

Den-O's World

Two black and white butterflies intertwined and danced in the air. Their witty movements were interesting in that they seemed to be touching each other, but actually they were not. It was an ideal late summer heat, with harsh sunshine but cool and occasional breezes. Tsukasa looked at the walls of the photo studio. Everywhere he went, the photo studio changed its shape to fit the world. Today, it was an old brick building. There was no trace of the original dilapidated photo studio, and it blended beautifully into the cityscape.

"Now you look like a doctor."

Natsumi Hikari next to him said in a bright voice. Natsumi was wearing a nurse's uniform and had waist-length chestnut hair with a hairnet on top of her head. The previously hidden neck area was now exposed, creating a clean and healthy atmosphere. In other worlds, he was always given a different role than he actually had. Police officer, office worker, teacher. He was also a fortune teller. Now, Tsukasa was wearing a white coat.

"Sir? Not bad. But I'm still surprised about myself, as usual. Ironically, this outfit suits me strangely. What do you think? You still haven't completely lost it with this symbol of intelligence, the white coat, have you?"

"Hmmm, not bad, but..."

Natsumi smiled vaguely. The smile that adorned her round cheeks was very natural. A nice smile that gave peace of mind. Natsumi was a girl who was attacked by a demon in another world where Tsukasa first met her. Tsukasa transformed into Decade before her eyes, defeated his enemies with overwhelming strength, and said he was a savior. Because of her natural worry-free nature, she began her journey with Tsukasa, hoping to make the world a better place by cooperating with the savior. Like Tsukasa, Natsumi was an otherworldly person, so she did not interfere with reality. In other words, she was a character that appeared regularly in each world they go to. Still, knowing only that he was a beautiful warrior from another world and that he had the special power of Decade, she did not bother to take him with her because she worshiped him as a savior.

"What about me? Isn't that funny?"

Natsumi asked, fixing the hem of her shirt to hide her embarrassment.

"You look like you're part of a gaming party at best. It's a bit like a cosplay from a shady store."

Tsukasa called Natsumi "Natsumikan". Natsumi's cheeks were swollen like summer oranges. This time, however, it was not such an attractive smile. Her protruding right thumb was full of killing intent.

Oops...

By the time Tsukasa thought that, it was too late.

"Hikari House Secret, Pressure Point!"

Natsumi's thumb dug deep into Tsukasa's neck. Terrifying techniques were used, such as painful and embarrassing acupressure that made him laugh.

"Hahahaha! Stop, I'm sorry... Hahahaha!"

"What a symbol of intelligence! You sound like an idiot."

After a few minutes, when Tsukasa finished laughing, Natsumi quickly got down to business.

"Then let's hurry up and go to the hospital. Its name is... Mitsuba University Hospital."

The same badge was on the chest of Tsukasa's coat and Natsumi's nurse's uniform. It was an image of a green clover on a dark blue background with the name of the hospital below it. They looked around. Lush green trees lined both banks of the river, and fashionable cafes and department stores stood under their eaves. They soon found the Mitsuba University Hospital. In front of the building was a huge three-leafed tree right in front of Tsukasa.

When they arrived at the hospital, they saw a strange sight. There were no women. Only men passed them leisurely. The reception desk and nurses' station, where the women would have sat, were now just empty seats. Puzzled, he immediately asked the male staff why. They all just shook their heads as if they had given up.

Perhaps they were attacked by a demon in this world?

Tsukasa and Natsumi were silent as if in disbelief, but suddenly they ran faster. But when they went to one ward, they found many women there. The patient and nurse were together in bed. But the girls bumped into each other and tried to get closer to the man in the bed.

"If you are a lionfish owner, that fish is like a flower in the sea, a red and white petal body, so beautiful, as it dances with its folded, propeller-like pectoral fins. But beautiful things are poisonous. Those who try to catch that fish will pay with their lives. You have an irresistible charm in these eyes. Come on, pull up your bangs. Be yourself."

The man in the bed gently stroked the nurse's long bangs.

"You see, with poison in the name of beauty, you can kill anyone."

The man smiled and a high-pitched voice echoed. A girl who had just let her bangs down fainted, and a high-pitched voice rang out.

"Me too, me too!"

"What are you? Coral? Or pearls?"

"Please tell me what I am! Ryotaro..."

The women spoke charmingly. Below them, a battle raged against each other. Ryotaro Nogami. That's what it said on the nameplate at the entrance of the room.

"Oh dear. If I monopolize you all too much, the nurse'll get jealous. Well, maybe we all get together tonight...and *let me reel you in?*"

Once again there were shouts of joy. Tsukasa covered his ears and said angrily.

"What the hell?"

The man recognized Tsukasa and Natsumi when he heard their voices. He got out of the bed and pushed past two nurses, advancing toward them. Then he lifted Natsumi's chin in an arrogant manner. Natsumi's heart ached a little as she looked into the indigo eyes as blue as the ocean floor behind his glasses. He had medium black hair with blue highlights, like his eyes, and only the left side of his hair hung over his ear. There was a quiet sexual allure in his voice that certainly had the magic to seduce his partner. The elegant thin lips fit the small, smooth contours and they moved.

"Isn't that cute? You're an angel in this white suit. But wouldn't it be dangerous if someone like you were to be hospitalized? There would be many fake patients here."

"No, it can't be. My face is a little round and my nose is not very high. My eyes might be a little bigger than usual, my skin is white and my legs are thin, but I'm not pretty at all."

"Oh come on, what's there to be proud of? I've got a rough personality and a vase-shaped body."

Tsukasa interrupted and Natsumi glared at him.

Oh, I'm scared.

Tsukasa murmured, but in the other man's eyes Tsukasa did not seem to exist. The man pointed to the nameplate.

"You are Natsumi. I love the ocean. I think the ocean is the only treasure in the universe, especially in the summer."

Natsumi's gaze was puzzled by the sweet, close words. The aura of the girls behind the man was terrifying.

"It's ok. Don't worry about them. All I see now is you."

The man whispered in a quiet voice that the girls behind him could not hear.

"She is very chatty. I must say that Natsumikan is annoying. She is the type that is sloppy and will turn tail if she gets kicked. If you want to play, you better find another girl who understands you."

Tsukasa interrupted Natsumi by saying so. The man raised his eyebrows in disgust.

"Hmmm. You're interrupting the group. You were talking bad about Natsumi earlier. You sound just like those young guys."

"I'm sorry, but listening to her ramblings makes my head explode."

Tsukasa saw a slight bulge on the right hip of the man's uniform.

"By the way, I have a question. Den-O, Ryotaro Nogami."

"Huh, is he a Kamen Rider?"

Natsumi came out from behind Tsukasa. The man looked doubtful.

"How did you hear about Den-O? Who are you?"

"I'm just a passing by Kamen Rider. Unfortunately, I am already different from the rest of the world. I know almost everything."

"That's weird. Well, if you want to know more about Den-O, this way is faster. I'll tell you who the average person here is."

Through the bulge in the patient's uniform, he caught a glimpse of what looked like a card case. It was Den-O's transformation device, the Rider Pass.

"But I don't like useless fights. If I win, can I have a date with Natsumi?"

"Hmmm. If you want to catch big fish, you need the right bait."

Tsukasa laughed at the man's suggestion and called out to the girls who were watching.

"Hey, he's looking for someone to have lunch with. The sooner the better."

Suddenly, the room was filled with cries of delight. Nearly 20 women rushed over and grabbed the man here and there as if they wanted to monopolize him.

"Wow!"

The girls began to fight with each other while the man was tortured.

"I was the first one to get on Ryotaro's lap! I got on his lap first."

"No, not you. Ryotaro said I was the happiest."

"That's not fair. Why would you tell such a lie? I'm the one who gets invited to lunch the most."

Every time a girl insisted on being the best, she pulled the man's body toward her. In front of this breathtaking sight, Natsumi piled up cheering sticks from a gymnastics festival.

"Natsumikan didn't join in?"

"Sorry."

Sure enough, the man seemed to be a playboy, his forehead sweating and his expression flustered by this attack. Even when he tried to scream with kind words, the girls heard nothing from him.

"Well, let's go out to dinner together. Where do you want to go?"

The man continued to resist, but in vain, and eventually exhausted. He bowed his head in disappointment.

"I didn't think it would be this pathetic."

Tsukasa shoved his hands into the pockets of his coat and stared straight into the man's face. He met his eyes with bloodshot eyes.

"Ouch!"

The man raised his head and shouted. Tsukasa and Natsumi froze. As if by some miracle, for a moment his face seemed to change into a different person. The man's cold expression suddenly vanished and a ferocious light shone brightly. His eyes and hair changed color from blue to red,

and his voice became raspy. His glasses came off and the muscles around his bulky clothes tightened.

"This is too much. This stinks. This man could die."

The red eyes challenged Tsukasa with a gruff voice.

"Unfortunately, your nose is too sensitive. You look different from that shitty Urataros. You are not from this world, are you? Who are you?"

"Keep your filthy face away from me. Your mouth smells even worse."

Tsukasa pushed the man away and slapped his white coat hard to dust it off. The man's face went pale as if he had been scribbled on. One nurse clung to the red eyed man's arm as he writhed in the tense atmosphere.

"What's wrong all of a sudden? Are you embarrassed? I made a lunch box for Ryotaro. I even made him a sausage in the shape of a squid."

"Shut up, bitch!"

The nurse was shaken off his arms and punched in the buttocks.

"So did the others, it's very hot and no one wants to go outside anymore. It would be a shame to stay here forever!"

The nurses noticed something was wrong and immediately fell silent. The other girl sitting down quickly got up and grabbed a book from the bookshelf. She punched the red eyed man in the back of the head.

"Uh oh!"

The nurses all gossiped about Ryotaro, frowned and left. The red eyed man groaned and rubbed his neck where the corner of the book had hit him.

"Damn, why do I have to blame Urataros?"

Only three people remained in the room. Perhaps because it had been crowded earlier, it was now surprisingly empty. Pink flowers were next to the bed. Next to it was a plastic bottle containing a mysterious purple-blue slime that looked a lot like water.

"Hey, you're the devil Decade, right?"

The red eyed man spoke with his hand behind his head. Tsukasa opened the lid of the plastic bottle containing the strange liquid and smelled it. It smelled like rotten vegetables with dead fish in them. He thought this was what he'd usually drink. But when he looked, it was still full inside and did not look empty at all.

"An old man named Narutaki said that Decade would destroy the world."

"It's hard being a celebrity. It's noisy everywhere. I'll sign your autograph, so shut up."

Tsukasa took a magic pen from his breast pocket and signed indiscriminately on the back cover of the constellation book that had hit the red eyed man.

"Tsukasa is not a demon. He has already saved many worlds. If something happens to this world, we will help."

Don't act so carefree.

Just as Tsukasa was about to protest, he heard another bitter laugh, and he closed his mouth. Natsumi usually liked to get into trouble. She never left anyone who needed help. Because of her volunteer spirit, Tsukasa often got into trouble. As a result, it became a routine that saved the world, and many people thanked him.

"I'm tired of being thanked."

Tsukasa sighed pompously and lamented that having power was troublesome. The red eyed man looked at him as if appraising him.

"Haha, a coward who can't even take care of himself and pretends to be a god. You really are a fool."

"What are you talking about? Such a stupid remark makes people think you're an idiot."

"I told you, my nose is very good. This world needs only Ryotaro as a rider. Basically, I hate beginners. They all took over everybody I saw. Anyway, I don't need your help. Go home and sleep."

A large cloud drifted over the hospital and suddenly the room went completely dark. Only the red eyed man's eyes glowed in the darkness. It was the eyes that could look into the heart of a person.

Tsukasa pulled the sliding door of the hospital room and went out into the hallway. When Natsumi grabbed him by the hem of his shirt and held him back, she did not look normal at all. Then Natsumi came running up to him, looking a little funny. Tsukasa had no choice but to follow. The source of the noise was identified. Women surrounded Ryotaro Nogami, who was

playing in the corner of the hallway. Their faces were all confused and stood dumbfounded. The staircase that was supposed to lead to the hallway had somehow disappeared completely. It was not damaged by any attack. The wall on the other side of the first floor staircase had completely evaporated. Tsukasa and Natsumi took those stairs to the second floor. The view of the outside world spread out before them, instead of the staircase that was normal until just a few minutes ago. Employees looking up from the first floor repeatedly shouted about the danger.

"The damage has finally been done."

'Eh, it's alright, if it's just the stairs. Using the elevator isn't a problem."

The reaction of the people of this world was, unfortunately, muted. The sudden disappearance of a part of a building often caused panic. Based on their reactions, Tsukasa suspected that this strange phenomenon occurred every day.

"That's the problem with this world."

He looked at Natsumi, who was bathed in the wind. The worlds they visited had this happen constantly. There were various types of incidents, such as mass disappearances and strange diseases, but the cause is always the same: monsters, the enemies of mankind.

"I'll ask the nurses what's going on in this world. Tsukasa, go and get some information from Den-O."

"I have no obligation to help that man. He alone will solve the problems of this world."

"Don't be petty. You're here because the world needs you. If someone is in need, you have to help them."

Natsumi was like an elementary school teacher who taught Tsukasa. Tsukasa knew that even if he disagreed, it would be troublesome later. Judging by Natsumi's personality, he was sure she would volunteer.

"I have always had bad luck because of it. It has always brought me bad luck."

"Could you please fix that, I've always had bad luck because of it."

Natsumi ignored Tsukasa's pleas and joined the group of nurses walking toward the elevator.

"Don't fight."

Natsumi waved goodbye to Tsukasa. When Tsukasa returned to Ryotaro Nogami's hospital room, he found a strange man there.

"Sorry."

The man looked at Tsukasa and said in a calm voice. When he looked closely, the look was basically the same as the blue eyed playboy and the rude mouthed red eyed man. However, his hair and eyes were darker and he was one size smaller.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Ryotaro Nogami. The red eyes I had earlier was Momotaros, and the blue eyes was Urataros. There are also Kintaros and Ryutaros. I lend them my body for various reasons, but sometimes I appear alone."

To say the least, he appeared more timid than calm.

"Are you the original owner of this body?"

Ryotaro reaffirmed and added that what haunts his body is an Imagin, a human soul from the distant future.

"When these spirits make a contract with a person living in the present, they are said to take on a body born in the person's image."

Tsukasa was not surprised by this silly explanation. He had traveled to six different worlds so far, and in all of them, phenomena occurred that were out of the ordinary. On the other hand, there were stories that appeared to be very realistic, but they were false. Tsukasa's eyes were excellent at examining things and he believed Ryotaro was telling the truth.

"I apologize for being so rude to Urataros and Momotaros. Please lend me your strength."

Ryotaro turned on the TV next to his bed. He changed channels a couple of times and stopped at a news program. The news seemed paranormal. Several buildings, banks, and restaurants disappeared overnight without a trace. A ladder on which a carpenter was standing suddenly disappeared and the carpenter was injured. A car someone was driving suddenly evaporated and the driver was thrown onto the highway. Many other similar accidents had occurred. The victims on the screen appeared confused, panicked, and frightened.

"This is an Imagin's fault."

Ryotaro turned off the TV and turned to Tsukasa.

"It's a little different from what is envisioned, but basically, they make people's wishes come true and seal the deal."

When a wish was granted, the Imagin gained the power to fly into the contractor's past. The Imagin completely overwrites the past there. What was destroyed by an Imagin in the past disappeared in the present, and that was the phenomenon that was taking place there. He must return to the past as soon as possible and defeat the Imagin, but first, he had to find the contractor and also find his way back to the past. He came to the hospital to find that man.

Perhaps he's tired of lending his body too much to Momotaros.

Ryotaro didn't seem too worried, just smiling.

"Imagin are made of the sands of time. Therefore, those who make a contract with an Imagin will have sand overflow from their bodies. The sand falls from the hem of their clothes. But too many Imagin is a problem. Look at the individuals, because Urataros acted as if he was surrounded."

"How did you know the contractor was here?"

"There was one incident in which an Imagin ripped off the left arm of several men."

Shortly thereafter, an object suddenly disappeared. In other words, the Imagin severed its left arm, granted its owner the wish to fulfill the contract, and flew into the past. The owner of the contract held the severed arm. Later, however, the police found a pile of arms abandoned on a mountain. The only clue found nearby was a badge from the Mitsuba University Hospital.

"Unfortunately, the rain seems to have wiped out all the fingerprints, but I think the one without the badge is the contractor."

The Imagin exploits a weakness known as the desire to destroy the past and change the present. Tsukasa saw it as a deal with the devil. It was clear that if a being of extraordinary power offered to grant a wish, it would be difficult for even the most sincere to resist. He wondered in his mind what he would do if an Imagin asked him for a wish.

"Did the contractor want the Imagin to retrieve their left hand? That wish is an odd one."

"I don't even know why the deal had anything to do with the left arm, or what the deal was. An Imagin grants people's wishes in its own way, so I guess hunting for weapons wasn't a direct wish."

For example, if you wanted to join a sports team, instead of training yourself, they'd injure the main players and make them unable to play in games.

"The contractor this time probably has no intention of holding a real person's arm. But I'm pretty sure it has something to do with the left hand."

Ryotaro picked up a cup in front of the sink and poured the horrible liquid from the plastic bottle. He gulped it down in one gulp.

Oh.

He sat mumbling inaudibly. Ryotaro's every move staggered him. It was admirable that he drank so much, but Tsukasa felt that for some reason, Ryotaro was being bullied. Tsukasa felt strangely uncomfortable.

"This is abalone liver and purple cabbage juice my sister made for me. I appreciate all the different dishes she makes to nourish me, but the taste is a little out of the ordinary."

Ryotaro misunderstood Tsukasa's expression and explained the juice. Tsukasa was offended by his bad intuition.

"I don't know if I can help a mean man like you. Every time I see you, I get angry and want to punch you. I don't care what happens to your world."

Ryotaro's expression did not change one bit. Tsukasa's words didn't phase him. He showed no challenge and said with a small, beaming smile.

"Then hit me and help me. This hospital is full of people. If it were just me, it would take longer and there would be more victims. I hate it when people get hurt."

His voice was still small and weak. However, it was clear that Ryotaro would not give up no matter how many times he fell. Ryotaro drank another abalone liver and purple cabbage juice and mumbled a few words.

Natsumi was forbidden in front of the stairs where she disappeared, and later worked behind the nurses' station on an assignment to organize medical records. She put the medical records back on the bookshelf of medical documents in alphabetical order. While she was pulling the rope, no one made a fuss when the stairs disappeared. They returned to their normal activities. In the rush to find out the cause, she was worried about Tsukasa, as she left him in Ryotaro's hospital room. Tsukasa spoke quite plainly. Because of his thoughtless attitude, he sometimes deliberately spouted harsh words and turned others against him. But Natsumi knew that this was only a cover to protect her fragile ego.

"...This world doesn't want me to accept that."

Tsukasa's photos were always distorted. Tsukasa muttered negative words when he saw the picture that came out. As for Tsukasa, he was not only enamored with the power of Decade, he wanted to use it to travel and find a world in which he can live. However, the pictures he took along the way were distorted, proving that this was not the world for him. He could not find a

place to live. It was sad that he had to wander from world to world. Natsumi hoped that Tsukasa would soon find a world that accepted him.

"You must be Hikari."

While searching for the "Ninagawa" medical records, she was tapped on the shoulder from behind. Looking back, she was a tall, beautiful nurse with a good nose and eyes. For some reason she was wearing a long-sleeved sweater even though it was summer.

"You must be new, right? Nice to meet you, I am Aya Kitajima. If you have any questions, please feel free to ask. I may look like this, but I'm quite an expert."

Aya Kitajima had been working on her voice for some time and spoke frankly and clearly. Her big eyes and smile create a bright and positive atmosphere, but she also seemed a bit shy.

"Thanks for your help."

Natsumi hurriedly bowed her head. One of the things she learned from traveling the world with Tsukasa was to keep relationships smooth. They had both repeatedly dug their own graves by acting selfishly because it was not their world. Still, Natsumi's efforts to build a good relationship were always thwarted by Tsukasa.

"Oh, don't be afraid. If you want, we can have lunch together. I made lunch for Ryotaro, but he was acting weird earlier. It's too much for me to eat alone, so let's eat together. Eat with me."

It turned out that Aya Kitajima was the woman who hit Ryotaro earlier with the constellation book. She was holding Natsumi's hand while talking to her. Even though she was acting normally, her movements, speech, and facial expressions were exactly the same.

"Yes, I'm fine."

"That's good to hear. That's all right. I'll be waiting for you in the dining room at noon."

Aya Kitajima lightly waved her hand and returned to her original place. As Natsumi was about to continue organizing her medical records, someone approached her. When Natsumi turned around, the first thing she saw was a woman's ear. She had been practicing judo for many years and had ears that stood up like dumplings. Her ears were perfectly curved so that they were not visible from the outside. She had tied her hair up in a net so her entire hair was exposed and looked pretty shaggy. Natsumi was momentarily taken back when she saw the dumpling ears, which were unusual for a woman. The white nurse's coat and dumpling ears didn't match and looked somewhat incongruous.

"Hikari, please don't get too involved with Kitajima."

The dumpling-eared woman spoke softly. She wrinkled her brow as if she was looking at something dirty.

"Why?"

"Not only Kitajima, but also Ando and Hizu. As you know, this is a horrifying case in which a monster cut off his arm. Where he threw away his hand, we found this hospital badge."

Inside the circular badges on the chests of Natsumi and the others was a stylized triangle in simple blue brushstrokes.

"The police suspect that the person who lost his badge may be connected to the case. Both Kitajima and the other two lost their badges at that time. Surely one of the three is the culprit, so don't mess with them. Even you will be attacked."

The woman got scared and waved her hand. It was a gesture that showed how the three people who lost their badges were being treated in the hospital. Natsumi took a break from work and immediately went to Ryotaro's hospital room.

At lunchtime, Ryotaro, Tsukasa, and Natsumi were waiting for Aya in the cafeteria. To return to the era the Imagin was tinkering with, they first had to find the owner of the contract that was the path to the past. The contract holder was the person who lost their badge at Mitsuba University Hospital. It was Aya Kitajima and two nurses, Ando and Hitsu. Tsukasa and his team decide to contact three people to find the contractor. Their first target was Aya Kitajima, whom Natsumi had promised to have lunch with.

"Is it okay to ask her directly about the contractor? If she finds out we're looking for the contractor, we could be fooled."

Tsukasa sat in the center and again confronted Urataros, who had taken Ryotaro's body.

"As long as she doesn't hate you, you'll be fine."

Urataros smiled, his blue eyes narrowed.

"Let me tell you, I am the right person for the job, especially when it comes to women. Momo is just an idiot, Ryutaros is a child, and Kintaros doesn't say anything. In this regard, if I interrogate the other sister well, she will come out of her shell of suspicion and listen to me. Women want someone who understands and doesn't judge."

Aya Kitajima appeared at the entrance of the cafeteria. She was still wearing her long-sleeved sweater and could be seen from a distance.

"As I recall, the sand that falls from the hem of the dress is the sign of a contractor."

When Tsukasa asked, Urataros affirmed.

"Yes, but the sand doesn't appear all day long, it occurs randomly. So don't expect much performance. The quicker and easier way is to ask sensible leading questions and get the suspicious person to confess that he or she is the owner of the contract."

Aya Kitajima carried a huge lunch box with a turban wrapped around it. She looked at Urataros and gave him a dubious look.

"Wait, Natsumi, aren't we alone? I won't be fooled by you trampling on an innocent maiden's heart."

Aya Kitajima stared at Urataros. The sudden change in Urataros' demeanor in the hospital room was caused by Momotaros, but she did not know it.

"Ha, maidens never get old, do they?"

"Tsukasa! Don't say things that irritate me."

Natsumi raised her thumb with the killing intent. Unable to bear being teased again, Tsukasa quickly grabbed the back of his neck.

"Sorry about before."

Urataros said in a sad voice.

"You may be surprised to learn that I am very shy. In fact, the only time I am shy is with you. Why don't you see that in other girls? I, myself, am confused by that feeling. It is mine, but then you said something cruel."

The face was that of a desperate man explaining a misunderstanding to the girl he loved. It could sympathize with the grief and evoke maternal instincts.

Fraud name.

Tsukasa and Natsumi thought so in their hearts.

"I didn't know that. I didn't know..."

"I don't care if I'm misunderstood that way. I would rather get to know you better. To confirm this feeling."

Aya Kitajima soon regained her energy. Like how she smiled at Natsumi at the nurses' station. She sat down in front of Urataros and opened her lunch box. Inside were beef shigureni, steak, and saikyo-yaki tuna. It was a splendid hanami-like lunch.

"You know, Kitajima is a good cook, right?"

Natsumi complimented her. All three tasted the dish.

"It's really delicious. I found out one more thing about you. You are a good cook and a simple woman. What else do you like?"

"Well...sewing, reading, and volunteering, I guess."

"Haha."

Tsukasa gasped at the exemplary answer.

"I enjoy reading books that tell the truth about a person. I like 'Never Beat a Full House' by William Coons, how about you?"

When asked about this, Aya Kitajima shrugged. A short but heavy silence passed for a moment, and then the atmosphere changed.

"My favorite is the arm of Yasunari Kawabata."

Her voice was low, as if she had just woken up from a dream. Natsumi and Tsukasa look at the keyword "arm".

"Why do you like arms?"

Tsukasa asked.

"I don't know. I wish my arm could be easily replaced."

Replace the arm.

The mysterious nuance was enough to add suspicion to Aya Kitajima. Tsukasa confidently and boldly stated.

"Perhaps it has something to do with you losing your hospital badge?"

Aya Kitajima's face darkened. She smiled, the corners of her mouth drooping, revealing wrinkles in her foundation. As if she had suddenly aged, dark stripes appeared on her pale cheeks.

Natsumi felt a chill run down her spine when that bright smile suddenly turned into an empty cave.

"I understand what you mean. Do you think I'm a culprit too?"

"Calm down, there is no doubt in my mind."

"And Ryotaro? He's a lousy liar anyway. Don't talk to him anymore. I'm crying because it's so stupid to be cheated twice by the same person."

Aya Kitajima fussed and closed the lid of her lunch box. Most of the dishes were still there. It was clear that she was about to leave. If she ran away, it would be trouble. Tsukasa glanced sideways at Urataros and was surprised. It was because Urataros' cheeks were twitching, not because he was acting, but because he actually looked like he was losing his temper.

"Did someone just say 'cry'?"

"It's fine, don't ask around."

Urataros clutched his head in pain, and his neck suddenly dropped weakly.

I think I have seen this scene before.

Tsukasa noticed when his blue eyes turned yellow, just like when Urataros was replaced by Momotaros in the hospital room.

"My strength will make you cry!"

A loud voice from inside echoed through the cafeteria. Tsukasa and Natsumi covered their ears. His long hair with golden highlights was tied back in a bun, reminiscent of a ronin in a historical period drama. An imposing figure with arms crossed in front of his chest. It was strange that even though Ryotaro's body was still small, it felt so heavy that no one could push it. Unlike the vicious violence of Momotaros, this guy had a heavy and powerful appearance. It was Kintaros, the embodiment of the bear that appeared in the Kintaro story of Mount Ashigara. He was the third of the four Imagin that live inside Ryotaro. This man had a peculiar personality in that he appeared in response to the word "cry" at any given moment.

"It is not my taste to make a woman cry. Wipe those tears with this."

Kintaros handed a handkerchief to Aya Kitajima.

"I didn't cry."

"Alright, I understand, needless to say. You are impressed by my power."

Aya Kitajima angrily pushed the handkerchief away, but Kintaros pushed it back even harder.

"We need to figure out when to act. Things are getting more and more complicated. We should know how to read the air a little better."

"Tsukasa said to read the air, and that's very unusual."

Kintaros misunderstood Natsumi who was praising him and nodded gloatingly.

"It's not that we haven't acted yet. Miss, are you still hiding something? Even a sumo expert like myself can see that your movements are completely unnatural."

Aya Kitajima clutched the sleeves of her sweater as the three stared at her.

"Stop."

Aya Kitajima grabbed her left arm protectively with her right hand. Her body trembled with fear. With a quick, invisible movement, Kintaros grabbed her left hand and rolled up the sleeves of her sweater to her biceps. There were severe burn scars. The skin-colored patches were wrinkled and stretched from not enough excess skin. Just by looking at it, one could imagine the melting softness and swelling. It looked painful.

"I'm sorry. Ryotaro is looking for a contractor. If it were you, could you tell me exactly what you are looking for?"

Aya Kitajima slapped Kintaros across the cheek.

"It's bad."

She said, and left the dining room. Her cheerful attitude until now had been to hide her scars. When Natsumi spoke to her for the first time at the nurses' station, she vaguely felt a certain sense of discomfort. The burn marks were just scars, and there was probably a part of her that did not want anyone to touch them. Natsumi sighed and thought about Aya's feelings.

"Why did you do that? That was too much to look for a contractor."

"Don't be merciful. We now know with near certainty that Aya Kitajima is the contractor."

Tsukasa further explained to Natsumi, who still did not seem to understand.

"The Imagin had to fulfill a contract by cutting off someone else's left hand and giving it to the contractor. Aya Kitajima must have had a wish to have a beautiful arm. She intended to heal her

arm, but the Imagin took the liberty of granting her wish. Now she has a beautiful arm. So surely, this is the owner of the contract."

The lunch box was left on the table. Kintaros picked up the fried chicken and tasted it.

"I can't do it. Imagin have always targeted people with empty hearts. Otherwise, why would an Imagin come to grant my wish?"

After the fried chicken, he in turn tossed a piece of fish into his mouth.

"Delicious."

He mumbled and nodded.

"I'm also a small part of the Imagin. But I don't aspire to be the kind of person who makes such delicious lunches for others."

Tsukasa ate one fried egg. The sweet and soft taste melted in his mouth.

In the courtyard of the hospital, a man was cutting the grass and throwing it into the trash, but whenever the wind blew, the grass flew away. The curls were curled under the hat and partially dyed purple. Ryotaro was possessed by four Imagin. Each time Ryotaro was controlled by an Imagin, his personality, hair color, and eye color changed. The blue being Urataros, red being Momotaros, yellow being Kintaros, and the fourth Imagin, the purple Ryutaros, controlled Ryotaro.

"This is boring. Hospitals are not fun at all."

He yawned as he squatted and weeded. Ryutaros had always been like that. He crouched down, not moving a step, clearly uninterested in finding a contractor.

"Stop whining. If you don't find the contractor, your world will die."

"I don't care. I just do what I love. It wouldn't make me sad if someone strange died in a strange place."

Ryutaros said in a gruff voice. He talked and acted like a child. Natsumi squatted down next to him and looked into his eyes.

"Hey, have you ever heard of a Polaroid camera?"

"I don't know."

Natsumi whispered to Tsukasa that she wanted him to take a picture of Ryutaros. As soon as the shutter was released, the image came out of the camera. The image was blurred at first, but gradually became clearer.

...This is not your world.

The same voice echoed in Tsukasa's head as he tripped into another world for the first time and took distorted photographs. Ryutaros in the photo was still strangely distorted.

"This is not my world either."

Tsukasa handed Ryutaros the photo.

"Wow, this guy takes terrible pictures!"

"This is not bad. Distortion is art."

Ryutaros's eyes lit up as he watched the process from the time he pressed the shutter to the time the photo appeared.

"Help me find the contractor and I'll lend you the Polaroid."

"Don't decide for yourself. It's mine. How can I lend it to this kid? If I find the contractor and defeat the Imagin, I won't be able to stay in this world and can't get it back."

"Shh, it's just a kid, if it's lured with a toy, it'll be very exciting. Besides, the kid will soon get bored, and you can get it back before you leave this world."

Natsumi whispered to Tsukasa. Ryutaros stole Tsukasa's words.

"I understand. Then get ready. I'll take a picture of Onee-chan."

Ryutaros got up with light footwork. He stepped lightly on the spot. It was a wonderful dance that anyone who saw it would want to imitate.

The second suspect, Noriko Ando, was pushing a wheelchair in the yard. In contrast to Aya Kitajima, her narrow eyes and white skin give her a brooding appearance. She was talking to an old lady in a wheelchair about the weather. Noriko Ando stopped when she saw someone walking toward her.

"You are a contractor, right?"

As soon as Ryutaros spoke, he got right down to business. Noriko Ando looked up at Ryutaros with an annoyed expression. She shrugged her shoulders as if she had no idea what was going on.

"What contractor?"

"Stop pretending. I want to get this mess over with and get out of here as soon as possible. So hurry up and identify yourself as a contractor. Otherwise, I will hate you. I don't know what you did to these people. Disgusting, isn't it?"

It was the cruelty of a child killing an animal. That innocence was a danger that can do anything. The way he took very long pauses created that fear. Noriko Ando was overwhelmed and backed away. Tsukasa pulled the shoulder of the squatting Ryutaros.

"Idiot, if you say it outright, they'll know about your suspicions and give you a warning. Do more. That guy Kintaros from earlier was better."

"Ugh...Worse than Kintaros."

Ryutaros nodded in disappointment.

"Hey, Tsukasa, please don't tell anyone about that. I can hear you."

Noriko Ando groaned as if she had guessed what the three of them were going to say. Her eyelids twitched and jerked nervously.

"I don't know anything about the contractor, but I can see why you suspect me. It may be because a hospital badge fell near the arm that was discarded in the mountains. Here at the hospital, the staff take their nursing clothes home and do their own laundry. Maybe they went back to work when they took their badges off, so they got mixed up somewhere."

Her answers were fluent, as if she had practiced speaking many times. Tsukasa looked at Noriko Ando suspiciously. Her expression did not change like a wax doll. Once the contractor was suspected, it was not easy to convince them of anything.

"I'm going."

"Wait."

Ryutaros stopped Noriko Ando from leaving.

"If you could grant one wish, what would it be?"

Good question. If it's a contractor, there must be some discomfort behind it. Noriko Ando put her hand on her chin and thought for a moment.

"My husband is a sculptor. He is just starting out, but his talent is undeniable. I am dedicating my life to making his talent known to the world."

The three were puzzled when Noriko Ando suddenly began to talk about her life.

"My husband is very depressed. He told me that he could not carve out the left arm during production. To be successful, it is essential to win a prize in the next contest. I hope my husband's work will grow like a lifelike arm."

The old woman in a wheelchair was writhing in the heat. The heat reached its highest point at 2pm. Noriko Ando apologized and pushed her wheelchair into the shade. Ryutaros looked proud.

"So we've eliminated Kintaros' suspect. The contractor is her. Her wish is to have a real arm, so an Imagin gave her a real arm too."

Tsukasa and Natsumi, however, were not satisfied to have found another contractor. Because they thought 80% of Aya Kitajima was a contractor. If Noriko Ando had a reason to need a left arm, the number of suspects would be the same in the end.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh."

Tsukasa handed the Polaroid camera to Ryutaros, who insisted. Ryutaros happily pressed the shutter. It was a poorly composed photo with no composition at all, but at least there was no strange distortion like the one Tsukasa had taken.

"Is Miyuki Hizu here?"

The sliding doors of the meeting room opened vigorously and the people inside gathered. Moreover, as he stood in the doorway, the man crossed the room with a teasing look on his face, and no one could help but shiver like a muskrat. Momotaros entered the conference room with red highlights standing on end. He grabbed each of their collars and checked their name tags.

"No, not again. This is no good either. Damn, everything is wrong!"

Momotaros repeated those words over and over. Each time, Natsumi bowed her head and apologized on behalf of Momotaros.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. This is also for the sake of world peace. So please don't call the police. We are not suspicious. We are on the side of justice."

"That's even more suspicious, Natsumikan."

As she left the conference room and walked down the hallway, Natsumi repeated herself over and over.

"Please be gentle. We don't know yet if Hizu is a contractor."

Momotaros walked very fast and it was hard to keep up with him. Tsukasa did not want to follow, so he was left behind.

"It's not the first and second, right? If so, what else does Hitsu have as a contractor?"

"But both Kitajima and Ando are suspicious. Let's ask Hizu at least once."

"Don't joke about it! You make me want to vomit, so shut up."

Momotaros ignored him and insisted that Miyuki Hizu was the contractor.

At this rate, Hizu Miyuki will be tortured.

Natsumi sighed. She had a bad relationship with her boss. And Tsukasa always had to encounter this type of aggressive person.

"Get rid of Natsumikan. The weaker the dog, the more it barks. Put the red dog in the pot. It tastes good stewed in gochujang."

Momotaros' feet stopped with a thump. He turned around, too fierce to be called a dog.

"I'm bored, I've been walking around all this time. Hurry up and find the contractor. If you don't hurry up, I'll break your leg."

"I don't care what happens to your stinking world. I can destroy whatever I want and do whatever I want."

Momotaros raised his fist angrily, but loosened his grip for a moment. He put his hand on Tsukasa's shoulder when he caught up with him.

"Do you want to make a contract with me?"

An amazing statement.

"I pity the cowards who can't even have a world of their own. I will grant you your wish."

Tsukasa knew that an Imagin granting wishes was an illusion. They had no such power. But even knowing this, the spell had an irresistible appeal.

I want to live in another world, not my boring real world. That reality should not be my real world. There is definitely a world where everything fits me perfectly. There is a world worth living in that accepts me.

Tsukasa thought so, but as expected, he did not say so.

"Please don't do this. If you make a deal with an Imagin, your past will be all messed up. Here, this is the next place."

Natsumi stopped in front of the rehabilitation room. The search for Miyuki Hizu began on the first floor, and this was the last room. Momotaros shouted and opened the door. There was a lot of rehabilitation equipment inside. The nurse who was examining them turned to the three of them. Seen from a distance, the nurse was not wearing a badge of her chest.

"It's over."

Momotaros approached her with a smile.

"I know you are a contractor. Confess quickly; I will beat you if you don't confess within five seconds. Even if you are a woman, I will not forgive you."

Miyuki Hizu screamed, her eyes reddened at the horrifying impression. Suddenly he lost strength in his hips and collapsed on the spot. When the countdown from five, four, three began, Natsumi hurriedly took control of the Momotaros.

"God! Why can't you be nicer? I'm sorry, Hizu. Are you hurt?"

Natsumi's gaze shifted to Miyuki Hizu. She had a strange look on her face. Her face seemed to melt into ecstasy rather than fear. Tsukasa ran toward Miyuki Hizu, who was on the ground. Miyuki Hizu looked at her arm.

"Of course."

Miyuki Hizu's cheeks turned red as Tsukasa rolled her sleeves up to her elbows. He stroked her naked arm with his fingertips, examining every vein. It was a suspicious and despicable act.

"You have beautiful veins."

She cried out and sighed as her hot body flared up in Tsukasa's arms. A curious look licked the tendons of Tsukasa's hands. He quickly withdrew his hand, sensing the danger. All three were stunned by the sudden strange behavior.

"I'm sorry. Your arm tendons are very beautiful. My fetish is vascular tendons. I love, love, love injecting into blood vessels. It's like I became a nurse to give injections...Just kidding."

Miyuki Hizu added with a laugh, but it didn't seem like a joke at all.

"Please, can you give me an injection? It won't hurt."

Miyuki Hizu had a slender, beautiful face with natural makeup. Her innocent lips and sticky, perverse tone were the exact opposite. Tsukasa shook his head.

"You're the contractor, you pervert! I bet you had an Imagin bring you arms just for you to see the veins."

Momotaros got into another fight with her.

"I hate your tendons. They are gross and ugly. From my pulse, you are simple, stupid and grumpy. There are too many veins from elbow to wrist. Monotonous."

"Exactly."

"What the hell! What the hell is this fortune-telling circuit?"

Momotaros looked at his arm in denial. Tsukasa extended his hand to Miyuki Hizu.

"You seem to have a good eye for people, but what about my pulse?"

"Oh, the more I look at you, the more amazing you are. You are a once-in-a-generation gem. How beautiful are these vascular branches! It's like the laurel tree that Daphne had to disfigure because of her refusal to cheat. God Apollo, this emerald green and deep purple color scheme is a first-class hypervascularity by any measure. Anyone with such vessels is in the realm of the gods. Save the world or destroy it, it's up to you."

"It's perfect. Wouldn't you rather be a fortune teller than a nurse? You seem to see perfect humanity in my veins."

You are free to save or destroy the world.

Natsumi had mixed feelings when she heard this.

"You can't make that stuff up. The absence of a badge proves that you are the owner of the contract. Just shut up and accept it."

"Don't be so hard on her, she's right on the horoscope, you're a tough guy."

The victorious Tsukasa and the indignant Momotaros sparked off a firestorm.

"Someone stole my badge. I was tired from my night shift and forgot to close my locker. So they found my badge near my arm, abandoned in a pile, and I had to confront them. They treated me like a criminal."

She did not seem confused at all. Watching Tsukasa's marksmanship, Miyuki Hizu murmured again. At the same time, he began taking pictures of the tendon with his camera. Later, when Hizu asked for a vascular massage, the three left the rehab room.

Buildings and vehicles disappeared one by one. All those inside were thrown outside without warning. People on the upper floors would fall and die. People worried that they would lose their homes. The damage caused by the Imagin grew, and the Mitsuba University Hospital was swallowed up in the chaos. Many patients and staff were beginning to gather on the first floor in preparation for the hospital's extinction. On the second floor, the three were trapped in Ryotaro's hospital room.

"Hard to believe all the suspects are equally suspicious..."

When he returned to the original Ryotaro Nogami, he sounded bored. Ryotaro's body was possessed by one Imagin after another, and he was exhausted. The original being that was already fragile was now even more fragile, as if he would disappear at any moment. Natsumi helped him sit on the bed.

"Nogami, why are you fighting with four Imagin in your body? Must be difficult, right? But you never received appreciation or recognition from others. Do you have a purpose?"

"I have no purpose. I am clumsy, unlucky, and annoying to others, so I am happy to do what I can. I will do what I can, that's all. Besides, I understand the fear of being hurt for no reason, be it human or an Imagin."

Do what I can.

Ryotaro's answer was too simple and obvious. Tsukasa looked straight at him, still not liking him.

"In the end, no progress was made."

Natsumi looked out the window. It seems that the apocalypse had happened and yet there was still a calm routine. It was scary.

"Not much."

Natsumi's eyes lit up at Tsukasa's words.

"What did you find?"

"Miyuki Hizu said her badge was stolen. That was not a lie. She is an honest person. Contractors can enter the locker room after Hizu. They can enter their shift before Hizu. That's why her locker was opened and her badge was stolen."

Natsumi nodded in agreement with Tsukasa. If Miyuki Hizu told the truth, it would mean that it was the contractor who was at the hospital during her absence.

"We have to narrow down the number of suspects as well as whether Hizu is honest."

"That's not necessary."

Suddenly, another voice was heard coming from the entrance of the ward. A tall, thin man stood there.

"Kaito. You finally showed your face."

Tsukasa called out the name without thinking. Kaito's sharp eyes peek out from his long black hair, and a bright smile is on his mouth, as if he was about to fall apart. It alarmed people. His body smelled like a delinquent.

"Don't look at me like that. I brought in the contractor anyway."

Kaito entered the center of the ward, followed by a woman who had her hands tied behind her back. It was the woman with dumpling ears at the nurses' station who told Natsumi that Ando and the others were suspects. The nameplate read Yoko Harada.

"Are you really the contractor?"

Ryotaro asked, and the dumpling-eared woman bowed her head. The contractor's sand flew out.

Did it go further this time?

Tsukasa's shoulders slumped in disappointment as the sand was immovable proof that she was the owner of the contract. After a long time searching for the culprit, if a third person answered

"This is the culprit", this would be no detective movie. Kaito liked to easily trample on the efforts of others. Answers to problems could be quickly resolved in a short period of time. When they finally found the answer after staring at the formula for several dozen minutes, everyone was offended that an outsider knew the answer and simply said, "The answer is 2." Kaito's help always made Tsukasa feel that way. It was the same from the first time they met. Tsukasa did not remember exactly how he and Kaito met. People often forget memories that were too frustrating. He met Natsumi in the first world and Kaito in the second world. Kaito was a stinker from the start and he did not like him at all. While Tsukasa was puzzled by the incident that happened in his previous world, Kaito gave him the most logical answer. And this is what he said.

"...Thanks to Tsukasa running around, I found out the truth. I'm glad."

That was all Tsukasa remembered. Kaito himself said that he acted out of kindness, but what he did was more mean than kind and let others down. Moreover, his true nature was almost unknown. That was why Tsukasa did not like Kaito at all, with his elusive emotions.

'It's an impossible turn of events. If I were reading a detective novel with such an event, I would close the book immediately. Because even if there is a culprit, you have to do a lot of deducing to find it. And that's only if an annoying person shows up and tells me the answer."

'You always say the strangest things, Tsukasa. We are not fictitious people, we are real people, aren't we?"

Tsukasa's sarcasm did not even reach Kaito's ears. Kaito said bitterly as if Tsukasa had said something funny.

"Well, Tsukasa is always naïve, so let's leave it at that for the moment. I'm Yoko Harada, the contract owner."

When told he was innocent, Tsukasa sounded annoyed.

"It's tedious having to remember one boring name after another. Anyway, I think I'll close this boring book once and for all."

"I told you I don't read books here. Tsukasa is a real weirdo."

"Shut up. Don't you understand what a metaphor is?"

Tsukasa was annoyed by Kaito's teasing smile. Yoko Harada, aka the dumpling-eared woman, interjected.

"I never expected this to happen. When the monster came with its arms, I was scared and panicked. Buildings disappeared and everything turned to chaos."

Yoko Harada said in a trembling voice. When Kaito stopped her, Yoko Harada froze in fear.

"This is not charity. I am not kind enough to bring her here. When I go back in time, I want what is there, so help me get it."

"Excuse me?"

"You'll see what I mean."

Without time to hesitate, Tsukasa agreed, although he was very suspicious of Kaito's intentions. Ryotaro held a card above the dumpling-eared woman's head. The card showed the date and Imagin. It was December 4th, 2005.

"This is a moment from the past that you have given to fulfill your wish. The Imagin is in this day."

Yoko Harada examined the card and kept her eyes down.

"That was the day he lost his future... my boyfriend was training hard every day to become a professional boxer. When he got engaged, I supported him nutritionally, and although I'm still getting used to this job and it's hard, I'm full of satisfaction and more... I've been working with him since he got engaged, and I'm still working with him. That day I was walking with him when someone snatched my bag. When he tried to catch the mugger, he was stabbed in the hand with a knife. The wound was very deep and despite treatment, he had to give up boxing as a result. For the next two years we lived in despair. The monster appeared and said it would grant my wish. Of course, I wished that my arms would be strong. But instead of healing the wound, the monster brought a real human arm. It was bloody and moldy..."

Yoko Harada sobbed. Her chest continued to contract as if she were breathing fast. Natsumi patted her on the back to reassure her, and Tsukasa and Ryotaro let go of her hand. Kaito was the only one who watched the scene with reptilian, lifeless eyes.

The group arrived in December 4th, 2005, on the Denliner, which took quite some time. Only Natsumi was unable to fight and stayed in the hospital with the contractor. The city in the past was devastated by the vacuum slashes caused by the Imagin. Sticky liquid leaked from the cracked ground, and piles of rubble were scattered in a cloud of dust. Abandoned cars blocked the roads and caused panic. Sirens, screams, and the sound of collapsing buildings mingled. In the center, the Imagin continued to perform vacuum slashes indiscriminately.

"Too flashy, dude!"

Tsukasa shouted and the Imagin jumped up high and ran away. At the same time, they heard the high-pitched screams of women.

"Bandit!"

They looked and saw Yoko Harada, the dumpling-eared woman from two years ago, a few meters away. Next to her was a man who appeared to be her boyfriend. In front of them was a black-clad bandit fleeing with a women's handbag that may have belonged to Yoko Harada. Yoko Harada's boyfriend ran to catch the bandit.

"There it is! He is chasing the bandit and his arm will be stabbed with a knife. We must quickly stop him."

Ryotaro gave the Imagin to Tsukasa and Kaito and fled.

"I will go after the Imagin, and you should follow me. Ryotaro's character may not be strong enough to stop the bandits."

After saying that, Kaito transformed into Diend. The blue Kamen Rider Diend used a gun as his weapon. He chased after the Imagin and ran through the collapsed building. Tsukasa was annoyed by Kaito's behavior, but went to Ryotaro. Ryotaro spread his arms in front of Yoko Harada's boyfriend to stop him from chasing the bandit. However, for an aspiring professional boxer, he was a size bigger than Ryotaro and could pass easily.

"Don't go chasing the bandit. They will stab you in the arm."

"Who are you? The bandit's accomplice? If you don't want to get hit, get out."

The man lightly pushed Ryotaro before his transformation. Yoko Harada, still unsure of what was about to happen, raised an eyebrow at Ryotaro's suspicious behavior. Tsukasa quickly realized that talking was futile and chased after the bandit. He rapidly closed the distance between him and the bandit. Eventually he caught up with him and punched the bandit in the stomach without giving him a chance to speak. He retrieved Yoko Harada's bag from the unconscious bandit and threw it to her. Yoko Harada and her boyfriend were amazed at his outstanding behavior. The Imagin attacked.

"HENSHIN!"

His body turned a powerful magenta and black. The moment when Tsukasa emerged from his weak human form was the best moment for him. His head felt lighter and the fog seemed to disappear. Where his world was now no longer mattered. Tsukasa knocked out the robber and Ryotaro embraced Yoko Harada and her boyfriend to protect them. He then took them to a safe place behind a wall.

"Here we come!"

Ryotaro transformed into his red Kamen Rider Den-O Sword form with Momotaros as the main body.

"Up, up, up, up! From start to finish, I'm always at a climax!"

Den-O overwhelmed the Imagin with his swordsmanship. Suddenly, a shock ran down Tsukasa's spine. It was a powerful blow from Faiz, another Kamen Rider from another world he once passed through. Kaito was standing next to Faiz. Kaito summoned the Riders he had met so far with the Diend gun and they fought alongside him. Faiz was summoned by this ability. And the summoned Faiz's attack was at the will of Diend.

"What do you mean, Kaito?"

Kaito let Faiz fight and watched from afar. Tsukasa hated that kind of fighting.

"I said I wanted something. I won't be able to get it unless I defeat you and ask you to cooperate with me."

Tsukasa understood. The reason why Kaito went to great lengths to find the contractor, and why he said he would go after the Imagin, was all about seizing this opportunity. Decade took Kiva's Rider Card from the Ride Booker on his left belt and inserted it into the Decadriver.

Tsukasa's body instantly transformed into a noble knight in robes, Kamen Rider Kiva. He leaped into the air and kicked Faiz with his chained right foot. Faiz was completely defeated, losing his summoning effect and disappearing.

"Hey! Give me a hand!"

Momotaros shouted. Momotaros' sword struggled to find a way to cut the quick Imagin.

"This will be a little ticklish."

After returning from Kiva to Decade, Tsukasa used the Final Form Ride card. When he held his hand over Momotaros' back, Den-O's armor peeled off and he transformed into Momotaros' original red demon form. The Imagin was blown to pieces by the slashes that Tsukasa and the red demon swung down from the left and right. Wonderful energy evaporated the cold December air. There was a figure from beyond the steam.

Kaito, huh?

Tsukasa was holding a sword. But it was not Kaito who appeared. The person was wearing a long beige coat and a hat of the same color. It was Narutaki, a middle-aged man who left disturbing prophecies wherever Tsukasa went.

"Curse you, Decade!"

His craggy, square face was contorted in hatred, his lips quivering morbidly.

"You have brought the world close to destruction. You have brought the world so close to ruin that when you pass through all nine worlds, eternal darkness will come."

Narutaki's body glowed like fog and became transparent. Through the horrifying gray faces, he saw a city that was collapsing. The sight was as terrifying as a nightmare.

Natsumi breathed a sigh of relief when Tsukasa and Ryotaro returned to the hospital room after escaping to the past. Kaito and the contractor, Yoko Harada, disappeared.

Why is Kaito after me? What is the treasure that can only be obtained by suicide?

Tsukasa couldn't think of anything. However, he was well aware that Kaito was not going to give up any time soon.

"Harada is not feeling well and will have to leave early."

By defeating the Imagin, all that was lost was restored. There was no damage caused by the Imagin, and everyone returned to their normal, peaceful lives.

"What if we can't change the past, the one where he got stabbed in the arm?"

Ryotaro muttered.

"Things are always difficult. Even if you know the present is not good, it is not easy to change the fate of the past. In the end, I thought there was nothing I could do."

Suddenly, they heard small footsteps. They seemed to be running and were quickly approaching. When the hospital room door opened, it was Yoko Harada, breathing hard.

"Oh, how lucky."

Yoko Harada found Natsumi and went inside.

"What's wrong?"

"When I told Natsumi that I would be leaving soon, you were very worried. But I'm sorry I lied to you. I lied about not feeling well. I have a match coming up. It's my son, it's a very important match and I would love to go, but could you please don't tell the head nurse?"

Yoko Harada then tickled her cheeks and her nose in turn. She looked at her watch and ran away. The three looked at each other and laughed at the haste.

"You are amazing, Tsukasa. If it were just me, I would not be able to change my destiny. I envy you for being able to save others."

"Tsukasa is a savior after all."

Destroyer. Demon. The names that Narutaki had called Tsukasa flashed through his mind. He posed with his arms crossed to hide the anxiety that was slowly beginning to grow.

"Of course, there's nothing I can't do. But you did your best, and you're braver than I thought."

Ryotaro chuckled at Tsukasa's words. As it was, his expression did not move a millimeter. Ryotaro and Natsumi did not move, like a toy with dead batteries. There was no movement. The time had come for them to leave this world. It was a frightening phenomenon that occurred every time he fled the world. As if everything was just a fabrication. Soon the entire field of vision was distorted like the photograph. The lines began to dissolve and the world of Den-O pushed Tsukasa out of the picture.