

Kirika's Replies (Last Updated 10.31.20)

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Thread Tracker Spreadsheet:

<https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/13wP9Nlvqr-5vCzQArMD-rfqCeMGaGeDrOSdCoN-7l0E/edit?usp=sharing>

Priscilla (511):

- When I came to, I was here. Who am I? I am...Noir. No, wait. I'm...Kirika. Kirika Yuumura. No one can take that away from me. Kirika finally lifted her body off the green grass. She looked around her general vicinity. "Where...am I?" She mumbled quietly. "Where's Mireille? Am I...?" She was afraid to finish her sentence. She didn't want to be alone again. Anything but that. Getting up from the green grass, she realized she didn't have her pistol. She felt two plastic items in her sweater pocket. Pulling them out, she found a BB gun and her ID. *Thank goodness I have something*, she thought. As she put them back in her pocket, a car pulled up. The driver rolled down the window signaling for the young killer to come closer. "Get in," the driver demands, rather apathetically. Kirika narrows her eyes, slightly suspicious. Realizing she might have no choice, she loosens her expression, and nods silently. She gets in, with one hand gripping the BB gun, ready at any moment. If that didn't work, she could use her ID to finish off the job. After a relatively quiet ride, aside from the driver yelling at other cars here and there, Kirika gets out at the Fibonacci Ward's downtown area. She remembers being told to find house 108. She looks around, for anyone who can guide her.
- Kirika looked at the sweet woman talking to her. She seemed like a very nice person, but there was something off about her. She felt as if this person could turn into something very sinister – something she couldn't understand in her concept of reality. But she didn't wanna push her luck and knew it was just a feeling with no basis, so she nods quietly, gripping her pseudo pistol tighter in her sweater pocket. "Yes, I just arrived here," she explained. "I know nothing about this place, or why I'm here. I just know that I have to find House 108." She looked into the silver eyes of the lady, taking in her face. "I'm..." She hesitates, wondering if she should say Noir or her real name. She remembered all the self doubt she had from not having an identity before. Kirika Yuumura was a lie back

then. *It still is*, she reminds herself. *But it's much more important to me now.* "I'm Kirika," she says, regaining some of her confidence. "Kirika Yuumura."

- Kirika nods silently. "Nice to meet you," she remarks quietly. "And if you'd like, sure." She removes the black and yellow duffel bag, which she found was filled with her medical kit and BB gun ammunition, to Priscilla. She didn't know if she should answer why she left the car. She didn't know if it would even make sense – the driver seemed to know something she didn't, and it reminded her too much of the Soldats; which meant that the average citizen wouldn't know of its existence. Her arms were at her sides now, deeming that Priscilla wasn't going to attack. Kirika stayed silent, offering her the bag.

Djeeta (610):

- Kirika was in bed, just waking up. Looking out her window, she saw the sun was already high in the sky. She had nothing except for herself right now. *I guess...I should go out then*, she thought. Getting dressed in a sun hat and a baby blue sundress instead of her usual denim miniskirt, tank top, and white hoodie, she goes out, not carrying anything with her. When she walks out the door, she almost bumps into a man with heterochromatic eyes and long hair. She turns to say sorry, but the man just kept walking, as if he didn't care for the situation. Staying silent and leaving him be, she closes the door, and starts to leave her home.
- Kirika, after realizing she needed her phone to pay for certain items with her phone, went to her dorm again, and she was now headed downtown. She kept face blank and emotionless, walking to the mouth of downtown now. Looking over the sea of people, she noticed a quiet cafe with a patio out front. Maybe I should stop for a cup of tea, she thought. The perfect reminder of home. Silently, the young woman worked her way through the bustling crowds. As she made her way to the host stand, she noticed someone with short blonde hair. "Good day, Madame," said the host to Kirika. "How may I help you today?" Kirika didn't answer. She just stared blankly at the girl in the crowd.
- Kirika saw the woman notice her. She's staring now... Kirika thought, looking into the stranger's brown eyes. Then she looked down, at her hand, which the blonde began pointing towards herself. Kirika's eyes instinctively narrowed, as if confirming an answer of 'yes.' However, as quickly as the young assassin's eyes narrowed, they were just as quick to break eye contact. She wondered why she looked at the lady in the first place. "May I look at the menu, please?" Kirika mumbled quietly, to the host at the host stand. Upon receiving it, she began to look it over, not moving from her spot.
- After Kirika looked over the menu, she really didn't find anything that caught her fancy. No nice cup of tea, no ice cream, not a delicacy she even recognized. Quietly, she put down the menu onto the stand, and decided she'd do something else. Wading through the crowd with her short stature, she headed over to the nearest shop. There was one thing that caught her eye, in the shop next to the gold dressed lady, the person she was now a few feet away from. The shirt was brown, with a stylized IRx on it. Under the emblazoned insignia, the tourist-like t-shirt proudly stated 'Spirale: You'll Never Want to

Leave!’ Something about the shirt make Kirika reminisce of when she got a shirt like that when moving to Paris. It...meant something to her, she guessed.

- Kirika turned her head to face the lady. She didn’t really see any clothes like that regularly in Paris. A...cosplay, maybe? After thinking on her answer, she simply mumbles, “Yes.”
- “...Kirika. Kirika Yuumura.” She replies, quietly. “Nice to meet you.”
- Kirika’s eyes narrowed, but this time, it was very clear she was confused. She didn’t read books often, after all. She just killed people. “A...skydom?”
- Kirika understood the question, but her answer less so. “I...” she starts, before faltering. *What should I say?* Her head screamed. *Paris? Japan? The Manor?* She didn’t know. Unconfidentally, she said, “...France.”
- “It’s a country, in Europe,” Kirika responds. “It borders Spain, and Switzerland.” She recalls what it was like. “It was...nice. I lived in the suburbs with my...friend, I guess.”

Karen (976):

- Kirika heard the lady speak to her. She had never been to the Cotes Ward before. She didn’t really have any plan, but outside of hit contracts, she never really did. She thought she would just wander someplace new. Suddenly, she had a question that could change her lack of plans to something productive. The only problem is that Kirika didn’t necessarily have an answer. Coming up with an answer, she simply nodded her head.
- Kirika never spent much time talking to people, especially strangers. The only people she really remembers talking to normally was Mireille, and Chloe. Those were relationships formed out of necessity, yet, they grew anyway. Keeping her straight face, she nodded again, this time with a quiet “Mhm.”
- She nodded a third time, taking a seat. This interaction reminded her a lot of that time, on the banks of the Seine in Paris...Milosh. She remembers how he died from meeting her. Kirika really hopes that this lady doesn’t meet the same fate. “Do you know if...this place serves tea?” She asks, quietly.
- “Thank you,” Kirika responded. She didn’t have the BB gun today. Just her medical kit, which was in her duffel bag. Looking at the menu, she notices something she would want, raising her hand. When the waiter comes over, she simply points at the chamomile tea on the menu, and looks expectantly at the waiter. The waiter seems to get the gist, and writes down an order for a cup of tea. When the tea arrives, along with some sugar cubes on the side, Kirika puts in two of the cubes and mixes the tea. Taking a sip, her face stays straight, but you could tell in her eyes that she is satisfied with her choice. “This...is really good.”
- She takes another sip of her tea. Putting the tea cup back into the saucer, she breaths in the fresh air, looking at the trees. She always enjoyed taking her time outside, wherever she was. Finally, she turned back to Karen and gave her the second most honest answer she could give. “Kirika Yuumura.”
- Kirika nodded. She had...quite a few questions, actually. She never bothered being assertive with people, unless she had to, or if she was with a person that she had formed

a strong bond with. However, Karen seemed intent on having her ask a question. So she asked the biggest one on her mind. "Every time I walk by someone, I sense their ability to kill me. It's as if some of these people don't exist...they feeling they give off is impossible. What is this place? How can people fly, or transform, or do any of this? It doesn't make sense."

- "A...multiverse theory?" Kirika had never really been well read. She had never heard of such a concept before, yet, she was obviously living it right now. "Then...how many worlds are there? Why isn't the real world like this? Do..." she stopped. She was going to ask about the Soldats, but she realized that unless Karen was a Soldat, or at least associated with them, that she wouldn't know what she's talking about. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm starting to go off track. Forgive me."
- Kirika shakes her head. "No, it's fine. That explains a lot, actually. Thank you." Kirika also realized something else right then and there. If there was no Soldats, there was no Noir. It was something she hadn't thought about before. She was just used to living an abnormal life. Downtime like this is the one time she got to be normal. There's only one way to be sure, she thought. "Um...If you don't mind me asking, what do you know about Noir?" She asked tentatively.
- "...I see." Kirika took another sip of her tea, thinking on the name that once had so much weight where she came from. Here, it meant little to nothing, which, in a sense, gave her the normal life she's longed for. She should be happy, but...Kirika didn't know how to feel. She had just lost something important to her, yet it was the thing that prevented her from enjoying the simplistic things in life. She averted her eyes from Karen, embarrassed from asking.
- Kirika finally musters the courage to look at Karen again. "Thank you for helping me get used to this world," she said giving a small smile. "Is...there anything you'd want to ask me?"
- Kirika nods. "I see," she says. "Well, although a bit strange, this place isn't much different from my life in Paris," she noted. "Outside of a few significant..." she hesitates, as one would when they feel they may have said too much. "...Factors, I'll just live my life how I see fit."
- "Thanks," Kirika says, smiling a little. "I'd say the same to you, but it seems you'd be fine." She eyes the jacket and bags in the other chair, but doesn't mention the sword under it. "It seems you've been here a while, after all," she says instead.
- Kirika's eyes widened. "A year? Wow..." She couldn't have even fathomed being here this long. It also seemed crazy to her how fast Karen could adjust, even though it wasn't that different when she moved in with Mireille. "...That's amazing."
- "I see...Traveling is the norm in my field," she said. "I've only really thought of it as going to do a job and heading back home." Kirika sips her cup of chamomile, and realizes it's almost empty. She looks through the blooming trees, seeing the blazing orange sun bury itself into the paved concrete and asphalt roads. As she quietly admired the sunset for a few minutes with a straight face, a flower petal lands on her nose. Kirika, not very concerned with such things, blows the petal off herself nonchalantly. "It's getting late, isn't it?" she asks Karen, still watching the sun.

Priscilla (195; Fantasia Event):

- Kirika walked further and further from her house. The further she walked, the more the elves in the area scowled at her. It didn't matter what they whispered about a mere human, anyway. Kirika saw that her roommates had, well, changed. This was the world she lived in now. A world at war with itself. That's when she decided – she was going to do anything to help anyone trying to avoid the chaos. She was tired of blood. She had enough of all that back in the real world, with so many people filled with unknown intentions forced herself and Mireille on a killing game they had to do. Entire villages sacrificing themselves, like lambs, solely for her. She didn't want that to happen again. She'd kill if needed; she had her BB gun unconcealed to ward people off, after all. However, she didn't want to take any life when not needed. Suddenly, she stopped walking. She felt a presence behind her; a slightly familiar one, at that. But it felt...different this time. Like it was someone else. She stood in place silently, waiting for a response from the person she thought it was.

Sasuke (605; Fantasia Event):

- Kirika stared back at the stranger, nodding at him with a sort of determination. She was going to try to lure the walker to an area she could finish off the job. She wasn't exactly familiar with what was going on, but she knew it was bad. She took out a weapon from her coat pocket. It was the BB gun she got – confident she can do some damage, she cocks the toy gun, ready to engage. The Mist Walker herself was indeed Kirika – but the weapon she had wasn't as flimsy. It was her real Beretta M1934 pistol, aimed straight for Kirika's head. It didn't shoot, just held her at gunpoint. Kirika realized how this is how it must've felt when she assassinated people. She always waited for the opponent to show confidence, or to engage. Guess these monsters are no different, she thought.
- The Walker eyes widened at the fire breathing man, and weaved away from the attack that would have killed it. Kirika saw this, and fired three rounds. Knowing this opportunity would strike, the shadowy creature dodged two shots, but got nicked by the third shot in the leg, causing it to slow for a second. Kirika wasn't sure if she should get in close for the kill, maybe shoot a round into its mouth, so she stared at the man helping her from her peripheral vision, as if asking him how she could help. Unplanned hits were not really her way of doing things, but she was ready for anything
- Kirika knew what the copy would do in this situation. After all, she did it before, against someone with a broadsword. As the stranger ascended, she bolted to a different vantage point, knelt down, and readied herself for the signal. The copy raised the pistol in her hand, but not to shoot. The side of the gun caught the blade, leaving it deadlocked. The young assassin's eyes narrowed. She didn't have the luxury to miss. Her hands steadied; her breathing slowed. Then she unloaded shell after shell, hitting the doppelgänger in the side of the abdomen over and over. The Mist Walker did exactly what she needed – it crippled. She looked at the ninja with fierce eyes, trying to tell him to go for the kill.

- Kirika exhaled, closing her eyes. She kept them closed for a few seconds, as if praying for the soul of the Mist Walker. She did feel terrible...but it wasn't the terrible grief about killing someone. Most people dying by her hand didn't sadden her. She didn't feel a single shred of remorse for murdering someone – and that was the problem. She should be feeling something. But it just wasn't there. She held back the tears, because she realized now wasn't the time. Opening her eyes and standing up, her face reverted to her usual blank expression. As she walked up to the stranger, she put away her toy gun, and quietly mumbled, "Are...you okay?"
- "Mmm," replied Kirika, nodding with a straight look on her face. Taking in a breath of fresh air to clear her head, she watched the white balls of fluff inch across the vast sky above her. This was her first hit, in this world. And the first time she met a real life ninja, one that can summon fire from his mouth. Every moment she lived in this city, things just seemed to get stranger and stranger. Still, it seemed she was getting more and more accustomed to it now. "Thank you," the assassin turned to the young boy, looking at him with eyes of gratitude.

Badou (3679: Fantasia Event):

- Kirika was on her way home. She had a long day today, especially after all the people she had to convince not to fight her. She had visited the other kingdoms on a leisurely stroll – she quickly realized that wasn't a great idea. The cafes denied her service because of where she was based, and some people even tried to attack her. She didn't have to kill anyone, thankfully, but it wasn't something she wanted. Sure, her assassination work under the name Noir was bloody – countless people died for her sake, all because Altena willed it – but that was something she learned from. She hadn't been hired for a job since she arrived in this strange world. As she had learned from someone, Noir wasn't a thing before her arrival, with those back alley posters she hung up. Back on Earth, the name Noir haunted every family in Europe for centuries, maybe even millennia. There wasn't a single person who didn't know the name. Now she had to build her credibility from scratch. As she made her way up to her house door, she smelled the scent of cigarettes, which was not something she smelled from her roommates. Realizing it must've been someone else she didn't know, she stopped, holding on the doorknob. She waited for an answer of a person, or to see if it was just a passerby.
- *The cigarette smell isn't leaving...* Kirika noted. She knew someone was here, for something. What it was, she couldn't pin. She had no leads; the stench was everywhere, too, so she could only go off her hearing and sight to deduce information. Slowly and deliberately, she took her hand off the doorknob. She tried to sense any danger. *None*, she realized. That left her with very few options. She decided to go big for this one. She pulled her pellet gun out of the pocket of her white hoodie. Closing her eyes, Kirika raised her pseudo weapon into the air, and with all the hope she could gather, fired a single shell into the sky as a warning shot, making a mediocre sized *bang*.
- Kirika whips around to face the window. She finally found the culprit — a long haired man with an eyepatch. Sighing to let go of the nerves, the young assassin prepared for

what could possibly a fight to the death. Lifting her pistol to her face, she slowly crept towards the window. Once she reached the window pane, she closed her eyes, mustering her courage and strength. Pushing the window open, she aimed the fake pistol at the man's forehead and declared, "I am Noir! If you fear the heart of darkness, you'll tell me why you're here!"

- Kirika's eyes narrowed. Not a single word felt genuine to her. For a moment, the grip on her pistol tightened, as she continued to keep a straight face. What feels like an eternity passed, as the humid air that caressed her face swirled chaotically into the household. She sized up the eyepatch man once more, from head to toe this time. Try as she might, she wasn't able to prove that this man wasn't who he said he was. Lowering the gun from the pale man's face, but not putting it away, she quietly mumbled, "...I see." Whatever gusto she had earlier seemed to evaporate, leaving what seemed like a sweet and fragile teenage girl.
- Kirika silently shakes her head. She's never heard of a person like that, although she feel like she should. Then again, she never really pushed herself to interact with anyone until they interacted with them. Still... "I could help you...if you'd like," she offers, seeing the situation this person found himself in.
- Kirika shakes her head, her brow furrowing into a frown this time. "No!" She said, a little more anxious than she wanted to be. Taking a deep breath, she reverts back to her emotionless and quiet self. "I just...wanna help," she mumbled, looking at the floor. "It's something I enjoy doing, in a way..." She wasn't lying, either. Her whole purpose as Noir was not only to govern the souls of the dead; she had more good things to offer than just being a sinner who bears the sins of mankind. She had another purpose, a purpose she much preferred over hurting and killing others. She had to guide the souls of others to a better life. She existed solely to make a difference in other people's lives. "Please," she offered. "Let me help you."
- Kirika seemed to be pondering something. She thought long and hard about what she should do. This didn't even concern her, to be fair. But if this man really was going to do as he just said, then she had to make up her mind now. "...How much for the hit?" the young girl asked, under her breath.
- Kirika looked down at the floor. Killing always put her in the same situation – she always felt empty. She hated that feeling. It made her abhor herself sometimes. Fiddling with the BB gun in her hand, she began to think out loud. "Is that...really an option?"
- She looked at the man, slightly surprised he offered something on something she didn't think she said out loud. When she realized it was said aloud, all she quietly said was a muffled "...I see." She decided to put away the weapon into her jacket pocket. She didn't felt like she needed it, and she had to ask this person a question that's been bugging her. "What is your relationship with this...Bosely person?"
- Kirika nodded, understanding what he was going to do. Kirika wasn't really the person who pressed people on assassinations; Mireille had a much more confident aura around her, and made most of the 'squeeze this goon' type interactions. Regardless, her eyes narrowed, and she asked, "What information?"

- Kirika, satisfied with the answer given, lets out a sigh. Any information would be good right now, she knew. She just had one more question: "What are you waiting for, then? We can develop something to make him talk."
- Kirika simply shakes her head no. She learned from her suffering in the past, and the pain it wrought others. She'd learned from that – she hoped. Although, this didn't seem like a situation that would push her over the edge. It was just a job, after all.
- Kirika nods, ready to help. She told herself she'd trust this man's skill, and his orders. She really didn't speak at all during missions, but she was ready for anything. Making her way to where the long haired teenager stood, she stood behind him, waiting for him to make the first move, or issue orders.
- Kirika's eyebrows raised, caught off guard. "Huh? Um...I can cook something for you, if you'd like," she offers. "We also have tea." She opens the door to her come, ready to let the eyepatch man make himself at home.
- Kirika follows the man into her own apartment, heading straight for the kitchen. Opening the fridge, she surveyed what she had. Looking at the person, she asked, "Is...a grilled cheese sandwich okay?"
- Kirika shakes her head. "No no, it's fine. You're my guest, after all." She smiles. She never really had guests. The only one she can think of was Chloe, and that's because Chloe barged into their apartment without being invited when Mireille opened the door. "Unless...you'd really appreciate if you'd do it yourself," she noted.
- Kirika simply nods. She pulls out some bread, a block of cheese, and a cube of butter. Grabbing a kitchen knife by the blade end, she nonchalantly twirls it in the palm of her hand until she holds the hilt of the knife in her hand, and the 15 year old starts cutting slices of cheese onto a loaf of bread. When she's done one prep of a sandwich, she throws half of the cube of butter into the pan, before cutting the cheese for the second grilled cheese. As the butter melted in the pan, she looked at the man across from her. She had talked quite a bit to him for someone she's never met, but she assumed the circumstances of meeting were a bit different. "Um..." she started. She wanted to ask the persons name, but it might not be necessary. She remembered the last time she tried to connect with a stranger outside of work. He got shot because of her line of work. "...No, never mind," she mumbled, almost to herself.
- At this rate, Kirika has gone onto preparing the next sandwich. As she slices off shaves of cheese onto the second grilled cheese, she says, "I just...wanted to know your name." When the butter is fully melted, Kirika puts one of the first cheese sandwiches into the skillet, pressing it down with a spatula. The cookware makes an audible sizzle, as the teen focuses on making sure the bread and cheese doesn't get burnt.
- Kirika nods at Badou's answer. "...Thank you," she mumbled, flipping the first sandwich onto its other side, as the now gooey cheese oozes out of sandwich itself. After a few more minutes, Kirika comes out with two grilled cheeses, places one in front of Badou, and silently takes a seat across from him. Grabbing her sandwich, she takes a bite out of her food, and chews quietly.
- "Mhm," Kirika says, food still in her mouth. She wondered how Badou got in such a dangerous line of work. He didn't seem like the type to get into sticky situations

willingly...Kirika was trained from birth for killing. It's what she *does*. Badou didn't seem the same As she pondered this, she takes a couple bites out of the sandwich.

- She shakes her head. He didn't mind him looking around, but it wasn't anything out of the ordinary. Granted, there wasn't the pool table she used to sit at to do just about anything, and it was much bigger than the flat in Paris, but it just was a normal house. She could choose to live a normal life, for the most part. Joining the police force instead of murdering an army of mooks seemed tempting, but then it just felt she was giving up her only connection to back home.
- "A...hobby?" Kirika hadn't taken up one in a while. She once tried to take care of a lost cat once as a hobby, but she ended up having to kill the owner as her job. The only other hobby she thought of was..."I used to paint for fun," she mentions, quietly. "Not anymore, though." A sort of sadness flashed through her face, before it disappeared entirely.
- She nodded. "I'll...consider it," she said, as honestly she could. Though she really didn't see her picking up hobbies if she could hurt someone again. She was just kind of tired of doing that. But as the leisurely walks she took got longer, the more she felt she was missing something.
- Kirika sits silently. She nibbles at her sandwich, and is seventy five percent done with the sandwich. She didn't have much to say right now.
- Kirika huddles closers to the map, to get a good look. "Any place we should find him in particular?" She asked, serious.
- Kirika had never heard anything that initially ludicrous in her mind in a long time. But the more she gave it thought, the more it made sense. Keeping a straight face, she simply asked, "What's the plan?"
- Kirika ponders the plan. Everything seemed alright, save for one thing. "Hm," she mumbles. "What about the guards? Wouldn't they come running?" On top of this, she had one more thought. "And couldn't he just run out the bathroom door? Maybe I should come from the ground while you go through the vent. We meet at the bathroom," she suggested, tracing the route from the back door to the the toilet.
- Kirika nods. "I can handle the guards if anything goes wrong. You don't need to hurt anyone if you don't want to," she says. Kirika didn't want Badou to do anything he didn't want to...and it didn't seem he'd want to kill anyone.
- Kirika pauses. She really didn't know how to respond to that one. She didn't want to kill, that's for sure. But a job was a job, so she'd do it anyway. She's swallowed her emotions several times over killing people she cared about. This would be easier then those times, after all. "...I'll be fine," she remarks, after being silent for a bit.
- "I see," Kirika said. She was okay with anything, really. The less complications, the better, of course, but if anything were to go wrong, Kirika would take full responsibility. It's the least she could do if she's going to follow Badou's lead.
- Kirika pulled out her BB gun, and started to prep it for the job. Taking out several empty magazines from her duffel bag, and began filling them with pellet ammunition. "I'll be ready to go in a sec," she said. "Just have to prepare."
- After a few minutes of filling magazines, Kirika sighs, and searches her bag for a cloth. After finding it, she grabs her weapon, and closes her eyes. Like a quick machine

programmed to do a task thousands of times over, her hands disassemble the gun and clean each part to make sure it doesn't malfunction. After doing so, she begins to reassemble the gun. Only then does she open her eyes again, and replies with, "I'm ready."

- Kirika stands up, slips the gun in her pocket, and nods. She starts heading towards the door, and once she's there, she leans against the frame, waiting for Badou
- Kirika doesn't do much. She simply walks outside the door, following Badou in silence.
- Kirika takes a point of a guard, watching out for any people who could spot them. She didn't find any, but she stayed vigilant regardless.
- "Mmm," shot back a focused Kirika, with a small nod. Watching Kirika, it seemed like she was aware of everything. Nothing could get past the petit teenager, and she was going to make sure nothing went wrong.
- Kirika's breathing slowed, getting quieter. The more time she spent like this, the sharper she got. She hoped she wouldn't give into her anger and hatred — Her other self, she thought of it. She'd learned the hard way that destruction and malice isn't what she wanted. Not in the slightest. So she kept calm, and let the energy of her surroundings gently flow through her.
- Kirika nods, with determination. As Badou heads towards the vent, Kirika quietly takes the corner in the opposite direction, heading for the back door so the two don't get grouped together as suspects. Eyeing the back door, she sees three guards, laughing it up. Slowly, she sneaks onto one of the guards. Restraining the goon, she put the fake gun to his head. "Hey!" Yelled the guard next to them. "Get outta here, and put the gun down!" He pulls out his own revolver, as the barrel glints in the moonlight. Kirika stays silent, her head exposed behind the guard. Frustrated, the guard fires. *He took the bait*, went Kirika's brain. Quickly, she jolts the guard into the trajectory of the bullet, and the man falls. Running forward, flipping and rolling around to become a harder target, she grabs the other man's tie, and begins to choke him. "What the hell?" The third man says, pulling out his gun. "This chick is insane!" The clack of Kirika's faux gun immediately aims itself at the third mook. Though the gun was fake, it looked very real, and that fear alone was enough to keep the third man in check as the second one suffocated. As the last bit of life was squeezed out of the second man, she drops him onto the floor, picking up his gun. With the silver pistol, she held the last man at gunpoint. For a few minutes, she did not fire. The last man looked noticeably nervous. He knew he shouldn't have picked up that shift today, and yet, his man Kyle really had to go to that wedding. He just really had to do him a solid, didn't he? "Please..." he begged. "Don't kill me! I have a family, and my wife will be so disappointed! I wasn't even supposed to work today—" *Bang*, said the gun, not really interested in the conversation they were having. As the man fell, Kirika let herself into the area, ready to do her job.
- Kirika's legs move her as swiftly through the route as possible. The guards whom she killed caused quite a stir, so the other people on the clock were kinda panicked. They ran everywhere, but Kirika knew how to stay hidden. As she made it to the bathroom door, she cocked the gun in her hand, waiting for a second presence to appear behind that door.

- Kirika begins to fiddle with the knob to unlock the door. She looks at the floor, and her eyes widen with an epiphany. *It's made of wood*, she realized. Using the butt of her pistol, she strikes the floorboards, and a wood chip breaks loose. Using the wood chip, she picks the lock on the door, and with an emotionless face, she slowly walks in as the door creaks. She doesn't say a word, not even a nod of acknowledgement to Badou. She simply raises the lethal pistol and aims it at Grody.
- The grip on the stolen gun tightens. Kirika is used to seeing this kinda stuff in her time in the European underground, so she really isn't phased. If the information was valuable, great. If not, then *c'est la vie*. So Kirika stood, still as a statue, as if she wasn't alive at all...and with the dull expressionless face, it almost seemed like she wasn't.
- Kirika really had a hard time sympathizing with the man on the toilet after all that. It wasn't a dislike, thank God, but there was definitely a bad taste in her mouth from hearing all that. Still, she had to stay firm. She nods at Badou, signifying she has everything she thinks she needs.
- Kirika was calm for a few minutes. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary, so she kept on guard. Then she felt it. The nearby presence of people, and lots of them. All with the intent to kill. A quiet gasp escaped her lips, before her eyes narrowed and she hid herself behind the doorframe, gun at the ready. "...We're surrounded," she says, not looking at Badou.
- She nods, determined. She also knew she could take everyone here, but that's not something she really was into doing right now. She brushes off some dirt on her denim miniskirt, and asked "What about the man?"
- Kirika nods. Jumping onto the toilet head and vaulting herself into the vent, she quietly followed Badou to God knows where
- She nods, stopping right behind Badou. "What's the plan?" She asks
- "Evacuating?" Kirika asks. If that's the case, she hopes it goes well. She didn't want to end up in a sticky situation – that usually means more casualties.
- Kirika nods, with a huff of underst. This probably wasn't the most...tactful choice, but it's one she was used to. If she could take out an army of mooks on the rooftops of suburban Paris, she could definitely do an escape act on them.
- Kirika darts forward as fast as her little legs take her, right behind Badou. Leaping forward into a somersault motion, she rolls onto the next rooftop, in one fluid motion. Panting, she attempts catching her breath. Then there was that feeling again. She felt someone making their way up to the roof. Instinctively, she whipped out her BB gun and fired, like lightning. The bead hits a guard, making him grab his stinging shoulder and fall off. Kirika turns back to Badou, a sense of urgency on her face.
- Kirika nods, and she then explodes forward, gun at the ready. Slowly, she felt more and more people dot around her. She began to run faster, hoping Badou could keep up.
- Kirika follows, as fast as she could go. Spending pellets like a millionaire, she fires back at the men trying to kill them. Hopefully, they were like the Soldat goons she faced, or the Storm Troopers she watched on TV.
- Kirika begins to slam shut any other possible openings, and once she does, she pulls her stolen gun and begins to empty an entire magazine into the wall. What it leaves is a

hole, no larger than a bullet. Kirika begins to look through the hole, in case anyone were to come this way.

- Kirika heard footsteps. They were definitely coming this way, but she definitely expected as much. There was no way into this place; and no way out. As she reloads the gun, she notices someone through the tiny bullet hole she just created. With no hesitation, she fires, and the man across the wall falls. She then looks at Badou. She drops the real gun she just loaded, and slides it across the floor to Badou's feet. She looks at Badou, slightly expectantly, and nods. She hoped Badou was okay with using a gun, if anything went south.
- Kirika runs to Badou, and nods at Badou. "If we can get to someplace where they can't attack, maybe we can lose them," she says. "Know anywhere with a lot of people?" She asks
- Kirika nods. Emptying a magazine, she breaks a window on the side and throws the magazine. Sure enough, the ruckus brings the goons running to the side.
- Kirika was a bit startled by the force Badou grabbed with her, so she was trailing behind for a few minutes. Eventually, she managed to match the pace Badou was going at, and they ran together.
- Kirika nods. She doesn't think she could be....badass, but she could act casual. And so she did just that.

Karen (279):

- Kirika's legs ached. She's tried to avoid killing anything for the first few minutes, but it seemed that wasn't going to happen. Her heart thumped hard in her rib cage, as the five monsters surrounded her. Panting and sweating, she realized that she had no choice on what she could or couldn't do. Giving in to what she knew best, she reached into the pocket of her white hoodie, and a loud *bang* came from it. The nine millimeter Corto bullet shredded a hole through the pocket, and into the abdomen of one of the shadows. As the first creature begins to disintegrate, the young assassin pulls out her pistol of choice – the Beretta M1934. As another shadow tries to come from behind, Kirika elbows it in the chest, before tackling it onto the ground and aiming her gun. Before she can shoot, however, she senses danger behind her. Rolling off into a backflip, she watched as a small dagger from the shadow that ambushed her kills its own comrade, before shooting another shot at the monster who made the mistake in the first place. Then Kirika's eyes widened. She felt the presence she felt before – only this time, it was already attacking. Kirika felt the hands of the monster grab her throat, and she began to struggle against the thing that was suffocating her.
- Coughing and kneeling, Kirika softly touches where she had been choked. Slowly, she turned to the person who saved her life. "Karen...?" Kirika smiled. "Thank you," she said. "I'm fine now." Standing up, her face reverted back to her default straight face. "But this isn't over yet," eyeing the last humanoid figure.

Flonne (210):

- Kirika sat at the cliff of Savior's Respite in the Archimedes Ward, with a brand new sketchbook and paintbrush in hand. She had just purchased them from a dusty old shop in the Golden Ward, and the old lady there was full of energy and life. Kirika couldn't imagine herself like that, if she were being honest with herself. Then again, she was never really honest with herself in the first place. Dipping the brush in water, she observed the magical landscape. She hadn't painted in a long time. She lost the love for the hobby after a certain...incident. But after endless hours of just people watching, she felt she had to do something else, anything, to break the monotony. Maybe this was it. She began by dipping the brush in a baby blue for the sky. Most people, she heard from an old friend, sketched the scene out before painting, but the young assassin tends to follow her instincts and heart. So, she took the brush and blotted it on the top border, and started to move it back and forth. That's when she heard footsteps behind her. Putting the brush down on the grass, she turns to see who managed to come out to such a quiet spot.

Kay (35):

- Kirika stares blankly at the person whom she just heard say that. She definitely wasn't going to do anything about it right now, but even as an assassin, the stare she gave seemed very slightly...disapproving.

Pale King (468):

- Kirika had been quietly enjoying her time watching people pass by, and sit down in the crowded cafe. It was kind of relaxing...especially when she knew she had a job later tonight. Her sources said that the targets would be here later, but she came early nevertheless. She's quickly learning that, after the Soldats, not everything had to be work. Still, next to her waist and under the table, out of sight, sat a loaded pistol with a silencer on it. She had bought this one recently – a Walther P99. Not her favorite gun by any means, but since Mireille used this brand, it made her feel closer to home. She wore her regular outfit today, too – blue tank top, white hoodie, and denim miniskirt. As she sat, she took another bite of the mini sandwich the cafe gave her. That's when she heard someone call out to her. What she saw was something she couldn't comprehend. Whoever, or whatever, it was, it looked like it belonged in some metroidvania game that hasn't come out yet. But the thing spoke, and she could understand it. She understood that she wasn't dreaming, at least. Living in Paris wasn't like living in Isola. Kirika didn't think she could come to terms with the weird stuff here. She looked at the plastic cup, and then looked at the expectant thing looking at her. The young assassin simply nodded, with a "Mhm," mumbled out of her mouth to indicate she had, indeed, seen the material before.
- Kirika continued to stare blankly at...whatever it was she was looking at. As it continued to sip from the drink; boba tea, it seemed to be; she briefly wondered if what she was

looking at even had a mouth. It seemed to, but where it was, the assassin would never know. After a few minutes of relative silence, she finally answers. "It's a kind of plastic," she mutters. "Plastic can be used in multiple ways," she adds on, still mumbling

- It was at this moment that Kirika clicked the safety on the weapon she carried, without breaking eye contact. Quietly, she slipped the gun behind her back, and into the couch cushion. Even if she was on the job, the least she could do was reduce the risk of people next to her. "Plastic can be used to preserve other materials," she starts. "It can also be used as something to contain and hold liquids, like your cup." Kirika pauses, asking herself if she should continue. "There are other kinds, too. Some plastics can be molded into disposable utensils."
- Kirika shakes her head. "I'm not from here." She takes a breath, and wonders if she should order a drink, too. "But I'm human. The existence of fantastical worlds is always kind of...strange to me."

Shiroki (1434):

- Kirika wandered the streets of Isola, gun in hand. She had been through enough here to know that the streets get dirty when night falls. There was no moon tonight – perfect for a hit. She was supposed to kill some corporate mogul tonight or something, client was upset of the blackmail they faced. So, the legendary Noir set foot into the night. That's when she heard the sobs from someone, pinned to the ground by another killer on the prowl. "Who are you supposed to be?" Kirika's ears heard, as she entered the alleyway. Kirika simply stands and stares. She knew she could easily shoot them both without hesitation if she needed to. But Kirika wasn't really one to engage first without purpose, so she stood, silently without a muscle.
- Kirika continued to not say anything. However, she began to lean on the wall, and stared. After what seems like an eternity, she says, "I need some information. For a hit."
- "I kill people for a living," Kirika says, quietly. "It's second nature to me. I can kill without thinking about it, and I don't feel remorse for it." The young assassin's eyes well up a bit. Even if she was born for this, and has been killing since she was born, she could never shake the fear that her remorselessness would never leave her. After coming back to her normal, straight-faced self, she starts discussing the details. "They know I'm coming. Someone tipped them off. I need to kill the owner of a large hotel chain blackmailing their employee." Kirika's eyes widen for a second, and without breaking eye contact, she fires to the left of her, at the rooftop. There's a loud cry of a man, and his body falls and cracks his spine on the ground. His blood pools onto the floor, and his dead face lands straight in front of the poor sod pinned down by a boot. Kirika's face remains empty and emotionless. "I need a new way in," she asks.
- Kirika nods, silently. She walks up to the dead man, and with her pink ballet flat, removed the gun he was holding from his hand. Slowly, she reached into the puddle of blood, and picks up the gun. She had been switching out gun to gun for some time now, since she didn't have her own. That way, she didn't have to keep impaling people with

their sunglasses to get the job done. "I'll pay," she mentions. Then, almost to herself, she mutters, "Noir is a name for two people, after all."

- "I need a diversion," Kirika says. "Some new way in, with someone else covering for me." Kirika is a kind and fragile person, so deep inside, she's open to suggestions, but as long as it works, it works. Job's a job. "If you can bust through the front, I'll come through the back. We can meet in the center of the building or back here once everyone passes on. I've memorized the floor plan."
- "Down the street from here," Kirika says, pointing at a relatively tall building. The clouds hung low today, so you couldn't exactly see the the top. The tower was dark, save for one light that faintly shone through the clouds. She kneels down, next to the pools of blood. With her index finger, she started to draw what seemed like a floor plan of the building from memory. "Here," she circles. On the fourth floor. That's our target's office." "There's some emergency stairs that lead straight to that room. I'll take those, while you break through the front en route to the same room. If I don't make it in time, you can do the honors. We finish up, and head our separate ways. Try to leave no witnesses," Kirika says, standing up. "I'm not exactly sure we need to exchange names here, but I'm Noir." Kirika decides to go with her alias here. They might be in the same business, but professionalism was key here. "My name has haunted my world for thousands of years. Who are you?"
- Thirty years...That must mean that S has been in the business longer than her. Though she was trained from birth to kill, and her namesake she was given was a hard to track moniker — partly because people unbeknownst to its meaning steal it, and partly because Noir was multiple people across generations dating all the way back to the tenth century — she was still just a fragile teenage girl. No matter how many goons she stabs to death with the axle of a toy car, nothing beat cold hard experience. Though, her garish instincts were nothing to scoff at either. "...Right," Kirika starts. She doesn't know if she can trust this person, per se, but it's a gamble she'll have to take. "Let's go."
- Kirika simply nods. "...Alright," she says. Pulling out her gun again, she lowers it to her thighs, hunkering down. She closes her eyes, steadying her breath. That's when she heard footsteps coming this way. Her gun immediately raised, and fired with her eyes still shut. A thud of a body could be heard through the fog. Kirika then darts off by herself, without warning, heading for the back entrance. She hoped S wouldn't take this personally, but when it's go time, the killing machine she comes with doesn't have that great brakes. She was pretty sure S could handle himself anyway.
- Kirika zipped down the street, as fast as she could. Flipping around like an acrobat through enemy fire, these guys were just like the other goons everywhere else — bad. She didn't really understand how bodyguards could be so terrible at their craft. It's almost like the higher ups don't care about who they hire as long as they look intimidating — like the philosophy is that they're invincible anyway, so as long as the presentation is good, no one would bother. Too bad for them, Kirika's rent was on the line. So, as she finishes off the first few without a hitch, she sneaks up on four more, and listens in on their conversation. The man she was behind sighed, cussing to himself as he took out a pack of Marlboros, popped one out and lit it. The pale white smoke slowly

bellowed out before him, as he kept watch with other two guys and a girl, all in suits. “Yo, Nash,” one of the guys go. “Did you hear about the new fighting game Square Software Works is releasing? *FrozRed: Catch Hands*?” Nash removes the cigarette from his mouth, tapping some ashes down to the floor. “I have, Oro,” responds. “You know me, I play FrozRed hardcore. I’m really interested what they’ll give to my main, dude. Those anime fighters make this job worth it.” He chuckles. The woman clears her throat. “I hate to burst your bubble, gentlemen, but may I remind you we’re on the job, and hunting for an assassin that can be coming at any moment?” The seconds guy laughs. “Come on, Ibuki,” he starts. “You know 99% of the time that shit is a false alarm. People leaking rumors isn’t anything new these days.” “Remy’s right,” Nash points out. “We don’t have anything to worry abo—” Suddenly, Kirika begins to choke Nash, pulling on his tie as she aims a gun at Oro. Oro hesitates, and Ibuki and Remy start reaching for their weapons. Kirika fires at Oro, killing him instantly. Nash’s body goes limp, and the young assassin finds a pen in his blazer. Ibuki was ready for this, so she charged forward, katana in hand. Kirika’s head ducks, and she backflips back. Landing on her feet, she throws the ballpoint pen, and it pierces the guard’s jugular vein. Blood spurts from Ibuki’s neck, spraying over Kirika’s young face as the stern bodyguard falls. Kirika then quietly raises her pistol at Remy. Remy isn’t really amused by this, making a face that reminded Kirika of certain eyepatched smoker. “Shit,” Remy cusses to himself. “Just my luck, isn’t it? You let one thing slip out, and it happens. This is some commentator curse shit.” He clears his throat, and faces Kirika. “Alright, listen,” Remy starts. “I know that you’re here for our boss, not me. But consider: Most of us just need a paycheck. Kill him and you’d be putting everyone at ris—” **BANG**, says the gun. Turns out killing machines don’t really have feelings to think about all that, even if Kirika does. So Remy falls forward, and Kirika starts to take the stairs they were guarding.

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Mariko (33):

- Kirika looks at the lady who asked her the question. She really didn’t know what to do, or what she was asking. But, one sentence stuck out in particular. “Help...?” Kirika mumbled, curios.

Nanami (721: Cupid Shuffle Event):

- Kirika walks the streets of Isola, looking for any DevoLine products. If these were the cause of the chaos and destruction happening, she will destroy every last item made. And anyone else associating with it. So she walked around, gun brandished, and she noticed someone with a DevoLine product in their hand. Approaching the person, she aimed her gun, but did not shoot.
- Kirika continues to aim the gun. Her grip on it tightens. She did have the resolve to shoot—when you can’t feel remorse for committing murder, death starts to mean less,

after all. But she wasn't going to shoot. She didn't need to until there was a really a threat in front of her. "Drop the candy."

- Kirika doesn't respond to the person's words. She simply aims the gun down, and without hesitation, fires into it, shredding it into a million bits.
- Kirika saw the lady rush forward, with speed she wasn't ready for. Her eyes widened, and her brain went into overdrive. As a trained assassin with the best instincts a human could have, she pulled her gun arm away as fast as she could. But she already knew she was too slow. The blade caught her thumb, and dug deep through it. Kirika held back screams of pain, and seethed through her teeth as she pulled out from the blade. Jumping back, she fired at the woman, blood gushing from her hand. Following the bullet, she forced the barrel of the gun onto the sharp part of the hand, forcing the weapon that attacked her into a stalemate.
- Kirika felt the shockwave resonate through her body. It was kind of terrifying, feeling everything inside her pulse and vibrate. That's when she realized she wasn't touching the ground anymore. She was flying backward, actually. She tried to find her center of balance, but ends up dragging her knees on the cobblestone, scraping them badly. As soon as she regains her balance, she raises and shoots her gun as fast as humanly possible. This time, at the head.
- Kirika had to withdraw, and fast. She had to come from a different angle, anything, to get out of this hell hole. She crushed the sweets. Her goal was done. She was outmatched. She needed a tie, or a toy car, something, to stab her. So she got up, and ran. As fast as she could. That's when she felt something enter her thigh, almost slash it in half, and she screamed. She never screamed. But from all the fear, all the misery, all the *pain*, you're bound to break eventually. Just like a child's toy. She stumbles, but still stands. Limping forward, she tries her best to make it out.
- Kirika fell down to her floor. Her legs were weak, but she couldn't stop here. So began to drag herself across the floor. She still had ammo left — if she needed, she could shoot if this person, no, monster attacked again. Shakily and weak, she raised her gun, but didn't fire. It was a warning, a white flag stained in blood, making it a red warning flag; a sign that she will fight back if she attacked. With gun weakly raised, she pushed herself away with one arm. Crawling, slowly, to somewhere safe.
- Kirika turned the corner of the block nearby, to a yellow duffel bag that contained her medical kit. She panted heavily, slowly letting her weapon fall out of her hands. Her face arched in pain, as the dirty cobblestone cooled her bruised face. Slowly, she reaches for the medical kit in her bag. Opening it, she begins to patch herself up. She still feels the hatred pulse in her for all these goods, the goods that take out the good in people. She knew there was a store nearby she could raid. She just had to rest herself first before heading in, in case some magical girl with a gun happened to be there or whatever. She couldn't take too many chances today. So, after patching up, she sat on the floor, leaning against the wall of an old house that seemed ransacked. Looking over at the door, there was a sign that said "The Livre Family". It didn't seem like anything of value was inside, so Kirika sat, regaining her strength for her next strike.

Mami (323: Cupid Shuffle Event):

- Kirika wanders the store, looking for any products she could destroy. She was a little bruised and hurt from the fight she got in on the way here, but largely okay. The first thing she saw was a bouquet of DevoLine flowers. Roses, specifically. Picking them up, she dropped them to the floor, and stepped on them, crushing them under her weight. That's when she felt a presence, somewhere in the store. She didn't know where it was coming from, but it was definitely *here*. So, to hopefully scare or lure out the person, she raised her gun to the ceiling. Firing at the lights, the room suddenly went dark, and the crash of broken glass began to litter the floor. After the room was submerged in darkness, she began to grab items off the shelves and scatter them everywhere, adding to the sharp glass, to make a pseudo minefield. If the person were to ever step or make contact with anything on the floor, they'd be either fast enough to notice the bullet or on the floor bleeding out.
- Kirika whips around, immediately firing. She felt the presence become dangerous from behind her, and as a precaution, shot first and asked questions later. After firing a single round, she hunkered down in a safer spot, waiting for a move to be made. Most of all, she focused on her ears, waiting to hear any movement or sound. Anything whatsoever.
- Kirika's eyes narrow. There wasn't any really movement. She didn't know what exactly to do if she didn't gain advantage soon. So, quietly, she avoided the minefield she created to move to a vantage point where she could see where she fired last. She raised her gun, but did not move further. That's when she noticed the gun aiming at the statue. She didn't move her gun from where she was aiming, but she watched the statue, waiting to see what would happen.

Zenitsu (158):

- Kirika looked at the person in surprise. *Did...did that person just read my thoughts?* Her brain rang out. She couldn't fathom how well trained he was to hear something like that. It must've taken him decades, maybe even his whole life, to master that. Just like her and murder. If he could really hear everything inside her head, then she surmised that there really wasn't any point in hiding anything...Well, anything not too important. Staying vigilant, she replies with a soft "Mmm" of acknowledgement, and her eyes dart to the sparrow. It reminded her how much she loved animals, and the last time she tried to take one in. A lost kitten in the streets of Russia on a trip abroad, by the name of Prince Mishkin. Turns out the owner was the person she was paid to kill. She hasn't really considered getting a pet since, but she'd be damned if the sparrow wasn't super cute.

Manako (198):

- Kirika felt like going window shopping today. She didn't know what it was, but she felt like she wanted to do something. Killing people was the same old, per usual. No important hits recently; seems like outside of the NPCs and occasional times this world

malfunctions every two months or so, it was too peaceful to make a consistent living off murder. So to her dismay, she had to overcharge. Spring time was always nice, so she donned her big floppy sun hat today, along with the baby blue dress. As she stared into the windows of art shops, skipping over the bookstore windows, she felt the gaze of someone behind her. Turning around, she simply met the person's stare, gazing back with a straight face.

- Kirika continues to silently stare. She didn't hate this person, nor did she seem terrible. "It's...okay," she mumbles in response. She didn't have a weapon today. Just her duffel bag, filled with medical supplies. She didn't have a job today, so this was really just a nice walk for her. Approaching the bench, she eyes the spot next to the person. "May I sit...?" She asks, calmly but with an uncertain apprehension.

Li (410):

- Kirika was surprised that someone was trailing her. Usually, she could notice that kind of stuff, but she guesses she let her guard down — didn't expect the ambush either. That was a sign she needed to change her route home more often. The remaining shards of mooks of a corrupt business she took out the CEO of with some killer who stomped someone's brains out the first time they met still nick at her, months after. She managed to draw her gun in time, but not soon enough to shoot. The secret was out that she was going to murder them, but this man simply just offered her tea. Not one to turn down a nice cup of one, Kirika slips the weapon into her pocket and mumbles, "Sure."
- "I like a lot of tea," the young teen mentions. "Tea brings me a lot of fond memories." Kirika wasn't lying there. Kirika has had a lot of good pasttime with tea. Mireille and Chloe, namely, but even here with Karen here in Isola. Though, it's been a while since Kirika was able to get in touch with Karen. It's like she wasn't here at all. She doubted they'd talk again for a while. "...Kirika Yuumura. That's my name," she mumbles. "Or, at least, that's what this fake ID I found with my face on it says. But whoever I used to be is long gone now. I'm my own self now." She pulls out the ID, showing Li the forged ID she found waking up one day.
- "I don't have one," Kirika mentions. "I tend to try a little bit of everything." She observes the tea shop, and appreciates the homey feel. Livin in the suburbs of Paris had made her love for this kinda grow. She couldn't really tell, but something about the quiet tea house made her happy. "Is this place...any good?" She asks.
- "...I'll take oolong, today. It's been quite a while," she mentions quietly. The last time she had tea with someone else with another Isolan she went with a tea she usually got — chamomile tea. Traveling the world on assassination missions had broadened her food tastes quite a bit. The last tea she had before her home in Paris was shot up was an orange pekoe tea. Needless to say, variety was nice to have when you drink it almost constantly. "Don't worry about paying, by the way," she mentions. "I've got this."

Percival (1025):

- Kirika was in one of those people-watching moods today. She had been killing a lot more, since NPCs tend to get panicked every other event. She's gotta hand it to the higher-ups, it really did help pay the rent when every person wants to wrap up unfinished business. It was moments like those that helped pay for this nice glass of orange juice. It was a nice getaway from all the bloodshed recently, since the event was over. A treat for her mind and for her taste buds. Then someone particularly interesting walked by. His hair was a fiery red, like a lion's unkempt mane. Kirika could tell by his demeanor that he was extremely prideful, the kind of pride that expected to achieve greatness. While she didn't mind these kinds of people, they were definitely rarer to come by. So when her gaze was met and confronted, she turned her eyes down and away, to avoid any more issues.
- Kirika looks straight at the person. She realized that maybe ignoring the person wasn't the smartest idea. Though her eyes were heavy and dull from constant murder, she knew her eyes didn't become sharp again. She wasn't a heartless killer...yet. She knew she could revert back into her primal instincts at any moment. She had to be careful to prevent that.
- "Oh, uh..." she quietly mumbles. "I like your hair," she compliments, sort of flustered.
- "...I'm alone, Kirika says. "But I don't know who my birth parents are, anyway." She stops sipping from her glass, and tries to soften her look. She could feel the stiffness coming off the other person's body; being next to a murderer does that sometimes, but just because you kill doesn't mean you don't care for life. Kirika hums to herself, in thought. She had a feeling that she couldn't just ease tensions just by saying things. So after a bit, she tapped on the table across from her, signaling for the man to sit across from her, in the vacant chair. "I can get you something off the menu," she offers. "I have an excess amount of money from work."
- "I am certain I can afford you something, if you so please," Kirika replies, courteously. "It's only fair, after all." Kirika takes another sip of the orange juice. The semi-acidic taste of the orange hits her palate, as she closes her eyes. Although her face remains expressionless, her soul really savors every second of the flavor, healing her heart from her job. After a long, quiet sip, she puts her drink back down, and looks straight at the person across from her. She hopes that the man would make himself comfortable, but, of course, he was right to be on edge. She hoped that this gesture of acceptance would at least get him to lighten up. Even if she chose not to answer the question for what she got paid to do, she would try her best to ease his mind.
- Kirika quietly ponders the thought. After a few minutes of silence, she answers. "That may be true," she admits. "Life is easier here than back home in Paris. But I would take that harder life any day of my life over this one." Her head lowers, in a melancholic contemplation. "For...a long time," she starts, "I was always alone. I had no one. I had nothing. But then...I met someone so dear to my heart that they mean the world to me. With her, I felt...happy. But there's no going back to such beautiful emotions right now. I can't go back. I've spent a lot of my time running...I won't do the same here."
- Kirika sits quietly, palms on her lap under the table. She might've gotten a little too personal for her taste there. It was kind of strange, how a man like a burning lion could

just nonchalantly pick up on her hand; not necessarily a joker in play, but two jacks and a nine of spades. Cards with no backs show a lot, after all. So after a bit of contemplation, she nods silently. She had a lot to say, but she didn't know how to say it. She almost felt...frozen. And she hasn't felt frozen like this for a bit.

- Kirika looks up at the man. The advice was sound, but Kirika still didn't know how to feel. She almost felt like she was already used to the silence—like she was destined for it, for a very long time. But she couldn't tell for sure. She didn't think she ever could. So, looking at herself in her liquid mirror, she wondered to herself if she even had a choice to avoid those 'wrong actions' he spoke of. The assassin had known people who could talk about their problems like it was nothing. For her, it was a struggle to put anything into words. Like it was her destiny to be Noir in the shadows, it very well could be her destiny to stay silent forever. But, advice was advice, and Kirika knew this was actually very useful for her growth as a person...even if she didn't know if her heart was ready for that yet. "...Right," came the single word response she mustered. The frozen feeling was gone now, but she felt sorta lost on what she should be saying. She wasn't exactly brave or smart to be articulate about everything around her.
- Kirika nods. She hasn't been particularly busy today; She didn't have many hobbies that were really interesting talking points. It was kind of hard, thinking about hobbies she dropped. She never had the time, she kept telling herself, even if the truth was that she felt guilt from the things that happened in her past. But that was enough thinking about that. She could reflect another time. "...I haven't done much today," she responded. "Work has been hard, so I'm taking a break to enjoy the things I really enjoy." She takes another sip from the orange juice in her hands, before breathing in some fresh air. "I woke up, watered the house plant, and now I'm here, enjoying the outdoors."

Nabor (310):

- Kirika has been waiting for a while. While she didn't mind it, with the outdoor seating and good view of the sunset cooling itself off in the ocean water, her bread basket was empty now, and her need to eat was driving her crazy. She doesn't remember ever experiencing this phenomenon; cooking every night was the go to for her, but it seems that treating yourself in emergencies was a good habit she's starting to develop. Turning to the person asking the question, she stared quietly at first. She had a hard time believing someone would just want to pay for her, but the more she surveyed the person's demeanor, the more she was convinced he was sincere. So, without a word, she nodded a "yes".
- Kirika slowly gets up from her table. Walking over with her blank face still intact, she slides a barstool over, and climbs atop the bit-too-tall seat, looking over at the person. She thinks on the question for a second. She realizes she hasn't—and that was kind of surprising. It was probably a huge fad back home, that a master chef would do party tricks while cooking your food. Guess she never had the time for it. So, she answers with a quiet "Nuh-uh."
- Kirika quietly shakes her head. "I used to think that all these monsters, these weird creatures that roam this isle, that it was all otherworldly; people like you didn't really exist

in my world. But I realized that a lot of those so called 'demons' aren't terrifying at all. In fact, humans are more monstrous, generally. We do anything to escape our sins, but then fall deeper into sin as a result." "It took a lot of getting used to, since I never really enjoyed stories, or fiction. But, as it became more present, I thought on it more," she explains.

Shulk (294; Proxy Event):

- Kirika wandered through the city, as the moon rose and shrouded her and the city in darkness. Gun in hand, she hears the buzz of the people around her — a child, with a gun she knows how to use. Altena taught her so, after all, so she could become Noir. Her words echoed in the child's head, over and over, like a looping tape. *"It is in the nature of man to commit sin; and no matter how he struggles, no man can escape that fate. It is, therefore, our duty to soil our hands for the sake of man. Just as the sins of the Soldats of Old were committed in atonement for the sin of man himself. Noir will commit sin upon sin...the history of sin will be repeated without end, for all eternity."* Killing was all she knew. She had nothing else. But, without orders, she couldn't really act on killing others. She didn't know who to kill. And that's when he saw there was a blond haired boy, trying to get her attention. Kirika does not aim the gun at him, though she can feel the urge to, creeping all over her. She simply nods.
- Kirika remains expressionless. The boy was of no threat to her, so she didn't need to do anything. Just because sinners struggle doesn't mean they escape. While they were in the same situation, it certainly does not make them friends. Kirika simply nods again to all the questions, and says what she goes by: "Noir," a childlike voice mumbles. Kirika stares at Shulk's hand. After what seems like thirty seconds of contemplating the best course of action, Kirika turns away. "Follow," she asks him, and without taking his hand, she begins to walk forward.

Ai (304; Proxy Event):

- Kirika instinctively raises her gun. She had never seen such a creature, and honestly, it was a little terrifying. When you live isolated from the world in a place forgotten by history, you don't see much. The only things Kirika got to experience was slaughtering families and doing missions. And she didn't know if she'd have it any other way. Hidden away in the darkness, stolen away from her birth parents and raised by someone else, she lived by a philosophy she knew best: If love can kill people, then, surely, hatred can save them. So she kept her gun raised, and not once inch of her body shivered in fear. Even if it was really fear she felt, deep inside her core. When hearing the question, Kirika does not lower the gun. She simply shakes her head no.
- Kirika, for a few seconds, stays vigilant, with her tiny index finger firmly on the trigger. She wasn't on orders to kill, but fear was kind of a motivator of violence these days. But after a while of watching the unfamiliar enigma sit, she slowly lowers it. "Gun..." she starts, in a soft, meek voice. "...Mine. Belong to me," she says, in a broken language toddlers still learning how to speak understood. "Use it to clean people sin," she adds.

even if sometimes it was a little too late. So she strolled with her stolen pistol in her pocket, as well as her hands in her hoodie. She never really liked the mists here, but feeling lost wasn't new to her. It was almost like an old friend you didn't like anymore, really. So as her eyes squinted to see a man training, it was no surprise to her that she'd be noticed. Leaning on a tree, she stood silently, and watched.

The Beheaded (759):

- Kirika was on her way home from a hard night's work again. Murder has been becoming easier and easier recently, and Kirika took that as a signal that she needed to ease up. She really didn't want to murder just for the sake of it. There had to be a *purpose*. Something humane through it all. The fourteen year old wasn't a monster, even if she was working during an an eclipse. If new people knew of Noir a little early into their stay, Kirika wouldn't know how to feel. But, for now, she was exhausted. She checked her phone. 3:32AM. It was a little late, to be sure. All she wanted to do was sleep. Stabbing someone to death with the parts of a toy car really takes it out of you. So, as she walks, she feels someone approach her from behind. Her head swivels, although there's a small speck of blood still on her cheek. She's gotten used to such requests from new people. She was in the same situation once. Well, she didn't smell like a corpse, or have a flaming head, but she was in this position before nevertheless. So in silence, she mulls the text over. One thing stuck out in particular. "Why...do you need weapons?" She asks, tentatively.
- Kirika's eyes widen at the text. This guy was sharp. Not only could sense oncoming danger in this city, and was already trying to prepare — but noticed something was up with her. That she wasn't exactly — normal. That would mean he'd been hardened to weapons, and murder of some sort. "...How much Dust do you have? And how badly do you need one?" Personally, Kirika hadn't been buying her weapons. She's been stealing and scavenging for stray weapons of those she murdered, like a raccoon searching through trash. She could work with whatever she found, so it all worked out.
- "...*Malaise*? You speak French?" She asks. Wait, no...*Malaise* was French for 'discomfort.' The headless man wrote "the" before it, and it was capitalized; it was being used as something else. Kirika had known French almost all her life, and before she was whisked here, she quite literally lived in Paris. Even here, she kept under her old alias, which was also French — "Noir." Whatever it was, it didn't make sense. "Weapons don't come cheap...but you can scavenge if you get lucky," she mentions. She chooses to avoid how she knows this information, however — can't just give out her bread and butter like you would at a restaurant. "I've lived here for a year now," she mumbles, quietly. "Things have been...different since I was taken away from my home. Back where I lived, the concept of different worlds was just fantasy."
- "...A plague? Like the stuff you find in history books?" Kirika asks. The guests in her life had certainly changed. Like a castle who hosted amazing guests changing to serve time travelers, literal monsters, and now a mute animated corpse. Kirika didn't really enjoy reading books, or play video games, but this place was so much like those places that she regrets not paying attention to them. "...My world was pretty normal," she explains.

"Everything was...human, or a cute animal. I haven't even heard of the concept of parallel universes until I came here. I...didn't really read fiction growing up."

- Kirika's eyes widen, as a small gasp escaped her lips. "You...don't have a name?" She asks, delicately. "Then...we might be the same..." she mutters, pulling out an ID card. You can see her eyes well up, before becoming solid and determined. "...For a long time, I didn't know who I was," she explained. "I had no name, and didn't know anything about myself. All I found was a fake ID with my face on it. The lie known as Kirika Yuumura...But it's not a lie anymore. It's who I am. I built myself anew...." she stops suddenly, letting her thoughts trail off. "I'm sorry..." she starts. "I'm spacing out, aren't I?" She asks, with a tiny smile.
- Kirika nods, after reading the text. "Even if it's a lie, it's all I can be proud of," she says, confident. "I've hung on to uncertainty for a long time...Maybe I still do. But in these worlds of unatonable sins, you got to take from what you have, and be proud." "I'm not exactly proud of who I am, but I'm done running. I may be destined to live in the shadows, but that doesn't I can't make the most of it."

Rinnosuke (518):

- Kirika had always walked by the store, whenever she went to train deep in the Mistwoods. The sign above it was in Japanese, at least; *Kourindou*, it said. It was definitely not a shop she'd ever heard of before, but she didn't think people here could read the sign. Or maybe they could. Kirika had no real way of knowing. She only knew that she, herself, spoke dozens of languages, and Japanese was one. So as she stood still, she realized she began to become more curious at what the store was even about. She'd often heard that curiosity killed the cat, and if she was the cat's killer, she'd fall to it too...But if that was the case, it was probably worth looking into. So, as the assassin took a deep breath, she mentally prepared herself for what would hopefully be a quick detour; she could never tell how long she was going to do anything anymore. Like a good little monster scurrying back into its den, the 14 year old shoved her newly gained Beretta back into her sweater pocket, and heading in. As the door rang the tiny bell at the top, Kirika looked at the shelves, browsing the area silently.
- "Huh?" Kirika mumbled, her head swiveling towards the person. She didn't think the shop owner would be so...what was the word? Casual? Relaxed? She's not sure what to call it. It was kind of a comfortable, homey feeling, one she wasn't used to here in Isola. It almost felt wrong to her, but she wouldn't let her instinct take control of her like that. So, the assassin nods, silently. "I'm...just curious," she replies. Eventually, Kirika gasps, as she sees the little robotic puppy. They were like the ones in the Netwalk...it was kind of cute. Her face remained unchanged, but she continued to stare at the dog, unmoving.
- "...Hm," Kirika responds to the shopkeep, in content acknowledgement. She never really knew how to handle that stuff; giving a really satisfying response back. It was kind of awkward for her to, anyway, so she kept staring at the dog, unblinking. Slowly, she approached the robot dog. After kneeling to her height, Kirika stayed still for a moment,

to let the puppy get comfy with a new presence. After a bit, she softly says, "Hello, Laika."

- Kirika smiled a small soft smile at Laika. The murder never knew why, but she always felt connected to animals around her. It was a rare comfort for her, enjoying the presence of other people's pets. It was these isolated moments for her that really made Isola worth it, sometimes. It was this feeling of being heartwarmed in a blizzard of cold emptiness. It really made her feel...good. About a lot of things. As her hand made contact with Laika's head gently petting her, he heard the shopkeep ask something. At first, it shook her back to reality so fast that she thought she missed it. But, after a few seconds, her brain caught up. "...If you'd really like, I wouldn't mind purchasing something," Kirika says. "What do you sell?"
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