



LIMITED KINGSHIP, WAR STORIES:

CHAPTER 2: HEKIREKI & SENDEN

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

Suddenly he realized that the enemy was gone.

The surroundings were full of the dead. Most of the folded corpses belonged to members of the "Purgatory" clan who wore black clothes. Fifteen minutes ago, a hasty force led by Gouki Zenjo raided that warehouse after being contacted by the intelligence department. And then the warehouse turned into a terrible battlefield.

With "Hekireki" bloody on his shoulder, Zenjo started looking for the next enemy to attack. But that no longer existed.

The battle was over and the remnants were hunting. There were still some in black who resisted, but it was only a matter of time before they were crushed or smashed. While he was thinking that, Bado's iron spear pierced one of the black ones, and Azuma's twin sword stabbed another. The "Purgatory" clan member, who had decent fighting ability, didn't seem to be staying anywhere.

"How boring."

He hit the field in an unsightly way and lowered "Hekireki" to the ground.

The next moment, the pile of corpses exploded.

"Zenjo!"

Fresh blood came out from the sword wound all over the body, and flames came from both feet, the one in black clothes was good at fighting. A deadly surprise attack that hid the corpse of a colleague. Long before he understood it, Zenjo tried to shake "Hekireki" with his own super reaction.

He could not.

According to a later investigation, it was an inadvertent collaboration between those in black. One in black that lay behind Zenjo was dying, but was still breathing. With the last of his strength, he grabbed the "outside" blade, regardless of whether his fingers fell.

That caused a delay of a few seconds. Zenjo was just looking at the flaming fingers approaching in front of him, holding "Hekireki's" fixed handle.

But he just grabbed Zenjo's nose.

"You need more than that..."

The one in black clothes who attacked Zenjo stopped in midair. Blood poured from the edge of his mouth which opened and closed with bloody eyes wide open. A thin saber protruded from his chest, and the saber that pierced his chest diagonally from below suddenly stopped the one in black clothing.

"Ah!"

A cheerful voice that did not seem to belong to the place, resounded behind the one in black clothes.

"I'm sorry I made a mistake! Zenjo-san, can you take care of it please?"

It was as easy as asking him to take the remote there. After blinking, Zenjo passed by "Hekireki" and frequently shook the ones in black clothes.

The flames that clung to both feet disappeared.

The body of the man in black, who had lost his neck, was thrown to the ground. A young man standing there waved his saber and wiped off the blood. The friendly look reminded him of a laughing dog.

"No, I made a mistake. If you tap it, it can't be the case, huh? Hahaha..."

"Kuze. You saved me."

Young Kuse laughed cheerfully and waved.

"I just did something extra. Zenjo-san, you could have handled it with a margin."

"No, I couldn't react now. I would have been 'without a nose' at best, because it was aiming at my head."

"Well, is that so? That's good. Soon it's new soba season!"

Zenzo smirked as he tapped on Kuze's shoulder, saying that he was out of focus.

"This season's buckwheat noodles are pretty good too. I'll use chopsticks when I get back to the barracks. Thanks for your help."

"Oh then, make it soba."

"What? Are you going to ask me to make arrangements again?"

Kuze was smiling. Zenzo saw the smile as if he was amazed. Not suitable for a bright appearance, this young man had a very persistent character.

"Well, I wish I could go home."

"Oh, thanks!"

As Kuze struck a gutsy pose, Zenzo shrugged and walked towards a group of hurrying troops who had begun to take care of the remaining work.

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The war was escalating.

Kagutsu Detention Center "Red King" crackdown operation. The attack from "Scepter 4" intended to kill Kagutsu Genji was unsuccessful in retrospect. Although the force of "Purgatory" was greatly reduced, the original purpose of the operation was not finally achieved, and Kagutsu left his territory and fled, and the remaining clan members divided into thousands and went into hiding. The hive was destroyed, but the queen bee and the soldier bees were flying now.

The activities of the scattered members of the "Purgatory" clan were almost the same as before. Whenever something happened, there was a danger that they would explode. "Scepter 4" chased after them and they were incapacitated as soon as they were discovered, but "Purgatory" wasn't just silently hunted to death. The damage caused by a fierce counterattack who did not care about his own life was turning into a social problem that could not be covered even by "Tokijikuin".

There were two pressing issues.

One was the search and murder of Kagutsu as soon as possible. As long as that "King" will continue to exist on earth, this war would never end.

And the other was to increase the strength of "Scepter 4".

The battle with "Purgatory", who burned the people, burned the city and even burned themselves, was slowly shaving the staff of "Scepter 4". To make up for the loss, they touted that they had the cause of the war and recruited a large number of talented personnel from the relevant ministries.

Shuichiro Kuze was one of those supplemental staff members.

Originally a police officer, he achieved outstanding results on both his aptitude and skill tests, and joined the "Scepter 4" running unit at exceptional speed. He was a rare human resource who had already been dispatched several times and was not afraid to fight the deadly "Purgatory", but instead displayed a simulation as if he was enjoying it.

For some reason, Kuze teamed up with Zenjo.

Even now, Kuze and Zenjo were undergoing simulated one-on-one training in the training ground of the "Scepter 4" barracks. Except for the fact that the product was a bamboo sword, it was a form of training that came as close to the actual battle as possible. Even attacks on key points were tolerated wherever they were covered by armor.

Kuze raised the bamboo sword to eye level and turned its blade towards Zenjo.

Zenjo carried a large bamboo sword on his shoulder and was about to attack him.

Kuze's specialty was "pushing". His stab, fired by explosive acceleration with a different ability, was roughly equal to the speed of a bullet. It would be impossible to react if it were the perception of an ordinary person.

But, of course, Zenjo was not an ordinary person.

"Let's go!"

The next moment that Kuze said that, the figure disappeared.

An extraordinary light that glowed fluttering blue like the tail of a meteor. Before recognizing it, Zenjo's body was moving. The speed God's sword judgment darted into the void on the right.

Zenjo's bamboo sword touched Kuze's sword that jutted out without fail.

"Ah!"

As he wielded the sword of pursuit, Zenjo was impressed. Viewed from above, the location of the different abilities would have looked like a rank "nine". A blow from outside the field of vision due to explosive acceleration, but it did not exceed Zenjo's reaction speed.

"Che!"

Kuze sped up again, leaving a childish click of the tongue. As he repeated sharp turns ignoring the laws of physics, he jumped incessantly. He was like a spring-loaded toy that swept across the training ground.

Zenjo stopped chasing him with his eyes and closed his lids.

Behind.

Before he felt it, his body was still moving. He turns and cut the space behind him. The cut that was shot deflected Kuze's thrust horizontally upward and hit him like he was a face shield.

"Damn!"

With a stupid voice, Kuze struck and fell to the ground of the training ground. If he had been serious, he would have lost his nose.

"This is the ninth."

Carrying the bamboo sword on his shoulder again, Zenjo said that without pride. Kuze, who had stretched out into a large shape, lifted his upper body as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"I thought I could pull it off now... Zenjo-san, do you have eyes behind you?"

"Well, it's clear. You can understand it even if you can't see it."

"Mm... Zenjo-san, another one! Please."

When Kuze lifted his index finger, Zenjo was truly astonished and showed the training ground clock with his chin.

"It's closing time. It will be tomorrow."

"Really? Absolutely tomorrow!"

"I wish they hadn't sent me."

Saying that, while he was a bit crowded, Zenjo headed for the exit. Kuze also put the bamboo sword in a bag and bounced after him.

After taking a shower together, they had dinner later.

The barracks cafeteria was quiet, probably because it was late. Zenjo ordered a hazaru soba and Kuze a kitsune udon, and they ate together.

Kuze talked to Zenjo all the time while he ate.

"Zenjo-san, are you attached to the army?"

"Hmm?"

"I belonged there. There are a lot of people like that in 'Scepter 4', right?"

Surely it was so. The personnel of "Scepter 4" came mainly from other security organizations. Unless they didn't lack combat training on a daily basis, they couldn't withstand the battle with "Purgatory."

However, the situation was different for Zenjo.

After slurping his soba, he said...

"I am from a mountain."

"Mountain?"

"When I was waving a stick in the mountains, I met Habari, so I followed him."

Kuze blinked twice as he pinched the fried food with chopsticks.

"Well, what was that? What kind of situation?"

"Thanks, like I said."

Answering only that, Zenjo took a sip of soba again.

Kuze stared at Zenjo for a while with a surprised face, and then...

"Fu..."

He shook his shoulders and started laughing.

"Hahahahahahahaha! What's wrong, did you meet the commander in the mountains and follow him? Hahaha, Zenjo-san, are you a youkai?"

Zenjo was disappointed in Kuze, who bent over his body and laughed like a child. It was surprising that he was laughed at, although it was not his intention to make him laugh.

"No, sorry, I'm not going to make a fool of myself. But that was very interesting."

"Is it interesting?"

"It's incredibly interesting! I've never met such a person!"

"Mmm...?"

He wondered if that was the case. Originally, Zenjo was a guy who didn't understand many things. If they told him it was interesting, it would be true.

"No, you're good at 'Scepter 4' after all. It's not boring."

As he cheerfully said that, Kuze drank the udon from him. As Zenjo ate the soba noodles, he looked at Kuze as if he was looking at something strange.

"Bored?"

"Yes. The workplace in front of me was already boring. Anyone can do it, such as document preparation, on-site verification and traffic control. More like this, a fierce car chase with the criminal! Fighting battle! Shooting! I was imagining it."

He lifted the bowl and drank the soup.

"So it's so boring that I shouldn't do it. When I was thinking about it, they asked me and I came to try it. I can do what I want every day! It's a lot of fun, right? That's why I think you adapt very well to "Scepter 4"!

Zenjo scratched his cheeks while Kuze drank, wiped his mouth and clasped his hands with a "Thanks for the food!"

"Uh..."

"Isn't that the case with Zenjo-san? Don't you do it because it's medicinal?"

"Eh?"

He wondered if that was the case. Was he enjoying the battle with "Purgatory"?

There was no doubt that he was elevated during the battle. On the battlefield where a momentary judgment divides life and death, that feeling that inspires all cells cannot be experienced anywhere else.

But he didn't think he was struggling to taste it.

When he swung his sword under Habari's command in "Scepter 4", he felt that he was breathing properly. It seemed natural to do so and it "fit." He didn't know if he could describe it as funny.

"Well, that's correct."

It became difficult to think of the way and Zenjo answered that.

"That's right! Well, I'm glad you feel the same way as me!"

Kuze laughed in a friendly way and then a mysterious light fell on his eyes.

"But lately, it's more fun practicing with Zenjo-san than interacting with 'Purgatory'."

"Really?"

"Yes, because Zenjo-san is much stronger than them, so it's fun to do it. Hey, Zenjo-san. Someday, with me..."

Kuze cut off the words when he suddenly remembered. After blinking several times, the mysterious light disappeared. Then suddenly he stood up and held the bowl of kitsune udon in his hands.

"Sorry, it's nothing! So, good night!"

With a smile, Kuze went to the place where the dishes were being returned.

As he drank his soba, Zenjo rebelled against Kuze's words.

(Well, I'm glad you feel the same way as me!)

Maybe it wasn't.

Although they belonged to the same "Scepter 4" and wielded a saber, he felt that something was decisively different between him and Kuze.

He didn't know what it was. He didn't want to think until he knew. Thinking again that he was okay, Zenjo dropped the green onion seasoning into crushed chunks.

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Three days later, the hidden member of the "Purgatory" clan in Minari-cho, Fengze-ku, was discovered.

According to the information department report, there was only one member. However, the problem is that he was hiding in the houses of common people. They threatened the inhabitants and parasitized their lives themselves. A bully lurked in his house and behaved inattentive. The father of the family, who could not bear such a situation, rushed to a public institution and discovered his existence.

In response to this, "Scepter 4" quickly formed a unit that rushed over. They ran to the site to "exterminate" the abominable parasite.

However, this time, it was not possible to get through the gate with the transport vehicle and cut it randomly. After all, the other party was alone and the detained hostages were a mother and two young children, according to the father's information. If they took action inadvertently, it would have the worst consequences.

The operation required speed and stealth. "Scepter 4", the deputy director, Gen Shiotsu, selected the appropriate personnel and devised a strategy.

Shuichiro Kuse was included in the staff, but it was boring for him.

Kuze was toying with that idea while biting his yawn in the car.

It had already been three hours since they arrived at the place. Because "Scepter 4" stood out in a transport vehicle, they used an ordinary sedan type and stopped from hiding to blind spot. Kuze sighed softly, looking at him stagnant out the window.

He wished he could rush in and kill him.

It would be easy. He would jump out the door, go through the second floor and invade, and drive the saber into the heart of the guy in black. That was all that was needed.

Kuze understood why he was selected as a runner. The small body was suitable for infiltration, and the "Senden" saber he had was also a slim custom-made one, so it should work effectively in a small room.

So he wanted to do it as soon as possible.

Finally, the long-awaited command came from insiders.

"The target has taken the hostage. I enclose the location."

"Yes!"

He sprang to his feet, grabbed the saber, opened the passenger seat door, and Kuze broke into a run.

In seconds, the target house came into view. When he was hiding behind the wall of a neighbor's house and observing the situation, the transmitter spoke a voice again.

"The target is in the bathroom on the second floor. The children cannot confirm the whereabouts of their mother in the next room. Each member must pay the utmost attention and do everything in their power to secure the hostages."

"Kuze, ready!"

With a light tone, Kuze pulled "Senden" out of the scabbard.

He held his breath and waited for the moment. The plan of the house is engraved on his head. All the images of how he would move, what kind of path he would take and how he would kill the one in black clothes were created in Kuze's brain.

Kuze himself did not know that there were no hostages there.

"Fast!"

By the time Shiotsu's voice echoed, Kuze was jumping.

He jumped off the wall, landed on the ceiling, and ran. At the edge of the field of vision, he could see a blue trail that went through him in the same way. There were a total of four runners, all their own competitors, who aspired to the life of a single man in black. Kuze licked his lips and accelerated to the point where the shingles broke.

He jumped with the same impulse, he broke the second floor window with his body and ran inside.

"Eh?!"

He heard a high-pitched voice. Kuze invaded the children's room on the second floor. According to the information, two children who were less than elementary school students were shaking in a corner of the room.

Kuze ignored it.

The problem was that of black clothes. If he killed him, everything would be solved. So that should take precedence. Kuze thought that way and stepped out into the second floor hallway.

Their eyes met.

There was a figure in black clothes in the bathroom that was left open. However, when Kuze found him, he was strangling and using the children's mother as a shield.

"Stay away, blue clothes! This woman will die!"

He could barely see the one in black who was angry. Very firmly, he was hiding behind the woman. The scared woman shook her head, while she shook her head, he looked and disappeared his face burned in black.

Before thinking of anything, Kuze was kicking the ground.

If he killed him, that would be it. That was the only priority, and everything else was wiped from Kuze's head.

Many things happened at the same time.

"Kuze, stop!" One of the rushing staff members yelled.

"Damn it!" The man in black's burned face turned red, and the flame-filled woman screamed in tears.

Time seemed to flow slowly. He could feel precisely the extraordinary light of "Senden", the heat of the flames that sprouted from the face of the man in black and the smell of the flesh that enveloped her.

In the slowdown time, Kuze analyzed various factors and...

(Oh, this person can't be helped anymore.), he thought.

Too easily, he cut off the hostage's life.

This being the case, the hostage's body was no longer a problem. It was just a corpse, a wall of flesh less than 8 inches.

It did not hinder "Senden".

With a half-smile, Kuze stabbed hard forward.

A bright blue tip pierced the woman's chest, and the heart of the man in black was skewered and glued to the bathroom wall.

"....."

The woman opened and closed her mouth. Kuze tilted his head and looked at her face, thinking that she looks like a dying goldfish.

When Kuze drew the saber, the woman and the one in black fell one on top of the other. Their bloods mixed.

The bodies clung to each other and wet Kuze's shoes.

He takes a breath and inform the others.

"We have deactivated the objective. The mission is complete."

At the same time, an angry sound rang out from behind.

"Kuze! Damn! What did you do?!"

He thought, and looked at the owner of the voice as if he was confused. It was Shinohara, who belonged to the same group as him. He was yelling something when he flushed with anger, but Kuze couldn't understand the meaning of the word. He turned his neck and face away to keep them from flying off.

The frozen facial expressions of the two boys, looking through the door, were reflected in Kuze's field of vision.

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"Do you know what you did?"

"Scepter 4", Shiotsu made a heavy voice in the barracks interview room.

Shuichiro Kuze, standing in front of him, replied as if nothing had happened.

"I killed the member of the 'Purgatory' clan. I think it was an unavoidable decision in that situation."

"Right now, 'Purgatory' is not the problem. The problem is Kuze, you stabbed the hostage and killed her."

"I did not murder her. At that time, the woman had already been killed by the one in black clothes. Should I be so reprimanded for damaging her corpse?"

Shiotsu had various reports in front of him.

"Shinohara's report is different. At that time, Shinohara said that the woman was still alive. However, he testified that you ignored the warning and approached the black-robed one and went through him."

"In my eyes, she looked dead."

Kuze spoke clearly.

"I think it would have been difficult to help her, even if she had a break. Is it the right decision to leave the dangerous clansman to help a dying woman? If the action was delayed, hers, two of her children and I could have been euthanized."

"It is not you who should judge whether the woman would be saved or not."

"The judgment of the site should be left to the members of the site."

Shiotsu groaned softly.

What Kuze said was correct in some respects. In the battle with "Purgatory", a momentary misjudgment could be fatal. And that moment came innumerable. It was not enough to have many lives if they were all compared with the regulations of the body and the current law. Above all, Kuze said that a certain amount of excessive acts should be allowed to protect one's life.

But...

Shiotsu watched Kuze's expression.

There was no expression floating there. Self-blame, regret, remorse. He couldn't read any of the emotions the one with the almost innocent human hands would have.

Shiotsu muttered to himself that that was the real problem.

"Kuze..."

At that moment, Shiotsu silently inhaled, and then...

"Where do you think the meaning of 'Scepter 4' is?"

"Eh...?"

"Answer it. What's 'Scepter 4' for?"

For the first time, the color of hesitation reached Kuze's expression.

As he listened to Shiotsu, Kuze replied.

"Kill the enemy. Annihilate "Purgatory" and bring peace to society."

Shiotsu sighed deeply and said.

"No. You are definitely misunderstanding."

"....."

"Our mission is to protect the general public. The sword to protect those who cannot resist the weapon of incompetence, that is 'Scepter 4'."

"It's the same as I said, right?"

In the words that Kuze muttered, unprecedented emotions appeared.

He was frustrated.

"Killing those in black clothes is to protect the general public. If they are left unattended, tens or even hundreds of people will die if they are not treated well. To avoid that, isn't it natural to leave two people alone?"

"Still, we should not be the ones to kill. We should be the ones to protect the people. If there is a defenseless civilian, that is why we have the power to protect ourselves."

"It's stupid."

Kuze laughed through his nose. His dark and bright gaze seemed harsher, as he generally had a friendly gaze.

"Why do we have to do that? It is so stupid for a good person to be sacrificed for an inferior person."

Shiotsu closed his eyes.

What swirled around his chest was not anger at Kuze, but responsibility for himself.

He may have been too impatient to make up for the personnel lost in the battle with "Purgatory". He had hired a person who lacked the most important qualities, distracted only by the ability to fight. He should have known well what would happen if that person had a different ability and special power.

People who cannot control themselves will eventually use their different abilities as they wish.

How is it different from "Purgatory"?

Shiotsu slowly opened his eyes and said in a low voice,

"Shuichiro Kuse. Say goodbye to "Scepter 4" from now on."

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Kuze, who came out of the interview room, was looking vaguely at the ceiling of the hallway.

(I blew it.), he thought.

With that in mind, he sighs. This time, he looked down at the ground and started walking.

When he was called by Shiotsu, Kuze had decided what he should do. That was a field decision and he didn't think he had done anything wrong. He intended to stick to that statement.

It is the members of the field who exchange lives. However, it was not uncommon for him to be blamed for a later trial. It was a common feeling not only for Kuze but also for the ER personnel.

Shiotsu was smart and looked closely at the members. That is why he thought that he would not give such a severe punishment based on his thoughts.

"He was telling me something strange."

Kuze lied and looked at his hand. When he focused his consciousness there, the blue glow of the extraordinary shimmered.

It was proof that he was an excellent person and a chosen one.

Kuze couldn't respond well to Shiotsu's words asking the meaning of "Scepter 4". That was because Kuze didn't know. Therefore, he got a rag out of there. It didn't matter if the general public died or lived, he knew that his true intentions would probably not be forgiven within the organization, so he hid it.

The important thing for Kuze was to use that power in all directions to fight. Fight "Purgatory", bypass the momentary deadline and end the life of the enemy. Never in a dull life until now, was it a bright day.

That was stolen from him.

Because he took a boring life from a boring human.

Kuze sighed again and suddenly raised his face.

A familiar giant was walking down the hall. Kuze laughed and raised a hand.

"Hey, Zenjo-san."

"Oh, Kuze?"

Zenjo's eyebrows widened when he noticed that Kuze was there for the first time.

"What are you doing in a place like this? Is it training?"

"No."

Kuze laughed bitterly and...

"Hey, I've been preaching to the vice principal. I'm here for that."

"Oh, Shiotsu? It's loud."

Sympathy reached Zenjo's eyes. Seeing that, Kuze's smile changed to a natural one.

That person knew himself.

He had always felt that way. Zenjo, like himself, rejoiced in the fight. He was a person who should have the nature of killing people rather than helping people. So, Kuze was sure that if he talked about the situation, this person would be on his side.

"But you're almost right."

Zenjo simply denied the idea.

"Eh?"

"Shiotsu is loud, but he's always right. If he claims something from you, you're wrong. I wonder what he was. Apologize properly."

"....."

Kuze looked at his toes.

"Yes, what is that?"

"If that is all."

"I see."

Kuze scratched his head again with a bitter smile.

"In a way that's correct. I thought it was suitable for 'Scepter 4', but surprisingly, isn't it?"

"Eh?"

Zenjo mysteriously shook his head, thought for a moment and then nodded.

"That's right. You said you were the same as me, but I think you are different from me."

"....."

"I can't put it right. You might not be good at 'Scepter 4'. You should stop in time."

Zenjo said that in a wonderful and irresponsible way.

Kuze was about to start laughing. Interestingly, he didn't get mad at all. This was because it had been broadcast that Zenjo was saying that from the bottom of his heart without any malicious intent.

After all, Kuze didn't dislike Zenjo. He was clean, natural, and stronger than anyone. That's why he liked dealing with this person, because he could fight without shackles.

He regretted thinking that he couldn't do that from now on.

Then, Kuze suddenly glowed.

"Ah!"

"Hmm? What's wrong?"

"Sorry Zenjo-san, I just remembered my errand now! I'm done!"

In a hurry, Kuze ran down the hall. Zenjo said, "Oh...?", and gave up, but Kuze suddenly stopped and looked back.

"Please help me again later!"

Zenjo laughed and nodded.

"Oh, I have to be sent."

"Still, please!"

Kuze ran away, saying just that with a smile.

It was that night that Shuichiro Kuze disappeared with "Senden".

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When he got out of the transport car, a warm wind caressed Zenjo's cheeks.

The policeman raised his face and smelled a faint smell on the wind. He was delving into the battlefield with "Purgatory". He smelled like sticky, burnt blood.

According to the map, the back alley where the discovery of the men in black was reported was divided into T-shapes. The unit split into three hands, blocking all exits. The most important thing to prevent was that those in black clothes escaped. They had to make sure to capture or neutralize them, even if they took some risks.

At that moment, in front of Zenjo, the entrance to the back alley was black and open.

"Over there."

At random, Zenjo entered an alley.

The back alley was narrow and dark. Polyethylene buckets and outdoor units blocked the street, and the walls of the building that approached from the left and right blocked the sunlight. If one in black clothes came out of the shadows and emitted a flame of extraordinary skill, there would be no way around it. It could be said that this was also a dead place.

Still, Zenjo was not afraid and advanced slowly.

The process suddenly stopped.

Shinohara, who was following Zenjo, said groaning.

"What is the situation? What is this?"

One in black clothes was dead, as if his back was against the wall of the building.

Wide-eyed and in a pool of blood. The burned right hand was soaked in the blood clot, burning and producing black smoke. This was probably the cause of the smell.

In the first place, it was a mystery from the initial discovery report.

It was said that several of the black clothes were fighting. At the time, there were no "Scepter 4" units deployed nearby, and since the Hiiragi incident, the police had been told to stay away from the men in black. Most likely it was a fight between those in black, but

in the current situation where they were hiding in a scattered way, he did not think they would do such an outstanding act.

So who was fighting the ones in black?

Zenjo, who was inspecting the corpse in black, said the answer.

"It's Kuze."

"What...?!"

"It is pierced all over the body. This is due to 'Senden'."

Saying that, Zenjo stood up.

Since that night, Kuze's whereabouts have been known to be uncertain. Kuze's legal status was the same as an "Illegal Strain" since he was fired from "Scepter 4". They had to capture him and put a skill suppressor on him, but there weren't enough personnel to track him down in "Scepter 4".

Kuze killed the ones in black and, perhaps, he was still hiding in that place.

"But why is Kuze here?"

Shinohara said that, and suddenly closed his mouth.

Someone slowly emerged from the darkness behind the alley.

It was also one of black clothes.

"Oh, fufu...!"

His face was distorted with anger and hatred, and blood was pouring from his entire body to the point that his black suit was still drenched in red and black. Legs wobbly, the one in black slowly approached.

"Gah!"

The tip of the saber protruded from his chest.

The saber was instantly pulled out and the one in black collapsed to his knees.

Zenjo spoke the name from behind him, standing there.

"Hekireki."

"Oh, Zenjo-san!"

Dressed in a dark green raincoat, Kuze smiled at his face, which had been bathed in blood, and called out to Zenjo cheerfully.

"No, I'm lucky! I can't get it all of a sudden!"

"What are you doing?"

"What?"

Eyes blinking, Kuze looked around him, and mysteriously at himself.

"What's wrong? It's not a job. I got fired from 'Scepter 4'."

He shook "Senden" to spill the blood.

"But if you look for the black clothes, 'Scepter 4' will come, right? Maybe Zenjo-san is there! I thought it was good."

While he smiled, Kuze,

"I never thought we could meet at once! I'm lucky! So..."

He crouched down and pointed the tip of "Senden".

"Let's go."

Before Zenjo thought of anything, Kuze was kicking the ground.

The glow of the blue genie was diffusely reflected in the narrow back alley. He bounced off the ground, scaled walls, emergency stairs, he went up, down, left and right, and hit everything, drawing an unpredictable trajectory like a pinball.

Shinohara, who was behind Zenjo, couldn't even follow Kuze with his eyes. But Zenjo reacted.

It was also an action before thinking. The thick blade of "Hekireki" flipped up as the wind scattered.

The dark green raincoat split in half.

Kuze was no longer there. He twisted in midair, tossed his raincoat, and landed on the ground.

Zenjo kept "Hekireki" jumping and stopped in an unprotected posture. Looking at his empty torso, a fierce smile appeared on Kuze's mouth.

(I caught you!), he thought.

With extraordinary power in his legs, Kuze tried to strike a stroke of luck.

He felt the shock in his chest.

"Eh?"

He lost the strength of his leg. His soles did not separate as if they were stuck to the ground. Interestingly, he looked under his feet and saw a saber thrust into his chest.

"Ah?"

When he coughed, a blood clot spilled from his lips.

Kuze slowly looked at Zenjo.

Zenjo was flipping "Hekireki", with just his right hand.

Before he knew it, he held another saber in his left hand. That pierced through Kuze's chest.

"Oh, wow...!"

Kuze distorted the edge of his mouth when he heard Shinohara make a panicky voice.

"Hey, Shinohara. It's a pay cut to have a saber stolen from you."

When Zenjo drew the saber, Kuze sank into place.

The blood was overflowing. The color of his face was white and transparent. It was clear to everyone that it was no longer useful.

Still, Kuze was somewhat satisfied. He looked at Zenjo and laughed weakly.

"After all... you are amazing, Zenjo-san. I couldn't get over you."

"Kuze."

There was no anger or sadness in Zenjo's expression, just confusion.

"What did you want to do?"

"What?"

Kuze shook his shoulders and laughed. Eventually the laughter turned into a cough and the exhaled blood created a series of stains in the alley.

"I wanted to. A real and potentially deadly battle with Zenjo-san."

Breathing out, Kuze fell onto his side.

"It was fun."

That was the last word from him.

Zenjo, holding a bloody saber, shot a confused look at Kuze's corpse.