

## [EPISODE ONE - 運命の始まり ]

### Prologue: The Arrival of Parast

The night sky was a canvas of darkness, untouched by the glow of city lights. The only source of illumination came from the streak of fire that cut through the heavens—a meteor, burning bright as it plunged toward Earth. It wasn't the first to fall, nor would it be the last. But this one was different.

The meteor landed in the remote mountains, far from prying eyes, and in its wake, an unnatural silence settled over the land. The crater it left behind seemed to pulse with a malevolent energy, as if the Earth itself was holding its breath.

Within the crater, something stirred.

It began as a whisper—a sound barely audible to human ears, a flicker of motion in the shadows. But that flicker grew into a shape, and the shape grew into a form—a being, tall and formless, its body constantly shifting, morphing, as though it could not decide what it truly was. It was something more than human, something alien. The first *Parast* had arrived.

C.H.R.P. had been watching.

For years, they had tracked the meteor's approach, anticipating the threat it carried. They had known what was coming. But no one had been prepared for the horror of the *Parast*. With each kill, they could mimic the bodies, the minds of their victims, and evolve. The world's leaders had underestimated the danger, dismissing it as a freak occurrence, a small incident that would be easily contained. They were wrong.

And now, it was too late.

In the shadows of an underground facility, deep beneath a nondescript government building, an emergency alert flashed across the monitors. C.H.R.P. was ready, but they had no answers, no certainty. They had only one hope: the *Chroners*.

Five devices, each shaped like a creature from nature's most ancient predators. Each with a power unlike any humanity had ever known. But there was a problem.

The *Chroners* had no chosen users.

The air in the room was thick with the tension of unspoken truths. The team leader, a man with a cold, calculating gaze, turned to the monitors, his eyes scanning the data. "The *Parast* is evolving," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "And so must we."

With those words, the hunt began. Not for the *Parast*—but for the ones who would wield the *Chroners*. They were the only hope left. Five men, chosen by fate, each marked by the very traits that made them who they were: the selfless, the free, the leader, the broken, and the unknown.

But the *Scaraph Chroner*—the one with the power to tip the balance—remained dormant, its secrets locked away.

And with the rise of the *Parast*, time was running out.

## **Scene: The C.H.R.P. Command Center – Operation Firestorm**

The room was bathed in a harsh, flickering light from the monitors. A low hum filled the air as the C.H.R.P. team worked relentlessly to track the movements of the *Parast*. Outside, the storm raged—the violent wind and rain battering against the reinforced glass of the underground facility. Inside, there was only silence, broken by the rapid clicking of keyboards and the occasional bark of orders.

General Keiji Mori stood at the head of the room, staring intently at the live feed displayed on the central screen. The image showed a small town in the rural northeast—once a peaceful place, now shattered by the presence of the *Parast*. It was clear from the footage that a *Parast* had already taken the form of a human—a local police officer who had gone missing weeks ago. But something was wrong. The officer’s face—contorted, twitching, barely recognizable—was now filled with a twisted hunger for more.

“Initial reports confirm it’s evolved again,” Keiji said, his voice steady, but the weariness in his eyes was unmistakable. He had seen this before. Too many times. The *Parast* wasn’t just mimicking—they were adapting. Evolving faster than anything C.H.R.P. had prepared for. “Send in the clean-up team. No hesitation. We can’t risk another breach.”

A few feet away, Lieutenant Aya Fujimoto, a sharp-minded tactical officer with a reputation for quick thinking, gave a nod and picked up the comms device. She was the one who had been tracking the *Parast* for the past few months. The hunt was becoming personal. Each time they failed to stop one, another one would appear, and it felt like they were only losing ground.

"Team 3, you have the go-ahead. Make sure you contain the target. No collateral damage. We don't need another *incident*." Her voice was calm, but the tension was clear. She knew the team wasn't ready for this kind of battle. Not without the *Chroners*.

The screen flickered again, this time showing the team of C.H.R.P. agents gearing up in tactical suits, preparing for the mission. They wore specialized armor equipped with pulse rifles designed to slow down the *Parast*, but it was nothing more than a temporary measure. The *Parast* could regenerate rapidly after every hit. It was only a matter of time before they adapted fully.

Keiji turned away from the screen and walked to a secluded corner of the room. He stared at a set of five objects—each one hidden beneath a thick glass dome—sitting on a table in the dim light. The *Chroners*. Each of them different, yet linked by the same insidious energy. Their time had not yet come. Not until a user could be found. But as he gazed at them, doubt crept into his mind.

“We need those *Chroners*, Keiji,” Aya said, her voice cutting through the silence. She had stepped up behind him, her eyes following his gaze. “Without them, we’re just delaying the inevitable. *Parast* evolves. We don’t.”

Keiji clenched his fists, feeling the weight of his decisions. “The users aren’t ready. We can’t afford to—”

“You think they’re ready now?” she cut him off. “We’re running out of time. The *Parast* is already outpacing us, and we’ve barely even scratched the surface. If we don’t act soon, we’re going to lose everything.”

The weight of her words hung in the air as Keiji considered her point. They were already behind—if they didn’t make a move now, they might never catch up. His mind wandered back to the moment when he first learned about the *Chroners*. When the plan was nothing more than a speculative theory, the devices locked away with no user in sight. What if they couldn’t find the right people? What if the *Chroners* rejected them?

The sudden crackle of static from the comms system interrupted his thoughts. Aya grabbed the receiver and listened intently.

“We’ve engaged the *Parast*,” came the voice of Team 3’s commander. “But... they’re faster. It’s like they’re... adapting.”

Keiji's eyes narrowed. "How fast?"

"Near lightspeed, sir. We can't keep up."

A chill ran down Keiji's spine. Without the *Chroners*, they were fighting a losing battle.

Aya set the comms down. "We're at a crossroads, Keiji. We need to make a decision. If we don't activate the *Chroners*, we might not have a world left to save."

Keiji turned away from the table, his decision made. "Prepare the *Chroners* for activation. We're going to need to test them, and we need to do it now."

## **Scene: Kaito Ishikawa's Apartment – A Quiet Moment**

The sound of boiling water filled the apartment, mixing with the distant hum of city life outside. It was late, but Kaito Ishikawa wasn't bothered by the hour. His younger sister, Yumi, sat at the small dining table, hunched over a pile of textbooks, her face contorted in concentration. A soft sigh escaped her lips as she tapped her pencil against the paper, frustration evident in her posture.

Kaito glanced at her, a small smile tugging at his lips. Despite the late hour, he knew better than to disturb her when she was like this—head down, eyes fixed, determined. But he could see it in her—the stress building up. He knew she'd been putting off a lot of her schoolwork, and it was starting to take a toll on her.

He quietly set down the kettle and moved to her side, leaning against the table. “Yumi, you’re not going to learn anything by burning yourself out,” he said softly.

She glanced up at him, a little startled, before she sighed again, brushing a lock of hair out of her face. “I’m fine, Kaito. Just trying to finish this... it’s just... this project is too much,” she said, her voice a little defeated.

Kaito reached over and gently moved her pencil aside, his hand lingering on the table for a moment. “You’re not fine. I can see it,” he replied with a small, teasing smile. “And you’re not fooling anyone with that ‘I’m fine’ act.”

Yumi rolled her eyes but couldn't hide the small smile that tugged at the corner of her lips. "You always know when something's up."

"Because I'm your older brother," he said, pulling up a chair beside her and sitting down. "I'm supposed to look out for you. It's my job, remember?"

She looked up at him, the stress still evident in her eyes, but there was comfort in his presence. "Thanks, Kaito," she murmured quietly, tapping the edge of her book with her fingers.

He nodded, his expression softening. "You don't have to do everything alone. I'm here, okay? If you need help with your project or just need someone to talk to, I'm here."

Yumi glanced at him, her lips curving into a small, grateful smile. "I know. It's just... you've been working a lot lately. I don't want to be a burden."

Kaito chuckled, shaking his head. "You'll never be a burden, Yumi. Don't even think that. You're my sister. I'd do anything for you." He stood up and walked to the kitchen. "Now, let's get you a break. You can't concentrate on an empty stomach, right?"

Yumi frowned as she watched him. "But I'm not hungry—"

“No arguments,” Kaito interrupted with a grin. “Just sit tight. You’ve been at this for hours.”

A few minutes later, he set down a steaming bowl of ramen in front of her. He had cooked it quickly, but he made sure it was just the way she liked—extra broth, some chili paste, and a generous helping of green onions.

“Here. You’ll feel better after eating something.”

Yumi looked down at the bowl, her gaze softening. The tension in her shoulders seemed to ease, if only slightly.  
“Thanks, Kaito.”

She hesitated for a moment before picking up her chopsticks. “You always take care of me... Why?”

Kaito paused, looking at her from across the table. His smile faltered for a moment, a shadow passing over his face, but he quickly recovered. “Because you’re my sister,” he said simply, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. “And that’s what family does. We take care of each other. No matter what.”

Yumi smiled, the quiet warmth of the moment wrapping around them both. For a moment, the world outside seemed distant—just the two of them, in their small apartment, surrounded by familiarity and love.

But Kaito's thoughts wandered for a brief second, and something in his chest tightened. The world was changing. Things were happening outside of their little bubble. His phone buzzed on the kitchen counter, but he didn't check it, unwilling to break the moment. He just wanted to hold on to this peace a little longer.

"Eat. Then we'll tackle that project together," he added, pushing the bowl closer to her.

Yumi nodded, finally lifting the chopsticks. As she ate, the tension seemed to fade, replaced by a comfortable silence. But Kaito couldn't shake the feeling that something was coming. A feeling that had been gnawing at him for days. He didn't know when it would happen, or what it would mean, but he knew something would change soon.

And when it did, he would be ready. For her. For everything.

## **Scene: Streets of Nagashima – Twilight, Near Empty**

The dying sunlight bled across the city like a fading bruise. Kaito's footsteps echoed softly down the quiet sidewalk, a paper bag cradled under one arm, filled with materials for Yumi's school project—foam boards, markers, some glue sticks. His face was calm, unreadable, as always. The kind of calm that either came from incredible peace... or dangerous experience.

As he passed a narrow alley, a low, wet sound stopped him mid-step.

He turned his head slowly.

There—just barely visible in the shadows—stood a man. Or what looked like one. His skin twitched unnaturally. His eyes were wrong—too sharp, too wide. His body trembled as if something underneath was puppeteering it. His mouth hung open with a crooked smile, like it wasn't used to the shape.

A Parast.

Its body began to ripple and mutate, slowly shedding its human disguise. Black, oily tendrils stretched from beneath the skin, forming spiked limbs, insect-like claws, and a grotesque, chittering jaw.

Kaito didn't blink.

The bag in his hand slipped slightly, but he caught it before it fell. He took a slow breath. Then—he stepped forward.

“You’re not him,” he said simply.

The Parast hissed, mocking his words, then shrieked—a sound that split the air.

Sirens screamed in the distance. Within seconds, CHRP armored vehicles pulled up from both ends of the block, troops piling out, weapons drawn, shouting commands.

**“CIVILIAN, STEP BACK!”**

**“TARGET LOCKED—DON’T ENGAGE ALONE!”**

But Kaito didn’t stop walking. His eyes locked on the Parast’s own, unwavering. Not a tremble. Not a flicker of fear.

The Parast lunged, claw raised to strike—and then—

**Time seemed to slow.**

From above, something sliced through the air—a sharp, mechanical screech followed by a high-pitched pulse. A shape descended like a bullet, glowing with jagged red light. The Scaraph Chroner.

It hovered in the air for a second, spinning, scanning.

And then—it flew straight into Kaito's outstretched hand, locking around his wrist like it had always belonged there.

Everyone—CHRP troops, the Parast—froze for a heartbeat.

Kaito looked down at it. The Scaraph Chroner hummed in sync with his heartbeat. He smiled—just a little.

“...Took you long enough.”

With a fluid motion, he gripped the center of the device, twisted—

[“SCARAPH CHRONER — SYNC COMPLETE.”]

The transformation erupted.

Black and deep crimson armor plated across his body in hexagonal pulses, locking in with insect-like precision. A jagged horn formed over his helmet, eyes flaring bright red. The Scaraph Chorophy was born—heavy, armored, beetle-styled, built for impact and endurance. The earth beneath cracked slightly under the pressure of the transformation's energy.

Kaito stood fully armored, exhaling once as the red visor narrowed.

The Parast screeched and lunged again.

And Kaito moved—**Blitz Rush activated.** A blur of scarlet light shot forward, and in a blink, he had already appeared behind the creature.

## **One punch.**

The street cracked beneath the force. The Parast was launched into the side of a building, the impact shattering concrete.

The CHRP troops stood stunned.

“...Who is that?” one whispered.

“He’s not on record... Is that the Scaraph Chroner?” another said, voice filled with disbelief.

Back on the street, the Scaraph Chorophy stood still, shoulders rising and falling. Slowly, Kaito turned his helmeted head toward the CHRP squad. His voice echoed through the modulator—calm, steady, and unmistakably certain.

“You don’t have to worry about this one. I’ll finish it.”

A silence fell as the Parast began to evolve, limbs cracking into new, sharper shapes—but Kaito didn’t hesitate. **He charged again.**

## **Scene: Mid-Battle – Streets of Nagashima, Warzone Atmosphere**

The evolved Parast let out a guttural roar as its limbs shifted—now leaner, sleeker, and covered in jagged organic plating. Its form now resembled a twisted fusion of mantis and machine, all twitching limbs and sharpened edges.

**Scaraph Chorophy** stood motionless, red visor glowing.  
Then—

**BLITZ RUSH – ENGAGE.**

Time warped.

Kaito's body vanished into a streak of crimson. He reappeared behind the Parast mid-sprint, throwing a spinning back-kick into its spine. The force sent a shockwave down the block, cracking asphalt, knocking over nearby street signs.

The Parast staggered—but didn't fall.

It turned—**countered fast**, launching multiple razor-like tendrils at once.

**Kaito ducked. Slid. Parried.**

The armor moved like a second skin. His hands chopped and redirected each tendril with perfect timing, deflecting

them like he'd practiced this a thousand times. Sparks flew as claw met armor.

## **Counterstrike.**

Kaito caught one of the tendrils mid-air, twisted it, and **yanked** the Parast forward—**delivering a full-force punch** to its gut. His gauntlet **ignited briefly** as Scaraph's internal core pulsed with energy.

## **“Impact Pulse — Level 2.”**

The punch detonated on contact, **sending the Parast flying** through a parked van. Metal twisted like paper.

## **No pause.**

Kaito **Blitz Rushed** again, this time mid-air—appearing **above** the Parast, bringing his boot down in an **aerial axe kick** straight to its face.

*CRACK—!* The street cratered. The Parast let out a cry—scrambled to regenerate.

## **Kaito didn't give it the chance.**

From the Scaraph Chroner, two **arm-mounted energy blades** extended, shaped like jagged beetle pincers. He grabbed one, rotated it into a reverse grip.

He dashed.

**Three slashes. One vertical. One horizontal. One cross-blade stab.**

The Parast reeled, ichor spraying from the wounds.

But then—**evolution spike.**

The Parast's back exploded outward, sprouting an extra set of limbs—one caught Kaito mid-slash and **slammed him into the ground.**

Dust cloud. Crater. Sparks.

For the first time, Kaito groaned—low, pained. But even in pain... he was smiling.

“You’re strong... good.”

“Let’s see how far I can go.”

**Scaraph’s Core glowed.**

He slammed both fists into the ground. An **energy ring** pulsed outward, disrupting the Parast’s balance.

Then—

**Final Sequence Initiated.**

**“Chrono Break: Horn Divider.”**

His armor lit up, flowing red circuit lines racing across the plating.

Scaraph's chest split slightly, revealing a glowing inner core. Energy flooded into his pincer blade as it **transformed** into a massive crimson horn-shaped weapon.

He leapt.

The horn blade spun like a drill.

And in a moment of suspended silence—

**he drove it through the Parast's core.**

*BOOM—!!*

The explosion was contained but immense. The Parast screamed as it shattered into pieces of black, crystallized remains, disintegrating into the wind.

**Silence.**

Kaito landed, steam rising from his armor. The horn blade slowly retracted. The glow of the Scaraph Chroner dimmed.

CHRP troops could only stare.

“He took it down alone...”

“And he's not even one of us...”

Kaito turned toward them—unfazed, his voice crackling through the helmet.

“You don’t need to know who I am.”

“Just remember what I did.”

He turned his back, walking into the smoke and fading light.

The Scaraph Chorophy disappeared into the city shadows, leaving behind silence... and questions.

## **Scene: CHRP Mobile HQ – Temporary Command Van, Near the Incident Site**

The room was tight, lit with low red tactical lighting. Monitors displayed drone footage of the battle that had just taken place. Data scrolled across the screens: energy readings, motion traces, impact levels.

**Commander Reiji Arasaka** stood at the center, arms crossed. Mid-40s, ex-military, graying temples. Scars visible beneath his uniform. He was watching the replay again. Slower this time.

“Rewind that. Five seconds before the Chroner made contact.”

The technician complied. They watched Kaito calmly reach out... and the **Scaraph Chroner chose him**. No hesitation.

Arasaka exhaled through his nose.

“Still gives me chills,” murmured Agent Hoshino, the squad’s tactical analyst. “He didn’t even flinch. Like he *knew* it would happen.”

“He’s not registered,” added another. “No affiliation with C.H.R.P. No biometrics in our system. And still... Scaraph chose him.”

“That’s the one no one could sync with, right?” Hoshino asked.

“Yeah,” Arasaka replied, voice low. “Fourteen candidates tried. All rejected. One went into a coma. Scaraph never even powered up. Until now.”

They all went silent again as the footage replayed the **Chrono Break: Horn Divider**—the final blow.

“...He moved like a soldier. But that wasn’t training,” Arasaka said. “That was instinct.”

A younger agent stepped forward, nervous.

“Sir... Should we bring him in?”

Arasaka narrowed his eyes.

“If he wanted to be found, we’d already have him here.”

Beat.

“Keep tracking. Quietly. No engagement. No media. No internal leaks.”

He turned away from the screens.

“Scaraph didn’t just choose him. It *waited* for him.”

“Now we wait, too.”

## **Scene Change: Kaito's Apartment – Later That Night**

The door creaked open.

Kaito stepped inside, his shirt torn slightly at the side, faint bruises already forming beneath his collar. He moved quietly, like a ghost slipping through the threshold. The hallway was dim—his sister must've already gone to sleep.

He set the bag of school supplies down gently on the kitchen table, its contents untouched. He opened the fridge, grabbed a cold pack, and pressed it against his ribs with a soft grunt.

Then he stopped—noticed something.

A little sticky note on the table, written in messy handwriting.

**“Onii-chan! I made you dinner!! Don’t forget to eat!!  
>:( It’s in the microwave!!”**

Kaito stared at the note. A breath escaped him—a chuckle, half-broken, maybe from pain, or maybe just... relief.

He took the food out, sat down in silence.

For a while, he just sat there—eating quietly under the dim kitchen light, the faint hum of the city outside his window, the glow of the Scaraph Chroner—now dormant—barely visible under his hoodie sleeve.

As he finished, he looked toward the closed bedroom door where his sister slept.

“Not yet,” he whispered to himself.

“You don’t need to know... not yet.”

He stood up, put his dishes away, and disappeared into the hallway.

Tomorrow... the world would start to change.

But for tonight, he was just her brother.

## [EPISODE ONE – FINAL SCENE]

### INT. KAITO'S ROOM – LATE NIGHT

The moonlight trickled through the blinds. Kaito sat at the edge of his bed, now out of his hoodie, torso wrapped with fresh bandages. His back faced the camera, revealing subtle **scar-like markings** trailing along his spine—something unnatural, as if the **Chroner's presence had always been inside him**.

He glanced at his wrist, where the Scaraph Chroner had folded into a dormant form—like a strange bracelet, glowing faintly.

He reached out and touched it. No words. Just that knowing look in his eyes. Like **he was ready. Always had been.**

### INT. CHRP HQ – CLASSIFIED BRIEFING ROOM

Commander Arasaka stands in front of a giant tactical map. Five glowing markers—each labeled with a different Chroner.

Only one is active: **Scaraph.**

## [TO BE CONTINUED]