

*This short story was bundled with New Testament 19 exclusively to the Gamers! stores.*

“Onee-chaaan...”

“God, that’s creepy!”

Laziness must have taken root in the room’s owner because the luxury apartment grew cluttered if you took your eyes off of it for two seconds. The sexy high schooler(?) named Kumokawa Seria showed no mercy with her comment, but her younger sister Maria was usually the one to look down on her and lecture her on her uncleanliness. When that girl began speaking sweetly to inspire a protective desire, it was time to be cautious.

She had black hair but wore it in ringlet curls, she wore a maid uniform but her lucky color was yellow, and she was younger but she looked down on her older sister. That younger sister was a strange mix on both the mental and physical side.

“Maika from my school says she’s moving away all of a sudden. All she sent me was a single email. She says it’ll be about the same thanks to social media, but of course it’ll be different! That idiot!! She’s changing schools and leaving the country! Wahhh, how am I supposed to process this sadness all on my own?”

Her older sister put on a gentle expression and placed a hand on her shoulder.

“Count yourself lucky you got an email. I didn’t even get that. ...That bastard just up and runs off to World War III or joins forces with the enemy’s big boss, makes an enemy of the world, and runs all over Denmark...”

“This scary Onee-chan evil spirit is super scary.”

Nothing could beat reality, so when the older sister pressed in with more pressure than an intense 8K screen, the younger sister switched over to her highly-obedient maid mode.

“So your friend is moving away, huh? That’s a surprisingly normal issue for you.”

“...I’m not too confident this can be called normal.”

“Eh? Then is there something indecent behind all this? So my little sister is getting all yuri with another maid at her girl’s school? That’s as strange a mix as ever...”

“If that’s the first thing that came to mind, you really must be pent-up.”

The sisters adorably rolled around the trash-filled room grabbing at each other’s hair.

“Having someone suddenly disappear is so hard to bear. It makes my skin crawl.”

“Why?”

“...You have to ask? Um, because of Sensei.”

The “Sensei” that Maria mentioned while pouting her lips was someone that very few people would find any information on if they searched his name. In fact, Maria herself would not find anything.

Kihara Kagun.

He was the greatest and worst of the Kiharas and this little sister truly understood that kind face that could not be found in any medium.

Seria sighed at Maria’s extremely complicated situation.

“Sister.”

“No, I’ve gotten over that. I’ve accepted his death. I’m not asking you to rub my head and calm me down...”

“I thought this was about some floral yuri, but it’s actually a filthy student-teacher thing? The pendulum has swung back so hard I’m not sure what to do about it.”

“Just so you know, if you say anything to defile this, I will unleash a merciless roundhouse kick even if you are family.”

The middle school girl who could freely control centrifugal force lowered her voice in a threat and then had a thought.

(Honestly. I just hope Maika isn’t carrying some terrible burden behind the scenes like Sensei was.)

Her older sister did not seem to get it, so Maria found a good chance to leave.

You would never have thought Academy City had just experienced an unprecedented heat wave with how Christmasy the streets looked. A war over cake orders must have been underway because part-time miniskirt Santas filled the sidewalks. That was a scene Maria hoped the elementary school kids of District 13 never saw, since it would destroy their dreams.

(I wish we could have had a big Christmas celebration that doubled as a goodbye party. Then I would have had a real reason to bake a cake.)

Just as she was thinking about that, a mystery man in a full-body special suit jumped through the December evening sky over her head.

He jumped from building to building and over the main road. He was covered from head to toe in light armor and his identity was fully hidden. Kumokawa Maria gasped when she saw him.

The news played from the roadside displays and airship screens.

“The criminal who attacked a general securities trading office is still on the run. All residents are urged to remain indoors unless you have a pressing reason to leave. I repeat...”

That siren-like announcement never reached her ears. This man wore a full-body suit instead of a thick coat and it was colored black instead of white. But seeing that helmet reminded her of something.

Baggage City in Eastern Europe.

That man had not hesitated to enter that snowy hell to exact his revenge.

“...Sen...sei...?”