Judges and Outlaws by SUTO 3/19/2012-3/30/2012

Case 6: Candles Liberate

That place was perhaps the best place for a plants-loving-man, as unseen and unknown species of plants grew through every angle of the place. Various small beautiful insects lived on top of the leaves and branches of the wild plants overgrowing through wood, glass shards and even metal. None of them were seemed to have laid hands by any living being.

The long untouched and unseen U.S. Air Force Base couldn’t get any less creepier with none of the lights on at night, vinyl records scattered through the weeds that swum through every room—or if it wasn’t a room, no one would know as most tools and landscapes had rotten into a complete wild mess of nature. Doors and walls could even be no longer differed. Rotten tables and old fashioned computers had blended into one, connected with the wild roots and heavy solid rusts.

Not a normal person could imagine how trembling they were if they were walking in that place at night.

As a now-abnormal person, the white-haired young man, Blue Miles, could only got hung weak in the humid room. About an hour ago, he was trembling in his overwhelming fear, hand shivering out loud, heart beat branching to every other parts of his body. The darkness swallowed him into a total emptiness and hollow feeling at last. Silence was deafening, but not until slow noises started to come upon his ears, waking the young man from his emptiness.

The only person between the three Judges that could be trusted for the information of such unfamiliar places like the U.S. Air Force Base—where they were—would be the red haired lady, Fox.

What made them in such a big problem was that Fox also even had very low knowledge of the place, but all she could count on was going to the Control Room and find most information about the place—rather than having to be stuck and lost overnight and not saving their friend, Blue Miles.

According to her predictions of where a Control Room would be, most war-related bases would have their control room strategically located—in the center of the base. Hearing such possibility, their ‘leader’, Tears, sighed heavily. Seeing that it was only a possibility, it would rather be pointless and waste of time.

The clock had pointed out that it was 7 past thirty in the PM. The wild plants had hindered them in their way of finding their abducted fellow Judge. Teandro was leading the dark way in the creepy corridors of the Air Force Base with their limited sight. Fox and Kiyobi were following the tall man from behind, while they suddenly heard noises coming from their both sides.

Tears looked back as the noises came. “Eh, you heard that?” He asked slowly. His steps stopped right after he noticed. Fox and Kiyo nodded, and small shudders started to go through their veins. “If you know what I’m thinking… Didn’t you notice that we forgot to bring………” Fox’s words were cut as soon as a metal wire were thrown in her direction, and wounded a bit of her hand, cutting her long sleeves a bit.

As soon as glowing eyes started to fade in, revealing themselves surrounding the three Judges, both Kiyo and Tears could only shout a bit: “We forgot weapons!” Both started kicking out the similar Blythe dolls that surrounded them. “Say,” the older man uttered as he struggled, to the lady whom was also trying to rip off the dolls’ hands. “Do the rules which said that we can only summon weapons in open air still apply?” Hearing so, but not having the chance to speak yet, Fox only nodded.

“Urk!” As soon as Tears heard the short and clear answer from the lady, he jumped out of the ambushing crowd of the living dolls and broke out of a nearby window, leaving only Kiyo and Fox. “Really, that rule is bothersome!” Kiyo said, speaking to Fox. “I know!” The lady unleashed an elbow jab at a doll, knocking it out.

The little boy was having a hard time dodging the threads the dolls used to attacked them, as they were fatally heavy damaging. A little of his arm were cut already, and even his shoe soles had to be cut a bit. He would admit that the dolls that ambushed them at that time seemed to be physically weaker than ones they encountered at the second victim’s house, but their attacks are now slightly stronger.

Fox was also hurt, and her melee strength couldn’t take all the almost twenty living Blythe dolls that ambushed them. Moreover she was thinking of how pitiful they were; they had only killed about two of them. *‘Still so much more to go… Tears, come on!’* she thought, as she knew she could rely on the lieutenant Judge *sometimes*.

Chances of killing by piercing were much as the Blythe dolls were grouping to attack the rather surrounded Kiyo. At the right timing, slashes of dual swords came slashing each doll within its edge’s range. Though, some succeeded to avoid or defend the huge swing of the well-controlled dual swords. “It’s Teandro: Episode Less Useless, finally.” Fox’s lips had to move as she saw the shadow of a familiar man she always knew useless and rivaled. “Have I always been that useless? You exaggeration master, Fox.” In a short time, Tears smiled for a glance though no one but the glaring dolls saw it.

His two hands, each holding one sword with a sharp edge, readied a full strength and fought alongside the two other melee Judges. A hard kick for a doll to the direction of the dual swords holder for each doll finished their ambush in a rather short time.

Heavy sighs came out from the three Judges as soon as they finished every of the dolls. Panting a bit in the midst of the ripped Blythe doll parts with their faces facing downwards, they all noticed at the same time that their shoes had became waxen for the little damages to the Blythe dolls would result them in dropping white rough wax drops.

But not bothering cleaning their shoes anymore, they all decided to not waste any time and advanced. “Wait, I should get my weapon…” Kiyo halted a bit, and went out of a nearby window. The inconvenient way of summoning a weapon for a Judge sure was inconvenient at times like that.

Dual swords in hands of the oldest man and metal wires attached to the hands of the little boy looked scary enough to scare off normal people. Fox *always* had to be the only one not wielding a weapon, and so she walked beside the strongest—Tears, while Kiyo walked alone in the back.

Their ways through the silent and dark corridors of the base were pretty rough, as they actually encountered lots of the living Blythe dolls everywhere. Their routes felt pointless at first, but as Fox observed, the number and the strength of the Blythe increased as they advance, so the lady was confident enough that they were getting closer to saving Blue.

The gigantic rusty twin parabolic dishes stood steady as if they were watching over the hard struggling Judges. The dual sword wielder always stepped in the most front of all to unleash ambushes. The wire battler had his wires kept short, as he didn’t want his wire to be tangled with the doll’s threads and strings. The empty handed lady mostly just took care of the dead Outlaws with her prayers while being covered with the other two Judges or using her physical skills to defend herself.

“This is starting to feel like a monthlong wait. Forty-five minutes has it been and not even one of my dolls had returned!” A rather soft voice yet with a large pressure applied, complained. Though actually, she was rather speaking to herself. She brushed a bit of her short black straight hair, feeling hopeless towards the situation.

In the total dark room, all could be seen was just loosen cables on the ceilings, which were also the remaining left in the unused Air Force Base. As more than a century was it abandoned, weeds even started to grow through the walls. But most were totally unseen in the dark night.

A rather harsh way of standing was how she stood up off her wooden classic old chair. “I’m sorry, lord Ress… I have not received any news nor signals from outside too.” A living male Blythe doll, whom was standing about ten feet away the woman, responded immediately towards the angered behavior of the woman. “I know. It isn’t your fault anyway. But…”

A halt in her words left a curiosity popping in the living doll. “Lord Ress?”

He called. After about ten seconds of gap looking at his lord closing her eyes slowly and wrinkles her forehead, he called again. “Lord Ress? Can you hear me?” The doll’s voice was slow and questioning much. Still the lord didn’t respond even a cue. Her eyes were suddenly open and straight focused to the ceilings.

In a blink of an eye, the whole dark room flashed as candles were lit, which actually had been put on all over the floor. The candles were made of very white waxes, and all of them were large sized. The candles were lit in a blow, and none of them fell either. Their positions were totally fixed.

The male doll had his eyes opened, and a little shocked too. Because of the overheat he felt from getting too close to the candles, he moves backwards a bit, getting closer to a set of chains. A second later, the doll was distracted once again—this time with a way bigger noise.

The wooden ceiling and half-rotten metal plates on the ceiling caused a huge ruckus as the familiar three person came getting through the ceiling. But in an instant they saw the bunch of candles on the floor, they couldn’t fall so well, resulting them having to grab a loose cable on the ceiling. What then came to their sight were the wood ceilings that got burnt by the sturdy and big candles on the floor, followed by the heat approaching their body fiercely.

“Sweet Court! This place is hellish!” the smallest boy uttered, as he had his one hand grabbing a cable and the other left hanging. Tears were holding the almost fallen Fox’s hand, with his other hand grabbing a loose cable as hard as possible. He abandoned his dual swords falling off his hands, to the midst of the fierce hot candles below them. In such position, the first priority was to keep them steady and not falling—to avoid being burnt. Even transparent beings like them are harmed by fire.

The waxen woman, the so-called Lord Ress, laughed out loud as she saw their rough entrance to the place. “Welcome, Judges of the First System! I’ve waited for this moment.” She said, while looking to the leader of the First System: Tears. And so the older man stared back at her. “I’ve waited for long too, this moment to kill you.”

Simply, that annoyed the woman a lot but she kept it cool outside. She took out one hell of a devilish smile people would never want to see. “Your doom’s close enough, yet you’re not feeling it? I feel quite pitiful for you, Teandro.” Tears didn’t respond to that; instead he looked away the Outlaw woman he once saw in the rooftop of the school. The old man then started swinging Fox’s hand.

Fox looked at Tears’s convincing eyes—without any words and any further, Tears took out his whole energy and swung Fox in a single hard swing towards where Lord Ress and the male living doll was. The wax lord was surprised of the sudden idea. She immediately took a move by dissolving herself, while the male Blythe doll made a move by ambushing Fox.

Two men were still hanging on the loose cables. They had sweats from the heat that had attacked them in the room, then also cold sweats to see who actually would get ambushed by the powerful wax Outlaw. Moreover, Tears hadn’t his swords in his hand, unlike Kiyo, which his wires were held tight with his gloved hand. At such time, Tears thought a bit that swords are inconvenient while hanging in such condition.

His eyes were focused on the physical battling Fox. Soon his sight was distracted by a slight touch on his shoulders—the wax woman Outlaw was already behind him, smirking devilishly. “Hey, Lieutenant Teandro. Tell me who is more important to you: your Secretary Judge… or your pitiful new friend, Blue?” She asked, with a light yet deadly voice. Silence was what Tears gave in return. Even, his eyes were not directed to the Outlaw but to his front—where he could see his battling friend. He also ignored his hardly struggling friend, Kiyo, whom hung behind him.

“I…” Tears’s words were cut, and his eyes slowly got blank. The Outlaw was obviously cheating—Tears were put under a hypnotism effect. And with a single move of her hand, another set of candles were lit—this time was a set near the chains. No one including the male doll itself didn’t realize that there were candles there too. Moreover, behind the set of chains was someone they all know: Blue Miles, hung with both hands chained to the wall. The poor young man was only injured bit, but he was blindfolded with thick black cloth and an indeed very tight wrap so that he was unable to speak.

Even the oldest man’s eyes blotted in his semi-conscious self seeing his friend tied like so. His now blurry eyes were fully controlled by the devil Outlaw. “So, which one do you choose? Let me know.” Such whisper knocked Tears’s mind, forcing him to say his answer slowly but from the very bottom of his heart.

“I… choose for Fox’s safety sake” With such hanging-ending sentence from Tears’s lips, the awful Outlaw smirked wide, approaching to Fox’s side and lent her hand out, ready to unleash a jab or a slash at the somehow defenseless Fox. Still busy dealing with the strong living doll, she could only get shocked and not being able to avoid any attack.

But, just like a usual story, a wire came pulling the wax woman’s hand and even cut it, as wax could be easily cut by Kiyo’s metal wires. With bigger chance to avoid the attacks, Fox stepped back, getting closer to the chained and blind folded Blue Miles. The wax woman screamed a very high pitched and loud scream finding her arm cut, while Kiyo took a steady step near the candles. But he succeeded of stepping out of the range of lit candles.

Kiyo’s wires are wild. Not to mention was also the living doll’s crazy slashes. Sharp nails could come out of his small fingers in rage of his master’s loss of arm. While the pure wax woman grieves of her arm loss, and combat between the little boy and the Blythe doll, the actually wide-conscious man—Teandro—made his move through the loose cables and metal pipes on the ceiling. He traversed from each pipe fast and swung himself towards an area clear of candles—but he might have lost some of his energy that he didn’t land precise, resulting his unbalanced landing.

The tall man couldn’t keep balanced that he had to fall back to the candles, his hand keeping him not to fall too close. But fire is fire, and little of his hands got burnt.

The previously grieving wax woman turned her nugatory scream into rather mischievous huge laugh, seeing the man’s burnt right hand. Tears looked at the smirking and annoying Outlaw with a dooming glare and his mind was only filler with making the Outlaw to go under. In a different way, the Outlaw was only smiling. She even ignored the fierce battle of Kiyo and her living doll, plus the chained feast she had. After a while, Tears also just noticed that his dual swords were both in the midst of the candles and it was purely impossible for him to retrieve his weapons.

Without any hesitation, the two collided with a shoulder smack. With equal power, they both bounced back. Unlike the Outlaw, Tears still had to watch his steps, being careful of not going to the seas of burning candles for the second time. The wax woman mischievously giggled and even took a candle. She lifted three of them in her one hand palm like dynamite and prodded the little fires onto her cut hand, making some parts to melt. Afterwards, she had the dynamite-like threesome candles onto her melted parts of her hand, making the candles an extension of her hand. Tears felt a sense of unfairness, but he relied completely on his martial skills and not much more.

“Urk!” A large amount of exhaling came out from the young man’s breath as his blindfolds and mouth cover were released by Fox. “Oh my god, Fox! And others! How did you….?” Blue was panicked and his throat was a bit sore for not being able to speak for quite a while. “We’ve no time. Let’s talk later. Now we have to help Kiyo and Tears out.” Fox said, before Blue could utter anything in his panic.

Though his blind folds and mouth cover were released, still his movement was limited as tight chains stretched his arms and legs. Neither Blue nor Fox knew how to release it. If she could, the lady wanted to ask for help to Kiyo or Tears, but they were busy dealing with each other’s opponents. Moreover, Fox gasped as she saw that Tears had not his swords with him—and more hopeless as she saw the swords in the midst of the fierce candles.

The only option to release Blue was to count on Kiyo’s wires—that is, if the chain could be cut. Fox had to think fast, faster than she usually does. Her eyes closed a bit. Her minds were distracted by Kiyo and Tears’s combat sighs, then was also cut by a voice coming from the restrained young man.

“…Fox!” His voice faded into Fox’s ears. “Yes?” “Might you want to try taking a candle to break these chains?” His slipping idea was a tad worth trying. The red hair turned immediately, taking a candle that had surrounded them, and used the little fire on the candle, prodding it to the rather large chains.

As the place was humid, the candle caused the rains to rust little by little, and that made Fox somehow a little bit happier. Repeating again and again—even though melted drops of the candle burnt some of the lady’s clothing and hands and left burn marks on Blue’s left hand, they knew sacrifice were truly needed. But it all stopped at once when the chain was almost broken by the rusts and something happened.

The little boy, Kiyobi, was thrown away with a massive power. He had bruises and wounds over his body, especially his upper body, and his wires seemed to have even hurt its own master. His right leg, right under his knee, had been a bit cut and was a bit twisted. Fox and Blue’s eyes widened upon seeing the hurt Kiyobi. “No way! Kiyo…!?” Fox’s spontaneous reaction said so, and her mind thought, *‘That male Blythe must be dangerous…! I have to finish him before he could worsen Tears’s combat.’*

And so, leaving Blue and the wounded Kiyo behind, the lady rushed towards the Blythe doll, taking out her maximum power. The little kid raised his arm, muttering words of halting, but he was even too weak to speak. His wounds resulted in bleed, and the high humidity made his sweat beads burning like fire. Blue was still hung with the chains, but his rusted chain on one palm was the only thing he could count on. “Kiyo!” He called, slowly. The little kid hardly turned to Blue, but slowly while a bit moaning, he turned. “Could you help me with these chains, just a bit?”

Cheating was the thing that was obviously helping the wax Outlaw to make him weak enough. But still Tears had little power to fight the Outlaw, who had been smiling all the time. A lot of him had been burnt by fire, and even he had to throw out his burning vest away as it was set on fire by the wicked Ress.

Martial arts didn’t seem to have any good effect towards the Outlaw after all. Being exhausted without his weapons, he had to find another weapon. After so long being tortured enough by the Outlaw, bullied with candles, all popped in his mind was to do a similar thing back—a counter attack.

Few candles he lifted, not even bothering the burning melts of the candles, and started to throw the candles towards the wax Outlaw. Agility did beat the throwing, but slowly Ress had enough of the candle throwing and rushed towards Tears. Though Tears’s position with his candles on hand dealt a massive damage towards Ress’s face, melting some parts of its face.

The older man smirked widely and started throwing another horde of candles as he picked it from the floors and made his step backwards—slowly going to the way where his swords fell. The Outlaw kept on going after him, while suddenly Tears had to slip and –almost fell- to the group of candles.

A huge, dark black robed person was floating with an indeed huge scythe, and used the flat edge of the scythe to hold on Tears’s heard and prevented him from falling. Quickly Tears regained his balance, and turned back to see who it was. He had a guess in his mind already at the time he saw the dark robes.

All the people in the room including the Blythe doll, the restrained young man, the wounded kid, and the exhausted lady and even the wax lord, were distracted with the enormous phenomenon of the dark robed man. Gravity didn’t seem to affect every of his moves. His hood covered his face well, and moreover, the robes he was wearing wasn’t affected by the fires—normal robes would have been burnt, but it wasn’t. How he floated was of course also abnormal, even for an Outlaw.

In a totally fast sequence that happened less than three seconds, the wax woman knew she had to get rid of the disturbing phenomenon, so she rushed towards the hooded man, jumping to where the man was, but before the Outlaw could even reach the hooded man with her one hand, the very sharp shining edge of the scythe was pointed towards the wax Outlaw’s neck.

Watching the waxen head of the Outlaw they hardly beat before, the Judges in the scene gasped in an instant. But noticing that she had an opportunity, the half-dead lady ran towards the now-grieving male doll and kicked it towards the very lot of candles.

Waxes melt pitifully as they were drown with their own traps—burning like incense with almost no leftover. Still the robed man was there with his scythe like a grim reaper; his eyes seemed to watch over the burning Outlaws. The silence was filled with little sounds of burning, hard breathes from the badly wounded Judges, and even the blinks of the young man’s shocked eyes.

It all broke as an awkward sentence attacked the ears of the Judges. “…Why couldn’t cha’ do that earlier, kickin’ ‘em to fire?” The light yet rather rough voice came from the hooded man. The voice didn’t seem to have a German or English accent, too. Pissed, Tears, after picking his swords by taking out few more candles, ran towards the hooded man whom was floating slowly in the direction where Blue and Kiyo was.

“I had no energy,” Tears mumbled, as he tailed the hooded man. “They also have their steps steady, you know.” The hooded man chuckled a bit. “Then guess I came on the very right timing, eh.” Blue only watched the conversation going awkwardly. The two seemed to know each other pretty well, while he didn’t know anything of the floating man.

He stopped right in front of the dazed Blue Miles. “Court Messenger-san… Why are you here, and… even, helping us? You weren’t supposed to...” Kiyo revealed to Blue that the hooded man was a Court Messenger, which they just talked about in the morning. The image of the Court Messenger Blue had expected varied a lot from how it actually looked it—not angelic, not dressed in white, and even speaking a rough language.”It’s just a lil’ business, droppin’ by.” He answered, then lent out his hand reaching the chains which had kept Blue confined.

With little karate chop on each chain ends, the chain broke easily without any effort. Blue and Kiyo’s eyes blotted as they felt their effort useless. The last one, on Blue’s left hand with the rusting chains which had yet been broken, only took the Court Messenger man a little force by grabbing it and pulling it downwards. All was done with a single hand.

The now freed Blue Miles sighed and exhales a lot, finally having his hands and legs able to step on ground and move freely again. “Thank you.” The young man politely uttered. The hooded Court Messenger only smiled at him—his eyes being unable to be seen well because of the hood, so Blue didn’t even quite know if the man was looking at him or not.

“I actually came just fer this.” The Court Messenger then lent out the scythe he used to destroy the Outlaw earlier. He lent it out towards Blue. The young man immediately raised an eyebrow, confused with why would he have to hold the scythe—but he held the scythe anyway. “Don’t tell me--!” Fox, whom was beside Tears and behind the Court Messenger, gasped. Once again, the Court Messenger grinned wide.

“It’s yer weapon as a Judge, Blue Miles. Tis’ might be late, but take that scythe.” He said, while stepping backwards. Blue’s eyes widened, followed by the other Judges’ eyes too. “That’s your weapon! Amazing!” Kiyo, the little kid, got excited. He walked slowly to see the dark body of the metal scythe yet a shining, sharp, refined edge of the grey scythe.

Blue had his two hands holding the rather tall scythe—it was about one point fifteen meter in length. It was rather heavy at first, but he had gotten used to it in a minute. “Thank you, Court Messenger.” Said Blue Miles once again, with a happy facial expression. “Nah, no big deal. Also, call me by ma name, won’t ya’? Haven’t yer companions told ‘bout me?”

A silence occurred. “Well, we…” Kiyo had a pitying face all of the sudden. Blue looked at Kiyo, then Tears and Fox behind the Court Messenger. Fox seemed to look away to somewhere else—such language which Blue couldn’t understand. “We forgot your name.” said Tears bluntly, and the Court Messenger turned away, facing to Tears.

“Again,” he said, with a low tone. “My name isn’t hard to remember at all! Next time we meet, I don’t wanna see you guys forgettin’ ma name again, ‘kay?” “I know, I know. I’m marking it up. So your name is…?” Tears asked with a complying nod.

But instead of saying his name immediately, the Court Messenger seemed startled and looked at a watch he had on his right hand. “No way…” He mumbled himself.

In a blink of an eye, the Court Messenger was gone like wind, leaving nothing behind. Al left was Fox and Tears facing to Kiyo and Blue whom was holding his new scythe. “Where… did he go to?” Blue’s lips spontaneously uttered such words. “I... don’t know. Perhaps his mission’s deadline time.” Tears answered, as he walked to Blue, and Fox tailed Tears behind.

“Really, these Court Messengers… they’re confusing. And you know him well?” The young man asked, while holding his new scythe. “Well, he’s the Court Messenger who usually gives us—or at least, Fox, information of Outlaws and other alike problems. Sadly we always end up forgetting his name…”

Blue’s facial expression said that he still didn’t understand everything yet. Tears wanted to explain more, but he wanted to take a look at his phone first. “8.20, huh? Pretty late.” The oldest man said, as the time was late enough. Otherwise, none of the other Judges comment of the time, instead Kiyo commented about his phone, “Whoa, your phone didn’t break after all bumping to the walls and fighting?” Kiyo then took out his little phone he kept in his trousers pocket. “Mine broke.” He smiled, while showing his phone’s pitch black screen and a bit cracked in the back of it. “Must be broken when I was thrown away to the wall by that cursed Blythe doll…” Fox then eventually checked her phone too, and magically it still turned on even though the back side of it had a bit brack.

Looking at Blue, Tears asked, “What about yours, Blue? Is it still alive? Your *new* phone.” The young man immediately checked his new mobile phone and it was healthy and alive. Nothing seemed to have happened to his phone. “Phew it’s alive.” He smiled gladly.

After putting back his phone in his pocket, he only sighed a bit while smiling. “You know… I don’t know where I should start thanking you guys.” He said. Hearing that, Tears smiled like seeing a son of his, and patted on Blue’s messy white hair. His little burnt handpalm made his pat a bit rough on Blue too. But it was his words that touched Blue. “You’re our protégé at the moment. And you’re also part of the First System Judge! Everything we do for each other isn’t something extraordinary.”

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It was about 9 PM already when they were on a train heading back to Ikebukuro. Riding on the fastest train in Tokyo they could get. Not heading home, but heading to a place; Kiyo and Tears’s favorite culinary spot around Ikebukuro.

None of them were sleepy, but they were busy sneaking around with putting on long overcoats they bought on their way home. They hardly hid their wounds, and there weren’t any other way either. Though, they all had fun sneaking and rushing to the train platforms all their way from Fuchuu. Fox had always been the calmest and the least panicky.

“Hey, I want to ask you a bit about the Court Messenger…” Blue said, upon the silence that happened in the train. “What?” Tears looked at the younger man. “…all of them actually looked like that? Like a grim reaper. When you said that Court Messengers are what we usually call ‘angels’, I had an image of angelic guys with pure white clothings.” Innocence beat his straight question, which made Tears laugh a bit at first. “Well, yep. They all come with a long, black overcoat or which you might want to call a robe, and hide their faces all the time. They float and move without bounds, they have very quick gestures. Though that one you just met earlier was indeed a special one, since he’s known us for years since we started working as Judges.”

“Oh.” Blue understood the quick explanation, and started to look away off Tears. Without too much gap of time, he asked once again. “And why were you guys so confused when the Court Messenger came in the scene earlier?”

Tears, at first, couldn’t remember him being confused, but slowly a bell rang in his mind. “Oh, at the time of his appearance? Well, I tell you, Court Messengers shouldn’t help Judges in their duties. Their duty is only to watch over us and not do anything in our missions. If they do, they will be considered as guilty and would deserve a punishment afterwards. Especially killing a target Outlaw—that’s something so forbidden between Court Messengers.”

“Then all he did earlier, except the part of when he gave me the scythe, were all forbidden stuff?” Blue’s eyes widened upon hearing so. Tears only nodded with his eyes closed.

The four of them then confuses about all the Court Messenger’s acts earlier, and wondered what happened to the Court Messenger.

Their hunger soon turned into a feeling of fullness that they couldn’t hide, as they finished taking their dinner. Unnoticeably, the night felt as if nothing had happened on that day, as laughter and joy filled their aura. Even ox got carried away with the joy they had during the night. Tears taking a bottle of kiwi beer, Kiyo eating a lot of fusion sushi and Blue forced to drink a few glasses of Sake.

As they opened the door of Kiyo’s home, Mr. Kagami, Kiyo’s father, were worried that they came home late at 11 PM, and were also worried about the wounds. Though, he didn’t look so far through every single’s body’s wounds which was covered by the overcoats they wore—he only noticed one of the faces, little burns on Tears’s hand and Fox’s cut injuries on her hand and Blue’s burns on his left hand.

That was, also, because Tears had convinced—or fooled—Kiyo’s father with few sentences.

“We had too much fun playing football with Fox’s colleagues, really. And no, there aren’t burn marks; these are scrapes we had as we slid through the muddy slippery field…”

Blue, kiyo and Fox sighed upon hearing the little lie yet that Kiyo’s father could believe.

“And pardon us; we’ll be getting some baths for the mean time.”

End of Case 6