

“RYOMA,” she whispered, cradling his head, twisting her fingers into his hair as if to remind it to hold on. “Don’t give up – you can’t die. There’s still so much to do – please, Ryoma ...”

He shook his head a little in her grip. “It’s all right. I entrusted everything to the Veiled Edge. Japan’s future –”

“No,” she said. “I don’t mean that. I mean – us.”

And his eyes widened slightly. “Oh. O-Ryo.” He found her other hand with his own. “Then – I’ll try my best.”