

# 東京異界の

手島史詞

17歳まで

# Color Illustrations

Coming soon!

# Prologue

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Prologue**

“Ugh, it’s bitter.....”

Sitting up on the bed and drinking from the coffee cup, the young girl stuck her tongue out with a contorted face.

She had long beautiful silver hair that came all the way down to her waist. Her big eyes on her small face were aquamarine. Her eyes and nose were sharp like a Western European, but unlike a Western European, she had a slender and small frame. Given such a unique appearance, she looked like she was someone people would call a Celtic fairy.

She was a young girl with a mysterious air around her.

“Aren’t you bad with bitter stuff? How about you stop being stubborn and add milk to it?”

This is a room in a hospital. Though he hasn’t asked the girl what sort of illness she had, she was being allocated a private room where she could even use a portable cooking stove. Next to the bed there were piles of books that seemed to be her reading materials.

Toushirou gave a wry smile as he was washing the coffee dripper at the sink, and the young girl shook her head obstinately.

“You can’t. Using milk for such purposes is a defilement of milk itself.”

“Not to coffee huh?”

“That’s because milk is good for you.”

Puffing up her cheeks, the young girl turned her head away.

She seemed very particular about her height, which is why she drinks milk for all three meals each day without fail.

“If you really love milk so much, I should’ve brought some...”

“I wanted to drink it because Tohshiroh said it was nice”

Originally, it all started when Touseirou heard that having coffee while studying would help increase one’s efficiency and decided to try it out.

Liking it even more than what he had anticipated, it now escalated to him finding the best way to brew delicious coffee through trial and error. On the other hand, his studies were ignored, but that’s a trivial matter.

Thanks to him briefly touching on the subject, the young girl started asking him to make her some coffee.

—With freshly ground beans, however.

Being pestered by such a lovely girl, put Touseirou in a slightly better mood. He ground up the beans just before he left to visit her, but it seems that it didn’t suit her taste buds.

“Well, I’ll bring milk along with me next time. Since they have it in the shop it should be okay for patients to drink it.”

As soon as that was said, the young girl panicked as if she was losing out. Then, she frowned unhappily.

“.....This will do.”

“Wait, you can’t handle this right?”

“It’s unfair if Tohshiroh can drink it but I can’t.”

She then drank from the cup once again, cringing as she tried to put up with the bitterness and then sulkily looked down at the book that she was holding.

In the mountain of books next to her pillow, western style books were the most conspicuous, though some Japanese style books could be seen here and there. As he was about to try and ask what sort of books she was reading—

“A story about a helpless world being saved a little by magic.”

That was it.

When Touseirou happened to laugh at it for sounding childish, she remained silent for a while.

While recalling about what just happened, Touseirou tilted his head in doubt.

“Oh wait, it might be a little too late but is it okay for patients to drink coffee?”  
“Hmpf” as the young girl once again turned away.

“It’s fine. I’ve almost fully recovered.”

“Really?”

As Touseirou’s face became filled with amazement, the young girl grinned. Just as he thought that the young girl would frown at him, she smiled as if she just thought of a bad joke. Just looking at her ever changing facial expressions was fun in itself.

“Besides, show me how you ground the beans next time.”

“Though milk coffee’s pretty high in calories.”

“That’s okay. Since just talking with Touseirou is enjoyable enough.”

“It can’t be helped huh.....”

Even though he let out a sigh, after seeing such a carefree smile, there was no way he could refuse.

Even more so after hearing that Touseirou was the only one that drops by, apart from her family members.

Come to think of it, to Touseirou, she was probably his first love. He has been visiting her frequently, just to see her face.

“See you tomorrow Touseirou”

“See you tomorrow Fleu.”

The next day, Touseirou brought the milk coffee while complaining and then demonstrated on how to grind coffee beans.

A short while after that day, Tokyo turned into something unlike anything before. And then, the young girl in the hospital too—

This was an incident which took place three years ago.

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## TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

# Order #1-1

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #1-1**

Order 1: Baristas shoot sugar cube projectiles

“However, your cocoa is something that will almost never improve,” said a childish looking girl with a frown on her face after she downed a cup of cocoa.

She was probably about thirteen years old. Her jet black hair was so long that it not only reached her waist but continued all the way down to her knees. Her almond shaped eyes were crimson and bewitching. She was probably two or three years younger than Toushirou; though she wore lip stick and was clad in a dark red dress that was worthy of someone in the high society.

The young girl’s name was Ageha.

It is hard to imagine that she was a young girl who looked like her actual age, and Toushirou did not know who she really was.

“Ageha-san, we are actually at a bar you know?” replied Toushirou with a sigh while silently cleaning the cups.

He had straight brown hair and black eyes with a tinge of blue. He wore a barista’s uniform; a classy vest over his shirt and a necktie, and on his chest was a badge with a three pronged road on it—the mark of Strada was sown on it. Although he trying to be resolute, he looked like someone with one too many anxieties.

This is the inside of the bar, “Strada”

A brass bell hangs from the amber colored door, and it would creak whenever

someone would walk on the black oak floorboards. In this quiet shop where even music isn't played, just leaning in and listening to that little sound is probably a form of entertainment in itself.

Antique looking shelves line the plaster wall, and in the shop were six table seats and four counter seats. Though it'd be nice to say that the shop is spacious, everyone conscientiously keeps it clean and one could tell that being small, it was a shop that values its homely atmosphere.

The three siphons<sup>1</sup> that are on the counter rarely get their alcohol lamps lit, however.

Upon hearing Toushirou's exhortation, a malicious smile crept onto Ageha's face.

"Oh ho. I wonder if it's okay for you to talk to your one and only regular customer like that."

Contrary to its dignified interior, the shop receives very few customers and inside the shop, aside from Toushirou who's the barista, Ageha was the only person there.

Toushirou replied with a sigh.

"Yes yes. The reason our shop has managed to stay open is all thanks to you, Ageha-san."

"It isn't something to look sad about. Though the cocoa here isn't that great, I like the taste of the cups you have here."

Probably because of the shop's small size, that the cups used there were of different varieties. In it, the one Ageha was using was the only one that's left, and it became her own personalized cup.

Playing around with an empty cup, Ageha looked down at what looks like a book full of pictures of sceneries from someplace. Below the pictures seem to be lines of detailed explanation.

"Ageha-san, what have you been reading just now?"

"Hehe. It's a collection of pictures taken in the Tokyo Ikai<sup>1</sup>."

“Ehhh. These are well taken.”

As Touseirou took a peek, there were many pictures of scenery that he immediately recognized.

“Is our shop in there?”

“Nope. Doesn’t seem like it.”

“Oh. I see.”

Touseirou’s interest immediately faded.

Smiling wryly at his reaction, Ageha closed the book and showed him the front cover. Its title was merely “Photo collection of Tokyo Ikai”, and below it was the author’s name. Though it was written as Tanaka Yoshirou, Touseirou did not have the confidence to still be able to remember it the next day. It was probably something he wouldn’t die for.

“Well, the pictures are pretty mediocre, though the reporter’s comments were quite pleasant.”

“In what way?”

“Vibrant lights dancing in the night of the Other World. Magic users brought back into the current era.” The sad thing is that it seems like he isn’t blessed with any sort of literary talent.

Well, he couldn’t really deny the fact that it was sensationalistic on a tabloid level.

—Though one would also wonder about the person who saw something like this and called it pleasant.

Touseirou let out a wry smile and Ageha tapped her finger on the table.

“Touseirou. The cocoa’s run dry. It’s a cold day today. At least do it more conscientiously next time.”

It wasn’t so cold to the point where snow would fall, but it was already into December. Even those people walking along the main street were wearing thick thermal wear. It was not as if he did not understand her wanting to warm up with a cup of hot cocoa.

Even so, Touseirou could not help but sigh.

“Ordering some coffee once in a while would be good though.....”

Although it’s true that there are things like cocoa and red tea on the menu, those are part of no more than the side menu.

Ageha laughed at him admonishingly.

“You, even if it’s a side menu you should make it taste the best. Isn’t this what being first class is about?”

“If you’re going to say that, how about asking master to do it instead of a mere shop assistant such as myself?”

“Shuuya’s cocoa? Are you telling me to go and die?”

“Is what that guy makes really that bad?”

“It’s like someone threw sugar into tar. It isn’t something the digestive system of humans can handle.”

As Touseirou was filled with shock, Ageha wrapped her hands around her shoulders and shivered.

As if he happened to have overheard the conversation, a young man showed his face from behind the counter. Behind the counter lead to the pantry and the staff’s common room.

“Did someone call?”

He was about twenty. He had disheveled hair and wore a crinkled shirt. His collar was unbuttoned and he had unkempt stubble. Even though he was wearing the same uniform, he somehow looked very sloppy. Despite being dressed like this, he was the bar’s owner.

Seeing the young man’s face, she raised her voice lamentably.

“Listen up Shuuya. I was trying to deceive my throat with Touseirou’s amateur cocoa and he dared to tell me to drink the ones that you make.”

“Oi Touseirou, you trying to get our shop closed down? You know, even in this world, there are things that should and shouldn’t be sai— OUCH.”

As soon as Touseirou noticed Shuuya making a serious face— something that

he rarely does, Toudirou hit him in the back of his head with a stainless steel tray.

“A complaint is somehow being lodged against me because of your disgusting cocoa you know!”

“What’s disgusting is disgusting. It can’t be helped. I can’t understand what sort of assistant would bring this up in front of a customer.”

“Do you have no desire to improve yourself what-so-ever ?”

“If you’re that unhappy about not improving, how bout’ you start putting in more effo—Oww.”

“This is why we don’t have any customers.”

After beating Shuuya’s head, Toudirou gently stroked the tray as if he was sympathizing with it.

—Damn it. Because of beating this idiot’s head this thing’s now bent.

Why is he working in such a place?

It has been three years since Toudirou started working at the shop. The minuscule number of customers, Ageha’s bad mouthing, and the useless adult Shuuya were all part of the never changing scenery.

That scenery was about to be suddenly shattered.

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## TRANSLATOR’S NOTES

(1) A siphon is a tool used to brew coffee

(2) The literal translation would be the Tokyo from the other world, but I chose to leave it in its original form to keep the flow of the passage.

# Order #1-2

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #1-2**

A resounding “BANG!” and the window glass shattered.

“Uwahhh, what’s happening, what’s happening?”

Shuuya let out a scream and hid under the counter. Toushirou braced himself, using the tray as a shield, and speaking of Ageha, she was covering her favorite cup with both of her hands, trying to protect it.

Looking up, Toushirou became even more surprised.

In the wall of the shop facing towards the streets, there was a hole big enough for someone to just waltz through.

The disastrous scene could have been very well created by a car crashing into the shop, but unfortunately, nothing of that sort was in sight. The chilly winds from the outside blew into the shop mercilessly, reminding them of the reality that had happened.

“My, my shop is.....”

Muttered Shuuya in pure shock after seeing what was in front of him. Before Toushirou could even pity him, this time, a figure jumped through the hole and into the shop. The figure was that of a young girl who looked like a white angel.

“Eh—”

At first, Toushirou thought she had wings.

But they were something else. (you don’t say)

What he thought to be wings was actually her long hair. White, as thin as silk, and fascinatingly elegant.

She was only slightly bigger than Ageha and wore an oversized men's jacket that didn't suit her.

The young girl who jumped into the shop fell onto the floor with her body curled up such that her head was covered, and she rolled once across the floor before standing up. She then promptly kicked over a table that was directly beside her and slid into its shadow. Stuff like the menu and a bottle of sugar cubes that were on top of the table were all scattered across the floor.

And there, the young looked up as if she finally noticed Touseirou.

The young girl was hurt. Her clothes were torn here and there, and her porcelain skin was smeared with blood. Her breathing was rough, and he knew at once glance that she was running away from something.

He could see that the injured girl's eyes were shaking, like she desperately needed help.

Her aquamarine eyes were so deep one would almost get sucked into them, and her pink vivacious lips were like ripened fruit. Her snow colored hair was so long that it covered her waist, and her skin was as smooth as silk.

She had a rather small frame, and from the looks of it she was probably about fifteen or sixteen.

Looking at her face, Touseirou's heart started racing.

—Fleu.....?

That was, without a doubt, a face that Touseirou recognized.

Almost as if she didn't recognize who Touseirou was, the young girl raised her index finger and whispered "Shh—h".

"—I won't let you get away this time!"

Following the young girl, a new voice resounded with rage.

"What is it this time?"

As the furnishings in the shop begin to crumble, Shuuya hid under the counter

once again, teary eyed. Speaking of Ageha, she was tapping her finger on the table, irritated because she was unable to drink some cocoa.

The next thing that jumped into the shop, was another girl.

She had straight red hair that reached her shoulders and almond shaped eyes reflecting her strong will. She was wearing a uniform from some school, probably because she was a high schooler.

In response to the new intruder, the white haired girl held her head as if she had a headache.

Quickly tucking away her hair, she timidly took a peek at the entrance of the shop, directly opposite the table. It seems that she wasn't noticed by the other girl.

The other girl scanned the shop and then clicked her tongue, visibly irritated.

All of a sudden, streaks of light flew from her hand like an electrical discharge, accompanied by the sound of sizzling.

“.....A magic user.”

Murmured Toushirou silently.

—Magic users—

Three years ago, after the disaster that happened in Tokyo, people wielding mysterious powers started to appear.

In the outside world, it is certain to be only one of the many fake urban legends.

In Tokyo Ikai, however, these aren't something rare or special. They were an existence close to many, and also very real.

“You there, shop assistant. A white haired girl came in here didn't she? Where's she?”

“.....Before that, could you kindly place an order? This is a café.”

Informed Toushirou with a firm attitude.

The young girl's face started to twitch.

“You. Are you trying to make fun of me? This obviously isn’t the time for you to be saying something like that you know!”

“In other words, you’re broke?”

“YOU!!!”

As if it had a consciousness of its own, the electricity flowing out from the young girl’s hand started to change its shape, spinning into a mass that seemed like a spear.

Then, right there, a startled look appeared on the young girl’s face.

Holding onto the spear of lightning, the young girl took a quick glance around the shop and this time, raised her index finger demanding them to not make a sound.

“.....?”

Toushirou tilted his head in confusion, and the young girl then raised her hand and nodded, as if she knew exactly what was going on.

Feeling that he shouldn’t move, Toushirou kept his mouth closed. Under the shadow of the table, the white haired girl covered her mouth and held her breath, though the other young girl didn’t seem to be looking in her direction.

Only Ageha was staring at her empty cup, feeling lonesome.

Pure silence, after all that destruction.

As if he could not bear it any longer, Shuuya whispered, “Oi, Toushirou, what’s going on.”

“—There you are!”

“Gyaaa!”

The young girl threw her lightning spear. It hit the counter directly and created a hole, sending wooden splinters flying everywhere. Miraculously the whole place didn’t catch on fire, though Shuuya jumped up and let out a shriek.

Seeing that, the young girl let out a sound as if she was disappointed.

“.....Eh?”

“Don’t you ‘Eh’ me! You’re trying to kill me or something?”

“N-No! I just wanted to help.....”

Even though the young girl was waving both her hands, flustered, Shuuya only became more infuriated.

“Busting in here all of a sudden with magic, just who are you trying to help here? Don’t think that just because you’re a magic user you’ll get away with everything that you do. I’ll definitely have you pay for the repairs of my shop for turning it upside down!”

“Eh, EhEhEh? R-Repairs?”

It seemed that when he felt that his life was in danger, he became enraged instead.

Seeing the fearless side of Shuuya, completely different from how he was just before, even the young girl felt intimidated and backed down.



# Order #1-3

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #1-3**

—This guy is saying something like that of a master.

In that moment, Touseirou felt impressed, which he immediately regretted soon after.

“Take her out, Touseirou!”

“You’d better apologize to me who even took a moment and tried to get a better opinion of you.”

While continuing to sigh deeply, Touseirou looked at the white haired girl.

—She’s Fleu.....right?

Giving the white haired girl a slight nod, Touseirou stepped out of the counter.

He stealthily hid a few cubes of sugar in his hand.

“Umm, you there.”

When Touseirou called out to her, the young girl seemed to have calmed down. She was taken aback, and turned to face Touseirou once again.

“If you aren’t a customer, could you please leave? You can forget about the repair fees.”

As he tried to talk to her as ordinarily as possible, careful not to agitate her untactfully, the young girl flew into a rage and her face reddened.

Once again, her hand was filled with lightning.

“You, you’re clearly making fun of me. If you aren’t being threatened, hurry up and hand her over. She’s—”

The lightning from her hand scattered, cutting the young girl off.

It wasn’t because she shot it. It dispersed regardless of her will to do so.

“—This is just a warning. The next time, I won’t miss.”

Trapping his thumb with his index finger, Touseirou clenched his fist as if he was flipping a coin.

On top of it however, wasn’t a coin, but a sugar cube.

“What, did you do?”

“Sugar is an electrical insulator. Electricity passes through salt water, but not through sugared water.”

Touseirou shot a cube of sugar into the lightning and disrupted it.

“Su—Sugar? You’re not..... a magic user?”

Touseirou didn’t answer.

Even though he tried to show it off threateningly, it was just a cube of sugar. Even if one would get hit directly by it, it didn’t have the power to maim, and at this level, if one were to practice, even a non-magic user could also pull this off.

Though it was uncertain how many of Touseirou’s words the young girl actually believed, the lightning was indeed disrupted.

The young girl backed off, grumbling.

“Y-You’ll regret this!”

“Or rather, you’re in a position where you’ll be sure to regret if you go on any further.”

As Touseirou looked at the young girl in disgust, she turned around and disappeared.

Seeing her go off, he breathed a sigh of relief.

—Somehow she left, thankfully.

Then, he turned around to see the white-haired girl poking her head out of the

shadow of the table.

Resisting the impulse to run up to her and give her a hug even now, Touseirou simply smiled at her.

“Are you all right?”

“Eh, well.....”

Though she had many small cuts, she wasn't gravely injured. As the young girl nodded, a weight was lifted off Touseirou's chest.

Then, as though he couldn't bear it any longer, he kneeled down in front of the young girl and grabbed her shoulders.

“Where had you been, after all this while? I've been looking for you. Also, why were you being chased by a magic user?”

Lamented Touseirou, who was at the same time relieved despite everything he said. The young girl however, tilted her head and stared at him blankly.

“Umm..... Have we met?”

“Eh.....?”

The young girl's mouth twisted, and she gave a forced smile.

It was a fake smile quite unlike “her”, that he knew.

And then, the young girl quickly lowered her head.

“Anyway, thank you for saving me. My name is Flika. Is this where the odd job agency, “Strada” is located?”

Said the young girl, as if it was the first time they met.

There was a girl that Touseirou had been looking for.

Her name was Fleu.

She was a young girl from a foreign country who due to whatever reasons, was hospitalized in a general hospital near Touseirou's vicinity, where they first met.

Though he never got her to tell him what illness she had, she was apparently hospitalized for a long period of time, and he visited frequently as her conversation partner.

Come to think of it, she was probably his first love.

Whether was it the face that she made when she was laughing, angry, or trying to coax him into doing something for her; whenever he saw her ever changing facial expressions, he felt like his heart was complete.

That was three years ago.

Since the day of the event that shook Tokyo to its core three years ago, she disappeared. Was she caught up in something, or was she swallowed by the “The Mist”?

Was she alive, or was she—

He wanted to see her again.

Even if they weren't able to meet, he wanted to want happened to her.

Just anything would do. He wanted a lead that could allow him to confirm her existence.

Just that desire alone gave Touseirou the strength to carry on living.

Holding onto the possibility of finding news about her, Touseirou came to Tokyo Ikai.

—That girl, is she really not Fleu?

Flika said that she didn't know Touseirou.

Though she blatantly flashed a forced smile, mysteriously, she didn't seem as though she was lying.

Either she could be a different person all together, or she was so skilled at lying that Touseirou actually believed her.....Or it could be that she had completely forgotten about Touseirou.

The only things he felt were a small glimmer of hope and the very fear of that glimmer disappearing.

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# Order #1-4

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #1-4**

“I heard that if I were to go to a café called “Strada”, they would help to solve any problems I have, so I came here.”

As Toushirou came down from the second floor holding a first aid kit, Flika, who was sitting at the counter, started talking.

“Strada”, besides being a café, was also an odd job agency.

That being said, it wasn't on a big enough scale to warrant calling it an alter ego. The cafe just needed some extra work to keep from being shut down. They take on jobs ranging from resolving issues that involve magic users to helping to look for runaway cats, truly the very essence of odd jobs itself.

And of course, the one who runs the entire business was essentially Toushirou himself. Currently, the shop and Toushirou's income were being sustained by this side job.

Toushirou looked at the girl who gave her name as Flika.

In Tokyo Ikai there is the existence of a group of people known as Magic Users.

However, they weren't the sort of lawless people who go around destroying things during the day. Though their motives are still unclear, the young girl from just now was a pretty vicious one.

Being chased by a vicious Magic User who could manipulate lightning, her wounds are probably still hurting right now. Even so, she did not look like she was in pain and was even smiling commendably. Even though her smile looks like

it was forced, no one could really blame her.

Ageha was the one listening to what she had to say. She was using a wet handkerchief that Toushirou handed to her before he went to get the first aid kit to wipe the surroundings of the wounds.

—Would it be better to prepare a change of clothes for her?

Though he didn't know where she had run to before winding up here, she did fall onto the floor. The young girl's clothes were torn here and there, and her beautiful white hair was soiled.

“.....?”

Staring intently at her, Flika looked back with her aquamarine eyes, almost as though she felt a gaze on her.

“Ageha-san, here's the first aid kit.”

“Ah thanks, Toushirou.”

Those were the words that came out of Toushirou's mouth as he unconsciously looked away.

—That was a chance for me to talk to her!

As Toushirou cursed himself, Ageha took the first aid kit and began tending to Flika's wounds.

Although she was covered in wounds, fortunately none of them seemed deep.

The bleeding seemed to have stopped, and he could see her beautiful skin which had been cleaned by the handkerchief. In order to for her wounds to be treated, she took off her coat, exposing her slender upper armscausing Toushirou to gulp.

Ageha's eyes narrowed sharply.

“Toushirou, a respectable young man shouldn't peek at a young lady who's dressing her wounds you know?”

“.....Yes.”

There was a mountain's worth of things he wanted to ask Flika.

However the one who wasted such an opportunity was no one other than himself. And after what was being said, he had no choice but to leave his seat. Also, if nothing is done about the huge hole in the wall, they wouldn't be able to reopen the shop.

Toushirou's shoulders slumped and he then left young girls' sides.

Nevertheless, the hole was so big that anyone could just walk right through it. They could only use a big plastic sheet to cover it at the moment. It can help to preserve the heating in the room to a certain extent but will probably do nothing against drafts of wind. If a customer were to sit near the window, it might be better to provide them a blanket of some sort.

Shuuya was in tears, calling a construction company to make arrangements for repairs—the rare thing was—he was being worked to the bone. It was because Toushirou wasn't the one in charge and hence couldn't make such arrangements on his own.

“.....Were you concerned about my wellbeing?”

“I'm the odd job agency's middleman you see. I help protect my client's privacy.”

Trying not to look at them, Toushirou tried to eavesdrop on the young girls' conversation.

—What were they talking about?

Listening into their conversation, he realized that he himself was trying to find any leads about “Her”.

The color of her hair was slightly different. Previously, it was silver tinged with blue, but now, it was as white as powdered snow.

Her expression, the way she talked, was quite different from the girl that Toushirou knew.

Even so, her facial features were the same since the last day he saw her.

Her gorgeous body that could be described as that of a Celtic fairy was also the same.

—Could Flika be a nickname for Fleu?

Even though they had different names, they looked that alike. It will probably be better to try and ask her directly.

However, to start interrogating a young girl who just escaped being chased by a Magic User all of a sudden is being selfish no matter how you look at it. In addition— —Excuse me.....? Have we met somewhere before?—

Just the thought of her saying no made him lose all his courage to even ask her that question.

That one word from just now, pierced through his heart more deeply than even he had imagined.

“Even though it’s an odd job agency with a place of operations, it still needs a middle man?”

“It’s because it’s the other way round. This café has been running a deficit like forever you see. So in order to cover its finances, they started to take on a side jobs. Though, I’ve told them close down the café and concentrate on operating the odd job agency.”

In response to Ageha’s chuckle, Shuuya retorted with a “Shut up” from inside the shop.

“So, what request have you brought with you?”

Upon hearing Ageha’s question, Flika looked towards Tushirou.

“Before that, why am I being stared at by the person over there?”

“Ah, it’s... it’s not like I was staring at you or.....”

Though he had only planned to listen in on their conversation, he was unknowingly staring hard at them the whole time.

That being said, rather than being irritated, Flika had a hint of mischief in her eyes. Though it was probably because of that forced smile on her face.

Letting out a sigh as if it can’t be helped, Ageha closed the first aid kit and beckoned Tushirou.

“Tushirou, I’m not impressed by the fact that you haven’t brought out anything to drink even though there’s a customer.”

It seems that she was done treating Flika's wounds. It was Ageha's way of saying "If you're interested we can listen to what she has to say together."

Toushirou nervously returned to the counter.

"Get me another cup of cocoa, on the double alright?"

—Though it could just simply mean that her cup of cocoa had run dry.

However, finally being able to get close to her, he could not afford to let things remain the way they were. Toushirou mustered up his courage and smiled at Flika.

"Umm, Fl....ika-san. My name's Yabuchi Toushirou. You can call me Toushirou. Basically, I'll be the one taking up your request."

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# Order #1-5

## **VOLUME 1**

### **Order #1-5**

Almost subconsciously calling her Fleu, Touseirou hesitated mid-sentence.

Even as Flika tilted her head in puzzlement, she smiled back.

“Nice to meet you, Touseirou-kun.”

—Tooshirou—

“She” used to call his name slowly, without pronouncing the “u”

While holding onto the feeling that something is off with her name, Touseirou spoke.

“What would you like to drink?”

“Well, I’ll get the same as what she’s getting.”

In a shop she wasn’t familiar with, it was the response of someone trying to fit in with everyone else.

—Doesn’t look like she’s been to many cafés.

“She” was supposedly hospitalized for a very long time, so it’s understandable that she didn’t have many opportunities to go to cafés.

—Even so, she was in a bar for god’s sake.

If possible, he wanted to treat her to some coffee and get her to tell him that it’s delicious.

That being said, an order is an order. In a very accustomed manner, Touseirou

put a pot over the fire and used a spoon to measure out cocoa powder, sugar and milk in that order.

He didn't pour in the milk just yet. Heating the powder and sugar, he mixed it gently with a spoon making sure that it doesn't burn. In due time, after the cocoa had melted into a paste, he then slowly added in the warmed milk.

A white swirl arose in the chocolate colored liquid, giving off a pleasant aroma.

“Ohhoh.....”

When his attention returned to his surroundings, he noticed Flika was looking curiously at what he was doing.

Seeing her expression, Toushirou's heart started racing.

—As I thought, she's Fleu.....right?

It was the same expression “she” had when he was brewing coffee in the ward.

“Toushirou, isn't it about time hmm?”

While his breath was being taken away, the surface of the milk infused cocoa started bubbling happily. Hearing Ageha's voice, he frantically took it off the fire. Pouring it into a pre heated cup, the cocoa was done.

“Please.”

As he brought out two servings of cocoa, Flika gently took a cup and held it in her hands.

“It's delicious. Thank you very much.”

Though she said it with a smile, there were no emotions in her eyes and on the contrary, made him feel distant.

“Flika, if it's bad just say so, I won't mind. This time I heated the cocoa too much so it'll be too sweet.”

“Ahahaha. Is that so? I actually couldn't tell.”

Unable to get her to deny that the cocoa was bad, Toushirou's shoulders immediately fell.

“Well, it's about time for us get to the main business.”

“It’s about your brother, right?”

“Yes. About a month ago, he suddenly disappeared. I waited and waited but he still didn’t return so I wondered if he got caught up in some incident.....”

“Did something like this happen before? Like does he ever suddenly disappear?”

Listening to Ageha’s prompt, Flika shook her head.

“No. Nothing like this had ever happened before.”

Her slender shoulders drooped, and Flika continued.

“My brother is the only relative I have. Even so..... Just what on earth happened to my brother?”

Flika covered her face and Ageha put her hands around her shoulders comfortingly.

—One month..... she has been fighting with her anxiousness all the way till now.

Even if he were to ignore the aspects of Flika that reminded him of “her”, it was still a heart wrenching story.

Ageha looked at Touseirou with testing eyes, and he gave a firm nod.

“Shuuya-san. Do you mind if I were to take up this request?”

As Touseirou said that, Shuuya popped his head out from inside the shop.

“That’s rare. For you to say that you want to take on a request...”

“In any case, I’m the one that’s working aren’t I?”

Above all, he wanted to help the young girl.

—Even though she might not even be Fleu.

“Wai... Hold on. A request is something that’s accepted when there’s some sort of compensation. Missy, how much can you actually pay? No saying that your brother’s going to pay for it okay?”

“Erm..... He said to use this whenever I’m in trouble but.....”

What Flika brought out has a thick envelope.

Looking at its contents, Shuuya's eyes flew wide open.

Even though he took a quick look, he could tell that there were tens of ten thousand yen notes inside.

".....Is this enough?"

"Of course! Please feel free to work him however hard you want."

Said Shuuya with a refreshing smile as he stooped over.

—What a scum.....

*But really, why am I working under this sort of person?.....*

As Shuuya tucked the envelope into his breast pocket just like that, Toudirou grabbed his hand fiercely.

"Why are you trying to accept it just like that? Looking the way she brought it out, isn't that her entire assets?"

As Toudirou gave an extremely respectable point, Shuuya held Toudirou's head under his arm and squeezed him tightly.

(Don't you go saying anything unnecessary Toudirou! The wall in my shop is completely blown to bits! It's far from being enough to pay for the repair ya' know!) (It's not like it's this girl's fault! Can't you just catch that magic user from just now and make her pay for it?) (Who the hell was the one who let that magic user escape?!) (If you have any complaints why don't you just do the work yourself?!) (I hired you BECAUSE I didn't want to work!)

(I really think that you're shit)

Toudirou, who was fed up with Shuuya, rammed his elbow into Shuuya's side.

Quickly stealing back the envelope from his master who fell on his knees about to pass out from agony, Toudirou handed it to Flika.

"I think it's better for you not to show that much money to other people. 'Cos there are people like him."

"Umm, is that person...dead?"

It seemed that Toudirou's elbow was well placed. Shuuya slumped onto the floor head first, not moving.

“Pay no attention to it. It happens every time.”

“Are you sure?”

Even though she was giving words of concern, the young girl had a forced smile on her face the entire time. Perhaps she has no tolerance for this sort of behavior and was stiffening her expression.

Toushirou asked once more.

“Back to the topic at hand, when you were being chased by that Magic User, did it have anything to do with your brother’s disappearance?”

However common Magic Users were, they weren’t the sort of unlawful people who would attack people in the middle of the town just for the fun of it. There’s bound to be a reason why she was being chased.

However, Flika laughed slightly and shrugged her shoulders.

“It’s something that happens very often so I don’t think it’ll suddenly be related to my brother’s disappearance.”

“.....Hold on a sec. Have you always been attacked like that?”

“Ahaha. That being said, I was always saved by my brother so it’s not like it’s a big deal or.....”

“It’s quite a big deal if you ask me, though why did it happen.....?”

“Who knows? There were those who bore grudges and those who try to kidnap and do something to me so I can’t really tell. Besides, it’s not like everyone who attacks me has the same reason for doing so.”

Toushirou’s chest began to hurt.

For some reason, this young girl’s life is being targeted by magic users.

Being chased constantly— has it become something normal for her?

At this moment, he saw her forced smile as a mask of sufferings.

“If that’s the case, we have to find your brother all the more quickly.....Could you tell me things like your brother’s appearance, or do you have any ideas where he might be heading to?”

“My brother’s name is Chris. His eyes and skin are the same color as mine, and his hair too. His height is about the same as that person lying on the floor over there. He’s probably about twenty years old.”

That one word caused Touseirou and Ageha to tilt their heads in confusion.

“Probably.....? Even though you guys are siblings, you don’t know?”

“I haven’t asked him for his actual age so.....”

Flika smiled wryly, but that wasn’t what was weird.

“No, even if you didn’t ask isn’t that something you should know? You both lived together right?”

Though there was the possibility that they lived separately because their parents were divorced, from what Flika said, they had been together all the while.

Flika gaze wandered around frantically.

“That, well, even though my brother was always with me, it’s more like I can’t remember it.”

“Can’t remember it? Why?”

“Ahaha. I’m a forgetful person so.....”

Somehow her behavior started becoming weird, and Touseirou raised his eyebrow.

—What is it? If she was trying to tell..... a lie, there should have been better ones she could tell.

If the talk about them being siblings is a lie, she could just cook up a random age to begin with.

On the contrary, Flika’s reaction is proof that she’s a terrible liar.

“This girl, could she be.....?”

As Touseirou and Ageha exchanged looks, Shuuya suddenly sat up and whispered.

“Hey missy. Just a quick question, how many moons were there before three

years ago?”

“.....? By moon, do you mean the one in the sky?”

As Shuuya nodded, Flika said in puzzlement.

“Isn’t it obvious? There were two.”

“Huh.....?”

Toushirou let out a sound of blank amazement, and Shuuya nodded his head in agreement.

“I see. So that’s how it is.”

“What do you mean?”

Shuuya spoke, with a rare hint of melancholy in his voice.

“This missy here doesn’t have any memories prior to that.”

“Huh? Why.....”

“Missy, you too are someone who lost “something” three years ago am I right?”

Those were the words Toushirou could not deny.

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# Order #1-6

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #1-6**

“Before three years ago, there was only one moon in the sky. Magic users didn’t exist then, and there weren’t any places referred to as Ikai (1)”

—Will she believe the fact that she is an amnesiac?—

Said Shuuya as he started talking to Flika, who had a mystified look on her face.

Well, if he was the one to disclose to her that she is an amnesiac, she would probably find it hard to believe him anyway.

However, what was surprising was that Flika did not know why Tokyo Ikai was referred to as Ikai. It could very well be that to her, her life together with her brother was the entire world.

Shuuya tried to fish through his breast pocket, and let out a sigh as he remembered that it wasn’t there.

It was a habit of his whenever he was having a serious conversation. Even though he quit smoking, he was a heavy smoker in the past, giving rise to this habit.

“No one knew what happened that day, but in the middle of Tokyo a hole opened. It was a hole that was connected to an Ikai, an inexplicable place.”

The hole that opened wasn’t something physical like a crater.

It could only be described as a “hole”; it was a distortion in space. From afar, it

looked like a dark shimmer in the air. If you try to get close to it, you'll return to where you came from before you can even realize it. It could have been some sort of mirage.

“And, some sort of mist was spewing out from that ‘hole’ and anyone who came into contact with it would lose “something” regardless of who you were. By “something”, it could be your arms or legs, or it could not be part of you but your relatives or a certain object, various things. ....Inside it, far from losing ‘something’, there were those who melted out of existence.”

His voice was tinged with forlornness, far from his usual laziness.

To Toudirou, it wasn't something foreign.

On that day, Toudirou's parents were swallowed by the mist and disappeared just like that.

“She” too disappeared on that same day.

Those were the two things Toudirou lost in the Ikai.

—Even so, it's not as if I saw Fleu disappear.

Unlike his parents, there was no proof that “she” disappeared in the mist.

That's why, even now, he's still chasing after her.

The young girl who shared the same face as “her”, was strangely listening attentively to Shuuya.

Shuuya stepped away from the sink and opened the curtains next to the counter. In the east, looking through the window, you could see a street lined with buildings, and a huge wall that cut straight through it.

It was a tall and thick wall, with the color of dull metal.

“Even those outside, can probably sense that the mist and the ‘hole’ are bad news. The strange thing about this country that is said to be indecisive is that they used the wall to isolate those towns that have been surrounded by the mist.”

After a few months, the mist cleared up. But far from tearing down the wall, they reinforced it, making it even stronger, and continued to trap the people

inside it.

At first, it was just a fence. It was rebuilt with concrete and a steel frame, and finally reinforced with steel.

“In the end, that decision was ultimately correct because out of those who came into contact with the mist, those called magic users started appearing in large numbers.”

Up till now, one can hardly tell the difference between a magic user and one who is not. Though the greater the things you lose, the easier it is for you to become a magic user.

Currently, even with magic users endowed with offensive magic, destroying the wall is near impossible.

“After that, another moon appeared in the sky, and this town became known as Tokyo Ikai.”

Shuuya looked at Flika once again.

“Hey, missy. You lost your memories three years ago didn't you?”

“.....Yes.”

The things that you lose when you come into contact with the mist weren't purely tangible things. There were cases where it was things like one's sight or voice. One could see it from a perspective whereby the thing Flika lost was her “Memories”.

—That's why she doesn't remember anything about me.

For her to not remember him, was unbearably sad and anguishing.

However, there should also be proof that Flika is “her”.

The Toushirou's eye started to well up and he fought back his tears.

“In other words missy, it's proof that you have those ‘qualities’ isn't it?”

“Qualities? By that you mean.....?”

Seeing Flika tilt her head in puzzlement, Shuuya spoke as if he would not stand for her avoiding the question.

“Missy, what type of magic do you use?”

Upon hearing those words, Flika looked at him, eyes filled with astonishment and laughed.

“What are you talking about? Isn’t there no such thing as magic?”

As soon as Shuuya heard those words that made him doubt her sanity, his jaw dropped in shock.

“Didn’t I just explain to you the reason behind the existence of magic users?”

“By magic users, you’re referring to people like the one just now, attacking me with those strange weapons right? Although I think they are free to call themselves whatever they want, when you tell that magic actually exists, it’s a little.....”

Seeing her face turn pale, Shuuya was nearly moved to tears.

“Didn’t that magic user from just now use magic on you?”

“It was that crackling thing wasn’t it? Wasn’t it a new stun gun model or something? My brother told me that such things actually existed.”

“There’s no way that there’d be a stun gun like that.”

“Even if you say that, I don’t have any memories nor do I have proof that such things do not exist, so I’d like to believe in what my brother said.”

“Why the hell is your brother so hard headed?”

Shouted Shuuya as he squatted down.

“God damn it. Even though someone’s trying to talk to you seriously for once..... this is why I hate working.”

“This is completely unrelated to why you have to work isn’t it?”

Though he can’t say that that he doesn’t empathize with Shuuya, it doesn’t change the fact that, fundamentally Shuuya is a useless person.

Toushirou strictly pointed it out.

“Well, magic is not the topic of discussion right now. Besides.....”

Toushirou was eyes were fixated on Flika

“You, really don’t remember anything about me do you?”

“I said the same thing just now but, Touseirou, have I met you before?”

Flika sounded very business-like and sounded as if she was rejecting him.

It was almost as if, she did not want to know about her past.

—If she doesn’t have her memories, doesn’t it make sense for her to want to know more about her past?

As he thought, he realized that the opposite was also possible.

—There could also be the case where she doesn’t want to recall.

Touseirou only knew the Fleu in the hospital.

He had literally no idea what had happened outside of the hospital.

It was surely something that would not do Touseirou any good digging it up just because of his curiosity.

—I want her to remember me.

Even though he thought like that, if Flika doesn’t want to remember her past, it would probably be selfish of him to expect it from her.

—In the first place, he still doesn’t have the proof to show that Flika is actually Fleu.

After being torn apart in that brief moment, Touseirou shook his head.

“Never mind, let us get back to your request. You came here wanting us to look for your brother right?”

At least, he wanted to settle her request before questioning her. Because to her who lost her memories, her brother was more than just her next of kin, he was probably her emotional pillar of support.

Somehow, Flika’s face was filled with relief.

This time, unlike her forced smile up till now, he saw it as her true feelings, and Touseirou believed that his decision was the right one.

“Well then, could you tell me more about your brother?”

“Yes..... though that being said, his appearance is more or less what I

described to you just now.”

“For example, what does your brother usually do, or where you think he might be heading to.”

Looking down as if she was struggling to recall, Flika clapped her hands together.

“I can’t think of any places but usually he deals with guns and the likes.”

Upon hearing that, Touseirou tilted his head in confusion.

“Guns.....? By guns are you referring to like, firearms?”

“Yes. And he seemed pretty skilled at handling it.”

“Wait hold on a sec. Why is he holding onto something like gun?”

“.....? Isn’t that normal?”

“Even though it’s Tokyo Ikai, it’s still part of Japan, so you can’t get guns through normal means.”

Somehow, it seems that what is common sense to Flika was only from the three years she had spent together with her brother. It appears that she herself does not realize that it was abnormal.

Then, he recalled the envelope she had on her.

—Regardless, to leave behind such a huge sum of money, could his occupation be something dangerous?

Flika whispered, her face filled with curiosity.

“Then, does that mean that a terrorist is not a normal occupation?”

“Hah.....???”

Hearing this, not just Touseirou, even Shuuya’s and Ageha’s eyes widened.

“Terrorist.....? Your brother, is a terrorist?”

“That’s what he said himself.”

—So this is the reason she was being chased by magic users.....!

What Flika said wasn’t Yakuza or Mafia, but terrorist.

Even though both the Yakuza and Mafia also possessed firearms, it is merely a method. To them, disputes between different factions were just part of what they did, not what they aimed to do. This is because they do not resort to arms where there isn't a need to.

However, to terrorists, subversive activities weren't just part of what they did, they were their very objective. Through destruction, they assert their existence. It was a concept that could easily be called the enemy of the world.

Shuuya quickly distanced himself from Toushirou.

Then, he mimicked Toushirou's voice and said

*"Shuuya-san, you wouldn't mind if I took up this job would you? .....Mmm, Toushirou, I understand how you feel, so this time I will not involve myself with any of this."*

"You don't even involve yourself in anything normally."

"Toushirou, regarding this request, I think I will be of little help."

"What are you saying Ageha-san?"

Watching this little exchange, Flika's shoulders drooped slightly.

"Ahaha..... I'm sorry. It's a hindrance isn't it? I'll, look for my brother myself."

"....."

Although Flika was laughing, her face only seemed as if she was trying to hold back her tears, and as expected, pricked the consciousness of Shuuya and Ageha.

As Flika stood up, Toushirou quickly grabbed hold of her arm.

"Wait, please. I said that I would take up your request."

"Eh.....?"

Flika turned around with a surprised look on her face—..... From her pocket, something fell out.

What made a dangerous sounding thud was a dull clump of metal. Its size was roughly that of one's palm, and looked like an egg. Toushirou remembered that he had seen something similar before. When he was a child, he often saw this on

the shelves of toy stores.

It was a hand grenade.

Translator's Notes

(1) Means Other world

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# Order #1-7

## **VOLUME 1**

### **Order #1-7**

Although the pin was fortunately still in, it was something more dangerous than magic.

The young girl stuck out her tongue

“Aha.”

“ ‘Aha’ my ass! What on earth are you carrying?”

Her attitude from up till now seemed to have disappeared, and while smiling forcibly, Flika let out a sulk.

“Don’t you think Tokyo Ikai is a dangerous place for a feeble young girl to live in?”

Looking closely at her jacket, not only hand grenades, but also a number of grips that looked like they belonged to handguns could also be seen.

“What are dangerous are the things that you’re carrying right now. Or rather, don’t tell me—”

“—The one who blew a hole in the wall of the shop, was you.”

Shuuya raised his voice angrily.

Though he was sure that it was the work of a magic user.....

“Th-That.....”

The young girl looked down as if she was hurt.

Seeing such behavior, Tousei gulped.

“Since I was being chased by that so called “magic user”, it couldn’t be helped. For a pure and just citizen to protect herself from dangerous people, don’t you think that arming herself is the only way?”

Her pitiful exterior was rendered useless by those words.

“Please look up in the dictionary the meaning of pure and just.”

Even though he was being pushed to wits end, Tousei replied instinctively.

—So she’s that kind of girl……!

Most probably, she was being docile because she met them for the first time. It seems like this was her true personality.

Then, he let out a lamenting sigh.

—As I thought, this girl, is completely different from Flea isn’t she?

He didn’t want to think that they were one and the same.

“It was something that couldn’t be helped. In the first place, between an ill-fated beautiful young girl and a vicious person spewing out electricity, who do you think is in the wrong? It’s obviously that vicious person.”

“Just keep quiet and wipe the cups. And in the first place, you’re no different from a vicious person.”

After her guns and explosives were exposed, it seemed that she had stopped being obedient. While smiling coldly, Flea let out a grumble.

Even though her mouth was in the shape of a smile, her eyes were as lifeless as if she had just heard a boring joke. You could say that her eyes were half closed. More than just unhappy, it looked like there were no emotions in them in the first place.

It was as if she was filled with emotions, and at the same time, it was as if everything about her was completely made up. It felt as though one was talking to a very well made doll.

It was because of such a facial expression that you couldn’t tell whether or not she was angry or that she was simply trying to conjure up a string of excuses.

While grumbling and complaining, Flika was washing plates behind the counter.

—For the repair fees, she had to work to pay them off—

Just that few words from Shuuya, and Flika rose from being a client to a part timer. Although Shuuya was the last person he wanted to hear telling others to work, but it couldn't be helped.

That being said, the repair cost for the wall that got completely blown up would cost no less than a hundred thousand yen even with the most lenient of estimations.

Such an amount is unlikely to be repaid just by working part time, so for the time being, her working for free is being used as a bond until she pays the retaining fee.

—That being said, will it also be a problem to let her work in that outfit?

Even though the outside is freezing, the heating inside the shop was working. Regardless, she stubbornly refused to remove her coat. Hidden inside was a mountain of firearms. Even though she was a vicious person, it was true that she had been running about, and her clothes were soiled here and there.

This wasn't an outfit of someone working in a kitchen.

Toushirou called out to Shuuya who was crying himself to sleep inside the shop.

“Shuuya san, I don't suppose you have a uniform for girls in your shop do you?”

“Ah—.....? There are some in the changing room right? Use it as you please.” Hearing that same listless voice, Toushirou's head hurt.

—Why is it that I'm the one who has to worry about all these things and not Shuuya san?

Normally, the employee's uniform is something that should be handled by the employer himself.

“Ageha san, excuse me for a moment. Flika, come with me.”

Informing the customer, Tousei led Flika further into the counter.

Entering the blind spot from the customers' seats, one could see a door affixed with a plate with "Staff Only" written on it, and a flight of stairs that led to the basement. Behind the door was the lounge and the basement was used as a storage for coffee beans and the likes.

Opening the door of the lounge, there was a huge table in the middle that was lined with several pipe chairs. Drinks, sweets and old magazines—a variety of trash lay scattered around. A huge contrast to the dignified interior of the shop, it was like a physical manifestation of Shuuya's sloppiness.

Along the wall were an accounting computer and a safe, but he had never once seen either of the two functioning properly.

On top of the table, Shuuya was opening up a gravure magazine. Somehow it seems that there was a let up on the repair administration.

"Shuuya san, there's a girl here for the time being so could you please not open up such books?"

"Shuddap. This is the only thing that can heal my broken heart right now."

"Don't come to me if you get sued for sexual harassment alright?"

After closing his eyes like he was deliberating over something, Shuuya shut the magazine as if it couldn't be helped.

"We...well, I'm a gentleman after all. Such things certainly ain't good. Yup."

"What are you, a loser?"

Looking at him with eyes of contempt, Tousei proceeded into the lounge. Partitioned off by a curtain was a small space created for lockers and shelves, and it also serves as a changing room. Although one of the lockers was allocated to Tousei, other than using it to store his uniform, he hardly uses it.

Though it was his first time opening a locker other than his own, he found a women's uniform as soon as he opened the one beside his.

It looked exactly the same as the men's uniform Tousei was wearing except for the fact that the bottom was a skirt and the shirt was frilled.

—Flika's size, is probably an 'S'?

He took out a uniform and passed it to Flika.

"I think this size should be fine, but if it's too small please find a bigger one."

"Okay."

"Though I think it won't happen, if Shuuya san comes over to peek feel free to shoot him."

"Okay"

"'Okay' my ass! In the first place, why would I be interested in seeing this kid nude?"

As expected, it seemed that he overheard it. Shuuya raised his voice defensively.

".....it's okay if I shoot him?"

"Please do it after it actually happens."

Replied Toudirou with a sigh as Flika was about to take out her gun, smiling.

Then, Flika looked directly above her head.

"Does that window there, not have a curtain?"

At the top of the changing room, there was a small window.

"It doesn't, though it's made of frosted glass and it's close to the second floor so no one will be able to peek at you. Relax."

"It's also locked from the inside right?"

"Well, yeah....."

Even as Toudirou tilted his head in confusion at the seemingly specific questions, he nodded, to which Flika laughed understandingly.

"Well, I'm going to change so could you leave me be?"

"Yeah sure. Please come back to the counter after you're done changing."

Informed Toudirou as he left the changing room.

When he returned to the counter, Ageha started tapping the table loudly.

“Another cup of cocoa again?”

“No, even though I’d like to, I wonder how you’re going to actually do it.”

“What do you mean by ‘how’?”

A seemingly pitiful expression appeared on Ageha’s face as she took a quick look at the huge hole in the wall.

“Ah..... As expected, even though it isn’t to the point where the shop has to close down, it seems that the days of beansprouts and rice will continue a little longer.”

Worst comes to worst, it’ll probably be better for Toushirou to be prepared to have his salary be delayed for a month *yet again* .

*—I wonder if I should consider switching jobs or taking on a side job.....*

However, half of his time was already devoted to a side job that is as an odd job agency. What other side jobs could he take up on top of that?

As if she could tell what was on Toushirou’s mind, Ageha said, “Surely it’ll be bad if Toushirou resigns. Since Strada which is facing such poverty, I should probably give it some charity. Toushirou, bring me a Panino.”

She probably understood the reality that if Toushirou was gone, she would have no choice but to drink Shuuya’s cocoa. Although it was rare that she would order anything other than cocoa, her attitude was terrifyingly arrogant.

“Yes yes. Ham or bacon, what is your desire?”

“Give me both. Even though it’s small, it should keep your pockets warm I assume?”

Smiling wryly back at the young girl who puffed up her chest with an air of condescension, Toushirou headed to the lounge at the back.

Normally, because orders for anything besides drinks are rare, all the food ingredients are stowed away in the large freezer in the storage room.

Entering the counter and about to walk down the stairs—Toushirou heard a strange noise coming from the lounge.

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# Order #1-8

## **VOLUME 1**

### **Order #1-8**

*Ah, ugh.....it's tight.....*

Identifying it as Flika's voice, Touseirou peered into the lounge.

Inside, Shuuya was once again at the table and had a gravure magazine opened right in front of him. It seems that Flika still has not come out from the changing space inside.

"What was that sound?"

"Beats me. How the hell would I know?"

Somehow, when Touseirou called out to Shuuya, it was equivalent to him being labelled a pervert.

—Well, though if I was being called out by someone reading such a magazine in front of a girl, such a response too can't be helped.

That being said, for just a change of clothes, something was off.

There wasn't just the sound of the rustling of clothes; he could hear the sound of clattering as if something was being kicked around.

He then looked up at the top of the changing room without any particular reason.

Since it was being partitioned by lockers and shelves, there was nothing obstructing it near the ceiling. In that small gap, he could see something white moving.

Realizing what it was, both Touseirou's and Shuuya's eyes were filled with disbelief.

"Come on, just a little..... Ungh, the gun's stuck. Ah, no, it's gonna fall!"

The young girl's lower half of her body was sticking out of the window at the top of the changing room.

Although it was a small window, the size of Flika's body was such that she could somehow make it through. However, it seemed that the large number of guns stuffed into her coat was caught, causing her to be unable to get out.

From looking at the lower half of her body, she had apparently changed her clothes.

Touseirou pulled open the curtains of the changing room.

"Looks hard. Shall I lend a hand?"

"It's...It's fine. If only I didn't have these guns, this wouldn't happen!"

"Anyway, how about coming down and taking off your coat?"

"I see! As expected from Touseirou kun—n....."

Flika's voice quickly trailed off.

—For her to attempt to escape just a few minutes after I took my eyes off her.

She was pretty ballsy unlike what her appearance suggests.

Flika slid down through the window frame and cleared her through.

"Ah, if it isn't Touseirou kun. Do you need anything?"

"Yeah. I was wondering what you wanted to do with regards to finding your brother."

"Umm...let's see, I want you to look for my brother but even so, I don't like to work so....."

The young girl winked as if to flaunt her attractiveness, but Touseirou's heart was ice cold.

"I see. Anyhow, I see you've finished changing?"

"Yes. And it fits perfectly. How do I look?"

At that very spot, she turned a full circle.

Her skirt fluttered gently, and her pure white hair spread out like a curtain. The large ribbon coming from the back of her waist suited her perfectly.

She looked illusionary, but despite that Touseirou wasn't moved.

"Yeah. You look great."

"Fufufu, Touseirou kun you naughty boy. Did I get you excited?"

"If I were to pick one, I'd say you got me irritated?"

Flika smiled widely—a brazen smile that one could tell that it is forced at a single glance, however—to which Touseirou smiled coldly in return.

Making such a bad joke and to share the same face as "her" on top of that, even Touseirou wanted her to stop.

In that violent clash of smiles, the one who first averted their eyes was Flika  
"Ah. Haha..... Are you angry?"

"If I look that way, then I probably am."

As Touseirou replied with a smile, Flika intertwined her fingers in front of her chest and became docile.

"Well then, next, would you mind learning how to make a panino? Oh and I'll be taking care of that hazardous coat of yours. I finally got you to change so it'll be pointless for you to wear that."

"Kyaa, Touseirou kun you pervert! You can't do that you know, stripping of a young maiden's clothes."

"I'll be taking care of it."

"Well, as a healthy young man, it's not as if I do not understand your desire to take a peek at the secrets of a fleetingly lovely, young, beautiful girl or anyth—"

"I'll be taking care of it."

"No wait, umm....."

"I'll be taking care of it."

"Okay....."

Looking at Touseirou's smile that left no room for negotiation, it seemed that Flika quickly fell into resignation.

Taking hold of the coat that was handed to him grudgingly, Touseirou's face contorted.

".....What on earth... just what did you cram inside this to make it this heavy?"

"To ask about a young maiden's weight, that's bad mannerisms right there Touseirou kun."

"Something that stores this much of explosives is called an explosive warehouse. Please remember that."

As he was about to put away the coat as it was, Flika yelled.

"Please wait Touseirou kun! If I don't have my guns I...I have a disease where I'll be plagued by insecurity as if I've been left in the plains of Siberia all alone."

"There's no fucking way such a disease exists! In the first place, even though you're an amnesiac, how'd you know about Siberia?"

"When I put on the Siberian camouflage on my exterior, it has the effect of making it harder for my opponents to see their target."

"To me, I can't see what's going on inside your head. Beside that, our guest is waiting. Please wash your hands—Shuuya san, I'll be using the safe."

Borrowing the key from Shuuya, Touseirou took the coat that was chock full with arms and threw it into the safe in the lounge. Since it was the type that was locked with a key, the only one who held onto it was the owner, Shuuya.

—As expected, it's probably because even Shuuya san wouldn't let the repair fees get welshed.

He probably wouldn't do anything that would get Flika the keys due to his everyday negligence.

Seeing the fire arms being sealed away, Flika let out a sorrowful "Ahh".

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# Order #1-9

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #1-9**

A few minutes later.

After preparing the ingredients and returning to the counter, Flika looked at Ageha as if she was looking for help.

“Umm, isn’t that person a little too unwavering?”

“Well, it’s because keeping his cool is one of Toushirou’s merits.”

“I don’t think that’s considered as keeping one’s cool though.”

In front of Flika who was engaging in idle banter, Toushirou started laying out the bread, lettuce, ham, and bacon that were ordered.

“By the way, what is a panino?”

“It’s sandwich in Italian. The same goes for the names “bar” and “barista” and in fact, our menu is completely standardized in Italian.”

“Italy.....Ahhh, the country of Berettas right? The guns there have little recoil and are easy to use. I even have two that I regularly use. I don’t know anything else about it though .”

“Please stop saying things that make Italy seem like a country that has guns and nothing else.”

Speaking of the Berretta Company, it’s a famous Italian gun maker. Toushirou knew this much.

As he spoke, Toushirou skilfully used a cutting knife and sliced the bread into

upper and lower halves.

Handing it over to Flika, he had her put it into the oven toaster.

“The grilling time is about a minute and a half. In the meantime, go prepare the plates and what not. For the panino, use the one with red patterns on it.”

“Red.....”

As he gave out his instructions smoothly, Flika hesitatingly retrieved a round plate from the shelf.

“.....Flika. I said the plate with the red patterns on it. This is blue?”

“Ahaha. My apologies. Which is the red one?”

“Again with you and your bad jokes.”

“Wait, this really isn’t a joke.....”

“.....?”

With a tinge or annoyance in his voice as though he has been made a fool, Touseirou was taken aback.

Although Flika gave her usual foolish looking fake smile, he could hear from her last sentence that she was really in doubt.

The plate with the red foliage design was just right in front of Flika. Even so, Flika’s eyes wandered around, unsure of which plate to take.

—It’s not that.....she can’t see it right?

It wasn’t like she was trying to be funny, nor was it like she could not see it.

As he thought, Touseirou realized.

—Had she forgotten, even the name of colors?

If she could not even remember such things, it will probably be quite an obstacle in her daily life as well.

He felt that his head became a little clearer.

Hesitating for a moment, Touseirou pointed at the plate in front of Flika.

“It’s this plate. The one you took just now was blue, and it’s used for salads.”

With this, Touseirou explained the next step.

“For the napkin to go with the panino, please use that one.”

It was a napkin decorated with green laces. It was the perfect size whereby the design of the plate could just be seen through it, and it was Touseirou—not Shuuya—who took the painstaking effort to order it.

The bread was grilled in no time and this time, he took it out onto the chopping board.

“When the ham or bacon touches the bread directly, it loses its flavor. That’s why it’s put between the lettuces.”

Thinking back about how she did not recognize the colors, he pointed at each and every ingredient as he gave his instructions, to which Flika carried them out skillfully.

Swiftly laying out the lettuce, she put the raw ham and bacon on top of it followed by an even layer of dressing and a sprinkle of ground pepper. Then, after another layer of lettuce, it is then finally covered by the other half of the bread. It took less than thirty seconds to its completion.

—Her fingers, are like clockwork.

For that aspect, even Touseirou gave his honest approval.

“Now, we cut this into half. Not straight down, but slanted to a side just like how you would do for a French loaf. Also, do not take your time and do it in a single slice.”

“Yees.”

Dragging her reply, she then cut the bread with her fluid knife handling skills.

Then, putting the finished product onto the decorated plate, the panino was completed.

The fragrant smell of the bread, the grease infused aroma of the bacon, mixed together with the fragrance of pepper, wafted through the room and was more than enough to make anyone drool.

“Sorry for the wait.”

“Mmm.”

As Flika brought out the panino, Ageha put it into her mouth satisfyingly.

“Not bad. Aren’t you more talented than Toushirou?”

Being commended by Ageha, Flika looked somewhat relieved.

Even though it was quickly covered up by her fake smile, he thought that it was the first natural facial expression that she had made.

—Perhaps this girl’s just audacious on the outside.

Noticing it, Ageha said deplorably,

“However, even though this panino is of passable standard, why is the cocoa you make always of “Toushirou” standard I wonder?”

“How many times do I have to tell you that we are a shop that specializes in coffee before you can understand?”

As soon as Toushirou retorted, there were handful of pedestrians standing at the entrance of the shop, something that rarely happens.

.....Well, that’s to be expected.

Because even though the big hole in the wall was being covered by a blue sheet, it was Strada’s current reality.

—And once again, the customers will begin to disperse.....

It was at that moment when Toushirou felt a pain in his gut.

With a clang, the door opened and a middle aged man popped his head out as though he was right in the middle of work. He did not have a coat and wore a business suit while carrying a business case.

“Is this place open today?”

“Of course.”

“Well then, time to take a little rest.”

It started the ball rolling and a number of pedestrians who stopped made their way inside. It was already past lunchtime and there were many young people, students, young adults and the likes.

It was the first time this many customers came into the shop, and Touseirou's eyes widened in surprise.

The majority of them clustered around the counter, and the man who first entered came to talk to Touseirou.

"She's *really* pretty. Is she always here at this time of the day?"

As soon as he realized it, he found himself listening to that same question from every one of the customers.

It seemed that one way or another, their purpose there was Flika.

It was true that her white hair stood out. Even her appearance was so enchanting that Touseirou mistook her for an angel even if it was just for a split second.

Although one couldn't tell with her coat on, the barista uniform traces the silhouette of the young girl's body beautifully. Even though she was petite, her chest was well suited for someone her age, combined with thin slender waist, and below that, a puffed up skirt and flowing curves.

With such a young girl right in front of them, there probably wouldn't be anyone who would not pay the slightest bit of attention to her.

Surprised by the huge hole in the wall and stopping to take a look, one would see a young girl inside the shop serving coffee. It seemed to have the effect of stimulating the curiosity of the passers-by, causing them to want to stop by if they have the time.

Stealing a glance at Flika, she stuck her chest out with a triumphant look on her face as if to say to him, "How's that?"

—What's up with that annoying face?

Those words almost came out of his mouth, but Touseirou managed to swallow it down.

"It'll be hard for me to answer such a question, but I'm always ready to take your order."

"Whoops, my bad. First, get me a coffee."

It has been a long time since he got someone to order coffee and Touseirou was so overwhelmed with emotions that he was almost moved to tears.

“Here is the menu.”

“Ehhh, it’s rare to see Costa Rican coffee.”

“It probably isn’t a name you’ll hear a lot in Japan, but the soil in Costa Rica is of fine quality and pretty famous, and it produces coffee beans of high quality. As for the taste, its bitterness would probably be towards the strong side.”

“If that’s the case I’ll have this.”

“Give me an espresso.”

“I’ll have a cappuccino.”

The orders came in one by one, and the aroma of coffee wafted throughout the shop.

“Flika, bring this coffee over to table three, and then bring this cappuccino over to table two.”

Giving her a simple breakdown of the arrangements of the tables and passing the tray and cups over to her, Flika held the tray in both hands and carried them over to the tables.

Her sense of balance seemed to be unexpectedly good, and her movements were not the slightest bit precarious as she walked up and down in the shop.

“Excuse me, sorry for the wait. Please enjoy.”

“.....Ohhhh, this is the first time that I’ve seen such an obvious fake smile.”

Seeing her never changing fake smile that she couldn’t bother to wipe off even in front of customers, the middle-aged male customer was taken aback in shock.

“For a smile in our shop, that would be a million dollars so.....”

“Don’t just go on and start your own business Flika!”

“I see, so this is what’ll happen when the place isn’t a fastfood restaurant.”

Laughed the customer heartily as Touseirou yelled over the counter.

That day, was the first time Strada had a roaring business ever since Touseirou

started working there.



# Order #2-1

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #2-1**

Order 2: Magic Users dance at the Soirée

“In the end, there were really nice people.....”

Muttered Flika to herself as she let the shower run over her head.

This was the second floor of Strada.

Although she managed to get her guns and coat back, she did not run away like this afternoon but stayed over temporarily. Her brother wandered about the various places of Tokyo Ikai and did not stay in any particular place. It was extremely rare for them to stay in once place for more than a month, and it also meant that Flika didn't have a place to truly call home. When asked by Tounshirou about where she had come from, she carelessly let slip an honest answer.

Following that, she was told that it was alright for her to stay over at the shop.

The second floor of “Strada” had been converted into a living space. This is where Shuuya and Tounshirou lived, and it so happened that there was an empty room Thankfully it even had a bed and was locked from the inside, which they decided to lend to her.

She was told to go take a shower or something before supper and was now in the bathroom doing exactly just that.

She had been going round and round from place to place today and even her hair was dirty. For that, she was really thankful.

The droplets of water that trickled from her head flowed down from her chin to the scruff of her neck and continued to trace her collar bone as it slid down to her bosom, caressing her small navel before dripping down to her thighs.

Her skin was like glassy white porcelain.

On top of that, the wounds that she was supposedly inflicted with were nowhere to be seen. Cuts, grazes, burns; even though they were not life threatening injuries, it should have had been painful enough to damage her skin.

Wiping the foggy mirror with the palm of her hand, her face was reflected in it.

Her face that was reflected in the mirror, showed no signs of emotion.

Then, she mumbled to herself.

“Red, blue.....how does everyone see it?”

Flika did not clearly understand what “Color” was.

That being said, it wasn't as if everything that she saw was grey in color.

She could recognize things that are of different colors, but it was as if everything is blurry and shrouded in mist, she could not explain in what way they were different.

Most likely, her optic nerves can discern between the colors, and send the signals to the synapse. However, somewhere before it reaches the brain or perhaps Flika's consciousness itself is unable to interpret it, she becomes unable to recognize the colors.

According to what her brother said, after losing her memories, she probably could have very well become unable to have an actual sense of reality.

Which is why, even if she was being told something is red or blue, she will be unable to respond.

Which is why, she could only feel that the world is that of a distant scenery.

Which is why, Flika is unable to show any emotion.

Three years ago, when Tokyo was transformed into a completely different realm, the streets were shrouded in mist. The world that Flika is able to see, is one where that mist still lingers even up till this day.

And time could have very well stopped three years ago.

She tried to lift up the edges of her mouth with her index fingers.

She, who was reflected in the mirror, was certainly able to make an expression like that of a smile.

—Please smile at the very least—

Leaving her with those words, her brother vanished.

He was probably fed up with Flika who was unable to smile.

This was why Flika started to “act” like she was smiling.

“But, something’s different indeed.....”

She thought that recently, she was able to make the shape of smile without using her fingers.

However, although it was something that the customers pointed out, she felt that there was something fundamentally different between her smile and that of Tousehirou’s, Ageha’s and the shop’s customers’.

However, even though she felt something different, she could not tell what.

“Tousehirou-kun, seemed to know about me.....”

She really did not remember anything about him.

Nevertheless, it seemed that Tousehirou knew the Flika before she lost her memories.

“He didn’t try to ask me all sorts of questions, so he must probably be a nice person.”

He probably really wanted to ask about Flika’s past. It was to the point where even Flika could tell just by looking.

Regardless, Tousehirou did not do so.

He did not pressure Flika about her past.

Showing such concern, she felt thankful and grateful.

She even felt sorry.

“What makes Toushirou-kun happy I wonder.....?”

Muttering to herself, she let out a small sigh.

“Onii-san. Did you even know all about Toushirou and made me come here?

—When you run into any trouble, rely on “Strada”— Amongst the things that her brother left behind, there was this note with that written on it.

Although it took quite a bit of time to find the place, she had finally reached it.

In the end, what did her brother want her to do?

Or was it because he had simply lost interest and cast her aside?

In this one month, she kept asking herself that, but the answer never came.

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# Order #2-2

## **VOLUME 1**

### **Order #2-2**

“Toushirou..... Are you able to cook anything other than bean sprouts?”

“If you have a problem please at least fork out the living expenses because even these are being bought with the money I got from the odd job agency.”

In the living room of Strada’s second floor, Toushirou and Shuuya were bickering with each other.

Being laid on the table, were fried beansprouts, pickled beansprouts, and miso soup with bean sprouts. It wasn’t as if he did not understand Shuuya’s desire to complain, but in the first place, it was because Shuuya did not properly issue him his pay.

However, the reason why Toushirou did not leave this place was because Shuuya did not ask for rent. Reason being it was a pain in the ass to calculate, including the utilities.

Although he was essentially working for free in the coffee shop, he was given some benefits that barely made up for it. ....Yes, Toushirou made himself accept it.

As the two of them were bickering, Flika returned.

“It sort of smells nice.”

“It’s just the stench of bean sprouts.”

“I told you to give me a salary that would allow me to buy an ingredient other

than beansprouts.”

As the two of them started to break into a tussle, Flika let out an empty laugh.

“Thank you very much for the bath.”

Even though it was her usual fake smile with her eyes half-closed, looking at the young girl who interrupted them with a quick bow, both Touseirou and Shuuya froze.

Flika, who did not bring a change of clothes, was wearing one of Touseirou’s shirts.

He had intended to lend her something clean, but naturally it seemed that it was too big for her. The sleeves were in excess, and it completely covered her hands.

Although that wasn’t a problem, you could see her pale bare legs just beneath the shirt.

Regardless of the fact that there was heating in the living room.....no, that wasn’t the problem. As a young girl, it wasn’t an outfit she should be walking around in.

“Why did you come here without putting on any shorts?”

“Oh? They were too big so they just fell off.”

The young girl tilted her head with a smile lacking any emotion. With that gesture, her hair slid down her shoulders to her chest.

It seems that her hair was somehow not properly dried. The droplets of water trickling down her long hair dampened her shirt.

The blot spread slowly, revealing her bare skin, even to the point where he could see a pink tip.

He gulped unconsciously—Touseirou stepped in front of Shuuya, hiding Flika from his line of sight. He was probably able to somehow conceal Flika before she came into his field of view.

However, he could not conceal her entire body.

Gazing at her pale thighs, Shuuya stroked his chin and muttered deeply.

“I’m not sure how to put this, but you sure have some lewd—Hiiug”

Shuuya nodded with a serious expression on his face, to which Touseirou thrust both of his fingers into his eyes.

Touseirou then covered his face and said,

“Please go and dry your hair properly. Your outfit is becoming dangerous.”

“.....? Is there something wrong?”

It didn’t seem like she was joking around like in the afternoon.

Tilting her head in puzzlement, she spread out both her hands and looked down at herself. The troubling thing was that it seemed that she herself did not understand how carelessly she was dressed.

“Just come here! Even just putting on a towel should make a difference.”

Pulling Flika along by her hand, they returned to the bathroom where he took out a huge towel and put it around the young girl’s shoulders.

It was probably the shampoo’s fragrance, a light, sweet smell, which tickled his nose.

—This is bad. This girl, she’s probably defenseless.

Was it really okay to let her stay over at “Strada”? Even though both Touseirou and Shuuya were guys.

First off, he lent her a belt, got her to wear some pants, and then was somehow able to have his meal.

“Kwah! This miso soup has gone cold!”

“If you have a problem, go do it yourself.”

Even though it was the fault of Flika who just came out of the bath, it was true that the food had turned cold. However, he felt that it would not be right to blame Flika because of that, so in the end, he could only direct his criticisms towards Shuuya.

“Missy, say something. Like what should we do with such a person in charge of our food?”

“I...don’t dislike it though. Is it not delicious?”

“If it isn’t nice just say so. We’re a restaurant after all.”

“Ahaha, I can’t really tell.”

Listening to this exchange, Touseirou tilted his head in bewilderment.

—Did she just let out something disturbing?

Judging from the way she spoke, doesn’t it make it seem that she doesn’t really understand the taste of food?

In the afternoon, she too said something about not recognizing the colors of the plates.

It could be that, other than losing her memory, she might have lost something else as well.

—It’d be better to hurry and find her brother.

.....Though I’d like to think that the part about being a terrorist was just a metaphor.

As Touseirou muttered, Flika tilted her head as if she suddenly thought of something.

“Speaking of which, are you two siblings or something?”

““Hah???””

Touseirou and Shuuya both shot back viciously.

Without question, even Flika was startled and backed away.

“Flika, I can tolerate most things, but being told that I’m related by blood to this person is the one thing I will not stand for.”

“That’s right. If we were brothers, this guy would be working a lot more wholeheartedly.”

“If I were told the same thing next time, I might actually end up killing him.”

“You can say that again. ....Eh?”

Sensing Touseirou’s heartless malice, cold sweat started to trickle down Shuuya’s forehead.

Soon, Flika would have developed some sort of resistance to all of this. She laughed and said, “Is it normal for people to live together even if they are not family?”

As soon as he was being told that, Tousei casually didn't feel like beating Shuuya up anymore.

Shuuya shrugged his shoulders as if nothing really happened.

“Well, I let him stay here, under the condition that he works in the shop and does all the chores.”

“Though we're talking about being able to receive my pay on time.”

Even as he replied cynically, he was thankful to Shuuya for taking him under his wing.

—If not for it, he'd die a pathetic death before even looking for Fleu.

Even now, he would not have met Flika like this.

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# Order #2-3

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #2-3**

“In other words, to Toudirou, I’m an absolute being, something equivalent to a god. So you could say, for him to work in my stead is his natural duty.”

“I wonder if you could still say the same thing in the Soviet Union.”

“The, the Soviet Union is gone now isn’t it?”

Originally, the phrase “If any would not work, neither shall he eat” came from a paragraph in the Holy Bible, but the spread of this phrase around the world was largely due to the old Soviet Union’s communistic propaganda.

Although he was thankful for being taken under Shuuya’s wing, as to be expected, there were things that irritated him which he could not stand.

“Ahaha, my brother said that it’s easy to acquire Soviet guns.”

“.....Man I really wished you stopped going there.”

Whilst they were talking about such, the plates had become empty.

Gathering the cutlery and standing up, Toudirou called out to Flika.

“Flika, I’m going to make some coffee, so please remember how I do it.”

The unexpected explosion of customers today was attended to by Flika. As a result, he wasn’t really able to teach her about the work in the kitchen.

Flika lay flat on the table and let out a listless voice.

“Ehh—..... Isn’t work already over?”

“It’s because you’ll be making it too.”

“I see. When a man says he’s doing his best for you, it would be inconsiderate to reject. Please allow me to carefully observe how you would satisfy me.”

“I’m telling you to study. This logic is just like Shuuya’s. Do you want to become like him?”

“.....Ahaha. I’m sorry. I’ll apologize. It was my bad.”

Seeing Flika lowering her head with a serious look on her face, Shuuya teared up.

“You guys, haven’t you forgotten that I’m your guardian?”

Letting out a sigh, Shuuya added.

“Putting that aside, please make me one.”

“Yessss.”

Another good thing about working here was that you could drink coffee whenever you liked.

It was so that they could come up with an original blend.

Carrying the cutlery, Toushirou moved towards the sink.

As he was putting the kettle over the fire while washing the cutlery, Flika was beside him lending a hand.

A sweet fragrance gentle tickled his nose. Even though Toushirou was the one who was enticed, he was conscious of the fact that the young girl just came out from a bath.

—She’s not, a bad girl, right?

Being together for a whole day today, he more or less knew.

However, she had amnesia and he honestly felt that she wasn’t very well acquainted with what was common sense. Even though she smiles forcefully in a very obvious manner, it could very well have been a defensive mechanism to protect herself.

When the water had finally been brought to a boil, the dishes were washed.

“Coffee first begins from the grinding of the beans. For starters, please separate and make it individually for each and every customer. Well, but this time we’ll be making enough for three people.”

Choosing the beans that have all but a tinge of bitterness, Toushirou poured them into the coffee mill.

A crunching sound could be heard as he ground the beans, and Flika face was filled with curiosity.

—This expression, it really didn’t change.

Three years ago, when he was brewing coffee in the ward, “she” too made the same expression as she took a peek.

It was so nostalgic, so adorable that he had to desperately resist the urge to reach out and touch her face.

“That’s a nice smell.”

“Right? That’s why it’s important to brew it before the aroma dissipates.”

As he answered cheerfully, Flika stared at Toushirou’s face fixatedly.

“Toushirou kun, you really like coffee don’t you?”

“That... well, I’m a barista after all.”

“If that’s the case then I’ll try my best to remember.”

“What do you mean by “if that’s the case”?”

Even as he tilted his head in confusion, he proceeded to place a coffee dripper on the pot and laid out a paper filter.

“There’s a siphon at the counter, but here we’ll be making it by paper drip.”

“Why so?”

“Even though there’s the fact that it’s inexpensive, the dripper requires more technique. It’s ideal for practice.”

Removing the coffee beans from the mill’s saucer, Toushirou continued.

“Personally, I prefer the drip as it gives a stronger aroma.”

He then dropped the ground beans onto the filter and then finally poured the

hot water over it.

“In the beginning, please do not forget to steam the beans like this. Because if you don’t the flavor will not come out at all, and if you do it badly, its taste will lose to even that of instant coffee.”

After about thirty seconds, all the coffee beans were colored with a damp black. In the meantime, he did not forget to pour hot water into the cup to warm it up beforehand.

Then, he poured the hot water as if he was slowly drawing a circle.

Black liquid started dripping into the pot, and a fragrant aroma wafted across the kitchen.

Flika closed her eyes like she was taking it in.

Her cheeks blushed faintly.

He suddenly felt a burning desire. Looking at her face from the side, Toushirou became charmed unconsciously.

“The smell feels somewhat nostalgic.”

Those words brought him back to reality, and Toushirou tilted the pot once more.

“Nostalgic? Is your brother also someone who drinks coffee?”

“Not particularly. But somehow I feel that I’ve smelt this aroma somewhere before.....” said Flika as she touched her nose irritably.

Upon hearing that reply, Toushirou was stunned.

—Speaking of which, Flika seems to be the type that reacts strongly to smell.

Although it could be seen that she reacted to the smell of the cocoa and panino in the afternoon, she even said that the smell of the coffee was nostalgic.

—Could it be that even if her mind forgets, her body still remembers?

He felt like he saw hope.

However, it was a fleeting one, where it would disappear immediately if he were to grab at it desperately, so Toushirou held back his desire of wanting to

pry further.

For now, just the fact that she said that coffee was nostalgic was good enough.

After stabilizing his breathing covertly, Toushirou proceeded with his explanation.

“The flavor of the bean to really comes out only up to about the third time. For anything more than that, think of it as adjusting the flavor.”

As the pot finally became full, he removed the dripper and poured away the hot water in the cup.

The coffee for three was done.

“Ohh.....”

Letting out a somewhat deeply interested voice, Flika held one of the cups in her hands. Then, she proceeded to move her peach colored lips toward it.

“Drink it after giving it out. It’s bad manners you know?”

“Fufu, it’s a reward for working after hours. What’s the harm with drinking it first?”

“Even though you were just looking on.”

Ignoring Toushirou who had a look of disgust on his face, Flika put her lips on the cup.

Suddenly, her face contorted in agony.

“Ugh, it’s bitter.....”

Upon hearing that voice, Toushirou’s heart started to pound wildly.

—Ugh, it’s bitter—

On that day, when Toushirou first brewed coffee in the hospital ward, “she” too made the same face, and said the exact same thing.

Regarding that, Toushirou—

“If you’re bad with bitter stuff, how about adding some milk to it.....?”

He had supposedly recommended milk in that manner.

And then “she” refused it with a pissed off look on her face.

—You can’t. Using milk for such purposes is a defilement of milk itself— While talking about her obsession with milk to great detail.

His heart kept pounding repeatedly.

What will Flika reply? Would she say the same thing as what “she” did, or would she show a different reaction?

The few seconds until she opened her mouth felt like an eternity, and his throat became dry.

In the meantime, a troubled look appeared across Flika’s face and she shook her head.

“No—..... I’ll oblige.”

Flika refused the milk.

“Why, so?”

“Well, wouldn’t pouring something like milk into it change its flavor? So I thought that would be kinda bad...”

“I, see...”

As though he was relieved, as though he was disappointed, Touseirou let out an obscured sigh.

—Fleu.....

Thought they weren’t exactly the same, she replied with an expectedly similar answer.

—I want.....proof.

Her not having her memories was not an important thing right now.

It was proof that “she” who disappeared on that very day had returned.

It was proof that even though she had forgotten all about Touseirou, she had lived on for his sake.

Proof that it was alright for him to believe so.

He wanted proof.

He wanted it so badly.

—If I were to find Flika's brother, will I be able to obtain it?

After she finished drinking the coffee, Flika returned to her room.

Seeing her go, Touseirou got up.

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# Order #2-4

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #2-4**

“Toushirou.”

It was night time. Shuuya called out to Toushirou who was about to leave the shop’s second floor.

Flika was on her way to the room she was allocated to, and wasn’t there.

“What is it?”

“Going to look for the missy’s brother?”

“Of course.”

He had to work in the shop during the day. Work related to the odd job agency could only be done at night.

—Regarding the lead, I sort of have an idea.

In his pockets, were cubes of sugar and a pair of gloves. The gloves weren’t meant to be worn during the day.

Eyes fixated on the television screen, Shuuya whispered casually.

“I think you already know this but if you were to get yourself into a soiree/an evening party, don’t lay your hands on the ‘Insignia Wielders’.”

Upon hearing than name, Toushirou gave a small gulp.

“.....I know. I’m not that conceited.”

As he was about to leave the house, Toushirou stopped for a moment.

“Shuuya san. Thank you for keeping Flika here.”

Although she was a young girl whose thoughts were difficult to understand, her life was being targeted by magic users.

If Shuuya didn't say that it was okay for her to stay, he probably wouldn't be able to sleep at night.

“I won't stand for someone welshing on the repair fees. Wouldn't it be natural to put her somewhere under my surveillance?”

This meant that while she's under his surveillance, he will protect her in his own way.

—Well, he is a reliable person if he's serious.

Smiling wryly at Shuuya as he was talking as if it was a pain in the ass, Tousei stepped into the night of Tokyo Ikai.

The moment he stepped out of the shop, he suddenly remembered.

—A terrorist, huh.....

Flika described her own brother as such.

Even while working during the day, Flika's playful attitude did not get any better. Thinking about it, those jokes were probably a specialty of hers, although it was a fact that she carried a large amount of firearms on her. On the event that her brother Chris was really a terrorist, would it actually be alright to go looking for him?

Tousei shook his head.

—Flika asked me to find him for her.

Even though she was being made to work to pay off the repair fees, it wasn't as if she had a collar stuck around her neck. When she really doesn't like it, she could just escape and disappear.

Right now, the clear bond between Tousei and Flika is just her request to find her brother.

Which is why he will do it. As a reason, just that is enough.

Later on, Tousei will regret what he did.

That he did not stop, and decide if what he was doing was the right thing.

The night is the time of the magic users.

In most cases, magic users make their moves at night. When night falls, somewhere in Tokyo Ikai magic users clash, and winners and losers are born.

Such a spectacle was likened to the gathering of witches in the medieval era, and people called it a soiree.

The word soiree is a term used to indicate a battle between magic users.

Stepping out onto the main street, a faint mist appeared. It wasn't something that would completely block out your vision, but it will almost always appear when night falls. In the past, it was something that rarely ever happened in Tokyo.

If you were to look up in the sky, you wouldn't be able to see the stars, but just the moon shining ever so brilliantly.

In the sky of Ikai, were two moons that appeared red.

Strangely, one can only see such a moon within the walls. It is probably due to the effect of the "hole" that opened in the center of the Ikai. Whether the moon is a virtual image of the original or if it is something else altogether, nobody knows.

Under the moonlight, the dull colored wall stands tall. A wall to prevent the magic users from getting out. So long as this wall stands, even Flika's brother who disappeared will likely be unable to get out of Tokyo Ikai.

Although the town is isolated from the outside like this, the street lights are still being maintained and there isn't anywhere in particular that is poorly lit. Up till now, even the convenience stores are opened twenty-four hours, and light from those working overtime can be seen filtering from the windows of buildings.

The flow of business is still alive.

Of course, the population of the town has drastically decreased three years after it transformed into an Ikai.

Though the majority of them were those who left before the construction of

the wall, there were those who just disappeared, unable to leave, and on top of that, those who died. Up till now, the population has decreased to less than a third of its original.

However, even though it's in Tokyo Ikai, people still have to carry on living. To carry on living, they have to work. To work, a place where demand and supply can be created is imperative. And those creating a demand, are the people who live there.

Even as the world changes, the circular flow doesn't. Even if they're separated by that thick wall, people can only work and live like they have always done.

The steel wall. The two moons. And magic users. Even though it's an Ikai covered in numerous mysteries, even now, the streets are hardly any different from how Tokyo was previously.

His breath was white.

Toushirou's attire was just a thin overcoat over his barista uniform. It was supposedly one not suitable for a walk at night, but it immediately became hot to the point where he didn't need his coat any longer.

As he walked through the entertainment district that had all its shutters pulled down, in no time at all, he heard the sandy echo of footsteps and stopped in his tracks.

Looking up, a young red haired girl stood in the way.

Toushirou remembered that face.

"It's you....."

It was the magic user who manipulated lightning, the one chasing after Flika.

—As I thought, she stuck around.

The lead that Toushirou got his hands on was none other than this girl. For her to be chasing after Flika, there had to be some sort of reason behind it.

As he took his stance, the young girl waved her hands frantically.

"Hold on sec. I've no intention of hurting you."

"Throwing magic around all of a sudden during the day, you don't really have

any persuasive power do you now?”

“Um, that, well..... My bad.”

Even though she looked daunted, she said it with a hint of arrogance in her voice.

“Besides that, you guys are being tricked. Harboring that girl... The one who blew apart the shop’s wall wasn’t me, it was—“

“Yeah, Flika right?”

Thinking about it, the first time the young girl used her lightning, she was whispering about something like she was there to assist him. She probably thought that he was being threatened with a gun or something by Flika.

—Thinking about it, she wasn’t exactly a bad person.

As Tounshirou hit the mark about Flika, the young girl’s eyes widened, as if she was let down.

“I-If you already knew then why.....?”

“Someone has to pay for the repair fees right? Would it be fine if we were to claim it from you?”

“Wh-why me?!”

Then, the young girl chuckled.

“But, serves her right..... It’s amazing how she listened and went along with it.”

Crossing her arms, the young girl tilted her head.

“Anyway, why are you guys after her?”

This wasn’t the only time that Flika was being chased. Although she told him a reason, he wasn’t even sure if she even knew it in the first place.

—If I were to know the reason, it might become a lead to find the whereabouts of her brother.

Asking her with the intention to trick her, the young girl tilted her head once again.

““You guys”? There are others beside me who are chasing after her?..... Well, that’s to be expected.”

She nodded as if she got herself to understand it.

“Looking at you now, you people don’t really seem to know just who exactly she is.”

Thrusting her index finger out into the air, the young girl said, “—The first magic user— That’s apparently what she’s called.”

Stabilizing her breathing as though she was hesitating on what she was going to say next, the young girl then announced it with a clear tone.

“She was the one responsible, for turning the whole of Tokyo into an Ikai!”

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# Order #2-5

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #2-5**

Toushirou doubted his own ears.

“What do you mean?”

“Exactly what I said. Three years ago, I don’t know what she did, but was the one who turned Tokyo into what it is now.”

It was too sudden, and he was unable to bring himself to believe it.

—But, if there’s such a rumor, that would explain why she has been constantly targeted.

However, if that was the case, there was something strange.

“Hold on a moment. Is Flika a magic user?”

“Of course. If she wasn’t, there’s no way she’d be able to evade me, a magic user who has been chasing after her, to that extent.

“She said that she wasn’t a magic user herself.....”

Hearing him mutter in shock, a triumphant look spread across the young girl’s face.

“You see? That girl is a liar.”

Being told that, Toushirou tilted his head in puzzlement.

—No, could it be that, she wasn’t lying?

He looked back at what Flika had said.

—There’s no way something like magic exists, is there?—

Although she did deny the existence of magic, she did not say that she wasn’t a

magic user.

—Although it doesn't make sense when she denies the existence of magic even though she's a magic user.

It might be a little early to label her as a liar. ....Though rather than a liar, you could say that she's pretty nasty.

The young girl continued haughtily.

“If she created Tokyo Ikai, she should be able to turn it back to the way it was. Please quietly hand her over.”

Hearing those words, Touseirou could not help but to sympathize with her.

—Well, if one's a magic user, they would've have lost something here.

If being able to get it back is a possibility, it's understandable to use any means to do so, just like during the day.

Even so, Touseirou shook his head.

“Even if the Ikai is restored to its original state, where's the proof that what we have lost will come back to us?”

“—tch, why would I know anything about that? Besides that, if this place isn't an Ikai anymore, there's no reason to keep me trapped in here any longer.

Doesn't that mean we can go to the outside?”

Pretending to sympathize with her, he felt something was clearly off with what she said.

As the words he knew of a magic user, he could feel that there was something amiss.

—First things first, I'll keep mum about the request for now.

Thought Touseirou, as he tried to figure it out, and he shook his head.

“Until she settles the repair fees, she's our employee. Even if you told me all that, there's no way I'll just hand her over to you.”

“.....tch, if that's how it is, I'll make you!”

The light of a magic square flashed from the young girl's hands, and electricity started flowing out.

Although it's hard to see it during the day, when magic users use their abilities, light from a magic square will be emitted. This is the reason as to why they were being called magic users.

“Didn't you say that you have no intention of harming me?”

Letting out a sigh appallingly, Tousei took out a pair of leather gloves from his back pocket. It was the fingerless kind. A metal logo of “Strada” was affixed onto the back of it.

It was given to him on a rare occasion by Shuuya for “Work use”, and had no lining and fit snugly onto his hands.

“A battle between Magic users starts by saying this.”

Mentioned Tousei in advance as he announced.

“‘Strada's' barista, Yabuchi Tousei, will be your opponent for this soirée.”

He took out a cubed sugar from his pocket.

Making a fist with his index finger pulling back his thumb, a circle of light spread around the cubed sugar.

“.....tch, that light.....you're a magic user after all!”

The markings that appeared looked like strange letters and closely resembled the so called “Magic Square”.

“I don't know, what magic you're using, but lightning is a streak of light. It'll be faster than anything you throw at me.”

Even though she was saying it with such confidence, she probably hasn't forgotten that one time, during the day, where her magic was disabled.

Cautiously putting distance between them, she stuck out her hands.

A bluish white circle appeared, and lightning sparked from her hands.

“I'll have you feel a little numb!”

Keeping track of Tousei's hands, the young girl waved her arm. Creating distorted tracks like that of a tree branch, streaks of light rained down.

Indeed, unlike the lightning spear that she showed him during the day, this

attack has a wide range and is effective at dishing out simple hits.

Even by Tousei's standards, you could say that it was well thought out.

However, Tousei was unfazed, staring fixatedly at the lightning.

—The effective range of the lightning, is at most about fifty meters, huh?

Tousei had already jumped back nimbly, moving out of the range.

“.....?”

Eyes wide open with shock, the young girl proceeded to unleash a stream of lightning whilst looking at Tousei's feet.

At then, Tousei used the street lamp right in front of him as a platform and escaped into the air.

Even the second stream was unable to touch him and just slammed into the ground.

“Wh, why..... Why will it not hit?”

To the young girl whose eyes were wide open in shock, Tousei shook his head and said as if she was a failure.

“A magic user has no reason to reveal the nature of their magic, am I wrong?”

In actuality, even with the effect of Tousei's magic, there was absolutely no way that he could move faster than light.

—You, look too much at where you're aiming.

For Tousei, we could tell where she was aiming at just by following where she looks. On top of that, the movement she makes before she releases the lightning is big.

Even though the young girl's magic has the speed of light, it doesn't mean that the one using it can.

As long as you understand where she's aiming at and when she's going to shoot, it's not that hard to avoid it.

Of course, he had no obligation to tell her so.

“Now then, it's about time for me to take my turn.”

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# Order #2-6

## ***VOLUME 1***

### **Order #2-5**

#### *Gulp*

He flung the sugar cube that was loaded onto his fingertip. A circle of light shone, and it shot out with the force of a bullet.

The young girl spread out her lightning into a wall to protect herself, but the cubed sugar zoomed past like an arrow and easily penetrated the branches of lightning.

“Kyaa—”

The cubed sugar bounced right at her feet, and she let out a small yelp.

—.....How do I put this? It kinda feels like I’m bullying someone.

An inexplicable feeling of guilt welled up inside him.

“Even though I told you sugar is an electrical insulator.....”

“Sh-Shut up! Shut up—?”

Screaming, a look of relief flashed across the young girl’s face.

“An electrical insulator?.....I see. I now know the true nature of your magic.”

“Ehh?”

Toushirou only showed his magic to her once during the day and a second time in that attack. If she could see through it, this would mean that this young girl’s insight is not something to be taken lightly.

The young girl, struck out her index finger and said.

“You are, a sugar manipulator am I right?”

Saying so, she stuck out her chest, full of pride.

‘You manipulated sugar, and used it to defend against my lightning. That’s the only thing that I can think of.’

“If that’s the case I wouldn’t be a “Barista” but rather a “Patisserie”.”

Well, although it is a little close to manipulation.

Toushirou’s face was filled with astonishment and the young girl’s face turned bright red.

“~~, if that isn’t the case then what is it?”

The young girl started to wildly fire off electricity.

For the fact that she wasn’t aiming at anything, it was actually harder for him to avoid it than previously.

“If you’re going to do that, you won’t even be hitting the things that you are supposed hit you know?”

There wasn’t a need whatsoever to dodge everything. Toushirou hid behind the street lamp right next to him, streaks of lightning that came close to his body were being drawn away by the metal pole and just fizzled with a pop.

*POP* went the street lamp, and the young girl covered her head.

“Hiiii—”

“Even though you’re the one who did it.....”

Toushirou propelled the cubed sugar with his finger. This time, without infusing his magic into it; just with the strength of his finger.

“Ah—”

It struck her forehead.

“Y-Youu—hghn.”

The young girl was about to shoot out lightning once more, but could not compare to the speed at which Toushirou shot the cubed sugar.

“Hol—Oww—Ahh, please stop—Hggh”

Shooting it four, five times just like that, the young girl covered her head and

quieted down.

Starting to feel like he was playing the role of a villain, Toudirou stopped shooting.

—Even though her magic's pretty strong.....

Rather than the fact that she wasn't using it well enough, or that she was lacking in experience, she was— “Weak”

On top of that, overwhelmingly so.

“Shuddap!”

At last he finally said out loud what he really thought, and the young girl yelled with a teary eyed expression.

Then, Toudirou suddenly realized.

“Could it possibly be that you became a magic user just recently?”

“—”

The young girl's eyes widened.

“I see.”

Even now, there are occasionally some.

Even though they were away from Tokyo Ikai, if they had come into contact with the mist from three years ago, there is a possibility that they will become magic users after a period of time.

It only occurs when they lose something important after coming in contact with the mist, such as losing their families in an accident or by sickness, or the disappearance of their home, or a group that they belonged to.

“So what? What are you trying to say?”

“No, it's just that you were surprisingly weak, and your words and actions weren't very like that of a magic user, so I thought that was the reason why.”

*BANG*, as electricity sparked off at the girl's feet.

“O-Of course! Who would want to have such a power?! Even if you have this power, there isn't anything good that comes out of it. Why is it only me, that has

to be locked up in here?”

—It’s this aspect, where she isn’t very “magic-user” like.....

There was also the fact that Tounshirou used his magic on a newbie, or rather, an amateur, that made him feel bad.

“Next time, come over to the shop as a proper customer. If it’s just one cup as an apology, I can secretly give it to you on the house.”

“.....Why? Don’t you guys want to get out?”

“Well, although that’s probably the feelings of those who are outside.”

Looking at her reaction, the young girl could have been tossed into this town without any relatives.

—Just because you lost it, do you intend to squat down over here and sulk?— He recalled that just like when he too couldn’t tell what’s left and what’s right, there was someone who said this and extended their hand to him, and taught him how to use magic.

“It can’t be helped..... Follow me.”

“Hah?”

“Do you intend to stand here and chat right after a soirée?”

Even though there weren’t many people, it wasn’t like there was no one around.

They were faced with many annoyed gazes from all over the place.

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