**Prologue Script - Rageflare**

Notation

Text – Actual writing within the VN.

Fake MC: “Text” – Character speech.

(Text) – Describes a sound effect

<Text> - Signifies the images changing, such as background or character model.

Scene 1: Flashback – Bedroom to Streets

(Birds chirp outside)

<Background is black.>

…

I open my eyes.

<Background opens up, leading to the Fake MC’s plain, boring, normal bedroom.>

It was morning, and as my friend didn’t wake me up, it must have been a weekend. The autumn sun was bright but heatless, streaming from the bare windows. I rolled over onto my back, before pushing myself upwards. My mind was still slow, but at the very least, my eyes could read the digital display of the alarm clock.

Fake MC: “8:40 AM…Monday…”

I yawn luxuriously, my brain kicking to normal capacity after that extra burst of oxygen.

Fake MC: “Wait, Monday?”

Monday was a school day. And school starts at 9AM. It takes me 15 minutes to take the bus there, and 30 to walk there. But the bus that I normally would have taken, the sluggish Number 16, had 20 minute intervals between each one. So, ultimately…

Fake MC: “Shit!”

I roll out of bed, bounce into my school uniform, grab my bag, ignore my breakfast-lusting stomach, and run out. Halfway through the hallway, I pat my pockets to ensure that everything was in place: cellphone, wallet, and house keys, before rushing out.

<Background changed to morning streets.>

Outside the two-floor dormitory that I lived in, the bus had already puttered off, obnoxiously mocking me with its semi-visible exhaust fumes.

Fake MC: “Ugh…why didn’t Childhood Friend wake me up today? Was she sick or something?”

But she lived right across the street, or could have texted me, so…

A smile tugged at my lips, despite the dire situation.

Fake MC: “Well, it can’t be helped.”

I stretch my arms, shake my legs, and run off.

<Background gets speed lines, with shadowed figures (students) popping up in the background as well.>

My name is Fake MC. I’m a normal first year in High School, and my parents work abroad, so I live in the dormitories. I honestly just want to enjoy a regular life, but it seems that my luck is usually on the rotten side of things. Mornings are my weakness as well, and usually, my childhood friend would have woken me up…but, as misfortune would have it, she didn’t.

Fake MC: “And on today of all days! There goes good fi- Uwah!”

As I turned a corner, a woman with snow-white hair appears, and I jump to the side, only barely managing to avoid her. No surprise showed up in her ice-chip eyes, and the well-tailored clothes she wore shared that same ‘untouchable’ feel. A proper ice queen, it looked like.

Ah, but there’s no time to think of such things now!

Fake MC: “Sorry about that!”

With that, I run. Chances are, I’d see her again anyways.

After all, for some uncanny reason, every cute girl I meet seemed to get wrapped up in my life one way or the other. Foreigner-chan would probably pop up later during the day as a new occupant in the dormitories. Maybe show up as a high school teacher, even? If it rains, perhaps she’ll be caught outside without an umbrella or something.

(The school bell rings in the distance.)

Fake MC: “Ah, is it already too late?”

Fake MC: “Just my luck…”

(Car engine noises)

<Ojou-sama character shows up>

Ojou-sama: “Ohohoho, my betrothed, in a bind? Saitama-san didn’t wake you up?”

Fake MC: “Oh, Ojou-sama, morning to you too.”

Ojou-sama: “Not simply a morning, but a gorgeous morning, my beloved. Please,”

(Car door opens)

Ojou-sama: “Come in. I’ll make sure that you get to school on time, my darling.”

Fake MC: “Ah, thanks!”

Ojou-sama is such a good friend! I really should find a way to express my thanks in the future, but what would I even give such a wealthy lady?

She looks at me with expectant eyes as I relax in the plush interior of the luxury vehicle. The surround sound stereo was playing warm, romantic music, and the fragrance of vanilla, Ojou-sama’s signature perfume, was strong in the air. Energy drinks lined the miniature drink bar as well, probably because she always worked so hard, and her chauffeur must have been a man who understood that the mistress needed privacy, for the driver’s seat was sealed off from the rest of the spacious car.

I look back at her and smile, before turning my attention to the tinted windows and the passing scenery.

Ojou-sama: “Sigh…I suppose one should have expected such a vanilla response from honey.”

Fake MC: “Uh..ok?”

Scene 2: Flashback – School

<Scene transition to outside of school.>

Five minutes of driving later, the car rolled beside the entrance of High School. High School was a rather mediocre academic institution, to be honest, but all my friends had wanted me to enroll in this, and so, I did. Its walls were aged white, small cracks in the concrete, and it was only three stories high, but the rooftop garden was nice, and it had a surprisingly good record when it came to its athletics.

More importantly, though, other students were still walking into the building, which meant that I wasn’t late!

Fake MC: “Well, thanks a bunch, ojou-sama! See you!”

<Ojou-sama blushes, perhaps with an embarrassed smile>

Ojou-sama: “Adieu, my love~ Shall I pick you up again tomorrow?”

Fake MC: “Oh, no, it’s fine. Wouldn’t want to be a bother.”

Ojou-sama: “Do not fret, my puppy, for my chauffeur drives me everywhere! A detour wouldn’t matter in the grand scheme of things!”

Fake MC: “Eh, you go everywhere by car?”

Ojou-sama: “Naturally.”

Fake MC: “Isn’t it bad though? What about the environment?”

<Ojou-sama realizes she fucked up.>

Fake MC: “And you need to exercise as well, right?”

<Ojou-sama is petrified by the fact that Fake MC pretty much said she was fat.>

Fake MC: “If you want, though, I can show you to a bike shop. That way you can take your detours AND do some light workout!”

<Ojou-sama’s life is saved once more by the thought of a bike date.>

Ojou-sama: “I-is that a date?”

Fake MC: “A date? Oh, maybe Saturday afternoon then?”

<Ojou-sama’s face becomes radiant with joy~>

(school bell rings)

Fake MC: “Well, gotta go now. Let’s meet by the Park then, alright?”

With that, I run off. Hopefully, Ojou-sama won’t be late for her own school, but then again, maybe she has private tutors instead? I turn back one more time to wave at her, before sprinting off.

…

<Ojou-sama puts on a Kira face, hand over her face dramatically.>

Ojou-sama: “Fufufufufu…it’s my victory!”

<Scene transition to classroom>

The classroom was full by the time I walked in. From what I heard, the school had apparently been an all-girl’s high school until recently, and even then, females made up the majority of those that enrolled. Taking an empty seat by the window, I look across the room.

She wasn’t there.

Did she get lost? Was she home, sick? No, if that’s the case, she would have texted me.

I check my phone once more, for any mixed calls or text messages.

Nothing.

<Teacher shows up.>

Teacher: “Class is starting now! Everyone settle down, please.”

Well, she should be fine. It’s not like she’s obligated to give me a status update whenever something happens to her.

…but that would be nice.

With that, I turn my attention to my books, and get to work.

<scene transition to rooftop garden, afternoon>

Classes have ended, and the afternoon sun dyed the sky a mixture of oranges and reds. The Gardening Club’s fall harvest was just a few weeks from ripening, and already, I could see some zucchinis ready to be plucked. They were large and smooth, their green flesh bursting with the promise of a delicious crunch.

High School SCP: “They look good, right?”

I turn to High School SCP. She was my senpai from cooking club, a reserved, mature girl who had no interest in romance. Looked like she had gotten pretty high up on the social ladder in High School.

Fake MC: “They do, yeah.”

It was just forced formalities. She had approached me during lunch and told me to meet her at this time. It was a bit of a shame that I’d miss out on the opportunity to check out the girl’s tennis club and walk home with a few of the other girls in my class, but it sounded rather important.

Fake MC: “So, what’s this about?”

<High School SCP places her hand on her chin, contemplating things.>

High School SCP: “It’s about Childhood Friend.”

Fake MC: “What?”

High School SCP: “I was dropping off some paperwork in the teacher’s lounge when I heard the vice-principal talking to Teacher.”

My throat feels dry, and I swallow down my worries. Need to calm down. Everything was fine. She was just…

<High School SCP looks concerned for Fake MC.>

High School SCP: “Childhood Friend has gone missing. The police had already visited the house, and have ruled out the possibility that she ran away from home. They’re still deciding whether or not to tell the students about this.”

I can’t breathe.

I need to calm down.

Everything was fine.

No, everything was going to be fine.

<High School SCP looks sad now.>

High School SCP: “I thought you’d want to hear of this first, Fake MC.”

I try to smile, try to show my gratitude, but my face was contorted in a different manner.

I need to calm down, because everything was going to be fine.

But there was no way I was going to be fine with this, huh?

I force down the turmoil and leave, unable to face the facts and the painful expression on her face.

Fake MC: “Sorry.”

Scene 3: Flashback – Going Through Multiple Days

<Black screen>

The next day, she was on the news, and the school couldn’t hide it any longer. Classmates made prayers, tried to offer up tips to the police, and comforted me. Her parents were heart-broken, and roamed the city with Missing posters, hoping that someone who knew something would step forward.

The day after, she didn’t show up on the news, as if all the hubbub surrounding the case had vanished. It wasn’t that no one cared, as everyone I knew was still talking about it, unable to hide their concerns, but those ruthless bastards deemed it a piece of news not worth covering. And that pissed me off.

On the third day, the police stated that the case was closed, and that the likelihood of finding her now was extremely low. In 48 hours, one can feasibly bring a kidnapped person to any part of the world, after all. The statistics were against them, and there were no leads.

On the fourth, classmates stopped talking about her. It made sense. They never knew how great of a person she was. The teachers went back to their normal routine as well, as if all their sympathy was false. It was as if no one cared any longer. They didn’t even remember her name.

On the fifth day, I pay her parents a visit.

They were fine now.

Her room was empty.

They had moved on.

The Missing posters were removed.

They had totally, absolutely, forgotten who she was.

Something was going on in the background, and I spent the rest of the day and night indoors, scouring the internet for any similar cases.

I found nothing.

On the sixth day, I woke up to my cellphone buzzing. It received a text message from an unknown number.

A location: Downtown, Sailor’s Park, near the shipyards.

A time: 10PM

A message.

<cellphone screen pops up>

Text Message: “I have something you need.”

It was dangerous, but I was the last person in the world who cared about her.

Who but I can save Childhood Friend now?

Scene 3: Present Time – Going to Downtown

<Scene transition to city, at night>

It’s dark now.

The streets were filled with people, filled with purpose. Students are walking home. Adults are driving home. Buses mingled with cars and bikes, carting their passengers to pre-set destination.

The street lamps flickered on, and cold light spills on the busy road.

Overhead, a man with a flashy scarf bounds from rooftop to rooftop. A criminal? Or just a thrill seeker? Against the indigo sky, his bold form stood distinct, the reflective strips of his clothing catching my eyes momentarily.

I look up, but his figure disappears over a billboard.

A moment later, I could hardly recall his appearance. Things were disappearing too often, too quickly.

The traffic light changes, and the flow of pedestrians draws me with them, down to the other side of the street. There used to be a different building there, a corner store selling cheap candy. Now, it’s the entrance of a shopping mall. Automatic doors slide open, air-conditioned winds blasting out as a group of students walk out, shopping bags linked to their arms as they laugh and chat.

I used to be there, in the center, having fun with my friends as they crowded around me.

She used to be by my side as well, a coy smile on her lips, walking side by side.

But I can hardly recall it now. Only the warmth of her body as she leaned against me, the tranquility that peaceful, unchanging days brought forth.

???: “Are you alright?”

(Miyu’s character model pops up. She looks concerned)

Fake MC: “Yes.”

Was I though?

No, it wasn’t odd at all that girls would talk to me.

So…

Fake MC: “Yes, I am.”

I turn away and walk off from the group. College students, most likely. Would make sense that they would think of me as someone who needed help. But I didn’t. I had never failed at anything I tried, and I do not intend to.

Fake MC: “Just you wait…”

I clench my fist, and push through the homecoming crowds, fighting against the press of people. A few more blocks until I get to the meeting place. A few more blocks until I get answers. A few more…

<scene transitions to subway entrance>

The crowds dispersed, and the entrance to the subway stood before me.

<Fake Heroine appears. Expression is neutral.>

A familiar face, blank of emotion. It looked like I was destined to run into her again after all, but in such circumstances? Definitely something beyond my imagination. I look into her eyes, and she stares back, clear as a mirror.

Fake MC: “Well, hello.”

Fake Heroine: “Yes, good evening.”

She reminded me of the girl in the programming club, someone who hid her emotions as easily as breathing, who tried her best to avoid any sign of affection on her part. A shy, reserved person underneath the armor of a working adult.

Quiet, but trustworthy.

I clear my throat. The silence between us was unbearable.

Fake MC: “You have something?”

Another pause. Was she expecting idle chatter?

<Fake Heroine has a resigned expression on her face.>

Fake Heroine: “I do.”

(sound of pieces of paper being produced)

<picture shows up, somewhat blurry. Fake Childhood Friend appears to be following Baddie 1 somewhere>

Fake MC: “This is…”

Fake Heroine: “Shot from a security camera in Izumo’s industrial district. Taken a week ago.”

Fake MC: “…and the address on the back…”

Fake Heroine: “Did some snooping around. Came up with this as a location.”

Fake MC: “Location to?”

Fake Heroine: “What do you think?”

To the place that she was kidnapped, held against her will by someone who dared touch my girl. I would have been fine if she was dead or had ran away from home, but what the hell was this?! What the actu-

<Fake Heroine smiles>

Fake Heroine: “Know what to do then?”

Fake MC: “Of course.”

<scene turns to black, as if transitioning to another one.>

(sound of running)

Fake Heroine: “Farewell, hero.”

Scene 4: Present Time – To the Beast’s Lair

<scene is that alleyways and all that dirty crap. It is night time.>

(heart is beating heavily, like a drum)

I run through unfamiliar streets, the blue shine of my smartphone a guiding light within the darkness. Few others were present, now that most manufacturing plants had shut down for the night, leaving an eerie emptiness in the narrow streets.

Above, the full moon shone resplendently, bathing the mute warehouses with a silver gleam. It was lovely, but I had no time to enjoy such scenery.

Even now, that bastard may be doing unspeakable things to her.

Hatred bloomed in my chest, a flame that kept my body from faltering as I leapt over toppled garbage cans and ascended staircases. I had always been strong and fast for my age, but I was outdoing myself that night.

Good. Just wait.

I’ll tear that nameless bastard apart.

Beat the monster and save the princess.

Who would have thought that a single week would have changed me so much?

<scene changes to that of a warehouse>

I’ve arrived.

I pocket my phone once more, taking in what stood before me.

It was an abandoned building, a warehouse with cracked windows and sheet metal walls, rusted from years of disrepair. A set straight out of a horror movie, enough that I wasn’t sure whether or not to laugh or shiver. This deep into the industrial district, I could no longer hear the buzz of the city, even as I strained my ears. Only the sound of…

(a mixture of whispers, biting sounds, and fleshy ‘wet’ sounds can be heard, very faintly)

No, ultimately, I couldn’t figure out what it was that I was hearing. The adrenaline had worn off at this point, and my heart was no longer pounding. With careful, measured steps, I approached a window. A look inside should ascertain things.

I press my body against the wall, and then peer in.

Fake MC: “Oh GOD!”

(sound of someone falling onto their ass)

<scene darkens and reddens>

Bile rushed up my throat and I forced it downwards, hand over my mouth as I scrambled back up. The stench was still fresh in my memories, the pieces and the redness and th-

Shit, no, focus! I couldn’t waver now. It was perfectly clear what had happened, but that meant I needed to stay as calm as possible. I needed to call the police, and for that to happen, I need to get my phone.

Get my phone.

Get my phone!

(the phone clatters onto the ground)

(faint footsteps could be heard)

It slips out of my clammy grasp, and I look at my hands.

They were shaking, sweaty and pale in the moonlight.

So I need to calm down. Need to breathe first and get control of my body once more.

But I had ran out of time.

(footsteps stop and a metal door creaks open)

<Baddie 1 appears, hood up. His expressions are neutral, almost disgusted. A bit of red is in the corner of his mouth.>

Baddie 1: “Oh, what a surprise.”

(slurp/lick sound)

<Bit of red disappears>

Baddie 1: “Looked like someone came after all.”

Fake MC: “W-who…”

No. That wasn’t what was important here. I push myself up, taking a step backwards for every step forward he made.

Fake MC: “Where is she?!”

The hooded man winced, before spitting something out.

It pinged as it hit the concrete, a small pebble that bounced once and then rolled to a stop.

No, not a pebble.

A human tooth.

<Baddie 1 smiles>

Baddie 1: “What was that? Mind repeating it?”

Fake MC: “My friend…you…you!”

The words lodge themselves in the back of my throat, unwilling to be spoken out into the world. As if, by saying them, I’d be giving up on that sliver of hope that she was still alive. That, perhaps, the tooth belonged to the man, and it was all just a ruse.

Baddie 1: “Not sure who you’re talking about, but...go on! Describe her to me! Maybe I’ll remember!”

Fake MC: “Shut the hell up, you bastard…”

Baddie 1: “Okay. But my offer still stands. If you can tell me…”

Fake MC: “Shut up!”

The unruly man raised up his hands, as if conceding. But the smile was still on his face, that smile full of teeth too large and too white. I shiver, and try to recollect my memories of her.

What was the colors of her eyes?

I can’t remember.

The length of her hair?

I can’t remember.

The clothes that she wore?

I can’t remember.

The name that she…

I can’t. There was nothing there, only the sense that something was missing. Why was I even here? Who was I searching for? Was that person even a girl the first place? There was a gap in my memories, as if someone had roughly torn out everything associated to that ‘someone’.

The man laughed, a hyena-like snickering that filled the forgotten space up.

Baddie 1: “And there we go! Thought you were special, but the conditions were too perfect for a miracle! Good job, holding on as long as you could!”

Fake MC: “W-what did you do to me?!”

Baddie 1: “Oh, nothing. But, as for the person you’re looking for…”

Baddie 1: “She’s just shit now.”

I blink. Who was he even talking about?

<scene flashes red, as a shattered memory overlaps, before disappearing>

A white-hot lance pierced my head, a headache that brought a moment of clarity, an epiphany striking me like lightning through the night sky.

I fall back, eyes burning, heart beating, blood roaring in my ears.

He took something from me, and if this continues, he’ll take more.

Fake MC: “Ah…”

Baddie 1: “Oh?”

Fake MC: “Ah…aha…ahahahahahahahaHAHAHHAHAHA!”

<CG, perhaps, of Fake MC’s face, fear and anger mixed together.>

Fake MC: “SHIT!”

Path 1: “I Run”

My heart felt like bursting, irregularly beating as I tried to regulate my breathing. I wasn’t tired, but I could hardly think as I ran, a quagmire of emotions swirling about in my brain.

Self-loathing, grief, fear, anxiety, frustration.

They sank their fangs into my lungs, and they blinded my eyes as I tried to see through the teary veil.

The alleyways were merely a mixture of shadows, the moon obstructed by the height of the buildings. I was lost, and must have dropped my phone along the way. There was no way to call for help, and I wasn’t going to be able to keep up this panicked pace for much longer.

But I ran anyways, as my legs burned and my lungs constricted.

Why did I confront him the first place? Where was I? Who was he?

No...through the storm, another memory flicked into my mind, of a woman with ash white hair.

Who was—

Fake MC: “Uwah?!”

I hit the asphalt face first, and a brilliant flash of pain burns into my eyes. Sticky, warm fluids drip from my nose. They taste like salt and iron, a mixture of snot and blood.

An incessant ringing fills my ears, harmonizing with the howling of a lonely wolf. Why was I hearing this?

More questions that I couldn’t answer.

I push myself upwards, stumbling against a wall. The ringing came from the pain, but the howling…

Droplets of blood slipped past my hands as I clutched my nose, trying to stem the flow. It fell onto the asphalt, and I shivered. A blood trail for that monster to follow, a trail of bread crumbs that led to a house of candy.

But there would be no witch inside, only me.

Why did I do this alone? Why, when I had so many friends? Why couldn’t I just give up?

Because that emptiness in my memories was precious.

And even if I had lost it, I could still feel it, a sweet-sour sensation like lemons in honey water.

I’ll run, so I can hold onto these vestiges.

I’ll live, so I can one day reclaim those memories.

Baddie 1: “But what’s lost can’t be reclaimed.”

Before I could react, another flash of pain blossomed, a painful impact followed by an audible crack. I fall against the wall, my mind bursting at the seams with all the questions that I couldn’t answer.

How was he faster than me? How was he stronger than me? How was he better than me?

(crunch sound)

Fake MC: “AAAGHGHGHGHGHH!!”

Baddie 1: “Good job on the run though.”

My, my leg! It fu-

(crunch sound)

Fake MC: “GAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!”

Baddie 1: “Doesn’t mean I like you, but yeah, nice to see some effort.”

Shit, I can’t even feel them an-

(crunch sound)

Fake MC: “Waaagghhh!”

Baddie 1: “Tried harder than some others, at least.”

Fuck, was this how I was going t-

(crunch sound)

Fake MC: “Ooohh…..”

Baddie 1: “Blood loss, huh? Felt like chatting a bit more, but…what a disappointment. You were late, and then you ran. And you couldn’t even run away successfully. Really, fucking pathetic. Great job, hero. You get bonus points for effort, but that doesn’t change your failures, does it? You still lose, so how does it feel, huh? Does it hurt?”

(thump sound, like a kick)

Baddie 1: “Does it?”

(thump sound, like a kick)

Baddie 1: “Well, come on!”

(thump sound, like a kick)

Baddie 1: “Bah. Might as well be talking to a corpse now.”

(footsteps, disappearing into the distance)

<scene is that of the moon, and of buildings>

Ah, my vision is fading.

I couldn’t feel anything anymore.

I was completely alone.

Could I even speak?

I couldn’t even breathe.

So it’s over for me.

Are you waiting?

Sorry for not seeing you earlier.

Just give me a bit.

Tired, you know?

<scene turns into that of a memory, of his childhood friend smiling at him>

I’ll see you soon, Seika.

<the memory fades, into the credits>

Path 2: “I Fight”

He did something. He did something to my mind, and now that the shock has worn off, there was only anger. That bastard killed her. Killed her and ate her like the cannibalistic psychopath he was.

Maybe, if I was more cool-headed, I would have called the police.

But the police definitely won’t do what I want to do.

Fake MC: “You monster…”

Baddie 1: “Found your balls, hero boy?”

One step.

Two steps.

Three.

Before I realized what I was doing, I kicked off with my left foot, clearing the rest of the distance in an instant. In the next, my fist found his face, a sharp impact lancing up my arm as it crunches into his face.

Blood spirals out of his nose as he falls back, crashing into a wall.

That felt good.

But not good enough.

(bang sound, as if kicking a metal wall)

The wall of the dilapidated warehouse bends from the impact of my kick. His body folds over it as I drive my foot into his chest. Something was giving away in there. His ribs, probably. Vomit spewed from his mouth next, and I could see something that vaguely looked like a finger.

Fake MC: “BASTARD!”

<scene shakes>

Grabbing him by the hair and the collar of his shirt, I lift him up and throw him over my shoulder. But there was no cry of pain, no reaction from him, even if he was so hilariously weak.

(heavy meaty thump)

Another kick to his chest sent the downed man rolling on the pavement, crumpled, fetal.

It felt good.

I had a black belt in three different martial arts, but in the end, passionate violence felt the best.

My hands were trembling in the silver moonlight. Was it fear? Or was it excitement?

I clench them, willing them to stop.

It was revenge.

Fake MC: “Apologize.”

Baddie 1: “…heh.”

Fake MC: “Apologize, you bastard!”

Baddie 1: “For what?”

Fake MC: “FOR DOING ALL THIS! YOU KILLED HER! YOU ATE HER! PROSTRATE YOURSELF AND BEG FOR FORGIVENESS! REPENT! CONFESS! APOLOGIZE!

Fake MC: “…And maybe if you do, I won’t kill you.”

<CG of Fake MC and Baddie 1 facing off. Baddie 1 is slowing getting up, crouched down. Fake MC’s body is tense, but he’s not in a fighting stance.>

Baddie 1: “Heheh…”

Fake MC: “What are you laughing at?”

Baddie 1: “You should be thanking me.”

Fake MC: “Huh?”

Baddie 1: “You should be thanking me, because you had fun, right?”

Baddie 1: “Doesn’t it feel good? Venting out your anger and frustration? Pretending you aren’t powerless? Come on, boy, thank me!”

Fake MC: “…”

Baddie 1: “Thank me, because you’re the same kind of monster as me!”

Fake MC: “…shut up.”

Baddie 1: “What’s that half-hearted response? Let’s drown in violence together!”

Fake MC: “Shut up.”

Baddie 1: “Oh, what the fuck is this? Getting cold feet? Want me to go over how she died? Oh, but wait, you don’t even remember her now!”

Fake MC: “Shutupshutupshutup…”

Baddie 1: “You telling me to continue? Alright! First off, the freshness of the ingredient needed to be preserved. Did you know that fingernails are pretty much like potato chips? Anyways, started off with those, then the tongue, because it’s a rather flavorsome piece of meat, followed b-“

Fake MC: “SHUT UP!”

Baddie 1: “THEN MAKE ME!”

Accelerate.

I rush at him with all my might, until I could see the whites of his eyes.

Harden.

I clench my fist until my fingernails pierce my palms, blood boiling within.

Strike.

I lash outwards, right into his disfigured face.

In my mind’s eye, I had already knocked him down.

In my mind’s eye, I was tearing him to pieces.

In my mind’s eye, he was a bloody pulp.

But before me, he pulled down the collar of his shirt, and only then could I see his mouth.

A mouth of too-many teeth, every one of them sharp in the moon’s gaze.

Baddie 1: “Fenrir.”

A red flame encompassed his face as my blow struck true.

(crunch)

<scene turns black and red>

Eh?

What was this?

(tearing sounds)

Ah.

It hurt.

It hurt so m-

(blood spraying sounds)

Baddie 1: “Ah. Messed up.”

Baddie 1: “Shouldn’t have rushed it.”

<credits roll>

<the credits finish>

<the scene turns to the interior of a train>

The trains slows down, inertia causing my body to lean forward. In this day and age, speed and silence could be had in the same package, and the interior of the train was devoid of any engine noises.

Outside the window, I could see the full moon, shining resplendently over the darkened cityscape. The sea was still out of sight, but that was fine. There would be plenty of time to view it later.

An artificial voice resounds through the carriage full of sleeping passengers. The stop is Izumo, Shimane prefecture. The time is 11:52PM. They will be here for five minutes.

The seats of business class was comfortable, and there would be no one waiting outside the station to pick me up.

MC-kun: “I still have time.”

And the moon was beautiful, even if no one was beside me.