple face, and came back to the surface.

"I simply tuned into your biological wave spectrum and allowed myself to sync. I mean, I temporarily shared the Silver Sanctum's gravity shield effect as a member of my clan."

"Oh, put me down!"

She understood that he seemed to be trying to reassure her, but there are no snippets that can reassure her. The ground grew farther and farther away. Is this also a hallucination? No, she was definitely floating. She could only think that she was floating.

Even if Awashima was in a hurry and tried to break free, the boy laughs saying "Ok.". The boy, who couldn't cope with Awashima's agitation, turned his gaze towards the school building several tens of meters away.

"Relax. Next stop..."

At the same time as the boy coughed, Awashima and the body of the boy hanging the Strain girl were each enveloped in a spherical light. It was a fairy tale scene that seemed to be inside a sparkling soap bubble, but Awashima was quite helpless as if she were a

capsule toy. The silver sphere of light that surrounded Awashima began to move with tremendous speed and flew as if gliding in the sky. Awashima yelled loudly.

Awashima and the others gliding through the air like shooting stars jumped as if thrown into one of the windows of the school building.

The moment she entered the room, the silver light that surrounded her disappeared and Awashima crumpled and rolled on the floor.

As he himself stated, the boy himself slammed his hips against the ground and put a light "painful" cape on him, probably because he was not able to control his abilities.

"Oh, sorry to interrupt."

"Why are you here?!"

She heard the boy's voice greeting someone in the room with a fuzzy voice and the surprised voice of a man. When Awashima raised her face after somehow regaining her posture from her unfortunate rolling posture, there were several familiar Red Clansmen. One of them was Izumo Kusanagi, the master of the HOMRA bar and the staff of "Homura". From his stunned mouth, she saw the cigarette fall into his mouth.

In other words, this was "Homura's" command room, which the school occupied. Awashima, who was suddenly thrown into the center of the enemy, hurriedly stood up and held her sword. Things she didn't understand happened in rapid succession and she almost cried.

Kusanagi also compares Awashima to the shocked-faced boy, and for the moment, he pulled the lighter, a fire that may be his weapon, and pointed it at the boy.

At that moment, he heard a clear voice.

"He is not an enemy."

It was Anna Kushina, a girl with a unique presence in the red clan, who made a voice transparent like water.

"These people are not enemies."

With that said, Anna staggered. Kusanagi lowered the lighter, which was about to activate it, and rushed to support Anna's body.

Awashima was also confused and lowered the tip of her sword that she had immediately prepared.

The boy lowered the bottom of his eyebrows and smiled.

"You saved me. Actually, I'd like to talk to you..."

When the boy said that, Awashima and Kusanagi's PDA announced an incoming call at the same time. When she was shocked and looked at Kusanagi, the sound of the incoming call increased even more and even the landline in the room began to ring.

"Ah! Sorry, maybe it's directed at me. Can anyone answer that?"

The boy smiled and said that. As Awashima remained confused, Kusanagi answered the PDA first.

"Hello."

"Are you Mikoto Suoh's second in command, Izumo Kusanagi?"

The voice that echoed from Kusanagi's PDA reached Awashima. His voice was wrinkled like that of an old man, but there was a heavy aura that reflexively stretched his spine.

"Well, I..."

Kusanagi replied with a very confused expression.

"A man must be standing there, looking like an idiot. Pass it on."

Kusanagi's line of sight naturally turned towards the boy. The boy laughed with a messy face.

"Um... who are you...?"

"Daikaku Kokujoji. The 'Golden King'."

Awashima was dizzy because she was overwhelmed by a series of events that exceeded her capacity.

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Help Kukuri.

Kuro and Neko supported the boy's determination without hesitation.

It wasn't just Kukuri. All students on this school island must return safely to their peaceful everyday life. To that end, Kuro's role was to stop the battle between "Homura" and "Scepter 4".

Students cannot escape anywhere when Gakuenjima is on the battlefield. He wants both clans to recognize that this is not the case when fighting for the red and blue and, if possible, cooperate with the evacuation of the students.

To do this, the boy took Neko and went to talk to the people in command of both clans. Kuro was in charge of the front line of the battlefield.

Here and there red and blue lights exploded. Despite the absence of the "King", the battle between "Homura" and "Scepter 4" continued unabated. Injured people sometimes

crouched or collapsed on the edge of the battlefield, but those who still had the power to fight continued to wield their flaming fists and swords with blue light.

"Homura" mistakenly defeated the enemy, and "Scepter 4" seemed to lose sight of the cause to protect.

When Kuro walked directly across the battlefield, one of the "Homura" members noticed that he had been hit with the square wood that he had.

He was coming. Without moving an eyebrow, Kuro grabbed the man's chest with an invisible hand and threw him into the sky.

The eyes of the people around him met on Kuro.

"That person..."

"He's the boy from the stadium!"

Several members of "Scepter 4" looked at Kuro and shook his expression, and rushed with their swords to surround him. At the same time, the members of "Homura" also surrounded Kuro and sprayed him with weapons.

For both clans, Kuro would be a partner of the suspect and a suspicious person. However, knowing that this reaction was not calm, Kuro silently turned his arm. From Kuro's right hand, an extraordinary hand extended like a thick whip, and the surrounding humans from "Scepter 4" and "Homura" were swept away and dragged away.

Misaki Yata, the captain of the "Homura" group who was fighting from a distance, noticed Kuro's existence and made a roaring voice.

"What the hell?! Black dog!"

Everyone else looked at Kuro and stopped moving.

Kuro took a deep breath and raised his voice to reach every corner of the battlefield.

"This is it! Stop the battle immediately! This is an order from the First King, the "Silver King"."

Yata immediately lifted the gap and barked.

"Eh? Really? Can't be serious! First, my king is Mikoto Suoh, the only "Red King"! I don't give a damn about "Silver King"!"

In response to Yata's words, the "Homura" members shouted for consent. The members of "Scepter 4" also took off Kuro and proclaimed him high, unlike "Homura".

"Only "Blue King" Reisi Munakata leads "Scepter 4"! There is no law to obey the orders of other kings!"

After hearing the affirmations from both sides, Kuro stretched his back and looked around the area. He kept looking into each person's eyes as much as possible.

"If so, let me ask. Do you really know what the true intentions of the two kings are? Why did Mikoto Suoh, the "Red King", take control of this school island? Why did Reisi Munakata, the "King Blue", isn't he commanding?"

Some of them got angry when they heard Kuro's voice, and some seemed to be bleeding from the head.

"Your "King" may have ordered a fight, but things are changing. Now put down your weapons and await the next orders from your "King"!"

The area calmed down. The excitement that dominated the place was gone, and the cold winter air refreshed every head.

Many members of "Scepter 4" lowered their swords, as Kuro said. "Homura" had a dissatisfied face that was difficult to withdraw, but the heat to that point clearly subsided, and some people reluctantly lowered their weapons.

For the moment, Kuro took a breath of relief as the story progressed.

However, an assassin piercing through loose air ran from Kuro's side.

Kuro withdrew. A saber with a blue light pierced the place where Kuro was until a moment ago. It was Saruhiko Fushimi, number 3 from "Scepter 4". His eyes shone behind the black-rimmed glasses.

"Stray dogs should keep quiet! Worry about your own problems!"

The tone was subdued, but the voice sank with harsh anger. Kuro looked at the devilish light in Fushimi's eyes.

From the other side, a red mass clad in flames rushed in. It was Yata from "Homura", who has had a direct collision with Kuro several times.

"I hate to admit it, but the monkey is right. You are someone we cannot trust!"

He hoped this guy probably wouldn't be easily convinced.

Kuro made the attacks of Fushimi and Yata, who pinched and shot, become slimy with the ability of spatial manipulation. The two of them jumped before Kuro turned around to counterattack and landed outside the gap.

His eyes were filled with fighting spirit and pierced through Kuro.

"Never imagine fixing this with words."

Kuro came because words would not suffice.

"Come to me!"

If anyone on this island keeps fighting for nothing, then it would be him.

Not only to fulfill Ichigen Miwa's promise, but by his own will, Kuro decided to fight to help the boy in what he was trying to do.

+++++

He was sitting on a tree branch. The legs of a beautiful high school girl that were stretched from the skirt of the uniform, dangle.

To disturb "Homura" and "Scepter 4" who entered Gakuenjima, he changed his body.

He planted a time bomb in the school with the body of a student, and with the body of a member of "Homura" he pierced through the breach of the "Blue King" and stabbed into his side. He now he was in the body of this schoolgirl, shooting Kushina Anna.

The body of a girl named Kukuri Yukizome. He thought about switching to another body because what was in this body was broken, but this girl is a person who likes Weissmann. Judging that she would still be useful to him, he used some weapons and ammunition hidden on the island, in a gym bag, to be able to fight a bit while he kept that body.

He now he was hiding in the forest behind the school and observing the situation.

"Wow, Weissmann. What are you holding on to now, even though you were completely desperate almost 70 years ago?"

It was unexpected that he lost it twice.

Weissmann's spirit was fragile and full of loopholes, and although he is easier to get in than the common people around him, the guard at the point was unexpectedly tough. Is it because of the immutable attributes or is there something that invades the deepest part of the heart?

"Do I not have to deal with the painful "King" so much in the future? I will take over the power and responsibility of the 'King' who was rotten and left over."

After throwing it wrong, he spilled a girlish smile.

"It was fun, wasn't it? Shiro-kun. Everyday life with us is nothing. Every day you get a plate of lunch from everyone, laugh with everyone and take a nap in the sun. Kukuku. You are not a good "King", Weissmann."

He looked up at the sky. The red and blue swords of Damocles floated side by side over the forest, and a violent collision sounded and explosive flames rose from the forest.

"Good. They seem to be scraping well, and I'm looking forward to knowing which one to eat in order."

The cracks in the red sword of Damocles grew larger and looked like they could collapse at any moment. Beasts that are in his hands are scary, but beasts that don't stop even if they're in his hands will eventually self-destruct.

"Kukuku, it's good, that condition..."

He was watching the battle between red and blue in front of him, and he suddenly became concerned about his back.

His distorted smile disappeared and he looked back with a serious face.

The area where the school buildings and dormitories are lined up. He should have left the chaos there. The red and blue clansmen who danced, hated each other and shocked each other emotionally, and the students terrified with panic. They were all full of gaps and were in a state where he could easily walk with any body.

But he couldn't feel the sign of chaos at that moment.

"It's a meeting. Isn't it too quiet?"

He was in the middle.

"That's how it is."

He answered.

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It has been almost 70 years since he separated from the normal path.

The boy bit into the feeling that long time must melt and disappear in an instant.

"Weissmann."

"Yes."

The bosom of a friend who shared a time that no one else here knows, had the same dream and experienced the same happiness and sadness.

The strange voice has completely changed with old age, which shouldn't be nostalgic, but the boy felt his heart slowly warm from the voice that he was nostalgic about.

The boy looked down.

For nearly 70 years, Kokujoji continued to be the greatest "King" on earth.

Weissmann was afraid of throwing it away, carrying the dream that had begun to move on his back, and even the work of Weissmann that had escaped was his, and he continued to do everything possible to protect the "Slate" and achieve the "desired miracle" in Japan.

After a few unreliable years of turning after leaving Tempelhof Airport, Weissmann entered Japanese airspace. He was able to enter easily because Kokujoji stopped fighting and helped the Himmelmreich navigate over Japan. After that, he fell apart from various comforts.

Although he escaped, he was unable to leave completely, and allowed himself to get to the place where he could see the "Slate". He received it as a message, "Look there."

And indeed, Kokujoji kept showing him. He hopes that the dreams they had dreamed of would take shape and build the world. The merits and demerits.

Not all can be expressed in words.

That is why the boy dared to choose words that were not too heavy.

"I'm sorry for all the problems, Lieutenant."

When he spoke with the old name, Kokujoji laughed with a sigh over the PDA.

"If you really feel that way, how about you fulfill some obligations like "King"?"

The Kokujoji figure also chose soft words and tones, as if he was scolding a child who has gone somewhere without doing his homework.

"Oh, that's terrible. Isn't that what I'm doing now?"

"The current situation is half autonomous."

The boy smiled again after being scolded by his relaxed tone. He feels homesick enough to cry.

"Even if you become a grandfather, the lieutenant is still the lieutenant. It is also difficult to preach."

In Germany during the war, he remembers the appearance of Kokujoji who scolded him for his irresponsible dreams.

Kokujoji's voice was old and wrinkled, and the boy's voice was that of a completely different person other than Weissmann. However, when they exchanged words like these, he felt like he was back in those days when they spent their time together.

"So how are you going to get rid of him?"

"Mmm..."

Through Kusanagi and Awashima, "Homura" and "Scepter 4" have already stopped the battle and started preparing for the evacuation of the students. The number 2s of both clans who knew the identity and path of the "Colorless King" and understood that fighting the red and blue and keeping the students on the island only benefited the "Colorless King", made the decision.

First, get away from the body that the "Colorless King" can easily assume. And after that...

The boy briefly explained his plan in a low voice.

When he heard the story, the ordinary path did not budge. He felt confident about it and apologized for the fact that he would upset him later.

"Understood. It's typical of you. Honestly, just when I thought you were back after not being around for a century..."

The boy closed his eyes, feeling that he was forgiven, even though there was a slight touch of manipulation and a sign of trying to hold him back.

"I wanted to see you again if possible."

"If you think so, stop this. It's not like you're listening to me..."

Although he was slightly saddened by the voice with a bitter smile that seemed to give up, the boy intentionally made a funny and bright voice.

"As expected, you know me very well, Lieutenant! Thank you, but again, bye."

Seventy years ago, he said goodbye when he departed from Tempelhof airport and then muttered to himself, looking at his friend who was getting smaller from the airship deck.

(Goodbye, Lieutenant. Maybe we'll meet again one day...)

He was prepared to never see him again. But the threads were rejoined and the two exchanged words in this way. But the boy also cut the thread with his own hands.

The boy narrowed his eyes and said goodbye to him in his nostalgic mother tongue.

"All es gute mein freund. (I wish you the best, old friend.)"

"Viel erfolg Weissman. (Good luck to you too, Weissmann.)"

When the call was cut off and the boy slowly lowered the PDA, Kusanagi and Awashima, who were watching the situation side by side from a distance, tended to yell.

"Oh..."

"... "Silver King" ..."

The boy smiled and turned to them.

"Just tell me Isana Yashiro."

Awashima had a confused face, but she changed her mind and corrected her posture.

"Well, Isana Yashiro then. As you suggested, we first secured an escape route for the students. Now, the members of both clans who have returned to our command are beginning to lead."

The boy was in front. "Homura" and "Scepter 4", who had escalated the battle due to the darkness of the "Colorless King", have also regained their composure with the instructions and explanations given by the second in command.

However, Kusanagi was anxious about his stomach.

"With that said, if what you said is true, it is possible that the "Colorless King" will move towards the students and run away."

"No, his target is the "Kings". That's why he lured the "Red King" and "Blue King" here. Rather, the students should escape as soon as possible."

The boy said in a loud tone and looked towards the window. The land surrounding the sanctuary behind the school. Above that, the red and blue Damocles swords were still floating.

"It is not just the "Colorless King" that is dangerous."

Kusanagi's expression was slightly distorted and painful. Awashima's facial expression was also tense.

At that moment, Anna suddenly shook her body, painfully distorting her expressionless doll-like expression and hugging her body.

"Here he comes..."

At the same time, as Anna muttered under her breath, a terrifying laugh rang out in their heads.

"Kukukuku! I won't let you go,"

A discomfort as if he was in direct contact with their nerves. He felt sick as if his soul was seized and shaken. The feeling of being manipulated by the soft part of the heart and bringing out negative emotions such as anxiety and fear.

All of them were experienced by the boy. It was the mental interference of the "Colorless King".

"There's no use running away. You are all mine. Kukukuku."

Malice echoed within his skull.

"Meow! It's in my head!"

"This is the "Colorless King"?"

"Damn, he's making everything worse!"

They all couldn't hide their discomfort. The voice that echoed in his head should make not only the people in this room tremble, but all the people of Gakuenjima. The boy bit his lip when he wonders how confused and scared the students were, even those who were stepping onto the battlefield among talented people.

"Form a circle around my fingers, and dance until everyone dies. And give me everything, experience, skill, everything. Kukukukuku."

Even if the "Colorless King" voice stopped, the malicious thoughts reverberated and kept shaking their heads.

Perhaps the students have panicked and can no longer act properly. They are also manipulated as a container for the "Colorless King" to move freely. It was a short time, but the people who taught the boy the happiness of everyday life were about to be trampled on.

The boy turned to Neko, who was holding her head, and grabbed her shoulders.

"Neko."

"Eh?"

"I need your power. May it be more powerful than ever."

Neko opened her eyes and wagged her eyes in wonder.

"What should I do?"

Neko's eyes were confused, but stronger than that, with a light of joy and a willingness to trust.

She always thinks of herself like this. That fact empowered the boy.

In the boy's mind, the figure of Claudia who lost power in his arms and the soldiers who died in the rain of projectiles in the German forest were revived in the blink of an eye.

He once had the dream of making all human beings happy, but he could not love "all human beings". He does not forgive whoever killed his sister and he abandon his life after not being able to save her. He thought that if such a humble person was not qualified to act as "King", he would not be qualified to have a clan member.

But even if he can't become an omnipotent "King" who saves everything, he can be a "King" who protects the important people in front of him.

He come to think that because Neko liked him and showed him how to protect what he loved.

The boy stared at Neko's eyes of different colors left and right.

"Until now, I have never had my own clan. Not once. Would you like to be the first?"

The boy needed a lot of courage to say those words.

Seventy years ago, taking a step that could not be taken under the control of despair and emptiness.

He takes a person's hand and use force.

As the "King", he will save whatever he chooses to save and fight whatever he chooses to fight.

He still wanted to end the horror that had invaded the neighborhood, but he thought it would be a good choice to do nothing again.

Neko was stunned for a moment, then closed her eyes tightly and hugged the boy tightly.

"Stupid Shiro! You are my Shiro, and now I will be your Neko for a long time from now on!"

The boy patted Neko's head without hesitation with gratitude. He looked out the window.

"I won't let you do what you want."

The boy has revealed the silver power that he had hidden within himself.

It was an image that was different from the surface power when Awashima temporarily synced with him earlier, removing the power in the main part of him and handing it over to Neko from where he touched her.

Silver light moves from the boy's body to Neko's body.

"Shiro... I'm glowing!"

Neko made a surprisingly playful voice. Unlike the boy, who was nervous about his first installation, her eyes weren't scared. Seeing the boy's light on her body, he was glad to make her eyes shine.

The boy looked into her powerfully bright eyes and said.

"With the silver power, your original ability should be strengthened. I want you to do the same thing the "Colorless King" did with that power."

"The same, talk to everyone's head?"

"Yes. Now, everyone in Gakuenjima is scared and anxious. I want to tell everyone that they will be fine. I have immutable power. In other words, my power has the ability to regain the habitual heart at any time and situation. I want you to wear that power everyone with my voice."

She chews as much as she could, but Neko found it difficult and she thought it was difficult.

Neko's illusions were weak on a grand scale. She was not only supposed to transmit the boy's image and voice to everyone as auditory hallucinations, but she also had to carry the boy's power along with the hallucinations.

Of course, this would be Neko's first attempt. However, she believed that she should be able to do so now that she became a member of the boy's clan and connected with him.

Neko looked back into the boy's eyes, her eyes shining as if she had decided.

"I hope Shiro can go see everyone, right? Let's do it!"

Neko's white hands clasped both of the boy's hands. The boy knew it, closed his eyes and gave it to Neko as if he had unleashed all the defenses of his body and mind, and developed his own sanctuary.

The silver shrine spread across the island and covered it. The power of the clan member is also strengthened in the Sanctum. Neko who gained power put power into the hand that was holding the boy's hand.

There was the feeling that the spirit only emerged when the body lagged behind.

Unlike the previous flight with Neko because of the boy's power, this time he felt like Neko pulling his hand and flying in the sky. When he let go of that feeling, the boy jumped right at his head, even though his eyes were supposed to be closed, he could see everyone's figure.

In the classroom, there were desperate crying students. Student council president Hinata was trying to cheer them up by holding Asama by her shoulders with tears of anxiety and fear.

"I can't take this anymore!"

"Stay strong! They have their hands full now. This is our chance to escape."

At Hinata's words, a boy student makes a loud voice.

"How?"

"You're right! We're never going to escape! We're going to die!"

"Wait, don't give up!"

In an attempt to stop the students' emotions sliding down in the negative direction like an avalanche, Hinata patiently cried out, showing a painful expression.

She was a strong person who was not desperate, even if the malicious intent of the "Colorless King" was poured out, and she desperately tried to look ahead without being

dragged, even if the surroundings lost hope, the student president of this school is a great person. If so, another faint warmth glows in the boy's heart.

He could see the scene from the corridor.

There was a group of students in the hallway of the school building, who seemed to have been disliked by the others when they were about to leave. Between them, Mishina and Inaba were trapped in the middle of the stairs.

Oh, he didn't think Mishina would fit such a scared face. He looks good on his face when he overreacts when he gets fried chicken and makes a head lock on his head, and a bright expression that makes him laugh right away.

He felt even more sorry for Inaba. Her best friend Kukuri was in trouble now because of the boy. Inaba herself would be terribly scared. He felt sorry for Inaba-san, but the boy whispered in his heart that Kukuri would definitely recover and protect them all.

Also, he saw various scenes.

It was a strange feeling. Different scenes from different places flow through the boy's head at once. It was like watching a multiscreen, and it was as if the boy split up and existed here and there at the same time.

Although the class was different, he saw the girl who used to call the boy during lunch break and give him meatballs.

A boy from the art club who always drew pictures in the yard where the boy would flirt after school and talk about it.

The people from the kitchen department who shared artisan dishes and sweets with the boy who entered the kitchen.

Those who participated in the preparation of the school festival, who sweated and made fine accessories, and those who stayed up late and sewed elaborate costumes with joy.

Furthermore, everyone who lived together in this school, although they had no contact with the boy, appeared in front of him.

Some were being guided by "Scepter 4" to evacuate, but when they heard the voice of the "Colorless King", they got scared and ducked, and some were trying to escape from the guides. Believing they would do something terrible to them, they resisted, and the people of "Homura" were impatient without being able to appease them. Others who had stopped fleeing hid and trembled.

The boy already knew that each of them, who were about to be treated like a toy by the "Colorless King", lived hard every day. He was too far away to look down from the sky and he couldn't think of each and every life, but when he fell from the sky and lived with them, he felt them laughing and crying in their own little worlds, he felt up close that they lived with love for little happiness.

It seemed like a treasure to the boy. He would never let it be taken from him.

"Everyone, don't panic."

At the boy's voice, the students noticed the boy's existence.

In their eyes, they should be able to see the image of the boy created by Neko.

Some of the students noticed the boy and said "Oh!" Some people noticed that he was the same person in the image that "Homura" was looking for and said: "For you!"

However, some of them who were involved with him, when the boy lived in the school, seemed frustrated when they saw the boy.

"Are you... somewhere..."

Hinata murmured at a face that she should have known but that she couldn't remember.

Mishina and Inaba were even more prominent, opening their mouths in an attempt to say the boy's name and confused by the fact that the name did not appear.

The boy smiled to reassure them.

"Everyone must leave Gakuenjima immediately. Don't worry. I won't let anyone hurt you."

Everyone looks stunned at the boy.

Between them, Mishina looked at the boy as if he was going to speak to him and clenched his fist regretfully.

"I don't know... I don't know you, but..."

He was sure he was stuck, but he wouldn't come out. Seeing Mishina that he seemed to be angry with himself, the boy was glad despite this situation.

The days in Gakuenjima were like a ghost made by Neko, but not only in himself, even if they could no longer remember him, he believed that he was still there somewhere. He was happy.

"Yes. None of you know me, but I know all of you."

"What did you say?"

"You are my precious friends..."

When the boy said that, a drop of tears fell from Mishina's stunned eyes. The boy smiled deeply.

"I will guide everyone from now on. Please believe me and follow me."

The fear disappeared from everyone's facial expressions. Now that the school island was wrapped in a silver shrine and the boy's words were delivered with Neko's help, the protection of the boy's power was being given to everyone little by little. He was a mild force, but there was some animation on his faces.

People are strong by nature.

As everyone fled to the outside of Gakuenjima after the boy's appearance, the boy spoke to Neko in her head.

"Neko, there is another person I want you to look for."

"Who?"

"He's a bad guy who has taken over Kukuri's body. Can you do it?"

"It's okay!"

For a moment, he felt Neko's strength and another scene flowed into the boy's head.

It was a forest behind Gakuenjima. Except for the access that led to the sanctuary, he was there with naturally growing trees. Kukuri's body was found on a tree branch. Of course, he already knew the boy's actions. With a hateful expression, he was looking towards the school.

"I found you."

At the boy's voice, the "Colorless King" raised his face. Kukuri's big eyes narrowed and looked at the boy. The boy also looked at him from the front.

"Don't touch other people. We're going to put an end to this."

About the same time, he said that, the sight that was visible disappeared.

Neko's power had run out. The boy's consciousness, which had been transferred to the illusion created by Neko, was about to revert to his original body. The appearance of the "Colorless King" who took off the boy with Kukuri's body was far from the appearance of the students who have escaped to the connecting bridge. Finally, the boy smiled at the students and pointed directly off the island, giving the "Colorless King" an attentive glance.

All the images that had entered the boy's brain were completely erased, and the only thing that could be seen in the boy was the scene from the student council room, which was reflected in his own eyes.

Neko who had exhausted her power stood in front of him and bowed like a broken thread.

"Neko!"

The boy accepted Neko's body that was about to fall. Neko was exhausted and had an uncertain expression that seemed to fall asleep at any moment, but her mouth was laughing with satisfaction.

"Shiro, did I do it right?"

"Yes, thanks."

Neko's face was sweaty, she laughed very happily and closed her eyes. As she released consciousness, Neko's body grew heavier in the boy's arms.

Kusanagi and Awashima were looking at the boy with half blurred faces. The boy looked at Anna.

"Did they all get out safely?"

Anna nodded gently. The boy took a breath after receiving her endorsement as an impressed person.

When he picks up Neko's fainted body, Anna sitting on the chair stands up and gives way. The boy gently sat Neko on the chair and patted her bangs lightly. The bangs were a bit damp from sweat, and the body temperature was high as if she had a fever, probably because it was right after applying a lot of force.

The boy looked at her for a moment, laughed a little and turned to Kusanagi and Awashima.

"Thank you both. Please take care of her."

Kusanagi said: "Understood."

The boy smiled, held the red umbrella over his shoulder, and walked to the open window.

What he could do here is over. The rest is a battle between "Kings".

"..."Silver King"!"

Awashima called out to the boy involuntarily.

"Please..."

Awashima said it in a hammered voice, but did not express the content of her wish in concrete words.

The boy felt the sincerest wishes from her and returned from him as much as he could.

"Sorry, I can't promise anything... but I'll do my best."

The windows were filled with white light in the winter afternoon. The boy kicked the ground softly and jumped from the window. Looking back at the room, everyone except the sleeping Neko looked at the boy with serious eyes.

Tangled with Anna's red eyes staring at his heart. The boy looked at her for a moment, and then the boy's gaze looked at Kusanagi, Awashima, and then Neko with her eyes closed.

When he opened his favorite red umbrella, he said, "Everyone..."

"Viel Glück. (Good luck.)"

With a smile and a sincere prayer, the boy flew off and jumped out the window.

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The "Silver King" umbrella was bright red that could be seen in Anna's eyes.

However, the one who carried it on his back was so dreamy that he seemed to melt like snow and disappear at any moment.

He and everyone, will go through what they have decided.

The boy who crossed his gaze with Anna had a kind and apologetic look. Anna thought about what he was trying to do.

"Good luck, "Silver King"."

Anna murmured in a small, unreachable voice.

Only Neko's soft sigh echoed through the room.

CHAPTER 15: EACH KING'S CHOICE

The inside of his head was spinning. Oh, he thought he should have had a mask. The fox's face, provisionally entrusted to "his" self, was shattered when he played a bit with the "Red King" in the detention center.

"Kuku, kukukukuku."

The inside of his head kept spinning. He laughed when he turned around and was filled with amusement.

He distorted his face, opened his pupils and looked at the red and blue swords of Damocles.

"Once I have the two 'Kings', red and blue, the rest will follow! Kukukukukuku." His expression suddenly changed. An intelligent woman narrowed her eyes and put her index finger to her cheek.

"But can you really do it?"

The expression changed again and a tough young man raised his fist and barked.

"You know what you can do!"

This time, he suddenly turned into an innocent face, and a child stained his cheeks with pride, eyes shining and screaming.

"..."King", that's right!"

He laughed. He didn't know if it was really him because he didn't have a mask. He spread his arms to the sky and barked.

"Still, I'm the "King"!"

He laughed on the branch of a tall tree and hastily backed away. He flipped and landed, laughed and started walking

"Kuku."

Suddenly his legs withered, he staggered and leaned against a tree.

"...Help me."

The girl's trembling voice escapes from his throat. Oh, is it the voice of the owner of this body? Did she come out inspired by Weissmann's bad luck? It's cheeky to say something different than what he thought, despite some of his habits.

"It's useless. Weissmann can't do anything about it. He's a sissy who runs from scary things, even though he only talks about finishing it all. I missed him, but when I touched his soul, I knew it well."

"Kuku.", And he laughed again and walked forward.

+++++

Visibility was bad.

The heat from Suoh's flame broke his glasses and he took them off. Therefore, Munakata's field of vision with low vision was vaguely blurred as a whole and the outline of the object was not clear.

In such a hot world, only Suoh's flame was alive.

Along with the solid construction, he was furious. Munakata thought that this was no longer a "King" but a beast.

No, or is this the "Red King"? He just does what he wants. The essence of this man has not changed since they met.

(Have you reached the point where you come from for everything?)

The power of Suoh's "King" seemed to be trying to break through the human shell named Suoh Mikoto. In fact, Suoh's fist was burned by the flames on his body, burning his skin and spreading little by little. Even without the instrument, it was clear that Suoh's Weissmann deviation was sinking into the danger zone.

Suoh held a black flame-fueled hand in his fist that looked like it was about to burn, and shook it relentlessly. Munakata greeted him with his drawn sword.

The forces of red and blue collided and sparked, and after a moment of rebellion, they flew away from each other and distanced themselves. Stab wounds to the flanks spread. The wound inflicted by the "Colorless King" who abducted "Homura's" youth's body, was controlled by a different ability to stop blood, but the nagging pain was indescribable.

"What's wrong with you? Is that all you have? I know you can do better."

Suoh gasped, but he didn't seem to be in pain at all, instead he said that with an amused voice.

It's hard for Munakata to understand, but in fact, Suoh probably seemed amused.

Munakata also intentionally returned a smile.

"It's because I don't have my glasses."

"You're not taking this seriously, are you?"

"I can't afford not to take things seriously, especially when I'm going against the 'Red King' himself."

Suoh looked at Munakata with cat eyes looking at suspicious things and made a small mocking face.

"I've always hated that overly polite way of those like you. Can't you speak normally?"

"I do this because it is my mission as one of the Seven Kings, and it is my duty as the leader of "Scepter 4"."

Munakata distorted his expression a bit after making a simple statement.

In blurry vision without his glasses, he couldn't see details well, so he could see his rough flame shape better than usual. Munakata did not know the pain of having the power of the fugitive "King". He didn't know it, but he understood the danger from Suoh, who was still laughing fiercely in pain.

He remembered the exchange from last night. Knowing that the words would not reach Suoh yet, Munakata said to the stormy flame form of him.

"Personally, as Reisi Munakata, I would like to help you, Suoh."

Suoh snorted and laughed a little.

"It does not seem!"

Suoh trembled with a barking voice, putting a flame in his fist. A huge bullet-shaped flame flew out to swallow Munakata.

Munakata bit his back teeth and heart to death, and put his strength in his hand holding the sword as the "Blue King".

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"Damn.", Yata poisoned himself inside.

All of Yata's attacks were hit by Kuro, dodged, and hit in the opposite direction with one space after the attack. The same thing happened with Fushimi, and there was no decent attack on Kuro.

Kuro lowered his posture and plunged into Yata. Quick. Yata desperately swung the flaming metal bat to catch up with Kuro's speed. However, Kuro raised the sword that was still in the sheath with his left hand, received Yata's metal bat, and stopped it slightly. With that momentum, Yata's legs on the skateboard slid into a glide fashion. He was transported with the force of moving his feet, and Yata's body and skateboard flew separately in the air. Rolling over the piled snow, biting his teeth regretfully and lifting his snow-covered face, Kuro avoided Fushimi's saber with a slight somersault, twisted his body in midair and kicked Fushimi's temples. Fushimi, who had eaten the swelling, was impressed and rolled without being passive, while Kuro landed lightly.

"Damn!"

Yata was furious this time.

Even with Fushimi and two people, he couldn't bear his teeth. In the past, even a strong opponent could have been handled with Fushimi, but thinking about that, Yata got angry at the thoughts of him and clicked his tongue.

In anger and regret, Yata threw his shiny metal bat at Kuro. The metal bat with the red power went against Kuro as he performed a sharp vertical rotation, but Kuro changed the trajectory of the metal bat slightly with his right hand, which has the ability to manipulate space. Yata's attack flew back to no avail with a single action like a fly.

In the past, with Fushimi, he would bite any enemy. But now, he was only fighting the same opponent, not together. They have not aligned their shoulders and they have not left their back. That's why he was so careless, he was hanging around, and they were treated like children together without being rewarded.

Yata's fist, which turned into an empty fist, was evaded, and the round kick that he unleashed with momentum was avoided by sinking, and when he thought about it, he suddenly reached out and pushed it up from below with the palm of the hand crashing into his face.

Yata was flying in the air so the contents of his head jerked and he lunged when he noticed.

That alone was not enough, and Kuro grabbed Yata's head out of the air and slammed him against the ground. Even though the snow was a cushion, he didn't realize the pain and shock that made his neck bounce.

Kuro grabbed Yata's body and threw it back without being given a chance to rebuild. Like a doll balanced by a child, Yata flew unaided.

He heard a rumble of Fushimi's voice near his ears, and was surprised to be hit by something other than snow. It wasn't until he rolled on the ground that they entwined and he was thrown onto Fushimi's body.

Although he thought it was abominable, he couldn't even talk about it anymore. When he tried to put his strength in his body to get up, burning heat and pain shot through Yata.

"Uh... guh, ah..."

It was a shock incomparable to the damage caused by Kuro.

It was hot. Yata's flames in his body were about to explode regardless of Yata's will. The power Yata received from Suoh, who was also Yata's pride, spiraled out of Yata's control and he was enraged. He felt the fear of being eaten inside.

Below his left clavicle, he felt the heat of the burning where the "mark" of "Homura" was. It seemed that the flame in Yata was about to sprout from there, and it was irresistible.

Fushimi, who had been half laid down by Yata, got up, and when he grabbed Yata's hand that was holding the left clavicle and pulled it away, he pulled by force on the neck. He could see the exposed "crust" of Yata's "mark" glowing red with heat.

"Mikoto-san...?"

A stunned tweet spilled from his mouth. He instinctively discovered that Yata's flame was being swept away by Suoh's flame, the masterpiece. When he wondered if Suoh had something that was dozens of times more intense than the heat Yata felt now, the skin all over his body was buzzing.

"His powers are out of control. He won't be able to do it."

Looking at Yata's chest, Fushimi said that looking away.

Blood spilled over his head, and Yata grabbed Fushimi's chest and shook it.

Fushimi with a cold expression, was annoyed and hateful, and felt tremendous frustration.

When did he change so much? Until a few years ago, he unconditionally believed that Fushimi would be by Yata's side.

At that moment, when he felt that he was alone in the world, he and Fushimi even planned to change this boring world. In the end, they couldn't change the world, but the encounter with "Homura" should have broken the shell of the world. Fushimi disappeared from Yata's side, even though the dull world, which seemed gray and gloomy, harbored the red color of life. He spat on Yata's pride, stomped on Yata's important things like shit, and went with the blues mimicking Suoh with sand on his hind legs.

When he grabbed his chest and pulled him towards him and looked at Fushimi's face from a close distance, the back of his eyes suddenly turned hot. Moist heat spilled from the back of his head. Realizing it wasn't pure anger, Yata bit his back teeth.

The anger against Fushimi, who betrayed him, was always brilliant. However, when he realized that he was destined to fill and overwrite the sadness that he couldn't help himself, Yata shook his body as if to shake off that consciousness.

"You really don't care about anything?! You ever saw him as your "King"! I'm sure you're still sorry..."

Fushimi was left with a pale face. Perhaps because he was hit by Kuro along with Yata, he lost the power to quench the poison and Yata trembled with his original expression. Yata expected Fushimi to say something, but shortly after waiting for an answer, Kuro's calm voice dropped.

"Haven't you guys had enough? You're the only ones still fighting."

The blood that had risen to his head with Kuro's voice bathing him in cold water fell a bit, and when he looked around again, there were no more humans than them in the blink of an eye.

The place where "Homura" and "Scepter 4" mixed up until a moment ago had calmed down. It seemed that the sound disappeared from the place when Yata and Fushimi fell silent, perhaps because the accumulated snow absorbed a small sound.

As if to break the tranquility, he heard a thick voice yelling "Yata-san!" From a distance and the footsteps of running through the snow.

Kamamoto's familiar round shape was getting closer.

"Come on! Everyone has already been evacuated from the island!"

"Evacuated? But... Mikoto-san is still fighting!"

Yata pressed under the left clavicle and barked.

The fall of the flames still remains. Kamamoto, who shared the same flame, should be well aware that Suoh's flames were very harsh and lacked stability.

Suoh was probably now fighting the "Blue King", burning in his fierce flames. To get rid of the disturbing "Blue King" and kill the "Colorless King" who killed Totsuka Tatara.

Yata tried to insist that it was impossible for him to leave Suoh and run away with congratulations, but Kamamoto's gaze was on Fushimi instead of Yata. Recognizing that, Fushimi clicked his tongue in disgust and looked away.

When Kamamoto and Yata tried to raise their voices, Kamamoto's thick arms circled around Yata's body and lifted him up.

With Yata on his right shoulder and Fushimi on his left shoulder, Kamamoto stood up without difficulty.

"Hey... what are you doing?! Put me down!"

He struggled, but Kamamoto's silly arm was not afraid. Still, Yata used to be better, but now that Kuro had messed him up, he had almost no energy left and he could only make his limbs move like a child.

(This bastard, Yata-san, who always follows him around like a little brother, can't just say it in those moments! Why are we the only ones running away when Mikoto-san is there?)

In contrast to Yata, who screamed and yelled to let go of him in anger, Fushimi was careless, perhaps giving up.

"Put me down. Leave me alone."

For some reason, Kamamoto politely responded to Fushimi's annoying little words, even though he ignored the angry voices that Yata continued to say...

"I don't even want to help you. But I think our "King" would have compassion. Mikoto-san is a big-hearted guy. He wasn't bothered by your betrayal."

"That's what I don't like about him..."

Fushimi was silent. Kamamoto ignored Yata's resistance and started running with the two of them. Yata screamed in anger and regret.

The view, fixed upside down on Kamamoto's shoulders, seemed as if there was a sky under his feet. Beyond the white sky beneath his feet, the red and blue swords of Damocles line up.

Seeing the red Damocles sword that broke and emitted a red spark, Yata frowned tightly.

The "mark" sign carved below the left clavicle was still very feverish and painful.

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After seeing the two most troublesome and strong "Homura" and "Scepter 4" taken off the school island, he was relieved to rush during the evacuation period.

At the right moment, the boy with a red umbrella descended from the sky like a great bird.

"Thanks for your hard work."

"Oh, I had a little problem."

"We finished our part too. Neko did the best she could."

The boy smiled and looked out into the forest. The "Colorless King" may be there.

"Now, let's get to the final work. Let's help Kukuri."

The specific calculation had already been discussed. However, from Kuro's point of view, the boy's plan seemed too risky, and he frowned.

"Are you sure this plan is going to work?"

"Well, I'm counting on you to make it work."

The boy chewed with a blurry face. Kuro's astringent face deepened.

Although he regained his memory of him as "King", his words and actions hadn't changed after all.

"You need to act more solemn and worthy of a "King"."

"Hey, sorry for not being a perfect "King"."

The boy lowered the lower part of his eyebrows and made a worried and jealous face. Kuro stared at his profile for a moment, mostly with one knee on the ground and he was frail. The boy opened his eyes and began to panic.

"Kuro? Hey, what are you doing?"

"Shut up. Let me do this."

Kuro lowered his face and closed his eyes.

He had been thinking for a long time while he was working with the boy. As Miwa's vassal, he had to comply his late master. Therefore, it was not possible to completely give in to the boy, and if the boy was a bad "King", he should be eliminated. On the other hand, he always wanted to help him.

As the boy said, he is not the ideal "King" that Kuro thinks. Kuro's ideal is still based on Miwa Ichigen.

But since it wasn't ideal, he wanted to help, support, and pave the way for him, instead of trusting him with everything and obeying him.

"Ichigen-sama. May I have your permission to serve a new "King"?"

In a calm voice, Kuro asks the deceased loved one who lives in his heart.

(Kuro. I think your righteousness is very beautiful.)

When Miwa fell due to illness and couldn't get up for a long time, Miwa suddenly called out to him.

(You represent someone, you never blame anyone. Your strength and purity are your virtues, but you could live more for yourself.)

When he thought about it, he believed that, at that moment, he was scared by Miwa's death and had a terrible face every day. A beloved teacher and benefactor, he was delighted to live for Miwa who was his only family, but without blood ties. Miwa was Kuro's base and the pillar of the world for Kuro.

In a word, he might have been mildly concerned that Kuro's heart was too close to him. It was probably due to the detention that he gave Kuro a life that could be called an unreasonable challenge.

Or was Miwa looking towards this future as well?

(I'm glad my words can be your guide, but don't forget. You are the one who chooses the way forward.)

He believed that the word he said to him at that moment would surely return a positive smile to his words.

Kuro put "reason" in front of himself, raised his chin and looked directly at the boy.

"Kuroh Yatogami, as a member of the clan of Adolf K. Weissmann, the first king, I swear that I will stake my life and serve the "King"."

In response to the words of Kuro's oath, the boy opened his eyes and then relaxed his expression, telling Kuro...

"I wish you would relax. This ceremony is not necessary for us to be friends."

The boy closed his umbrella and approached the frail Kuro.

"Come on."

Kuro stared at his hand and gently took it and stood up. He felt the boy's power flow from the connected hands. The boy and Kuro's body glowed silver.

His body became lighter and he felt that he was protected by something warm and soft.

This is a fragment of the boy's power as the "Silver King", and the silver clansman's power bestowed on Kuro.

Encouraged by the softness and vitality that flowed from the depths of his body, which resembled the boy's personality, Kuro put his strength in his hands.

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The self-destruction of the "Red King" seemed to be near, but the fugitive flames were terrifyingly powerful. The fire, which ate up everything before it grew weak and quenched, seemed to erode the blue order as well.

"Hey, is the 'Blue King' running out first? Surprisingly."

Beneath the torii gate of the shrine at the back of the island, he looked at the red and blue swords of Damocles and murmured with a cynical smile.

Furthermore, the inside of his head began to spin. His personality was confused. The floating smiling face turned into another human smile.

"Then, I will consume the "Blue King" first."

"No, and then get killed by the "Red King"?", a bad boy laughed wryly.

"Let's wait a little while longer until the 'Red King' runs out, and then we'll take it.", the intelligent man mused calmly.

"I can take my time with the "Blue King" after that.", a young man with a hobby of atrocities licked his tongue.

The family perked up, spread their arms, and took a wobbly step. He no longer knew who he was, but anyone was fine. Everything was his.

In the rooms of the spacious sanctuary, he could walk and dance on the clear white snow that had no footprints.

"After obtaining the power of the two "Kings", consuming the other kings will be a piece of cake! And once I have acquired the power of the seven kings, I will be the most powerful. Do you need seven kings? I'll be the only "King"!"

"Red King" on the brink of self-destruction.

"Blue King" crushed by the "Red King".

Weissmann only says sloppy words, "Silver King".

The strongest "Golden King" who dominates from a height.

(He told me to put a mask on instead of my lost face. Although he was next to me, he only said what I liked and went somewhere, that parrot, "Green King".)

Suddenly his legs went weak and he knelt. For some reason, his body wasn't moving well.

"Oh, is someone in me rebelling against me? Cheeky despite my habit."

"Who is it? No, anyone can do it. I am me."

With his hands on the ground, he flinched a little. Unpleasant sweat resonated throughout his body. The words that escaped his lips were uncertain.

"I... I... I am... I am..."

"Grimacing with Kukuri's body?"

A voice was heard from behind, and his consciousness, which was about to be crushed, returned. A moment later, he recognized it as Weissmann's voice and looked back with his tongue.

The "Green King" gave him Weissmann's body with a red umbrella, and when he left it, Kuroh Yatogami was floating in the air with a silver light.

For the owner of this body that he was in now, "classmates, Shiro and Kuro".

Hovering in the air and looking at him from a height, the two lowered their altitude and landed in front of the torii gate.

"Shiro-kun..."

His mouth calls out to Isana, also known as Weissmann. He wasn't sure if the words he said were his acting or the personality he swallowed, but it didn't matter.

He turned the expression of innocent Kukuri Yukizome, took out a pistol from the sports bag behind him and fired at the same time.

The bullet was blocked by a silver barrier and was repelled. He ran without hesitation. He kicked the ground, jumped high over the shrine and Kuro, and leaped to the foot of the stone steps of the shrine.

His abilities weren't suitable for frontal combat. Of course, he had a certain fighting ability because he had the ability of humans who have traveled so far, but it was too difficult to deal with the "King" and two high ranking clansmen. An icy voice was heard as he looked around him to see if that body should be abandoned.

"It's useless. Those who were on the island have been evacuated. There are only a few people left here. There is no one you can easily transfer to."

From the top of the stone steps, Kuro looked down with cold eyes and said. That clicked his tongue and opened the gym bag on his shoulder.

He burned the boy's eyes with a flash bullet packed in a bag with intense white light, and started running with a pistol in hand.

It was Kuro who immediately followed him. He turned around and fired several shots, but due to his ability to manipulate the space in his right hand, he changed the trajectory of the bullet and swept back. Kuro reached out his right hand.

A hand that grabbed the subject, ignoring the distance, grabbed his neck and pulled him down.

A jumping Kuro landed in front of which he had fallen.

"Kuro, don't hurt Kukuri!"

The boy chasing them behind yelled.

(Damn. What do you do?)

He got up as he approached the target. The tip of the sword was pointed at the tip of his nose. The promise made to Miwa. Kuroh Yatogami decided to use this sword only for the fate of "cutting the evil King", and he never tried to draw it out in any other way.

The sword was being pulled out and stuck to his nose.

"Kuro!"

The boy's impatient voice flew up, but Kuro coldly looks at him without hesitation or confusion.

What will he do? The inside of his hand was already cracked. There was no mental gap in the current Kuro.

It was impossible to take over. Was there something that shook him? But this, she was an innocent ordinary person, he was trying to cut him with the body of this girl, a friend with whom he had had close contact, even though was for a short time.

How should he shake the person who has forsaken his personality for the sake of "the Lord's death"?

"This is "Kotowari", the sword of my deceased and celebrated master Ichigen-sama. This is the second time I have drawn it. Do you understand what that means? I have decided that you are an evil "King". Therefore, in accordance with the last words of my master Ichigen-sama, I will kill you. I will not allow someone like you to succeed my master Ichigen-sama as the Seventh "King"!"

He was horrified by Kuro's killing intent, which was a mixture of calm determination and no anger.

(I am the "King"! There is no way a clan member can question it! However, I have not yet eaten any other "King". I have not eaten anyone stronger than Kuroh Yatogami. And this sword. A special sword left by the seventh "King" of the previous generation.)

The word "death" flashed through his head, and he immediately cried out with Kukuri Yukizome's voice.

"Yes... Kuro-kun, is that you? You don't do that, do you? Hey, stop..."

Kukuri Yukizome's voice was overwhelmed by a tough personality that insisted from inside of her.

"Kukuku, do you want to kill me? Try it! No! No! It's a lie, please stop! Really, please, really..."

The inside of his head was spinning. His personality was uncertain and thoughts were scattered.

Kuro held the sword in both hands without changing his expression and waved it.

"Wait! Wait! No! Help me, Shiro!"

He cries to where the boy was. The sword came down from the head of him, Kukuri Yukizome, who was there. The boy was visibly upset.

"Kuro, stop!"

The boy raised his voice. There he found the light.

(Sweet. After all, this is a sweet and weak man. A Weissmann ladybug who doesn't want to face difficulties. An empty "King" who can't make up his mind and can't kill or save people.)

He leapt from Kukuri's body, straight into the boy's wavering eyes.

"You let your guard down, Weissmann! I had intended to do it later, but now it's okay!"

The boy got more upset and said, "Damn!" Once inside the boy's body, he licked his tongue and bit into his soul.

"You won't run away this time! Coward!"

The boy, who was hugging his body as if he was scared, suddenly relaxed his expression.

"I have you."

".....?!"

"Kukuri doesn't remember calling me Shiro-kun."

Even though he was able to get inside his body, the boy spoke freely regardless of his will. There was no mouth or free body.

Kuro stopped his sword by Kukuri's neck and looked at the boy he entered without any confusion.

He could no longer get out of the boy's body when he realized that he had been torn apart.

It was always he who touched the souls of others.

He walked around the human body as he desired, one-sidedly touched the soul and remembered the form, and made it his own. Once in the body, the ruler was supposed to be him. Even so...

For the first time, he was completely fluffy with the feeling of being touched and entangled in his soul without hesitation.

He couldn't move that body. He didn't make sense. The boy closed his eyes and the field of vision closed. For some reason, he couldn't hear the sound or smell. With all five senses cut off, he became a defenseless soul that simply floated in empty space, like dust in space.

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Capturing the soul of the "Colorless King" that jumped on him, the boy fully opened the outlet of his immutable power, wrapped himself around, sealed the "Colorless King" inside his body and closed his eyes.

A terrible dissonance echoed within the boy. The "Colorless King" soul struggled and screamed like crazy. The screams were innumerable, as in a great terrified crowd.

"Let go of me, stop! I am you...!"

"No, I don't like it! Help me!"

"Please, Shiro, help me..."

"You'll regret this, I'm going to kill you!"

Hearing each and every one of the voices, the boy spoke in a low voice to the "Colorless King".

"I pity you. You have assimilated too many personalities and your ego is about to collapse. You no longer know who you really are."

The "Colorless King" captured by the boy, made a sad voice.

"Why, Weissman?!"

That voice seemed closer to the essence of the "Colorless King" than any other voice he had ever heard.

"Hey, Weissmann, didn't you 'make everyone happy'? I'm that 'everyone's' crystal. You were trying to be happy. Will you make me happy or disappoint? Or will you make everyone happy even if 'everyone's' crystals' are they that dirty?"

The "Colorless King, who once touched his soul, knew Weissmann better than anyone.

He knew Weissmann's past, thoughts, and sins as if he were himself, even if he had no favors or desire to understand it.

That is why the denunciation of the "Colorless King" was like being denounced from a mirror that reflected himself.

"I'm sure you were just one person in the past. It's probably my responsibility that you did this."

The boy looked at the sweetness of his dreams and the price of him. He accept it and make a decision.

"Still, I'll beat you. I couldn't save anyone, I couldn't fight, I just turned my back on everything and escaped, but now I'm defeating you to save the important people."

The "Colorless King", sealed by the boy's power, struggled to escape from him.

"Damn it... Weissmann!"

"Let's go to hell together!"

"I am, I am, I am!"

"Go back to your true self that you forgot in the world. Nameless you..."

The "Colorless King" soul cried out in a strained voice.

"Right, I am the "King"!"

"Ich bin der erste König. Das älteste König. Mein Junge. (I am the first king, the oldest king, boy.)"

The soul of the "Colorless King" who tried to escape from the boy was layered with his own power. The boy gently contained the soul, which had been tightly sealed until he could no longer hear his voice, deep within his chest.

He slowly opened his eyes.

In front of him, Kuro, who was holding a weak Kukuri, looked at the boy anxiously. The boy's body was sweating wet despite the cold weather. Sweat that had dripped from his hairline ran down his cheeks. Breathing out a tight breath, the boy turned towards Kuro to reassure him.

"It was an all or nothing bet, but it worked."

Kuro, who was watching with a sigh, also relaxed his expression with relief, but he immediately redid a hard face and took the boy off lightly.

"Was the chance of success that low? You didn't tell me that. You should take things more seriously."

"Okay, you can scold me later. Get Kukuri to safety."

"What about you?"

The boy did not answer Kuro's question, and silently looked up at the sky where the red and blue swords of Damocles floated. Just with that, Kuro realized the boy's intention and changed his complexion.

"Are you crazy? If you interrupted a battle between 'Kings', even you wouldn't come out unscathed."

"Don't worry. I am the immortal 'King'."

The boy smiled softly.

He couldn't take Kuro with him. The boy who started this should have taken over the "King".

"Come on, get going."

"But..."

"Go away. Someone who is not 'King' should not continue to advance."

He deliberately chose words and a voice that was cold and aggressive.

Kuro showed a scared expression for a moment, and when he scowled in regret, he silently returned the swelling.

The boy turned his back on Kuro, who was running away with Kukuri in his arms, with a pain in his chest.

"Sorry, Kuro... Take care of Kukuri and Neko."

The boy began to walk alone. Immediately, a terrifying smile appeared on the boy's expression.

In a hurry, the boy lowered his mouth and managed to bind the soul of the "Colorless King", who was about to wreak havoc, and pushed him in time. Staying on his wobbly feet.

"You don't intend to hold still? Not being able to contain yourself within me for a long time. Even though you are damaged, you are still the "Colorless King"."

The boy slowly moved his legs and began to follow the path under the swords of red and blue Damocles.

The red sword of Damocles deepened the degree of collapse as the boy looked at it. The boy continued to stare at the scene, which seemed to roll down the road to ruin.

He roughly calculates the deviation of the power of the "Red King" visually. He could no longer stop that collapse. The "Red King" had no intention of stopping.

"Hey, Lieutenant. I really believed that my research would make everyone happy. But now, I believe that the power that I discovered, has brought nothing but loneliness. Despite having many members following them, I believe that each of the "Kings" transits down a path of loneliness. Just as your path and mine parted that day."

The red and blue shrine were fighting and playing with each other. To prove that they were incompatible, the two colors do not mix and emit aggressive light like lightning.

"I wonder if those two can walk side by side on the same path..."

The boy muttered under his breath in a small voice that no one could reach.

Mishina had a vague spongy and mysterious feeling. Maybe it was because the lie-like events happened in rapid succession that he couldn't regain his sense of reality, or maybe he was ill because he couldn't sleep in the classroom last night.

After escaping from Gakuenjima, the students were evacuating to the station yard on the mainland side of the school's monorail for the time being. The student council members who rolled over to see if there was a delay in the escape were really quick, but all the other students had a vague face that seemed to be dreaming somewhere like Mishina.

But there was no longer the color of fear or confusion on either face.

He was a mysterious boy with a red umbrella that saved him, from despair that he had no choice but to die on the island in panic. When he called out to him, his wavy heart calmed down for some reason, and they all escaped from Gakuenjima while being led by the umbrella boy, as if the state of depression was a lie.

The boy with the umbrella was gone before he knew it.

"He... who was he..."

Mishina muttered without telling anyone.

Inaba, who was also next to Mishina, suddenly changed her facial expression and looked around her.

"That... what happened to Kukuri?"

Mishina also looked closely at Inaba's uneasy voice.

"Yukizome-san?"

The two began searching the station. Kukuri was a very solid person. They think she should work proactively if she's safe, but they couldn't see her.

Student council president Hinata was watching checking for delays, and Mishina and Inaba rushed to see her.

"President! Yukinome-san!"

"We can't find Kukuri!"

Hinata calmly returned to their complaints.

"Who was with her the last time?"

"Um... Ah! She Maybe she was with that boy... He led us..."

Inaba yelled with a shocked face. The face of the boy with a red umbrella immediately appears on Mishina's head, and his expression naturally lights up.

"Ah, he... Who was he?"

"I feel like his name is on my throat, but it doesn't come out..."

The same thing happened when she met the boy on the stairs. He believed that he did not know, but he felt at the same time that he knew him, and it was frustrating not being able to remember who he was, and tears welled up in Mishina's eyes.

"You are all my dear friends."

When he remembered the words of the umbrella boy, he felt at ease and his anxiety dissipated.

Looking at Inaba, Inaba also seemed relieved, and when they looked at each other, they smiled at the same time.

"I feel like he's fine."

"I also."

Mishina and Inaba looked in the direction of the island.

"I don't know who he is... but that boy helped us..."

They were sure that Kukuri would be fine. There was a message that if the boy was with her, he would protect Kukuri and return her safe and sound.

Mishina thought that if he could meet him next time, he would have to thank him for his help.

He really wanted to be friends with who said were friends.

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Kusanagi gently placed Neko's body in his arms, under the bridge on the mainland side, on top of a pile of building plates. The girl, who was an important person to the "Silver King", slept well.

Anna gently looked at Neko asleep and sat next to Neko huddled to protect the defenseless one.

Anna was as expressionless as usual, like a doll. But that didn't mean her emotions didn't budge. Kusanagi knew that the more she endured difficulties, the more expression lost her face. In fact, everyone celebrated Anna's birthday before he shot Totsuka.

Anna's expression was much richer until she thought it was a fun celebration.

Kusanagi stared at Anna's face for a few seconds and turned her back on her without finding the right words to call.

Standing by the sea, he was blown away by the cold wind that smelled of the tide and took a cigarette out of his pocket. Instead of using his own flame, which had become unstable due to the fluctuation of Suoh's power, he lit it with his favorite lighter.

He inhaled deeply the smoke and saw the school island across the sea. Four swords of Damocles floated in the whitish cloudy sky over the island.

He could no longer enter that place. He left it to Suoh's feelings, left it to the work of "Blue King", and left it to the aid of the "Silver King".

The smoke that Kusanagi exhaled rose to the sky. The air was colder than before. When he thought that he could snow again with that amount, rang out a loud voice that he was used to hearing from a distance.

When he looked at it, Yata and Kamamoto were coming there while talking about something. Instead of arguing, it seemed that Yata was biting one-sidedly and Kamamoto was calming him down. Perhaps Kamamoto took out that incision captain that he continued to ignore the withdrawal order to the end by exercising his strength.

"Well the idiot finally here he comes."

Kusanagi spat out a bit in great dismay and some anger, and Yata noticed Kusanagi and ran.

"Kusanagi-san! Why did everyone have to retreat? Are you going to abandon Mikoto-san?!"

As soon as he arrived, Yata raised his voice and barked.

Kusanagi looked silently at Yata. He stared at the cruel and direct face of the boy, who hesitated to reveal his pure emotions, for a few seconds, and when he grabbed his fist, he dropped it into his brain.

"What are you doing?!"

"Anna hold on in silence, but you are a screaming gangster. Don't you think that's ugly?"

Yata, holding his head painfully, heard Kusanagi's low voice and looked away with a scowl.

Kusanagi also turned away from looking at Yata and looked back at Gakuenjima, where Suoh and the other "Kings" remained.

Four swords of Damocles hovered above Gakuenjima.

Unknown red, blue, silver, and a colorless sword.

Kusanagi looked at the red sword of Damocles, which he had been looking at more closely. The sword broke into pieces and seemed terribly fragile, contrary to the fierceness of Suoh's flames.

(Hey, Mikoto.)

Kusanagi spoke to a friend who keeps shaking his fist at his heart.

(Anna desperately endures sadness, and Yata still wants to fight by your side. But you will understand too. I know, but you still try to run as you want.)

He knew from the moment he met Suoh that he could only live as he wanted. Not bending his way of life was also tied to his dignity.

(You are a selfish king who can't even be a tyrant, but since you are a king, we could unite and burn our souls together.)

The cigarette smoke exhaled by Kusanagi billowed in the wind, flowed towards Gakuenjima and disappeared.

What he couldn't do is watch Suoh burn his soul, it was something he could only see from a very remote place.

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Awashima made an icy voice without looking at him, surprising the troublesome subordinate who was walking slowly.

"I thought you were back in your old nest."

Ignoring Awashima's order to retreat, she ironically announced the criticism of Fushimi, who was engrossed in the battle with Yata. Awashima didn't know much about the relationship between Fushimi and Yata. However, she learned that Fushimi, who seems lethargic but definitely does his job, discards everything when it comes to Yata and exposes a mysterious passion that he usually never shows.

Fushimi was in a bad mood, but he probably understood that something was wrong with him. He clicked his tongue and answered in a low voice.

"Did it look like he was going to come back?"

Awashima stared at the four swords of Damocles hovering above Gakuenjima, not responding to his flirtatious voice.

It may be the first time that four "Kings" have come together from the crater.

"Do you think a large-scale incident could happen again?"

Fushimi said that in a rough voice. To be honest, if that happens, they will definitely die there.

In the case of Kagutsu, a radius of several tens of kilometers was blown up and 700,000 people were killed.

Munakata will never allow such a thing.

"The Captain won't let that happen."

"Even that he has to sacrifice himself for it?"

At that moment, the area around the temples heated up, and Awashima looked at Fushimi seriously.

It must have been ironic that he pierced her mouth out of habit. Looking at Awashima's expression, Fushimi made a slight face, perhaps because he thought he had passed through his mouth.

"The Captain is a man with a big heart. I accept you and he gave you an important position, despite your past with "Homura". Don't forget that."

Awashima said that softly, pushing anxiety-fueled anger into her chest.

Fushimi bitterly distorted his mouth.

"I loathe people with a big heart. All they do is look at you as something inferior. They don't care about the fights of those inferior to them. If that's what it means to be a "King", then it's just sad and lonely."

In Fushimi's words muttered under his breath, Awashima felt this young man's assessment change a little within herself.

Awashima was a bit surprised at Fushimi who used the word lonely.

Awashima looked back at the four swords of Damocles in the distance and silently exhaled.

"That's right... Therefore, the "King" can be attracted only to the "King"."

She looked at the sword of Munakata, whom she had known for a long time.

Unlike the red sword, it is a sword that is perfectly shaped and has no time to spare. Perfection strengthens the heart of Awashima.

However, the owner of the sword is by no means a god. Awashima knew that she was not free from conflict and suffering.

What was disappointing was that small size, which allowed her to look only from the outside in those moments.

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The force burned into Suoh's core, burned violently, and was released as additional force.

He swings his fist and unleash his power with a blazing flame.

Suoh felt the time remaining was running out, leaving himself with the elevation of the battle.

The balance of power in Suoh had already collapsed. As he collapsed like an avalanche, he turned into enormous energy and was carried away by momentum and urgency without trying to stop coming out.

It was exciting to fight Munakata as he wanted without looking back, but Suoh's purpose was not here.

This battle with Munakata was just a sideshow.

It was a fun show, the last, for the first time in a long time.

There was no impatience. There was a mysterious premonition that the moment would come from the other side when it would be time to arrive.

He returned the flames, struck Munakata's sword, knocked down the surrounding area, blew at Munakata with his fist, rolled on the ground with the sword he wielded, and released the power that had oxidized in his body. without any thoughts, various thoughts passed away.

What was left. Things that no longer exist. What was in front of him.

Feelings for them and a weak feeling flowed out as he bled in the outbreak of battle.

Munakata with a harsh expression drew his sword and attacked Suoh, who shot a flame from his burned black fist and struck him.

The moment the red flame and the blue sword tried to collide with each other, a silver light fell from above, landed between them, and exploded.

He could feel the prosperity of it.

In the center of the depth was the "Silver King". The existence of "King's" soul in the body of a helpless child stopped Suoh's fist, and he held Munakata's sword with the umbrella in his other hand.

Suoh's fist and flames were stopped by the boy's hands, who didn't even seem to be putting effort into it. A being that transcended physical power and could not be invaded by anyone remained there, not allowing Suoh and Munakata's power to erode.

Suoh couldn't understand the content of this boy for a moment.

Certainly, he felt the power as "Silver King". However, at the same time, he felt the strange sign of the "Colorless King" that had once eroded inside Suoh.

The boy put some effort into the umbrella that was receiving Munakata's sword. Munakata's sword, which was rejected by the boy's umbrella, was gently lowered back.

The silver light boy looked divine, but when he looked closely, he frowned painfully and was sweating to bear something.

The boy's eyes looked at Suoh.

"Is this the one you are looking for?"

As soon as I said that, the boy's rational eyes went wild.

"Hey! What are you thinking?! Stop! Stop! Stop!"

His pupils widened and he screamed hysterically with a distorted gaze.

He certainly had the same facial and voice distortion as the criminal in that video of Totsuka being shot, and the same scent as the "Colorless King" he contacted in the prison from "Scepter 4."

The "Colorless King" was screaming and drooling, and the "Silver King", who had regained a rational expression, slowly raised his face and looked at Suoh.

"Hurry... Only a 'King' can kill another 'King'."

Suoh raised the tip of his mouth.

"Oh, I appreciate it. Thank you for bringing it here."

Suoh gives his sincere gratitude from him. He was grateful for the "Silver King's resolve," but he was unwilling to forgive him.

He let the flames fill. The flame that he had long left behind. A flame that he had been struggling to control and confine. He brings it to a boil without hesitation.

"Stop it, Suoh! Don't do it!"

He hears Munakata's angry voice. But Suoh didn't reply.

Suoh shot from the lower part of his abdomen. His forehead was filled with red flames.

No blood, no bone, no ash. He spat out a flame that went out without a drop of his own blood, a piece of bone, or a trace.

He put everything on his right arm, which was burning red, so he could put his soul in it and swing it.

A serious and wholehearted blow that had never fought Munakata reached the center of the boy's torso with his arms extended to accept it.

At that moment, the destructive power of the "Red King" exceeded the immutable power of the "Silver King". Suoh's fist was not injured.

He pierced through the body of the supposedly unchanging "King" and killed the soul of the "Colorless King".

He felt a certain response and the death of the "Colorless King". The sound of the crumbling sword of Damocles ruin could be heard floating above his head.

Even though it was pierced through his body, the "Silver King" was still smiling. With a smile on his face, he dispersed from the center of his body. Even if the bodies that carried the souls of the two "Kings" were burned without leaving blood, bones or even ashes, the flames that escaped from Suoh's body did not stop, and turned into pillars of fire and pierced the heavens at high temperature.

Only at that moment, even if it was anger or anger, did he fade away. He felt that it was just a hunk of power. Suoh was smiling.

In the red-tinged landscape, he imagines the desert for a moment.

A vast dry desert with nothing.

He felt the freedom to run through the desert like a beast, using his entire body.

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He felt that he had a very painful dream.

Kukuri slowly raised her heavy eyelids.

"Eh? I..."

When she raised her face, she saw a young man with long black hair holding her. Looking at his face, Kukuri's anxiety eased a bit.

"Kuro... where am I?"

When he called out his name, Kuro looked at Kukuri and had a relieved expression on his face.

"Do you recognize me?"

Kukuri slowly blinked a warm smile, wondering what he was saying to her.

She still knew him for a short time, but he was a friend. She couldn't forget him. Oh, what happened to the other friends of her? She was so confused that she couldn't remember the details, but she was so scared that everyone should have panicked. She was glad that Kuro was okay.

Kukuri kept her head vague and moved her mouth.

"Everyone is safe with Kuro-kun... with Wagahai-chan... and that...?"

Kukuri was confused because she didn't know who he was when she tried to ask him.

"Kuro-kun, Wagahai-chan, and that... he? That...?"

She couldn't remember and for some reason tears came to her.

That boy was a little sick, but he was bright and kind. Everyone loved him, he loved everyone, but he was a dreamer that she felt that he was going to disappear when she realized it. So Kukuri wanted to take a closer look so as not to lose sight of him.

(Who am I thinking of?)

Unknowingly, the tears overflowed one after another.

(I think he helped me, but why can't I remember?)

Amidst the confusion, Kuro gently took Kukuri's hand as she wiped away the tears that flowed.

"Okay. Don't say anything now, just rest."

Kuro picked up Kukuri's body. He walked to the mainland at the connecting bridge. Kukuri saw Gakuenjima. What happened was a huge column of fire rising from Gakuenjima. Kukuri looked at the unrealistic scene with the feeling that he was still in the middle of a dream.

There were huge swords floating over the island. She saw the silver sword disappear as if the sand had collapsed, and Kukuri was grieving for some reason.

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As the smoke slowly cleared, the figure of a man emerged.

Munakata looked at him with a bitter feeling that his face was distorted.

Following the fierce explosion of power, the figure of the "Silver King", which had the spirit of "Colorless King" in its body, had disappeared.

The "King" was assassinated.

He murmured into his chest and felt like he wanted to click his tongue, but Munakata's tongue didn't move as if it had frozen.

Instead, the hand that was holding the sword was filled with power.

Suoh killed the "King". What happened to Suoh's Weissmann deviation, which was originally unstable, was murky when he looked at the instruments.

The air that had been boiled by Suoh's bonfire at one point was blown away by the strong sea breeze and quickly cooled. The snow began to churn.

Red power was sparkling around Suoh's body as little snowflakes danced and fell in the wind.

Suoh, standing in a relaxed posture, looked at him loosely. Beyond his line of sight, he should have seen the point of his tattered sword, which he could never erase at his will.

There was no power left in Suoh's body that killed the "King".

Suoh inhale and exhale slowly. Suoh's hot breath exhaled into the cold air was as white as smoke.

"Sorry for making you do your dirty work."

Suoh said. Munakata's visibility without the broken glasses was poor, but he could still see what Suoh looked like.

"Don't give me that crap with that calm look on your face. If you really felt that way, isn't there something you could have done before this happened?"

Munakata bit his teeth.

"Somehow, it didn't happen!"

He couldn't handle his emotions. Whether it was regret or something, he was just calmly analyzing the brain of the cold Munakata.

Suoh chuckled softly at what he had never seen.

"Say nothing more, Munakata."

The burning flame had gone out. Munakata couldn't understand at all, as the fact that Suoh, who had stood before Munakata many times without any orbit and had no responsibility as "King", was the last place he went with a purpose. There was nothing to save and no cause to protect.

And he believed that he was a selfish and imitative man in pushing the disposition towards Munakata.

Suoh was a man who only did what he wanted to do. And Munakata was a person who did what he had to do.

Munakata took hold of the sword again. Munakata's sword called Tenrou. Named after a bright blue star, this sword had no time to be wielded.

Suoh spread his arms slightly towards Munakata and looked up at the sky. Without fierceness or burning fever, it was like a whitening fire.

The crumbling sword of Damocles lost light and began to fall.

Munakata took a big step towards Suoh.

He controls the sword with the sword. Munakata's sword exactly pierced the heart in Suoh's left chest.

The sensation of tearing the flesh and breaking the organ that controls the blood that is the source of life was transmitted from the sword to Munakata's hand.

Bright red blood flowed onto the snow-covered white ground.

The life of a man who can be said to have been the only friend of Munakata, was taken by the sword of Munakata. He calls a friend who was an abominable "King" who irritated Munakata, but with whom he could look to the same horizon and say things on an equal footing.

Suoh's sword of Damocles, which had fallen on his head, disappeared like red particles of light.

Suoh's body was weak, and his chin rested on Munakata's shoulders.

Suoh's body was completely weakened, with words that seemed to be an apology to the girl he was with, murmured humorously, and a small sigh that breathed the end of life leaked into Munakata's ear.

Munakata stood for a long time holding the heavy body of a man who had lost his life, while fine white snow and particles of red light, the tip of the sword of Damocles, broke and scattered.

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(Sorry Anna. I can't show you the beautiful red anymore.)

As she stared at the slowly falling sword of Damocles, Anna's sensitive antenna caught Suoh's last words.

As soon as she recognized the parting words, the red disappeared from Anna's world, which was only red.

In a colorless world where the only beautiful color had disappeared, the emotions that had been trapped inside Anna and frozen, suddenly melted and overflowed unstopably.

She burst into tears, a scream escaping from her throat.

"Mikoto!"

Anna cried and called Mikoto's name to Gakuenjima as much as she could.

Oh, when was it? Suoh asked Anna once.

(Anna. How do you see me with your eyes? A monster? A beast? A formless disaster?)

Anna knew that Suoh had always been afraid of his power.

He was afraid that his power would destroy everything and make him look like his predecessor, the "Red King", Kagutsu Genji. He struggled to have the power to do that and the desire to give in to the urge of that power.

In fact, Suoh was rumored to be a "red monster" in Shizume, Kusanagi and Totsuka described him as a beast, and the "Blue King" described him as a disaster-like person.

However, none of them were visible to Anna.

(Mikoto is a flame.)

Looking at Suoh, Anna replied. A smile naturally spilled over.

(A large, clean, bright red flame. The most beautiful red in the world.)

For Anna, Suoh was the one who lit up Anna's world.

On a cold winter day with flickering snow, the flames that colored and warmed Anna's world disappeared.

EPILOGUE: TO BE CONTINUED

The "Green King" looked at the monitor and muttered under his breath.

"The Weissmann deviation of the "Colorless King", the Weissmann deviation of Adolf K. Weissmann and the Weissmann deviation of Mikoto Suoh have disappeared."

The man in priest's clothing next to him frowned at the simple words of the "Green King."

"In the end, the "Golden King" didn't move."

"Yes, but there is a record that the "Golden King" communicated with the "Silver King". Maybe he entrusted everything to the "Silver King", or..."

The "Green King" slightly raised the edge of his mouth.

"Does the "Golden King" no longer have enough power to move on its own?"

A child sitting under the feet of the "Green King" snorted when he heard it.

"If the most troublesome guy is seriously getting old, isn't that convenient for us?"

"Affirmative. It may not be long before we get out."

A sleek young man leaning on the couch looked at the "Green King" with tentative eyes under his long lashes.

"But it's a shame that your obsessive "Silver King" died so easily. Or rather, the immortal 'King' actually died, didn't he?"

"What about that?"

The "Green King's" eyes gleamed as if waiting for something. His eyes were looking at the state of the school island when he was about to settle through the monitor.

"The "Silver King" is an immutable king. Even if the body was abducted by the interference of the "Colorless King", his soul escaped immutable without being invaded. Once again, his "immutability" may still be alive, although it seems that it has been burned by the flames of the destruction of the "Red King"."

"Kuwa! Kuwa!"

The parrot, who was sitting on the "Green King's" shoulder, made a loud noise.

This parrot was a friend and go-between for the "Green King". He also had a conversation with the "Colorless King" through this parrot.

The "Green King" put his cheeks on his head as if he was aiming at a parrot.

"If the "Silver King" is alive, he will be back soon. This time, the "Silver King" will be on my game board."

All his friends looked at the "Green King". Everyone felt that his body was silent, but releasing a large amount of energy.

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After sending Kukuri to the place where the other students were evacuating, Kuro joined Neko and returned to Gakuenjima to search for the boy.

Neko seemed to have slept the entire time after using great power. The current situation didn't swallow well, and she was walking fast on an unstaffed school island, rolling her big eyes, only to find that the boy was purely lost.

Kuro knew that the boy headed into the battle between the "Red King" and the "Blue King", keeping the soul of the "Colorless King" trapped in his body. He witnessed the bright red column of fire that tore through the heavens with the full blow of the "Red King" and the fall of the red sword of Damocles.

Later, he crossed the connecting bridge in Gakuenjima alone and confirmed the appearance of the "Blue King" Munakata returning from a distance. He couldn't tell Neko what those facts meant.

The sun was bent, and the red light of twilight stained the uneven island of the school. The place where Suoh and Munakata transformed into a battlefield, had a particularly large mark of destruction, showing the ferocity of the battle.

He crossed between the trees that were burned black and felled, and finally they headed to the place where they could see a huge column of fire. Neko followed with an anxious look behind Kuro who was walking silently.

The column of fire rose around the shrine at the rear of Gakuenjima. Climbing up the long stone steps that collapsed after the battle that followed the shrine, Kuro made his way to the place with Neko.

As soon as she climbed the stone steps and opened her eyes, for Neko who was small, it was impressive.

In the shrine precincts, the soil was excavated like a crater and did not retain its original shape.

As they approached the rim of the crater, the ground was still warm and the temperature was transmitted underneath the shoes. Kuro walked slowly along the edge.

Suddenly, Neko screamed and ran off, yelling "Shiro!" Kuro reflexively waited for Neko to run.

However, what was there was not the figure of the boy, but the red umbrella that the boy always had.

The umbrella sank deep into the ground like a tombstone. Neko grabbed the handle of the umbrella and pulled hard to remove it.

"Uh, it doesn't want to go out!"

With Neko's power, the umbrella half buried in the ground did not move, but Neko's hand slipped and fell back. Kuro slowly approached and took out the umbrella instead of Neko. Neko desperately jumped on the umbrella Kuro was holding.

"Give it to me! I'll give it to Shiro!"

Seeing her hug the umbrella carefully, a sad thing rushed into his chest.

"Hey, Neko. You won't be able to hand it over to Shiro anymore."

He spoke those words to her in the softest voice possible. The words he spoke returned to his thoughts and he felt pain.

Neko filled with tears in her eyes and made a wet voice.

"No! I'll give it to Shiro! I'll give it to Shiro!"

It became difficult and Kuro involuntarily strengthened his vocabulary.

"Listen to me! Shiro is...!"

"Because Shiro is a "King"!"

Before Neko who yelled that at him with a desperate face, Kuro was shocked and lost his words.

(I am the immortal "King".)

The appearance of the boy who said that with a kind expression and a calm voice revived in his mind.

That could have been a manifestation of the boy's intention to go back to Kuro and Neko.

A gentle tidal-scented breeze blew from the sea, caressing Kuro's skin to comfort him. In his heart, Kuro chanted a phrase.

(Embracing resignation, the curtain does not fall.)

He once encouraged the boy with that phrase. He wasn't going to give up. Where are you? He mentally asks the boy. He chided himself for trying to give up hope of finding him.

He walked over to Neko, who was hugging the umbrella and stiffened, and Kuro gently approached her.

"That's right. Shiro is our "King"."

Neko stared at Kuro in amazement, and she stared into Kuro's eyes for a while, trying to discern with her large eyes.

Finally, Neko relaxed her strengthened body and placed her hand on Kuro's.

The thin white hand of her partner was tightly wrapped by Kuro and he pulled hard.

Neko held the boy's umbrella in one arm, held one hand in Kuro's and stood up.

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Reporting how the Weissmann deviations of the three "Kings", "Colorless King", "Silver King" and "Red King" disappeared, Daikaku Kokujoji replied with a single word, "Yes."

The "rabbit" gently looked at the Lord's face from under his face. There was no sadness on his face with the deep drag that makes you feel the years that he has lived.

The "rabbits" also hid a war-etched face under the rabbit-shaped face. It is an old "rabbit" that only differs ten times from the normal path. For many years, he was the oldest "rabbit" that had slipped through "Tokijikuin" and moved like his limbs.

This is why he realized that Kokujoji did not have a calm heart now.

This rabbit knew that while Kokujoji Daikaku was a solid and unshakable person, he had an old friend who lived in the soft part of his heart.

The reason why he changed the figure to "Golden King" was to rebuild Japan, which was devastated after the war. In fact, thanks to him, there is now development in this country. At the same time, Kokujoji continued to be the "King" and to defend the Dresden "Slate" due to the friendships and dreams that were cultivated in Germany during the war.

(Only I will be the ideal "King", so he watches from there.)

The "rabbit" never forgot the expression of determination that young Kokujoji had, looking towards the Himmelreich, the airship in which Adolf K. Weissmann was on board, which arrived in Japan. It was the moment when the "rabbit", who was still a child, decided to dedicate himself to his path.

"His Excellency..."

The "rabbit" involuntarily called out to the Lord, called out to him, but did not know how to continue his words after that.

Kokujoji opened his mouth before the "rabbit" found the words.

"Prepare for the departure of the "Meifu (Underworld) ". "

The "rabbit" opened his eyes. The "Meifu" was the same type of airship that Weissmann had that crashed, the "Sky" Himmelreich, and was kept secret by Kokujoji in case of emergency.

"That is the immortal "King". "

The "rabbit" said that to get ahead of Kokujoji's response.

He was embarrassed by the misunderstanding that he thought that the reason Kokujoji's heart was not calm was because of grief over the loss of an important old friend.

The "rabbit" bowed deeply.

"Yes."

"What about his clan members?"

"Kuro Yatogami, who was a member of the Ichigen Miwa clan, and a Strain girl who calls herself Neko."

"Fix the room where he lived at school, and make it the base of them. Tell them: "Wait for your Lord in this room."

"Yes, his Excellency."

The "rabbit" quickly turns around and begins to move to fulfill the Lord's intentions.

Things related to the "Silver King" are not over yet.

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He washes off Mikoto Suoh's blood from his hands.

The red one, symbolizing the man who so upset Munakata, was easily washed away by running water and disappeared.

The world seemed to be broken due to the cracks in the crystals that entered during the battle.

The gesture of washing off the blood and drying wet hands with a towel became complicated. He realized that now he was upset.

"Captain."

Awashima's voice was heard. Hearing the voice that was the flag, Munakata's disturbed emotions subsided and he returned to the control of order.

"All students on the evacuated school island were confirmed to be safe. Students whose bodies have been abducted by the "Colorless King" do not appear to have sequelae. Only the slightly injured, but the injured students were taken to the hospital in cooperation with the ambulance team."

"Okay. Good job."

"I have confirmed all of the Gakuenjima students, but... the girl named Neko and Kuroh Yatogami, who were working with Yashiro Isana, are missing."

"That's all."

Munakata turned to Awashima. The scar on the flank stabbed by the Red Clan member who was kidnapped by the "Colorless King" was small. It was a shooting pain that did not go away after treatment.

"I wanted to ask them about the detailed history about the circumstances of the incident, but... it can't be helped, especially since the ability of that girl named Neko is difficult to trace."

"Yes.", Awashima took control and looked at Munakata as if he was looking at her. Just looking at Awashima, Munakata realized that he was somewhat disturbed even when he was seen from the edge.

"Awashima-kun. He had never made a mistake before."

Awashima didn't reply and urged him with only her eyes. Munakata continued steadily.

"But this time I made a mistake... I couldn't stop that guy."

Looking only at the results, Munakata will be the "King" who stopped Damocles from Suoh's fall. But that was what Suoh wanted. Suoh broke Munakata's restraint and ran down the road to ruin, and Munakata was only forced to clean up after that.

Awashima didn't say anything about how Munakata stopped the "Red King". He simply said "Yes." with a serious face.

Feeling safe from it, Munakata smirked to himself.

"How disrespectful. I complained."

"I'm your assistant. Tell me anything."

"That is reliable."

When Munakata smiled, Awashima's expression, which did not break her serious attitude, suddenly shuddered when she looked back.

Munakata looked back to follow her gaze.

There were countless little red lights there.

A group of small red lights moved like fireflies out of season and rose into the sky like sparks. The red lights were born from the bodies of "Homura", who looked in the direction of Gakuenjima at the seashore below the connecting bridge.

"This is..."

Awashima was impressed. Munakata also closed his eyes and looked at the scene.

"Part of Clansman's power is undone with the death of the "King". It is ironic that such a violent and selfish man left this dreamlike vision behind."

Fushimi stood by the bridge railing in a stunned atmosphere. He held the area around the left clavicle with his hand. Munakata knew that there was a "mark" burned in that place, from when he was in the red clan in the past.

From Fushimi's body, a small red light spilled out from the place where the "mark" was and soared into the sky.

Munakata, who was silently looking at Fushimi looking at the red light rising from his body with a face like a lost child, suddenly felt a signal to flee the school island.

A familiar kitten and a black dog run in a straight line.

"Oh."

It was the girl Strain and Kuroh Yatogami, of whom Awashima had lost their whereabouts, although they were taking the form of a small animal by reconnaissance operation.

Munakata thought for a moment and ignored it as he was.

Just today, he couldn't feel like catching and questioning those who had lost their precious loved ones.

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For a long time no one could move.

The fall of the sword of Damocles. There was no one there who didn't know what that meant.

And more than that, each of them felt the loss of their main existence due to the flames they had on their bodies.

Yata, who would have been angry if he had explained it in words, would have insisted that he did not believe it, but he was stunned without saying a word about the fact that he felt with the flame as his soul.

Kusanagi also stood up without saying anything, holding up Anna, who had collapsed from calling Suoh so much until she was speechless, and continued to look up at the sky over Gakuenjima, where the sword had disappeared.

Finally, the accelerating winter sun set, and the sky dyed only the western edge light red, filling in the signs of the night.

Anna in his arms was no longer crying, and she looked down expressionlessly as if she had turned into a real doll. He had to take her back to a warm place early.

Cooled by the snowy winter air, Kusanagi thought he had to tell them something.

Suoh was not there, who was already a pillar. Not even Totsuka to laugh and empower Kusanagi when he was having a hard time.

Kusanagi had no choice but to speak to his disappointed companions.

However, the words weren't going up Kusanagi's throat at all.

Maybe anything he digested would bring them up to speed. No, when he thought it was his role to chase after him, Kamamoto uttered a low voice.

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

What Kamamoto said was the motto of "Homura".

No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!

A word that inspired them before the battle and was spoken as an open voice so that they all became a single flame.

But at the same time, it was a word of mourning for those who died.

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

In response to Kamamoto, the people around him chanted and raised their voices, pushing their fists skyward.

He tightened his voice to sublimate his sadness, and at least he was proud to hide the pitiful appearance from Suoh that left.

Yata, who was crying in a daze, saw his friends cry and raised his fist without wiping his tears.

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

"No Blood! No Bone! No Ash!"

The men's voices became one, and the air swayed and echoed.

In it, Kusanagi saw a flaming butterfly soaring.

He was surprised to remember the butterfly that Totsuka used to skillfully make with his own flame, but if he looked closely, it was not a butterfly.

It was a small red light that had no shape. It dance like a fluffy butterfly and climb to the sky.

A small light rose from the bodies of "Homura" members. The light that was born from each and every one of them pointed to the sky as if they were trying to serve Suoh. Some of Suoh's flames may have unraveled and separated.

Kusanagi also felt a fever around the right shoulder blade with the "mark." A red light emerged from Kusanagi's body.

Kusanagi's light flew into the sky with the same smooth movement as everyone's light. As the cold white snow billowed from top to bottom, the sight of the warm red light fluttering from bottom to top was fantastic, and Kusanagi breathed trembling.

Anna licked her lips too and stared at the cluster of red lights. Anna descended from Kusanagi's arms, spread her arms and looked up at the sky.

"It's a beautiful red..."

Anna murmured in a low, soft voice.

Kusanagi thought that this scene might be the last gift Suoh gave Anna, and that it was too romantic.

(The king's flames are not all terrifying. They are warm and clean.)

"Can you hear us, Mikoto?"

Kusanagi muttered, narrowed his eyes and looked up at the sky. Red light gathered in the air and colored the dark night sky red.

Perhaps due to the temperature of the light, his body heated up before he knew it, even though he was under the snowy sky.

Mikoto Suoh was a man who was not suitable to be "King". Kusanagi still believed it.

Still, Mikoto Suoh was the "King" more than anyone.

He was amazed with fierce flames, fascinated by the beautiful red, cured at a mild temperature, ran alone and wasted away.

To everyone who gathered here, Mikoto Suoh was a "King".

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Isana Yashiro was floating. Although his body was burned to pieces, Isana Yashiro's existence hadn't disappeared and he was floating somewhere.

(This is death?)

The boy thought about that, even though it was something absurd to think about.

When that happened, he felt that everything up to now had been a long dream.

Researcher Adolf K. Weissmann. A trilogy of Weissmann's dream, the dream of the passerby "Silver King" and the dream of a peaceful high school student, Yashiro Isana.

It was all over and he feared that he would not be able to go to heaven or hell.

(That's fine?)

That was the reality of the boy's thinking, which was fluffy like a dream.

(Adolf K. Weissmann, "Silver King", and Isana Yashiro, do you still have something to do?)

(I am the immortal "King".)

Remembering his words that he had left behind, the boy tried to fight even though he had no arms. He tried to figure out where that was, even though he had no eyes. He tried to listen without ears, pay attention to the smell without a nose, and try to find the feeling of the environment without skin.

Sister. Lieutenant. Neko. Kuro.

He tried to name the ones he was thinking of, even though he had neither a throat nor a mouth.

For the first time, Isana Yashiro struggled to live.