



LIMITED KINGSHIP, WAR STORIES:

CHAPTER 1: BUTTERFLY AND MANTIS

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"Uh... do I have to clean this up myself?"

With the mop and bucket on the floor, Tadashi Maruha complained.

Originally, it should have been a good room in this detention center. Whether in the reception room or the director's room, the custom-made furniture was so good that even Maruha could tell, and he might have imagined that it would be nice to live surrounded by such furniture.

If the burned blood didn't stick, he was sure he would.

At that moment, the interior of the room seemed miserable. Charred blood and internal organs were strewn across the table, couch, and cabinet, and every part of the human body, such as the hands, feet, and head, was rolling around randomly. It could be like this if you put multiple people in a red-hot mixer.

"I wonder if I should pick this up with tweezers... but if I don't do it early, Soma-san will get mad."

As he muttered and murmured, Maruha donned a mask, put on gloves, and placed a bucket on a charred table. At the moment, he started from a large place and raised the head that was nearby.

His face was familiar. One of his open eyes was crushed by a burn. "Wow.", he leaned back a bit, put his head on the table for the moment and Maruha clasped his hands.

"Well, what was your name? You sure were an acquaintance of Aniki, right? Well, anyway... Nanmandub, Nanmandub..."

Maybe it was Nembutsu, he didn't remember well. After muttering, Maruha threw the head of "one eye" into the bucket.

He started cleaning.

He put the scattered body parts in a bucket, put the debris from the shattered table in a garbage bag, and put the scattered debris in a bucket after a little hesitation. He could just throw away the garbage bag, but he couldn't bear to throw out the body.

"Sorry, I'll take care of you later."

When he finished cleaning the rough door, the living room door opened. What he see from there was a familiar face.

"Maru-san, are you finished? Let's eat meat, meat!"

With an innocent smile on his young face, Kyoji said that. Maruha looked up at the ceiling with furrowed brows.

"Kyoji, think about the moment and answer me. Do you think I can eat meat after cleaning the corpse?"

"Why? Isn't it good to eat meat at any time?"

"You might like it! I was cleaning burned human flesh just now! Maybe this is your kind of job after all!"

"Hehe, sorry."

The look that he laughed with his tongue out was that of a mischievous villain. Looking at him, he sighed instead of getting angry.

"Well, whatever, help me."

When the mop stuck out, Kyoji was surprised.

"Eh, but isn't it bad to keep Hiiragi-san waiting?"

"Ah? Why did Aniki's name come up?"

"No, because Hiiragi-san told me to go eat meat."

"Stupid, say that first!"

Maruha quickly looked back at the room. He was almost finished, but he had yet to finish. If he left it as he was, he would buy Soma's wrath, but an invitation from Hiiragi couldn't be refused.

"Kyoji, drop this! I'll bury it! Say nice things to Aniki!"

Pushing a garbage bag at Kyoji, he picked up the bucket. The bucket containing the human bodies of various people was quite heavy, and Maruha ran off, feeling the weight of the heavy corpse in both arms.

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Executive class "Purgatory" member Hiiragi Soma liked meat

He liked to eat, but he preferred to bake. "Grilling" here was not what was often done in "Purgatory", but ordinary roast beef. Go to a proper steakhouse, order a large quantity of meat that you couldn't eat, and start grilling from one end. He liked the act of grilling and eating meat to the extent that he was careful and beat them when others tried to do so. As a man who had lived a life of violence and murder, it could be said that it was a strange habit.

That's why Hiiragi took Maruha and Kyoji to visit a local yakiniku restaurant. Most of the restaurants had already withdrawn from the area around the hideout. The yakiniku restaurant was one that remained.

Therefore, with the exception, it was like a hangout for "Purgatory". Mysteriously, order was maintained because there was a common understanding that "when this store disappears, there will be no place to drink alcohol". If someone tried to take away their oasis of life, mainly their opponents, "Purgatory" would kick them out quickly, most of the time.

"Hey. Top ribs, top loin, and 3 mugs of ale, old man."

An old man with the flavor of half a century had brought a lot of meat and sake. Hiiragi quietly began to arrange the top ribs and top loin placed on the table in the shichirin. Maruha found that it was always the same routine, but he was in a bit of a good mood.

"Sorry! I'll take it!"

Kyoji raised his mug of beer and began to drink with a squeak. Maruha slightly raised his mug in response to the "toast", and Hiiragi was still quietly roasting the meat. It was a show that would not be possible with a normal yakuza organization, but "Purgatory" is not a normal yakuza organization.

Kyoji, who had half the mug empty, wiped his mouth and then leaned forward and asked.

"By the way, Maru-san! What kind of kanji is King?"

Maruha took just a sip of beer and looked at Kyoji curiously, "Huh?"

"Maru-san, you were cleaning up, after the King fought, weren't you? Didn't you see him fight?"

Maruha was still unfamiliar with the fact that Kagutsu's name was not "Oyaji" or "Kumicho" but "King". Far from being a normal yakuza organization, "Purgatory" was not a yakuza organization in the first place. It was said to be a group of paranormal people with different abilities, led by what was called a "King".

Maruha responded with another mouthful of beer.

"No... I fought, I guess I went crazy. Don't look. I could die."

"Hey! It's a waste! It was close though!"

Kyoji felt sorry like a child who missed the hero show. Maruha wondered why such a boy had lived so long with his head on, and he thought on the other hand that he could have lived so long because he was such a boy. In fact, Kyoji must have been less than 20 years old.

Hiiragi threw down the pliers. Seeing the dripping sauce fall into the flames, he nodded, "Okay."

"Eat it."

"Ok, thanks!"

Kyoji swept about half of the meat with tweezers and brought half to his mouth. With a big smile on his face, he raised a voice between "Delicious!" and "Uhh!" Maruha also sighed as he minced the meat.

"Even so, I really don't understand Kagutsu-san."

"Eh? Why?"

"When I walked into that room, he looked in a good mood. I took some other guys along and I thought it was unusual, but he came out in less than a minute, and that's it. And when he came out he wasn't mad, he was still in a good mood. It was as if he had just taken a walk and came back."

"Mmm..."

"I wonder if I can be like this by killing those below. I don't know at all."

"Maru..."

When Hiiragi yelled, Maruha reacted sharply. It was a moment when he regretted saying that and criticizing, and Hiiragi immediately showed the Shichirin with his chin.

"Take it."

"Oh, yeah."

He took the tenderloin that was dripping with the sauce and popped it into his mouth. It was hot and delicious.

Kyoji, who drank the beer, raised the mug grandly, yelling "Oh, I get it!"

"They must have been spies of the blues! And the King suddenly noticed!"

"No."

Hiiragi denied it like a sled, and Maruha and Kyoji looked at his face at the same time. While he was roasting additional meat, Hiiragi said without looking at them,

"That person is that kind of man. It's the same as an accident."

"Accident?"

"You can't help it if you run into it. If you're lucky, you'll live, and if you're bad, you'll die. That's it."

It was hard to tell that Maruha and Kyoji, who didn't have any, fully understood the meaning of the word. But even so, the reactions of the two were contrasting.

"Uh...", Maruha was scared,

Kyoji admired him, "Wow...".

The two looked at each other. Maruha was stunned.

"Kyoji, you... will you die soon?"

"What's wrong, Maru-san?! What are you saying?"

"....."

Maruha narrowed his eyes. He feels on his skin that the air was tightening rapidly. It would be the same for Kyoji. He glanced at Maruha too, rolled up the arm of his black suit that didn't fit the body, and slammed it against the table.

"I'm not afraid! If the guys in blue come, I'll kill them."

Kyoji's eyes shone with brilliant fighting spirit. In response, the burn scars on his forearm began to glow red. The brilliance of extraordinary ability. Maruha opened his eyes to see if he was sane. If he made a fuss in this place, he may suffer a life-threatening injury from another member in black.

At that moment, Kyoji's body flew to the side.

Maruha was shocked and looked at Hiiragi next to Kyoji.

He had his arms straight at his sides. With the other hand, he was silently roasting yakiniku. Without even looking at Kyoji, he hit him with one arm.

"Guh..."

Kyoji's eyes, holding his cheeks and lifting up, blazed with anger. He wasn't mature enough to hold back here. Maruha was ready again for the worst development that suddenly fell.

However, he ended up melancholy.

Hiiragi looked at Kyoji. There was no killer instinct in his eyes, he was just in a bad mood.

"I'm the one who roasts the meat."

"....."

Kyoji's expression changed from anger to embarrassment.

Both Maruha and Kyoji were familiar with the fact that Hiiragi's words were not timely. Hiiragi was that kind of person.

He didn't know what to do, but there was no front or back. Hiiragi was angry because he tried to bake meat for himself, not because he was fed up with tantrums, or because he tried to wreak havoc in the place of the law.

It was absurd, but that's why it was "Purgatory". And Kyoji was also a person who could understand absurd language. He held her cheeks and bowed his head obediently.

"Sorry."

Hiiragi didn't reply, he was just roasting the meat.

Kyoji rebuilt his chair and sat there. He said to Maruha with the eyes of an angry child and bowed to him.

"Maru-san, I'm sorry. I said something wrong."

"No, not really."

Yakuzas are creatures like mantises. If they get sick, they should squeeze the other person immediately. It is like a reflection, not an action that is the result of thinking.

However, Maruha was no longer a yakuza. He was a member of the "Purgatory" clan.

Therefore, he sighed and sighed.

"I'm not scared. It's just ... I don't think it's appropriate."

That said, he drank the beer to the last drop.

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The group that Maruha Tadashi belonged to was a group of leftovers so to speak.

Some might say they were a collection of yakuza and other gangsters. It was, but as with any group, there were differences in shit. Some leftovers can be laughed at, while others can cause nausea just by putting them on the rim of the eyes.

The Maruha group was the last group. Even within the industry, Shinogi with a frown was calm. Thanks to that, the wings were good, but the respect was next to nothing. The color of disgust was stronger than the astonishment in his eyes, and that color stimulated his outer ways.

They did anything to make money. It seemed like Maruha didn't even have the slightest bit of ethics.

The Shinogi are primarily drugs and human trafficking.

The kidnapped woman was drugged and sold to customs. They disarmed the kidnapped youths and sold their organs. In addition, they would take a photo of the situation and sell it to a rich man who had a hobby of hunting. In some cases, they used a combined technique to kidnap a pretty woman and sell her as she was to a rich man with a strange hobby (because the reaction was worse if she kept it on drugs). The woman would suffer almost every pain imaginable and die miserably.

Sachiko Kashiwazaki was one of those women.

The man who kidnapped her was Maruha's older brother at the time. One hot summer day, Maruha was summoned to a warehouse owned by the group. At that moment, he had a bad feeling. That warehouse was only used when making Shinogi in that direction.

There was a man and a woman in a warehouse room, where the concrete was exposed.

The man had scissors that were dripping with blood.

The woman clutched her bloody ankle and groaned without voice.

It was common group practice to cut off the Achilles heel to prevent the victim from escaping. Alternatively, the customer could have made such a request. In any case, man cut through the human body as easily as he cut weeds.

As he washed his hands in the built-in sink, the man turned to Maruha.

"It is time to ship."

"Prepare" meant to adapt the "goods" according to the customer's request, and "ship" meant to deliver the "goods" to the customer.

"Clean her body, you can't leave her bloody. I don't know what the rich think."

With a laugh, the man wiped his hands on a towel and touched Maruha's shoulders to leave the room.

Maruha turned his eyes inside and saw the box on the table. "Preparation", he probably he should use the content. He opened the lid and looked inside.

It contained a pure white wedding dress.

Maruha took a deep breath and exhaled.

Was the concept a bloody girlfriend? He couldn't understand anything.

He didn't even want to understand. He didn't want to understand what happened to the woman who would bring that to the client, but Maruha understood. It was because his older brother had shown him a video like that with half the fun.

Maruha looked at the woman reflectively, thinking that he shouldn't be looking at her.

They looked into each other's eyes.

Sachiko, of course, at that time, Maruha didn't know her name. The "item" was supposed to be called by number, but she was staring at Maruha, bleeding only with the pain of not begging for life and her silent resignation.

Perhaps at that moment, he reached the limit.

Until then, he had been doing the same. Each time, something sank into Maruha's chest, like drops of water in his cup. Then, Sachiko's gaze at that moment became the last drop, and the water finally overflowed from the cup.

By the time he realized it, Maruha was visiting Hiiragi. Hiiragi and Maruha were originally seniors and juniors from the same corps of fools. Even after the corps of fools disbanded and they belonged to different groups, the relationship continued to go out for drinks from time to time. He was a man who embodied the violence of that time, but Maruha did not hate him. He just wanted to hit him.

It was exciting to see that kind of honesty that was hitting the other person at the time.

He was not surprised when he heard that Hiiragi's group was attacked by "Purgatory" and that he belonged to "Purgatory". Within the industry, "Purgatory" meant a group of monsters, and it seemed natural for Hiiragi to be in that group.

Using holly as a messenger, Maruha encountered Kagutsu and gained a different ability in exchange for a part of his body.

Maruha took him to the warehouse and burned the man who was his older brother. After freeing the captive women, he went to the group's office and killed all the members, including the group's leader. He stole the group's entire vault and gave it to Soma, who later cleared up and became a member of the "Purgatory" clan.

He did not regret betraying the group and killing his friends. He just went to hell and sent them to hell. He was sure that he would go to hell, but at least he was no longer interacting

with that garbage. That just made him feel refreshed, and the night he killed them all, he was fast asleep for the first time in a long time.

However, Maruha's chest started to feel uncomfortable again.

The meaning of the existence of "Purgatory" was simple. Destroy and kill, that was all. Like Kagutsu, most of the clansmen did.

Fight, raze, kill and die against the mafia, the Yakuza and, above all, the deadly enemy, "Scepter 4".

At the same time, they were causing enormous damage to the surroundings.

Only in that he was stuck. It didn't matter if he fought, rampaged, killed, or died. But it felt different to involve other people. So it was the same as that group. It was difficult to answer whether human trafficking or mass murder was better. Nothing happened, Maruha simply moved from one background to another.

Maybe Maruha was halfway there. He was so crazy that he couldn't live properly, but he was too plain in a swarm of monsters. Neither Hiiragi nor Kyoji could live anywhere else except in "Purgatory". This is where those guys were.

Where should he go if he didn't even have a place there?

Sachiko Kashiwazaki called out to him when he was about to overflow with such a sense of incongruity.

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In a crowded cafeteria, he quickly found out where Sachiko was. She had her crutches on the side of her seat. Maruha somehow remembered the salvation that it was not a wheelchair.

"Ah."

Sachiko also soon noticed Maruha. He wore a black suit, which was labeled a "funeral home staff" in the industry, he emitted a seemingly insidious aura. He had an unbearable feeling.

"Oh."

Maruha's expression that raised his hand slightly was not clear. He wasn't sure why this girl called him. Wasn't it the symbol of a nightmare for this girl?

But in contrast, Sachiko smiled happily. She tried to stand up touching the table with her hand, she almost lost her balance and fell. Maruha rushed to reach out and held her body.

"I'm sorry. I'm still rehabbing, but I haven't been able to do it yet."

"No, do not worry."

After seating Sachiko, Maruha sat opposite her.

He was somehow uncomfortable because Sachiko was looking directly at him. Glowing eyes were the kind of thing that wasn't usually directed at him. He was not used to that. Maruha had to move his hips several times to endure the uncomfortable sensation.

"So what did you call me for?"

Sachiko slightly colored her cheeks when he asked her.

"Oh, no, that... I wanted to thank you again."

Maruha wondered what she was saying.

"Maruha-san... you helped me, but I couldn't thank you at the time. Thank you very much."

"I didn't help you in particular. It was a dead end."

It was a fact. He just wanted to get out of there, he just wanted to kill them all, and it was just incidental that he helped Sachiko.

But Sachiko didn't believe those words. She laughed and her eyes looked softly at Maruha.

"You are modest, Maruha-san."

Then Sachiko started talking about the ramblings. From her recent situation, her favorite food, hobbies, what kind of place did she live now, when she was rehabbing and walking around the neighborhood, she found a nice park and a bakery, so she always had lunch there.

Maruha was beginning to understand what the situation was like, as he established a suitable relationship.

Sachiko wanted to make up for it in some way.

She maybe she thought that Maruha was the hero who rescued her from the situation. It was a ridiculous misunderstanding. Maruha sent many women in the same situation as Sachiko to hell. Sachiko was saved because Maruha's boundaries coincided when it was her turn. No more than that.

Of course, he couldn't say that.

"What do you do on your day off, Maruha-san?"

Sachiko wondered if she had talked a lot about herself. She was impatient and nervous. She wondered if Maruha would be bored. Maruha replied with a slight laugh, as if he was a high school student.

"Well, I'm going to eat yakiniku."

He couldn't tell that he was killing and looting. Sachiko happily joined her hands when he responded appropriately.

"It's the best in the neighborhood, it looks delicious."

"You eat meat?"

"That's right. Yes! I like it!"

Maruha calmly analyzed that it was a lie. He maybe he didn't eat much meat. He only said that for her.

"Well then, would you like to go eat with me next time?"

With that said, Maruha closed his mouth tightly.

Sachiko was looking at Maruha with her bright eyes. Eyes with equal expectations and anxieties. The eyes of human beings that are unhappy but still look ahead and try to live hard.

Was he qualified to see that?

He could go eat with Sachiko. He maybe would repeat it two or three times and eventually they would start dating. There are some men who have a woman in "Purgatory" who can live with them, and some men approach the woman instead of hiding. He would be one of those people. Living under one roof, eating together, sleeping, getting up, helping with rehabilitation, eating delicious bread in a nice neighborhood park.

She could be killed by Kagutsu.

Or she may have been kidnapped by the mob who hold a grudge against him

Captured by "Scepter 4".

He could think of many ways to ruin it, but he couldn't think otherwise.

Alternatively, Maruha could expand his imagination and run away together. Somewhere far away, two people. He could escape from Kagutsu, the mafia, and "Scepter 4" and say goodbye to that sinister black suit.

Then he would follow a happy holly. Kyoji might also come. Soma did not allow anyone to escape. Even earlier, the "right hand" ended up being burned in the city. He did not think they would hesitate to involve a woman in the matter.

"Uh."

Maruha laughed. He was thinking about the future when he really didn't have a future.

Sachiko said with a mysterious voice.

"Maruha-san...?"

"Hey. Is there someone else besides you?"

Sachiko opened her eyes a bit in amazement and then shook her head. After all, Maruha thought, people who have family or relatives are not the target of that group.

Still, Maruha leaned forward and asked with a serious expression.

"Is there no one anywhere? Relatives?"

"Uh, I have an uncle and his partner in Kanagawa. They're nice people, but I don't usually get in touch with them."

Maruha was relieved. It was enough to ask for so much.

He looks for his own bag. He grabbed a couple of bills that he found and tossed them to Sachiko. With a pile of bills piled on her lap, Sachiko moved her body as if she had been pressed against a burned stone.

"This, huh?"

"Go to them with that money. They won't hurt you."

Maruha carried a bag on his back and stood up. Sachiko looked at Maruha with a cat face that understood the truth of the universe.

Maruha scratched his head and said...

"The other day, there was a conflict around Yodomiya. It was news. The city was burned down and many people died."

Sachiko blinked. The understanding hadn't caught up yet, but it was going well. If she only considered the facts, understanding will come later.

"It was my partner who did that. If you don't want to get burned, go somewhere far away."

With that alone, Maruha left the coffee shop.

He sighed deeply as he walked through the city for no reason.

"I am not suitable."

For groups, for "Purgatory" and for the world. He was not suitable. He did not know how to live. He was envious of Hiiragi and Kyoji who could find a place there.

Was when...

"You are Tadashi Maruha."

Before looking back, he had an idea who called him.

"We are "Scepter 4". Come with us."

Several blue clothes surrounded Maruha before he realized it.

He looks around. Maruha had come to the square in front of the station without realizing it. He can't find any way to take control. Perhaps he should limit himself to minimize the damage, but Maruha was easily enthused.

"If you resist, I will not forgive you."

There was no deception in the eyes of the blues. They have already cut many with their sabers. Just as "Purgatory" was not a yakuza group, "Scepter 4" were not police officers. It was a battle group to hunt down and kill those in black suits.

Maruha gave a fierce laugh.

"Hahaha!"

The burns on both arms glowed with pain from the heat. Fight violently, kill and die. Maruha also had that instinct. He was also a member of "Purgatory".

Suddenly, Maruha understood.

"Purgatory" cannot be a place for anyone. Only a handful of monsters, like Kagutsu and Soma, can "be" there. Hiiragi, Kyoji and he were the same. There was nothing there for them.

That was just his place of death.

"If you can, try it, blue clothes!"

While shouting happily, Maruha threw swirling flames from both arms and attacked the blues in front of him.

Three people died in the limited royal war that day.

On the "Scepter 4" side, Kuroshio and Kido Rokuhei's team.

Side of "Purgatory", Tadashi Maruha.

"Scepter 4" caught Maruha's movement and surrounded him with 6 people, but Maruha made a burst of different abilities and struggled as he burned his own body. Swinging the flames that sprouted from both arms like a sickle, he cut and killed two people, Kuroshio and Kido, and in the next moment, he was cut by four other people, was cut like a sickle and died.