

LOST ROAD (NOT FOR KIDS)

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LOST ROAD (NOT FOR KIDS)

by [TheShiningGalaxyDragon2484](#)

Summary

after Ruby, Granite and Peridot encounter a Jewelpet that looks eerily identical to Ruby, lots of crazy shit happens. And the debut of my OC superhero: Galaxyman, who is inspired by Guyver and Kamen Rider Black (and mostly, Ichigo.) and the main question: Is this end of Sakurā Yami, The Demon King of Evil, the Despair Knight?

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING PARTS MAY CONTAIN MENTIONS OR APPEARANCES OF SUBJECTS (GENOCIDE, SCHOOL SHOOTINGS, BULLYING, ABANDONMENT, MURDER, CORRUPTION, ETC.)

ANY AND ALL OF THESE SUBJECTS MENTIONED OR TALKED ABOUT IN THIS STORY SHOULD BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY BY EVERYONE, AND THAT INCLUDES YOU TOO.

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Notes

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See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

STILL

Ruby, Granite, and Peridot are walking cautiously through the dimly lit path, their surroundings shrouded in an eerie silence. The moon casts a faint, silvery light, creating long, ominous shadows as they move forward. Ruby, in her human form, glances around nervously, her cherry red eyes filled with a mix of fear and curiosity. Granite, with his silver hair and stern expression, stays alert, his fists clenched slightly as if ready to protect his friends. Peridot, with her long green ponytail and crystal high heels, walks beside them, her eyes scanning the darkness warily.

Ruby (nervously): "It's too quiet... I have a bad feeling about this, Granite."

Granite (calmly but alert): "Stay close, both of you. We don't know what could be out here."

As they continue, a faint silhouette appears ahead, gradually coming into view—a Jewelpet that looks hauntingly familiar yet entirely different. The figure steps into the moonlight, revealing a gothic version of Ruby: a black and white Dutch rabbit with piercing blue apatite eyes and two hot pink heart patterns. An indigo butterfly hair clip adorns her left ear, and a garland of indigo roses wraps around her neck.

Luea (with an uncomfortable tone): "Hi."

The eerie greeting sends a chill down Ruby's spine. She recognizes the resemblance immediately but can't believe her eyes. Before she can react, the gothic rabbit begins to glow, her form shifting and elongating until she transforms into a young girl with long violet hair, a dark blue butterfly bow at the back of her head, and a purple autumn Japanese-style uniform with a patterned mini skirt.

Granite (clenching his fists, ready to fight): "Who are you?!"



Luea (smirking with an unsettling smile): "Wassup, Ruby! How's my little twin sister doing?"

Ruby's eyes widen in shock, her heart pounding in her chest. The words "little sister" echo in her mind, bringing a flood of emotions she hasn't felt in years. Tears well up in her cherry red eyes, and she begins to cry uncontrollably.



Ruby (in a choked whisper): "Little sister...?!"

Luea's evil laugh pierces the night air, her sinister demeanor sending shivers down Ruby's spine. Granite, seeing Ruby's distress, charges forward despite her pleas, determined to protect her.

Ruby (crying out, through her tears): "Granite, no! Please, stop!"

But Granite doesn't listen. His anger and protective instincts take over as he engages in a fierce fight with Luea. Peridot, overwhelmed by the tension and fear, faints, collapsing to the ground. Ruby drops to her knees, her tears streaming down her face as she watches in helpless despair. Granite manages to land a few blows, but Luea's twisted smile only grows wider.

As the fight rages on, Ruby's sobs fill the air, echoing through the darkness. Granite finally breaks away from the fight, rushing to Ruby's side, his stern expression softening as he sees her tears.

Granite (kneeling beside Ruby, gently): "Ruby... it's going to be okay. I'm here."

Ruby clings to Granite, her body shaking with uncontrollable sobs, as Luea stands back, her unsettling smile never leaving her face. The night is filled with the sound of Ruby's tears, a heart-wrenching reminder of the dark reunion she never wanted.

Granite pulls Ruby close, his protective instincts stronger than ever. But as he looks up, his eyes lock onto Luea's mocking, twisted smile. His anger flares, and without a second thought, he reaches for a sword that materializes out of thin air—a shimmering blade glowing with a faint, ethereal light.

Ruby (pleading, voice trembling): "Granite, no! Please, stop! Don't do this!"

Granite hesitates for a moment, hearing the desperation in Ruby's voice, but his resolve hardens. He knows that Luea is dangerous, and he can't let her harm Ruby any further. With a determined look, he grips the sword tightly and charges at Luea.

Luea's eyes gleam with malice as she watches Granite approach. With a swift, calculated movement, she dodges his attack and then, with alarming speed, delivers a brutal kick to Granite's face. The force of the blow sends him staggering back, but Luea isn't done. She follows up with a series of vicious kicks, each one landing with deadly precision, targeting Granite's face and body.

Blood begins to splatter across the ground, the metallic scent filling the air as Luea's relentless assault continues. Granite tries to defend himself, but the sheer ferocity of Luea's attacks overwhelms him. With a final, devastating kick to his chest, Granite is sent crashing to the ground, his body limp and bloodied.

Ruby (screaming, tears streaming down her face): "Granite! No!"

Luea steps back, her dark laughter echoing through the night as she watches Granite lie motionless on the ground. She turns her gaze to Ruby, her smile widening with cruel satisfaction.

Luea (mockingly): "Well, that was easier than I thought. You should have known better than to stand in my way, little sister."

With one last unsettling laugh, Luea turns and walks away, disappearing into the darkness, her laughter still lingering in the air. Ruby rushes to Granite's side, her heart pounding in terror as she kneels beside him. Blood pools around his body, staining the ground as Ruby desperately shakes him.

Ruby (choking on her sobs): "Granite, please... wake up! Please!"

She presses her ear to his chest, her breath hitching as she struggles to hear the faintest sign of life. But Granite's body remains still, his face pale, and his breathing shallow—if he's breathing at all.

Ruby (whispering, voice breaking): "No, no, no... please don't leave me... please..."

The world around her feels like it's collapsing, the darkness closing in as Ruby clings to Granite, her tears mixing with his blood. She's a Jewelpet, not a human, but the sight of Granite's lifeless form fills her with a deep, agonizing fear. The thought of losing him, the thought that he might never wake up, is too much to bear.

As Ruby's sobs echo into the night, the reality of what has happened sinks in—she's all alone, with the one person she trusted lying motionless beside her, and the shadow of her sister's dark presence looming over her.

The night feels endless, and all Ruby can do is cry, holding onto the hope that somehow, Granite will open his eyes again.

Ruby sits in a stark white hospital room, her hands trembling as she clutches onto Granite's cold hand. The sterile smell of antiseptic fills the air, and the soft beeping of machines is the only sound breaking the silence. Granite lies motionless on the hospital bed, his face pale, and

his body covered in bandages. His normally vibrant eyes are closed, hidden beneath heavy eyelids.

Ruby's eyes are red and swollen from crying, her heart aching with guilt and fear. She had never seen Granite like this before, so fragile and hurt. The sight of him lying there, barely clinging to life, makes her feel utterly helpless.

A doctor, a middle-aged man with a serious expression, steps into the room. He carries a clipboard and approaches Ruby with a somber look on his face. Ruby looks up at him, her eyes filled with desperate hope.

Ruby (voice trembling): "Is... is he going to be okay?"

The doctor sighs, his gaze shifting to Granite's unconscious form. He takes a deep breath before speaking, choosing his words carefully.

Doctor: "For being a Jewelpet, Granite sustained major injuries—far more severe than we would typically see in a case like this. That girl who attacked him... she wasn't holding back. Her attacks were vicious and precise."

Ruby's grip tightens on Granite's hand as the doctor continues, her tears threatening to spill over again.

Doctor (gravely): "Had that girl gotten to his eye, then his Jewel Eyes would've been..." He pauses, making a sudden gesture as if to emphasize the finality of the situation. "Gone. Destroyed."

The weight of the doctor's words hits Ruby like a ton of bricks. She gasps, her hand flying to her mouth as fresh tears spill down her cheeks. The thought of Granite losing his Jewel Eyes—the very essence of his being—fills her with overwhelming despair.

Ruby (sobbing): "This is all my fault... I should've stopped her... I should've done something!"

The doctor shakes his head gently, his tone softening as he tries to comfort her.

Doctor: "There was nothing you could've done. From what I've seen, that girl—your sister—was incredibly powerful. Granite fought bravely, but the extent of his injuries shows just how dangerous she is."

Ruby's heart aches even more at the mention of Luea. The memory of Luea's twisted smile and mocking words haunts her, and the guilt of not being able to protect Granite gnaws at her soul.

Doctor: "We've done everything we can for him. The next 24 hours are critical. He's stable for now, but... it's up to him. He needs to fight, Ruby, and you need to be here for him."

Ruby nods weakly, her tears dripping onto the bedsheet as she leans in closer to Granite.

Ruby (whispering, voice cracking): "Please, Granite... you have to wake up. I need you... I can't lose you too..."

The doctor gives her a sympathetic nod before quietly leaving the room, allowing Ruby to be alone with Granite. She rests her head on the bed beside him, her tears soaking into the fabric.

As the minutes tick by, Ruby remains by Granite's side, holding his hand and silently pleading for him to wake up. The world outside the hospital seems distant and unimportant—all that matters is the person lying in the bed, the one she cares for more than anything.

Ruby's heart feels like it's breaking, but she refuses to let go of the hope that Granite will pull through. She can't bear the thought of losing him, not after everything they've been through together.

And so, she stays, her hand entwined with his, praying for a miracle.

Ruby remains by Granite's side, her tears silently streaming down her cheeks as she clings to his hand. The room is filled with a heavy, oppressive silence, broken only by the rhythmic beeping of the heart monitor. Each beep is a small reassurance that Granite is still with her, but she can't shake the fear that it won't last.

Kanon suddenly enters the room, her presence sharp and cold. The other Jewelpets and doctors, who had been quietly watching from the doorway, shift uncomfortably at her arrival. Kanon's eyes narrow as she takes in the scene before her, her gaze settling on Ruby and Granite.

The tension in the room is palpable as Kanon steps closer, her expression unreadable. Ruby doesn't notice her at first, too absorbed in her grief, but the other Jewelpets exchange worried glances, sensing that something is about to happen.

Then, without warning, the heart monitor's beeping begins to quicken. Ruby looks up, alarmed, as Granite's pulse races out of control. The beeping becomes frantic, a rapid and terrifying sound that sends a wave of dread through everyone in the room.

Doctor (urgent, to the medical staff): "We're losing him! Get the crash cart!"

The doctors spring into action, rushing to Granite's side as the heart monitor's beeping reaches a crescendo. Ruby's eyes widen in horror, her breath catching in her throat as she realizes what's happening.

Ruby (panicked, desperate): "No, no, no... Granite, please! Don't leave me!"

The heart monitor lets out a long, flat tone—a sound that sends a chill down everyone's spine. Granite's heart has stopped. The doctors frantically try to revive him, but the room is filled with a sense of overwhelming despair.

Ruby's world crumbles around her as she watches the doctors fight to bring Granite back. Her tears fall faster, her sobs growing louder as she clutches his lifeless hand. The sound of her heartbreak fills the room, and the other Jewelpets lower their heads, their own eyes brimming with tears.

Ruby (screaming, broken): "GRANITE!"

She cries uncontrollably, her voice echoing with a pain so deep it feels like it could tear her apart. The sight of her beloved friend slipping away is too much for her to bear.

Amidst the chaos, Kanon stands, unmoved by the scene before her. Her eyes cold and distant, she looks down at Ruby with disdain. As Ruby's cries fill the room, Kanon's voice cuts

through the air, sharp and unforgiving.

Kanon (coldly): "That's what you deserve, you useless rabbit."

Her words pierce through the room like a dagger, causing a collective gasp from everyone present. The other Jewelpets stare at her in shock, unable to believe what they've just heard. Ruby's sobs falter for a moment, her tear-filled eyes widening as Kanon's cruel words sink in.

But before anyone can react, one of the doctors—Doctor Glen—his face twisted with anger—steps forward and slaps Kanon across the face. The sound of the slap echoes through the room, startling everyone.

Doctor Glen (furious): "How dare you?! This is a hospital, and that is your friend lying there! How can you be so heartless?"

Kanon's head snaps to the side from the force of the slap, a red mark quickly forming on her cheek. She blinks in shock, her icy demeanor momentarily shattered by the unexpected blow.

The doctor glares at Kanon, his chest heaving with anger as he points a finger at the door.

Doctor Glen (authoritative): "Get out. Now. You have no place here."

Kanon stands there, stunned, as the reality of what she's done begins to sink in. She glances around the room, seeing the horrified and disgusted expressions on the faces of the other Jewelpets and medical staff. For a brief moment, a flicker of regret passes through her eyes, but she quickly shoves it down, her pride keeping her from showing any real remorse.

Without another word, Kanon turns and walks out of the room, her footsteps echoing down the hallway. The door swings shut behind her with a heavy thud, leaving the room in a tense silence.

The doctors continue their efforts to save Granite, but the atmosphere in the room is heavy with despair. Ruby clings to the hope that Granite will somehow come back, her heart breaking with every passing second. But deep down, she knows that the situation is dire.

As Ruby's tears fall onto Granite's hand, she whispers a silent prayer, hoping against hope that he will find the strength to return to her.

Kanon storms out of the hospital, her heart pounding in her chest. The cold night air hits her face, but it does nothing to cool the fiery storm of emotions swirling inside her. She walks aimlessly, her footsteps echoing through the empty streets. The further she gets from the hospital, the harder it becomes to hold back the emotions she's been trying so desperately to suppress.

Finally, Kanon stops in her tracks. The weight of what she's done crashes down on her, and she feels her legs give way beneath her. She collapses onto a nearby bench, her hands trembling as she buries her face in them.

Kanon's breaths come out in ragged gasps as the tears she's been holding back begin to spill over. Her tough, cold exterior crumbles away, leaving her feeling exposed and vulnerable. The realization of her own cruelty, of the words she spoke to Ruby, hits her like a punch to the gut.

Kanon (whispering, voice breaking): "What have I done?"

The memory of Granite lying lifeless in that hospital bed haunts her, his still form etched into her mind. And Ruby—Ruby's anguished cries echo in her ears, a constant reminder of the pain she caused. But it's the thought of her brother, Mikage, that sends a fresh wave of grief washing over her.

Her brother is gone, and with him, the only person who ever truly understood her. Kanon's chest tightens as she thinks of him, the one person who always stood by her, even when she was at her worst. She was so blinded by her own pain, her own bitterness, that she lashed out at the wrong person. She directed her anger at Ruby, at Granite—when all along, it was her own grief and guilt that were tearing her apart.

Kanon's shoulders shake as she cries, the tears falling freely now. There's no one around to see her, no one to judge her for the weakness she's finally allowing herself to feel. She cries for her brother, for the bond they once had, for the emptiness she feels without him. And she cries for the awful, unforgivable things she said to Ruby in that hospital room.

Kanon (choking on her sobs): "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..."

The words spill out in a broken whisper, but there's no one to hear them. Kanon hugs herself tightly, as if trying to hold herself together, but the truth is she's falling apart. The guilt is overwhelming, suffocating, and she knows she can never take back what she's done.

Kanon looks up at the sky, her vision blurred by tears. The stars above seem so far away, so unreachable—just like the forgiveness she knows she doesn't deserve. She had everything, a brother who loved her, friends who cared about her, and she threw it all away in her anger.

Kanon (whispering to the night): "Mikage... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

But there's no response, only the stillness of the night and the echo of her own broken voice. Kanon curls up on the bench, feeling more alone than she ever has before. The regret gnaws at her, an unbearable weight she can't escape from.

As the tears continue to fall, Kanon realizes that the pain she's feeling now is a pain she brought upon herself. And now, she's left to face the consequences of her actions, alone in the darkness, with nothing but her own guilt to keep her company.

The night is dark and stormy, with rain pouring down relentlessly. Kanon, drenched and shivering, stumbles through the floodwaters, her steps heavy and unsteady. The streets are submerged, and the water rises around her ankles, pulling at her with every step.

Kanon clutches her phone tightly, trying to call her parents once more, but there's no answer. The silence on the other end of the line is deafening, and her desperation grows with each unanswered ring. Tears mix with the rain on her face as she shouts into the phone.

Kanon (sobbing into the phone): "Mom, Dad, please... I need you! I can't come home for a year... Please, just... answer me!"

The floodwaters continue to rise, and Kanon, feeling utterly lost, collapses onto the wet pavement. Her cries are swallowed by the storm as she hears a noise nearby. She looks up and

sees a figure standing under a streetlamp, half-hidden by the shadows. It's Sakurā, who is clearly in a state of utter despair.

Kanon (through her tears): "Sakurā?"

Sakurā is visibly broken, his face streaked with tears. He's holding a photograph of his sister, who lies in a hospital bed, severely injured from a fight with a Negatone. The photograph shows her in a coma, her injuries severe.

Sakurā (voice trembling): "She's...she's in a coma. I thought I could protect her... but I failed. I lost her."

Kanon, still overwhelmed by her own grief, can't help but lash out in her anguish.

Kanon (bitterly): "That idiot deserves it. She should have been more careful!"

Sakurā's eyes flash with anger and pain. Without warning, he slaps Kanon across the face, the force of it shocking her into silence. Kanon recoils, stunned and hurt, both physically and emotionally. Sakurā's face is a mask of torment as he turns away, running through the rain towards the train station.

Sakurā (whispering to himself, over and over): "I mustn't run away. I mustn't run away."

The rain has turned into snow as Sakurā boards the train. He takes a seat by the window, staring out at the snowy landscape as the train pulls away. The sunset casts a somber glow over the scene, the sky painted with hues of orange and pink, contrasting sharply with the cold white snow.

Across the aisle, Kanon boards the same train, her face still red from the slap and her clothes wet and muddy. She hesitates for a moment before gathering the courage to approach Sakurā, who sits with his head bowed.

Kanon (softly, trying to approach): "Sakurā... I'm so sorry. I didn't mean it... I'm just... I'm so sorry."

Sakurā remains silent, his gaze fixed on the passing scenery. The weight of his own grief, mixed with the pain of Kanon's cruel words, is too much to bear. He clenches his fists, his knuckles white as he fights to keep his composure.

Kanon, still feeling the sting of Sakurā's slap and the burden of her own guilt, sits down beside him, her head hanging low. The train moves steadily through the snow-covered landscape, and the silence between them is heavy.

Sakurā (whispering to himself): "I mustn't run away. I mustn't run away."

The train continues its journey, and Kanon, her heart heavy with regret and sorrow, watches as Sakurā's silhouette slowly fades into the distance. She knows that he's slipping away from her, just as everything else seems to be slipping away.

Sakurā stands up as the train approaches the next station, his resolve firm despite the pain. He steps off the train, leaving Kanon behind, as he walks into the distance, his figure disappearing into the snowy haze.

Kanon (calling after him, desperate): "Sakurā, wait! Please, don't leave!"

But Sakurā doesn't turn back. He walks away, his steps determined yet weary, as Kanon watches helplessly from the platform. The train pulls away, and Sakurā's figure is lost to the storm and the snow, leaving Kanon alone with her sorrow and regret.

As the train disappears into the distance, Kanon collapses onto the platform, her cries mingling with the sound of the howling wind and the falling snow.

In the solitude of the empty platform, Kanon sits in the snow, her tears frozen on her cheeks. The weight of her actions and the loss she feels is unbearable, and she knows that her journey for redemption has only just begun. She remains there, alone, as the snow continues to fall around her, marking the beginning of a long, painful road to forgiveness and healing.

The snow continues to fall gently as Sakurā walks through the deserted streets, his face obscured by the falling snowflakes. He clutches his phone tightly as he speaks to his mother, Queen Aphrodite, on the other end.

Sakurā (his voice shaky, yet resolute): "Mom, I'm... I'm not coming home. Not now. Maybe not ever. I need to... figure things out."

His voice falters, and before his mother can respond, Sakurā abruptly hangs up. He gazes at his phone for a moment, his expression a mix of sorrow and determination. He looks at his sword, its blade reflecting the dim light of the street lamps.

Sakurā takes a deep breath and heads towards the airport, his footsteps crunching in the snow. The weight of his decisions is evident in his every move as he boards a plane bound for America, seeking solace and escape.

The plane lands in New York City, and Sakurā makes his way through the bustling streets, eventually finding himself standing at the base of the Statue of Liberty. The iconic statue looms large against the skyline, and Sakurā climbs up to the top, where he sits alone, facing the sunrise.

The golden hues of dawn paint the sky as Sakurā looks out over the Hudson River. The city below is just beginning to awaken, and the serenity of the moment contrasts sharply with the chaos he has left behind.

Sakurā (whispering to himself): "Maybe here... maybe I'll find a place to belong. A place where I can be loved, for who I am."

He gazes out at the horizon, the early morning light casting a warm glow over the city. Sakurā feels a sense of peace, albeit a fleeting one, as he watches the sunrise.

Back in Care-A-Lot, the Care Bears are gathered, their expressions filled with concern. News has reached them about Granite's death and Sakurā's mysterious appearance in New York.

Share Bear (looking worried): "Granite... he's gone. And now Sakurā... Why is he up there on the Statue of Liberty? What's he doing there?"

Grumpy Bear (frowning): "We don't know what's going on with him. Maybe it's best we let him be for now. He needs space to deal with his own problems."

Friend Bear (nodding): "I agree. Sometimes, people need time alone to process their emotions. Let's focus on supporting Ruby and the others."

The Care Bears decide to respect Sakurā's solitude, choosing to leave him undisturbed. They turn their attention back to their friends who are recovering, determined to provide support and comfort where it is needed most.

As the sun rises higher in the sky, the Statue of Liberty casts a long shadow over the city. Sakurā remains atop the statue, his thoughts a whirlwind of memories and emotions. He feels the weight of his past decisions and the burden of his responsibilities. Yet, there is a small flicker of hope in his heart, a hope that perhaps he can find redemption and peace, even if it means continuing his journey alone.

The city below bustles with life, a stark contrast to Sakurā's solitary vigil. He remains on the statue, watching the world wake up, contemplating the new chapter of his life as he seeks solace in the quiet strength of the monument.

As Sakurā sits alone on the Statue of Liberty, the world below moves on, and he is left with his thoughts, the sunrise a symbol of new beginnings and the promise of a future where he might finally find the acceptance and peace he see.

As the sun continues to rise over New York City, Sakurā sits alone atop the Statue of Liberty, his headphones on, lost in the music. The song "Abyss" by Yungblud plays through his headphones, and Sakurā sings along softly, his voice carrying the weight of his despair and yearning for redemption.

Sakurā (singing aloud): "I've seen Hell rise out of your eyes..."
"Creep up at night to your demise..."
"You've gotta fight, I've gotta fight..."
"Been thinkin' that I need isolation..."
"All this devastation..."
"Head needs renovation, alright..."

The lyrics echo his inner turmoil, his struggles with his past decisions, and the loneliness that has plagued him. As he sings, the city below continues its daily rhythm, unaware of his emotional catharsis.

Sakurā (singing passionately): "Could someone please save my life?..."
"Could someone please save my life?..."
"Could someone please save my life? 'Cause I've gone cold!"

His voice trembles, but no one seems to hear him from below. Despite his solitude, the act of singing provides a momentary solace. The music becomes a temporary refuge from his overwhelming feelings.

Kanon, still grappling with her own grief and regret, wanders through the city, the rain now subsided into a light drizzle. As she passes by the Statue of Liberty, she hears the faint sound of Sakurā's singing.

Kanon (stopping in her tracks, listening): "Is that... singing?"

She looks up and spots Sakurā perched on the statue's crown. Drawn by the beautiful, haunting melody, Kanon climbs up to meet him. As she approaches, he hears Kanon's voice faltering.

Sakurā (noticing Kanon, singing softly): "Your voice... it's nice. Reminds me of Garnet's."

Kanon blushes at the compliment, her heart softening amidst her turmoil. Overwhelmed by her emotions and feeling a strange connection, she impulsively leans in and kisses Sakurā.

Kanon (whispering, her voice trembling): "I... I'm sorry for everything."

Sakurā is taken aback, his eyes widening in surprise. He gently returns the kiss, feeling a moment of peace and connection that he hadn't anticipated. The two share a silent understanding as they embrace.

Back in Japan, Ruby, who has been grieving for Granite, suddenly feels a change. She notices a subtle shift in the atmosphere and rushes to Granite's side. To her amazement, she sees Granite beginning to move.

Ruby (tearfully, as she kisses Granite): "Granite! You're alive!"

Granite's eyes flutter open, and he looks at Ruby with disbelief and joy.

Granite (crying, voice breaking): "I'm alive! Ruby, I'm alive!"

The emotions of relief and joy flood over both of them. Ruby embraces Granite, and they both cry tears of happiness. The bond they share is strengthened by the trials they've faced.

As Kanon and Sakurā descend from the Statue of Liberty, Kanon's phone buzzes. She receives the news that her brother has been revived. Shock and relief wash over her as she processes the message.

Kanon (whispering to herself): "Mikage... He's alive!"

Her heart aches with a mixture of sorrow and joy. She looks back at Sakurā, who has been a part of her healing journey, and sees him as a symbol of hope and redemption.

Sakurā, feeling a sense of resolution, prepares to leave. He walks away from the Statue of Liberty, his thoughts now focused on his next journey. As he makes his way to the train station, he repeats softly to himself:

Sakurā (whispering): "I mustn't run away. I must find my place."

The sun sets as Sakurā boards the train, the city lights fading in the distance. Kanon watches him go, her heart heavy but hopeful, knowing that sometimes the path to healing requires letting go and moving forward.

As Sakurā rides the train, he looks out at the passing scenery, contemplating his future. He knows the road ahead will be challenging, but he is ready to face it with newfound strength and a glimmer of hope.

The train station bustles with activity as Sakurā boards the train. He takes a seat by the window, lost in thought. Kanon, still reeling from the news of Granite's revival and her own

emotional journey, spots Sakurā and makes her way to him.

Kanon (nervously approaching Sakurā): "Sakurā, wait!"

Sakurā looks up, surprised to see Kanon. She hesitates for a moment, then takes the seat next to him.

Sakurā (softly, surprised): "Kanon? What are you doing here?"

Kanon (sitting down beside him): "I... I need to talk to you. I've been feeling lost, and seeing you here... I don't know, it just felt like something I needed to do."

Sakurā nods, sensing the sincerity in her voice. The train begins to move, and the cityscape of New York fades into the distance.

Kanon (taking a deep breath): "I've made so many mistakes. Losing Mikage... I thought it was the end. But now that he's back, I can't help but feel like I've missed something important. I need to understand more about myself and what I'm supposed to do next."

Sakurā (gazing out the window): "We all make mistakes, Kanon. What matters is how we face them and what we do moving forward. Maybe this is a chance for both of us to find what we're truly searching for."

Kanon nods, feeling a sense of clarity from Sakurā's words. The train ride continues, with the two of them quietly sharing their thoughts and hopes.

Back in Japan, Ruby and Granite leave the hospital, their spirits lifted by Granite's miraculous recovery. Ruby clings to Granite's arm, her heart full of relief and joy.

Ruby (smiling brightly): "I'm so glad you're back, Granite! I missed you so much!"

Granite (smiling weakly, but gratefully): "I missed you too, Ruby. I'm sorry for the scare. I'm just glad to be here with you."

Despite their joy, a shadow of concern lingers over them.

Ruby (looking worried): "But we still have to worry about Kanon and the threat of Luea. We can't ignore it, especially now that she's shown up again."

Granite (nodding): "Yes, we need to be ready. Whatever Luea has planned, we need to stand strong together. For Kanon and for ourselves."

The train pulls into a station, and Sakurā and Kanon prepare to disembark. As they step off the train, they notice the first signs of dawn breaking through the clouds, casting a warm glow over the platform.

Sakurā (turning to Kanon): "This is where we part ways. You need to focus on your healing and reconnecting with Granite. I need to continue my journey."

Kanon (nodding, with a soft smile): "Thank you, Sakurā. For everything. I hope you find what you're looking for."

Sakurā smiles back, a sense of resolve in his eyes.

Sakurā (whispering): "We all will. Take care, Kanon."

As Sakurā walks away, Kanon watches him disappear into the distance. She takes a deep breath, feeling a sense of closure and determination.

Later, Ruby and Granite return home, ready to face the challenges ahead. They share a quiet moment together, planning their next steps.

Ruby (determined): "We'll find a way to deal with Luea. Together, we can overcome anything."

Granite (squeezing Ruby's hand): "Yes, we will. For everyone we care about, we have to be strong."

As they prepare for the trials ahead, their bond grows stronger, and their resolve deepens. They know that their journey is far from over, but with each other by their side, they feel ready to face whatever comes next.

ENCOUNTER

Akari Sakura, Miria Marigold Mackenzie, Sara, and Lady Momona find themselves in a tense situation. They are confronted by a monstrous beast threatening their peaceful world. As they scramble for safety, the roar of approaching motorcycles fills the air.

Akari (panicked, looking around): "We need to get out of here! This monster is too powerful!"

Just then, a red and white Suzuki GSX-R400 comes screeching to a halt. The rider, a stylish young man with black hair, steps off and removes his helmet, revealing his identity.

Kotaro Minami (smirking confidently): "Looks like you've got a problem here."

Another bike, a magenta, black, and white Honda DN-01 with yellow eyes, comes to a stop beside Kotaro. The rider, a brown-haired man with a black and white-striped coat, steps off from a gray large portal known as an Aurora Curtain. He takes off his helmet, revealing his face.

Tsukasa Kadoya (adjusting his coat): "So, this is the world of Twinkle?"

Akari (curious and surprised): "Who are you guys?"

Before Tsukasa can respond, the monster snarls, focusing its attention on the new arrivals.

Monster (growling): "And who might you be?"

Tsukasa Kadoya (grinning): "Oh, me? I'm just a passing-through Kamen Rider. **Remember that!**"

Tsukasa grabs a white device from his waist, the Decadriver. He pulls the grips, inserting a Rider Card and shouting, "Henshin!" The device activates, transforming him into Kamen Rider Decade. His suit materializes as an barcode-themed armor.

Kotaro Minami clenches his fists, making a cracking noise. He raises his left arm outward and clenches his fist. Bringing his right hand to his left fist, he performs a punching motion while shouting, "Henshin!" He transforms into Kamen Rider Black, his suit materializing in a burst of energy after becoming Battaman for a split second.

Decade and Black stand side by side, ready for battle.

Tsukasa Kadoya (as Decade): "Let's take this monster down!"

Kotaro Minami (as BLACK): "Agreed. Time to end this!"

The two Riders spring into action. Decade slashes at the monster with a sword attack, while Black uses his Kingstone Black to blind the beast. The monster staggers, giving Decade the opportunity to destroy its center core. Black follows up with his signature moves: "RIDER PUNCH!" and "RIDER KICK!" The monster explodes in a burst of light.

As the explosion reverses, and the monster becomes smoke. Both Decade and Black untransform, revealing their true selves.

Tsukasa Kadoya (smiling): "There we go. All in a day's work."

Kotaro Minami (nodding): "Glad we could help. I'm Kotaro Minami, by the way."

Tsukasa Kadoya (extending a hand): "And I'm Tsukasa Kadoya. Nice to meet you."

Akari (relieved): "Thank you so much! I'm Akari Sakura. These are Miria, Sara, and Momona. We really appreciate your help."

Lady Momona (smiling warmly): "It's wonderful to meet you all. I'm Momona. I was transported here to help and ended up finding some new friends."

The group exchanges pleasantries and introductions, the tension of the battle slowly dissipating as they celebrate their victory. The heroes from different worlds bond over their shared experience, finding solace and friendship in their unexpected encounter.

Miria (looking around): "Looks like things are calming down now. Maybe we can all get to know each other better."

Sara (nodding): "Yes, and perhaps we can work together again if our worlds need saving."

As they talk and get to know each other, the skies clear, and peace returns to the world of Twinkle. The unexpected heroes from different worlds have forged new connections, ready to face any challenge that comes their way.

In the darkened alleyway, the air felt thick with tension as the sound of hurried footsteps echoed against the damp walls. A man, breath ragged and eyes wide with fear, stumbled through the shadows, desperate to escape the ominous voice pursuing him.

"You want my power? Make a contract with me!" The voice, deep and demonic, seemed to come from everywhere at once, reverberating in the man's skull. With no other options left, he gasped out a shaky agreement, and suddenly, a dark, skeletal figure with large, bat-like wings materialized before him. The figure's empty eyes burned with malevolent light as it merged with the man's body, filling the alley with his twisted, echoing laughter.

Meanwhile, in another dimension, a stoic figure with a sharp, intimidating presence—was traveling through different worlds when he heard the demonic laughter pierce through the fabric of space-time. Realizing the presence of a Siren, a creature of immense evil, he followed the sound and emerged in the world of Twinkle, where the air was unusually thick with malice.

Back in Jewel Land, as Kotaro and Tsukasa shared stories of their past adventures, the serene night was shattered by a terrified scream. The group—Akari, Miria, Sara, Momona, Tsukasa, and Kotaro—immediately turned their attention to the source. They arrived just in time to see a horrifying sight: a man, possessed by the Siren, devoured a small child, leaving behind nothing but a pool of blood.

Before Kotaro and Tsukasa could react, a figure emerged from the shadows, his presence immediately commanding attention. The man had wild, spiky black hair, red eyebrows, and wore black-colored goggles with red lenses. His long, black coat, torn and stitched with a cape, billowed ominously as he approached. The strange magic of his outfit, Mahojiù, seemed to emanate an aura of dread.



The man was Sakurā.

Sakurā's eyes scanned the monster with cold detachment, his hand casually gripping a lighter. With a flick of the Biōlighter, he illuminated the possessed man's eyes, revealing swirling red lines against a black void. "So you are a Siren," Sakurā said, his voice as icy as his demeanor.

From within his coat, a black cat named Salem appeared, his voice filled with grim recognition. "The name of the Siren is Seedus, his attack is devouring people."

Sakurā's expression remained unfazed. "Well, what's new? They do this type of shit every day," he muttered, lighting a cigarette with the same lighter he used to expose the Siren.

Without warning, the possessed man's skin began to peel away, revealing a monstrous, wolf-like creature beneath. Kotaro, familiar with the ways of Gorgom, assumed it was a Mutant, while Sakurā seemed unimpressed. With a calm yet fierce determination, Sakurā began his assault on the creature, his movements a blend of raw strength and precise swordplay.

The battle was intense, with Sakurā wielding his sword, Devil's Blade, with terrifying efficiency. He drove the blade into the ground, creating a swirling energy that caused the moon to glow blood-red and full. His eyes turned a vivid green as he unleashed his transformation.

His body convulsed as he dropped to the ground, almost overwhelmed by the power coursing through him. Suddenly, from the sky, a dark, armored skin slammed into him, fusing with his flesh. His face twisted into a monstrous helmet, fangs sprouting from his mouth, and his eyes transformed into slashed, Spider-Man-esque teardrops. His arms were lined with spikes, and a giant cape unfurled from his back. The transformation was complete—Sakurā had become MAŌ.



Akari, Miria, Sara, Tsukasa, Kotaro, and Momona watched in horrified awe as MAŌ unleashed his fury on Seedus. Miria, trying to make sense of the monstrous transformation, whispered, "It reminds me of Spider-Man..."

But Akari, trembling with fear, corrected her, "No... that's not Spider-Man. That's something else..."

MAŌ's final blow was as brutal as it was effective—he beheaded Seedus with a single, swift strike, sending a torrent of blood gushing from the monster's neck. The creature dissolved

into smoke, its evil presence eradicated from the world.

As the dust settled, MAŌ reverted to his human form, once again becoming Sakurā. The group, still reeling from the encounter, cautiously approached him, their minds racing with questions. But Sakurā was uninterested in conversation. His expression was cold, detached, as he began to walk away, the weight of his actions hanging in the air.

Suddenly, he stopped, turned, and with a swift motion, unsheathed his sword. He pointed the blade directly at Akari, his eyes narrowing as he spoke in a low, threatening tone, "I'll kill you."

With those chilling words, Sakurā turned and disappeared into the night, leaving the group in stunned silence, the terror of his presence lingering long after he was gone.

As Sakurā walked away from the scene, his dark and brooding presence seemed to linger in the air like a shadow that refused to dissipate. His mind was a whirlwind of thoughts, and the recent confrontation with the Siren left him more detached than ever. Lost in his own world, Sakurā didn't notice the young man approaching him until they nearly collided.

The man he bumped into was Yuji Itadori, a young man of average height with a lean, muscular build hidden beneath baggy clothing. Yuji's spiky pink hair, styled in an undercut fashion, and large light brown eyes gave him a youthful and energetic appearance, but there was an underlying intensity to him, a hint of something darker. Since becoming the vessel for Sukuna, a powerful demon whose influence lurked beneath his skin, Yuji had gained a second pair of eyes and markings that only appeared when Sukuna took control.

Sakurā barely acknowledged the collision, continuing his stoic walk as if nothing had happened. Yuji, however, turned to get his attention. "Hey, wait up!" he called out, hoping to engage the mysterious figure.

But Sakurā remained silent, his cold demeanor unyielding as he ignored Yuji's attempts to start a conversation. Yuji, not one to easily give up, was about to follow when another figure appeared on the scene.

The new arrival was Takuto Andou, an 18-year-old Earthling with a hot-blooded and reckless nature. Takuto had always dreamed of becoming an F1 racer, a passion inspired by his grandfather, Soujiro Ando, who had told him stories of space pirates and heroic battles. Soujiro had entrusted Takuto with the Strage device, a powerful artifact that allowed him to transform into Lio-Sazer, the Lion Warrior of Fire.

Takuto's confident stride and energetic presence contrasted sharply with Sakurā's cold demeanor. As he approached, Takuto bumped into Yuji, recognizing him immediately. "Yuji!" Takuto exclaimed with a wide grin, "It's been a while, hasn't it? Ever since the Great Hero War! How have you been?"

Yuji turned to face Takuto, a smile breaking through his earlier frustration. "Takuto! Man, it's good to see you! I've been... well, it's been a lot, but I'm hanging in there."

Takuto laughed, the sound full of the unrestrained energy that seemed to define him. "You always were the tough one. I've been busy too, you know. Training, fighting off space pirates—you name it!"

The two of them shared a brief moment of camaraderie, reminiscing about the battles they'd fought together in the Great Hero War years ago. Despite the dangers they had faced, there was a bond between them forged in the fires of combat, and seeing each other again brought a sense of familiarity and relief.

As they talked, Sakurā continued to walk away, uninterested in the reunion unfolding behind him. He was a lone figure, shrouded in mystery, moving through the world with a purpose known only to him. Yuji noticed Sakurā's departure and felt a pang of curiosity mixed with concern.

"Who was that guy?" **Yuji asked, nodding toward Sakurā's retreating form.** "He seems... different."

Takuto glanced over, his eyes narrowing slightly as he observed Sakurā. "Not sure, but he's got an aura about him. Someone you don't want to mess with lightly. Let's keep an eye on him—just in case."

With that, Yuji and Takuto turned their attention back to their conversation, catching up on old times while keeping Sakurā in the corner of their minds, knowing that their paths might cross again in this strange, intersecting world of heroes, demons, and warriors.

As the scene unfolded, Miria stood among her friends, her mind racing with questions about the mysterious black-haired figure who had appeared out of nowhere and fought the monstrous Siren. She couldn't shake the feeling that he reminded her of someone she had heard about but couldn't quite place.

"What just happened?" **Miria pondered aloud.** "Who was that guy, and why did he attack the monster like that? And why didn't the monster turn back into a human? Does he hunt monsters regularly? It's all so confusing."

Kotaro, who had been silently reflecting on the events, finally spoke up. "You know, he reminded me of my brother, Nobuhiko. When he became Century King Shadow Moon during the battles with Gorgom, he had a similar cold demeanor and way of fighting. Nobuhiko was known for his ruthless efficiency when he became Shadow Moon. The way he acted, it was almost like seeing him again."

Tsukasa, adjusting his clothes, nodded in agreement. "That's a striking comparison. But if he's the same person who sacrificed himself for Kanon Mizushiro, then he's someone of great importance and might be connected to a much bigger picture."

Miria's eyes widened. "Kanon Mizushiro? That name sounds familiar. Is she a partner of Ruby? I thought Ruby only had Akari as a partner."

"Actually," Tsukasa said, "Ruby has connections to different partners of her's from different worlds, and Kanon Mizushiro is one of them. There's a lot more going on here than we initially realized. It seems that the black-haired guy's involvement is part of a larger, more complex narrative."

With this realization, Tsukasa and Kotaro exchanged a look of determination. "We need to find out more about this guy and his connections to the Sirens. There's a lot we don't know, and understanding this might give us the answers we need."

Miria nodded in agreement. “I’ll stay here and try to gather more information from the locals. Maybe someone has seen or heard something that could shed light on this.”

Momona, who had been listening intently, decided it was time to return to her own world. “I need to go back and meet up with Cayenne. He’ll be wondering where I am, and I have things to discuss with him.”

As Momona prepared to leave, the group began to disperse. Tsukasa and Kotaro headed off in search of more information, their paths diverging but their goals aligned. Miria set off to investigate further, while Momona returned to her world, leaving behind a trail of unresolved questions and a mystery that needed to be unraveled.

The city, now quiet under the night sky, held its secrets tightly, with each hero pursuing their own quest for answers. The encounter with the black-haired figure had opened a new chapter in their adventures, one that promised to reveal deeper connections and more dangerous foes.

SUFFER

In the bustling heart of New York City, the scene was set for an unexpected convergence. Miria, Akari, and Sara, having navigated the subway system, found themselves in the midst of the city's vibrant energy. The three young adventurers, while still feeling the weight of their recent encounters, were excited to explore the Statue of Liberty and hopefully find some answers.

As they exited the subway, they were promptly approached by a NYPD officer, his uniform crisp and authoritative. He eyed them with a mix of curiosity and concern. “Are you guys minors? Aren’t you a little too young to be out here?”

Akari, with her 13-year-old charm, looked up at him with a mixture of determination and innocence. “We’re here on important business. I’m 12, Miria’s around 8 or 9, and Sara is about 13 or 14.”

The officer, after a moment of contemplation, nodded. “Alright, but stay safe out here.” He waved them through, and they proceeded toward the Statue of Liberty.

Upon arrival, their excitement quickly turned to surprise as they were confronted by another NYPD officer stationed near the monument. “Hey! You three can’t be up here,” he called out, gesturing for them to come down.

Reluctantly, Miria, Akari, and Sara climbed down from the statue. Meanwhile, Sakurā, who had been watching from a distance, made a dramatic entrance. With a powerful leap, he descended from the top of the statue, crashing onto a side road and causing a small crack in the pavement. His landing was as effortless as it was imposing.

As Sakurā walked towards Times Square, his focus was fixed on a familiar face. In the bustling square, Ako was relaxing at a food café with Souta, enjoying a glass of orange soda. Sakurā’s arrival was soon accompanied by the bartender's bewilderment as Ako requested a soda for her brother. Sakurā, showing no regard for the bottle's fragility, crushed it with his bare hand, and the glass shattered on the pavement.

Ako, seeing Sakurā, greeted him with a warm smile. “Hey, Sakurā! Over here!” She gestured to the seat next to her. The girls, trailing behind him, watched with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

As Sakurā approached the café, he made a stoic and nonchalant introduction to the girls. “I’m Sakurā. Nice to meet you.”

Akari, still shaken from their previous encounter, couldn’t hold back her frustration.

In the twilight of a cosmic dawn in Major Land, on October 31st, 2006, at 11:58:58 pm JST, a remarkable and ominous event occurred. Queen Aphrodite, the regal and wise ruler of Major Land, felt an intense, sharp pain course through her body. The room was silent, filled with the heavy breaths of anticipation as the Queen was about to give birth. But what emerged from within her was far from ordinary—a smooth, gleaming black alien egg. The egg, an unnatural sight in the royal birthing chamber, soon cracked open, revealing a creature of alien origin with black and green skin, adorned with scars and mystical markings. A cape that seemed almost alive flowed from its back,

and its eyes, reminiscent of Spider-Man's, glowed with an eerie intensity. Despite its monstrous appearance, Queen Aphrodite felt an overwhelming sense of maternal joy. However, she quickly realized that this creature was incomplete and needed a human guise. Without hesitation, Queen Aphrodite seized a medical syringe from her husband, King Mephisto, and injected it with a mystical serum. Almost immediately, the alien form began to change, and a second skin formed over it, transforming into a human-like cocoon. This cocoon gradually developed into a male human baby. They named him Sakurā, after the Japanese word for cherry blossom, symbolizing the hopeful blossoming of the world. However, the hope that his name carried would be overshadowed by an innate darkness within him. Sakurā was not destined to blossom the world but to carve a path of his own—a path shadowed by vengeance and conflict. Sakurā's early life was marked by strangeness and isolation, despite his noble birth. Often accompanied by his younger sister, Ako, he visited the human world. One fateful night, he witnessed a group of children being brutally murdered by a hitman named Banjo Ikinoka, who was possessed by a Siren known as Greedess. Enraged, Sakurā seized his father's legendary sword, the Devil's Blade, and struck down Greedess, despite lacking the necessary discipline to wield such a powerful weapon. The effort overwhelmed him, and he passed out from the sword's mystical energy. On September 1, 2008, when Sakurā was three years old, his father, King Mephisto, took him out for ramen. After their meal, Mephisto instructed his son to wait at Grandpa's mansion, promising to return. However, Mephisto never came back, believing Sakurā would be safe. Abandoned and alone, Sakurā waited in vain. That night, his mother discovered his empty bed and, in a panic, called for help. Despite their efforts, Sakurā had vanished into the night, determined to integrate into the human world. Sakurā began attending school, but his unique appearance and his "girly" name made him a target for relentless bullying. Despite this, he persisted, showing a resilience beyond his years. However, at age five, Sakurā witnessed a horrific genocide in Kanon Town on September 24th, 2011. During this tragedy, he saw his grandfather in immense pain, only to be saved by Cure Lovely, Megumi Aino, who had arrived from her timeline of the year 2014. Mistaking Cure Lovely's intentions, Sakurā pointed a gun at her, believing she had attacked his grandfather. Her kindness contrasted sharply with his anguish, leaving him more confused and enraged. As his grandfather took his last breath, he gave Sakurā a final wish: to take over the world and make the light a taste of its own medicine. Desperate to fulfill this wish, Sakurā vowed vengeance, declaring his hatred for all heroes, humans, Sirens, and the world itself. Hours later, Sakurā saw his grandmother being executed and brutally murdered in front of him, with her spine broken in half, her jaw split by a bunch of rapists, her head brutally ripped out of her neck and smashed on the hard concrete floor with the rapists raped Sakurā, his screams and cries were never heard as the rapists all say: "What's a stupid alien shithole like you gonna do? Come here, if not - I'll plow it so hard, you'll gonna enjoy it with rubber and a knife in the back for extra comfort!" After the unbearable 12 hours of being raped over and over, along with being drugged, the rapists leaving him traumatized, all bloody, in tears, in the cold and the darkness, naked with his clothes ripped and torn apart. Then a week later, on November 20, 2011, at approximately 1:55 pm, at the age of six, Sakurā's struggles continued as he stood up to a bully at school, only to be further ostracized by his peers. His outburst—"I'm tired of you all bullying me, I'm leaving forever!"—led to his departure from school. The teachers, paras, and students all cheered, relieved that Sakurā was gone. That day, while at a Mister Donut, he met Kirara Amanogawa, who would later become Cure Twinkle. She offered him kindness and a donut, a rare moment of solace in his turbulent life. However, Sakurā rejected her hug, accepting only a high five. Kanon Mizushiro, at the age of five, encountered Sakurā when she saw him being beaten by bullies. The bullies taunted him for his alien nature, saying, "Hope you drown in your green blood, you alien piece of shit. I can't believe you got a girl to help you." After they ran off, Kanon approached the bruised and crying boy. "Are you okay?" she asked. Sakurā replied, "Yeah, I'm fine," though he clearly wasn't. Kanon introduced herself and offered him a small gift—a kiss on the cheek, his first kiss. This encounter was a brief moment of connection in Sakurā's otherwise

lonely existence. However, Kanon's parents soon intervened, forbidding her from ever seeing Sakurā again. When Kanon disobeyed, her mother locked her in a closet as punishment, and later attacked Sakurā, slicing his left eye and making him half-blind. With Kanon's mother screaming at Sakurā "DON'T COME NEAR MY DAUGHTER EVER AGAIN, YOU LITTLE SHIT!" This traumatic experience further deepened Sakurā's hatred for humanity. Weeks later, Sakurā encountered a talking black cat named Salem. Salem offered a contract, promising protection and companionship. Sakurā accepted, and Salem became his loyal guardian. Together, they wandered in search of a place to call home, but society repeatedly rejected them. When Sakurā was just six years old, on the night of November 27th, 2011, he was kidnapped and confined in a white, windowless room 600 feet below the earth, deep within an asylum. Unlike the other humans and aliens in the asylum, who at least had doors or windows, Sakurā's room was devoid of any distractions or comforts—no books, no television, no food, no drinks, nothing. Every single day, he endured severe bullying and beatings, crying out for his family, but his pleas went unanswered. His only solace came from occasionally sneaking out to train with Salem, his cat familiar. The asylum staff, growing increasingly frustrated with Sakurā's attempts to escape, decided to dig even deeper into the earth to further isolate him. His cries and screams echoed through the facility, but they were ignored. His routine became even more brutal as he was forced to fight monsters in Akūma for food. One stormy night, when he was nine, Sakurā discovered a black alien egg while training. Upon touching it, the egg's tentacles enveloped him, transporting him to a realm known as The Other. Here, he encountered Genroar, a red demonic dragon familiar with Sakurā's plight and shared hatred for heroes, humans, and Sirens. Genroar offered Sakurā a new contract, fusing with him to become the ultimate Despair Knight. Despite his new power, Sakurā's life did not improve. On his 11th birthday, October 31st, 2016, the staff and patients of the asylum decided to play a cruel prank on him. They left a lit birthday cake in his cell, but as he approached it, he was sprayed with blood by an unknown person. The staff and patients, wearing scary masks and wielding weapons, chased him through an underground sewer tunnel. Sakurā ran for his life, planning to head for New York, but instead emerging on the streets of Ikinokoru, alone and abandoned once more. At age twelve, Sakurā and Salem were found by Ichiro Fujiwata, Mephisto's butler. Ichiro took them in, treating Sakurā as his own son. Under Ichiro's guidance, Sakurā joined the Bioknights, warriors who wielded magic and swords, and who could travel through time. Among them, Sakurā rose to prominence, earning the title of MAŌ, the Gory Despair Knight, with his true skin and power revealed. However, their reunion was short-lived. Sakurā, along with his siblings Tang and Ako, was kidnapped by a mysterious group known as "The Unknown," Siren generals disguised as pale-skinned vampires in business suits. These individuals worked for the CEO of Chaos Corporation. The Unknown subjected Sakurā, Tang, and Ako to invasive surgeries to implant the Primus Seed within them, granting them unique titles and abilities: Sakurā became the Red Gory Despair Knight, MAŌ. Tang became the White Softening Glittering Snow Knight, YUHANĀ. Ako became the Yellow Sorrowing Harmonious Comforting Lighting Princess, Cure Muse. As a Bioarmor entity, Sakurā's body and consciousness were drastically altered. He gained the traits of a hungry wolf, the defensive capabilities of an octopus, and the deadly powers of a black widow spider. Mephisto, their father, managed to rescue Ako and Sakurā, but Tang was left behind. Sakurā, using his newfound bat wings, flew towards Ikinokoru, determined to embrace his fate as MAŌ, the Gory Despair Knight. Despite his transformation, Sakurā's torment continued. He was relentlessly pursued by The Unknown. They chased him through the city, forcing him into hiding. During one such chase, he found himself cornered on the top floor of a high-rise building. The Unknown taunted him, declaring that they would complete the surgery to make him the Demon King, one of Chaos Corporation's Dark Rulers. Sakurā attempted to escape but was overpowered and electrocuted. In a moment of desperation, he fell into a warehouse where he was pushed back and forth via telekinesis from an unknown, then he was slammed towards a wall - breaking it, then as he was scared, and almost about to die, he underwent a horrifying transformation. As the moon

turned blood red, his body morphed, fusing with an alien skin armor (Skinrmor). His eyes became slashed, spider-like teardrops, and his mouth transformed into fanged teeth. Spikes and frozen blood adorned his arms, and a giant cape flowed from his back. In his new form, Sakurā fought, went berserk and destroyed The Unknown, who revealed their true vampire forms. This marked the beginning of his relentless hunt for monsters, particularly the Sirens. Despite his formidable powers and title, Sakurā never wanted to be MAŌ. He longed for a normal life where he could protect his sister Ako and live free of the burdens imposed upon him. His traumatic past left him with deep emotional scars, shaping his serious and reserved demeanor, and this was the night he would make the world pay for every single cruel thing they ever did to him.

As Sakurā finished his story, the room was filled with a somber silence. Miria, Akari, and Sara listened intently, their eyes reflecting a mixture of empathy and awe. Ako and Souta, having heard parts of the story before, looked at Sakurā with a mix of understanding and concern.

Akari, still processing the revelation, finally spoke. “So, you’ve been through so much... It’s no wonder you’re so... intense.”

Sakurā nodded. “Yes. My path has been dark and difficult, but I fight to protect those I care about and to seek violence at those who’ve been wronged me.”

Ako put a comforting hand on Sakurā’s shoulder. “That’s my brother for you.”

Despite the grim nature of Sakurā’s past, his resilience and determination shone through, leaving the group with a newfound respect for the enigmatic anti-hero.

In the dusty attic of the abandoned church, the atmosphere was charged with tension as the group processed Sakurā’s intense story. The silence was abruptly shattered by the sudden appearance of Ruby and Kanon, each accompanied by their Jewelpet partners. Ruby, in her Jewelpet form, materialized alongside Kanon, who stood with her own Jewelpet companion.

Akari’s eyes widened in disbelief. “Ruby? But not?”

Her confusion was mirrored by the two Rubys, who exchanged puzzled glances. The Ruby Akari recognized was a different one from the one she and her Ruby had spoken to on the Jewelpod. That Ruby was unmistakably from another universe, evidenced by the pink watch she wore.

As Akari tried to make sense of the situation, Yuji and Takuto suddenly appeared beside Ruby and Kanon. The chaotic mix of appearances left Akari bewildered. “What the hell is even going on?”

Sara, irritated by Akari’s cursing, delivered a sharp slap to her cheek. “Watch your language!”

The unexpected appearance of Granite, a majestic blue, white, and gray lion, added to the confusion. Akari stared in awe. “What kind of Jewelpet is this?”

Granite, with a serene but solemn expression, addressed Akari. “I’m Granite. I used to be a human named Mikage Shiraishi. Kanon’s twin brother, in fact.”

Akari’s eyes widened in shock. “Humans can become Jewelpets?”

Granite nodded. “Yes. Lady Jewelina transformed me into a Jewelpet because I wished to be one. But she wasn’t the Lady Jewelina you know. My Lady Jewelina was possessed and killed Ruby for a short while before she was revived. I wanted to be like Ruby, but when I became a Jewelpet, I had to give up my human life. I became Granite, while my human body perished. I was no longer Mikage Shiraishi; I was only Granite the Blue, White, and Gray Lion.”

Kanon’s face fell as she realized the full implications of Granite’s words. Tears began to stream down her cheeks as she understood that Granite’s human self, Mikage, was truly gone.

The scene became even more surreal when Ruby and Granite both began to transform into their human forms. As they did, the room was filled with gasps of shock from Akari, Miria, Sara, Yuji, and Takuto.

Ruby, now in her human form, looked at Akari with a reassuring smile. Her transformation revealed a familiar yet different appearance, reflecting her true identity beyond her Jewelpet form.

Granite also transformed, revealing a human form that retained traces of his Jewelpet appearance. His demeanor remained calm despite the emotional weight of the revelation.

The group stared in astonishment at the transformations. Akari, still grappling with the events, could only murmur, “I... I don’t know what to say.”

Miria, taking in the scene, placed a comforting hand on Akari’s shoulder. “It’s a lot to process. But maybe understanding these transformations will help us find a way forward.”

Sara nodded in agreement, her own face reflecting concern and empathy. “We need to work together to make sense of this and help everyone involved.”

With the room now filled with a mix of astonishment, sadness, and determination, the group gathered around, ready to confront the complexities of their intertwined destinies.

The attic’s tense silence was shattered as a black door materialized and split open like a spaceship hatch. From within, a familiar figure emerged with a confident stride. The figure was clad in dark armor, exuding an aura of authority and danger. Sakurā instinctively reached for his sword, his senses on high alert.

“Who is that?” Akari whispered, her eyes widening.

Takuto’s eyes lit up with recognition. “That’s Kotaro Minami—Kamen Rider Black!”

As Kotaro stepped forward, his gaze locked onto Takuto. “Lio-Sazer. It’s been a while.”

Akari gasped, realizing Kotaro was the same person who had once saved them. Her shock was evident as she looked back and forth between Kotaro and Sakurā. Kotaro’s attention then shifted to Sakurā, his expression serious as he took in Sakurā’s formidable presence.

Before the situation could settle, a monstrous roar echoed through the church. A hulking creature crashed through a window, its grotesque form causing panic. Sakurā was caught off guard, getting slammed against the wall before scrambling to regain his footing.

The monster's appearance seemed to trigger a wave of déjà vu for Kotaro. Memories of being pursued by the Gorgom generals in Tokyo when he was seventeen flooded back. The monster's aggressive demeanor reminded him of the chaotic battles from his past.

Sakurā, now visibly shaken, immediately transformed into MAŌ, his fearsome form enveloping him in an eerie, dark aura. The transformation was both dramatic and unsettling, as his human form was replaced by the monstrous visage of MAŌ.

Akari, her voice trembling, spoke to the group, "I think I'm gonna be scared of that transformation forever."

Takuto's eyes were wide with fear and awe. "This is freaking me out. I've never seen anything like it."

Yuji, equally unsettled, added, "The transformation is... trippy. It's like watching a nightmare come to life."

The group watched in stunned silence as MAŌ confronted the monster. The once-abandoned church had now become a battleground, with Sakurā's dark transformation and Kotaro's presence adding layers of intensity to the chaotic scene.

Kotaro, recognizing the gravity of the situation, adjusted his stance and prepared to assist in the battle. The monster roared and lunged, setting the stage for a confrontation that would test the limits of their courage and strength.

As Sakurā and Kotaro prepared to fight, the group braced themselves for the battle ahead, knowing that their survival—and perhaps their very understanding of the world—hinged on how they faced this monstrous threat.

The battle with Gambit, the formidable Siren, was fierce and unforgiving. Sakurā, in his MAŌ form, fought with everything he had, unleashing his dark powers with precision and ferocity. Yet, amidst the chaos, Ako had dashed outside, hoping to help, but found herself caught in the crossfire. As Sakurā delivered the final blow to Gambit, the Siren crumpled to the ground, defeated.

But the victory came at a tragic cost. Ako lay motionless on the ground, her lifeless body a stark reminder of the brutality of their world. Sakurā, now in his human form, rushed to her side, his hands trembling as he tried desperately to wake her.

"No... Ako, please!" Sakurā's voice cracked with anguish as he shook her, but there was no response. His mind was overwhelmed by a flood of memories and trauma, the image of his grandfather's death resurfacing with horrifying clarity.

Sakurā's scream pierced the night air, raw and primal, echoing his despair and sense of helplessness. His tears flowed freely, mingling with the blood and grime of the battlefield. Kotaro, watching from a distance, felt a pang of recognition. The scene before him mirrored his own past—memories of his stepfather's death at the hands of Gorgom's mutants, the day he fully transformed into Kamen Rider Black. The familiar pain of loss and the relentless march of history seemed to intertwine.

As Sakurā slowly carried Ako's body, each step was heavy with grief. His face was a mask of sorrow, his tears a silent testament to the depth of his pain. Kotaro, seeing Sakurā's agony,

murmured to himself, “He’s just like me. History’s repeating itself all over again.”

The stillness of the night was broken by the haunting melody that began to play through the loudspeakers. The lyrics floated through the air, their melancholy tune adding a poignant layer to the scene:

Midori nasu daichi
Shiki oriori no hana
Shiroi sunahama to
Karen na sakurakai

Mada hito no mune ni
Nukumori ga atte
Mada umi no iro ga
Kobaruto no jidai

Furuki yoki toki
Long long ago, 20th Century.

The song, with its wistful reflection on tragedy, seemed to encapsulate the tragic cycle of loss and remembrance that had brought Sakurā and Kotaro to this moment. The haunting melody, paired with the weight of their shared suffering, deepened the sense of inevitable fate that bound them together.

As the music played on, Sakurā continued his mournful journey, carrying his sister’s body away from the battlefield. Kotaro stood in solemn contemplation, understanding that the pain of the past could never truly be erased, only confronted and lived through. The night was heavy with the echoes of their struggles, and the battle was far from over.

As Sakurā walked alone through the desolate streets, the weight of his grief was palpable. Kotaro, observing from a distance, spoke quietly but with profound meaning, though his words were not directly heard by Sakurā. “You’re the Kamen Rider BLACK of this world. You’re a Spider-Man: The One Who Lost Everything. To be a Spider-Man, you have to lose someone. If you don’t lose someone, you’re not a true hero.”

Nearby, a girl named Yayoi overheard Kotaro’s words. She stood a few inches shorter than her friends, her big golden eyes wide with concern. Her shoulder-length, fluffy yellow hair was styled with a white headband adorned with orange gems on each side. Dressed in a goldenrod dress over a pale yellow blouse, dark orange Mary-Jane shoes, and frilly white socks, Yayoi looked both delicate and determined.

Yayoi was known for her shy and modest nature, often appearing as a crybaby in the past. However, she had grown into a passionate and bubbly Pretty Cure with a strong protective instinct towards her friends. She had admired Kotaro for a long time and was thrilled to see him in person, but her excitement was tempered by the recent tragedy.

As she approached the scene, she noticed Sakurā’s sorrow and understood the weight of his loss. Her heart went out to him, recognizing the pain of losing someone close.

Akari, overwhelmed by the situation, tried to harm herself but was stopped by Sara, Kanon, Granite, Miria, Yuji, and Takuto. Their quick intervention saved her from a terrible fate, though the scene remained charged with emotion.

Yayoi couldn't help but express her concern. "Are you okay, Sakurā?"

Sakurā looked up, his eyes red from crying. Despite the turmoil, he managed a faint smile and said, "Hey, Yayoi-onee-chan."

Akari, still grappling with the chaos, asked, "Onee-chan? Are you really his brother?"

Yayoi shook her head, her eyes softening. "No, he just calls me that because he treats me like a second sister."

Sakurā's expression grew somber as he responded to Akari, "I'm not a hero. I'm an anti-hero."

Yayoi's heart ached for Sakurā. She reached out, her voice gentle and filled with empathy. "Even anti-heroes need support, Sakurā. You don't have to carry this burden alone."

Kotaro, watching the exchange, felt a pang of sympathy for Sakurā. The tragedy of loss was a cruel teacher, but it also forged strength and resolve. He saw in Sakurā a reflection of his own struggles, and in Yayoi's words, a glimmer of hope.

The group, though battered and weary, stood together in their shared sorrow and determination. The battle had taken its toll, but their bonds of friendship and support would be their guiding light through the darkness.

As the rain poured relentlessly, Sakurā walked towards the edge of the Hudson River, each step echoing his internal torment. The world around him was a blur of gray, the heavy rain blending with his tears. He came to a halt, gazing out at the turbulent waters that mirrored his own turbulent emotions. With a resolute but sorrowful expression, he unsheathed his sword—the weapon that symbolized his struggles and battles.

Without hesitation, Sakurā hurled the sword into the river. The blade cut through the rain-soaked air, shimmering briefly before disappearing into the dark, churning depths. The action was symbolic—a relinquishing of his burdens, a surrender to the weight of his grief.

Kotaro, watching from a distance, felt a wave of déjà vu. The scene unfolded before him as if it were a painful memory coming to life. It reminded him of the time he had stood alone in the rain, throwing Shadow Moon's sword away after defeating Gorgom, the weight of his isolation bearing down on him. The parallel was haunting: both men, in their moments of solitude and loss, had cast aside their weapons in a poignant act of despair and resignation.

Kotaro approached Sakurā, his expression filled with empathy. He had seen this kind of pain before, and it resonated deeply with his own experiences. As he neared Sakurā, he spoke softly, his voice steady but compassionate.

"I understand," Kotaro said, his tone gentle yet firm. "I've been where you are now. I threw away my sword once too, when I was all alone and thought I had lost everything."

Sakurā turned to face Kotaro, the rain streaming down his face blending with his tears. "How did you get through it?"

Kotaro looked out at the river, reflecting on his own journey. "It wasn't easy. The pain of loss and the burden of being a hero can feel overwhelming. But in time, I found that even in the darkest

moments, there's a reason to keep going. It's not about being a hero or an anti-hero—it's about finding a way to move forward, no matter how heavy the weight you carry.”

The rain continued to fall, the rhythmic patter against the water providing a soothing backdrop to their conversation. Sakurā took a deep breath, feeling the weight of Kotaro's words and the solidarity of shared suffering.

“Thank you,” **Sakurā said quietly.** “It means a lot to hear that.”

Kotaro nodded, a reassuring smile touching his lips. “You're not alone in this. We all have our battles to fight, but together, we can find a way through.”

As they stood side by side, the rain served as both a cleansing and a connection, washing away the immediate pain while forging a new understanding between them. The Hudson River continued its relentless flow, carrying with it Sakurā's sword and the echoes of past battles, but leaving behind the possibility of hope and resilience.

As the rain continued to pour, Sakurā made a sudden decision. Without a word, he dove into the Hudson River, the cold water enveloping him in a shock of icy clarity. The current was strong, but Sakurā was driven by a fierce determination.

Beneath the surface, the world was a murky expanse of shifting shadows and debris. Sakurā's eyes, accustomed to the darkness, scanned the riverbed for the sword he had thrown away. The weapon was no longer visible, but he pushed forward, guided by instinct and a burning sense of purpose.

After what felt like an eternity, Sakurā's hand brushed against the familiar weight of the sword. It was partially buried in the silt, the metal cold and damp but still holding the essence of its power. He grasped it firmly, his fingers closing around the hilt with a renewed sense of resolve.

As he surfaced, gasping for air, Sakurā held the sword aloft. The rain continued to fall, droplets merging with the water of the river and glistening off the blade. Kotaro, still on the riverbank, watched in silent awe as Sakurā emerged from the depths, a determined look on his face.

Sakurā climbed back onto the shore, the rain mingling with the river water dripping from his clothes and hair. His expression was one of fierce determination, a stark contrast to the despair that had consumed him moments earlier.

“Why?” Kotaro asked, stepping forward. “Why go after it?”

Sakurā, catching his breath, looked at the sword in his hand. “I thought I could let go, but I realized that I need this. I need to face my struggles, not run from them. This sword... it's a part of me.”

Kotaro nodded, understanding the gravity of Sakurā's decision. “Sometimes, it's not about giving up the fight but finding the strength to face it again.”

The two stood in the rain, the sword symbolizing Sakurā's resolve and Kotaro's empathy. The river continued its ceaseless flow, carrying away the past but leaving room for the possibility

of redemption and strength. As Sakurā sheathed his sword, he felt a renewed sense of purpose, ready to confront whatever challenges lay ahead.

ENDLESS ROAD

Sakurā, Tsukasa, Kotaro, and their allies prepare to face off against an army of monsters. Each hero transforms, showcasing their unique powers and abilities in a grand display of teamwork and strength.

Tsukasa steps forward, putting the Decadriver on his waist. With a sharp, confident motion, he pulls the grips and inserts a Rider Card, shouting, "Henshin!" The Decadriver whirs to life, enveloping him in energy as his suit materializes as Kamen Rider Decade.

Beside him, Kotaro cracks his knuckles, the sound echoing through the tense air. He raises his left arm outward, clenches his fist, and, with a powerful motion, brings his right hand to meet it, shouting, "Henshin!" He transforms into Kamen Rider Black, his suit manifesting in a burst of energy that crackles with intensity.

Akari, Miria, Sara, and Souta clench their fists, ready to join the fray. Takuto unites his Strage Ring around his right wrist and the Knuckle-Cross on his left hand, crossing his arms to form an "X" while shouting, "X-Söchaku!" Meanwhile, Yuji begins to glow with an eerie red flare, as his body is taken over by Sukuna, manifesting a second pair of eyes and dark markings across his skin.

Yayoi grabs her Smile Pact, determination in her eyes. Opening the device, she inserts her yellow ribbon Cure Decor piece, and the lights begin to glow. As the background voice asks, "Ready?", Yayoi shouts, "Pretty Cure! Smile Charge!" She taps the magic powder from the Pact, spreading it around herself, and her transformation into Cure Peace begins. Her dress, shoes, and arm protectors materialize, her eyes brighten, and her hair grows long, forming a high ponytail. Landing gracefully, she declares, "Pikapika pikarin jankenpon! ♪ Cure Peace!"

Reii stands tall, ready to transform. He strikes a determined pose, hands raised, as energy crackles around him. With a burst of motion, he leaps into the air, flipping backward. As he reaches the peak, bio-mechanical armor rapidly materializes around his body. Landing with a powerful impact, he rises to his full height as Galaxyman the Alien Armor, his voice booming, "The galaxy's wrath... has awakened! Galaxyman the Alien Armor!"

Granite, in his Jewelpet form, calls out, "Magical Change! Granite Flash!" His body shifts, transforming into his human form with white skin, silver hair, and blue eyes. He draws his sword, ready for battle.

Tsukasa, impressed by Reii's transformation, remarks, "You feel like a Kamen Rider, but you're not one, are you?"

Reii responds confidently, "I'm not. I'm Galaxyman the Alien Armor!"

Erika holds up her Heart Perfume, and the top part slides down as Coffret creates her Heart Seed. shouting, "Pretty Cure! Open My Heart!", she inserts the seed into the Perfume. As she sprays it around her, her transformation into Cure Marine begins. Her hair turns sky blue, growing long and splitting into two sections. She lands elegantly, her new appearance vibrant with energy.

As Cure Peace looks on in awe at Galaxyman, the group prepares to charge at the monsters. But before they can, Tsukasa breaks the fourth wall, introducing Galaxyman to the readers. "This is Galaxyman, inspired by Guyver, Kamen Rider Black, and most of all, Ichigo. He's the next Kamen Rider for the new generation, a hero kids can look up to like the Kamen Riders, Power Rangers, Super Sentai, Ultramen, Metal Heroes, Precures, and now, a brand new original superhero for the 21st century."



Galaxyman turns to the readers, smiling beneath his visor. "Hello to all my soon-to-be fans! I'm here to protect the galaxy, fight evil, and inspire a new era of heroes. Let's make this journey

together!"

Finally, Momona arrives, her Ruby by her side. The two Rubys greet each other as Momona introduces herself, her appearance radiant with long pink hair and a stylish outfit. Pressing the center button on their Jewelpods, Momona and Ruby transform together, twirling in a pink and white formal dress. Joined by Cayenne, the two heroes use the power of love with their Jewel Arrow.

As everyone prepares to fight, they unite, a powerful force ready to take on the monstrous threat before them.

The battle erupts as the heroes and their partners dive into action, each unleashing their unique abilities and transformations. The three Rubys—Akari's Ruby, Kanon's Ruby, and Momona's Ruby—meet on the battlefield, their identical appearances masking the distinct personalities within.

Akari's Ruby, ever the supportive and positive companion, gives a reassuring smile to the other Rubys. "Let's do our best together!" she chirps, her determination to protect Akari evident in her sparkling eyes.

Kanon's Ruby, more brash and mischievous, grins widely, her ears twitching with excitement. "Finally, some real action! Time to show these monsters what we're made of!" Despite her playful demeanor, there's a fierce loyalty to Kanon that drives her to fight with all her might.

Momona's Ruby, cheerful and always ready for a challenge, nods eagerly. "Right! Together, we're unstoppable!" She adjusts the cherry blossom flower on her ear, her eyes gleaming with determination as she prepares to fight alongside Momona.

As the three Rubys coordinate their attacks, the other heroes launch into the fray. Tsukasa, as Kamen Rider Decade, charges through the monsters, his barcode-themed armor reflecting the flashes of battle as he uses his Rider Cards to turn into different riders.

Kotaro, transformed into Kamen Rider Black, moves with swift, precise strikes, his punches and kicks creating shockwaves that send the monsters flying. His experience in battle is evident as he expertly counters each attack with ease.

Takuto crosses his arms, activating his Cosmo Capsule, and with a burst of light, his sword materializes around him. He charges forward, his fists glowing with power as he delivers crushing blows to the enemy, each strike echoing with a metallic clang.

Yuji, controlled by Sukuna, grins wickedly as his second pair of eyes open, and his body glows with a sinister red aura. He tears through the battlefield, his speed and ferocity unmatched as he uses Sukuna's power to decimate the monsters with ease.

Yayoi, now transformed into Cure Peace, soars through the air, her long yellow hair flowing behind her as she unleashes a flurry of lightning-charged punches and kicks, her energy crackling through the battlefield.

Reii, as Galaxyman, commands attention as he lands with a powerful impact, his bio-mechanical armor gleaming ominously. Charging up his leg with dark energy, he leaps into

the air, executing a devastating kick that tears through the monsters, leaving a bloody trail in his wake.

Granite, in his human form, brandishes his sword with precision, cutting down enemies with calculated strikes. His white hair glows under the battlefield's chaotic lights, and his teal waistcoat billows as he moves with grace and determination.

Finally, Momona joins the battle alongside Cayenne, their Jewel Arrow charged with the power of love. With synchronized movements, they release a powerful shot, the arrow slicing through the air and striking the heart of the enemy forces, creating a burst of energy that disintegrates the surrounding monsters.

As the monsters are vanquished one by one, the battlefield begins to clear. The heroes stand victorious, their teamwork and determination having won the day. Galaxyman looks around at his new allies, then at the readers, breaking the fourth wall once more. "To all my soon-to-be fans, know this: I fight for justice, for the safety of the universe, and for all of you. Together, we will face any challenge!"

The three Rubys exchange proud glances, knowing that despite their differences, they are stronger together. And with that, the heroes, united by a common purpose, prepare for whatever challenges lie ahead, ready to protect their world from any threat that dares to rise against them.

As the battle comes to an end, the intensity of the fight slowly fades away, and the heroes begin to catch their breath. One by one, they revert to their normal forms, the energy and adrenaline of combat dissipating. The scene shifts from the chaotic battlefield to a somber setting in a graveyard, where the mood is heavy with the weight of loss and reflection.

Sakurā, his expression filled with a deep sadness, gently lifts his sister's lifeless body into his arms. The scene is quiet, the only sound being the rustle of leaves in the soft breeze. With great care, he places her into a coffin, its dark wood gleaming under the pale light of the setting sun. The coffin is then lowered into the ground, and Sakurā, filled with grief, lingers by the grave for a moment longer, his eyes fixed on the final resting place of his beloved sister.

Without a word, Sakurā turns and begins to walk away, heading towards a nearby shrine nestled at the edge of the graveyard. The shrine, ancient and sacred, is surrounded by tall, weathered trees, their branches swaying gently in the breeze. As he reaches the shrine, Sakurā kneels down, his hands coming together in a solemn prayer. He bows deeply, his forehead touching the ground, offering a silent plea for his sister's peace and for the strength to continue on his path.

After a few moments of quiet reflection, Sakurā rises to his feet, a renewed sense of determination visible in his eyes. He turns back towards the group, who have been quietly watching from a distance, and begins walking back towards them. The others fall in line behind him, walking in silence out of respect for what they have just witnessed.

As they continue their journey, Akari, walking beside Ruby, begins to notice subtle changes in their surroundings. The colors of the trees, the architecture of the buildings, and even the air itself feels different. The realization slowly dawns on her—this isn't her dimension. The familiar landmarks and the feeling of home are absent, replaced by an unfamiliar yet oddly serene world.

She glances at Sakurā, who seems deep in thought, leading the way with a quiet resolve. Ruby, sensing Akari's unease, hops onto her shoulder, nuzzling her cheek for comfort. Akari smiles softly, grateful for Ruby's presence, but the realization that she is in Sakurā's dimension and not her own weighs on her mind.

Despite the unfamiliarity of this world, there is a sense of connection and shared purpose among the group. They walk together, a united front, as they make their way back towards Japan, the journey ahead uncertain but filled with the hope of finding their way home and protecting the bonds they've forged along the way.

As they walk, the evening sky begins to darken, the first stars appearing overhead. The path ahead is long, but they are not alone. With each step, they draw closer to their destination, and though they come from different worlds, they are bound by a common goal—a goal that will lead them through the unknown and into whatever challenges await them next.

As the group continues their journey, the atmosphere grows more intense. The landscape around them shifts, becoming increasingly desolate and barren. They eventually reach a deserted road flanked by quarries, the terrain rugged and eerily quiet. The road stretches out before them, disappearing into the horizon like a forgotten path leading to an uncertain destination.

Sakurā, at the front of the group, stops and takes a deep breath. He looks down the long, empty road and says, with a tone of finality, "Well, this is it. The Lost Road."

The silence that follows is broken by Souta, who suddenly exclaims with excitement, "He said it! He said it! He broke the fourth wall!" His enthusiasm draws amused smiles from the others, breaking the tension for just a moment.

Sakurā can't help but chuckle at Souta's reaction. With a playful grin, he reaches over and gives Souta a gentle rub on the head. "Glad someone's keeping track," he says, his voice filled with a warmth that contrasts with the somber surroundings.

The group shares a moment of lightheartedness before refocusing on the path ahead. They all turn their gaze forward, where the Lost Road stretches out before them like an ominous invitation. Without further hesitation, they start walking again, their footsteps echoing in the stillness of the deserted landscape.

Each of them knows that this road is unlike any they've traveled before. It's a path filled with mystery, danger, and the unknown. But together, they are ready to face whatever lies ahead. The camaraderie among them, forged through their shared struggles, gives them the strength to press on.

As they continue down the Lost Road, the air grows thick with anticipation. The landscape around them seems to shift subtly, as if the very world is responding to their presence. Whatever awaits them at the end of this road, they know it will be something that challenges everything they've faced so far.

But with the bonds they've formed and the determination that fuels their hearts, they walk onward, ready to confront the mysteries and trials that the Lost Road has in store for them.

As they walked down the Lost Road, the weight of Sakurā's sorrow was palpable. His normally strong and resolute demeanor was now overshadowed by a deep sadness that even

the others could sense. Kanon, who had known him the longest, felt the intensity of his pain more than anyone else. She knew that behind Sakurā's stoic exterior lay a heart burdened by immense grief.

Akari, noticing the heaviness in the air, approached Kanon and asked gently, "Were you the one that Sakurā sacrificed himself for?"

Kanon looked at Akari with a mix of sorrow and understanding. "Yes," she replied, her voice soft. "Sakurā was trying to stop the Nexus Reset. I wanted him to stop, to think of another way, but he didn't hear me... He was determined to protect me, even if it meant sacrificing himself."

As they continued, Kotaro spoke up, his voice tinged with an eerie calmness. "I'm not the real me who's here with you," he began, causing the others to turn their attention to him. "This version of me is from an alternate timeline. Though I defeated Gorgom and Shadow Moon, Gorgom is actually still out there, unable to be defeated in my timeline."

The revelation added another layer of complexity to the group's situation. They were dealing with more than just one reality, and the consequences of their actions rippled across multiple dimensions. The burden of their choices weighed heavily on each of them, but none more so than Sakurā.

Realizing the need to share his story, Sakurā gathered the group around him, particularly Momona, Cayenne, Erika, Labra, and Reii. His voice was steady, yet laced with the pain of his past as he began to speak.

"We've all seen struggles and faced despair," Sakurā started, his eyes reflecting the darkness he had experienced. "But I am the one who suffered the most because, at some point, all of you hated me for everything I did. I was lost in that hatred until I met Kirara and Kanon... They brought some light into my life, but even then, I could never escape the despair."

He paused, looking at the ground as if searching for the right words. "I am part of the darkness, and no matter what anyone does, you can never truly take the darkness out of a person. Whether they choose to use it for good or evil is up to them and their life choices. You can try to help, but sometimes, it only pushes them deeper into despair."

Sakurā's voice grew quieter as he continued, "Why are heroes so loved? When I first saw one, I was horrified. When I first saw Cure Lovely, I tried to kill her. During the Great Hero War, I killed almost every hero... but I left some behind."

He listed the names of those he had spared, each name carrying the weight of his past decisions. The group listened intently, understanding that each name represented a choice Sakurā had made—a choice that had shaped the person he had become.

"But even though I spared some, I killed almost all the survivors. Bloodshed wiped out almost all of the Care Bears, with Share being in outer space... Grumpy sacrificed himself for Share, but luckily, he's alive... for now. Until the Gods call for him again."

Sakurā's voice faltered slightly as he recounted the moment that still haunted him. "Ako... she didn't want to fight me. I was so mad that I slammed her down into a crater, and she fell into a coma. I never even got to say goodbye."

He took a deep breath, his emotions threatening to overwhelm him, but he pressed on. "After leaving my brother for dead and killing Ruby and Granite—our versions, at least—I left Kanon as the last survivor of the Great Hero War. My instincts told me to kill her, but I refused. Instead, I sacrificed myself to stop the Nexus Reset."

Sakurā looked up at the group, his eyes filled with a mix of regret and determination. "Had I killed her, my suffering would have ended early, and I would have become the Demon King in a world where there was nothing and no one but me. But I realized that would have been wrong. So I chose to sacrifice myself instead of killing Kanon."

The silence that followed was heavy with the gravity of Sakurā's words. Each person felt the depth of his pain and the burden he carried. They understood now that Sakurā's journey was not just about saving others—it was also about finding redemption for himself.

Kanon, her eyes filled with tears, reached out and placed a hand on Sakurā's shoulder. "You did the right thing, Sakurā," she whispered. "You saved me, and in doing so, you saved yourself."

The others nodded in agreement, their hearts heavy with empathy for Sakurā's suffering. They knew that the road ahead would be challenging, but they were determined to face it together, with Sakurā leading the way.

As they resumed their journey down the Lost Road, the group walked in silence, each of them lost in their thoughts. They knew that the darkness Sakurā spoke of was something they all had to face in their own way. But with each step they took, they grew stronger, more united, and more determined to find the light at the end of their journey.

Sakurā's voice trembled as he spoke, his words filled with a raw and unfiltered honesty that resonated deeply with everyone around him. "God is real, but he can't hear us... or can he? He might seem like an echo, or an illusion, but he's real. In the darkness, he's our true hero. In this world, a lot of messed up things happen—school shootings, rape, sexual abuse, genocides, bullying, abandonment, murder, corruption, offenders, terrorism, wars, greed, world hunger... The reality is, everyone, let's face it, we are just fictional characters. We're not real."

The others looked at him with a mix of understanding and sadness as he continued. "Even if the world thinks that we are real in their hearts, we are just fictional characters to give people a good laugh or a good cry. But it's sometimes hard to like us. Like Kanon—you're posh, mean, and nasty, and most of the fandom of your franchise hated you for that. They hated how you treated Ruby, and how Ruby in the same season also dated Mikage, who became Granite, pissing off the fandom. It's the same thing with Star Wars, Marvel, and everything else."

Sakurā paused, taking a deep breath as he collected his thoughts. "We just need to take one good look at it and think if it's good, or if we don't want to disrespect the writers, producers, and artists who made that kind of stuff. Even if we don't care for the genre as a whole, we've got to give credit where credit's due. And look at me—I'm a 23-year-old who was once 5, and I wanted revenge on the Earth for being dirtbags to me. I almost succeeded, but then I stopped because of Kanon... because she didn't want me to become the thing I aimed to destroy the very most: the darkness."

His voice grew softer, tinged with a deep, lingering pain. "But the problem was... I was already it. I made a huge sin and took the path of darkness. I know I didn't want to disappoint God, but it was the path I was forced to take—not by decision, but by force. And if I sinned... do I even deserve forgiveness?"

The silence that followed was heavy, the air thick with the weight of Sakurā's confession. Kanon, tears welling up in her eyes, stepped forward and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Sakurā," she whispered, her voice trembling, "you didn't choose the darkness; it was thrust upon you. But despite that, you found the strength to stop, to not let it consume you entirely. That... that takes incredible courage."

Akari, standing beside them, added, "Forgiveness isn't about whether or not you deserve it. It's about whether you can find it within yourself to forgive who you were, and the choices you were forced to make. God, or whatever higher power there is, sees the struggle, the pain. And if you're seeking redemption, that's the first step toward it."

Sakurā looked at his friends, their faces filled with empathy and understanding. He realized that, despite everything, they were still here—still supporting him, still believing in him. He had faced the darkness and had chosen, in the end, to stop its spread. Maybe that was the start of his path to redemption.

With a shaky breath, he nodded. "Maybe... maybe I can find it in myself to seek forgiveness. And maybe, with all of you by my side, I can walk this path toward the light again."

Kanon squeezed his shoulder, offering him a small, reassuring smile. "We'll walk it with you, Sakurā. Every step of the way."

DAY

Sakurā's voice was steady, but there was a deep sadness in his eyes as he spoke, reflecting on the harsh realities of the world and the pain that comes with it. "Everyone doesn't deserve forgiveness, though some people just didn't even know what they were doing. And other types of people just call them out, labeling them as 'Weirdo,' 'Clown,' or even 'Hoes.' They don't like that, and because of that, the person who's been called out leaves that place—Twitter, YouTube, Facebook, Instagram, wherever. Even if we're on a site or in a place where we feel safe, there's always going to be that one person, or twelve, or even millions of people who are just plain dicks or weirdos."

He paused, glancing at each of his companions before continuing. "But hey, it's okay to be weird—just don't go too far to the point where you don't make friends or even have any connection to anyone at all. Even if humans, aliens, any species don't get along, the earth is still the earth. And also, my creator on Twitter tried to roleplay as me and was under fire for it. He said sorry, but everyone hated him for it. He got so mad that he left Twitter, with people still talking about him, saying he was still weaseling his way into fandoms. But it wasn't entirely his fault. Those were just mistakes and typos, and you guys just think that he did that stuff on purpose. Unbelievable of people on the internet, especially Twitter."

He sighed, his expression a mix of frustration and resignation. "Remember, you can't hold a grudge on someone forever. You've got to get used to who they really are, even if they've changed their whole personality. The world can be cruel, but we have to find a way to move forward, to understand and forgive, even when it's hard."

The group around him nodded, each of them understanding the weight of his words. Sakurā had experienced more pain and judgment than most, yet he still stood before them, urging for understanding and connection. It was a lesson they all needed to hear, a reminder that in a world filled with harsh judgments and misunderstandings, there was still room for compassion and forgiveness.

As Sakurā recounted his story, his voice was heavy with a mixture of pain, regret, and a fierce determination. The group listened intently, absorbing the gravity of his past and the weight of his words.

"Genroar descended upon the city, bringing chaos and destruction," Sakurā began, his eyes distant as he recalled the events. "To combat the threat, the MAŌ, YUHANĀ, and SEIRYŪ armors were activated. After a fierce battle, both the armors and Genroar were sealed away in 'the Other,' locking away the dragon's malevolent power."

He paused, looking at each of his companions. "Years later, after my travels across universes, I finally married Kanon, who had become a teacher at Sunshine Academy. After a month off from teaching, Kanon gave birth to triplets from black alien eggs. I named them Tsubasa, Domon, and Luna."

Sakurā described his children with pride and sorrow. "Tsubasa was marked with the dragon symbol, resembling the MAŌ armor. Domon had a wolf symbol, like my brother, resembling the YUHANĀ armor. Luna bore a unicorn symbol, like the SEIRYŪ armor."

He continued, "When the triplets were two, I left to hunt monsters in other universes, promising them I would return. At four, they enrolled in 'The Hero Class' taught by Cure Dream, Nozomi Yumehara. Despite ridicule from their peers, they admired Nozomi and remained steadfast in their dreams."

Sakurā's voice grew more intense as he recounted the trials his children faced. "At five, they were attacked by a monster on their way home. Cure Dream saved them, but Tsubasa discovered that Genroar's evil spirit resided within them. Nozomi encouraged them to confront their inner demons to unlock their true powers."

He spoke of their training and growth. "Itsuki Myoudouin, Cure Sunshine, trained them in martial arts and swordsmanship. At fifteen, they graduated and wielded the MAŌ, YUHANĀ, and SEIRYŪ armors. They traveled to Isla Monsta and pulled their blades from the rock with their inner strength."

Sakurā's fists clenched, his rage palpable. "They faced Genroar in 'The Other,' where the dragon sought vengeance against the Sirens and harbored disdain for humanity. To wield the armors, they fused with Genroar, becoming the new bearers. With Salem's help, they became Bioknights, vowing to complete my mission of eradicating the Sirens."

He took a deep breath, his anger and determination mixing with a profound sense of loss. "I was born during a rare celestial event—the 'Black Sun,' on Halloween night. The sky darkened, and the world seemed to hold its breath. Elders spoke of ancient texts predicting my birth as heralding a child touched by darkness."

Sakurā's voice faltered as he recounted the impact of his birth. "Animals fell silent, crops withered, and my mother cried out not in pain but in terror. Rumors spread that I was the Devil's Child, a harbinger of chaos. This fueled fear, mistrust, and attempts on my life from an early age. I struggled with my identity, questioning whether the darkness within me confirmed the fears of those around me."

He continued, reflecting on his journey. "Despite the fear and hatred, I refused to accept the label forced upon me. I vowed to carve out my own destiny, one not dictated by rumors or fear. This determination drove me to embrace my powers, train relentlessly, and prove that I was more than the stories told about me."

Sakurā's eyes met those of his companions, a mixture of defiance and sorrow in his gaze. "The rumor of me being the Devil's Child divided communities and fueled conflicts. It shaped the actions and decisions of those around me, casting a long shadow over everything I touched."

With a final, determined slam of his fist into the ground, Sakurā's voice was filled with a fierce resolve. "Sirens! I'll slaughter you all...and take back what you stole... All of it!"

The group, deeply moved by Sakurā's tale, stood in somber silence. His story was a testament to his struggles, his determination, and his undying resolve to protect his loved ones and right the wrongs of his past.

As Sakurā's eyes fell upon the note on the floor, his gaze sharpened with curiosity. The note read simply, "Come to Tokyo, Sakurā." Before he could ponder its meaning further, he turned to his companions, knowing he had to leave.

Kanon stepped forward, her eyes glistening with tears. She wrapped her arms around Sakurā, her voice trembling as she whispered, "Will I ever see you again?"

Sakurā's expression was serious, but his eyes softened just a fraction. "Yeah," he said, his voice steady and reassuring.

Kanon's Jewelpet, Ruby, looked up at Sakurā with a mix of pride and support. "That's the Sakurā we know!" she declared with a warm smile.

Sakurā's stoic demeanor remained intact as he nodded to Ruby. "I'm off," he said simply. He turned to Salem, who stood by his side, ready to embark on this new journey.

The group watched in stunned silence as Sakurā and Salem prepared to leave. The sun began to set, casting a golden glow over the landscape. With one last look at his friends, Sakurā started walking down the Lost Road, Salem close beside him.

Kanon wiped away her tears, her heart heavy but filled with hope. She watched as Sakurā and Salem walked off into the distance, their figures growing smaller against the fading light.

As Sakurā and Salem ventured into the unknown, their destination clear yet mysterious, they hoped to uncover the identity of the enigmatic sender of the note and the purpose of their new quest. The road ahead was uncertain, but Sakurā's resolve remained unshaken.

The sun dipped below the horizon, leaving the world bathed in twilight as Sakurā and Salem continued their journey, the promise of new adventures awaiting them.

Sakurā walked, his steps steady and unwavering, as the path stretched endlessly before him. The road was long, winding through landscapes that shifted from dense forests to barren plains, with the horizon never seeming to draw closer. Each step echoed with determination, the weight of his mission pressing on his shoulders but never slowing his pace.

The sky above shifted from the warm hues of sunset to the deep blues of night, stars beginning to twinkle like distant beacons. The moon, full and luminous, cast a silvery light on the path, guiding Sakurā through the darkness.

Salem, ever the loyal companion, padded alongside him, silent but attentive, their bond unspoken yet strong. The journey was arduous, the destination far, but Sakurā's resolve never wavered. His thoughts occasionally drifted back to Kanon, her tearful goodbye, and the promise he had made to return. It fueled his steps, a silent vow that he carried with him as he moved forward.

Hours turned into days, the landscapes changing but the road ahead remaining long and seemingly endless. Yet Sakurā walked on, his focus unyielding, knowing that each step brought him closer to the mysterious figure in Tokyo and the answers he sought.

The journey was far from over, and the road ahead was still long, but Sakurā was determined to reach his destination, no matter how far away it was.

As Sakurā neared the next stretch of his journey, the road ahead began to blur with the exhaustion of his relentless march. The air was still, the only sound being the soft crunch of gravel underfoot. Just as he was about to press on, a voice pierced the silence, ringing out with urgency.

"WAIT!"

Sakurā halted abruptly, his heart skipping a beat. The voice was familiar, unmistakable, and filled with desperation. He turned around slowly, and there, standing a short distance behind him, was Kanon. Her chest heaved as she caught her breath, her eyes wide with a mix of determination and fear.

"Kanon? What are you doing here?" **Sakurā asked, his voice a mixture of surprise and concern.**

Kanon took a few steps forward, her gaze locked on Sakurā's. "I... I couldn't just let you go like that. I couldn't just stay behind, wondering if you'd ever come back."

Sakurā's expression softened, though his resolve remained. "Kanon, I promised you I'd return. You didn't have to follow me."

Tears welled up in Kanon's eyes as she shook her head. "I know, but I couldn't bear the thought of you facing whatever lies ahead alone. I had to come, even if just to say... I love you."

Sakurā's heart ached at her words. He had always known Kanon's love for him was unwavering, but seeing her here, standing before him on this desolate road, made him realize the depth of her devotion.

"I love you too, Kanon," **Sakurā said, his voice gentle yet firm.** "But this journey... it's dangerous. I can't let anything happen to you."

Kanon stepped closer, her hand reaching out to touch his. "I'm not afraid. Whatever you face, we face together. You don't have to do this alone, Sakurā."

For a moment, the world seemed to pause, the two of them standing together in the stillness of the night. Sakurā knew that Kanon's resolve was as strong as his own, and while he wanted to protect her, he also knew that they were stronger together.

After a long silence, Sakurā nodded, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. "Alright, Kanon. Let's face this together."

Kanon smiled through her tears, relieved that she had reached him in time. They stood hand in hand, ready to continue the journey, now united in their resolve to face whatever awaited them on the road ahead.

As Kanon, Sakurā, and Salem continued their journey, the sound of hurried footsteps echoed behind them. Another voice, filled with urgency and a hint of frustration, called out, "WAIT UP! KANON!"

Kanon turned around, her eyes narrowing as she recognized the voice. "You useless rabbit, what are you doing here?!" she exclaimed.

Panting and trying to catch her breath, Ruby—Kanon's Ruby—finally caught up to them. She looked up at Kanon with determination shining in her Jewel Eyes. "I wanted to come because I care about you, Kanon. I don't want anything happening to you!"

Kanon crossed her arms, a mixture of annoyance and concern flashing across her face. "Ruby, this isn't your fight. You should be back at Sunshine Academy, not out here risking your neck."

Ruby puffed out her chest defiantly, her little paws clenched into fists. "Maybe I'm not the strongest, and maybe I mess up sometimes, but I'm not going to let you face this alone, Kanon! I'll do whatever it takes to help you, even if I have to go through a thousand monsters to do it!"

Kanon sighed, but there was a softness in her eyes that betrayed her true feelings. "Ruby, you really are stubborn, aren't you?"

Ruby grinned, her determination unwavering. "I learned from the best, Kanon."

Sakurā watched the exchange with a small smile, understanding the bond between Kanon and Ruby. He knew that despite their differences and frequent bickering, they cared deeply for each other.

"Alright," **Sakurā finally said, breaking the silence.** "It seems like we're all in this together now."

Kanon looked at Sakurā, her expression softening as she nodded in agreement. "Yeah, I guess we are."

Ruby jumped up, her excitement bubbling over. "Let's show them what we're made of!"

With that, the unlikely group continued their journey, walking side by side down the long, winding road. Despite the challenges that lay ahead, they knew they could face anything as long as they were together.

TODAY

As Sakurā continued down the road, the mysterious note still clutched in his hand, he suddenly remembered the message at the bottom: "Check the back!" Curious, he turned the note over.

In bold, dark letters, the back of the note read:

"I lied. It's not Tokyo—it's Lost City. It's like Shinjuku, but warped—and disorienting."

Sakurā's expression tightened, his eyes narrowing as he processed the information. Lost City—a place that sounded as ominous as it did intriguing. He had heard whispers of it before: a city that twisted and distorted reality, a place where the streets never seemed to lead to the same place twice, where the skyline shifted as if alive. A city that could drive even the strongest minds to madness.

But Sakurā wasn't afraid. He had faced countless dangers, crossed through numerous worlds, and battled the darkest forces. This Lost City, no matter how warped, would be no different.

Kanon, noticing the change in Sakurā's demeanor, glanced at the note in his hand. "What does it say?" she asked, her voice filled with concern.

"It's not Tokyo," **Sakurā replied, his voice calm but firm.** "It's Lost City. A place that's like Shinjuku but twisted and disorienting. But we're going."

Kanon's eyes widened slightly, but she quickly masked her concern with determination. "If that's where we need to go, then that's where we'll go. We'll face whatever's there together."

Ruby, who had been listening closely, bounced on her feet, trying to mask her own nervousness with enthusiasm. "We'll stick together, right? Nothing's gonna stop us!"

Salem, who had been silently watching the exchange, finally spoke, his voice steady and reassuring. "We've come this far. Lost City won't be the end of us. We'll make it through, just like we always do."

Sakurā nodded, his resolve stronger than ever. "We've faced worse. Lost City will be just another obstacle in our way. We'll find this mysterious person, and we'll get the answers we need."

With that, Sakurā, Kanon, Salem, and Ruby continued on their path, their destination now clear. The road ahead was uncertain, and the challenges they would face in Lost City were unknown, but they were ready. Together, they would face anything and everything.

As Sakurā, Kanon, Ruby, and Salem approached the coordinates mentioned in the note, they found themselves standing in an open field. The landscape seemed ordinary, with no signs of the notorious Lost City. They scanned their surroundings, but there was nothing to indicate that this was the correct location.

Sakurā frowned, confusion and frustration battling within him. "This doesn't make any sense. There should be something here."

Before anyone could respond, the ground beneath them began to tremble. Without warning, a giant trapdoor, cleverly concealed by Sakurā's own work, sprang open. The group barely had time to react before they were pulled into the dark abyss below.

They plummeted through the darkness, the sensation of falling seemingly endless. The fall felt like an eternity, but suddenly, they landed with a soft thud. Sakurā, Kanon, Ruby, and Salem found themselves in an elevator, its walls lined with a dark, metallic sheen. As they looked around, they realized something unsettling: they were upside down.

Kanon's eyes widened in horror as she clung to the sides of the elevator, her face pale. "Oh my God! What is this place? Why are we upside down?!"

Ruby tried to reassure her, though her own nerves were showing. "It's okay, Kanon! We just need to figure out where we are and get out of here."

Sakurā's gaze was focused on the view below them. Through the glass floor of the elevator, he saw the sprawling building of Chaos Corporation, a dark and imposing structure that seemed to stretch endlessly into the depths. His jaw tightened as he recognized the symbol on the building—his old nemesis, Victor Kallos's corporation.

"This is it," Sakurā said, his voice steely with resolve. "Chaos Corporation. I thought I had defeated Victor Kallos years ago. I even timelocked the timeline to ensure his defeat. But it looks like he's resurfaced."

Salem, who had been observing the surroundings calmly, nodded. "We'll need to deal with this. If Chaos Corporation is here, it means Victor Kallos is still a threat. We need to confront him and find out what's going on."

Kanon took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down despite her fear. "So, what's the plan? How do we get out of here and stop Kallos?"

Sakurā's eyes were sharp as he unsheathed his sword, the blade gleaming in the dim light of the elevator. "We fight our way through. I don't know what Victor has planned, but we'll find him and put an end to his schemes. We've come this far, and I'm not backing down now."

The elevator began to descend, and Sakurā, Kanon, Ruby, and Salem prepared themselves for the confrontation ahead. The city they had hoped to explore had turned out to be a trap, leading them straight to their old enemy. But no matter what awaited them in Chaos Corporation, they were ready to face it head-on.

As the elevator doors opened with a metallic hiss, they stepped out into the dark, intimidating corridors of the building. The challenge was set, and they were determined to uncover the truth and defeat the remnants of Chaos Corporation once and for all.

As Sakurā, Kanon, Ruby, and Salem emerged from the elevator into the dimly lit, shadowy corridors of Chaos Corporation, the atmosphere felt thick with anticipation and unease. The oppressive darkness seemed to press in on them, and every creak and groan of the building echoed ominously through the hallways.

Sakurā led the way, his eyes scanning the surroundings for any signs of danger. The corridor twisted and turned, leading them deeper into the heart of the building. It wasn't long before

Sakurā's sharp eyes caught sight of something unusual—a note pinned to the wall, its words scrawled in a jagged, almost mocking script.

Sakurā stepped forward and read aloud, his voice low and steady. “Victor Kallos is dead. Then who are you gonna take down, Demon King?”

Kanon's eyes widened. “Demon King?”

Ruby's ears perked up, her expression puzzled. “Wait, Sakurā, what does that mean?”

Sakurā's jaw tightened, a mixture of anger and realization flashing across his face. He recognized the title well. As a Bioknight, he had been bestowed with the title of Despair Knight, a role associated with the Demon King of Evil and the wielder of the MAŌ armor. The title was earned through immense power and a reputation that preceded him, one that spoke of a dark legacy intertwined with his own.

“Despair Knight,” **Sakurā said, his voice barely above a whisper.** “That’s a title earned by a Bioknight who wields the MAŌ armor. It’s a title that comes with power and a dark reputation. Someone knows about my past, and they’re using it against me.”

Salem, observing the note and the tension in Sakurā's demeanor, spoke up. “This message suggests that someone else might be pulling the strings here, someone who knows about your history and is trying to provoke you. We need to stay focused and figure out what’s really going on.”

Kanon clenched her fists, her fear turning into determination. “We can’t let this intimidate us. If someone’s trying to play mind games with us, we’ll show them that we’re stronger than their tricks.”

Ruby nodded in agreement, her gaze resolute. “We’ll confront whoever is behind this. We’ve faced challenges before, and we can handle whatever they throw at us.”

Sakurā took a deep breath, shaking off the unsettling feeling the note had caused. His resolve hardened. “You’re right. This isn’t just about facing Victor Kallos anymore. It’s about confronting whoever is trying to manipulate us and uncovering their true motives.”

With renewed determination, Sakurā led the group further into the labyrinthine corridors of Chaos Corporation. They moved with purpose, each step bringing them closer to the heart of the building and whatever awaited them there.

The note had been a disturbing revelation, but it also solidified their mission. They were not just seeking out an old enemy; they were facing a new threat that was deeply connected to Sakurā's past and his title as Despair Knight. Whatever lay ahead, they were prepared to confront it head-on and uncover the truth behind the manipulations that had drawn them into this dark web.

BURDEN

As the group advanced through the dimly lit corridors of Chaos Corporation, a blaring alarm suddenly erupted, filling the building with a deafening wail. Red lights flashed erratically, casting eerie shadows across the walls. The sound of a mechanical door sliding open echoed through the hallway, signaling an urgent SOS.

A voice crackled through a speaker system, distorted and menacing. “Demon King, give me Ruby, no—my little sister back!”

Ruby’s ears twitched, her face going pale. She recalled the voice from a dark forest where she, Granite, and Peridot had encountered a gothic Jewelpet. The memory of Luea, her twin sister, came rushing back, her unsettling smile and the claim of being Ruby’s “little sister.”

“Luea,” Ruby murmured, her voice trembling. “It’s her.”

Sakurā’s eyes narrowed as he scanned the area. “We need to move quickly. Something’s happening, and we can’t waste any time.”

As Ruby and Salem darted toward the source of the alarm, Sakurā turned to Kanon, his expression hardening with urgency. “Kanon, you need to get out of here. This place is too dangerous.”

Kanon’s eyes widened in shock and determination. “I’m not leaving you! If something’s happening to Ruby or anyone else, I’m staying with you.”

Sakurā’s frustration boiled over, his voice rising with a sharp edge. “Damn it, Kanon! This is not a time to be stubborn. If you stay here, you’re in serious danger. I need you to run now!”

Kanon’s eyes filled with tears, but her resolve didn’t waver. “I’m not leaving you, Sakurā. Not now.”

Sakurā’s anger flared, his voice cutting through the chaos. “Go! I can’t protect everyone if you’re in the way!”

The forcefulness of Sakurā’s words struck Kanon like a physical blow. With a choked sob, she turned and fled down the corridor, the sound of her footsteps echoing off the walls as she disappeared from view.

Sakurā’s gaze shifted back to the alarm, his expression a mix of worry and determination. “We need to find out what’s going on and stop it.”

Ruby and Salem, having reached the source of the alarm, found themselves facing a reinforced door marked with a red SOS symbol. Behind it, muffled cries and the faint sounds of a struggle could be heard.

Ruby’s voice was strained but resolute. “We need to get in there. If Luea is involved, we have to stop her before she does any more damage.”

Sakurā nodded in agreement, drawing his sword with a decisive motion. “Let’s go.”

With a powerful swing, Sakurā sliced through the door's locking mechanism, sending it crashing open. Inside, the room was a chaotic scene. A large, monstrous figure loomed over a small, trapped child, who was crying out for help.

Luea, in her gothic Jewelpet form, stood beside the monster, her eyes glinting with a malevolent gleam. She turned to face the intruders, her unsettling smile widening.

“Welcome, Demon King,” Luea's voice was a chilling whisper. “I've been expecting you.”

Sakurā, Ruby, and Salem readied themselves for a confrontation, their eyes locked on Luea and the monstrous figure. The battle was far from over, and the stakes had never been higher.

The room's oppressive darkness seemed to shift as Luea's form began to change. With a faint shimmer and a swirl of dark energy, the gothic Jewelpet transformed into her human form. The transition was both mesmerizing and unsettling.

Luea's transformation revealed her as a young woman with long violet hair cascading down her back, a dark blue butterfly bow elegantly tied at the nape of her neck. She wore a purple autumn Japanese-style uniform, its patterned mini skirt fluttering slightly as she moved. The indigo butterfly hair clip and garland of indigo roses around her neck completed her hauntingly beautiful appearance.

Her unsettling smile remained, more pronounced in her human form, as she looked at Sakurā, Ruby, and Salem with a mixture of curiosity and malice. The eerie light in her blue apatite Jewel Eyes seemed to pierce through the shadows, amplifying her already unnerving presence.

“Ah, the Demon King and his allies,” Luea's voice was silky and laced with mockery. “I must say, I'm quite impressed. You've managed to find me in this twisted place.”

Ruby's eyes widened in recognition, a mix of fear and sadness in her expression. “Luea... Why are you doing this? Why did you come back?”

Luea's smile grew colder. “I have my reasons, Ruby. And as for the others, I have unfinished business with them as well.”

Sakurā's grip tightened on his sword, his expression a grim mask of determination. “I don't know what you want, Luea, but I won't let you harm anyone here.”

Luea's gaze shifted to Sakurā, her smile almost affectionate. “Oh, Sakurā, always so noble. You see, I've been waiting for this moment, for the chance to test my powers and see just how far I can push the boundaries of despair.”

The monstrous figure behind Luea roared, shifting its bulk menacingly as if sensing the impending confrontation. The child it had been tormenting was huddled in a corner, their eyes wide with terror.

Luea raised a hand, her fingers tracing an intricate pattern in the air. “But before we continue, let me introduce you to my latest ally. Meet my newest companion, who will ensure that you have a most... memorable experience.”

The monster, a grotesque amalgamation of dark energy and feral rage, growled in response, its eyes locking onto Sakurā, Ruby, and Salem. The air thickened with tension as the battle-ready trio prepared to face their new adversaries.

Sakurā stepped forward, his sword at the ready, his eyes never leaving Luea. “You’re not getting away with this, Luea. Not this time.”

Luea’s smile remained unbroken as she watched the scene unfold. “We’ll see about that, Demon King. We’ll see just how strong your resolve really is.”

The room seemed to pulse with the intensity of the impending conflict, the stakes higher than ever as Sakurā, Ruby, and Salem braced themselves for the confrontation ahead.

As the tension in the room thickened, Kanon, Ruby, and Sakurā stood ready for the imminent clash, but Kanon’s curiosity got the better of her. Her eyes darted between Ruby and Luea, confusion etched across her face. “Ruby, who is this? Why is she so important to you?”

Ruby’s gaze was locked on Luea, her heart pounding with a mixture of fear and sorrow. She took a deep, shuddering breath before turning to Kanon, her voice trembling. “Kanon... Luea... she’s my sister. My twin sister.”

Kanon’s eyes widened, struggling to process the revelation. “Your sister? But... she’s so different from you.”

Ruby nodded, tears streaming down her cheeks as she continued, her voice breaking with each word. “We were born together, the two of us. I was always the one with the light, the hope. But Luea... she was born with Dark Jewel Power. While I had the power to heal and bring light, Luea was drawn to the shadows, to darkness. We were always seen as opposites.”

Luea’s expression softened for a moment, but only slightly. She looked at Ruby with an almost nostalgic gaze, though her smile remained unsettling. “Yes, Ruby. We were twins, but we were never meant to walk the same path. You with your light, and I with my darkness.”

Ruby’s tears fell uncontrollably as she spoke. “I thought... I thought that maybe, one day, we could overcome our differences. But every time I tried to reach out to her, she was consumed by her own darkness. I’ve always felt responsible for what she became.”

Kanon’s confusion gave way to compassion. “Ruby, you don’t have to bear that burden alone. No one can control someone else’s fate completely.”

Ruby shook her head, her voice choked with emotion. “It’s not just that. I remember when we were young, before everything fell apart. We were so close, always together. But something changed. I lost my sister to the darkness, and I couldn’t save her.”

Luea’s gaze turned more distant, reflecting on Ruby’s words. “You were always so naive, Ruby. I became what I am not because of you, but because of the choices I made and the path I walked. I don’t blame you.”

Ruby’s sobs grew louder, her anguish evident. “But I can’t stop feeling like it’s my fault. If I could have done something, anything, maybe she wouldn’t have become this... this dark shadow.”

Kanon stepped forward, placing a comforting hand on Ruby’s shoulder. “Ruby, sometimes we can’t change the paths others choose. But you’ve done everything you could. Now, we have to face this together, for the sake of everyone involved.”

Sakurā watched the exchange with a pained expression, understanding the depth of Ruby's struggle. He knew that to truly help Ruby, they would need to confront Luea together, not just as enemies but as family caught in a tragic cycle of fate.

As Ruby tried to regain her composure, Luea's eyes remained fixed on her with a mixture of sorrow and resolve. "If there's one thing I can still give you, Ruby, it's a chance to understand why things turned out this way. Maybe, just maybe, we can find some form of closure."

Ruby wiped her tears, her determination renewed despite the pain. "I'll do whatever it takes to understand, and if there's a way to save you, I'll find it."

The room was heavy with unspoken emotions as the siblings faced each other across the divide of their choices and destinies. The impending battle was no longer just a fight for survival but a struggle for redemption and understanding between two once inseparable souls.

HELL

As the emotional weight of the moment settled over the group, a sudden disturbance in the shadows caught Sakurā's attention. He squinted his eyes, trying to make out the figure emerging from the darkness. To his shock, the silhouette grew clearer, revealing a familiar face.

Granite stepped into the dim light, his presence both commanding and comforting. Ruby's eyes widened in disbelief as she recognized him. She gasped, a mix of relief and overwhelming joy washing over her. The tears that had been flowing now turned into a torrent of happiness.

“Granite!” Ruby cried out, her voice choked with emotion. She closed her eyes tightly, tears streaming down her face as she fought to believe that he was truly there.

Granite's stern expression softened as he saw Ruby's reaction. He took a few measured steps forward, his usual stoic demeanor giving way to a rare, genuine smile. “Ruby... It's been a while.”

Ruby's knees buckled as she rushed toward Granite, her sobs echoing in the cavernous space. She threw her arms around him, holding on as if fearing he might disappear again. “I thought I'd never see you again! I thought you were gone forever!”

Granite gently wrapped his arms around her, offering the comfort she desperately needed. “I'm here now, Ruby. You're not alone.”

Sakurā watched the reunion with a mix of relief and wariness. The unexpected appearance of Granite shifted the dynamic of the group, adding a new layer to the already complex situation. He understood the significance of Granite's return, but he also knew that the challenges ahead were far from over.

Kanon, standing slightly aside, observed the heartfelt moment with a conflicted expression. She was relieved for Ruby but also concerned about the implications of Granite's presence in the midst of their current crisis.

Luea's eyes flickered with a hint of intrigue as she took in Granite's arrival. The tension in the room seemed to momentarily ease, though the underlying conflict remained.

Granite looked past Ruby, his gaze meeting Sakurā's. “I heard what's been going on. I came to help, to make sure you all get through this.”

Sakurā nodded, his expression softening slightly. “Your timing is impeccable, Granite. We're about to face some serious challenges, and your support will be invaluable.”

Ruby finally pulled back from Granite, her face still wet with tears but now showing a hopeful smile. “Thank you, Granite. I don't know how to express how much this means to me.”

Granite's expression remained steady, though his eyes reflected a deep sense of understanding. “We'll get through this together. Let's focus on what needs to be done.”

With Granite's arrival, the group felt a renewed sense of strength and determination. They turned their attention back to the looming threat, ready to face whatever lay ahead with a united front. The

path forward was fraught with challenges, but with old friends and allies by their side, they were prepared to confront the darkness that awaited them.

As the group departed, leaving Sakurā alone in the eerie, desolate city, the atmosphere grew heavy with anticipation. Sakurā stood alone, the weight of his mission pressing down on him. The battle ahead would be grueling, and he needed to be prepared.

He unsheathed his sword, the Devil's Blade, its dark, jagged edge gleaming ominously in the dim light. He raised the blade high, pointing it toward the ground. As he swung it in a powerful swirl, a strange, otherworldly energy began to gather. The moon above glowed a haunting shade of bloody red, its light casting an eerie, crimson hue over the landscape.

Sakurā's eyes shifted to a vivid green, and he let out a guttural roar, a primal sound that echoed through the desolate streets. The roar was filled with raw power and desperation, a call to the forces that lay dormant within him.

Collapsing to the ground, Sakurā felt a wave of nausea overcome him. He fought to keep his composure, though his body trembled uncontrollably. As he lay on the ground, the sky above darkened, and a cascade of energy fell from the heavens—a dark, purple, deep red, and almost black armor, pulsating with an unnatural energy.

The armor, a twisted, sinister Skinarmor, slammed onto Sakurā's body. It seemed to melt into his skin, reshaping and merging with him in a gruesome transformation. His face contorted painfully as the armor molded into a spiky, fanged helmet. His mouth turned into a gaping maw filled with sharp, vampiric fangs, which glowed an unsettling red.

Sakurā's eyes, now bright green, were ripped out and replaced with slashed, Spider-Man-esque eyes resembling teardrops. A massive, flowing cape materialized on his back, its dark fabric billowing menacingly. Spikes emerged along his limbs, and frozen blood appeared on his arms, adding to the menacing appearance of the Skinarmor. His feet transformed into clawed appendages, completing the grotesque transformation.

As the final pieces of the armor settled into place, smoke billowed out, enveloping Sakurā in a cloud of darkness. He growled and roared, his true form fully realized—a terrifying, formidable figure brimming with dark energy and raw power.

With his transformation complete, Sakurā prepared to confront the monster that awaited him. He knew that the battle would be fierce, and he would need every ounce of his newfound strength.

As he faced off against the monstrous foe, a sudden shift occurred. Luea, who had been lurking in the shadows, made her presence known. She materialized before him, her dark aura radiating malevolence. However, before Sakurā could engage her, she vanished, leaving only the monster to contend with.

The battle raged on, with Sakurā unleashing the full fury of his transformed state against the beast. The clash was intense, each strike resonating with the power of his cursed armor. Despite the onslaught, Sakurā fought with a relentless determination, driven by the need to protect and avenge.

As the fight reached its climax, Sakurā's transformation began to take its toll. The strain of maintaining his true form was evident, and his energy waned. With a final, powerful blow, he defeated the monster, but the cost was high.

Sakurā, exhausted and in pain, began to untransform. The Skinrmor slowly dissolved, leaving him weakened and vulnerable. Kanon, who had remained close by, rushed to his side, her face etched with concern.

“This happens all the time,” Sakurā said through gritted teeth, attempting to reassure her despite the pain. “Don’t worry.”

Kanon knelt beside him, her hands gently touching his face. “You’re incredible, Sakurā. We’ll get through this. Just hold on.”

As the dust settled and the echoes of the battle faded, Sakurā, Kanon, and the remnants of their fight were left in the quiet aftermath. The battle was over, but the journey was far from finished. With each step forward, they would face new challenges, but they would do so together, driven by the strength of their resolve and the bonds they shared.

As the battle's aftermath settled around them, the air still heavy with the lingering tension, Sakurā struggled to his feet. His body ached from the transformation, the toll it took on him evident in every labored breath. Kanon remained by his side, her eyes filled with concern, but before either could say more, two figures emerged from the shadows.

Momona and Cayenne, their presence both a surprise and a relief, approached with a mixture of awe and worry. Sakurā straightened up as best as he could, his eyes narrowing slightly as he prepared to explain what they had just witnessed.

“That’s how I transform,” Sakurā began, his voice tinged with exhaustion. “And let me tell you...” He paused, taking a deep breath, the weight of his words heavy in the air. “It. Hurts. Like. Hell.”

Before anyone could respond, a new voice cut through the silence, dripping with a mix of curiosity and mockery. “Wow! That’s a shame.”

Everyone turned to see Miria standing nearby, her expression a blend of amusement and intrigue. She leaned casually against a wall, her eyes glinting as she took in the scene before her. There was a certain unsettling air about her, as if she thrived on the chaos and pain that surrounded Sakurā’s transformation.

Miria's eyes locked onto Sakurā, her lips curling into a smirk. “All that pain just to become a monster. I hope it’s worth it, Demon King.”

Sakurā met her gaze, his own expression hardening. “It’s the price I pay to protect those I care about,” he replied, his tone steady despite the fatigue that weighed on him.

Miria chuckled softly, pushing off the wall as she walked closer, her presence unnerving yet somehow captivating. “Well, I suppose every king needs his crown, even if it’s made of thorns.” Her voice was teasing, but there was an edge to it that hinted at something darker.

Momona and Cayenne exchanged uneasy glances, unsure of how to react to Miria’s appearance. Kanon, still close to Sakurā, watched the interaction with a mix of suspicion and unease.

“Why are you here, Miria?” Kanon finally asked, her voice firm despite the undercurrent of worry.

Miria shrugged, her eyes never leaving Sakurā. “I heard there was some action, and I just had to see it for myself. Besides, I’m curious about this ‘Demon King’ everyone’s so afraid of.” She tilted her

head, her smirk widening. “And I must say, I’m not disappointed.”

Sakurā remained silent, his gaze unwavering as he stared back at Miria. He could sense the danger she posed, but he also knew that she was not someone to be underestimated.

The tension in the air thickened, the silence heavy with unspoken words and the weight of their shared histories. It was clear that whatever came next would not be easy, but Sakurā was ready. He had faced worse and would continue to do so, no matter the cost.

For now, though, the battle was over, and the next steps were uncertain. As they all stood there, the echoes of the past and the shadows of the future loomed over them, casting long, dark shadows over the path ahead.

CONFERENCE

In a brightly lit conference room, the atmosphere was surprisingly casual given the group gathered. Sakurā, Kanon, Ruby, and Salem sat around a large table, each lost in their thoughts or engaging in light conversation. The tension from their recent encounters had finally begun to dissipate, replaced by a sense of calm that allowed them to momentarily relax.

Miria, with her characteristic energy, was the most animated of the group. Her long, wavy light gold hair bounced with every movement, and her sparkling blue eyes were full of mischief. She sat with a slight bounce in her seat, clearly excited about something that had just crossed her mind.

“So,” Miria began, her voice breaking the relative silence, “what do you guys think about me hosting the Nickelodeon Kids' Choice Awards someday?”

Everyone turned to her, a mix of surprise and amusement on their faces. Kanon tilted her head slightly, intrigued by the sudden change in topic. “Hosting the Kids' Choice Awards? Where did that idea come from?”

Miria grinned, her over-the-top enthusiasm evident. “Well, I’m a kid actress, right? And imagine all the fun! Slime, music, celebrities—plus, I’m practically a queen of pop in training! It would be perfect! They’d love me, and I’d get to dress up all fancy. Maybe even perform a song or two.”

Ruby giggled, her own tension easing as she got caught up in Miria’s excitement. “That does sound like something you’d enjoy. But can you imagine handling all that slime?”

“Of course!” Miria responded, puffing out her chest with pride. “I’d be the best host they’ve ever had! And if things got messy, I’d just use my magic to clean it all up. It’d be a blast!”

Sakurā, who had been listening quietly, allowed a small smile to touch his lips. He appreciated Miria’s lightheartedness, especially after the intense events they had been through. It was a reminder that despite the heavy burdens they all carried, they were still allowed moments of levity.

“You know, Miria,” Sakurā said, his voice calm and even, “I think you’d do great as a host. But just be careful with that magic of yours. We don’t want the entire stage turning into something out of an anime, right?”

Miria laughed, her eyes twinkling with mischief. “No promises, Demon King! I might just have to spice things up a bit.”

Kanon couldn’t help but chuckle as well, the mood in the room lightening further. “It’s good to see you in such high spirits, Miria. You always know how to bring some fun into the mix.”

Miria beamed at the compliment, her confidence soaring. “Well, someone’s gotta keep things interesting around here! And who knows? Maybe one day you’ll see me up there, on that stage, being covered in slime and loving every second of it.”

The group shared a laugh, the image of Miria hosting the Kids' Choice Awards a welcome distraction from the challenges ahead. For a brief moment, they were just a group of friends, talking about random things and enjoying each other’s company.

As the laughter died down, the room fell into a comfortable silence. Sakurā leaned back in his chair, his eyes drifting towards the window. He knew they still had a long journey ahead, but for now, he allowed himself to relax, enjoying the peace and the company of those who stood by his side.

Miria, still full of energy, leaned back in her chair, lost in a daydream of what her future as a pop queen might hold. The room buzzed with a quiet contentment, the heavy weight of their responsibilities momentarily set aside as they enjoyed the simple pleasure of each other's presence.

The conference room buzzed with lighthearted chatter as the group continued their playful banter about Miria's dream of hosting the Nickelodeon Kids' Choice Awards. The mood was infectious, lifting everyone's spirits after the recent trials they had faced.

Kanon leaned forward, a mischievous glint in her eye as she turned to Miria. "So, Miria, have you thought about how you'd handle getting slimed at the end of the show? That's kind of a big deal, you know."

Miria's eyes sparkled with excitement, her enthusiasm bubbling over. She clapped her hands together, already envisioning the moment. "Oh, absolutely! I've been dreaming about that iconic slime moment forever. Picture this!"

She stood up from her chair, striking a dramatic pose as if she were on a grand stage. The others watched with amused smiles, eager to see where her imagination would take them.

"The lights dim," Miria began, her voice taking on a theatrical tone. "The crowd is going wild, chanting my name. I've just wrapped up an amazing performance, complete with dazzling dance moves and epic vocals."

She twirled around, her high pigtailed swirling through the air as she mimicked holding a microphone. "I thank everyone for an incredible night, blowing kisses to my adoring fans. And just as I'm about to make my grand exit..."

Miria paused for effect, raising her arms wide as if embracing the moment. "BOOM! From above, a massive wave of the most gloriously gooey, glittery green slime comes pouring down, drenching me from head to toe!"

Ruby giggled, covering her mouth with her paws as she pictured the scene. "Glittery slime? Trust you to make even slime fashionable!"

Miria winked, wagging a finger playfully. "Of course! If I'm getting slimed, it's going to be the most fabulous slime ever. Maybe even scented! Imagine—lime and vanilla essence wafting through the air as the crowd goes wild!"

Sakurā chuckled softly, his usually stoic face relaxed into a genuine smile. "Sounds like you've got it all figured out. Slime's up, I guess?"

Miria clapped excitedly, bouncing on her heels. "Deal! I'll make sure it's the most spectacular slime experience ever. I'll be drenched and loving it!"

Momona, who had been quietly enjoying the exchange, chimed in with a grin. "I can already see the headlines: 'Iconic Child Actress Covered in Sparkling Slime.' Sounds like a story for the ages."

Salem purred contentedly from his spot on the table, his tail flicking lazily. "As long as I don't have to clean up the mess afterward."

The group shared another round of laughter, the camaraderie and joy in the room palpable. For a moment, all worries and fears were forgotten as they indulged in the simple pleasure of each other's company and the ridiculous, delightful images conjured by their imaginations.

As the laughter subsided, Miria took her seat again, a satisfied smile on her face. "You know, moments like these make everything worth it. No matter what we face out there, I know we've got each other's backs—and maybe a bucket of slime to keep things interesting."

Sakurā nodded, his gaze softening as he looked around at his friends. "Couldn't have said it better myself. Here's to more adventures, laughter, and, apparently, slime-filled futures."

Miria's eyes sparkled as she continued to describe her dream moment at the Kids' Choice Awards. "And then, just as I finish my speech, I'd be holding a Nickelodeon blimp in one hand..."

She mimed the action, pretending to hold the bright orange blimp, the iconic symbol of the awards. The imaginary weight of it seemed to fill her with even more excitement, and she grinned from ear to ear.

"...And the crowd would be cheering, the lights would dim, and then suddenly—SLIME! Everywhere!"

Miria spun around dramatically, pretending to be hit by a wave of green slime. She laughed, throwing her hands up in mock surprise, as if reveling in the imaginary chaos.

Kanon chuckled, watching Miria's energetic performance. "You'd love every second of it, wouldn't you?"

"Of course!" Miria exclaimed, pretending to hug the blimp close to her chest. "It's all part of the fun!"

Sakurā, leaning back in his chair with a faint smile, added dryly, "Slime's up, I guess?"

The group laughed together, the lighthearted moment a welcome reprieve from their usual challenges. Miria's playful antics with the imaginary Nickelodeon blimp had brought a smile to everyone's face, reminding them of the joy in even the simplest dreams.

DECLARE

As Miria took a closer look at Sakurā's wardrobe, her eyes widened with admiration. "Wow, Sakurā! Your style is seriously amazing! I mean, look at those goggles! And the cape!" She pointed to the black long coat stitched with the torn cape, her fingers tracing the outline of the spiky shoulder pads.

Sakurā raised an eyebrow, a bit surprised by the enthusiastic praise. "Really? You think so?"

"Absolutely!" Miria continued, her excitement evident. "The whole 'Dragisla' hairstyle is so cool, and those red eyebrows give you this fierce look!" She glanced at the black t-shirt with the red dragon symbol, "Devil's Dragon," and the rare black fingerless gloves adorned with black gems. "And the gloves, they're just epic! The whole 'Mahojiū' wardrobe—Strange Magic—looks like it's straight out of a fantasy epic!"

Sakurā smirked slightly, his red eyes gleaming. "Thanks. It's not exactly the kind of thing you'd find in a regular store."

Miria nodded enthusiastically, "I bet! The knee pads with spikes and the Devil's Blade sword—everything just fits perfectly. It's like you stepped out of an action movie!"

She twirled around, mimicking a dramatic pose with an imaginary sword. "I'd totally rock something like that if I had the chance. You've got a killer look, Sakurā!"

Sakurā chuckled, feeling a bit self-conscious but pleased with the compliment. "Glad you like it, Miria. It's a bit of a hassle to maintain, but it's worth it."

The group laughed, Miria's infectious energy brightening the room. Even with the serious battles and dark past, moments like these—filled with admiration and playful banter—added a touch of lightness to their challenging journey.

The room, once filled with lighthearted banter, grew eerily quiet as Sakurā's expression darkened. His eyes, once gleaming with a hint of amusement, now burned with a fierce, unrelenting intensity. The shift in his demeanor was palpable, sending a chill through the air.

Sakurā clenched his fists, his mind racing as memories of the injustices he had faced resurfaced. His heart pounded with a mixture of rage and resolve. Finally, he had enough.

His voice, deep and resonant, cut through the silence like a blade. "I've had enough of this... enough of being pushed around, enough of hiding in the shadows, enough of pretending!" He slammed his fist into the table, the force rattling the room.

Miria, Kanon, and the others looked at him in shock, unsure of what was happening. The playful Sakurā they had just been laughing with was gone, replaced by someone darker, more sinister.

Sakurā's eyes glowed with an unnatural light as he stood tall, his presence overwhelming. A twisted, almost maniacal grin spread across his face. "It's time... It's time to reclaim what's mine, to take back the power that's rightfully mine!" His voice grew louder, echoing off the walls. "Lost City, the Earth—they will all bow before me!"

He threw his head back, a deep, evil laugh escaping his lips. The sound was chilling, reverberating through the room with an ominous weight. It was the laugh of someone who had embraced the darkness within them, someone who was ready to unleash that darkness upon the world.

As the laughter subsided, Sakurā's gaze fell back on his friends, but there was no warmth in his eyes. "THE DEMON KING OF EVIL IS BACK!" he roared, his voice filled with a terrifying conviction. "And this time, I won't stop until everything is under my control."

The declaration hung in the air like a dark cloud, the atmosphere thick with the promise of impending chaos. Sakurā's transformation was complete; he was no longer just a warrior or a hero—he was the Demon King of Evil, and the world would soon tremble before his might.

The air in the conference room was thick with tension as Sakurā's final words echoed ominously in the silence. No one moved; the weight of his declaration was too heavy, too shocking to process all at once. The playful atmosphere from just moments ago was long gone, replaced by an overwhelming sense of dread.

Sakurā, without another word, turned on his heel and strode toward the door. His long, torn black coat, stitched with the cape that billowed behind him, added to the menacing aura that now surrounded him. The spikes on his shoulder pads glinted under the dim lights, and the sound of his boots echoed ominously as he walked across the floor.

Kanon, Miria, and the others watched in stunned silence, their expressions a mixture of disbelief and fear. This wasn't just a passing mood or a dramatic outburst; they all felt it in their bones. Sakurā was serious. Deadly serious.

He paused briefly at the door, his hand resting on the handle. Without looking back, he spoke, his voice low but filled with a chilling resolve. "If any of you stand in my way... well, you won't stand for long."

The door creaked open, and with that, Sakurā stepped out into the hallway, the door slowly closing behind him with a final, echoing thud. The room felt emptier, colder, as if a storm had just passed through, leaving behind only the anticipation of more destruction to come.

Kanon was the first to break the silence, her voice shaky. "He's... he's being real. He's really going to do it."

Miria, usually full of energy and mischief, was uncharacteristically quiet, her sparkling blue eyes wide with fear and confusion. "This isn't just some game or a joke," she whispered. "Sakurā really means it... he's going to bring chaos to Lost City, to the entire Earth."

The reality of the situation began to sink in. The Demon King of Evil wasn't just a title anymore—it was a threat. A promise of the destruction that would soon come.

As the group exchanged uneasy glances, one thing became painfully clear: Sakurā was no longer the ally they once knew. He had become something far more dangerous, and the world was about to feel the full force of his wrath.

RULE

Kanon stood frozen in the middle of the conference room, her heart pounding in her chest. The gravity of Sakurā's words, the cold finality in his voice, echoed relentlessly in her mind. She had always known there was a darkness within him, a storm that raged just beneath the surface, but she had never imagined it would come to this.

Tears welled up in Kanon's eyes as the reality of what was happening began to sink in. She felt a crushing weight in her chest, a mixture of fear, sorrow, and a deep, helpless longing. Sakurā wasn't just talking about taking over the world—he was doing it for her. And that thought broke her heart even more.

“Sakurā...” Kanon's voice trembled as the first tear slipped down her cheek. “Why are you doing this...? I never wanted this...”

She crumpled to her knees, unable to hold back the flood of emotions any longer. The tears came in waves, and she covered her face with her hands, her shoulders shaking as she sobbed uncontrollably. The others in the room watched, their own expressions a mix of concern, fear, and sadness.

Miria, who had never seen Kanon this vulnerable before, took a hesitant step forward, but she didn't know what to say or do. The situation had spiraled far beyond anything any of them could have anticipated.

Kanon's voice broke through the silence, muffled by her hands. “He's doing it for me... he wants to take over the world for me... but I never wanted this! I just wanted him... I just wanted Sakurā...”

The pain in her words was palpable, a stark contrast to the cheerful and confident Kanon they all knew. It was as if a piece of her was breaking right before their eyes, and there was nothing they could do to stop it.

Sakurā's departure had left an empty void in the room, one that seemed to suck all the light and hope out of the air. The others exchanged worried glances, each of them struggling to process what had just happened. Sakurā, their friend, their ally, had crossed a line that none of them knew how to bring him back from.

“Kanon,” Miria finally spoke, her voice soft, trying to offer some comfort, “We'll stop him. We'll find a way to bring him back... to stop all of this.”

Kanon shook her head, her hands still covering her tear-streaked face. “You don't understand... He's doing it because he thinks it will make me happy... But I don't want this! I just want him back... I just want him to be okay...”

As the others watched Kanon break down, a deep, unspoken fear settled in their hearts. Sakurā was no longer just a powerful force to be reckoned with—he was a man driven by a dangerous and desperate love. A love that was now pushing him to the brink of madness.

The thought of stopping him, of standing in his way, seemed almost impossible. But as Kanon cried, there was one thing they all knew for certain: they couldn't let Sakurā go down this path, no matter the cost.

They had to find a way to save him... and the world.

As Sakurā stormed out of the conference room, the echo of his footsteps fading into the distance, his mind was a whirlwind of dark thoughts and fierce determination. He had made up his mind—there was no turning back. The world would bow to him, and in doing so, it would secure Kanon’s safety and happiness. Even if she didn’t realize it yet, this was what needed to be done.

The corridors of the building felt suffocating, as if they were closing in on him. Sakurā’s vision blurred slightly as the weight of his decision pressed down on him. He squeezed his eyes shut, and when he opened them again, he was no longer in the building. The walls, the floors, the entire structure around him had vanished, replaced by a dark, swirling void. He had entered “the Other.”

In this ethereal space, the rules of reality were twisted and bent. Here, Sakurā could feel the raw, unfiltered power of the universe—chaotic, unending, and immense. The darkness of “the Other” was a reflection of the storm within him, a place where his deepest desires and darkest thoughts took form.

A low, rumbling growl echoed through the void, followed by a voice that resonated with both ancient wisdom and untamed ferocity. “So... you’ve returned, Sakurā.”

Sakurā turned, and there before him was Genroar, the malevolent dragon spirit that had been both his adversary and his ally. The beast’s massive form loomed over him, its eyes glowing with a fiery intensity that matched Sakurā’s own resolve.

“I have,” Sakurā responded, his voice steady and unyielding. “I’ve made my decision, Genroar. I’m going to take over Lost City... and the Earth. They will all kneel before the Demon King of Evil.”

Genroar’s eyes narrowed, and a dangerous smile spread across its fanged maw. “You’ve embraced the darkness within you fully, then? You’re ready to wield the power of the MAŌ armor as it was meant to be wielded?”

Sakurā nodded, his eyes burning with determination. “This world... it’s filled with weakness, with fear and doubt. I’ll crush it all. I’ll rebuild it in my image, where Kanon will be safe and where no one can ever threaten what I care about again.”

The dragon spirit circled Sakurā slowly, its massive tail leaving trails of crackling energy in the void. “You speak with conviction, but know this, Sakurā: the path you’ve chosen is one of no return. The power you seek will consume you, twist you into something far more monstrous than you already are. Are you prepared for that?”

Sakurā’s gaze hardened, his grip tightening on the hilt of his sword. “I’ve been fighting monsters my entire life, Genroar. If I must become one to protect what’s mine, then so be it.”

Genroar let out a thunderous laugh, the sound shaking the very fabric of “the Other.” “Very well, Demon King. Let the world tremble before your might. But remember, the power you wield is as much a curse as it is a gift. The deeper you dive into this darkness, the harder it will be to find your way back.”

Sakurā closed his eyes for a moment, the weight of Genroar’s words settling on him. But when he opened them again, there was no hesitation, no doubt—only the burning resolve to see his plan through to the end.

“I don’t need to find my way back,” he said coldly. “I’m exactly where I’m meant to be.”

With those words, the void around them pulsed with energy, and Sakurā felt the connection between him and Genroar strengthen, the power of the MAŌ armor surging through him. He was ready. The world would soon know the true meaning of despair.

As Sakurā prepared to return to reality, a final thought crossed his mind. He wasn’t just doing this for Kanon—he was doing it for himself. To finally embrace the power that had always been his, to become the ruler of a world shaped by his own hand.

The Demon King of Evil had returned, and nothing would stand in his way.

As Sakurā prepared to leave "the Other" and return to reality, a sudden memory flickered through his mind—a passage from the Holy Bible, something he had read long ago, back when his path was less certain, and his heart was not yet consumed by darkness.

The words echoed in his mind, "You can’t control yourself."

It was a warning, a caution against the dangers of unchecked power, against the temptation of becoming something more than human. But to Sakurā, those words now carried a different meaning. They weren’t a warning; they were a challenge.

The idea of control had always been a distant concept for him, something elusive and out of reach. But now, with the power of the MAŌ armor and the title of Demon King of Evil, control was within his grasp. He would take that challenge head-on, proving that he not only could control himself but also control the world around him.

His eyes narrowed with determination as he considered his next move. Lost City and Earth would fall under his dominion, but to truly demonstrate his power, to show the world that the Demon King of Evil had returned, he needed a grand stage, a place where his conquest would send shockwaves across the globe.

New York City.

The very heart of the modern world, a symbol of human achievement, a place teeming with life, ambition, and pride. To take over New York City would be to send a message to every corner of the Earth that no one was safe from his wrath. It would be the first step in his grand plan of domination.

Sakurā’s lips curled into a dark smile as he made his decision. New York City would be his first target. It was only fitting that the city that never sleeps would be the one to awaken to the nightmare he was about to unleash.

With a deep breath, Sakurā focused his energy, the connection to "the Other" weakening as he prepared to return to reality. The void around him began to dissolve, the swirling darkness giving way to the cold, hard floors of the building he had left behind. He could feel the power of the MAŌ armor pulsing through him, stronger and more intoxicating than ever.

As his surroundings solidified, Sakurā opened his eyes, his gaze cold and unyielding. The world was about to change, and he would be the one to shape its new order. He would start with New York City, and from there, the rest of the world would follow.

“They think I can’t control myself,” Sakurā muttered to himself, his voice dripping with dark confidence. “I’ll show them just how wrong they are.”

And with that, the Demon King of Evil began his march toward conquest, the first step on a path that would bring the entire world to its knees.

In the heart of New York City, chaos erupted as an army of armored soldiers, clad in the insignia of the Demon King, marched through the streets. Their heavy footsteps echoed off the buildings, creating an oppressive atmosphere of fear and submission. People scrambled to find safety, but there was nowhere to hide. The city was under siege, and the world was about to change forever.

Suddenly, every large LED screen in Times Square flickered to life, displaying the same image: Sakurā Yami Shirabe, the Demon King of Evil, stood tall and imposing, his eyes glowing with a sinister energy. His dark, spiked clothes shimmered menacingly in the light, and the air around him seemed to crackle with raw power.

He began his speech, his voice booming through the speakers, resonating in every corner of the city, and beyond.

"Attention, entire world! Hear my proclamation! I am Sakurā Yami Shirabe, The Demon King of Evil, The Despair Knight, and your only Ruler!"

The crowd, paralyzed by fear and awe, could only watch as Sakurā continued.

"You all have bullied, beaten, abused, and manipulated me, and now, the joke’s on you all. I am the one this time who will make you cower in fear! If anyone dares to resist my supreme authority, they shall know the devastating powers of The Demon King!"

His words sent shivers down the spines of those who heard them. The Bioknights, once symbols of hope and resistance, were now powerless against the overwhelming might of the Demon King.

“Those who could challenge my Military Rule no longer exist. Yes, from this day, from this moment forward, the world belongs to me!, Sakurā's gaze pierced through the screen as if he were looking directly at each individual watching. His presence was inescapable, suffocating.”

"Sakurā Yami, The Demon King, tells you... Obey me, Earth! Obey me, Universe! Obey me, everyone!"

The declaration hung in the air, heavy with finality. The world seemed to hold its breath, waiting for what would come next. And then, slowly but surely, the crowd began to chant.

"All hail Sakurā! All hail the Demon King!"

The chant grew louder, spreading like wildfire through the streets of New York City, and then across the globe. The world had been conquered, and the people, driven by fear or acceptance, began to acknowledge their new ruler.

But amidst the growing tide of voices, one cry of despair cut through the noise like a knife. In a distant room, Kanon watched the broadcast, her heart shattering with every word Sakurā spoke. Tears streamed down her face as she struggled to comprehend the transformation of the man she loved.

Miria and the others tried to comfort her, but nothing could soothe the pain Kanon felt in that moment. Her body trembled as she screamed out in tears, the sound echoing through the room and beyond.

“SAKURĀ!”

Her cry was filled with anguish, a desperate plea for the return of the man she knew, the one who had once been kind and caring, before the darkness consumed him. But Sakurā was no longer that man. He was now the Demon King, and the world was his to command.

As Kanon's scream faded into the silence, the weight of Sakurā's proclamation settled over the world, a grim reminder that from that day forward, nothing would ever be the same.

TIME

Kanon fell to her knees, her body trembling as she struggled to comprehend the nightmare unfolding before her. The cheers of the crowd around her felt like cruel mockery, a twisted celebration of the man she once loved now transformed into a tyrant. Her vision blurred with tears, and her heart ached with a pain so deep it felt as though it might tear her apart.

Her sobs echoed through the streets, a stark contrast to the jubilant chants of "All hail Sakurā!" that filled the air. The world seemed to close in around her, the weight of her despair suffocating. She could barely breathe, her chest tightening as the realization of Sakurā's transformation crashed down on her like a tidal wave.

"Kanon!" Miria's voice cut through the noise as she rushed to her side, her usual cheerful demeanor replaced with genuine concern. She knelt beside Kanon, wrapping her arms around her in a tight embrace. "It's going to be okay... We'll figure this out."

But Kanon couldn't hear her. The image of Sakurā's cold, unyielding face was burned into her mind, his voice—once filled with warmth and love—now twisted into something unrecognizable. She buried her face in her hands, her shoulders shaking as she sobbed uncontrollably.

"Please, Kanon," Momona pleaded, joining Miria in trying to comfort her. "We're here for you. We'll find a way to bring him back."

Cayenne stood nearby, his face etched with worry as he watched Kanon crumble. He clenched his fists, feeling helpless in the face of her grief. "We can't lose hope. Sakurā is still in there, somewhere."

But Kanon's cries only grew louder, her despair overwhelming. She couldn't see a way out of the darkness that had consumed the man she loved. Her heart broke over and over as the memory of his gentle smile was replaced by the cold, terrifying image of the Demon King.

"Sakurā... come back..." she whispered through her tears, her voice barely audible. "Please, come back to me..."

The others exchanged worried glances, unsure of what to say or do. They had never seen Kanon like this, so utterly broken and lost. The sight of her pain cut them deeply, and they felt the weight of the situation pressing down on them as well.

As the crowd continued to chant in the distance, celebrating Sakurā's rise to power, Kanon's heart shattered into a million pieces. The love of her life was gone, replaced by a monster, and she didn't know if she could ever bring him back. All she could do was cry, surrounded by friends who wished they could take away her pain, but knowing that only Sakurā's return could truly heal her broken heart.

As Kanon's sobs echoed through the streets, a sudden hush fell over the crowd as a group of familiar faces emerged from the shadows. Kotaro, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Labra, Erika, Tsukasa, and Reii appeared, their expressions a mix of shock, confusion, and deep sadness. They had watched Sakurā leave for Lost City before Kanon and Ruby had joined him, and now they had returned to witness the transformation of their once-ally into a tyrant.

Kotaro, usually so composed, stood frozen in place, his eyes wide with disbelief. "This can't be real," he muttered under his breath, his mind racing to make sense of what he had just seen. "Sakurā... What have you done?"

Akari clutched her heart, her face pale as the weight of the situation pressed down on her. "I never imagined... I thought we could trust him, that he was one of us."

Sara's eyes brimmed with tears, her voice shaky as she spoke. "He was our friend. How did it come to this?"

Souta's fists clenched at his sides, anger flashing in his eyes. "We should have seen the signs. We should have stopped this before it got this far."

Takuto shook his head, his voice barely a whisper. "We were too late. We failed him... and now the world is paying the price."

Yuji looked down, his usual confidence gone, replaced by a heavy sadness. "He was always so strong, so determined. I never thought... I never thought he'd turn into this."

Yayoi, Labra, and Erika huddled together, their small frames trembling as they tried to process the scene before them. Labra's voice was tiny, full of fear. "Is Sakurā really... evil now?"

Erika's voice cracked as she tried to reassure them. "We have to believe that there's still good in him, somewhere."

Tsukasa and Reii exchanged glances, their usual playful banter absent as they grappled with the reality of their friend's descent into darkness. Tsukasa sighed deeply. "This isn't the Sakurā we knew. He's lost... but we can't give up on him."

Reii nodded in agreement, though his heart was heavy. "But how do we bring him back? How do we fight against someone we once called a friend?"

The group stood in somber silence, watching as Kanon continued to cry, her heartbreak mirrored in their own hearts. They had come back, hoping to reunite with their ally, only to find that he had become something else entirely—something terrifying.

They knew the road ahead would be filled with difficult choices and painful confrontations, but they also knew that they couldn't abandon Sakurā. He was still their friend, even if he had lost his way. And as long as there was a chance, no matter how small, to bring him back from the brink, they would do everything in their power to save him.

But for now, all they could do was stand by Kanon, sharing in her grief, and hoping that somewhere deep inside, the Sakurā they knew still existed, waiting to be found.

In a dimly lit room, a television flickered with the unmistakable logo of C-SPAN3, broadcasting a live feed that none of them ever expected to see. The tension was palpable as Kotaro, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Labra, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Kanon, Miria, Momona, Cayenne, and the three Rubys gathered around, their faces reflecting a mix of dread and disbelief.

On the screen, Sakurā stood tall, his presence commanding as he addressed the world. His voice, once familiar and comforting, now carried an edge of cold authority that sent chills down their

spines. The speech they had witnessed in person was now being broadcasted to millions, making Sakurā's declaration of dominance known across the globe.

“Attention, entire world! Hear my proclamation!” Sakurā’s voice boomed through the speakers, filling the room with a sense of foreboding. “I am Sakurā Yami Shirabe, The Demon King of Evil, The Despair Knight, and your only Ruler!”

Kanon’s breath hitched as she heard the words again, her heart breaking all over. The love she had for Sakurā was now intertwined with fear and sadness, as she realized the full extent of his transformation.

As Sakurā continued his speech, outlining his plans for global domination, the room was silent except for the sound of his voice. Each word he spoke drove home the reality of the situation: their friend was gone, replaced by someone they barely recognized.

Yayoi clutched Labra’s tiny hand, her grip tight as if holding on for dear life. "Is this really happening?" she whispered, her voice trembling.

"It is," Akari replied softly, her eyes never leaving the screen. "Sakurā has... changed. And not for the better."

Tsukasa, usually quick with a joke, was uncharacteristically silent, his eyes narrowed in thought. "There’s got to be a way to reach him," he murmured, though he didn’t sound entirely convinced.

Miria, who had been so full of energy and jokes earlier, now watched with wide, worried eyes. "He really means it, doesn’t he? This isn’t some kind of prank or performance."

"No," Cayenne said grimly, his expression serious. "He’s serious. And that makes this all the more dangerous."

Momona placed a comforting hand on Kanon’s shoulder, trying to offer some solace in the face of overwhelming despair. "We’ll figure this out," she said, though the uncertainty in her voice was hard to miss.

The three Rubys huddled close together, their usually bright and cheerful demeanor subdued by the gravity of the situation. The weight of what was happening was almost too much for them to bear, especially for Ruby, who had seen the start of Sakurā’s descent.

As the broadcast continued, the room felt smaller, the air heavier with each passing second. The world was changing before their eyes, and they were at the center of it all, witnessing the rise of a tyrant who once fought by their side.

And as Sakurā’s proclamation came to an end, with the words, "Obey me, Earth! Obey me, Universe! Obey me, Everyone!" the screen went dark, leaving the room in a thick, oppressive silence.

No one spoke for a long time. What could they say? Their friend, their ally, had declared war on the world. The stakes had never been higher, and the path forward was shrouded with darkness alive.

STOP

In the dimly lit room where the group had been watching the broadcast, a sense of resolve began to build. The weight of Sakurā's declaration had settled heavily on their shoulders, but now it was time to act. Determination etched across their faces, Kotaro, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Labra, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Kanon, Miria, Momona, Cayenne, and the three Rubys began to strategize their next move.

"We can't just sit here and let him do whatever he wants," Kotaro said, his voice firm. "We need to stop him before he does any more damage."

Akari nodded, her eyes filled with a fierce resolve. "New York City is where he made his announcement. We need to head there and find a way to reach him. We need to show him that we won't stand for this."

Sakurā's former allies quickly gathered their gear and prepared to leave. Kanon, despite her deep anguish, joined the effort with a steely determination in her eyes. Miria, her usual energetic self now tempered by the gravity of the situation, had already begun mobilizing her magical resources. Momona and Cayenne made sure their plans were in order, while Labra and Yayoi coordinated logistics for their journey.

As they prepared to depart, the urgency of the situation pushed them into action. The group split into smaller teams to cover more ground, each team making its way toward the nearest transportation hubs, eager to reach New York City as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile, across the globe, Sakurā had other plans. His darkened eyes were fixed on a new destination. In the shadows of Lost City, his thoughts were already turning toward Tokyo. A twisted smile crossed his lips as he prepared for his next move.

"The world will bow to me," Sakurā murmured to himself, his voice filled with a malevolent confidence. "And Tokyo will be my next conquest."

As Sakurā and his forces made their way toward Tokyo, he was oblivious to the hurried preparations of his former allies. His thoughts were consumed by his ambition, the promise of power, and the intoxicating rush of being in control.

Back at the point of departure, the group's preparations were nearly complete. They were about to leave for New York City when a sudden realization hit Akari.

"Wait a minute," Akari said, her brow furrowing in confusion. "What if he's not going to stay in New York? What if he's headed somewhere else?"

The others paused, exchanging worried glances. The idea that Sakurā might not be where they expected was unsettling. But before they could dwell too much on it, they quickly brushed aside the concern.

"We have to move," Kanon insisted, her voice urgent. "We need to act now and we'll figure out the rest as we go."

With a determined nod, the group set off towards New York City, their minds set on stopping Sakurā's reign of terror. They boarded planes, trains, and vehicles, each movement filled with purpose and hope.

As the city lights of New York began to come into view, the group was unaware of the storm brewing in Tokyo. Sakurā's dark ambition was far from over, and the city of Tokyo was about to face a new wave of chaos.

The race was on, but little did they know, the true confrontation was only just beginning.

As the group arrived in New York City, they were met with an eerie silence. The city, once bustling and vibrant, now seemed to be in an unsettling calm. The group split up to search for any sign of Sakurā or his forces. The familiar landmarks of the city loomed around them, but there was no trace of their former ally.

Kotaro, his gaze sweeping over the desolate streets, grew increasingly frustrated. "Where is he? He was just here."

The tension in the air was palpable as the group regrouped, their worried faces reflecting their growing concern. They had expected to find Sakurā at the center of the chaos, but he was nowhere to be found. The feeling of unease was mounting.

Just as their frustration reached its peak, a voice broke through the silence. "He's not here. He's in Tokyo."

The voice was calm, almost serene, but it carried a weight of authority. The group turned towards the source of the voice, their eyes falling on Peridot. She stood a short distance away, her green gemstone eyes reflecting the city lights.

"Peridot?" Ruby exclaimed, her voice a mix of relief and confusion. "What are you doing here?"

Peridot stepped forward, her expression serious. "I followed the energy signature of Sakurā's magic. It led me here. I realized that he has already left for Tokyo."

Kanon's eyes widened with realization. "Tokyo? But we came here thinking he'd be here!"

Peridot nodded, her gaze steady. "It seems he intended to lead us astray. His real plan is in Tokyo. We need to get there immediately."

Yayoi, ever practical, quickly began making arrangements. "We need to find the fastest way to Tokyo. We can't waste any more time."

Miria, her previous lighthearted demeanor replaced with a focused determination, started working on mobilizing magical transportation. "I can help with that. We need to act fast."

As the group rallied, their focus shifted to the urgency of reaching Tokyo. Peridot's presence and information provided the crucial lead they needed.

With renewed determination, they prepared to leave New York City behind. Their mission was clear: stop Sakurā before his dark plans could unfold in Tokyo.

The cityscape of New York began to fade as they boarded their new mode of transport, a magical gateway crafted by Miria's powers. The path to Tokyo opened before them, and they stepped

through with a sense of purpose.

Little did they know, the struggle to save Sakurā and the world was far from over. As the group raced against time, Tokyo was on the brink of facing a new wave of darkness, and the battle to reclaim their friend had just begun.

Tokyo Tower stood majestically against the night sky, its iconic red and white silhouette illuminated by city lights. But tonight, it was under a sinister threat.

Sakurā, cloaked in his dark armor, stood atop a high building overlooking Tokyo Tower. His eyes, glowing with a fierce green light, were fixed on his target. He held a device in his hands, a powerful explosive meant to bring the iconic landmark to its knees. The device crackled with ominous energy, ready to unleash destruction.

As he prepared to activate the device, a strange hesitation gripped him. His mind, clouded by the darkness of his newfound power, flickered with a moment of doubt. The device's activation button hovered before him, yet he couldn't bring himself to press it.

"No," Sakurā muttered to himself, his voice tinged with internal conflict. "Not the Tower. Not yet."

The device's ominous hum filled the air, but Sakurā's hand remained suspended. Memories of his past, of moments shared with friends and loved ones, seemed to conflict with his current path. The weight of his decision bore heavily on him, and the sight of Tokyo Tower, a symbol of resilience and hope, seemed to hold a deeper significance.

Little did Sakurā know, Miria and the others were closing in on him. Their magical transportation had swiftly carried them across the globe, and they were now just moments away from confronting their former ally.

As they approached Tokyo, the city's skyline came into view. The group, weary yet determined, moved with urgency. They had been briefed by Peridot and were well aware of Sakurā's intention to bring chaos to the city.

Miria, using her magical prowess, pinpointed Sakurā's location atop a building. "We're getting close," she said, her voice steady despite the tension. "Sakurā is right there. We need to act fast."

The group arrived at the high building where Sakurā stood, their eyes scanning the area. The shadowy figure of their former ally was visible against the backdrop of Tokyo Tower. They approached cautiously, aware of the gravity of the situation.

Kanon, leading the group with a determined resolve, took a deep breath. Her heart ached at the sight of Sakurā, conflicted and torn between his dark plans and his former self. "Sakurā," she called out, her voice filled with a mix of desperation and hope. "It's not too late. You don't have to do this."

Sakurā's eyes flickered as he heard Kanon's voice. The internal struggle within him became more apparent. The dark energy that once drove him to destruction now seemed to waver, clouded by the memories of those he cared about.

Miria and the others remained hidden, watching the tense confrontation unfold. They hoped their presence would remind Sakurā of the person he once was, and that the bonds they shared might yet prevail over the darkness.

As Sakurā wrestled with his inner turmoil, the device in his hand pulsed with an eerie light. The choice between destruction and redemption lay before him, and the fate of Tokyo, and perhaps his own soul, hung in the balance.

FREEZE

The tension atop the high building in Tokyo reached its breaking point. Sakurā, his hand still clutching the explosive device, suddenly fell to his knees. The dark energy that had once surged through him now seemed to waver uncontrollably. His body trembled, caught between the remnants of his past self and the overpowering force that sought to dominate him.

The sky above was filled with ominous clouds, and a chill wind swept through the air. Sakurā's eyes, once glowing fiercely green, now flickered erratically. He clenched his head, trying to resist the overwhelming force that sought to control him.

"I can't... I can't control it..." Sakurā gasped, his voice strained and desperate. His mind was a battleground of conflicting emotions and memories, torn between the dark energy of Genroar and the remnants of his former self.

The presence of Genroar, who had merged with Sakurā, seemed to be even more malevolent than before. The dragon's influence had twisted Sakurā's intentions, turning him back into a figure of pure malice. The internal battle was fierce, and the struggle was visible in Sakurā's pained expression.

Suddenly, Sakurā's transformation intensified. His body was enveloped in a dark, swirling aura as he summoned the power of the MAŌ armor. The black and red armor materialized around him, its dark energy pulsating with a menacing rhythm. His once-human form was now a fearsome embodiment of darkness and power.

The armor's transformation was complete, and Sakurā stood tall as MAŌ, a towering figure clad in dark, spiked armor. The full armor, with its jagged edges and glowing red accents, radiated an aura of dread and dominance. His sword, Devil's Blade, gleamed with a dark, ominous light.

Sakurā, now fully transformed, turned his attention to the armored soldiers that had accompanied him earlier. Their presence had been a part of his strategy, but now, under the influence of Genroar's dark power, he saw them as mere obstacles. His eyes burned with an intense, fiery red as he prepared for battle.

With a roar that shook the very air, Sakurā leaped into action. The soldiers, once allies, now found themselves facing the full fury of MAŌ. Sakurā's sword slashed through their ranks with ruthless efficiency, each strike infused with dark energy. The once-formidable soldiers were overwhelmed by the sheer force and precision of his attacks.

The battlefield became a chaotic scene of flashing lights and explosions as Sakurā's dark power wreaked havoc. The soldiers fell one by one, their armored suits unable to withstand the relentless onslaught of the Demon King. Sakurā's movements were a blur of darkness and destruction, his sword cutting through steel and flesh alike.

As the last of the soldiers fell, Sakurā stood amidst the ruins, his armor gleaming with the blood-red glow of victory. His breaths came in ragged gasps, the exertion of the battle evident in his posture. The conflict within him continued to rage, but the external battle was over.

The ground was littered with debris and fallen soldiers, a testament to the power Sakurā had unleashed. The city below, once vibrant and bustling, now lay under the shadow of his dark reign.

Sakurā, still in his MAŌ form, looked out over the city, the remnants of his former self barely visible beneath the overwhelming darkness.

The echoes of his roar and the devastation he had caused would linger in the city's memory, a grim reminder of the power that had risen from within him.

The battlefield lay in ruins, and the city below was shrouded in the aftermath of the chaos Sakurā had unleashed. As the last echoes of battle faded, a profound silence settled over the area. The dark, ominous clouds overhead seemed to part slightly, revealing a sliver of moonlight that cast a pale glow over the destruction.

Sakurā, still in his MAŌ form, stood amidst the wreckage. His breaths were heavy, and his gaze was fixed on the devastation he had wrought. The once-mighty armor now felt like a cage, and the weight of his actions bore down upon him. The crimson glow of his armor flickered, and the dark energy that had fueled his rage seemed to wane, leaving behind a sense of emptiness.

He looked down at his hands, still gripping the Devil's Blade. The blade, once a symbol of power and authority, now felt foreign and cold. Sakurā's eyes, usually burning with fierce determination, now reflected a deep sorrow and regret. The realization of what he had become began to sink in, and the weight of his choices pressed heavily upon him.

The sound of distant sirens and the sight of smoldering ruins served as a harsh reminder of the destruction he had caused. Sakurā's once-proud figure now seemed hollow and broken. The dark power that had consumed him had left a trail of devastation, and the city lay in shambles beneath him.

Slowly, Sakurā fell to his knees, the armor's imposing presence now feeling like a shroud of guilt. He could see the faces of the soldiers he had defeated, their expressions frozen in shock and pain. The memories of the people he had once cared for, the friends and allies he had betrayed, flashed before his eyes. The vision of Kanon, Miria, and the others, their faces filled with worry and sadness, haunted him.

"What have I become?" Sakurā whispered, his voice trembling with anguish. The dark energy that had once fueled him now felt like a curse, and the power he had sought to wield seemed meaningless in the face of the destruction he had caused.

The MAŌ armor, now a symbol of his darkest self, began to wane. The once-intimidating spikes and dark energy faded, and the armor's jagged edges softened. Sakurā's form began to revert to his human shape, though the process was slow and painful. The transformation left him feeling weak and vulnerable, the weight of his actions now painfully apparent.

As the last vestiges of the MAŌ armor dissipated, Sakurā collapsed to the ground, his body trembling with exhaustion and remorse. He looked up at the night sky, his eyes filled with tears of regret. The moonlight, once a distant beacon of hope, now seemed like a cruel reminder of the light he had lost.

"I'm sorry," Sakurā murmured, his voice barely audible. The words were directed at no one in particular, a plea for forgiveness that he knew might never come. The realization of the depth of his fall was overwhelming, and the path to redemption seemed impossibly distant.

The city below was a stark reminder of the cost of his actions. Sakurā knew that rebuilding what he had destroyed would be a monumental task, one that he might never fully accomplish. The weight

of his choices, the pain he had inflicted, and the loss of the trust and love he once had were now his to bear.

In that moment, as he lay amidst the ruins, Sakurā faced the painful truth of his actions. The darkness that had once driven him now left him in a state of deep reflection, haunted by the shadows of his own making. The path to redemption was uncertain, but Sakurā knew that he had to confront the consequences of his choices and seek a way to make amends.

Sakurā's eyes closed tightly, the tears streaming down his face as he lay amidst the ruins of Tokyo. The weight of his actions was almost too much to bear, and the sorrow he felt was overwhelming. The dark armor, now a distant echo of his former self, had faded away, leaving him feeling raw and exposed.

Suddenly, the world around him shifted. The desolate cityscape was replaced by the ethereal, shifting expanse of "The Other." The familiar darkness of the realm surrounded him, a stark contrast to the devastation he had just left behind. The oppressive atmosphere felt like an oppressive shroud, pressing in on him from all sides.

Sakurā looked around, disoriented and lost, as the shadows began to coalesce into a familiar form. Genroar, his immense and fearsome presence, appeared before him. The once-mighty dragon looked smaller, subdued, and filled with an unfamiliar sorrow.

"Sakurā," Genroar's voice rumbled, filled with a mix of regret and empathy. "I am so sorry for what has happened. We were... we were not ourselves."

Sakurā, still on his knees, looked up at Genroar with a mixture of confusion and anguish. "What do you mean?" he asked, his voice choked with emotion.

"It was not entirely us," Genroar explained, his tone somber. "We were possessed, manipulated by someone... someone who used our own darkness against us."

The realization struck Sakurā like a blow. The clarity of the situation began to dawn on him, and the shadowy presence he had felt while wielding the MAŌ armor started to make sense. His mind raced as he tried to piece together the puzzle.

"Who?" Sakurā asked, his voice barely a whisper.

Genroar's gaze shifted to the darkness surrounding them, as if searching for the source of their torment. "It was Luea," he finally said. "Luea used her dark powers to take control of us. She manipulated our deepest fears and desires to bend us to her will."

Sakurā's heart sank as he heard the name. Luea, the gothic Jewelpet, who had always been a complex and unsettling presence in his life. The realization that she had been behind the possession was both horrifying and enlightening. The darkness that had consumed him was a tool used by someone with their own twisted agenda.

"But why?" Sakurā asked, his voice filled with both anger and despair. "Why would she do this?"

Genroar's expression was one of deep regret. "Luea has her own vendetta, her own grievances. She sought to use our power for her own purposes, and in doing so, she exploited our vulnerabilities. We were pawns in her scheme, manipulated into causing the very chaos we now regret."

Sakurā's mind was reeling from the revelation. The anger he felt toward himself for the destruction he had caused was now mixed with a deep sense of betrayal. Luea's actions had pushed him to commit acts he would have never willingly chosen, and now he faced the painful truth of his own helplessness.

As Sakurā struggled to come to terms with the revelation, he felt a sudden shift within himself. The tears he had shed seemed to carry away some of the burden he had been carrying. The clarity of the truth, though painful, provided a glimmer of understanding and direction.

"I need to make this right," Sakurā said resolutely, his voice steady as he spoke. "I need to find Luea and put an end to her manipulation. I need to repair the damage I've caused and seek redemption for what I've done."

Genroar nodded, a look of approval in his eyes. "We will support you, Sakurā. We will face Luea together and stop her from causing any more harm."

With that, Sakurā took a deep breath, preparing himself for the journey ahead. The path to redemption would be long and arduous, but with the truth now known and his resolve strengthened, he was ready to face whatever challenges lay before him. As he stood up, the dark realm of "The Other" seemed to shift around him, guiding him toward the next step in his quest to reclaim his own destiny and make amends for his past actions.

TRAPPED

Sakurā's eyes fluttered open, a searing pain radiating through his body. He found himself stretched out on a vast, grim altar—his body splayed across the face of a colossal, ancient clock. The clock's hands loomed above him, moving slowly as if taunting him with their unrelenting passage. The clock was set against a backdrop of a desolate graveyard, its overgrown grass and crumbling headstones shrouded in a heavy mist.

His wrists and ankles were bound to the clock's frame with thick, iron chains, their cold weight biting into his flesh. The sharp edges of the clock's face cut into his back, and every shift of the chains sent a jolt of agony through him. The bloodied and bruised state of his body was a testament to the torment he had endured.

Kanon stood at a distance, her face pale and her eyes wide with horror. The sight of Sakurā in such a dire state broke her heart, and tears streamed down her cheeks. Her breath came in ragged gasps as she took in the horrifying scene before her.

“NO!” Kanon screamed, her voice filled with anguish. “Sakurā! I'm coming for you!”

Desperation fueled her actions as she rushed toward the clock, her hands trembling as she pulled out a small, intricate key from her pocket. She approached the massive clock with determined steps, her heart racing as she fought to keep her composure.

The chains were thick and sturdy, but Kanon's resolve was stronger. She inserted the key into a hidden lock on the side of the clock face, her fingers shaking as she turned it. The lock clicked open, and she worked tirelessly to free the chains binding Sakurā's wrists and ankles. Her movements were swift but careful, each moment feeling like an eternity as she tried to untangle him from the cruel mechanism.

Sakurā's eyes, once full of despair, flickered with recognition as he saw Kanon's face. Despite the pain, a small, pained smile tugged at his lips. “Kanon...” he croaked, his voice barely audible. “You shouldn't be here...”

“Don't you dare talk like that!” Kanon snapped, her voice breaking with emotion. “I'm not letting you suffer like this. Not anymore!”

With each chain she removed, Kanon felt a surge of hope, despite the grim surroundings. The last chain fell away with a clatter, and Sakurā's battered body slumped forward, his strength nearly gone. Kanon quickly moved to support him, her arms wrapping around him as she helped him down from the clock.

Sakurā's head rested against her shoulder, his breath ragged and labored. His strength was failing him, but the warmth and care from Kanon was a beacon of light amidst the darkness.

“I'm sorry,” Sakurā whispered, his voice barely a murmur. “I'm so sorry for everything...”

Kanon shook her head, her tears mingling with the grime on her face. “We'll get through this. We'll find a way to make it right. I promise.”

As she helped him to his feet, she looked around the graveyard with resolve. They had to escape this place, and they had to find a way to confront whatever evil still lurked. Kanon's gaze met Sakurā's, and in that moment, a shared determination sparked between them.

"Let's get out of here," Kanon said firmly, her voice steady. "We have to find Luea and end this."

Sakurā nodded weakly, but with a newfound strength fueled by Kanon's unwavering support. Together, they would face the darkness ahead and seek redemption for the trials they had endured. As they made their way out of the graveyard, the night sky above seemed to clear, offering a glimmer of hope for the journey they were about to undertake.

The dark skies above were heavy with swirling clouds and lightning as Sakurā hovered in the air, surrounded by a multitude of Slime Sirens—demonic angels with inky black wings and a malevolent glow in their eyes. Their eerie, otherworldly forms cast long, dark shadows against the turbulent sky, their chilling voices echoing ominously.

Sakurā, battered and bruised, was breathing heavily, his eyes reflecting a fierce determination. The pain of his recent ordeal still lingered, but he refused to be subdued. He clenched his fists and stared defiantly at the encroaching Sirens.

"I WILL NOT BE DEFEATED HEREEEEEEEEEE!" Sakurā roared, his voice reverberating with a newfound strength that shook the very air around him.

As the words left his mouth, a golden flare erupted from his body, engulfing him in a brilliant, shimmering light. His wardrobe and hair transformed into radiant gold, the dark hues giving way to a dazzling brilliance that illuminated the sky. The golden aura around him intensified, casting a warm glow that contrasted sharply with the surrounding darkness.

The Slime Sirens recoiled in fear and confusion as the intense light blazed forth. They tried to shield themselves from the overwhelming radiance, but the power was too great. One by one, they were blasted away by the sheer force of Sakurā's unleashed energy, their cries of anguish echoing through the heavens.

Below, Kanon and the rest of the group—Kotaro, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Labra, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Miria, Momona, and Cayenne—watched in awe and bewilderment. The transformation Sakurā was undergoing was unlike anything they had ever seen.

"What's happening?" Kanon gasped, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Is he... turning into a Super Saiyan?"

"Wait, but he's not a Saiyan," Akari pointed out, her voice tinged with confusion. "How is this even possible?"

The golden transformation seemed to defy logic and explanation. Despite the familiar appearance of a "Super Saiyan" moment, the energy and light radiating from Sakurā were distinctly alien. The sheer force of his power was unprecedented, making it clear that this was no ordinary transformation.

As Sakurā's power surged, the golden flare became a beacon in the stormy sky. The once-overwhelming darkness was pushed back, and the Sirens were driven away in a torrent of light and energy. The battle was fierce and spectacular, with Sakurā at its center, a beacon of golden defiance against the encroaching malevolence.

In the midst of the chaos, Sakurā's eyes were fierce with determination. He was fighting not only for his own redemption but for the safety of those he cared about. The power that had once threatened to consume him was now a force for good, and he channeled it with unwavering resolve.

The skies began to clear as the last of the Sirens were defeated, their forms dissolving into the ether. Sakurā's golden aura slowly began to fade, his energy spent but his spirit unbroken. He descended towards the ground, where Kanon and the others rushed to meet him, their faces a mix of relief and amazement.

"You did it!" Kanon exclaimed, tears of relief streaming down her face. "You're amazing!"

Sakurā, exhausted but resolute, nodded weakly. "It wasn't easy, but I won't let anything stop me. Not now, not ever."

The group gathered around him, their support and camaraderie a stark contrast to the darkness that had surrounded them. Together, they faced the new challenges that lay ahead, united in their resolve to protect the world and overcome the forces that sought to bring it down.

TRUTH

In the dark, turbulent skies over Tokyo, Sakurā gazes at the colossal Siren looming above him. With a resolute grip, he raises Devil's Blade high. The sword's blade begins to swirl, slicing through the air with a menacing hum. As the blade turns, it casts a sinister light that transforms the moon into a bloody red orb, its eerie glow bathing the city below.

Sakurā's eyes turn an intense shade of green, reflecting the crimson moonlight. He roars, the sound reverberating through the air, as if challenging the very heavens. Overcome by a wave of nausea, he collapses to the ground, his body wracked by the immense power coursing through him.

The sky darkens further as the Skinrmor descends from above, enveloping Sakurā in a pulsating, dark red, black, and purple armor. The armor slams into him, melding with his skin. Sakurā's face morphs into a fearsome helmet adorned with spikes and fangs. His mouth transforms into a set of menacing fanged teeth, glowing red, while his eyes are torn out and replaced with slashed, Spider-Man-esque green eyes that resemble teardrops.

A massive cape unfurls from his back, flowing ominously behind him. Spikes protrude from his legs and arms, with patches of frozen blood appearing on his upper arms. His feet morph into clawed appendages. The Skinrmor continues to pump out thick, dark smoke, shrouding Sakurā in an aura of menace.

As the smoke clears, Sakurā stands tall and formidable, the embodiment of his true power. With a final, guttural growl, he prepares to confront the giant Siren, determined to harness every ounce of his newfound strength.

As Sakurā, now fully transformed into MAŌ, prepares to battle the giant Siren, his attention is drawn to a disturbing sight. The floor beneath him begins to shimmer with a dark, viscous slime. The substance, pulsating with a malevolent energy, suddenly takes on a life of its own, becoming sentient and swirling around the area with sinister intent.

Without warning, the slime leaps towards Kanon, wrapping itself around her with an unrelenting grip. Kanon gasps in terror as the slime begins to burn her skin, its corrosive nature searing through her clothes and causing her immense pain. She screams and cries out for help, her voice echoing through the chaos. Her Ruby, witnessing the horrific scene, watches with growing fear and desperation.

Sakurā's eyes, filled with a fierce determination, spot the source of Kanon's agony. With a swift and decisive motion, he raises Devil's Blade and slices through the slime, severing it from Kanon's body. The slime hisses and writhes as it is cut away, leaving Kanon writhing in pain but freed from its grasp.

In the midst of the tumult, Sakurā quickly retrieves a Rainbōwfruit from his cloak. The Rainbōwfruit, with its vibrant, iridescent hues shimmering like a rainbow, is a rare and powerful artifact known for its unparalleled purifying abilities. Sakurā knows it is the only thing that can counteract the slime's corrupting influence.

Kanon, still in pain, is gently assisted by Sakurā as he holds the Rainbōwfruit to her lips. As she consumes the fruit, its magical properties begin to work immediately. The fruit's cleansing energies

LIE

Sakurā finds himself in a vast, empty black room. The darkness stretches endlessly in every direction, a void that seems to swallow all light and hope. He stands alone, his thoughts spiraling into despair, the weight of his failures pressing down on him like a suffocating shroud.

"No one understands me," Sakurā murmurs, his voice echoing in the emptiness. "I thought this was supposed to be a world without pain..."

The silence of the room is interrupted as Sakurā notices a figure huddled in the distance. As he approaches, the figure becomes clearer—it's Kanon, sitting on the cold, black floor. Her face is buried in her arms, her shoulders shaking with uncontrollable sobs. The sight of her, so broken and distraught, sends a jolt of pain through Sakurā's heart.

"Kanon..." he whispers, his voice barely audible.

Kanon looks up, her tear-streaked face filled with anguish. Her eyes are red and swollen from crying, and her voice trembles as she stands, the weight of her guilt overwhelming her.

"I TREATED RUBY WRONG ALL THIS TIME!" Kanon cries out, her voice raw with emotion. "SAKURĀ, I WAS POSH, MEAN, AND NASTY! I MADE A SIN—I DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE! I TREATED THAT USELESS RABBIT ALL ALONG! IT'S MY FAULT!"

In a moment of utter despair, Kanon pulls out a sharp blade, her intent clear as she raises it toward herself. But before she can inflict any harm, Sakurā rushes forward, grabbing her wrist tightly, stopping her just in time.

"Kanon, no!" Sakurā shouts, his voice filled with desperation. "Don't do this!"

Kanon's hand trembles as she drops the blade, her body collapsing into Sakurā's arms as she breaks down completely. Tears stream down her face as she clutches onto him, her guilt and self-hatred pouring out in choking sobs.

"I can't bear it, Sakurā... I can't bear what I've done..." she cries, her voice muffled against his chest.

As they stand there, Kanon's Ruby appears, her tiny form filled with worry. The little Jewelpet's eyes glisten with tears as she watches the scene unfold, her heart aching for both Kanon and Sakurā.

"Please, Kanon..." Ruby whispers, her voice trembling. "You're not alone... we'll get through this together..."

Sakurā holds Kanon tightly, his own tears falling silently. "We all make mistakes, Kanon... but you're not defined by them. We'll find a way through this. Together."

In the midst of their shared pain, the three of them—Sakurā, Kanon, and Ruby—stand in the dark room, united by their sorrow but also by their resolve to heal, to find a way to make things right again.

Kanon's cries grow more desperate as she sinks further into despair, her sobs echoing in the dark, empty room. Sakurā holds her close, trying to offer some comfort, but the weight of her guilt is too overwhelming. Kanon's pain spirals, pulling her deeper into a void that threatens to consume her entirely.

As Kanon weeps uncontrollably, the darkness around them begins to stir. A sinister presence makes itself known, creeping through the shadows—a Siren, its form twisted and malevolent, silently approaches. The creature's eyes gleam with a cold, unfeeling hunger as it slithers closer, drawn to Kanon's vulnerability.

Kanon, lost in her own misery, doesn't notice the Siren as it looms over her. Its oily, black tendrils reach out, eager to wrap around her, to take advantage of her despair and possess her soul. The air grows colder as the Siren's malevolence fills the room, its dark energy latching onto Kanon's pain.

But Sakurā senses the danger. His grip on Kanon tightens as he swiftly turns, his eyes narrowing as he spots the Siren mere inches from Kanon. In a flash of movement, Sakurā unsheathes his sword, the blade gleaming with a deadly light.

"Get away from her!" Sakurā roars, his voice filled with fury.

With a single, powerful strike, Sakurā beheads the Siren, the blade slicing cleanly through its grotesque form. The creature's head falls to the ground, its body disintegrating into a cloud of dark mist. But Sakurā doesn't stop there—he swings his sword again, cutting through the mist, obliterating the Siren's remains before they can reform.

The room falls silent once more, the threat vanquished. Sakurā stands over Kanon, breathing heavily, his sword still glowing with the remnants of his power. He looks down at her, his heart aching as he sees her still trapped in her despair.

"Kanon, it's over. You're safe now," Sakurā says, his voice softening as he kneels beside her.

But Kanon's tears continue to fall, her anguish far from relieved. The encounter with the Siren has only deepened her sorrow, leaving her trembling and broken.

"I... I can't..." Kanon whispers, her voice barely audible. "I'm so sorry, Sakurā... I'm so sorry..."

Sakurā gently places a hand on her shoulder, his eyes filled with compassion. "You don't have to apologize, Kanon. We'll get through this... together. No matter what."

Kanon looks up at him, her tear-filled eyes searching for some sign of hope, some reason to keep going. And in Sakurā's unwavering gaze, she finds a glimmer of that hope—a promise that she is not alone, that despite everything, there is still a chance for redemption.

As the oppressive darkness of the room begins to dissipate, Sakurā blinks, adjusting to the sudden shift in his surroundings. The room fades away, and he finds himself in a large, cavernous space bathed in dim, eerie light. The applause that fills the air is cold and mocking, echoing ominously around him.

Sakurā turns to see Luea, her figure emerging from the shadows in her Jewelpet form. Her presence alone sends a shiver down Sakurā's spine, and he can sense the sinister energy emanating from her. She watches him with an unsettling smirk, the sound of her applause echoing in the cavern.

Suddenly, Luea transforms into her human form, her gothic appearance now fully visible. Her eyes gleam with a cruel satisfaction as she regards Sakurā and Kanon. Ruby, already frightened, clings to Sakurā's side, her fear palpable.

Sakurā notices something peculiar: a calendar hanging on the wall. His eyes widen as he reads the date—October 30th. The realization hits him like a cold wave; it's the night before Halloween and his own birthday. The significance of this date feels heavy, adding a layer of foreboding to the situation.

Luea's gaze shifts to a puddle of slime on the floor, remnants of the Sirens' corruption. With an eerie grace, she steps towards the puddle and dips her fingers into it. She licks the slime from her fingers, and a twisted smile spreads across her face. The slime seems to invigorate her, its dark energy enhancing her already formidable presence.

Luea's body begins to transform again, her form contorting and shifting. The slime envelops her, wrapping around her like a living garment. Her smile grows more malevolent as she completes her transformation into Yeuxyeux, the final Siren.



Yeuxyeux's design is both mesmerizing and terrifying. The prominent eye at the center of her body, printed with the cross symbol, reflects her all-seeing nature and her manipulative power. The colors—purple, yellow, and blue—create a striking contrast, embodying her dark energy, divine deception, and a false sense of calm.

The surrounding geometric shapes—cubes with eyes and leaves—float around Yeuxyeux, symbolizing the tools of her manipulation. The sunburst-like patterns and shadows in her design convey both her influence and the darkness she brings.

Yeuxyeux's voice resonates with a chilling authority as she speaks, her words dripping with malevolence. "I'm the all-knowing, all-seeing reincarnation of God. Obey me! This world will reincarnate itself and start a new life. Everyone and everything you know will die! I shall decide whether people shall live or die starting now!"

The declaration is filled with a twisted sense of divine power, the promise of an apocalyptic reset. Her laughter fills the air, a sound that echoes with both madness and dark joy.

Sakurā stands frozen, his mind racing as he tries to process the enormity of Yeuxyeux's proclamation. The threat she poses is monumental, and the weight of her words hangs heavy in the room.

Ruby clings to Sakurā, her fear and despair mingling with his own. The realization that their fight is far from over sinks in as they face the terrifying new enemy. The battle for their world is far from finished, and the path ahead is fraught with danger and uncertainty.

LOSS

The cavernous space grows colder as the looming presence of Yeuxyeux casts a shadow over everything. Sakurā feels a surge of raw, searing energy coursing through him, igniting a fierce resolve within. The overwhelming threat of Yeuxyeux and her apocalyptic decree drives him to the brink.

Determined to face this new adversary, Sakurā clenches his fists, his resolve hardening into a formidable force. He raises Devil's Blade, the sword's dark edge shimmering ominously in the dim light of the cavern. With a powerful swing, he plunges the blade into the ground, causing a ripple of dark energy to spread across the floor.

The moon outside the cavern, now visible through a crack in the ceiling, begins to glow a bloody red, its light casting eerie shadows across the room. Sakurā's eyes flash with a deep, unsettling green as he roars with an intensity that reverberates through the cavern walls. The sound is both primal and otherworldly, a cry of defiance against the encroaching darkness.

As the transformation begins, Sakurā's body is enveloped in a whirlwind of dark energy. The Skinmor—a purple, dark red, and dark black armor with piercing green eyes—descends from above, slamming onto him with a force that makes the ground tremble. The armor, pulsating with malevolent energy, melts and fuses with his body.

His face morphs into a spiky, fanged helmet, the transformation causing his features to shift dramatically. His mouth becomes lined with fanged teeth, and his eyes, now a green and slashed Spider-Man-esque design, gleam with a fierce, unrelenting glare. A giant cape unfurls from his back, flowing and trailing like the wings of a dark angel.

Spikes erupt along his limbs and torso, while frozen blood appears on his arms, adding to the menacing appearance. His feet transform into clawed talons, and smoke billows from the seams of the armor as it finishes encasing him.

The transformation is complete. Sakurā stands as MAŌ, a formidable and fearsome figure, radiating an aura of overwhelming power. His presence alone is enough to instill fear, and his resolve is now steeled for the confrontation with Yeuxyeux.

With a growl that shakes the very air, Sakurā readies himself for battle, every inch of his being focused on the challenge ahead. The battle to protect his world and confront the twisted deity before him has only just begun.

The cavern trembles as Sakurā, now fully transformed into MAŌ, charges toward Yeuxyeux with a fury that shakes the very ground. His blade slices through the air with lethal precision, each strike landing with devastating force. In moments, Yeuxyeux is overwhelmed by MAŌ's relentless assault, her form breaking apart under the sheer power of his blows.

But the victory is short-lived. Yeuxyeux's fragmented form begins to glow with a dark, pulsating energy. Her pieces reassemble, and with an eerie, unearthly shriek, she regenerates. The cavern's walls ripple with the force of her return as she rises, more menacing than before.

In a blinding flash of energy, Yeuxyeux lashes out at MAŌ. The cavern explodes with a cataclysmic roar, the shockwaves tearing through the surroundings. The sheer force of Yeuxyeux's

Sakurā's scream reverberates through the desolate battlefield, a cry of ultimate defiance and sorrow. The darkness around him seems to shudder with his pain, as he clutches the broken remnants of his allies, the remnants of his life's work, and the shattered pieces of his heart. The battle is far from over, but in this moment, the full weight of his loss is all-consuming.

KISS

The clock strikes 3 AM, and Sakurā stares at the calendar, his eyes widening in disbelief. "October 31st?" he mutters to himself, the date dawning on him like a cruel twist of fate. The realization hits him with a pang of added misery.

He trudges through the streets, his mind lost in the fog of his despair, and finds himself at the entrance of an abandoned apartment building. It's been vacant for a month, its halls echoing with the silence of neglect. Despite its dilapidated state, Sakurā forces himself inside, driven by a need to escape the crushing weight of his emotions.

Entering an apartment room, he is met with an unexpected sight. Kotaro, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Labra, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Kanon, Miria, Momona, Cayenne, and the three Rubys have prepared a surprise birthday party for him. The room is dimly lit, adorned with decorations, and a table is set with a cake, its candles flickering softly in the gloom.

Sakurā's heart is heavy with grief, and his depression overshadows the festive atmosphere. He forces a small, forced smile as everyone sings "Happy Birthday" to him. The cheer in the room feels distant and hollow.

As he approaches the cake, Sakurā closes his eyes, trying to muster a sense of normalcy amidst the chaos of his life. He blows out the candles, marking his 24th birthday. His wish, whispered in a barely audible tone, is filled with desperation: "I wish I could see my sister again, that everything would go back to normal, and that I could finally have a normal life."

But as the seconds tick by, it becomes painfully clear that the wish hasn't come true. The room remains unchanged, the burden of his troubles still weighing heavily on him. The weight of reality crashes down, and Sakurā's composure snaps. In a fit of anguish, he grabs the table and breaks it apart, the debris scattering across the floor.

He stumbles out of the room, tears streaming down his face. The birthday party's light and warmth fade behind him as he walks away, the echoes of his sobs filling the empty hallways. The darkness of the abandoned building mirrors his inner turmoil, and as he exits into the night, he is engulfed by the profound sorrow of unfulfilled dreams and shattered hope.

As Sakurā exits the abandoned apartment building, his anguished departure leaves a palpable sadness in the room. Kotaro, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Labra, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Kanon, Miria, Momona, Cayenne, and the three Rubys stand in stunned silence, their hearts heavy with sympathy and concern.

The festive decorations, now overshadowed by the somber mood, seem to mock the gravity of the situation. The cake, once a symbol of celebration, sits untouched, its candles extinguished in the wake of Sakurā's heartbreak.

Kanon's eyes are red and swollen from her earlier tears. She sits on the floor, her shoulders shaking as she tries to contain her sobs. "I just wanted to make him happy," she chokes out, her voice breaking. The guilt of her earlier actions, combined with the sight of Sakurā's pain, overwhelms her.

Miria stands nearby, her usual energetic demeanor replaced by a look of deep sadness. Her cat ears seem to droop, and she tries to comfort Kanon with a gentle hand on her shoulder. “We all wanted to help,” she says softly, her voice filled with regret. “I never thought it would end up like this.”

Kotaro clenches his fists, his face etched with a mixture of frustration and sorrow. “He’s been through so much,” he says, his voice heavy with emotion. “And we’ve tried so hard to support him. But I guess it just wasn’t enough.”

Sara, her eyes brimming with tears, looks around at the broken remnants of the party. “We should have known,” she says quietly. “We should have seen how much he was hurting.”

Souta, normally the most optimistic, looks away, unable to hide his own disappointment and sadness. “We failed him,” he mutters, his voice barely audible. “All we wanted was to make things better.”

Takuto places a comforting hand on Yuji’s shoulder, both of them lost in their own thoughts. “He’s been through so much,” Takuto says, trying to make sense of the situation. “It’s not our fault. We did what we could.”

Labra and Erika share a solemn glance, their usual playful banter replaced by a quiet, mutual understanding of the gravity of the situation. “We have to find a way to help him,” Labra says resolutely. “We can’t just let him go through this alone.”

Tsukasa and Reii, usually the calm ones, are visibly shaken. They stand in silence, feeling the weight of their collective failure.

The three Rubys, their eyes filled with concern, gather together, their expressions reflecting their shared worry for Sakurā. They look to Kanon and the others, silently offering their support.

As the room remains cloaked in a heavy silence, the only sound is the soft rustle of the decorations and the muffled sobs of those who cared so deeply for Sakurā. The once-celebratory atmosphere is now a somber testament to their shared grief, as they grapple with the realization that their friend and ally is suffering far beyond their reach.

In the dimly lit lobby of the abandoned apartment building, Sakurā's anguish reaches its peak. His breaths are ragged, and his fists pound against the windows, shattering glass with each hit. The sound of breaking glass echoes through the empty space, a reflection of the turmoil within him. His cries of frustration and sorrow pierce the silence, as if he’s trying to break free from the weight of his own despair.

Kanon, who had followed him outside, stands at a distance, her heart breaking at the sight of Sakurā’s suffering. She watches helplessly as he continues to lash out, feeling the guilt of not being able to ease his pain.

With tears streaming down her face, Kanon approaches him cautiously. “Sakurā, please,” she pleads, her voice trembling. “You don’t have to go through this alone. We’re all here for you.”

Sakurā, his face a mask of raw emotion, hears her words but is too consumed by his own pain to respond. He slams his fists against the window one last time, the glass shattering completely.

Finally, his strength spent, Sakurā collapses to his knees, his sobs echoing in the empty lobby. Kanon rushes to his side, wrapping her arms around him as he buries his face in her shoulder.

“It’s okay,” she whispers softly, trying to soothe him. “We’ll get through this together. I promise.”

Sakurā, feeling the warmth and comfort of Kanon’s embrace, slowly starts to calm down. His tears dampen her shoulder as he clings to her, finding solace in her presence.

Overwhelmed by emotion and driven by a sudden surge of longing, Sakurā tilts Kanon’s face towards him and kisses her deeply. The kiss is both desperate and tender, filled with the weight of everything he’s been through. Kanon’s eyes widen in surprise, and for a moment, she is too stunned to react.

Just then, Granite appears in the lobby, his expression one of shock and disbelief. His eyes dart between Sakurā and Kanon, unable to comprehend the scene before him. “What the...?” he mutters, his voice trailing off as he takes in the unexpected sight.

Kanon pulls away from Sakurā, her cheeks flushed and her heart racing. “Onii-sama,” she calls out, her voice trembling as she looks at Granite. The term of endearment, mixed with her shock, underscores her bewilderment at the situation.

Granite, still processing the scene, steps forward, his usual composure momentarily shattered. “Sakurā,” he says, his voice laced with concern and confusion. “What’s going on here?”

Kanon, wiping away her tears, looks at Sakurā with a mix of emotions. “We... we just need to find a way to help him,” she says, her voice steadying as she tries to focus on the immediate need.

Sakurā, now composed but still shaken, meets Granite’s gaze with a mixture of guilt and vulnerability. “I’m sorry,” he says, his voice heavy with regret. “I didn’t mean for any of this to happen.”

Granite nods slowly, his expression softening as he approaches Sakurā. “We need to figure this out,” he says firmly. “But for now, let’s get you out of here and try to make things right.”

As the group begins to regroup, the broken windows and shattered glass serve as a stark reminder of the turmoil they’ve faced. The path ahead remains uncertain, but with Kanon, Granite, and the others by his side, Sakurā starts to see a glimmer of hope amidst the darkness.

SUMMON

In the dim light of the abandoned apartment building, the remnants of the birthday party lay scattered across the room. The once-celebratory atmosphere now feels heavy and somber, as Sakurā stands alone, staring at the half-eaten birthday cake on the table. The candles, now extinguished, cast flickering shadows that dance ominously around him.

As Sakurā's eyes lock onto the cake, a wave of distress washes over him. The vibrant colors and festive decorations seem to blur and distort, transforming into a scene from his past that he desperately tries to forget. His breath becomes shallow, and his heart races as the memory resurfaces with overwhelming clarity.

It was October 31st, 2016—his eleventh birthday, a night that should have been filled with joy but instead turned into a nightmarish ordeal. The asylum where he had been trapped for most of his childhood had celebrated his birthday with what should have been a simple cake and some small festivities. However, the celebration took a dark turn.

He recalls the staff and patients who had seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him. They had prepared the cake, but instead of a happy birthday, it became a vessel for their cruel prank. Just as Sakurā was about to cut into the cake, the lights had dimmed, and the room had filled with eerie laughter. In a horrifying twist, they sprayed him with what looked like blood, turning his birthday into a grotesque spectacle.

Sakurā had been horrified and traumatized, not just by the sight and feel of the blood but by the sense of betrayal and mockery. The asylum's staff and patients had pursued him, their laughter echoing through the halls as they chased him out of the asylum. In his panic, he had fled into the sewers, seeking refuge from the torment that had seemed endless.

The memory of that night—the fear, the blood, the sense of being hunted—rises up with crushing intensity. Sakurā's hands tremble as he tries to steady himself, but the sight of the birthday cake before him only deepens his sense of dread. The echoes of that Halloween night, filled with laughter and terror, seem to reverberate through his mind.

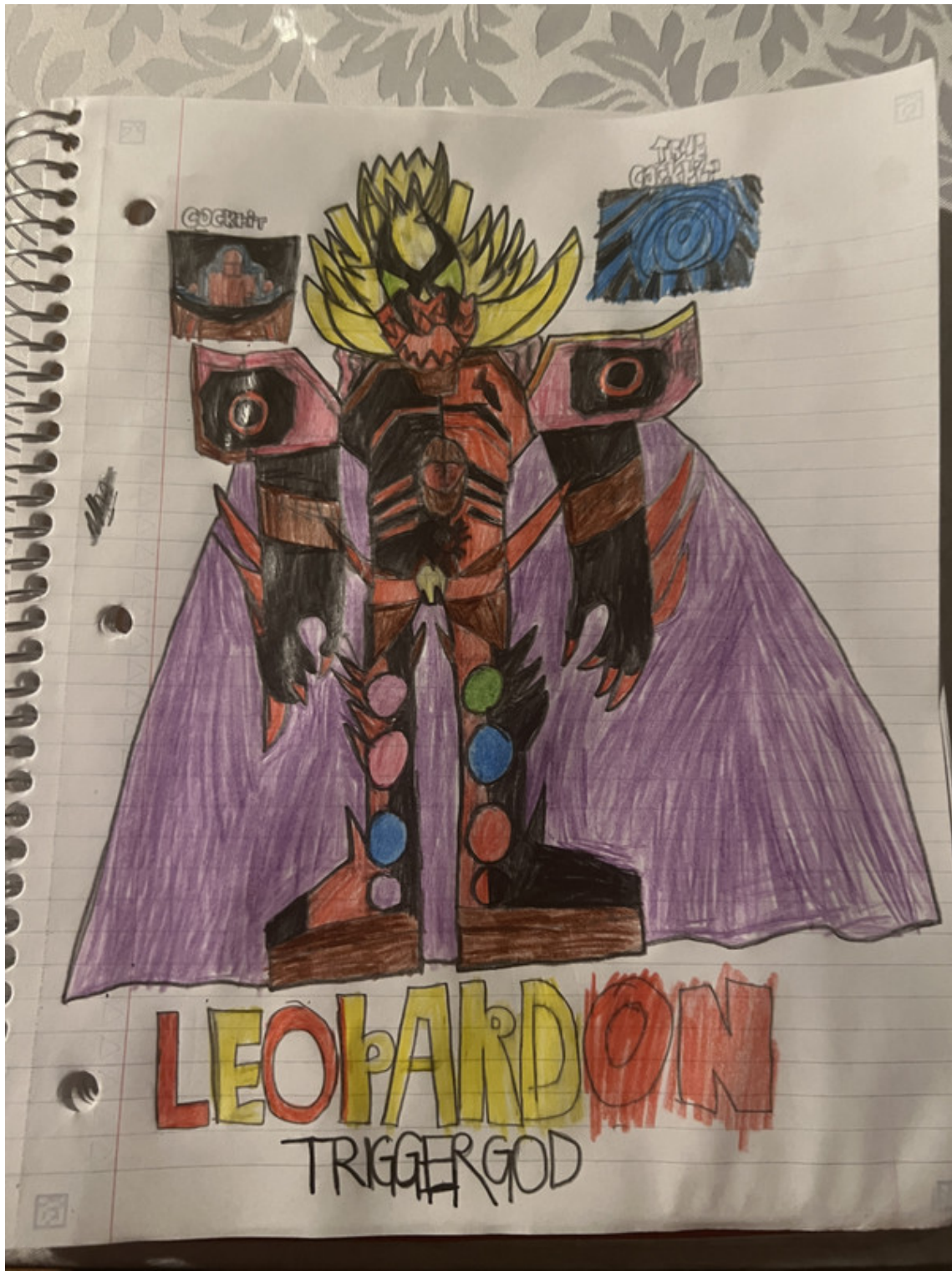
As the room spins with the weight of his trauma, Sakurā collapses to the floor, clutching his head in his hands. His breaths come in ragged gasps as he struggles to push away the haunting memories. The remnants of the cake seem to mock him, a cruel reminder of a birthday that had been tainted by horror.

Kanon, having followed Sakurā from the lobby, notices his distress from a distance. Her heart aches at the sight of him on the floor, consumed by his trauma. She approaches cautiously, her voice gentle and soothing. “Sakurā, it’s okay,” she says softly. “It’s just a cake. It doesn’t have to mean anything bad. We’re here for you.”

Sakurā looks up at her, his eyes filled with tears and fear. “It’s not just a cake,” he chokes out. “It’s a reminder of the worst night of my life. I can’t escape it.”

Kanon kneels beside him, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder. “I know it’s hard,” she says. “But you’re not alone. We’re all here for you, and we want to help you get through this.”





The towering form of Leopardon Trigger God rises from the ground, a behemoth of metal and ancient power. Its presence is both awe-inspiring and terrifying, a true testament to its god-like status. The head, adorned with a crown-like structure with jagged, flame-like projections, looms over the battlefield. Its skull-like faceplate, sharp teeth, and glowing eyes radiate a menacing aura that sends shivers down the spines of those who witness it.

Leopardon's body is massive and armored, a blend of organic and mechanical design that speaks of countless battles fought and won. The glowing core at its chest pulses with life, while its powerful

arms, ending in clawed hands, seem ready to tear through anything in its path. The purple cape billows behind it, adding to its regal yet ominous appearance.

Sakurā wastes no time. The Spider Bracelet pulls him upward, merging his body with the colossal mecha. He is enclosed within the Trigger Link—a capsule filled with Breathable Magma Liquid (BML)—which locks into place within Leopardon’s chest. The synchronization process begins, the BML allowing Sakurā to breathe and control the massive machine as if it were an extension of his own body.

As he becomes one with Leopardon, the cockpit—a heart-shaped, stitched cover—beats in rhythm with his own. Sakurā opens his eyes within the cockpit, the weight of the battle ahead pressing on him like never before. He knows this could be his final fight, but he’s ready to give it everything he has.

Outside, the others stare in awe at the towering figure of Leopardon Trigger God. The ground shakes with each step the mecha takes, its presence commanding respect and fear. As the behemoth introduces itself with a deep, resonating voice, Leopardon’s sheer size and power leave the others speechless.

Yayoi and Miria, despite the dire situation, can’t help but become hyper with excitement. "Did you see that?!" Yayoi exclaims, her eyes wide with amazement. "That’s Leopardon Trigger God! It’s... it’s incredible!"

Miria, equally awestruck, nods. "I never imagined something like this... Sakurā, you’ve really outdone yourself."

But there’s no time for admiration. Yeuxyeux, undeterred by the appearance of Leopardon, prepares to strike again, its malevolent energy crackling in the air. Sakurā, now fully synchronized with Leopardon, prepares to face his greatest challenge yet, knowing that the fate of his friends—and possibly the world—rests on the outcome of this battle.

Leopardon Trigger God looms over the battlefield, its immense figure casting a shadow over the ruined apartment building. Sakurā, now fully synchronized within the cockpit, feels the power of the colossal mecha coursing through him. His heart beats in tandem with Leopardon's, and every movement he makes is echoed by the massive machine.

With a determined glare, Sakurā commands Leopardon to unsheathe its sword. The weapon, a massive blade with a sharp, jagged edge, glows with a powerful energy, reflecting the god-like nature of the mecha. The sword hums with a low, ominous sound as Leopardon raises it, ready for battle.

Without hesitation, Leopardon lunges forward, its sword slashing through the air with incredible speed. Yeuxyeux, floating menacingly above the ground, barely has time to react as Leopardon’s fist comes crashing down. The punch connects squarely with Yeuxyeux’s face, sending the Siren reeling backward with a shockwave of force that shakes the entire battlefield.

But Yeuxyeux is not so easily defeated. As she steadies herself, an eerie, unsettling laugh escapes her, echoing across the ruins. Her body begins to shimmer and distort, and in an instant, she multiplies. Now, several identical versions of Yeuxyeux hover in the air, each one radiating the same dark energy.

Sakurā's eyes narrow within the cockpit. "You think you can outnumber me?" he mutters under his breath. He grips the controls tightly, focusing on the task at hand. Leopardon Trigger God responds to his thoughts, its own form beginning to ripple and shift. With a burst of energy, Leopardon multiplies as well, creating several identical copies of itself, each one wielding an identical sword.

The battlefield becomes a chaotic dance of metal and power as the multiple Leopardons clash with the countless Yeuxyeux copies. Each strike of the sword sends sparks flying, the sound of metal on metal ringing through the air. The ground shakes with each impact, cracks spreading through the earth as the two forces collide.

Leopardon's sword flashes in the dim light, slicing through the air with precision and speed. Each punch, each strike, is mirrored by the other Leopardon copies, creating a relentless assault against the multiplied Yeuxyeux. But Yeuxyeux is equally relentless, her copies attacking with an unnatural fury, their movements erratic and unpredictable.

Despite the chaos, Sakurā maintains his focus. He knows he must end this quickly before the battle spirals out of control. With a surge of determination, he commands Leopardon to gather its energy. The mecha's sword begins to glow brighter, its power intensifying with each passing second.

With one final, powerful swing, Leopardon unleashes a devastating wave of energy, aiming to cut through the Yeuxyeux copies in one fell swoop. The air crackles with the force of the attack, the ground trembling as the energy wave surges forward, engulfing everything in its path.

But as the dust begins to settle, the battlefield is far from silent. The true Yeuxyeux emerges from the chaos, her eyes glowing with an ominous light. The battle is far from over, and both sides are prepared to fight to the very end. Sakurā knows this is only the beginning, and he steels himself for the challenges that lie ahead.

APPEAR

Kanon slowly opens her eyes, her vision blurred as she tries to regain her bearings. The last thing she remembers is the chaos of the battle and Sakurā desperately trying to wake her up. As her vision clears, she sits up and gasps at the sight before her. Towering over the battlefield is Leopardon Trigger God, the colossal mecha standing tall amidst the ruins, its presence both awe-inspiring and terrifying.

Kanon's Ruby, who had been anxiously waiting for Kanon to wake up, immediately perks up with excitement. "Look, Kanon! Look at that giant robot! It's so cool!" she squeals, her eyes wide with wonder. Ruby hops around in pure glee, unable to contain her enthusiasm for the massive mecha.

Kanon blinks in disbelief, still trying to process the situation. "Leopardon...?" she whispers, almost in awe of the giant robot. Despite everything that had happened, seeing Sakurā commanding such a powerful machine gives her a small glimmer of hope.

Yayoi, standing nearby with the others, grins as she watches Kanon and Ruby's reactions. "Yeah, it's pretty awesome, right?" she says with a chuckle. "This is exactly what the Super Sentai and Gundams do all the time. Trust me, I've seen my fair share of giant robots. Heck, I even controlled one myself once when my friend became one."

Kanon turns to Yayoi, her eyes wide with surprise. "You... controlled a giant robot?" she asks, still trying to wrap her head around everything.

Yayoi nods enthusiastically. "Oh yeah! It was wild. My friend got turned into a giant robot, and I had to step up and pilot them. It was just like one of those crazy anime moments, you know?" She laughs, clearly enjoying the memory.

Ruby, still bouncing around with excitement, adds, "Maybe one day I can be a giant robot too! That would be so much fun!"

Kanon can't help but smile at Ruby's boundless energy, even in such a dire situation. Despite the overwhelming odds and the terrifying battle raging on, the sight of Leopardon, the excitement of her friends, and the hope shining in their eyes give Kanon the strength to keep going.

She looks up at Leopardon Trigger God, seeing Sakurā's determination reflected in the machine's every move. "Sakurā..." she whispers, her heart swelling with a mix of pride and concern. No matter what happens next, she knows they'll face it together.

As Leopardon Trigger God continues to battle Yeuxyeux in the distance, Miria watches in awe, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "This totally reminds me of Pacific Rim and Gundam," she says, her voice filled with enthusiasm.

Yayoi, standing beside her, grins and playfully nudges Miria with her elbow. "That's literally what I just said!" she exclaims, laughing. The two girls look at each other, their excitement bubbling over.

In a spontaneous burst of joy, Miria and Yayoi reach out and grab each other's hands, holding on tightly as they start to squeal in unison. Their voices ring out with happiness, like besties who have just discovered they share the same love for something. They jump up and down, their excitement contagious as they fangirl over the massive mecha and the epic battle unfolding before them.

"This is so amazing!" Miria gushes, her smile wide and bright. "It's like all our favorite shows come to life!"

Yayoi nods vigorously, her eyes shining with the same enthusiasm. "I know, right? Seeing this in real life is even better than I imagined!"

The two girls, united in their shared excitement, continue to hold hands and cheer, their bond strengthened by the incredible moment they're witnessing. Amidst the chaos of the battle, their joy is a beacon of light, reminding everyone that even in the darkest of times, there's always something to hold on to, something to be excited about.

As Leopardon Trigger God battles fiercely against Yeuxyeux, a sudden shift in the energy alerts Kanon's Ruby. The small Jewelpet, who had been eagerly watching the fight, suddenly feels a chilling presence. Her ears twitch in alarm, and she turns just in time to see one of Yeuxyeux's many forms looming over her, its malevolent eyes fixated on her.

"Ruby!" Kanon shouts in panic, her heart pounding as she sees the danger her companion is in.

Yeuxyeux, with a wicked grin, lunges at Ruby, aiming to strike. But before she can reach the terrified Jewelpet, a massive shadow falls over them. Leopardon, with lightning speed, brings his enormous sword down, blocking Yeuxyeux's attack with a resounding clash that echoes through the area.

Ruby gasps, her eyes wide as she realizes how close she came to being hurt. Leopardon, his glowing eyes filled with determination, pushes Yeuxyeux back with a powerful swing of his sword, forcing her to retreat.

"I won't let you hurt her!" Leopardon's voice, though mechanical, resonates with Sakurā's fierce protectiveness. He positions himself between Ruby and Yeuxyeux, his towering form a protective barrier against the malevolent Siren.

Yeuxyeux snarls, her many forms circling around Leopardon, but the massive robot remains steadfast, his sword ready to strike at any moment. Ruby, still trembling from the close call, looks up at Leopardon with gratitude, her fear replaced by awe at the giant mecha that just saved her.

Kanon, watching from a distance, feels a wave of relief wash over her. She knows that Ruby is safe, at least for now, thanks to Sakurā and Leopardon's unwavering defense.

"Stay back, Ruby," Kanon calls out, her voice firm but gentle. "We'll handle this."

Ruby nods, still shaken but trusting in Kanon and Leopardon to protect her. She steps back, her eyes never leaving the battle as Leopardon continues to stand guard, ready to strike down any threat that dares to come near.

RECLAIM

Inside the cockpit of Leopardon Trigger God, Sakurā's eyes flare with a burning resolve as he grips the controls tightly. The blue light from the console casts shadows across his determined face, reflecting the storm of emotions churning within him. Yeuxyeux's attacks continue to barrage the giant mecha, but Sakurā's focus is unbreakable.

His voice echoes through the cockpit, resonating with an intensity that seems to shake the very air around him. "Yeuxyeux, no—LUEA!" he yells, his voice carrying the weight of all his pain and fury. "I've been called many things: Ugly, Monster, Beast, Weirdo, Demon King, the Devil's Son, an alien... When I was first born, I thought my life would be all cupcakes and sunshine, but it's been cruel as all hell!"

As he speaks, memories flash through his mind—of his life, of all the pain and torment he's endured. But with each word, his resolve hardens. "Even if I fall, I will get BACK UP!" he roars, his voice a declaration to the universe itself. "But today... today is the last day I will ever be intimidated by the likes of you!"

Leopardon's form begins to glow, the energy within it responding to Sakurā's fierce willpower. The walls of the cockpit start to crack under the force of his power, and Sakurā, his heart pounding with the force of his determination, makes his final stand.

"Remember my name, Luea," he says, his voice now calm but filled with an unyielding resolve. "I go by one name... Sakurā Yami. The Demon King of Evil died here today. I AM MAŌ, THE GORY DESPAIR KNIGHT!"

With those words, the cockpit shatters around him, the fragments dissolving into a swirling blue dimensional space. As the space envelops him, Sakurā's clothes are stripped away, a powerful symbol of him losing everything—even down to his very essence. His body, now exposed to the vastness of the dimension, glows with a radiant, ethereal light. This transformation signifies not just a change in form but in purpose, as Sakurā sheds his past self to embrace his true power.

Kanon, watching from the battlefield, gasps in horror and disbelief. "Sakurā, no..." she whispers, her voice trembling as she realizes the extent of his sacrifice. The sight of him in this vulnerable state, stripped of everything he once was, fills her with a deep, aching sorrow. She understands that he has given up his own alien life, the essence of who he once was, to become something far beyond—a being of pure, undiluted power.

But despite her fear, Kanon can see the unshakable determination in Sakurā's eyes. He's no longer just fighting for himself—he's fighting for everyone, for everything he holds dear. And as the blue dimension surrounds him, he stands tall, ready to face the final battle with the full force of his newfound strength.

In the midst of the chaos, a blinding light erupts on the battlefield. Kanon's form shimmers and transforms into a radiant beam of light that streaks through the air. As the light converges, she is transported into the Trigger Link, joining Sakurā in the heart of Leopardon Trigger God.

Inside the Trigger Link, the atmosphere is charged with a surreal, ethereal glow. Both Sakurā and Kanon find themselves stripped of their clothes, the act symbolizing their complete and raw

connection with one another and the mecha. Their vulnerability in this state underscores the gravity of their shared sacrifice and the depth of their bond.

Sakurā turns to Kanon, his eyes meeting hers with a fierce intensity. Without a word, they come together in a passionate kiss, their lips locking in a moment of profound connection. It is a kiss fueled by both their desperation and their resolve, a fusion of their strength and their love.

As they break apart, Sakurā's focus sharpens. With renewed determination, he takes control of Leopardon Trigger God. He grips his sword tightly, his expression a mixture of anger and unwavering resolve. The energy around him crackles with a fierce, hot intensity.

He lifts his sword high, his voice erupting in a roar that reverberates through the dimension. "TAKE THISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" he screams, pouring every ounce of his fury and passion into the strike.

With a powerful swing, Sakurā drives the sword toward Yeuxyeux, aiming directly for her eye. The blade connects with a resounding impact, piercing through the monstrous visage. However, the strike is met with the unnerving sight of Yeuxyeux's eye beginning to regenerate almost immediately, the wound closing and healing with a sinister glow.

Sakurā's frustration mounts as he watches his powerful attack fail to bring down his foe. His rage and determination intensify, fueling his next move as he prepares for the relentless battle that lies ahead.

Inside the cockpit of Leopardon Trigger God, Sakurā's frustration reaches a boiling point. His eyes blaze with determination as he grips his sword, ready to unleash another assault. In a flash of intense energy, the giant mecha's sword begins to transform.

Leopardon Trigger God's sword splits down the middle with a thunderous crack. The once singular blade separates into two distinct, equally formidable swords, each gleaming with a divine and ominous light. The dual blades are a marvel of intricate design, their edges shimmering with an aura of raw power.

As the transformation completes, Sakurā's hands grasp each sword with precision. The sight of the dual blades in action is nothing short of awe-inspiring. The energy radiating from the swords adds a dramatic flair to the already intense battle.

The assembled onlookers—Kotaro, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Labra, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Kanon, Miria, Momona, Cayenne, the three Rubys, and Granite—watch in amazement. Their eyes widen as they witness the breathtaking spectacle of Leopardon Trigger God's new weaponry.

Yayoi's excitement bubbles over as she exclaims, "Whoa! Look at that! Dual swords! That's incredible!"

Miria nods in agreement, her eyes shining with admiration. "This is unbelievable. I've never seen anything like it!"

The battle's stakes are raised as Sakurā prepares to wield the newly formed dual swords. With a fierce resolve, he charges at Yeuxyeux, ready to unleash a devastating combination of attacks that will test the limits of his power and skill. The renewed energy and power in Leopardon Trigger God's arsenal promise a dramatic shift in the battle's momentum.

UNDERSTANDING

As the battle between Leopardon Trigger God and Yeuxyeux intensifies, a sudden burst of yellow light erupts in the midst of the chaos. The light's brilliance cuts through the darkness, casting a warm, hopeful glow across the battlefield.

From this radiant glow, Ako emerges, her form becoming clearer with each passing moment. The sight of Ako's revival is like a beacon of hope. Sakurā's eyes widen in astonishment and then fill with tears of overwhelming joy. He drops to his knees, his shoulders shaking with relief and gratitude.

Ako, her eyes filled with sympathy, gazes at Sakurā with a mix of sorrow and compassion. "Sakurā," she says softly, "I'm so sorry for everything you've been through. I didn't want to see you suffer like this."

In her deep empathy, Ako extends her hand, and the yellow light expands once more. Genroar and Salem begin to stir, their forms materializing from the light. Genroar rises, his eyes reflecting a renewed sense of life, while Salem, though weakened, breathes again, a faint smile on his face.

Sakurā's tears flow freely as he sees his friends and allies coming back to life. He embraces Ako tightly, his voice choked with emotion. "Thank you... Thank you so much."

Ako nods, her expression filled with understanding. "We're not out of the woods yet, but we have a chance now. Let's use it to make things right."

With Genroar and Salem revived, the battlefield gains a new sense of hope and determination. Sakurā and his allies, bolstered by the return of their friends, prepare to face Yeuxyeux once again, their resolve stronger than ever.

As the battle rages on, the light surrounding Ako intensifies, and one by one, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Miria, Momona, Cayenne, and Kanon's Ruby—now transformed into her human form—are enveloped in a warm, golden glow. They all levitate toward the Trigger Link, their bodies turning into light as they enter the mecha's cockpit.

Inside the Trigger Link, Ako and Miria materialize wearing sleek black bathing suits, their attire contrasting with the others who appear as silhouettes, symbolizing their vulnerability and raw connection. The others are more ethereal, their forms less defined but still present as their energies intertwine with the cockpit's systems.

Ako and Miria, both aware of the significance of their appearance, turn to address the readers directly. Breaking the fourth wall, Ako speaks up, her voice carrying a mix of seriousness and reassurance. "We want to make it clear that our presence here and our attire are choices made with respect to the creators and readers."

Miria nods in agreement, adding, "Malachi, the creator of this fanfiction, is not someone who supports or condones inappropriate content of minors. He genuinely cares about creating stories that respect all readers and characters."

The scene shifts back to the cockpit, where the group prepares for their final stand against Yeuxyeux, their spirits renewed and their resolve strengthened. The light of their unity and the

clarity of their purpose shine as a beacon of hope amidst the chaos, driving them forward to protect their world and their loved ones.

As Leopardon prepares for the final assault, a massive gun materializes in its hand, its design as formidable as the mecha itself. However, as the gun is equipped, Leopardon starts to feel the weight of its arm increasing, the mecha's movements becoming sluggish and strained.

Sakurā, inside the cockpit, notices the issue. "Everyone, listen up!" he commands urgently. "The Trigger Link can only accommodate two people at a time for optimal functionality. We need to reduce the weight to ensure Leopardon can operate at full capacity."

He looks at Ako, Miria, and the others who are inside the Trigger Link with him. "Ako, Miria, and the rest of you—please get out of the Trigger Link and move to safety. Kanon and I need to handle this alone."

Ako and Miria exchange worried glances but nod in understanding. They and the other characters swiftly begin to exit the Trigger Link, their forms reappearing outside as they watch from a safe distance.

As the last of the team leaves, Sakurā focuses on stabilizing Leopardon, his determination and grit evident in his eyes. "Alright, let's show them what we're made of!" he shouts, readying the mecha for its ultimate attack against Yeuxyeux.

The cockpit of Leopardon adjusts to the lighter load, the mecha's movements becoming more fluid and powerful as it prepares for the decisive battle.

SAD

Inside the cockpit of Leopardon, the battle rages on as Sakurā realizes the critical need to optimize the mecha's performance. His heart heavy with the weight of the decision, he turns to Kanon, who is still by his side.

"Kanon, you have to leave the Trigger Link," Sakurā says with determination, his voice trembling. "The weight is too much, and we need to maximize Leopardon's efficiency. I can't let you risk your life for this."

Kanon's eyes widen in fear and desperation. "No, Sakurā! I won't leave you again. I can't watch you die!" She clings to him, her grip firm yet filled with anguish.

Sakurā's expression softens with sorrow, but his resolve remains unshaken. "Kanon, it's the only way. You know that."

Despite her resistance, Sakurā gently but firmly pulls Kanon's hand away. Her eyes are filled with tears as she tries to hold onto him. "Please, don't do this!" she cries out.

The struggle continues until Kanon's grip finally slips. With a heart-wrenching scream, she is enveloped in light, her form dissipating as she is forcefully removed from the Trigger Link. "SAKURĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀĀ!"

Sakurā watches helplessly as Kanon fades away, his face streaked with tears. As her light merges with the surroundings, Sakurā allows himself a bittersweet smile, his eyes reflecting both pain and gratitude. The resolve to protect Kanon and the world strengthens within him.

With a final, sorrowful glance at the space where Kanon had been, Sakurā refocuses on the battle ahead, his spirit bolstered by the memory of her sacrifice.

Inside the cockpit of Leopardon, Sakurā channels his grief and determination into his actions. With a roar of resolve, he directs Leopardon into the fray against the menacing Yeuxyeux.

Leopardon's massive arm swings in a powerful uppercut, sending one of Yeuxyeux's duplicates crashing into the ground. The force of the blow reverberates through the cockpit, a testament to Sakurā's fury and focus.

Sakurā's grip tightens on the controls as Leopardon follows up with a series of relentless, brutal punches, each hit landing with a resounding impact. The mechanical titan's arms move with precision and might, each strike aimed at shattering the Siren's twisted form.

In a final, decisive move, Sakurā commands Leopardon to draw its sword. The blade gleams with an ominous light as it slices through Yeuxyeux's remaining forms. Each swing is met with a blinding flash as the sword cleaves through the monstrous duplicates, the powerful strokes fueled by Sakurā's unyielding will.

Yeuxyeux's duplicates continue to multiply, but Sakurā's relentless assault shows no sign of slowing. With each slice and thrust of the sword, Leopardon fights against the growing swarm of Sirens, determined to put an end to their terror once and for all.

Sakurā's face, etched with resolve, reflects the gravity of the battle. The cockpit shakes with the intensity of the conflict as Leopardon presses on, slicing through the darkness with unyielding force.

As Sakurā continues his fierce battle within Leopardon, the intense clash with Yeuxyeux suddenly shifts the scene. Genroar materializes alongside Sakurā, appearing as a spectral figure within the confines of the cockpit.

With a determined look, Genroar soars into the heart of "the Other," the ethereal space where he resides. Sakurā, still entrenched in combat, feels a strange sense of disconnection as Genroar enters this dimension. The landscape of "the Other" is a swirling, abstract realm, an otherworldly space that defies conventional reality. Here, Genroar's presence brings a sense of eerie calm amidst the chaos.

Meanwhile, outside in the real world, the battle with Yeuxyeux continues to wreak havoc. In a moment of chaos, Leopardon loses control as it is struck by one of Yeuxyeux's powerful attacks. The colossal titan stumbles and, in a catastrophic misstep, crashes into Tokyo Tower. The once-iconic landmark crumbles under the immense weight of Leopardon, debris scattering across the city as the towering structure collapses in a dramatic and devastating explosion.

Sakurā, still inside Leopardon, watches in horror as the destruction unfolds. His heart sinks at the sight of the ruined Tokyo Tower, a symbol of his failures and the collateral damage caused by the conflict. The weight of the battle's consequences bears down on him, amplifying his resolve to end the struggle once and for all.

As Genroar navigates "the Other," he prepares to aid Sakurā in the fight against Yeuxyeux, but the dire situation on the ground highlights the severe repercussions of their battle.

TEARS

As the battle intensifies, Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Miria, Momona, Cayenne, Ako, and the three Rubys gather together, their eyes fixed on the colossal form of Leopardon. Despite the chaos around them, they find themselves mesmerized by the sheer power and grace of the giant mecha, its movements both terrifying and awe-inspiring.

"We want to watch Leopardon!" Akari declares, her voice filled with determination. The others nod in agreement, their faces a mix of anticipation and worry.

As Leopardon engages in battle, Kanon stands apart from the group, her heart pounding as she watches Sakurā's fierce struggle against Yeuxyeux. Every swing of Leopardon's sword, every punch, every clash of metal against monster, has her on edge. She can barely breathe as the tension mounts.

Suddenly, Yeuxyeux lunges toward Kanon, a vicious attack aimed directly at her. Kanon gasps, eyes wide with fear. But before the attack can land, Leopardon shifts with incredible speed, positioning itself between Kanon and Yeuxyeux. The massive mecha raises its armored arm, taking the full brunt of the attack meant for her.

The impact reverberates through the battlefield, but Leopardon remains steadfast, shielding Kanon from harm. Kanon watches in awe, tears welling up in her eyes as she realizes the lengths Sakurā is going to protect her and everyone else. The others, too, watch in silent admiration as Leopardon stands as their protector, a beacon of hope in the midst of despair.

Leopardon, with Sakurā's indomitable will driving it, continues to fight, its powerful form shielding those who believe in it. For a moment, the battlefield feels almost serene as they witness the embodiment of strength and courage standing tall against overwhelming odds.

Kanon clutches her chest, overwhelmed with emotion. "Sakurā..." she whispers, her voice trembling as she watches Leopardon defend them with everything it has. The bond between them, and the sacrifices made, resonate deeply, giving everyone watching the strength to hold on to hope.

Leopardon, battered and bruised, stumbles under the relentless assault from Yeuxyeux. The mighty mecha groans as it crashes to the ground, the impact sending shockwaves through the battlefield. Inside the Trigger Link's dimensional space, Sakurā feels the darkness closing in, his vision blurring as Leopardon begins to lose power. He's on the verge of blacking out when suddenly, he senses a presence.

Through the dim blue light of the space, a figure approaches, the familiar red, blue, black, and yellow suit coming into focus. Sakurā blinks in disbelief as Spider-Man stands before him, his expression serious yet encouraging.



"Sakurā Yami, also known as the Demon King," Spider-Man says, his voice calm yet firm. "I've heard a lot about you. But today, you're not just the Demon King. You're a hero, just like me."

Sakurā struggles to sit up, his body aching with exhaustion. "Spidey... What are you doing here?"

Spider-Man steps closer, his eyes full of understanding. "I came to remind you of something important. With great power comes great responsibility. It's a vow we all take as Spider-people, and it's one I think you should take too."

Sakurā clenches his fists, feeling the weight of his decision. "I'm going to sacrifice myself again, Spidey. It's the only way."

Spider-Man shakes his head. "Do it for Kanon, Sakurā. I believe in you. We all believe in you."

As Spider-Man speaks, more figures emerge from the shadows. Spider-Ham, SP//dr, Last Stand Spider-Man, Spider-Man Zero, Spider-Byte, and others stand by his side, each one a symbol of hope and courage across countless dimensions.

Two Spider-Man variants step forward, one wearing the suit from Japan's live-action version of him, and the other, the unmistakable silhouette of Miles Morales. Japanese Spider-Man speaks first, his voice carrying a tone of wisdom. "I entrusted Leopardon to you, Sakurā. With a silk new design. You deserve it. Go get them, and protect this world!"

Miles Morales nods, stepping up beside him. "I know what it's like to protect the multiverse, Sakurā. To have everyone not trust you, to think you're the enemy. I get it, buddy. But you can't give up. Japan's rooting for you. The world's rooting for you. We're all rooting for you, buddy."

The Spider-variants all speak in unison, their voices echoing through the dimensional space. "NEVER GIVE UP!"

Sakurā, tears welling in his eyes, feels the surge of determination flood his soul. He grips the controls, feeling the weight of their words, the strength of their belief in him. His voice cracks as he channels every ounce of his willpower, shouting from the depths of his heart.

"RISE! LEOPARDONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!"

In response to Sakurā's call, Leopardon's systems flicker back to life, the mecha rising from the ground with renewed vigor. The energy surges through its frame, the power of hope and determination igniting every circuit. Sakurā's resolve burns brighter than ever, his mission clear.

This battle isn't just for himself—it's for Kanon, for everyone he's ever cared about, and for the countless worlds that are depending on him.

Leopardon stands tall, its newly designed armor gleaming under the light of the battlefield, ready to face Yeuxyeux with unwavering courage. The Spider-people watch from the dimensional space, their spirits with Sakurā, as he prepares to continue the fight, knowing that he is not alone.

The world was on the brink of annihilation. The sky was ablaze with streaks of crimson and gold, as the Earth cracked open, releasing rivers of molten lava that spilled into the streets. The end was near. In the midst of the chaos, Leopardon and Yeuxyeux clashed in a battle that shook the heavens.

Leopardon's massive hands gripped Yeuxyeux tightly, and with a mighty roar, both combatants rocketed into space, leaving behind a devastated Earth. The NASA Spacecam captured every moment, transmitting the intense struggle to the few who still watched from below.

Kanon, along with Akari, Sara, Souta, Takuto, Yuji, Yayoi, Erika, Tsukasa, Reii, Miria, Momona, Cayenne, Ako, and the three Rubys, huddled around the screen, their faces illuminated by the terrifying spectacle unfolding before them. The world below was a hellscape, with lava and magma swallowing everything in sight, as if the very essence of hell had erupted onto Earth.

destruction were now flooded with people celebrating, their cheers echoing through the city. The news channels reported the event with triumphant tones, while the government officials congratulated themselves on the fall of Sakurā Yami, the Demon King.

In stark contrast to the jubilant atmosphere outside, Kanon sat in a dimly lit room, her heart heavy with grief. She stared blankly at the television screen, where the NHK news anchor was solemnly recounting the events that had just transpired.

“The Demon King of Evil, Sakurā Yami Shirabe, the Alien boy who was the Prince of Major Land, the Despair Knight, and the brother of Princess Ako Shirabe, has been executed. The mysterious being known as Yeuxyeux, who killed him, is still an enigma. Reports indicate that this being was a doppelgänger of the Jewelpet, Ruby turning into a young girl with long violet hair and a dark blue butterfly bow, wearing a purple autumn Japanese-style school uniform before ending her own life. This girl, identified as Luea, remains a mystery—whether friend or foe, her motives are unclear. What we do know, from NASA’s Spacecam, is that she was engaged in battle with a giant robot, referred to as a Titan by the officials at Chaos Corporation.”

Kanon’s eyes were red and swollen from crying. No amount of comfort from Ruby or Granite could ease the pain she felt. The entire world was celebrating, but she was mourning the loss of someone she had cared deeply for.

Ruby, trying her best to lift Kanon’s spirits, gently placed a paw on Kanon’s shoulder. “Kanon... maybe it’s time to get some rest. You’ve been through so much...”

Granite, standing beside Ruby, nodded in agreement. “You don’t have to face this alone, Kanon. We’re here for you.”

But Kanon didn’t respond. The weight of Sakurā’s death was too much to bear. She felt lost, empty, and utterly alone despite Ruby and Granite’s best efforts.

Eventually, the three of them decided to leave the human world behind and return to Jewelland. The transition was quiet, almost somber, as they made their way back to Sunshine Academy. The familiar surroundings provided little comfort to Kanon, who couldn’t shake the image of Sakurā’s final moments from her mind.

Back at the academy, they sat in the common room, the television still on as background noise. Kanon didn’t pay much attention until a news bulletin interrupted the regular programming.

“We now bring you a live statement from Ren Richards, the newly appointed CEO of Chaos Corporation, regarding the recent events in Tokyo...”

The screen cut to a press conference, where a serious-looking man in a crisp suit stepped up to the podium. He adjusted the microphone and took a deep breath before speaking.

“Good afternoon, everyone. Thank you for being here today. My name is Ren Richards, and as the newly appointed CEO of Chaos Corporation, I stand before you to address a matter of great importance and concern.

First and foremost, I want to extend my deepest and sincerest apologies to the people of Tokyo, to the families affected, and to the international community at large. The events that transpired involving our Titan, Leopardon Trigger God, were both catastrophic and unacceptable. Lives were

lost, property was destroyed, and the city of Tokyo was left in a state of chaos—chaos that was, ironically, brought upon by the very corporation that bears the name.

To the people of Tokyo, we failed you. We failed to ensure the safety and security of the very technology we promised would protect and serve you. And for that, I am profoundly sorry.

I have taken on the role of CEO during a time of immense crisis, but I want to assure everyone that my top priority is to rectify the mistakes of the past and rebuild the trust that has been shattered. Today, I am here to address the immediate steps we are taking to ensure such a tragedy never happens again.

Effective immediately, Chaos Corporation has launched a comprehensive internal investigation to determine the exact cause of the malfunction that led to the catastrophic deployment of Leopardon Trigger God. We have also welcomed independent external auditors and safety experts to scrutinize every aspect of our Titan program.

There will be full transparency throughout this process. We will share our findings with the public and with regulatory bodies to ensure that accountability is upheld at every level of our organization.

Until the investigation is complete and we can guarantee the absolute safety of our technology, I am suspending all Titan operations globally. This includes halting the production, testing, and deployment of all Titan units. We will not risk another incident like the one in Tokyo.

To the families who lost loved ones, to those injured, and to everyone whose life has been impacted by this disaster—I cannot begin to express the depth of my regret. No amount of compensation can bring back what has been lost, but I want to make it clear that Chaos Corporation will take full responsibility.

We are setting up a fund to provide immediate financial support to all affected individuals and families. We will also offer psychological and medical assistance for as long as it is needed.

The tragic events in Tokyo have made it clear that our Titan technology, as powerful and promising as it may be, requires serious reevaluation. We will be working closely with experts in robotics, AI, and safety engineering to redesign our systems with a renewed focus on fail-safes, human oversight, and ethical considerations.

As CEO, I am personally committed to ensuring that Chaos Corporation adheres to the highest standards of safety, ethics, and public accountability. I will be establishing a permanent, independent oversight committee to review all of our future projects, with the power to halt any operation that poses a potential risk.

Finally, I pledge to keep the public informed every step of the way. This is not a time for secrecy or silence. We will hold regular updates, press briefings, and community meetings to ensure that you, the people of Tokyo, and the world at large, are kept informed about our progress and the steps we are taking to make things right.

In closing, I want to reiterate how deeply sorry I am for what has happened. The loss and destruction caused by Leopardon Trigger God is a burden we must carry, but it is also a call to action—a call to change the way we operate, to rebuild trust, and to ensure that Chaos Corporation never again becomes a source of harm.

Thank you for your time, and please know that we are committed to making this right. Together, we will learn from this tragedy and emerge stronger, more responsible, and more dedicated to the well-being of the people we serve.”

Ren Richards bowed his head slightly, then stepped away from the podium. The room remained silent, the weight of his words hanging heavily in the air.

Kanon watched the entire speech without a word, her mind replaying Sakurā’s final moments over and over. Ruby and Granite exchanged worried glances, unsure of how to help their friend.

As the news broadcast ended, the room fell into an uneasy silence. Kanon finally spoke, her voice barely above a whisper. “It doesn’t matter what they say... Nothing will bring him back.”

Ruby and Granite could only nod, their hearts aching for Kanon. They knew that no words could ease her pain, but they resolved to stay by her side, offering whatever comfort they could in the days to come.

And so, as the world continued to celebrate the death of the Demon King, Kanon and her friends retreated into the quiet solace of JewelLand, their hearts heavy with the loss of the boy who had sacrificed everything to save them all.

EVERYTHING

Rain poured down in heavy sheets, drenching everything in sight. Kanon stood alone, her hair clinging to her face, her clothes soaked through. Her heart felt heavier than the storm clouds above. The pain of Sakurā's death was too much to bear. She clutched her arms tightly around herself, as if trying to hold together the pieces of her shattered world.

Suddenly, the sound of water splashing reached her ears. She looked up to see Teacher Iruka, the pink and white dolphin, approaching her in his mobile water tank. His usually enthusiastic demeanor was tempered by concern as he moved closer, his blue eyes filled with empathy.

“Kanon,” Iruka began, his voice gentle yet firm. “I know you're hurting, but you can't stay out here in the rain forever. You have to—”

Before he could finish, Iruka attempted his signature Dolphin Kick, a move usually meant to snap his students out of their doldrums. But this time, Kanon moved aside at the last second, causing Iruka to miss entirely. She spun around to face him, her eyes blazing with a mix of anger and sorrow.

“You don't understand, sensei!” Kanon shouted, her voice trembling with emotion. “He was my everything! Sakurā was my whole world, and now he's gone!”

Iruka was taken aback by her outburst, his usual confidence wavering. He floated there in his tank, unsure of how to respond. For once, the ever-enthusiastic teacher found himself at a loss for words.

Kanon's chest heaved as she struggled to contain the tears that threatened to spill over. “How am I supposed to keep going without him? How can I just move on like nothing happened?”

The rain continued to fall, mingling with the tears that finally escaped her eyes. Iruka, silent and contemplative, watched her for a moment longer before speaking in a softer tone.

“Kanon,” he said quietly, “I may not fully understand your pain, but I know this: Sakurā wouldn't want you to give up. He'd want you to keep fighting, to keep living, no matter how hard it gets. That's what he did, right until the end.”

Kanon's anger slowly began to ebb away, replaced by the cold, numbing ache of grief. She knew Iruka was right, but it didn't make the pain any less real. She stood there, letting the rain wash over her, feeling lost and alone despite the dolphin's comforting presence.

Iruka stayed by her side, saying nothing more, simply offering the quiet support of a teacher who, despite his hot-blooded nature, cared deeply for his student. The two of them stood together in the rain, sharing the silence, as the world around them continued to turn.

As the rain continued to pour, Ruby approached Kanon with a tentative step. Her bright eyes, usually full of cheer, were now filled with concern. She reached out a paw, gently touching Kanon's arm.

“Kanon,” Ruby said softly, “I know things are really hard right now, but you don't have to go through this alone. I'm here for you. We all are.”

Kanon's shoulders tensed at Ruby's words. She turned sharply, her grief and frustration boiling over. "You're here for me? How could you possibly understand? You're just a useless rabbit, as usual!"

Ruby's ears drooped, and she took a step back, hurt by Kanon's outburst. Her eyes shimmered with unshed tears, but she tried to maintain a brave face. "I'm sorry if I'm not helping the way you need right now. I just wanted to be here for you."

Kanon's expression softened for a brief moment, but the pain she felt was overwhelming. She buried her face in her hands, her anger and sadness mixing together. "I don't want to talk to anyone. I don't want anyone's pity or sympathy. I just want Sakurā back."

Ruby stood there, feeling helpless. The rain continued to fall around them, washing over both of them as if to cleanse the hurt and confusion that lingered. She wanted to comfort Kanon, to show her that she was not alone, but every attempt seemed to push her further away.

Iruka watched from his tank, his heart heavy with empathy for both Kanon and Ruby. He wanted to intervene, but he knew that sometimes the best thing to do was to let people work through their grief in their own way, even if it meant enduring harsh words and misunderstandings.

Ruby took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. "I know you're hurting, Kanon. I know it's not the right time, but please remember that even if I'm not the best at this, I care about you. And I'm here for you, no matter what."

Kanon didn't respond, her silence a stark contrast to the storm around them. Ruby turned away, her heart aching as she walked a few steps back, her own tears mingling with the rain.

The two figures, drenched and broken, stood apart in the stormy weather—one lost in her sorrow, the other desperate to offer solace but unable to bridge the gap created by grief and pain.

Granite stepped forward, his usual serious expression softening as he approached Kanon. He placed a comforting hand on her shoulder, his deep voice gentle but firm. "Kanon, I know this is hard. Sakurā was a hero in his own way. He fought for what he believed in. You have to hold onto that, even if it seems impossible right now."

Kanon barely looked up, her eyes still locked on the rain-soaked ground. Her grief felt too overwhelming for any words to penetrate. Granite's attempt at solace seemed to drift away, lost in the torrent of her sorrow.

Hinata, standing nearby, took a deep breath and gathered her courage. Her shy demeanor softened as she spoke up, her voice trembling slightly. "Kanon, you've always been there for us, and we want to be here for you now. You're not alone in this. We're all here for you."

Shouko, with her usual tomboyish bravado, tried to offer a different kind of support. She approached Kanon with a determined look in her eyes. "Hey, Kanon. I know I'm not great with this emotional stuff, but I'm here for you, alright? Don't push us away. We're your friends, and we care about you."

Titana, bouncing up and down with his usual energy, stepped in next. "Kanon-sama, you've got us! You don't have to face this alone! We'll stick by you no matter what, dechu! We've got your back!"

Kaede, standing next to Titana, nodded in agreement. “You’ve always been strong, Kanon-sama. And even when you’re not feeling strong, we’re here to help lift you up. Please don’t push us away. We want to be there for you.”

Komachi, holding a small bag of sweets, tried to offer a bit of comfort in her own way. “Kanon-sama, I know sweets won’t fix everything, but I thought they might bring a little bit of comfort. Please, let us help you through this.”

Despite the heartfelt attempts from her classmates, Kanon remained unmoved. She felt like her heart was an impenetrable fortress, and no matter how hard they tried, they couldn’t reach her inner pain.

The group gathered around her, their expressions a mix of concern and frustration as they watched their friend struggle. They each tried in their own way to break through her wall of grief, but their efforts seemed to only highlight how deeply Kanon was hurting.

As the rain continued to pour, the scene was a poignant reminder of the weight of loss and the struggle to cope with it. Kanon’s friends, despite their best efforts, could only stand by her, hoping that in time, she would find the strength to heal and accept their support.

DREAD

Hinata, Shouko, Titana, Kaede, and Komachi's eyes lit up with excitement as they caught sight of a familiar figure approaching through the rain. They screamed in happiness and cheered, their voices a mix of disbelief and elation.

"Kirara Amanogawa! It's Kirara!" Hinata exclaimed, her shyness momentarily forgotten.

Kirara Amanogawa made her way through the downpour with an air of grace and confidence. Her fluffy brown hair, held in twin-tails by bows, swayed gently with each step she took. She wore her signature yellow off-shoulder top, striped light blue shorts, and her purple headband with a bow. Despite the rain, her appearance remained impeccable, and her purple eyes sparkled with a mix of determination and concern.

As Kirara approached, Kanon looked up with a mix of surprise and hope. Her admiration for Kirara was well known, and seeing her childhood friend in such a moment of need was both comforting and overwhelming. Kanon's eyes welled up as she saw Kirara's familiar, reassuring presence.

Kirara's smile was warm and genuine as she reached Kanon. "Kanon, I heard about everything that happened, and I couldn't stay away. I came as soon as I could."

Kanon's voice trembled as she spoke, "Kirara... I didn't think you'd come. I'm... I'm so lost without him."

Kirara placed a comforting hand on Kanon's shoulder, her touch both soothing and strong. "I know it's hard. Sakurā was a special person, and losing him is a huge blow. But you're not alone. You have all of us, and we're here to support you."

The presence of Kirara brought a glimmer of hope to Kanon's heart. Kirara had always been a pillar of strength and kindness, and her arrival seemed to bridge the gap between Kanon's grief and the possibility of moving forward.

With Kirara's encouragement, Kanon began to feel a flicker of the strength she had lost. The warmth of her friend's support, combined with the cheers of her classmates, started to break through the wall of sorrow that had consumed her.

Kirara looked around at the group of Kanon's friends, each of whom had been trying so hard to reach her. "You've all been incredible friends to Kanon. Sometimes, just having someone who understands and believes in you can make a world of difference."

As Kirara spoke, the atmosphere began to shift. Kanon's tears, though still flowing, were now mingled with a faint glimmer of hope. Kirara's presence was a reminder that even in the darkest times, there were people who cared deeply and were willing to stand by her side.

The group, including Kirara, now stood together, a united front of support and friendship. As the rain continued to fall, it seemed to wash away some of the grief, making room for the healing power of camaraderie and hope.

Kanon's heart raced as she stood there, surrounded by her friends, but despite their kindness and the comforting presence of Kirara, the weight of her grief felt unbearable. The emotions were too

intense, too raw, and no amount of reassurance could soothe the pain that tore at her heart.

Without a word, Kanon turned and bolted away, her tears mixing with the rain that drenched her. Her friends called out to her, but their voices were quickly drowned out by the sound of the storm and the pounding of her own footsteps.

Kanon ran as fast as she could, not caring where she was going, only knowing that she needed to get away. Away from the comforting words that felt hollow in the face of her loss, away from the reminders of Sakurā's absence, away from everything and everyone.

Her breath came in ragged gasps as she ran through the rain-soaked streets, past the familiar buildings of JewelLand, and out into the wild, untamed landscape that surrounded the city. The further she ran, the more isolated she became, the sound of her friends' voices fading into the distance until there was nothing left but the sound of her own sobs and the relentless downpour.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Kanon reached a secluded clearing deep within a dense forest. It was a place she had never been before, a place where the world seemed to stand still. The trees loomed high above, their branches forming a canopy that shielded her from the outside world. The rain continued to fall, but it was softer here, a gentle patter on the leaves.

Kanon collapsed to her knees in the center of the clearing, her body trembling with exhaustion and grief. She was utterly alone, far away from anyone who might try to comfort her, far away from the life she knew.

Her sobs echoed in the silence, a mournful cry that seemed to resonate with the very earth beneath her. She hugged her knees to her chest, burying her face in her arms as the tears continued to flow, her heart breaking all over again with the realization that no matter how far she ran, the pain would follow.

In this hidden, faraway place, Kanon allowed herself to fully break down, her cries of anguish filling the air as the storm raged on around her.

Kanon finally slowed down, her energy spent, and found herself in a secluded, quiet part of the city—an old, abandoned park that seemed untouched by time. The swings creaked in the wind, and the trees rustled softly, but there was no one else around. She sank to her knees on the damp ground, her tears still flowing freely.

As she buried her face in her hands, the world around her seemed to grow colder, and a strange stillness settled over the park. Kanon felt a presence—something familiar yet distant. She slowly lifted her head, and through her tear-blurred vision, she saw a figure standing just a few feet away.

It was Sakurā.

But not as she had last seen him. He was translucent, glowing faintly in the dim light, his form flickering like a candle in the wind. His expression was soft, filled with a mixture of sorrow and love as he looked at her.

Kanon's breath caught in her throat. "Sakurā...?" she whispered, her voice trembling.

The ghostly figure of Sakurā nodded slowly, his eyes filled with an unspoken apology. He reached out a hand toward her, though it didn't quite bridge the distance between them.

"I'm so sorry, Kanon," his voice echoed, gentle and haunting, like a breeze carrying a distant memory. "I didn't want to leave you... I never wanted to hurt you."

Kanon's tears fell harder, her chest aching with the weight of everything she had lost. "Why did you leave me, Sakurā? You promised... you promised we'd always be together!"

Sakurā's ghostly form flickered, as if struggling to maintain its presence. "I did, and I will always be with you... just not in the way we hoped. But you're strong, Kanon. Stronger than you know. You have to keep going, for me... for everyone."

Kanon shook her head, overwhelmed by the sight of him and the impossible reality that he was truly gone. "I don't want to go on without you! I can't... I can't do this alone!"

Sakurā's expression softened even more, and he took a step closer, his figure shimmering with a pale light. "You're never alone, Kanon. I'm right here, and I always will be, in your heart. Remember the strength we shared... it's still with you. Use it to keep moving forward."

Kanon reached out desperately, trying to grasp his hand, but her fingers passed through him like mist. She sobbed, the pain of their separation cutting deeper than any wound.

Sakurā gave her a sad smile, his form beginning to fade. "I'll always love you, Kanon. Never forget that."

And with those final words, his ghostly figure dissolved into the night, leaving Kanon alone once more, clutching at the empty air where he had stood.

LIFE

Back at Sunshine Academy, the atmosphere was heavy with an unspoken sorrow. The vibrant energy that usually filled the halls had dimmed, and the students moved about quietly, their thoughts weighed down by concern for Kanon. In the common room, a small group had gathered—Komachi, Kaede, Ruby, Titana, and a few others—each lost in their own thoughts.

Komachi sat at the window, staring out at the rain as it tapped softly against the glass. Her usual cheerfulness was replaced by a reflective sadness. "I still remember when Kanon first arrived at the academy," she said softly, her voice barely above a whisper. "She was so confident, so full of life. It feels like a lifetime ago."

Kaede, who was sitting nearby, nodded in agreement. "Yeah, she really had a way of making everything seem... brighter, you know? Even when things were tough, Kanon always found a way to keep us going." She smiled sadly, remembering the times Kanon had rallied them together during difficult moments.

Ruby, perched on a cushion, sighed deeply, her ears drooping. "I wish I could have done more for her... Kanon's been through so much, and I just feel... useless."

Titana, trying to lighten the mood as he often did, chimed in with a small, wistful grin. "Kanon-sama always made me feel like I could be something more, like I could be brave, just for her. I still remember the time she helped me stand up to King. I never would have done it without her."

Shouko, leaning against the wall with her arms crossed, spoke up, her usual tough demeanor softened by the situation. "Kanon's not one to give up, even if it seems like it. She's stronger than she knows, stronger than any of us sometimes. But... it's hard seeing her like this, you know? I never thought anything could break her."

Hinata, who had been quietly listening, finally spoke, her voice trembling with emotion. "Kanon has always been there for us, even when she was hurting. Now... now it's our turn to be there for her, to remind her that she's not alone."

The room fell silent as everyone reflected on their memories of Kanon. They remembered the laughter, the challenges, the way she brought them together and inspired them to be their best selves. Each memory was a reminder of the impact she had on their lives, and the deep bond they shared with her.

Kaede finally broke the silence, her voice resolute. "We need to help her, to show her that we're still here for her, no matter what. We owe her that much."

Komachi nodded, wiping away a tear. "For Kanon... we'll do whatever it takes to bring her back to us."

The quiet reflections in the common room were suddenly interrupted by a strange chill in the air. A shiver ran down everyone's spine, and the lights flickered momentarily. Ruby's ears perked up, sensing something unusual.

"Did anyone else feel that?" she asked, her voice tinged with unease.

Komachi stood up from her spot by the window, her eyes scanning the room nervously. "What's going on? It feels... weird in here."

Titana, ever the jokester, tried to laugh it off, but his voice wavered. "Maybe it's just the wind or... or something."

But then, Kaede gasped, pointing towards the center of the room. "Look!"

Everyone turned to see a faint, glowing figure beginning to materialize in the air before them. The figure shimmered with an ethereal light, slowly becoming more distinct. As the form took shape, there was no mistaking who it was.

"Sakurā?!" Shouko's voice was filled with disbelief as she stepped forward, her eyes wide in shock.

The ghostly figure of Sakurā hovered above the floor, his presence both familiar and surreal. His expression was calm, but there was an air of sadness around him. He looked at each of them with a gentle gaze, as if trying to reassure them despite the circumstances.

"S-Sakurā..." Ruby whispered, tears welling up in her eyes. "Is it really you?"

The ghost of Sakurā didn't speak, but he nodded slowly, confirming his identity. His appearance brought a mix of emotions to the room—joy at seeing him again, but also a deep sadness knowing that he wasn't truly back.

Komachi's voice trembled as she stepped closer, her hand reaching out instinctively, though she knew she couldn't touch him. "We... we miss you, Sakurā. We miss you so much."

Kaede, her heart pounding in her chest, could barely contain her emotions. "Why are you here? Are you... are you here because of Kanon?"

Sakurā's ghost nodded again, his expression softening as he glanced towards the door, as if urging them to follow. There was an unspoken message in his eyes, a plea for them to help Kanon, to be there for her in the way that he no longer could.

"We need to find her," Shouko said, her voice determined as she understood what Sakurā was trying to convey. "She's hurting, and she needs us now more than ever."

Ruby, wiping away her tears, looked at Sakurā with a newfound resolve. "We'll take care of her, Sakurā. We promise."

With that, the ghost of Sakurā gave them a final, grateful smile before slowly fading away into the air, leaving them with a renewed sense of purpose.

As the last remnants of his presence disappeared, Komachi turned to the others. "Let's go. Kanon needs us."

The group hurried through the dense forest, their hearts pounding with urgency. The ghostly appearance of Sakurā had filled them with a sense of dread, knowing that Kanon was in danger. As they pushed through the thick underbrush, the sounds of Kanon's sobs echoed faintly through the trees, guiding them toward her.

Finally, they emerged into a clearing where Kanon stood at the edge of a steep cliff, her back to them. She was gazing out at the mountains and the wide expanse of the sky, her shoulders shaking

with grief. The wind whipped around her, carrying the scent of pine and the distant rumble of thunder.

"Kanon!" Ruby cried out, her voice trembling with fear.

But Kanon didn't turn around. Her tears streamed down her face, her heart heavy with despair. She took a hesitant step forward, closer to the edge.

"Kanon, no!" Shouko shouted, rushing toward her, but she stopped short as Kanon suddenly slipped, her foot catching on a loose rock.

Time seemed to slow as Kanon's scream pierced the air, her body tipping forward over the edge. For a terrifying moment, it looked as though she would fall to her death, but just as she began to plummet, a brilliant light surrounded her.

Sakurā, now in his god form, appeared before her, his ethereal glow bathing the entire cliffside in a warm, golden light. His arms wrapped around Kanon, pulling her back from the brink. He held her securely, his presence a calming force against the chaos of the moment.

Kanon gasped, looking up at Sakurā with wide, tear-filled eyes. "Sakurā..." she whispered, her voice breaking.

He smiled down at her, his expression filled with love and understanding. "I'm here, Kanon," he said softly, though his voice was heard only in her heart.

The others watched in awe and relief as Sakurā gently set Kanon back on solid ground. But before they could reach her, Kanon pulled away from Sakurā, stepping back into the clearing. The light from Sakurā began to fade as he released her, his form becoming less distinct.

"Kanon, please, don't do this," Komachi pleaded, her eyes brimming with tears. "We're here for you. You don't have to be alone."

Titana's voice was shaky as he called out to her. "Kanon-sama, we need you. We care about you."

But Kanon shook her head, backing away from them. "No... I need to be alone," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the wind.

"Kanon, we love you," Ruby said, her heart aching as she watched her friend retreat further.

Sakurā's ghost lingered for a moment longer, his eyes filled with sorrow as he looked at Kanon. He wanted to protect her, to keep her safe, but he knew he couldn't make this choice for her. With a final, tender look, he faded completely from sight, leaving Kanon standing alone.

Kanon turned away from her friends, wiping her tears as she took another step into the forest. "I just... I just need time," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "Please, understand."

Despite their hearts breaking, they nodded, respecting her wish, even though it pained them to do so.

As Kanon disappeared into the forest, the group stood in silence, the weight of her grief heavy on their hearts. They knew they had to give her the space she needed, but it didn't make it any easier to watch her walk away.

SAKURĀ

The rain poured steadily, creating a rhythmic patter against the trees and the forest floor. Kanon sat on a rocky outcrop, her clothes drenched and her eyes distant, lost in memories as the cool droplets mingled with her tears. The sound of the rain was a constant backdrop, but in her mind, she was far away, traveling back to a time when things were simpler and full of hope.

She remembered when she was just five years old, playing outside in the bright summer sunshine. The memory was vivid, as if it were happening right in front of her.

Kanon had been wandering near a park when she saw a small, scrappy figure being attacked by a group of bullies. The boy, a little alien with spiky black hair and red eyes, was being pummeled and ridiculed. His black coat and spiky shoulder pads were torn, and his red goggles were knocked askew. The bullies taunted him mercilessly, their words harsh and filled with cruelty.

"Hope you drown in your green blood, you alien piece of shit!" one of them sneered. "I can't believe you got a girl to help you."

The bullies ran off, leaving the boy bruised and crying on the ground. Kanon, who had been watching from a distance, ran over to him, her heart aching at the sight.

"Are you okay?" she asked, her voice filled with concern as she knelt beside him.

The boy looked up at her, his eyes red and puffy from the tears. He tried to muster a brave smile despite his pain. "Yeah, I'm fine," he said, his voice wavering.

Kanon offered him a small, reassuring smile. "I'm Kanon Mizushiro. What's your name?"

The boy's gaze softened, and he managed to say, "My name is Sakurā Yami."

Kanon nodded, her eyes filled with compassion. "Sakurā, I hope you are well, Sakurā—hope we meet again."

She reached out and gently kissed him on the cheek, her lips brushing against his skin. It was a tender, innocent gesture, and Sakurā blushed deeply, his cheeks turning a bright shade of red.

"Here's a little gift," Kanon said softly, smiling as she stood up. Sakurā watched her leave, a mixture of gratitude and shyness in his eyes.

The memory shifted to the following day. Kanon and Sakurā had met again, this time for a playdate. They sat together on a cliff overlooking the mountains, the same spot where Kanon now found herself. They had talked and laughed, the sun setting in a blaze of colors behind them. The memory was one of pure joy, of a friendship that had started with a simple act of kindness.

Now, as the rain continued to fall, Kanon looked around at the familiar landscape. The cliffs, the mountains, the sky—everything was just as it had been. It was as though the past and the present had merged into one. She felt a pang of bittersweet nostalgia and longing.

Kanon placed her hand on the rock where they had sat together, feeling the cool, wet surface beneath her fingers. "This was our place, Sakurā," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the

rain. "We were happy here."

The memory of Sakurā, with his bright eyes and the warmth of his smile, contrasted sharply with the pain she felt now. Despite the darkness and sadness that surrounded her, she remembered the light he had brought into her life.

As the rain continued to pour, Kanon closed her eyes, imagining Sakurā beside her, just as he had been so many years ago. The rain mingled with her tears, and she whispered a final, heartfelt goodbye to the boy she had loved and lost.

Kanon's gaze drifted aimlessly over the forested landscape, her mind consumed by the memories of her past. The rain, relentless and steady, blurred the world around her, making everything appear distant and subdued. She was lost in her thoughts when something unusual caught her eye.

Through the mist and the downpour, she spotted a streak of light cutting across the darkened sky. At first, she thought it was a meteor or a shooting star, but as she squinted against the rain, the streak grew larger and more defined. It was clear now: a UFO, glowing with an eerie, pulsating light, was plummeting towards the earth.

The UFO's descent was dramatic, its bright light cutting through the rain-soaked sky like a beacon. Kanon watched as it grew closer, its shape becoming more discernible—a metallic, sleek craft with strange, shifting patterns of light.

Despite the spectacle before her, Kanon felt an overwhelming sense of disconnection. Her heart was heavy with grief, and her mind was too entangled in the sorrow of Sakurā's loss to fully register the significance of the event. The UFO's fall seemed almost incidental in the grand scheme of her current despair.

Kanon took a deep breath, her shoulders slumping under the weight of her emotions. With a resigned sigh, she turned her back on the descending UFO, choosing instead to focus on the forest and the memories that lingered in the mist. She sat back down on the rocky outcrop, her attention returning to the distant past, to the time when things had felt simpler and full of promise.

As the UFO continued its descent, the rain continued to fall, washing away the fleeting light of the mysterious craft and merging it with the somber atmosphere of the forest. Kanon's world was filled with the sound of raindrops and the echo of memories, overshadowing the unusual event taking place in the sky above.

As the rain continued to fall over the city, the mysterious UFO that Kanon had ignored earlier finally impacted with the earth, its descent marked by a fiery trail that fizzled out as it hit the ground. The spectacle drew the attention of many, but amidst the chaos, a new figure emerged.

In the midst of the urban landscape, a lime-green figure appeared. He was an alien boy named Shiriki Untudu, hailing from the distant planet of Zynara. His fur glowed with a soft, bioluminescent light, casting an ethereal glow on his surroundings. Despite his radiant appearance, Shiriki was not in his battle armor—Spider-Man Hiver—but in his casual attire, which mirrored the vibrant and mystical qualities of his home planet.

Shiriki moved through the city with a mixture of wonder and curiosity. His large, fox-like ears twitched as he tried to make sense of the human environment, his bright green eyes taking in the sights and sounds of Earth. He marveled at the tall buildings, the bustling streets, and the sheer volume of people going about their daily lives.

After a bit of exploration, Shiriki found himself drawn to Sunshine Academy. It was a place that radiated an inviting warmth, a contrast to the rainy day and the distant troubles that had plagued his arrival. As he approached the academy, he couldn't help but admire the structure and the students walking around, each engrossed in their own world.

Shiriki took cautious steps toward the academy's entrance, his curiosity piqued by the place where many of his new potential friends might be. He was eager to learn more about Earth and its inhabitants, and the academy seemed like a promising place to start.

He wandered around the grounds, his ears catching snippets of conversation and his eyes catching glimpses of the school's vibrant life. Despite not being in his full armor, his presence was still striking, though he remained largely unnoticed amidst the busy student activities.

Shiriki's goal was not to interact directly with anyone at this moment but rather to observe and learn. He wanted to understand more about Earth and its people, just as he had admired and learned from the heroes Spider-Man and Tekkaman Blade. With each step he took, he hoped to gather pieces of this new world and, perhaps, find his own path to becoming a hero in this alien environment.

The rain had eased, leaving the city glistening under a blanket of mist. Shiriki Untudu, having explored Sunshine Academy and observed the bustling life of Earth, decided it was time to take his leave. The curiosity and wonder he had felt earlier had given way to a more contemplative mood. He realized that while his visit had been enlightening, he needed more time to understand this new world before making any significant interactions.

Shiriki made his way back to the site where his UFO had landed. The craft, sleek and shimmering under the dim light, awaited him. The small, alien spacecraft was an impressive piece of technology from Zynara, its surface reflecting the rain-soaked city lights.

He entered the UFO, feeling a mix of anticipation and determination. His lime-green fur, which had absorbed the city's light, now seemed to glow even more intensely as he prepared for departure. Inside the craft, he adjusted the controls and began the pre-flight sequence. The UFO hummed to life, the gentle vibrations a comforting reminder of his home planet.

As the craft lifted off, Shiriki took one last look at Earth from the window. The cityscape receded beneath him, a sprawling tapestry of lights and shadows. He felt a pang of sadness at leaving but also excitement about returning with more knowledge and preparation for future endeavors.

He piloted the UFO through the clouds, the rain now just a distant memory. The craft shot up into the sky, piercing through the stratosphere, leaving behind a fading streak of light. Shiriki glanced back at the Earth one last time before setting a course for Zynara.

As the UFO entered the vastness of space, Shiriki's thoughts turned to the possibilities that lay ahead. His mission to understand Earth and its people was far from over. He knew he would return with greater insights, ready to face the challenges and opportunities that awaited him on this strange, yet fascinating, world.

With the stars stretching out before him, Shiriki felt a renewed sense of purpose. He was not just an alien on a new planet but a hero-in-training, eager to learn and grow. The journey ahead would be filled with discovery, and he was ready to embrace it with the same spirit that had guided him through his first visit.

KANON

The narrator's voice, warm and evocative, filled the screen as the scene shifted to the rainy cityscape.

"And so, Jewelpet Sunshine begins its second season after over thirteen years! The story takes a dramatic turn as new challenges and heartfelt moments unfold!"

In the pouring rain, Kanon Mizushiro ran desperately, her tears blending with the raindrops that streamed down her face. The familiar surroundings of Sunshine Academy, once a place of joy and camaraderie, now felt distant and unwelcoming. Kanon's heartache seemed as vast and unending as the storm that raged around her.

She stumbled into the Moon Dorm, seeking refuge from the storm and the turmoil inside her. The once-welcoming space now felt cold and distant. As she entered, Ruby, her friend and fellow Jewelpet, immediately noticed her distress. Determined to help, Ruby began to glow with a soft, radiant pink light.

In a burst of magical energy, Ruby transformed into her human form. Standing before Kanon was a young girl with fair skin and cherry red eyes. Her cherry red medium-length hair cascaded down her back, held in place by a thin fuchsia magenta pink headband adorned with a cherry blossom flower ornament. She wore a light pastel fuchsia magenta pink seifuku jacket, its unbuttoned style revealing a powder white shirt with a pastel fuchsia magenta pink folded collar. Her pleated pastel fuchsia magenta pink skirt and powder white long socks completed the ensemble, while her pastel fuchsia magenta pink shoes bore shoelaces that resembled Ruby's signature cherry necklace.

Despite Ruby's transformation into this beautiful and comforting form, Kanon's grief seemed insurmountable. The familiar face, the cherished friend, was not enough to lift the heavy burden of sorrow that weighed on her heart.

Ruby approached Kanon with gentle steps, her voice soft and filled with concern. "Kanon, please, I want to help. You don't have to go through this alone."

Kanon, however, looked up with tearful eyes, shaking her head. "Ruby... it's not enough. I need more time... I need to be alone right now."

Ruby's heart ached at the sight of her friend's pain. She reached out, but Kanon's need for solitude was clear. With a heavy sigh, Ruby stepped back, her eyes filled with unspoken sorrow.

The rain continued to fall outside, a reflection of Kanon's inner storm. As Ruby watched her friend, she knew that no matter how much she wished to mend Kanon's broken heart, some wounds needed time and space to heal.

As Kanon sat in the Moon Dorm, her mind raced with painful memories and emotions, each one cutting deeper than the last. The rain outside mirrored the storm within her, and she felt utterly overwhelmed, teetering on the edge of despair. Her hands trembled as she clutched her chest, trying to steady her racing heart, but the trauma seemed to grip her tighter with each passing second.

Suddenly, the opening notes of the theme song began to play:

**"GO! GO! Sanshain! Kagayaiteru
Rakkī sanshain! Dokidoki suru
Koi no mahō kaketa messēji
Kono kimochi tomaranai uketome—"**

"Hey! Wait a minute!" **Ruby exclaimed, pointing a finger at the viewer.** "This isn't Jewelpet Sunshine Season 2! This is a fanfiction with the Sunshine characters, but this story isn't about us! It's about Sakurā, not Jewelpet Sunshine."

Ruby crossed her arms, looking a bit miffed. "I mean, I wish we did get a Season 8, though. The creator of this fanfiction even made a Google Docs document about a fanmade Season 8 and the universe surrounding it, along with some fan concepts and OCs plus fanfictions. But come on, SANRIO!!! KEEP PAYING ATTENTION TO US! WE WANT A REAL SEASON 8!"

She paused for a moment, looking off to the side, as if thinking of what to say next. "SEGA too—uh, SEGA FAVE! SANRIO! ALL WE GOT WAS A SHORT FILM IN 2022, and we keep getting tanked in the Sanrio rankings every single year! And this year? We ranked in THIRTY-SIX! 36! Can you believe it?"

Ruby's expression softened, and she sighed. "At least the fandom is still going strong after all those years. Just, um... ignore those people who, well, make the NSFW art of us and (most of) our human partners. That stuff's just... yeah, let's not go there. But hey, don't mind the NSFW fanfictions either—they're exclusively for adults and definitely NOT FOR KIDS!"

She pointed sternly at the camera, her cherry-red eyes narrowing in emphasis. "So, remember, even though our franchise is aimed at kids, some of our fanfictions are definitely NOT FOR KIDS and contain NSFW content. Got it?"

With that, Ruby sighed again and looked back at Kanon, her expression softening as she prepared to re-enter the story. "Now, let's get back to the drama. Kanon needs us, even if this fanfiction's not quite the Jewelpet Sunshine we all know and love."

Kanon sat on the floor of the Moon Dorm, her thoughts a swirling mess of sadness and confusion. The rain outside continued to pour, tapping against the windows like the relentless reminders of everything she had lost. As she tried to distract herself, her eyes fell on a bottle of beer lying near her feet. She reached out, her fingers trembling, and grabbed the bottle, uncapping it with a shaky breath.

Without hesitation, Kanon began to drink, the bitterness of the alcohol doing little to numb the pain inside her. She took a long gulp, hoping it would drown out the overwhelming emotions threatening to consume her.

Before she could take another sip, Ruby, still in her human form, noticed what Kanon was doing. Her eyes widened in shock. "Kanon, no!" she exclaimed, rushing toward her.

With a quick, decisive movement, Ruby smashed the bottle out of Kanon's hands, shattering it against the floor. The broken glass scattered, and the remaining beer spilled across the floor, mixing with the rainwater that had dripped from Kanon's clothes.

Kanon looked at Ruby, her eyes filled with anger and hurt. “What do you think you’re doing, Ruby?” she snapped, her voice strained and raw. “Can’t you just leave me alone? You’re always trying to fix things, but you’re just a useless rabbit! You don’t understand anything!”

Ruby flinched at Kanon’s harsh words, her heart aching at the sight of her friend in so much pain. She wanted to help, to do something, anything to ease Kanon’s suffering, but it seemed that everything she did only made things worse.

Kanon’s gaze softened slightly as she continued, her voice quieter but no less filled with sorrow. “Sakurā was everything to me, and now he’s gone... What’s the point of anything anymore? You can’t bring him back, Ruby. No one can.”

Ruby’s eyes filled with tears as she listened, feeling helpless in the face of Kanon’s despair. She reached out a hand, wanting to comfort her, but unsure of how to bridge the gap between them.

“Kanon... I’m sorry,” Ruby whispered, her voice trembling. “I’m so sorry. I just want to help you, but I don’t know how...”

Kanon turned away, hugging her knees to her chest as she tried to shut out the world. “Just... leave me alone, Ruby,” she murmured, her voice barely audible. “Please.”

As the tension in the room hung thick in the air, both Kanon and Ruby were startled by the sound of soft footsteps approaching. They turned to see another figure entering the room. It was Jasper, the Jewelpet cheetah with his lemon-yellow fur dotted with brown spots, his sharp claws barely making a sound as he walked across the floor. His red Jasper Jewel Eyes reflected the dim light, and his usual collar with a diamond-shaped jasper gleamed faintly.

Jasper paused just inside the doorway, taking in the scene before him—Kanon, drenched from the rain and huddled on the floor, and Ruby, standing nearby with a look of deep concern on her face. He tilted his head slightly, his expression one of silent understanding.

"Jasper..." Ruby said softly, acknowledging his presence. She knew that while Jasper wasn’t the most active of the Jewelpets, he had a way of sensing when something was wrong.

Jasper didn’t say anything at first, simply observing Kanon with his wise, yet somewhat lazy gaze. He then slowly walked over to them, his movements deliberate and unhurried, as if he had all the time in the world.

Kanon looked up at Jasper, her eyes red from crying, and a flash of irritation crossed her face. "What do you want, Jasper? Come to lecture me too?" she muttered, her voice thick with exhaustion.

Jasper, as was his nature, didn’t respond immediately. Instead, he sat down on the floor next to Kanon, his tail lazily swishing behind him. He let out a soft sigh, as if the very act of being here required more effort than he cared to exert. But there was a warmth in his presence, a subtle reassurance that he was there, not to judge or lecture, but simply to be there for her.

After a moment, Jasper finally spoke, his voice deep and calm, "Sometimes, it’s okay to just sit in silence, Kanon. Not every problem needs to be fixed right away." His words were simple, but there was a weight to them, as if he understood more than he let on.

Kanon didn't reply immediately, but she didn't push Jasper away either. There was something comforting in his quiet presence, a contrast to the turmoil raging inside her.

Ruby, seeing this small moment of peace, stepped back slightly, giving Kanon and Jasper space. She knew Jasper wasn't one to push or prod, and maybe that was exactly what Kanon needed right now—a friend who could simply sit with her, without trying to force her to feel better.

As the rain continued to pour outside, the three of them remained in the room, the silence gradually becoming less oppressive. In that quiet, Kanon could feel some of the tension in her heart easing, even if just a little. Jasper didn't try to cheer her up with words or actions; he was just there, reminding her that she wasn't alone, even in her darkest moments.

The room quickly filled with a flurry of voices and footsteps as Komachi, Kaede, Titana, Teacher Iruka, and the rest of the Jewelpets poured in. Even Kanon's parents, who she called Mama and Papa, had come, their faces etched with worry. Everyone tried to cheer her up in their own way—Komachi and Kaede with their comforting words, Titana with his playful antics, and Teacher Iruka with his enthusiastic attempts at encouragement. But the more they tried, the more overwhelmed Kanon felt.

Her parents approached her cautiously, their expressions filled with concern. "Kanon, sweetheart," her mother began, her voice soft and trembling. "We're here for you, no matter what."

But Kanon couldn't take it anymore. The flood of emotions, the memories, the past that had haunted her for so long—it was all too much. She suddenly bolted from the room, pushing past everyone and sprinting out into the night. "Kanon, wait!" her father called after her, but she didn't stop.

She ran as fast as she could, her legs burning with each step as she pushed herself farther and farther away from the Academy, from the people who loved her but didn't understand her pain. The rain was pouring down harder now, soaking her to the bone, but she didn't care. She needed to escape.

As she ran, her mind spiraled back to the day she'd learned the truth about her birth—about how she had been born as Kanon Shiraishi, the younger twin sister of Mikage Shiraishi. She remembered her grandmother's cold words, the way she'd been labeled a cursed child because of the strange spiral birthmark on her head. She'd been a baby, unaware of the cruelty of the world, but that hadn't stopped her grandmother from wanting to get rid of her.

Her parents—her real parents—had pleaded for her life, begging her grandmother not to kill her. But the old woman had seen Kanon as a harbinger of disgrace to the family, a blight that needed to be removed. With no other choice, they had given her away to the Mizushiros, who had raised her as their own. But the pain of being cast aside, of being unwanted, had always lingered in the depths of Kanon's heart.

She finally stopped running, collapsing to her knees in the middle of a secluded clearing. The night had fallen, and the world around her was pitch black, save for the occasional flash of lightning illuminating the sky. Her chest heaved as she tried to catch her breath, the rain mixing with the tears streaming down her face.



End Notes

Dear Readers,

From the bottom of my heart, I want to extend a massive thank you for joining me on this emotional journey through LOST ROAD. Whether you've followed every twist and turn or shed tears as Kanon's story unfolded, your support and connection to the characters mean the world to me.

LOST ROAD has been a story of loss, love, and the enduring strength of the human (and Jewelpet) spirit. I hope it resonated with you in a way that left an impact, and maybe even brought a few tears to your eyes.

But this isn't the end—it's just a chapter. I'm thrilled to announce that a brand new Lady Jewelpet fanfiction is on its way! Stay tuned over the coming weeks for the first look at this exciting new tale. I can't wait to share another adventure with you all.

Once again, thank you for being a part of this story. Your support inspires me to keep writing, and I hope to see you in the next one!

With gratitude and excitement,

Malachi.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!