



MINI EPISODES: SWORD OUTSIDE THE CAGE

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"Have you seen Damocles' sword?"

Mitsuha said that, putting his shoes on the desk with bad behavior.

Tsurumi responds by opening the window and replacing the air in the room with the stench.

"Yes... in the distance."

"Really? How was it?"

"Because it was red, it was possibly Xuanshi from Jiagudu."

"Huh, no."

Kurayama expressed himself as a child who envied a friend with a popular toy. Tsurumi remembers those days. At the time, Tsurumi was an older teenager wandering around town alone.

Tsurumi's house had a father who lived violently, and Tsurumi lived as a young man in such a way that the shadows that were originally thin were further reduced so as not to be the target of that irrational violence. I don't know if it was the result, but if you notice it, Tsurumi has become a Strain with the ability to interfere with human perception and mainly "distract" himself. Tsurumi has left home, and his family has forgotten his existence.

"How was that?"

Kurayama turns his bright, innocent eyes under long healthy hair, looking towards Tsurumi. Tsurumi shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought there was a group of monsters with rare powers there."

"You are so madly sober. How convenient."

"Well, I've been alive because of the sober ability that no one notices, and I was surprised that some people have something above their heads that proves their existence."

"Hahaha!"

Kurayama laughs and leans against the back of the chair as if he were face down, and looks at Tsurumi's face.

"But yes. It is the Sword of Damocles."

"Is it a sign of the "King"?"

Kurayama was a weird idiot who timidly talks about becoming a King, despite being a Strain. "I guess I'm a pretty stupid person who's really trying to make him King." He thought.

"The only monster that joins the "King" is a single sword that floats in the sky. The "King" is not judged by anything else."

Kurayama tries to reach the ceiling. Tsurumi narrowed his eyes and looked at him.

Tsurumi has come to terms with Kurayama because of the unity of interest and personal feelings.

If he can make Kurayama the King of Strains, he will be free to do whatever you want without supervision.

And his personal feeling felt a certain charm in the danger that this man, who is not completely fit to live in this society, will run for his illusory freedom until he dies.

"Mitsuha, I cannot follow the law."

"I will not defend you."

"I will not deny it, but he was killed after seeing you, Mitsuha."

"I feel sorry for the people."

When Kurayama sharpened his lips, someone knocked on the door of the room. Tsurumi moves and opens the door.

"Oh, you finally came. Thank you. It's bad, but I'll ask you to clean up here. He was an executive of an enemy organization, but Mitsuha was ignited in flamboyant flames."

He orders his subordinates to remove the corpses that roll on the ground. The subordinate man stumbled for a moment when he sees the black object burned by Mitsuha's fire, but he immediately corrected his posture and replied, "Yes!"

Kurayama is a scandalous man, but he has a certain kind of charisma and there are quite a few subordinates who do things for Kurayama.

Until Kurayama can become King, it was the role of his men and Tsurumi to protect him from boring restraint.

To judge him, there is no law imposing inconvenience, a gaudy and huge sword would be good.

"Mitsuha, even if you become 'King', it seems like you will soon fall before a sword."

"So it's flashy, right? Isn't it a royal ceremony?"

Kurayama laughs and stands up, gently raises his hand to his subordinates and leaves the room. Tsurumi followed him.

"We are going to eat even the wheat."

"Soba? It's very simple, we better prepare Ramen."

"Yes, Mitsuha likes Ramen shops, their thickness and fat."

Tsurumi sighed, complaining, and walked next to Kurayama.

+++++

Tsurumi was looking at Damocles' red sword.

Unlike what was seen in the distance in his teens, Damocles' sword, which looked from below, was heavy and dignified.

"I suppose you saw this before you died."

The words spilled out unexpectedly.

Mitsuha Kurayama died last fall.

Not killed by the celestial sword, but by a yakuza bullet fired for revenge.

Damocles' sword, the sign of the "King" that Kurayama wanted, is now floating in the sky like Suoh's sword.

It's right above the Strain containment facility, run by the Golden Clan, called the Center. Tsurumi was also captured and placed here the previous year after Kurayama's death. He escapes early from prison.

Apparently Homura cares about the Golden clan "Timeless Palace", he doesn't know exactly why that is.

Tsurumi heard the situation and went to see. Around the area, "Homura" was making noise, but no one notices Tsurumi who disappeared due to his ability. Tsurumi put his hands in his pockets and was in a neglected position, and a while ago he saw the Center building on fire, which had captured him in the past.

After a while, Suoh left the building.

The current Red King. The one with the Sword of Damocles. Those who could not be judged by anything other than the sword, the exchanges that took place during Kurayama's life circulated in his head, but he did not feel much emotion.

"When will you downgrade that sword, Suoh?"

Tsurumi muttered, turned around and started walking alone.