



LIMITED KINGSHIP, WAR STORIES:

CHAPTER 4: SHINIGAMI AND THE HOUNDS

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

At the time it was reported that Habari Jin was shot, Goki Zenjo kicked the door of a moving transport vehicle and jumped straight onto the street.

"Zenjo?! What?!"

Someone's voice instantly disappeared and became inaudible. No, Zenjo didn't hear anything in the first place. In the midst of an inertial movement exceeding 100 km / h, he killed the impact of the landing, he would have died instantly if he were a normal person, but with his skills and physique, he started to run backwards down the street, just as it was. Zenjo jumped the fence and disappeared into the dead of night, leaving a trail that glowed blue despite the confusing, snaking vehicle on its way.

Then about 15 minutes later.

"Scepter 4". Inside the tunsho, there was the figure of Zenjo breathing on his shoulder and Habari looking at him coldly.

"You came, Zenjo."

Zenjo silently approached Habari, who said nothing, and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"What? You're close. Hey, stop. Don't smell me."

"No blood. Where did you get shot?"

"It wasn't me who got shot. Get away from there."

As expected, Zenjo blinked several times and finally understood the situation.

A corpse dressed in blue lay under his feet.

His chest was stained with blood. Shot to the heart. Probably an instant death. He died with a shocked face and there was no sign of pain.

Habari was frail next to the corpse and wiped the blood from his chest with his fingertips.

"To be precise, they shot me, but the bullet missed me. I'm still the 'Blue King'. I can help it."

If you look closely, there are a lot of members around. Probably for status and protection verification. The giant who suddenly appeared and began to smell the "King", looked at him with a very delicate expression.

"The sniper seems like he waited a lot. I shot him as an incident, and the sniper ended up there. I wasn't lucky that he died perfectly."

Habari stood up, lamenting.

Zenjo, who was still observing the situation around him, said something decent for the first time that day.

"Sniper? Where?"

They are in the equipment warehouse inside the tunsho.

It is about 6 tatamis in size, things are stacked neatly and there are no windows. Shooting a person in this room from "outside" is impossible if you think with common sense.

But of course your war is not within the bounds of common sense.

"Commander. Traces were found."

One of the members who was conducting an inspection on the spot looked at Habari. Habari walked towards it and looked at the part indicated by the member with a slight stretch. Zenjo stood behind Habari and watched him.

Ventilation duct for taking in air from outside. There were bullet holes in the filter.

Habari narrowed his eyes and affirmed.

"Here it is. The sniper shot us through this conduit."

"But, Commander. Sure, this conduit is connected to the outside, but it coils intricately on the inside. No matter how talented you are, it's impossible to shoot from here."

"It's Magome."

It was not intuitive to say that. Even to Zenjo's knowledge, there were very few talented people who could perform such tricks, or there was only one.

Habari probably had the same name in mind. He gave orders as he traced the burned conduit with his finger.

"Notifies Shiotsu. He is a Strain criminal, looking for Magome Hayato all over the country. Alive or dead, I want to capture him urgently."

"Yes!"

He salutes in an upright and immovable position, and several members ran out of the room. After saying goodbye, Zenjo muttered as he furrowed his eyebrows.

"Why is Magome pointing at you?"

"He's a professional criminal. Did Soma ask him or did he join 'Purgatory'? In any case, he's our enemy from the start."

"I understand."

Zenjo nodded and stopped thinking. No matter what the circumstances are, he only has one thing to do.

As he feels the weight of "Hekireki" on his waist, Zenjo asks him to remind him.

"Dead or alive?"

"If Magome were to target us, the damage would be enormous. We have to stop him before he raises the death toll. First."

Habari chuckled slightly.

"You are not that skilled. Zenjo."

"Ah."

Zenjo replied without laughing and left the room. As Habari said, he was not the type of person who can wield a sword thinking about the life and death of the enemy. If there is something to be done, he will just do it.

If there is something that points to Habari, he will cut that throat. That is what Zenjo should do now.

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When he opened the door, a strong wind blew into his face.

Taku narrowed his eyes and held his sunglasses in hand to keep them from flying. The rooftop of the building had no obstructions, so the wind became stronger. That was the

third time he was there, but he hadn't gotten used to it. With tight lips, Taku searched for the person he was looking for.

He was sitting in the southwest corner.

"Hello. Taku-kun. Thank you for your hard work."

With his back to him, Magome said that.

Taku approached him silently. The military coat that wrapped Magome's body flapped in the strong wind. Still, Magome didn't make a slight move. With one knee upright, he fixed the new floor of a long sniper rifle and kept its face down.

Taku casually placed his backpack next to him.

"Soma-san told me. This is a supply."

"Yes, thank you. I can still stay here for a while."

Magome smiled with his red lips. White skin like a woman and a slim body are rarely seen in the violent group "Purgatory". By simple comparison of power, Magome is probably one of the weakest of the clan.

Still, there is no one in "Purgatory" who despises Magome.

It is well known that he is a murderer who has dealt with over 100 humans so far.

"Isn't Kyoji-kun here?"

Magome's face swayed to him, and Taku felt his spine stiffen. Even though he was known to belong to the same clan, "he" had a muzzle-like intimidation.

Magome's eyes were covered with a white bandage.

The first red eye, crudely drawn with a magic pen, was staring at Taku.

"If he only brings supplies, I can do it alone."

"Aha. That's correct."

Magome laughed slightly, lowered his face again and adopted the same tone.

"You don't have to be so scared. It's okay. I won't shoot you."

That said, Taku swallowed the dream.

Hayato Magome. Known as "Shinigami", a blind Strain specializing in sniper assassinations.

Taku doesn't know when he became famous in the underworld. What he knows is that his true ability is not to see things with his eyes but with the ability to feel. Due to his unique

ability, he has managed to be a high precision sniper many times. And more recently, Magome became a member of the "Purgatory" clan, and now his target is "Scepter 4".

"What's happening down there now?"

Taku accurately grasped the intent of the question. It had already been a week since Magome settled on the rooftop of that building. Meanwhile, he has lost contact with the lower world. That was to escape the detection network of "Scepter 4".

"Nothing was broadcast to the world, but it seems that "Scepter 4" is quite adherent. It is natural because the "King" was the target."

"Huh, that's right. I wonder if the 'King' suddenly went overboard."

Magome talked about his failure in a funny way. Taku couldn't understand that behavior.

"Are you laughing? Thanks to you, the other side is dying and they are chasing me. If they find me, they will definitely kill me."

"Yes. That's correct. Either way, I'm in trouble."

"Is that the goal too?"

"I am a sniper. I am targeting many things."

Magome jokingly leaked that inadvertently. Hearing that, Magome laughed face down.

"Sorry, sorry. Don't be so mad. Well, I mean, if you target is the 'King', all the servants will be mad, right?"

"Yes, that's how it is."

"An angry prey lacks calm. Movement is simple. If you follow me, the route is limited. It is very easy to point and shoot. That's why I did it."

"....."

"In a nutshell, it's like feeding yourself. But this method works quite well. No matter how strong the organization is, if you shake it up, something will spill out."

Magome was motivated.

On the rooftop of the building, the muzzle protruding from the railing flashed.

That was it. He couldn't hear any roars like in movies and dramas. Taku didn't know if the weapon was handmade or if it was his genius.

But what was clear was...

"That's right, harvest."

It's just that a life had just disappeared from this earth.

The "Shinigami" who came back to life had a gentle smile.

"Well, but there were other objectives as well."

"Objectives?"

"I wanted to see the 'King' there. Jin Habari. I have never seen him."

Magome's "seeing" was probably different from Taku's. The views of birds of prey flying in the sky and lizards crawling on the ground are different.

"It was very nice. It was good to see it. It was beautiful. You should see as many beautiful things as you can while you are alive."

Taku's breath hitched when he saw Magome's face murmur hypnotizingly.

The first red eye on the bandage turned red and began to get wet.

"That's why I'm glad I entered 'Purgatory'. Habari Jin's beautiful blue. If I could get through that, I'm sure... it would be very good."

Blood spurted from the burned skin around his eyes. Magome's eyes were shattered when he received the Kagutsu installation. His blindness was from birth and his eyes did not originally function. As he spat flames from both eyes, he Magome silently smiled and said:

"Ah, I blame you. I finally got rid of him without any help."

Taku thought that guy was crazy.

Perhaps he finally noticed that the blood was gushing out, Magome touched his bandage for a moment.

"Oh, sorry. It was a bit expensive. I showed you a strange place."

"Yes."

He didn't care. He was filled with feelings that he wanted to go home quickly.

After reading it, Magome laughed again and lowered his head again.

"See you next week. Glad there are lots of sweets next time."

"Yes."

Nodding, just before returning the answer, he again saw the light flashing from the muzzle.

Taku frowned. Descending to the nether world means entering the rank of that god of death. He was in a place where Magome's bullets could reach, and just knowing that, neither mess nor liquor will taste the same.

"I wonder if you can kill him right away, that blue clothes."

Taku descended the stairs that led to the nether world, muttering that.

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"Shinohara! Hey! Answer me, Shinohara!"

As he huddled behind the car, Masaki Tsuchida, a member of "Scepter 4", could only call out to his colleague who was bleeding and groaning.

There was no omen. "Scepter 4" is currently at war with "Purgatory", but has to deal with other crimes of different abilities. Upon receiving a call from the general police, Shinohara in the passenger seat was suddenly shot as the two headed there.

Tsuchida's reaction was quick. He stopped the car suddenly, got out like he was falling from the driver's seat and stuck his body to the body. However, Tsuchida did not trust the meaning of that shield. He already knew who fired that shot.

"Help me! Shinohara got shot! Magome, damn it!"

Tsuchida felt despair slowly erode his heart as he became a radio.

It's been five days since Habari was attacked by "Purgatory" sniper Hayato Magome, and six people have died during that time. And most of them were shot in places where they couldn't be attacked. Closed room without windows, narrow alley, toilet, bathtub, bed, Magome's bullets did not discriminate a place.

No obstruction made sense to that sniper. Still, he had no choice but to snuggle into the car to increase his chances of survival. Even while he was doing that, his partner in the passenger seat was bleeding and dying.

"Shinohara, hold on, Shinohara...!"

Using the driver's door that remained open as a shield, Tsuchida managed to stick his head into the car and raise his voice. Shinohara, leaning back in the passenger seat, was no longer speaking. Blood soaked his blue clothes. It was clear that his life would be lost in no time.

"Damn, if things continue like this...!"

Fear of death and affection for his comrades drew Tsuchida's spine. Little by little, Tsuchida began to crawl towards the driver's seat. If his bullets will chase him forever, it's better to start the car and run.

His right hand, reaching for the car key, exploded.

"What?!"

His blood and pieces of his flesh fell on his face. Tsuchida buried his face under the steering wheel, enduring severe pain. The last minute teething was due to fear and anger.

Magome is having fun.

The pain and desperation of fighting to help his companions and getting shot when he gets close. He laughs at Tsuchida and Shinohara, who die while suffering, somewhere.

Thinking of a sniper who didn't even know his face, laughing red, Tsuchida even wept with humiliation and hatred.

"Tsuchida! This is...!"

Suddenly, a voice called out to him from behind.

He takes a breath and look at him. Before he knew it, "Scepter 4's" transport vehicle pulled up there. It was probably the first squad, even though it had been less than three minutes since Tsuchida contacted them.

However, it wasn't because of his speed that he caught Tsuchida's attention.

It was Gen Shiotsu, the deputy director of "Scepter 4", who got out of the transport vehicle and ran towards that place.

At that moment, Tsuchida understood Magome's thoughts.

Why didn't he kill them right away? Why did he shoot Shinohara, but he didn't take his life and let the blood flow?

(We are food. It's just a pinch to attract bigger prey!), he thought.

"No! Shiotsu-san, don't come!"

Tsuchida screamed, forgetting about his death and pain. Still, Shiotsu's legs never stopped. He was constantly approaching there. How long would he have until they pierced his face? 5 seconds, 3 seconds, 1 second. Tsuchida couldn't even close his eyes and was just looking at Shiotsu.

So, he was sure that Tsuchida was the only one who saw him.

The glow of blue and red exploded like a spark.

It wasn't long before he realized that "Hekireki" that passed over Shiotsu's head had repelled the true dragon's bullets.

A burly man with a huge saber landed on the asphalt with the flexibility of a carnivorous feline. He was already running when he thought it was a good thing. Tsuchida, who was stunned, didn't even look at him, and as he exposed his fangs as if he was laughing, he jumped up and disappeared from sight.

"Tsuchida! How is the wound? Can you move?"

Shiotsu's voice suddenly came back to him. Several members came to try to help Tsuchida. Severe pain hit him, and Tsuchida frowned at his sweaty face and said painfully...

"Okay, I'm fine. He just shot me in the hand. Instead, Shinohara..."

"Shinohara is behind."

Tsuchida instinctively saw Shinohara.

He was stuck, leaning against the passenger seat.

"Damn, that bastard...!"

With tears in their eyes, they took Tsuchida out of the car and loaded him into a transport car. Shiotsu said in a low voice, giving first aid to his right hand.

"Don't worry. He will surely be killed by Zenjo."

Shiotsu's expression was calm as usual. However, Tsuchida did not miss the light hidden behind his eyes. Neither anger nor hatred. The brilliance of the "Scepter 4" philosophy itself.

Hold the sword and control the sword.

"Scepter 4" will never forgive the "Shinigami" who kills people with a deadly bullet.

"Yes, surely."

As he clenched his teeth, Tsuchida just muttered that.

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Zenjo ran through the city at night, carving the blue glow out of the dark.

Jumping from the street and using the block wall as a springboard, Zenjo leapt like a monkey from the roof of the residential area that stretched beyond to the rooftop. Feeling that something burned on his forehead, neck and chest. Perhaps it was the line of sight of the assassin sniper Magome.

For Zenjo now, the path is not a path. Because it is straight and flat. If he were there, Magome's bullets will mercilessly attack him. Even if he could handle it, he decided there was no need to take a mindless risk. Somehow, he was just doing that.

For Goki Zenjo, thinking was not always necessary. His body reacts before thinking. He knew that surrendering to that feeling would lead to survival.

And, again, the "heat" he felt at the key point instantly increased.

"Ah!"

"Hekireki" moved at super high speed and repelled the incoming bullets.

This was the fifth attack since he protected Shiotsu. Zenjo had prevented and shot down all of that. And each time the "scent" became more precise in determining Magome's position from the direction and angle the bullet was flying.

Somewhere in the skyscraper 1 km from where he was now, Zenjo grasped Magome's position with a sense rather than a language. If he did the same a few more times, he could pinpoint his whereabouts.

That would be when Magome's neck would fly.

With that in mind, Zenjo raised his face and...

"Eh?!"

He instantly squirmed and tried to dodge it.

He couldn't dodge it. Zenjo fell from the ceiling, recognizing that heat, pain, and blood were spilling down his side.

"What?"

As he plunged into the garbage can from the head, Zenjo looked at his side curiously. He dipped his finger into the blood-dripping wound without hesitation and pulled it out.

It was a bullet.

He split in half vertically.

"Oh, I see."

With a smile, Zenjo dropped the bullet and stood up. The next bullet he fired immediately hit the lid of the trash can and he started running again.

What was trapped in Zenjo's body was a fragment of a bullet that had been thrown.

Of course, he was not accidentally stabbed. That was Magome's unique ability.

Although Magome is a Strain, he is also a member of the "Purgatory" clan. If the shots he has succeeded with are due to his responsiveness as Strain, then there must be another ability as a member of the "Purgatory" clan. And maybe that was it.

The bullets fired by Magome move freely according to his will.

At the same time, the bullet has the ability to respond like a Strain and the ability of a member of the "Purgatory" clan. He can detect the target by his sensitive ability and freely change his trajectory by emitting a red genie. In this case, whether in a closed room or in

a duct with complicated curves, he can shoot as long as there is a space for the bullets. It was a magic bullet from the Shinigami.

And, if you put into words the feeling that Zenjo captured, it would be like the one on the right. Of course, Zenjo didn't think much. Magome's bullets move according to Magome's will, and even after being knocked down, he cannot be alert. All he needed to know was that.

Again, Magome's magic bullet attacked Zenjo.

"Hekireki" blinked and cut the bullet in both directions.

Starting from the good line, the separate bullets to the left and right flew again in an arc. Zenjo felt it instead of seeing it. And the body was moving before he could feel it.

The next moment, when it seemed that Zenjo's giant body had sunk, he was leaping at the top. As he spun around, he shook "Hekireki" like he was rolling it up and knocked down the bullet chunks that were attacking from behind.

The bullet that sank into the asphalt shuddered with synchrotron radiation for a time, but finally stopped moving.

Zenjo didn't look at it and ran at explosive speed. He was able to grasp Magome's position. All he had to do was run straight to that point and cut his throat.

Zenjo accelerated even more. With a smile on his fangs, he looked like a bullet-like hound.

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Hayato Magome sees things in color.

It was too natural for true innately blind ability. People have colors. Red to blue to green to white to yellow to purple, various colors that will likely vary depending on your propensity. In the dark, those colors appear and disappear, are born and die. For Magome, this is how the world should be.

When did he want to reach him?

Blind and therefore considered vulnerable, Magome wanted to use it when he realized his power. He wanted to touch the colors with his bare hands in a world that he could only dimly see. He could do it with different abilities.

Since he knew it, for him, the world became more than a sight, a touch and a change. He touched the colors of others and watched them change. It became the meaning of Magome's life and the reason for his existence.

However, there was only one sad thing.

When Magome touched it, the color changed dramatically. If he believed it glowed, withered, or swelled, it would one day disappear. The change was very beautiful, but it was sad that Magome disappeared. He wishes he could keep swinging forever, he hadn't thought about it again, but now he had a different idea.

The color is beautiful because it disappears.

After embracing that idea, Magome began to believe that his mission was to erase the colors. He would leave drastically changing color fluctuations in his heart. Magome had had that idea for some time, saying that he was the monument for that purpose.

And now...

He had seen the most beautiful blue in his life.

"Fufu..."

On the rooftop of the building, holding a sniper rifle and turning his face downward, he smiled a heartbreaking smile on his lips. Red blood spurted from his white bandage and ran down his cheeks like tears, but he was unaware of it. There was something more to etch in his heart than such a trivial matter.

Surely, it must be a meteor.

The stars have no color. Therefore, Magome had never seen a meteor. He had just found out. Fragments of stars running in the sky. A ray of light that fulfills someone's prayer while burning.

It was coming straight for him.

"Well... well...! Very beautiful!"

Magome shot, leaking a voice of joy. He fired a bullet from the muzzle and headed straight for the meteor. Magome was a sniper who lurked on the roof of the building, but at the same time he was the bullet itself. The bullet, which was linked to the main body by its responsiveness as Strain, extended the fingertips of death to the meteor to burn it.

And it was cut without worries.

"Wonderful!"

What he admired was that blue fluctuation. Every color Magome had touched changed dramatically in that moment. He glowing, struggling, writhing, swelling, withering and disappearing. It must have been the victims' emotions, anguish, fear, rage, despair and death.

And yet that meteor hadn't changed at all.

Anger, fear, despair. Nothing. That's why it was wonderful. Things he couldn't touch. Things that cannot be changed by touching. Like a blue star that shines forever, it seemed to remain there unchanged.

That is why...

"I want to erase you!"

Screaming, Magome fired three times in a row.

The three sniper bullets were the same Magome. The three bullets were connected in a chain of beads making full use of both the sentient ability and the ability other than red. The death binary landed on the blue meteor with a time lapse of less than zero coma seconds, and just before that, each of the three bullets split into three.

Making full use of the red ability, Magome destroyed himself. Still, the nine bullets were still connected to Magome's will.

"Catch you!"

The nine bullets surrounded the meteor. That blue couldn't defeat all the bullets attacking from all directions. Since he couldn't move, he would be stuck. There were still many bullets with different abilities.

At that moment, the meteor sped up even more.

"What?!"

For the first time, he was really upset.

The meteor did not try to crush the bullet. He dared to ignore some of the bullets that struck him head-on and sank further. Naturally, some bullets dug into his body, but the meteor never stopped. On the contrary, he accelerated more and came directly to the building where Magome was.

Magome's expectation that he would enter the building as he was was completely disappointing.

The meteor did not enter the building and began to run directly down the wall.

Magome felt the nape of his neck twitch.

Death crawled from his feet. He was afraid of himself, that he was called the "Shinigami". Realizing that, Magome laughed.

"Fufufufufufufufufufu!"

As he held the sniper rifle, Magome bounced to his feet. The knuckles of the fixed body ached from the long sniper stance, but he wasn't prepared for that. He leaned over the railing, he holding a long sniper rifle "down", aiming at a meteor already approaching

dozens of meters. There were no shields on the walls of the building. Even if he avoided it, he could catch up with the propelling force of different abilities. If he ate it right like before, he would go down without doing anything. Then it would be good prey for the sniper.

"Here we go, what will you do?!"

Magome's first red eye surely giggled and captured the meteor's appearance.

The next moment, it disappeared.

"...?!"

The blue color that should have existed until now, the loss of light like a meteor, had completely disappeared from view.

At that moment, Magome panicked. Like when those with open eyes were enveloped in jet black darkness. Magome finally remembered that the blue meteor, which had been rushing straight towards him, was the only one that could connect him to the world.

In total darkness, but it was certainly audible.

Some steps going up the building.

"Breathe, a harsh beast breath!"

Magome was a professional. The moment he found out that his weapon had become insignificant, he simply dropped his sniper rifle. He fled from the railing and found the submachine gun in the bracket.

At that moment, the footsteps stopped.

Magome lifted his face from him. If the red he had seen, it would have been visible.

A hunting dog dressed in blue leaped with a huge saber against the white moon.

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Magome was still alive.

Zenjo, who landed on the rooftop of the building, turned to the blood-soaked "Shinigami" as he shook himself. Even the eyes, ears, and nose were on alert.

However, on the rooftop of the great building, there was only one enemy, Magome. He couldn't find any other members of the "Purgatory" clan. There was nowhere to hide. Recognizing that, Zenjo finally approached his true target cautiously.

Magome's body was almost severed.

The example was floating from his belly to the bottom, which had been ripped apart by "Hekireki" and into the sea of bright red blood. Still, with a slight exhale from his lips, a low voice was leaking out.

"Fu, fu... wow, here you are..."

Zenjo proceeded silently. He knew more than anyone that in "Purgatory", he can be a threat if it comes from the breath of an insect.

He shook his head and saw the first red on Zenjo.

"Disappear... the "intention"... it is in your hand where the emotions disappear... for you, no..."

Zenjo frowned.

"What are you talking about?"

"Well... yes, it's true... I can't reach it, that's why my bullets are due to my 'will', so..."

Zenjo stopped next to Magome's head. Magome laughed as he coughed.

"I'm sure... a person like you... wearing that blue... can kill the 'King'..."

The tip of "Hekireki" pierced the first red.

Magome's body jerked several times and then he froze.

Zenjo took a deep breath and looked up at the sky. He was looking at the big, white, round moon as the wind blew on the rooftop of the building.

Then, Zenjo heard the approaching footsteps.

The hunting dog glanced at him quickly, and then Zenjo echoed a screaming voice.

"Habari. What are you doing here?"

"I don't think there is anything to do. I have come to kill him, but you seem to have gone ahead."

He said that calmly as usual, and then Habari added,

"There's a relief team downstairs. I hope they treat you."

"I am not hurt."

"So what is that on your side?"

"It's a scratch, just that."

When he returned, Habari laughed out loud.

Then Habari stood next to Zenjo and looked at Magome's corpse.

"It was a nuisance. Without you, more sacrifices would have been made. Well done, Zenjo."

"This guy was saying something strange at the end."

"What?"

"The "will" disappears, or the "King" may die. Well, I don't know. What did he mean?"

For Zenjo, it was just a common question. There were a lot of things that he "didn't understand", and Habari always answered them clearly.

But this time, Habari fell silent with a slightly impressive expression and started looking at Magome again.

"Habari?"

When Zenjo asked repeatedly, Habari smiled a little and turned to his true skill.

"What is it? You can see it correctly."

Habari said that.

"...?"

Of course, Zenjo didn't understand the meaning of the word, at that moment he wasn't there yet.

Habari turned to Zenjo. The usual smile returned to his mouth.

"Let's go back to the tunsho. Would you like to eat something?"

When Habari hit Zenjo's shoulder, Zenjo forgot about everything. With a big nod, Habari returned the gesture and began to walk slowly.