

Ravyn Phoenix

Translations
Brings you

Full Metal Panic!

Burning One Man Force



Translator: Shandy (a.k.a Ravyn)
Editor: Jeannie (a.k.a Phoenixdown7)

Full Metal Panic!

Burning One Man Force

Story by Shoji Gatou

Illustrations by Douji Shiki

Translation brought to you by RavynPhoenix

Chapter 02 part B

June 3, 2007

Translator's Notes:

Hello everyone. We didn't keep you waiting as long this time, which is good. ... I had some stuff I wanted to say in my notes this time around, but as soon as I went to type it out, I forgot what I was going to say ^^; *shrugs* Oh well, it probably wasn't that important anyway.

I do want to give a *HUGE* thank you to Jeannie and, my newest savior, Durendal, for helping with the translations this time around. There were some doozy's but Durendal and Jeannie prevented me from giving myself brain damage from banging my head against my desk repeatedly.

Whose Durendal you ask? He's someone that has recently offered his assistance with translating if I need it. So again, a big THANK YOU, to you Durendal!

Oh right! If you mouse over any highlight text in this file, a notes box will pop up giving a little bit of an explanation.

That is all. Enjoy!

-Ravyn



Part 3

Nami has feelings for Sousuke. But even though Sousuke feels at ease living here, he can't dispel the feeling of impatience that he's been fighting in his chest.

Sousuke's life as a member of team 'Crossbow' officially began. Lemon became the team sponsor, but he's treated more like an errand boy – doing odd chores here and there, and being bossed around by Nami and the others.

The Arena matches usually take place in the evening. The majority of the matches happen on the weekend, leaving the smaller and weaker teams below B Class competing against each other on the weekdays.

After hiring Sousuke as their pilot, it took team 'Crossbow' approximately one week to get all the RK-91 maintenance done on their Savage. They replaced the highly deteriorated muscle packages with fresh ones, exchanged all the heavily damaged armor-plates with brand new ones, and also completely replaced the faulty parts in the hydraulic system that had been causing the fluid leak. When they were finished, the AS is in much better shape.

Right now, everyone is currently discussing what color they should paint the Savage. The budget had enough of a margin to allow them to buy paint, but they couldn't agree on what color. That is how the huge group argument began. During the confusing uproar, Sousuke quietly leaves to go shopping and returns to the hangar carrying two cans of paint.

“What's that?”

“You'll see.”

Nami asked and Sousuke answers. Without hesitating, he pours the paint and solution into the airbrush gun's cup, puts on goggles and a mask, and without permission, walks to the Savage and starts painting it.

The color is matte white.

When he is done with the white, he paints the shoulders, elbows, knees, and part of the head a dark – almost black – blue.

Nami watches him work while she eats her lunch. She looks at the 'White Savage' and thoughtfully tilts her head to the side.

“It doesn't look bad or anything... but, doesn't it make it look weak?”

“It's the same color as the last AS I operated.”

“Oh.”

“It wasn't weak. This is a good omen.”

“Y-you sure about that?”

“Yes. Forgive me for being selfish, but from now on I’ll be calling this unit ‘AL II’,” Sousuke says with a nod.

He looks satisfied with the White Savage – he is gazing up at the freshly painted ‘upright frog’ like it’s some kind of hero. Coming back to his senses, he notices everyone is sending him questioning looks.

“Is that weird?”

“Uh-huh,” Everyone answers at the same time flatly. Some ask him to “repaint it”, but Sousuke doesn’t yield.

It is rare for a guy so usually reserved to get so insistent over such a thing, and since the paint job doesn’t look bad, everyone just decides to let him have his way.

“I guess even he has his cute side,” Lemon whispers to Nami later. “You know, that color makes it look just like a robot from an anime I used watch when I was a kid.”

“Heh, what robot?”

“Goldorak.”

‘Goldorak’ is the name of a Japanese animation that was a big hit in France a while back. Its original Japanese title was “UFO Robo Grandizer.” The series had been released pre-AS era – before ASes were invented.

“It looks nothing like it.”

“Yeah, I guess not... -wait, how would you know!?”

“I watched it when it was rebroadcast here. But, that doesn’t matter~ Get back to work! Work! The next match is tomorrow! Until then, we’re going to work on this guy until he’s completed to perfection!” Nami yells to the entire crew.

Nami, with wrench in hand and completely revitalized, turns and heads toward the Savage.

The match the next day is a total victory.

As is the next match, and the one after that.

Within a month, ‘Crossbow’ comes to be known throughout Namsak as the new rising star.

The ear splitting warning siren wails.

The roaring engine rattles the cockpit.

Up and down, left and right – from every direction the cockpit shakes.

A close up of the opponent's 2nd generation AS is displayed on the main screen.

Its silhouette is short and stout with angled armor. It doesn't have a head. Instead, it has a sensor turret extending from the body, which often reminds people of a tank or armored car.

The AS – A Mistral II – charges forward swinging the huge grappling hammer it's holding. Sousuke, manipulating his machine smoothly at the last moment, dodges the attack.

Limbs maneuver accordingly.

The scenery flows by.

The audiences' enthusiasm penetrates the armor which is reflecting the glaring lights.

Sousuke commands and moves the master arm effortlessly and the mechanical body responds obediently, cleanly tripping up the Mistral II.

The opponent staggers and tries to regain balance, but it misses its opponent's movements until it's too late. Its left hand is grabbed and yanked in the opposite direction, throwing the off-balance AS down.

To make it interesting, the Mistral II is slammed onto the Arena ground hard.

But the extent of the shock isn't that terrible, and the Mistral II pilot manages to withstand it.

But it is still flat on its back and vulnerable because the pilot's movements are sluggish due to disorientation. Sousuke doesn't hesitate. Showing no mercy, the Savage swings down its boorish weapon – a huge battle axe. Even though it's called an axe, it doesn't cut the opponent. Mostly, it's a weapon very similar to a hammer.

A vital part of the generator is completely destroyed, instantly causing overheating and system failure. White smoke gushes out of the Mistral II's abdomen accompanied by a thunderous roar that rattles the atmosphere.

[Winner! Crossbow!]

At the declaration, the Arena spectators suddenly erupt in cheers. Without responding to the enthusiasm that permeates the Arena, the 'White Savage' quickly returns to its paddock.

Over the radio Sousuke can hear Nami and the rest of the team's excitement.

Saying things like:

Thanks for the hard work!

You're the real deal, kid!

Just a little ways to go till A Class!

And so on and so forth.

"No problem," Sousuke says and resets the AS's power level to idle.

No problem.

Apparently, this is how he feels. There are times when he feels nothing at all. Neither malice nor pride. No matter how many people lavish him with praise, it doesn't raise even a ripple in Sousuke's heart.

Especially when it comes to battle maneuvering at this level.

That's just the way he feels about it.

These battles are not real. After all, it's only a sport. Real combat – the area overflowing with killing intent, the sensation of life and death throbbing deep inside your bones right up to the final moment – where a instant feels like a prolonged eternity of tension. These mock battles can't even come close to that.

What exactly am I doing?

Every time he feels so many eyes watching him, he can feel the irritation inside of him expanding. Sousuke just can't fight normally under these conditions.

Even these battles are part of a larger plan though. Leaving Tokyo, drifting to this town, participating in the Arena entertainment – there is a reason behind it all. This is all just the next stage in the plan that will point him in the direction of the greater battle. Sousuke doesn't even have any confidence in whether or not he'll find the enemy. But there is only so much he can do by himself, and he is well aware of that fact.

However, at the same time, Sousuke feels a certain kind of comfort living in Namsak.

For the first time since Sousuke started living in Tokyo, he isn't facing any hardships. There is no desperate struggle with ancient literature and Japanese history. He can casually reveal his AS operator and self-defense techniques without having to worry that someone will think it's strange. It's a relentless strategy of living naturally in front of a formidable enemy and not confronting it.

Then there is Nami, Lemon, Ash and the maintenance crew.

His relationship with the members of team Crossbow is more similar to the one he had with his 'Mithril' colleagues, rather than the one he had with his friends at school. Naturally, Sousuke had fun in the time he spent with his classmates, but Nami and the others – with their dry humor – are easier for him to talk to. The connection between them isn't the so-called 'Japanese Passion', the bond they have is more logical. Nami is the owner, Lemon the sponsor, Ash and the others are the crew, and Sousuke is the pilot. A contract binds them together and with that in mind they can keep associating with each other easily.

Living like this isn't so bad.

Sousuke is surprised he feels this way.

After all, not much time has passed since the incident in Tokyo.

[Sousuke, are you listening?]

Nami's insistent voice over the wireless radio brings Sousuke back to his senses.

"...what?"

[Argh~! Hurry up and turn off the engine! Fuel isn't cheap, you moron!]

"Roger. I'm turning it off now."

After making sure the Savage stops within the parking-pad lines in the paddock, Sousuke cuts the diesel engine. Using the power remaining in the condenser, he lowers the AS into the landing position and locks the joints. Then, according to procedure, he turns off the control system.

When he opens the hatch and climbs down from the AS, Ash and the rest of the crew swarm around him, making a fuss and beaming with joy. Behind them Lemon is doing his busy trying to get his camera quickly, but securely, set up. Lemon had originally planned to take a picture from the audience during the match, but the match

had ended – and Sousuke had immediately returned afterwards – before Lemon even had a chance to get his camera ready.

“Jeez, too much running around! Hey, out of the way, out of the way!”

Nami shoves Ash out of her way and stands in front of Sousuke.

Clearing her throat awkwardly she says, “Thanks for your hard work. Here, it’s today’s pay.”

“Right.”

Sousuke accepts the paper currency Nami hands to him.

“Um... it was a good performance.” Nami says, casting her eyes upward, and then as if she’s embarrassed about what she said, she hastily retreats deeper into the paddock.

“If I’m not mistaken, she’s becoming quite smitten.” Ash says several days later during lunch at the eating area in the maintenance garage.

Ash is a former maintenance soldier of the East German army. In the early 90’s trouble was occurring in the Soviet Union, but before that devastating storm of purging and oppression swept over Eastern Europe, Western Germany managed to have a miraculous unification – Ash was one of the only ‘East Germans’ graduating from the east side that failed to get employment. Just before the unification, with the deployment of the RK-89 by the Warsaw Treaty Platoon, he had gained three days of maintenance experience. After that he eventually drifted to this Southeast Asian town, where he now works for Nami.

“Who is? With who?”

“Nami is, with you.”

“I see. It’s not unreasonable, it’s a definite possibility.” Sousuke said as if it were nothing, and Ash’s eyes become round.

“Oooh!? Those are strong words, boy!”

“As far as I can tell, compared to the town’s standards, my piloting skills are extremely high. It’s only natural for her, as the owner, to evaluate me.”

“No, that’s not what I meant...” Ashes shoulders slump in exasperation, “What I meant was that she is becoming fond of you in the same way a woman likes a man. *Sigh*, if you watch her you’ll notice Nami’s pretty popular, right? She’s the type of girl that doesn’t care about crude or indecent language. She’s fairly tough no matter what

happens. Lots of the guys from the crew, other players too, have made advances on her, and they've all been rebuffed. Of course, so have I."

"I think you're wrong. She speaks with Lemon longer than she ever speaks to me." Sousuke said without getting the point.

The three of them are still living together, but most of the time it is Nami and Lemon talking to each other non-stop. By nature, Sousuke is a man of few words. He only speaks when there is something to be said. So usually, unless someone specifically speaks to him, he will not join a conversation. He also won't argue. All Nami ever says when she comes up to him, pushing a pastry or a drink at him is "You want this?"

"That's just because she can speak comfortably with Master Lemon, right? But when she tries to talk to you, it's like she can't find an opening. I find it rather amusing."

"Isn't that just me being hated?"

"I don't think that's quite it~" Ash laughs, "When you're not around the paddock, do you know what Nami will always ask? 'Where's Sousuke?' She wouldn't act like that over a guy she doesn't like."

"I don't really understand."

"How about you, kid?"

"About what?"

"Nami. What do you think of her?" Ash prods, and Sousuke, for the first time, seriously considers his feelings for her.

I like Nami.

That's how he probably feels. After all, it's fun when they're together and he can relax when, along with Lemon, the three of them talk about trifling things. He thinks Nami is beautiful when she stands before the mirror in the morning, towel drying her hair and tying it into a ponytail before she leaves to go to the paddock.

Then, why is that? It feels like the hazy feelings he's been caught in before.

It's because Nami resembles *her*. Energetic, knowing compromise, and without mercy, taking refuge in laughing at Sousuke. Carefree. Radiating so much fighting spirit. Maybe he's just naturally weak when it comes to that type of woman.

"It's possible that I like her," Sousuke says in a voice that holds no significance.

If any woman who knew him heard him say such a thing in that tone, they would become extremely angry. However, no one ever taught Sousuke that yearning for someone earnestly and wholeheartedly is a virtue. And that's because he's lived in a world that is unrelated to love in itself for so long. The comrades he had had before he had joined 'Mithril' used to say it is like being a sailor. A woman is a port. His comrades had long-distance relationships with their girlfriends. For a man who grew up in such an environment, Sousuke showed Kaname his feelings the only way he knew how, by being exceedingly honest and faithful. That is why he is fighting in this place.

She is the most important to me, Sousuke thinks. No one was forcing him, and it had nothing to do with being virtuous.

That is why, in the hand of the Arbalest, descending from the sky via parachute on that Christmas night, he did not avoid answering Tessa Testarossa's question. He probably loved her, that's just how it was. Even now, he still thinks this.

Then what if –

If Nami asks him the same question Tessa did, how will he answer?

I don't know.

Sousuke is surprised to notice his lack of confidence.

In fact, he's having a hard time even remembering Chidori Kaname's face. It has only been two months. Yet her smiling face – that memory, one that should hold so much value that it is hard to exchange it for another thought, is becoming vague.

I can't remember the color of the shoes she wore so often.

I can't remember which wrist she wore her watch on.

But what shocks Sousuke the most is that he can't recall the color of the ribbon she wore in her hair practically every day.

Was the ribbon red?

He thinks it might have been red. But, he's not completely confident. Maybe it was yellow.

Because of the job he had been doing, those kinds of features should be firmly engraved into his memory – in case it is ever necessary for him to describe her appearance to someone over the radio – to have them at his disposal at any time.

Will it be this fleeting?

Will he lose sight of it so easily?

“What’s with the serious face?” Ash asks after watching Sousuke’s sullen profile.

“Did you leave a woman behind in your hometown?”

“No,” He mutters staring at the oil stained concrete floor.

That’s when Nami – the very person they had been talking about – enters the maintenance garage.

“Crap, here she comes.”

With theatrical flare, Ash makes a gesture of zipping his mouth shut. Apparently, this conversation will stay between just the two of them.

“Ash! Isn’t lunch break already over? Now get back to work.”

“Aye Aye Ma’am.”

Ash stands up with an exaggerated flourish and returns to the AS maintenance area. Nami approaches Sousuke as he tidies up the empty lunch containers.

“Sousuke, here.”

She thrusts a small slip of paper in front of his face. It’s filled with scribbled handwriting that is a far cry from being neat and tidy.

“What’s this?”

“The shopping list. Our maintenance stuff mostly. You and Lemon are going together.”

Taking the memo, Sousuke quietly scans the list.

“There’s a lot of special AS parts listed here. They are not available in normal shops,” he says.

“What? You haven’t been to the ‘Market’ yet?” Nami frowns.

“Market? I’ve heard of it.”

“You can buy everything on the list there. Just head in the same direction as the eastern pass, the Market is just parallel to it.”

~*~

Various carts are clustered together, full of activity. This is a town where all types of equipment are gathered. Its abundance in AS parts can easily be compared to

that of an army's front-line base. The town's left and right flanks, for roughly 500 meters of open area, is transformed into absolute chaos. This section of Namsak is where AS parts from all over the world are gathered and sold.

This 'Market' that Nami spoke of is exactly what makes Namsak, Namsak.

Muscle packages made in France. Optic sensors made in the Czech Republic. Titanium frames made in Germany. Cooling units made in Israel. Optical fiber made in Japan. Core processors made in the USA.

One street vendor has a decorated AS wrist on display. And the stall next to it has a bulletin board displaying the vendor's current inventory in crude chalk handwriting.

<<GTTO Corp. genuine / C122 System intervertebral / `95 year system>>

<<Stress inspection complete / Used Savage femur C frame / Made in China>>

<<IFAV standard / Rj23 system torque converter / Almost brand-new>>

Mixed in with all the AS parts are electronic appliances that have been scrapped and gathered together from around the region. Things like computer parts, DVD and CD software, are vigorously being sold as merchandise to make a profit.

In fact, many of the customers are not even related to the Arena. The electronic products the vendors sell are mostly aimed at ordinary people and tourists.

Some of the people here are most likely from a small developing country. There is a group of Authorized Military Personnel here, too, who are engaged in an awkward business conversation – through an interpreter – with a parts salesman, desperate to obtain parts at a reasonably cheap price.

"It's kind of like Akihabara."

Sousuke remembers the hustle and bustle of Electric Town when he had accompanied his classmate, back in Tokyo, Shinji Kazuma, on an outing there. Of course, this place isn't as big as Akihabara, but it somehow manages to give off the same feeling with its chaotic atmosphere.

Lemon cocks his eyebrow at what Sousuke said.

"Aah~, a friend of mine went there when he was sight seeing, and told me about it. He said it's a famous Porno Town."

"It's Electric Town."



“That’s its old name. Because now it’s only full of hentai manga and Lolita-Complex game porno shops.”

“I don’t know why your friend would think that, but it’s probably just a misunderstanding.”

“You think so?” Lemon says, not really interested, and bites into the red hot and spicy sausage in his hand. He had bought it a while back from one of the market vendors.

“Uwa~, hot...”

“Then don’t eat it.”

“No, it’s pretty tasty.”

“I heard the French were epicures.”

“That’s just prejudice. It’s the same as our conversation about Akihabara. For your information, I happen to be a junk food junky.”

“I see,” Sousuke responds absently, pushing forward through the crowded market place.

He can see military equipment and material, as well as AS parts being sold throughout the market with ease. Though he had heard about its reputation, the vigor of this market is beyond what he had imagined.

It’s surprising.....

If he had to he would describe this town as a place in the world where battle helicopters and tank parts are often for sale. As far as he knows, based on Nami’s explanation, if you play your cards right, you can even get your hands on some artillery and ammunition. Throughout the world, a town like this is hard to come by.

Access to AS parts and special machine parts has always been persistently restricted. The only means of obtaining them are through specialized arms dealers, and it’s at the dealer’s rate, which the majority of the time the buyer has no say in the final price. When Sousuke was hired as a mercenary in Southeast Asia – 2 or 3 years ago – he had no idea such a town existed.

However–

“Since when has the TI Corp.’s gyroscope been \$400?” Sousuke asks with a bit of a sigh, looking at a street vendor’s signboard.

“Is that expensive?”

“No, the opposite. The lowest I’ve known it to be is \$2000. That’s what it was at a year ago when we bought a dozen of them.”

“Wow. It’s really cheap now,” Lemon says with interest. “For a machine the AS is pretty widespread, isn’t it? I guess business is booming.”

“It’s not that simple.”

Sousuke suddenly remembers the words of Andrei Kalinin. It’s still unknown whether that man’s alive or dead.

“This world is abnormal–”

Those words from so long ago come rushing back to him, and resound loudly in his head.

The speed the current AS is spreading across the world is of a level that even he – a member of the younger generation – finds strange. Especially recently, he’s been feeling this way more and more.

Compared to the evolution pace of other weapon systems, isn’t the AS’s too abnormal?

The people in this market could never imagine the extent of power of the latest experimental machine– This is Sousuke’s opinion after his experience in piloting Arbalest, which had the ‘Lambda Driver’ installed on board it, so of course Sousuke knows it well. As someone who understands the advanced AS technology, by watching these people in the market who have no clue, Sousuke realizes just how unnatural that technology is.

Why? Why is it so urgently spreading to that extent?

That’s how he feels. He’s just one soldier, he understands without having to think about it, that he is someone who doesn’t have any particular power in this world – but Sousuke vaguely – and perhaps inevitably – senses some kind of ‘hidden motives’ in the mists.

It’s possible that everyone in ‘Mithril’ feels the same way.

That something is strange.

It can’t be said exactly what. Therefore no one speaks of it. The degree of malaise – *bi bi*, the electric blip sound, is Sousuke’s only warning.

Lemon had taken a picture of Sousuke’s profile with his digital camera.

“...taking a picture without saying anything first. Isn’t that more than a little rude?”

Sousuke stares at him suspiciously and Lemon gives him a one-shouldered shrug.

“Ha ha. I wouldn’t get any good photos if I worried about being rude and getting permission.”

“In other words, you’re particular with your work.”

“That’s right. I’m a little bit of an artist.”

“Using a pocket-sized digital camera can’t really be considered art.”

It’s said in ill humor, causing Lemon to give a strange laugh.

“If I’m in a perfectly good studio, drooling over the supermodels I’m taking pictures of, then that’s a different story. However, if I’m flying across the world, this is better. If I bring a single-lens reflex camera, sooner or later someone would end up stealing it. I’m happy as long as it works.”

“That makes sense.”

“3 million pixels is plenty. It’s my art.” Lemon isn’t gloating, he’s just being honest. Brimming with curiosity Lemon continues to stare at Sousuke, “I’m interested in your art of combat.”

“.....”

“You’re no run of the mill boy-soldier. That’s what I think every time I see you fighting in the Arena. Simply put, you don’t fight solely for the sake of making a living. Your real objective is something much grander – it’s something that’s still far in the distance. If that wasn’t the case, then you wouldn’t be able to fight the way you do. That’s what it looks like to me.”

Sousuke’s eyes meet Lemon’s gaze for an instant.

Right then, for the very first time, Sousuke becomes keenly aware that Michael Lemon is not just the happy-go-lucky reporter he appears to be. The eyes behind the glasses are intelligent, and seeming to know that a judgment is being passed, Lemon looks Sousuke straight in the eye.

“I have a hunch that your splendid way of fighting is not just normal combat skills. I sense it as a photographer. It’s almost like it’s a form of art. When you’re piloting an AS, even an amateur like me can sense it. I know you can handle things by yourself.”

“..... I guess so,” Sousuke mutters as if it were someone else’s affair, “It’s true that it’s the only thing I do with pride.”

That’s just the way he is.

Photography, drawing, modeling, and music. Sousuke had met many people in Tokyo that had some kind of talent they expressed themselves through. They wanted to be rich, exquisite, to have people’s hearts dance when they showed them their talent.

Then what do I have?

He thought he had nothing. But from a different perspective, that may not be the case.

Combat.

Combat has been the only way he has had to express himself. Was dancing through gunfire and being immersed in battle and destruction, truly the only way he could express himself?

Kaname.

Then Chidori, that time I–

Sousuke’s chest tightens at the dark thought.

“Uh...sorry. It wasn’t my intention for the conversation to become so deep.”

Suddenly...

Behind them on the road, two police cars with sirens blaring screech to a stop. People who had been shopping in the market that evening had either scattered away or stopped to watch, as soon as they had seen the patrol cars coming.

“?”

Two officers jump out of the patrol cars, immediately drawing their revolvers out of their holsters. Using the bullet proof cars and their doors as cover – they aim their guns at Sousuke and Lemon!

“Freeze!”

Surprised, Lemon automatically tries to take cover behind a nearby merchant stall, but Sousuke stops him.

“It’s better to do as they say.”

“Eh?...A-alright.”

Lemon answers timidly. Then he straightens his back, hardens his face, and stands firmly beside Sousuke as the policeman barks more orders.

“Slowly put both hands above your heads where we can see them! Turn and face your backs to us, then kneel on the ground and cross your ankles! That’s it, nice and slow.”

“Uh, Mr. Policeman?” Lemon ventures. “I think there’s been some kind of mistake—”

“Hurry it up!”

“*Sigh*. Slowly or quickly, make up your mind already...”

Grumbling quietly to himself, Lemon obeys the officer’s instructions. Sousuke does too.

A third police car pulls up.

Sousuke and Lemon are forced down into a submissive position – lying flat on their stomachs with their faces in the damp and humid road – making it impossible for them to see the policeman getting out of the third car.

The heels of his boots make a dull *thunk* sound on the ground as the newcomer approaches.

He has sharp, slit, up-turned eyes. Yet, contrary to the glint in his eyes, his appearance leaves the opposite impression. His cheeks are round and bulging and it’s hard to tell where his neck and shoulders begin. He’s short with excess flab that swells over the belt around his waist. It’s almost like they are watching a pig standing up right and trying to act intelligent. That’s the first impression they have of the uniformed man standing before them.

“It was reported that a pair of young foreigners were stealing from the market. This information is from a ‘*highly reliable*’ source,” the man says. His voice is high-pitched and annoying.

“We came as quickly as we could, and I’m delighted that we caught the suspects so unpredictably fast. But, this is regrettable. Who would have thought that the suspects would be members of the team that performs so splendidly in the Arena...”

It was a ridiculous story. The charges are clearly completely false. At once, Lemon lashes out, yelling angrily from his face down position on the ground.



“Huh? What the hell!? When someone murdered Rick you couldn’t have cared less, even when we... ugh!”

One of the officers grabs Lemon’s throat tightly and forces his face into the ground, Lemon releases a groan at the harsh treatment.

“Be good and stay quiet, foreigner. I am only doing my duty,” The man says and the others chuckle.

“..... you, the one who’s so eager to do his duty, who are you?” Sousuke asks in a tone that suggests he’s very bored, causing the man’s violet lips to twist slightly.

“It’s not necessary for you to know, foreigner. You can simply call me ‘Chief’.”

“That’s helpful, it’s easy to remember.”

“Then, it’s another unexpected delight.”

‘Chief’ twists his lips once more and his slim tongue darts out and licks his lips, before it disappears back into his mouth.

“You should remember this though. After this, if you take that haughty attitude with me—”

Swinging his, polished-to-a-shine, boot he aims to kick Sousuke’s face, but just grazes his cheek.

Lowering himself onto one knee, ‘Chief’ stoops down close and whispers into Sousuke’s ear, “Next time I won’t miss, okay? Sagara Sousuke-kun?”

Contact/Feed back: FMPnovels@hotmail.com

Translated by Shandy

Edited by Jeannie

Visit Shandy at: <http://ravyn-09.livejournal.com/> and <http://ravyn-09.deviantart.com>

Visit Jeannie at: <http://phoenixdown7.livejournal.com/>