

Bloom III: Mutual Exclusivity

Justice vs The Right to Be Happy

開花III:排反のシェトナ ～正義VS幸せになる権利～

“For Corvan’s sage guidance and Devoss’s sisterly love both had nurtured something within Vivienne, a seed of empathy that blossomed and flourished, giving the ‘devil’ the capability to be considerate to even her worst mortal enemy.”

The Tragedy of the Village with No Name may be a fable told in modern Shetona villages, though unbeknownst to most, it is a very true story -- the story of Vivienne Everlinger, who did indeed kill a hundred Shetona that fateful night, in a moment of insanity and in self-defense.

To this day, Vivienne struggles to come to terms with her dark past; nearly every day, she questions whether she deserves to live at all, whether she deserves to be happy, whether she deserves to enjoy the blessings in her life, such as having someone to call Sister, going on trips to Sharlayan, eating delicious meals and sipping on fragrant tea.

She would discover the answer to those questions that burned within her... upon a chance encounter with Nahueni, a Shetona from her village who had survived the massacre, and who had directly caused Vivienne’s awakening as a Dark Knight.

Both Shetona have every reason to seek the end of the other’s life. In this story, a 28-year-old grudge is settled. Who will emerge victorious: Nahueni’s justice, brought about by ending the life of Vivienne, the killer of her family and village; or Vivienne’s right to life and her pursuit of happiness?

Chapter 1 Wake Up

Vivienne met Devoss at the edge of a cliff in Dravania. A place where they could be alone, where they could talk undisturbed. Devoss, a Viera, stood tall at a staggering six fulms and three ilms, her tan skin becoming slightly paler-looking in the bright moonlight. Vivienne, also a Viera (though they’re called Shetona in her homeland of Yyasulani), stood timidly, only being three ilms shorter than Devoss, yet appearing much

shorter with how much she slouched. Her ashen skin seemed to glimmer in the moonlight, contradicting her nervousness.

“H-hey...” Devoss called out.

“..... Hi,” Vivienne muttered.

“W-we need to talk...”

“..... Yeah.”

“... You pulled a *KNIFE* on her, Vivi...”

“But I... I had a good reaso-”

“In the middle of Chocoroni’s!!”

“She was a *Shetona*! Who knew my name!!”

“... Because I *told her about you*? Because you’re my sister and I’m proud of you??”

“But... I didn’t know that... if I knew that... I would’ve trusted you...”

“... You said you had a good reason. Let’s hear it.”

“..... But you’ll hate me. You’ll think I’m a monster.”

“... We’re both exiles from our villages, Vivi. Even if... you did something horrible, you’re... you’re the only one I can call sister. I won’t just... throw you away.”

“..... You won’t leave me? You promise?”

“... I promise. H-how bad could it be?”

“... Remember when I told you, Lettie, and Fia about the tragedy of the village with no name...?”

“Y-yes, I remember...”

“... I know we didn’t talk about it much after that, but... none of it was exaggeration, or for the sake of the story. It’s not like... I was just bullied and fought back, and people just added all the violence for the story. It was all true. I... I really did... kill all those people...”

“.....”

“.....”

“L-lords...”

Vivienne dropped to her knees, clutching at her own arms, rocking back and forth. "I... I really didn't mean to... I blacked out, and... I... When I came to, I was... Y-you think I'm a monster... You think I'm a devil child too..."

"N-no! No, I don't!" Devoss insisted. "Your village was so... so *awful* to you! And they were all about to *kill* you! I th-think it's fair to say you acted in self-defense..."

"Do... do you really think that...?" Vivienne could not bring herself to look Devoss in the eye.

"Y-yes, I do..." Devoss reassured her, sitting them both down. "P-please don't cry... C-come, rest your head on my shoulder. Let's... let's watch the sunrise together..."

And so they did, for a good while, their silence only interrupted by the burning question Devoss still had.

"Wait... b-but what does this have to do with you pulling a dagger on Miss Risque...?"

"... Not *everyone* in the village perished. Some got away, and there had to have been at least a dozen Shetona men who weren't in the village at the time," Vivienne explained. "So there's going to be Shetona who come after me, trying to get revenge... I've had a few try already."

"A-and... are they...?" Devoss asked nervously.

"Dead?" Vivienne asked bluntly. "Yeah."

Her emotions were almost cut off completely from her voice, as if she were protecting herself from feeling anything in the conversation to come.

"Vivi..." Devoss sighed. "You don't... *have* to kill them all, do you?"

"What else can I do?" Vivienne responded, uncharacteristically coldly. "Let them live? Sure, I'll let them get away. Let them come back and kill me in my sleep."

"It's been twenty-eight summers since then... And I can tell you're tired... of having to fend them all off, of holding onto that hate. Maybe they are too."

"I killed their *families*, Dev..."

"But I... um... humor me," Devoss timidly said. She fiddled around with her hands, her face showing uncertainty of whether she should say what she was about to say. "I read in a book about Shetona culture... that death... was not something to be overmourned..."

Vivienne's ears perked up slightly. Though she was Shetona, she had not been in touch with their culture for nearly three decades. She was, fundamentally, Eorzean through and through.

Devoss, noticing Vivienne seeming receptive, continues enthusiastically. "Th-they say that all Shetona return to nature when they die. To the forests and lands above. That they become in connection to life in all things," she explains. She puts a hand on Vivienne's thigh. "And that... those who remain living are watched over by those who have passed."

"... Well, that's... nice and all," Vivienne leans back. "But... what's that have to do with me? Or any of the Shetona coming after me?"

"Maybe..." Devoss's voice becomes saturated with wishful thinking. "Maybe you could remind them of that. Convince them. That the ones who have passed are watching over the living. And that instead of trying to take your life, they could... watch over each other."

Devoss continues. "People may be animals... b-but they can see reason. As long as they're people, and they can see reason... you can share common ground. It doesn't have to end with violence... I-I don't know, it's just..."

Devoss sighs deeply. "You just... you didn't deserve any of that. What happened to you in that village. And I don't want you to live the rest of your life so... paranoid. Always having to watch your back... Reaching for your dagger in the middle of a godsdamn *pizza parlor*... I want you to live your life to the fullest, Vivi. I want you to be happy."

"Devoss," Vivienne utters sternly, coldly. She lies back onto the grass.

"What makes you think I deserve to be happy?"

... ..

... ..

The sun's rays hit her eyelids, and Vivienne feels herself coming back.

"Mmm... a dream...?"

Vivienne awoke in a bed that wasn't hers.

'This isn't my apartment... where am I? Oh, right... I'm... in Sharlayan...'

Vivienne sat up in the bed in her inn room in the Andron, gathering her bearings.

"It's midday... I came to Sharlayan by ship... With Sister... I'm here to see Corvan at his cafe... Came to Sharlayan in the morning... Decided to nap... Oh, shi—"

She frantically checks her toimestone. "... I still have two hours. Mmmmmph," she flops back into the comfortable bed and rolls over, bear-hugging the fluffy pillow twice the girth of her slender frame.

"... I almost never dream... Why did I dream of... *that*...? That was moons ago... When we first met..."

Her grip on that fluffy pillow tightened evermore.

"... *Do I deserve to be happy?*" she whispered. Her body curled into the fetal position as she thought about her plans for the day and about her query to which she had all but convinced herself of the correct answer: she'd more deserve being killed by an assassin in the night.

Ruminating over such thoughts, she shed silent tears into her pillow, wishing it was her sister she was holding instead. All the while, she kept glancing at her toimestone, considering reaching out to Devoss. But as much as she loved her sister and wanted to hear her voice, she did not want to be a burden. And so she laid there for the remaining time, weathering the darkness in her own mind, alone.

Chapter 2 Not the Doctor

Two hours later, Vivienne, fully dressed and nearly ready to depart, gazed into the mirror and applied her signature black lipstick. She posed for herself in the mirror, attempting to exude confidence, poise, her 'dark sexiness' that she had taken pride in. She attempted, most of all, to mask the thoughts she had been having, for she could already hear Devoss's voice, usually meek and timid, but stern when reprimanding Vivienne.

'Of COURSE you deserve to be happy! Don't you EVER let me hear you say that again! Do you understand me?!'

“Euuugh,” she shudders.

“Keep it together, Wiviyihe,” she reprimands, pointing at herself in the mirror. “You are *not* ruining this date for us.”

Vivienne and Devoss had been on many sisterly dates, to various restaurants and cafes. At one point, to remind Devoss of home, they had even gone hunting together in the Ja Tiika Greenlands for branchbearer fruit, an ingredient they would gather for Vivienne to assemble a jelly dessert for them to enjoy next to a quiet lake. But this time was special, for Vivienne was introducing Devoss to an old friend, and vice versa. She wanted everything to go well.

Vivienne rested her hand on the doorknob, and took a few deep breaths.

“In... out... in... out... phew. Alright, here we go!”

She turned the doorknob and headed right out the door... only to run straight into Devoss, who had already been waiting right outside.

BONK!

“Oww!”

“Waugh!”

They had hit each other in a perfect headbutt. Devoss somehow remained on her feet, while Vivienne fell right onto her behind.

“What in the... Dev! Why aren’t you at the aetheryte?! We said we’d meet there!”

“... Is it s-such a crime...? T-to want to see you, Sister?”

Vivienne looked up at Devoss while comforting her own buttocks from the fall she took. Vivienne was visibly irritated, but the more she gazed upon Devoss’s face, the more she couldn’t help but smile. She quickly got up and wrapped her arms around Devoss in a loving embrace.

The two were not *truly* sisters, in the blood-related sense. Devoss hailed from the Golmore Jungle, while Vivienne was left in a forest village somewhere in Xak Tural. Vivienne had her past, infamously enough to become a horror story that had begun to be told in Shetona communities.

Devoss, on the other hand, exiled herself from her village out of shame, for she could not hear the voice of the Wood, a spiritual presence known to most Viera and Shetona. However, due to the decree of the Green Word, once Devoss had left her village, she became an exile for life, forever unable to return to her home or her family. Yet the

pain she felt from her own departure, stinging as it was, was nothing compared to her fear of being exiled by the ones she loved, that fear so great that she decided that night: she would rather bear that pain of her own departure than face even the *possibility* of exile.

Both the Viera and the Shetona bonded over their deep loneliness, and ever since the night they met, they felt a deep responsibility for each other's well-being. To this day, Devoss feels a responsibility to help Vivienne live her life to the fullest, while Vivienne feels a responsibility to be Devoss's family, in place of the family she could never return to.

The two hugged for several minutes in the doorway of Vivienne's inn room, before Devoss pulled away, blushing. "Erm, hehe... Sh-shall we?"

The moment Devoss pulled away from the hug, Vivienne reached for Devoss's hand, their fingers fitting in between each other perfectly. "Mhmm, let's go!" she exclaims, pulling out her tomes. "I've got the directions right here..."

And so they walked through the scholarly island nation of Sharlayan, passing through several ornate fountains, impressive marble structures of learning, and pastures of green, green grass, all of which the two leporine-eared ladies oohed and ahed to. Every time they saw a fellow Viera, they would smile at each other, resisting the urge to point at them and shout "Bunny!"

In time, they reached a mercantile district, lined with unique shoppes, street vendors, and dispensaries. Some shoppes could also have been found in Eorzea, such as bookstores, restaurants, cafes.

Other shoppes seemed uniquely Sharlayan. Nox's Nouliths, a high-tech shoppe appearing almost Allagan in origin, lined with sages' weapons of trade, called 'nouliths', two-furlong-long rod-like weapons that came in sets of four, and could shoot out aetheric lasers. One street vendor had a cart propped up in between two storefronts, with a sign that simply said "Archon Loaf 3,000g/loaf 300g/slice". Vivienne could not decide what was more appalling about that food cart: the fact that the bread stacked up on the cart looked to be the most unappetizing bread she had ever seen, or that the manner in which the loaves of so-called 'bread' were stacked and cut implied that people were *actually* buying it. 'Sharlayans...' she couldn't help but think, shaking her head.

The two sisters treaded on bright cobblestone that lined a vast, open path that overlooked the sparkly, blue sea. Some of the shoppes had caught Devoss's eye, Vivienne giggling every single time it was clear on Devoss's face that she had made a mental note to visit a particular shoppe later.

“Here we are...!” Vivienne softly announced, stopping Devoss in her tracks. It was a shoppe like any other on the same street, but with a fancy placard above the door that read:

celestial grounds

-fortune-telling cafe-

Devoss turned her head to look at Vivienne, who wiggled in her step. “I-I never thought that... *you* of all people would be into fortune-telling...”

Vivienne frets. “I-i-i-it’s not that! It’s just the coffees and teas are good, and, and, and the salmon muffins! And... uhh... okay, maybe a little...” she finally admits, sulking. “But we’re mainly here for someone who works here that we’re here to see! I swear!”

Devoss chuckles. “Heheh. I-it’s okay, Sister... I would be lying if I said I wasn’t curious...”

“Mmmme!” Vivienne pouts a little, before heading inside.

A pair of little bells rang as Vivienne gently opened the door, and there stood a tall Elezen man with long white hair that flowed from the top of his head and rested on his broad shoulders. The garments he wore almost seemed to cost as much as the cafe’s yearly expenses could have cost. His sharp gaze turned to the doorway, and though he had seen less summers than both Devoss and Vivienne, his eyes betrayed experience that would suggest a greater age than both Viera combined.

“Welcome in, ladies,” he starts, before noticing Vivienne at the door. “Ah... the woman of many names,” he says with a slight smirk.

“Stop calling me that...” Vivienne whines.

“Y-you two know each other?” Devoss asks.

“Indeed we do,” the Elezen says with a confident nod. “We... ‘go way back’, as they say. Alas, the front entrance ill befits introductions... please, feel free to occupy any vacant seat of your liking.”

Vivienne smiled at Devoss, took her by the hand, and led her to Vivienne’s favorite seat: a booth in the very corner. On the way there, Devoss took a moment to admire the decor. The interior was decently lit, and the walls were quite decorated, with star-themed lighting and greenery found on every little wall.

The cafe was decently busy, with about half of the tables occupied, some by couples – about two or three of them joined by a fortune-teller, and some by solo customers who seemed more likely to be coffee connoisseurs than seekers of their own fortune.

“Oh, no... my favorite seat...” Vivienne lamented, for the corner booth had already been occupied by a purple-haired Viera wearing Turali garb, her face buried in a cup of coffee.

“I-it’s okay, Sister... Let’s just take the booth next to it...” Devoss reassured her. And so they did. They both sat on the same side of the booth, Vivienne clinging to Devoss’s arm. As they settled down in their seats, the Elezen that greeted them was off into the distance, giving a tea reading to a Miquote woman, whose ears and tail wiggled about freely and excitedly, the sight making Devoss giggle. While he was still preoccupied, the two browsed the menu through Vivienne’s tomes, loaded with pictures of food and tea so appealing, the two thought of framing such pictures on their walls at home.

“I already know what we’ll both get,” Vivienne declared confidently, before scrolling down frantically, stopping the scroll with pinpoint precision at the exact moment of her recommendation. “Salmon muffins... the cafe’s specialty. It’s so popular that sometimes, they sell out before the day’s even half over. Apparently, the salmon is caught right at Scholar’s Harbor, where we got off the boat.”

“W-well... I-I do v-very much like salmon...” Devoss remarked, looking up and off into space, mouth open. Vivienne playfully placed a finger on Devoss’s chin and lifted it to close Devoss’s mouth. “Oh! S-Sister...”

“Cute...” Vivienne whispered. “Let’s get two muffins each. I’m *starving*...”

“G-good idea... If we can’t finish them, w-we can take them home for later...”

“Oh, here he comes...”

And indeed he came, with two cups of chamomile tea. After setting down their cups and saucers, he simply stood right at their booth, arms crossed, head held high. Clearly he expected Vivienne to do the heavy lifting of introductions, but she took quite a while to pick up on that cue.

“Um, V-Vivi?” Devoss nudged Vivienne, for she had picked up on that cue immediately.

“O-oh... Umm... Devoss, this is Corvan. Corvan, this is Devoss.”

Corvan took a deep bow. “Corvan Beltardois: doctor, scholar, sage, at your service.”

“He and I go way back,” Vivienne quietly explained. “I used to be a barista too, when I was working odd jobs... This was... about seven autumns ago...?”

“Seven summers, two moons,” Corvan elaborated with a confident nod.

“Uh-huh,” Vivienne uttered, shaking her head ever so slightly in a puzzled twitch, wondering if that little detail was really needed. “We worked together at this cafe called ‘The Wallflower’, and he was there to help me with so many things... He taught me how to brew coffee, he gave me a lot of advice... oh! He also gave me my name!”

“He wha-? Ohh... N-now that I think about it...” Devoss pondered. “V-Vivienne is a rather Elezen-sounding name...”

“Verily so,” Corvan said. “Our beloved friend here had asked me to come up with a fitting alias, since she is... less than partial to her birth name, as I am sure you are well aware... So I suggested a fine name, Elezen in origin, but phonetically similar to her birth name.”

Vivienne smiled. “It’s perfect. Feels enough like my name, but without having anyone call me a ‘little devil child’”

Corvan nodded slowly. “And you... must be Miss Devoss Sasaki. Pleased and honoured to meet you at last. Vivienne has written me quite a few letters about you. I thank you kindly for offering Vivienne your friendship and support, for it has done wonders for her growth. I would even go so far as to assume our Vivienne is the happiest she has ever been.”

“Oh! U-umm, of c-course...” Devoss said bashfully. “Sh-she’s done a lot for me, too...”

“On that note... There’s... one last thing I would like to bring to your attention,” Corvan said, leaning in. “I have known you for quite some time, Vivienne, and there is not a single moment in that time where I did not know you to be... quite literally the most guarded, paranoid person I have ever met. But you are not that person today.”

Vivienne tilted her head curiously. “Wh-... what do you mean?”

Corvan raised his eyebrows. “I *mean*... that your guard is down. I know not if it is due to the presence of Devoss, but... all I know is that, as a test, I hovered my hand over your tea. Normally, you would *never* allow such a thing to happen once. Yet you’ve allowed me to do so – *thrice* – in the short time I’ve spent at your table.”

Vivienne was flabbergasted. ‘He... *he’s right...*’ she thought. ‘Wh-what is going on with me...?’

“Though it *would* gladden me immensely to have you *not* threaten other customers over a ‘gut feeling’, as you have quite a few times in the past... I cannot help but be a bit concerned,” Corvan said as he crossed his arms. Vivienne averted her gaze from Devoss’s, as she could tell her sister was squinting at her and holding back the urge to say something, something about how appalling it was that the Chocoroni’s incident didn’t *only* happen at Chocoroni’s.

“And so, unless you have any more queries, I’ll be back with two salmon muffins for each of you,” Corvan says, Devoss flabbergasted at how he knew what they wanted to order, while Vivienne grinned widely at her, as if to say ‘*See? Isn’t he amazing?*’ Corvan closes his eyes and nods confidently before packing up his belongings and sliding out of the booth. But the moment his foot landed onto the tile...

“Erm... Corvan, could you... do me one small favor...?”

He stopped right in his tracks and turned his head to look back at Vivienne.

“Could you... um... call me by my old name? You know... the fake one I used, back when we were both working at the Wallflower... for old times’ sake?”

Corvan and Vivienne stared at each other for a little while, Corvan poker-faced, Vivienne beady-eyed. Corvan chuckled and shook his head, smirking, before fully getting out of the booth, giving Vivienne a full view of his back.

“... Ever a slave to nostalgia you are,” he muttered, before subtly adjusting his collar and clearing his throat. “... Mariana.”

Vivienne closed her eyes and smiled warmer than any tea could ever make her. Relishing in an old but pleasant memory, there she sat. Her beloved sister, snuggled up against her. Her reliable old friend in the distance, keeping watch over her. Warm tea. Tasty treat with freshly caught salmon and runny poached egg, soon coming to her table. In this moment, she was the happiest she had been in several autumns.

Chapter 3 All I Really Want

All of a sudden, Corvan rushed over and grabbed the arm of a woman who had been passing by Vivienne’s and Devoss’s table.

“Mariana, *do not drink that tea*,” Corvan tersely warns Vivienne, before turning to the lady he grabbed, tightening his grip on her wrist. “... My deepest apologies, miss... but were you truly so naive to believe that I would simply stand idle while one of my customers attempts to poison another?”

“Wh-wh-wh... what?!” Devoss stammers.

“Corvan?!” Vivienne yelps in surprise before looking over to the person Corvan grabbed, her face souring into a hateful glare as soon as their eyes met. “You...!!”

It was the Turali Viera who had been sitting in Vivienne’s favorite seat. However, her face, no longer buried in a cup of joe, was fully visible, and apparently recognizable to Vivienne. “Wh-wh-wh-what is going on...? Let go of me!” she grunted and hollered against Corvan, who now restrained her fully, with both of her arms behind her back.

“V-Vivi, do you know her?!”

“... She’s from my village...” Vivienne growled.

Corvan couldn’t help but sigh exasperatedly. “And here, I had been warning you to be more alert... Thaliak forfend, people are wont to heed not the counsel of a doctor...”

“I said, let go of me! I don’t know you!” the purple-haired Viera insisted, struggling against Corvan’s firm grip. “I’m from Tuliyollal...! I’m a student here, on exchange...!”

“Don’t you dare bullshit me...” Vivienne snarled. In her anger, she began to speak with a Yyasulanian accent, strikingly similar to that of Honey B. Lovely of Arcadion fame. “I could never forget your face even if I wanted to... Not even after all these years. Not even if you dye your hair... Nahueni.”

She stopped resisting, remaining still against Corvan’s restraints. All became still.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

“... Hah. A damn shame,” the apparent Shetona spoke, with the same accent as Vivienne. “Someone like *you*, thinking you could waltz in here... act all *cute*... enjoy a cup of tea on your little... island vacation... after what you’ve done? I so wanted to see you enjoy that tea... and then writhe and squirm, in front of your little *girlfriend*. More like your mama, the way you act all cute and cuddly, the devil you are. Makes me *SICK*.”

“So not only are you naive, you are also not very clever,” Corvan retorted. “To try to poison someone in the presence of a doctor, let alone one learned in the hallowed halls of

the Studium... You are either very bold or very foolish, and the very fact that you choose poison as your means of assassination suggests that the latter rings truer. Especially considering that even if Vivienne had partaken of the poisoned tea, I make it a point to have all manner of antidotes at the ready.”

“Hahahaha! Don’t make me *laugh*, you insufferable know-it-all!” Nahueni laughed so hard while thrashing about in Corvan’s hold. She had managed to break free, but no sooner did Corvan make a flourishing gesture with his arm, sending two of his sage’s nouliths towards the exit, which glared and glowed at Nahueni, floating by the door ominously like two watchful eyes.

Not only that, but a few patrons of the cafe, who Vivienne assumed were Corvan’s friends and associates, had also stood from their tables, ready to engage.

Nahueni, surrounded, took a few looks around and accepted that she had nowhere to flee. Instead, she took a moment to take a deep breath before she started to giggle.

“Heh... hehe... hehehehee heeheehee... AAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!”

Vivienne’s hand reached for her dagger, ready for another Chocoroni’s incident, while Corvan and the other patrons remained still, ready for anything. Nahueni settled down and leaned back against a nearby wall.

“That’s right, Wiviyihe,” Nahueni stated, to which Vivienne visibly twitched and grimaced. Nahueni, reveling in getting such a reaction, continued. “Devil. Little devil child. Wiviyihe the filthy li’l demon. I’ve been watching you for *months*. Like the devil you are, you don’t keep your guard down even for a moment. Except...”

Nahueni glared at Devoss. “Except for when you’re with stuttery, spineless big mama over there.”

At that insult, Vivienne looked like she might throw a chair. The only thing that seemed to stop her was her respect for Corvan and his cafe.

Nahueni twirled her finger around a few locks of her violet hair. “Look at my hair. My poor hair. Used to be a *beautiful* shade of green, like the dancing leaves on the boughs. Everyone was so jealous of me for it. But I went and dyed it purple, the color of that devilish aura you had that night. All so I’ll never forget what you did. I wonder...” Nahueni pauses for a while. “... if they have *any* idea who you are. What you are. All these *nice lookin’ people*... Does even a single one of them know... that sweet, timid, oh, so *ADORABLE* Vivienne... killed EVERYONE IN MY FUCKING VILLAGE?!”

The patrons who stood up whispered to each other unintelligibly for a few seconds before resuming their defensive stances, seemingly choosing to trust in their comrade

Corvan, who did not even flinch at this ‘revelation’. He, just as much as Devoss, knew about Vivienne’s wicked past. After all, few secrets remain secrets between fellow Eorzean baristas.

“You don’t deserve to be happy...” Nahueni continued. “You don’t deserve *ANYTHING* good... not while I’ve suffered. You took away my home... my family... my friends... I don’t care where we are. I don’t care who’s watching. I’ll take your life, here and now, like I should have twenty-eight summers ago!!”

“LIKE HELLS YOU WILL,” Devoss roared. Having known not only Vivienne’s past, but also Nahueni’s role in it all, Devoss had been quietly boiling over in rage. Overflowing in her sense of responsibility to protect Vivienne and allow her to live a better life, she practically crawled over the table, only to be stopped by Vivienne.

“...?”

“... Not here. I’ll settle the score with you, Nahueni, but not here. Outside,” Vivienne muttered. Her face had become somber, more akin to the ‘devil’ that Nahueni kept shouting about.

“... Fine,” Nahueni grimaced but agreed.

“Ursula,” Corvan turned to a jet-black-haired Viera on the opposite side of the room. “If you would be so kind as to watch over the cafe until my return...”

“Of course,” Ursula said with a most courteous bow.

And so Vivienne, Nahueni, Devoss, and Corvan walked, to somewhere more quiet and secluded, so as to not disturb any Sharlayan citizens or scholars with Vivienne’s and Nahueni’s 28-year-old grudge. Both Shetona remained on their guard as they made their journey. While they headed towards this would-be battleground, Vivienne had but one thing to ask of her friends.

“Please... don’t interfere in this fight,” Vivienne urged Devoss and Corvan. “Promise me, both of you. No stepping in. No somanoutics. No matter what happens. This is a score that’s overdue for being settled, just me and her. Overdue for twenty-eight long autumns... It *has* to be me and her. And no one else.”

Corvan closed his eyes in short contemplation before opening them again to show visible resolve. “... You have my word.”

“S-Sister, I..” Devoss started to protest. Vivienne stared firmly but pleadingly into her eyes, and so she acquiesced. “... I promise...”

Corvan then turns to Nahueni, all four of his nouliths having been pointed at her for the entire journey. “I *do* hope you realize that regardless of the result of this duel between you two, I *will* be reporting you to the proper authorities to have you arrested for attempted murder. In *my* establishment, no less.”

“Hmph!” scoffed Nahueni.

Before long, they had reached their destination: a great marble gazebo-like structure, with six pillars framing its hexagonal base. More importantly, with no witnesses.

“This place should suffice,” Corvan declared, before calling his nouliths back to their resting place, hanging from his back. Devoss begrudgingly remained next to Corvan, her left hand clasped firmly around her right wrist, almost as if to stop herself from offering a hand to aid Vivienne as she so clearly wanted to.

Nahueni did a few warm-up stretches before drawing her spear, fire in her eyes, and overwhelming hate in her heart. Vivienne stood a few yalms across from her, with her arms crossed, her eyes hidden by her bangs as she bowed her head lightly.

“So, little devil,” Nahueni jeered. “Ready to receive your just reward?”

“Before we do this,” Vivienne spoke up. “I just want to say... you might be right, Nahueni.”

“... Huh?”

“What you said back there, at the cafe. You might be right. Maybe I *don't* deserve anything I've got. Life. Love. Happiness. Going out on dates every Friday. Hells, even someone to call Sister. I mean, I killed a hundred that night and here I am, just... going out for tea and salmon muffins. Some nights, I think... maybe I should have died that night. In that village with no name. Maybe that way, there would at least be *justice* in the world...”

Vivienne's lip trembles, almost as if she were about to cry. Corvan and Devoss shook their heads, Corvan with a stern look on his face, and Devoss with a worried look on hers. It wasn't the first time she confided in them about these thoughts, after all. It wasn't the first time she told either of them she was better off killed, by someone, anyone.

But then Vivienne's lip stopped quivering, and she looked up confidently at Nahueni, who showed Vivienne no sympathy. Vivienne spoke up once more, resolve (and her Yyasulanian accent) shining through in her voice.

“But there’s something you’ve forgotten. Wood knows I always do. I may have killed a hundred that night... but they were all trying to kill me too. Tell me something, Nahueni. How did Uapyota *really* die?”

Nahueni diverted her eyes, unable to face her own culpability. She remained silent, her face looking less like a hateful avenger, and looking more like a child caught in its own web of lies. Vivienne shook her head. The look in her eyes was accusatory; she, somehow, already knew Uapyota’s true fate.

“... Hmph. After all these years, it doesn’t matter anymore. What matters is... I survived that night. We both did. And I’m realizing now... that we both lived, we’re both here today... for completely different reasons. And that difference... that’s what separates me from someone like you.”

Nahueni grit her teeth, her face returning to being marred with malice and vengeance. “And... what’s... THAT?” she snarled.

“You lived because you hid. Because you ran for your life. I lived that night... because I **fought** for my life. I live *now*, because I fight for my life. You think you’re the first Shetona to come after me?”

Vivienne shakes her head slowly, her eyes wide, her pupils dyed with knowledge earned from several hard-earned battles. An aura begins to envelop her, not the purple one that Nahueni remembered that night, but one of deep orange, the color of leaves carried in the flow of crisp, autumn wind. The unmistakable, unique aura of Vivienne Everlinger, the Fall Knight.

“You say I don’t deserve to live? To be happy? Well... that’s just *too damn bad*. I’m not the Wiviyihe you loved to torment. Oh, that’s right... You don’t even know my true name, do you?”

Nahueni shivered in rage. “Grr... you... you’re NOTHING, you hear me?! You’re nothing but a filthy... devil... WHORE!!”

Vivienne did not react, for such names meant nothing to her now. Instead, she opened her right hand with a flourish, and with an illusory wind of autumn leaves came Fallbringer, a gargantuan greatsword that rivaled her in length and girth... the very same sword that came to her on that fateful night, in the village with no name.

Such was the cue for Corvan and Devoss to take a few steps back, keeping a distance of several yalms behind Vivienne. They had made a promise, and Vivienne does not keep friends who do not stay true to their promises.

“Allow me to introduce myself...” Vivienne muttered, before swinging her greatsword in a few elaborate circles, in ways that would seem impossible for a woman of her build, batting away a few snowflakes with the blade before perching it onto her shoulder confidently and looking up at Nahueni, ready to counter whatever she and her spear had in store.

“My name... is Vivienne Everlinger. That’s the name I’ve chosen. For I will *‘ever linger’* in this life, this world. Because I wanna live. I want to be *happy*. And I *fight* for what I want. I *win* what I want. Will you?”

Nahueni let out her best attempt at a battle cry before charging at Vivienne.

“I want to live,” Vivienne declared. “You want justice. We’ll see who wants what **MORE.**”

Chapter 4 Forgiven

It wasn’t even close.

Nahueni had fallen over, right on her backside, her arms propping her body up from behind her. Her face had quite a few bruises, her Turali garb torn and cut in several places, her spear split cleanly in half, each half scattered several yalms behind her. Meanwhile, Vivienne was left with nary a scratch or even a single sign that she engaged in combat at all. She towered over Nahueni, the distance between the sharp edge of the formidable Fallbringer and Nahueni’s neck being a mere ilm.

Her eyes were open wide, determined, locked-in on her enemy; should Nahueni try *anything*, Vivienne would be able to counter instantly. With no chance of a reversal, Nahueni grit her teeth in an attempt to subdue her trembling in the face of her impending doom that had been delayed for twenty-eight years.

“What are you waiting for, godsdammit...? Finish the job... Kill me like the savage you are, the same way you did to my mother... my sisters... and EVERYONE ELSE!!!”

“No,” Vivienne asserted tersely. “You yield. NOW.”

“No...” Nahueni growled in a show of petty defiance. “Not to you... NEVER!!!”

“Fine.”

Vivienne effortlessly swings her sword arm back, preparing to swing Fallbringer right back like a pendulum, holding the blade up in the air for a while, maintaining her disdainful glare on Nahueni. Her eyes were cold, unfeeling. Anyone caught in that gaze knew a life was about to be cut short. Then, with a determined grunt, Vivienne restarts the pendulum, sending the veritable guillotine towards her mortal enemy, who cowered and slammed her eyes shut.

“Vivienne! NO!!!” Devoss’s screams rang across the chilly air.

Vivienne’s blade and Nahueni’s body made contact. But Vivienne had turned her wrist, and so with the side of Fallbringer’s gargantuan blade, she simply smacked Nahueni’s bottom, knocking her over a yalm.

“Ugh...! Wh-wha...?”

“Heheh.”

“You... you *DARE* mock me?!”

“Yes, I do,” Vivienne says coolly. “And that’s *all*... I’ll do to you.”

“Oh, I see...” Nahueni remarks sarcastically, her Yyasulanian accent coming through clearly. “So you’re just gon’... PRETEND like you’re this sweet li’l saint, now?”

“I ain’t PRETENDIN’ to be anything,” Vivienne responded with disdain, before sighing and shaking her head. “I’m... not a good person. I know I can never erase what I’ve done. Even if it was in self-defense, or in a moment of insanity... I can’t excuse just how many lives I’ve taken.”

“...”

“But even I,” Vivienne’s voice softens, like a mother passing a lesson down onto her child. “Even a [little devil child] can be a better person. ‘Cause that’s what folks do. No matter what’s behind us, we move forward. I killed a hundred people in our village when we were fourteen, and I can never change that. And I’m not *going* to stop killin’ either. I’m a mercenary by trade, after all, and there’s no preventin’ death in that line o’ work. But I ain’t killin’ any more Shetona from our village, if I can help it. I thought I had to, though. They kept comin’ after me, and I’m not tryin’ to get murdered in my sleep, but...”

Vivienne turns her head ever so slightly to her sister. Their eyes did not meet, but their souls did as Vivienne continued to speak to Nahueni.

“I had someone to let me know... that the devil can choose a different path. That as long as they’re people, they can see reason. That it doesn’t have to end with violence. We *can* find a common ground, no matter who we are.”

Devoss shared a blissful smile with Vivienne, who then turned her head to the opposite side, sharing the same unseeing connection with her old friend.

“I could’ve chosen the easy way out. Close myself off. Just... remain this unfeeling demon with no qualms about taking life. Maybe then I’d be able to kill every single straggler from our village. But that’s not what I want. My childhood was... tragic. And you played no small part in that. But I’m not going down that cursed path. That... ‘ending without continuation’. No. From my loss, and yours... I want to believe that there’s something that can follow it. Something new, something good.”

Corvan smirked. Vivienne’s words mirrored a fortune that he had done for her a few months prior. He took a moment to adjust his glasses before straightening his posture and standing tall, as if to show off his pride in Vivienne.

“You remember Uah’shepya? Yyopya... Oshce, too. They’re still alive, y’know. All of ‘em. Uah’shepya came after me, like you did. Came pretty damn close to killin’ him, too,” Vivienne said nonchalantly, unable to help but chuckle a bit, reminiscing on their fight. “By the Wood, he was *always* the strongest one among us, heh. *He* gave me a *real* hard time. But I didn’t kill ‘em. They all live in Solution Nine... I think... it’s where our village used to be. Make your way... all the way back home... and you’ll find them.”

Nahueni whimpered, and then sobbed. The tears leaked out of her once-vindictive eyes, now vulnerable. She had been alone for twenty-eight long years. Even when Viera and Shetona were well-known for having long lifespans, a few decades without one to call family was too much for any sapient being to bear. And so, even in the face of her family’s killer, she couldn’t help but cry at the thought that someone... *anyone* from her village was still alive.

Vivienne, however, simply stood there, conflicted. She dared not offer a hand or hug in comfort, not out of malice or paranoia, but... empathy. Vivienne was *worried*, not that Nahueni might plunge a dagger in her back if she offered a hug, but that being her family’s killer and offering her a hug would come across as disrespectful. The lack of emotion on her face, too, was out of respect for Nahueni, for showing pity here seemed to her like the last thing Nahueni needed.

Vivienne, Corvan, and Devoss stood yalms apart, but even then, they could tell that they were all thinking nearly the same thing... how Vivienne had come such a long way. For Corvan’s sage guidance and Devoss’s sisterly love both had nurtured something within

Vivienne: a seed of empathy that not only blossomed but flourished, giving the 'devil' the capability to be considerate to even her worst mortal enemy.

'Gods, sister. And Corvan, too...' Vivienne thought. 'What have you done to me, making me show sympathy to Nahueni, of all people...? She's the reason I'm all... fucked up. But here I am... feeling sorry for her. I thought I'd hate her for as long as I lived. But right now... I just can't bring myself to hate her. I've... really changed. If I could change, maybe... just maybe we can move forward from this. Both of us.'

Vivienne dismissed Fallbringer. She didn't need it anymore.

"Nahueni..." she softly pleaded, her hands now empty, her arms open. "Let's start over. Let's start something new. You and me... Devoss... Uah'shepya, Yyopya, and Oshce too. Our own little village, where every child can be raised with love. A village where... no Shetona would have to end up like me..."

Nahueni looked up at Vivienne with disbelief, and then at Devoss, who clasped her hands and held them close to her heart. Having exiled herself from her village and being unable to return to it or her family, whom she missed dearly, Devoss smiled, filled with the warmth and comfort that the idea of having her own village with Vivienne gave her.

Vivienne chuckled lightly. *'Do they know too?'* she thought as she unwittingly began to show her back to her sworn enemy. *'Do they know just... how much I've changed... for the better?'*

Vivienne sported the most innocent and vulnerable of smiles as she turned to face her beloved sister and old friend. As she had let go of her usual paranoia. She was more concerned with seeing if Corvan and Devoss realized what she had, more concerned with how all she wanted was to group hug them both... only to see, much too late, the horrified expression on both of their faces.

"MARIANA!!"

"SISTEEER!!"

"Huh...?"

They were both too far. All either of them could do was fruitlessly reach their hands out to her. Nahueni was already midair, poised to strike with two daggers that had been concealed in her sleeves.

'For my mother...' Nahueni thought, with a dark determination growing in her emerald eyes. 'For my sisters.....'

"AND FOR ALL THE OTHERS!!" Nahueni shrieked.

Vivienne's heart sank, as she realized her own fatal mistake, all too late.

Her assassin had all but closed in on her mark.

Chapter 5 You Oughta Know

Two months ago...

Vivienne found herself in a close quarters fistfight with Uah'shepya atop the mountains of Worqor Lar Dor. In the twenty-eight autumns since that fateful night, Uah'shepya had grown into a more-than-competent monk, overwhelming Vivienne with series after series of barrages. It was less an exchange of blows, and more an exercise in Vivienne's nimbleness and dodging capabilities.

Until...

"An opening...!"

BLAM!

"Urgh...!" Vivienne gurgled as she took a one-inch punch right to the gut, knocking all of the air out of her, and sending her back several yalms. On her hands and knees, she gasped desperately for air as she looked up at her would-be assassin, who had a fiery aura, and slowly waved his arms around, preparing for a final attack.

"Wiviyihe... This... ends... NOW!" he growled before leaping forward, charging at Vivienne.

Vivienne gathered the very last of her energy to swiftly draw her dagger, wrapping her fingers around its guard, and poking the hilt *right* into Uah'shepya's solar plexus.

"Wrraaagh! Urgh..." Uah'shepya struggled to stand, and in this opportunity, Vivienne gained a second wind. Dropping her dagger, she formed her hands into fists, slightly extending her index fingers so that their joints stuck out like hooks, preparing to strike.

One, two, three, four, five swift strikes to several points on his body, blocking all five of his combat chakras. Completely immobilized, Uah'shepya stayed there and simply watched as Vivienne retrieved her dagger, before disappearing from his view. Wanting to

scream, though he couldn't, Uah'shepya felt himself fall into despair and prepared for death... only to find Vivienne had come back in his view, offering him her canteen.

"Here, Brother," Vivienne cooed. "No, no. Just water."

Uah'shepya couldn't help but shiver in fear as he slowly regained his movement. He accepted her canteen, and began to drink slowly, while Vivienne sat beside him.

Gulp, gulp... cough, cough. "But... why...?" he raspily asked.

"... I know a doctor. Sharlayan. And he's always thirsty for knowledge, especially about the body. He learned about these... chakras, and really wanted to share that knowledge with *somebody*, so..."

"No, no, not that... why didn't you kill me?" he said, regaining more and more of his voice.

Vivienne let out the deepest sigh, looking off into the horizon, at the distant town of Wachunpelo. She watched the small Pelupelu appear even smaller, scurrying about Wachunpelo like ants atop an anthill. "Because I'm tired, Uah'shepya," she whined. "I don't... I don't want to kill anyone from our village anymore..."

"....."

"I really didn't mean to do it, you know... I didn't mean to kill Uapyota's mom. I really was just defending myself. And when everyone in the village looked at me like that... I... I lost control. I let something into me..."

"You became a Dark Knight, didn't you? I've seen people like that, in my travels..."

"I didn't mean to, Brother... I didn't want to kill in the first place... I don't want to kill you... I don't want to kill *anyone*..."

Maybe it was because of the adrenaline, maybe tensions were high after a difficult fight. Maybe it was because she felt a connection to him, both of them being from the same village. Whatever the reason, Vivienne didn't feel the need to close herself off emotionally, like she did in Dravania with Devoss. She felt the need to open up. Felt the need to cry. And so she did.

After having been spared by the so-called 'devil', who could have more than easily ended his life, Uah'shepya, after all this time, simply could not bring himself to hate her. He no longer saw a devil; he saw his little sister, overwhelmed and bawling her eyes out. And so Uah'shepya shared in her tears. They were both fully grown Shetona and had both seen forty-two autumns, but together, in the mountains of Urqopacha, away from

everyone else, together they shared this vulnerable moment, as if they were both taken back to twenty-eight autumns ago.

“Sister... I’m sorry... for everything,” Uah’shepya sobbed, admitting everything the way he wished he had back then. “Teacher Uapyota was killed by a lunyucaua’pya. It was an accident... We... we didn’t want to get punished, and Nahueni had an idea, so we just... followed it... but we shouldn’t’ve...”

Vivienne looked up at him, and couldn’t help but laugh and cry at the same time. “What...?” she said, chuckling in between sobs. “All this... all... *THIS*... because of a *dinosaur*...? You can’t be serious...”

“By the Wood... haha... it’s all just... so stupid, huh?”

Uah’shepya laughed with her. Cried with her. They both shared this emotional medley for quite some time, before settling down as the sun did upon the distant horizon.

“They’re alive, y’know,” was the first thing Uah’shepya said next. “Yyopya and Oshce. They found work in Heritage Found and Solution Nine. You know where that is?”

Vivienne shook her head innocently, and Uah’shepya explained everything about Heritage Found, its geography, its climate, and Solution Nine. He swung his legs to and fro all the while, like a chatty adolescent boy telling his little sister everything he knows. And Vivienne, like the little sister she had always wanted to be, listened intently to every word.

“So Yyopya’s a farmer, I think he grows corn... and Oshce got himself a job working on them... ‘termils’, or what they call them. Y’know, those, uhh... fancy machines in Solution Nine. They both got over what happened, but... I didn’t. So I trained to become a monk... and I looked for you.”

“... Are you going to fight me again?”

“... No. Like ya said, you’re tired. And I... I think I am too. I don’t know, just... laughing and crying with you, it... it solved everything for me. Our village... the people weren’t kind. I met a lot of people traveling around Yok Tural, y’know, and...the way they took care of me, I... I cried a lot. Never knew people could be so... nice to you for no reason. But I don’t think I have to tell ya how unkind the people in our village were..”

“Nahueni and her mom beat me so many times...”

“Yeah... I felt bad, but... y’know.”

“Yeah.”

“ ”
...

“ ...”

“So... Wiviyihe—”

“Don’t call me that.”

“Oh. Sorry. What do I call ya...?”

“... Vivienne.”

“Oh, pretty. Sooo... Vivienne. Are we okay?”

“Mhmm. As long as you don’t try to kill me again.”

“Hahaha, I won’t, that I promise ya. Yyopya and Oshce either. Wood forbid, how many times did they tell me to ‘just let it go’... Maybe... come by, sometime. I think they’d like to see ya.”

“... One of these days. Maybe. I... need some time... y’know?”

“Yeah, fair enough... Hey, can I ask you something?”

“...?”

“I’ve ALWAYS wanted to know, and Oshce did too... You remember that night when, uhh...”

Vivienne gave Uah’shepya a look that begged him if he *really* had to ask if she remembered the night she killed her entire village.

“Uh, yeah. So, uhh... Whose voice did you hear that night? Because we all know it wasn’t Her voice...”

“Oh. Okay. So...”

Vivienne began walking away, leaving several yalms of distance between them before turning around to a puzzled Uah’shepya.

“Just in case!” she called out. “I don’t know if she’s going to attack you. Probably not... as long as you’re not lying about how you’re not gonna try to kill me! But can’t be too careful!”

“Huh...”

“Prepare yourself! I’m going to call her out, okay?”

“Uhhh... sure? Go ahead, I guess...?”

Chapter 6 Jagged Little Pill

SLASH!!

“.....”

Vivienne felt streams of blood running down her back. She saw Devoss, horrified, both of her hands covering her agape mouth. She saw Corvan standing there, slouched, in utter shock, his hands ever so slightly out in front of him. She turned her head slowly, to see the source of the blood on her back. She shivered, for she knew she would not like what she saw, no matter what it was.

What she did see, however, was the most far cry from what she could ever expect.

Wiviyihe Esteem. The faithful simulacrum of Vivienne the Fall Knight. Its entire body was shrouded in black, but enveloped in the very same orange aura as Vivienne's. From its back sprouted four wings, like a butterfly, and it seemed to have a flower crown on its head. It also had an exceptionally long sword in its right hand, and from its stance, it was clear that Wiviyihe Esteem had just swung it.

Beyond it, Nahueni. Sprawled out on the ground, in a veritable pool of blood. Nahueni's concealed dagger, mere ilms away from her outstretched dominant hand, having failed to serve its purpose. Nahueni twitched and convulsed, blood spurting out rhythmically from the gash across her chest. The cold air was littered by the sound of her voice and her desperate struggles for air, until she, and all around her, became silent.

The silence persisted, and more and more snow began to fall. The falling snowflakes forced Vivienne's drifting mind back to reality. She put two and two together. Her breaths became rushed and ragged, the snowy air making them visible to all.

She heard Devoss sob. “No... <sniff>... Why...? Oh... Lords, WHY?!”

“Thaliak forfend...” She heard Corvan hiss. She could tell by his voice that he was looking away from the sight.

Vivienne lifted her line of sight up from Nahueni's lifeless body, to Esteem, who now stood face-to-face with its host. They stared at one another for a moment, before

Esteem reached its hand out, stroking Vivienne's cheek. Once, twice, thrice. Vivienne, horrified, could do very little but allow it to happen. And then it spoke.

"Stand tall. Move forward. Live," Wiviyihe Esteem said matter-of-factly, before dissipating, retreating back within its host.

And it was over. Not just the fight, not just Nahueni's life, but the short dream Vivienne had, of peace, of any chance of starting over. Even so, Vivienne couldn't find it in herself to cry. This was her fated enemy after all. What did nearly bring her to tears, however, was what she had realized after processing everything that had transpired.

"... There really..." Vivienne blurted out, her voice raspy and shaking. "... There really was no other way this could have ended... was there?"

Corvan inhaled sharply, his eyes shut firm. Devoss fell onto her knees, burying her face in her hands, sobbing hard into them. The aura of hope that had enveloped them all had faded, leaving behind grim, harsh reality.

The answer was obvious to them all: no, absolutely not. There was no other way this could have ended.

Vivienne killed Nahueni's family. Her village.

No matter how hard either of them tried, neither could really move forward with their lives.

Vivienne wanted a happy life but she would never have it until Nahueni stopped pursuing her. Nahueni wanted justice but she would never have it until Vivienne died by her hand. What one Shetona so desperately wanted could only be obtained at the cost of the other Shetona's life. Neither could truly live while the other survived.

Nahueni's death, or Vivienne's. In her newfound sympathy, Vivienne may have had no qualms of dying by Nahueni's hand. In Devoss's arms. But not even she could stop Wiviyihe Esteem from appearing to protect its master.

This outcome, therefore, was unavoidable.

There was nothing she could have done.

"It was all pointless. Hopeless."

"There's no going back. No starting over."

"There is only pain in this false pursuit of 'happiness'."

"The only way this pain will go away... is if they all die."

Such thoughts weighed unbearably heavily on her compromised mind. Vivienne stood several shaky steps back, towards nothing in particular. She grabbed at her head, pulled at her hair, did *anything* to turn her attention away from these dark thoughts that she tried so desperately to, but was ultimately unable to deny any longer.

She could no longer keep her balance, and so she fell backwards. Devoss and Corvan were both there to catch her. And though they had both tried in their own ways to comfort her, it was no use. Vivienne could no longer see them through her tears. In her agony and sorrow, she was alone.

In that moment, she became a mere babe in her crib. With no thoughts left for Vivienne to process, she became inconsolable. All she could do was thrash about in her confidants' arms, wailing, screaming in grief, despair, and self-hatred, leaving behind a spectre of misery that seemed to haunt Sharlayan for years to come.

Bloom III: Mutual Exclusivity

Justice vs The Right to Be Happy

開花III:排反のシエトナ ～正義VS幸せになる権利～