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<td>Munakata Kyosuke/Yukizome Chisa, Munakata Kyosuke &amp; Sakakura Juzo, Kirigiri Kyouko/Naegi Makoto, (Naegiri isn't too important to the story but it's there)</td>
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<td>Munakata Kyousuke (Dangan Ronpa), Yukizome Chisa, Sakakura Juzo, Kirigiri Kyouko, Naegi Makoto</td>
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**Kyosuke Munakata Experiences Regret**

by Ramix

**Summary**

Kyosuke Munakata muses on where his life has taken him, and how he's changed.

--This fic ties into my other story Moving Forward but you don't need to read either one to understand the other--

**Notes**

So a couple weeks while I was moving to my new college apartment I saw a headcanon that made me really irrationally angry and I dealt with it by writing a story in my head and then I wrote it down. Obviously I tried to make this story a well written one but keep in mind that at the end of the day I literally wrote it because I was salty.
Kyosuke Munakata sat on his bed. He was crying his eye out, sobbing until his throat hurt, and drunk off his ass, surrounded by empty and broken bottles of liquor. When he had scheduled a day off, this hadn't been how he planned to spend it. As the chairman of the Future Foundation it was already difficult enough to get even a day of rest, and he normally wouldn't have bothered to even take a day off, but he made it a point to set aside a day every few months to visit Juzo Sakakura and Chisa Yukizome's graves and pay his respects. It was the least he could do for them. Unfortunately, the previous day's affairs had gone… poorly. Which led to a restless night with little sleep, which led to him waking up in a cold sweat from a nightmare, which led to him taking a drink to calm his nerves, which led to another drink to help him relax, which led to another because he was starting to appreciate the taste, which eventually led to his current miserable state.

Truth be told, there was no reason for him to even have alcohol in his apartment. It did nothing but impair his judgement, and he wasn't fond enough of the stuff to warrant keeping it for himself. There were rarely any special occasions where he'd need to have alcohol, there were no celebrations that he could toast to, and more importantly, there was no one to celebrate with. But he supposed he had himself to blame for that.

Munakata cursed loudly, loud enough for the neighbors to hear him, but not loud enough for anyone to think that something was wrong. This wasn't how the day was supposed to go, he was supposed to be at the cemetery paying his respects, instead he was a drunken mess alone in his room, wondering why his life had gone to shit, and getting even drunker to cope with the fact that the answer to that question was that he was a fool. None of this would have happened if he'd just delayed yesterday's meeting. He knew it was a bad idea to go there, but he'd gone anyway, thinking it couldn't possibly be as bad as he imagined it would. He was wrong.

Chairman Munakata was less than thrilled to be stepping into the rebuilt Hope's Peak Academy. Once upon a time, he dreamed of being headmaster of this school, but life had other plans for him. The old him would've been jealous, but he was a changed man now. Alright, maybe he was still a little jealous, but he knew better than to let those feelings take over him now. He was a professional, and that was why, despite their troubled history, he could step into Headmaster Kirigiri's office knowing that the two of them would just be discussing business and it would go well because the two of them were mature adults who could talk things out reasonably.

Makoto Kirigiri looked up in surprise when he saw the chairman walk into his office, but smiled warmly at him.

"Ah! Chairman Munakata, we've been expecting you. I hope your trip went well?"

Munakata returned the smile. "It went fine, thank you. I hope you don't mind if I close this door?" he responded, gesturing towards the open door behind him and the bustling hallway.

"Right, just one second, please," Makoto said as he got up from his desk and walked out into the hallway to speak to his secretary, asking her to hold any calls and tell visitors to wait, before closing the door.

"Alright, what is it you needed to speak to me about?" he asked the chairman. "You said it was an urgent matter that needed to be kept secret, is something wrong? How can I help?"

Munakata's smile faded, and he turned away to clear his throat. "Well, I appreciate your help, but I may have worded things poorly. I don't need your help, specifically. I actually have something that I need to discuss with your wife," he explained.
Makoto frowned. "Ah, right. Well then, in that case, let me speak to her first. She knew you were coming today but I assumed you just wanted to talk to me about something to do with the school," he explained, scratching the back of his head nervously. "I'll, uh, let her know you're here before you go in there. She's still a bit upset about —"

"I'm well aware that she hates me, there's no need to sugarcoat it," Munakata interrupted.

"Ah, I wouldn't say she hates you, she's just a bit…"

"It's fine, I completely understand why. Truth be told, I'm more surprised you don't hate me as much as she does for what happened on that island," Munakata explained, crossing his arms.

Makoto lips formed a steady line. "What happened there wasn't your fault. You made some mistakes, but I know you weren't thinking straight at the time, and you had good intentions. I may not agree with you, but I know that you meant well, and things spiraled out of your control. None of us could have predicted what happened there, so I don't blame you, and I certainly don't hate you."

Munakata gave a small smile at this. "Sometimes I think it would be easier if you did," he muttered under his breath.

"Sorry, I didn't quite catch that. What did you say?" Makoto asked.

Munakata shook his head. "It's nothing. Just do what you need to do, I'll wait here."

Makoto nodded before stepping into the vice-principal's office, leaving the chairman to wait. Munakata tried to listen for some sign of what was being said in there, but then remembered that Vice-Principal Kirigiri's office was soundproofed, and that he wouldn't hear anything from them while the door was closed. So, having no way of telling how things were going on the other side of the door, he waited patiently for the Headmaster to return.

A minute or so later, Makoto opened the door, looking slightly frazzled but no worse for wear, and told Munakata to come in. The chairman stepped into the office and bowed politely as Makoto closed the door.

"Chairman Munakata, what did you need to speak to me about?" said Kyoko Kirigiri, not bothering to stand up from her desk, and tapping her pen impatiently against the paperwork she had been working on. "And what was so important that you couldn't just say it over the phone, or send someone in your stead. I'm sure you're a very busy, as are we."

Kyosuke cleared his throat. "Well, this is a very… sensitive matter, so it's imperative that as few people know about it as possible," he said, glancing meaningfully at Makoto.

He started. "A-ah, if you need me to leave, I can."

"No, stay," Kyoko interrupted, causing him to stiffen in place on the way to the door. She turned to face Munakata. "I no longer work for the Future Foundation. Telling me about this is the same as telling any other civilian, anything you can tell me is something you can tell him as well. And besides, Makoto is both my husband and my superior, so I have no intentions of keeping secrets from him."

Munakata sighed, and then pulled out a sealed manila folder from his coat. "As you know, the Future Foundation has begun the process of re-establishing local governments in different countries. So far, we've been able to cooperate with the remnants of governments in most of Europe and parts of North America to begin restoring the governments to what they used to be. However, a few days ago, the leader we've installed in France was found dead. Local law enforcement is still in the process of
being reformed there, so it falls to us to find out who's responsible for this and bring them to justice," he explained.

"And you don't trust your own subordinates to deal with this?" asked Kirigiri.

Munakata frowned. "We were going to let the 6th Division handle this, but unfortunately, the current leader is worried for his safety, and is convinced that he's going to be targeted next by whoever killed the last leader, so he's insisting that we send in a Kirigiri detective to solve this case as soon as possible. Apparently, he's worked with your grandfather in the past, and wants only the best of the best." Munakata adjusted his tie before continuing, glancing away. "Seeing as how we were supposed to be providing security for the now-deceased leader, he feels as if we owe him this, and I'd be lying if I said I didn't feel some responsibility for his predecessor's death. Refusing him this request would cause a political mess, and if he were to die because we couldn't catch the killer in time, it would be a PR nightmare that could very well undo all the progress we've made in that region," he explained. "Which is why we need your help."

Kirigiri placed her chin in her hand pensively as she considered it. "You realize of course that I have my own responsibilities to attend to, don't you? France isn't exactly nearby, and there's no telling how long this case would take to solve. I'd be leaving my position unattended for who-knows-how-long."

"I can handle things here on my own for a while," Makoto piped up, smiling at his wife reassuringly. "It'll be fine, trust me."

Kyoko sighed. Truth be told, she did want to take the case. She had done some freelance work from time to time ever since the school had been re-opened, but it was hard to deny that they weren't as interesting or challenging as the cases she and her grandfather used to work on, and the job she was being offered sounded like exactly what she was looking for. Even if it was no longer her job, she would always be a detective at heart. Unfortunately, as much as taking the case appealed to her, the thought of working for the Future Foundation (specifically its Chairman) again very much did not appeal to her.

Munakata allowed himself a small smirk. "See? I'm sure you can afford to take some time off from work. Makoto here can run things fine without your help for a bit. I'm sure you're looking forward to getting out of the office and back in the field. After all, you're still a Kirigiri detective aren't you?" He thought he was being persuasive.

He was wrong.

Kyoko stopped tapping her pen, and sneered. "Who do you think you are?" she asked with open contempt. "How dare you walk into my office and throw that name around like you have any idea what it means?! I may be a detective, but don't think that means you can treat me like some dog on a leash that you can call whenever you need a crime solved!" Kyoko finished her condemnation with an icy cold glare.

That glare made Kyosuke Munakata, the tallest man in the room, probably in the entire building, feel much, much shorter. He shifted awkwardly and turned his head away. "I apologize. I did not mean to insult you."

Before Kyoko could follow up with another equally scathing remark, the situation was defused by Makoto, who stepped between them while raising his hands diplomatically. "O-okay now, let's just calm down. Chairman Munakata, why don't you just leave the case file here, and Kyoko will take a look at it later; if she decides she wants to work on the case, we'll give you a call, does that sound okay?" he offered, turning his head back and forth between the two of them and feeling keenly
aware of the fact that he was the shortest person in the room.

Munakata said nothing, but Kyoko merely sat back down and said "Fine," then returned to her paperwork.

Makoto looked at Munakata, and motioned for them to leave the room. The chairman followed him out without a word, and the headmaster sighed after closing the door behind him.

"That… could have gone better," he confessed.

"Sorry about that," Munakata muttered shamefully.

Makoto winced. "Y-yeah, next time maybe, um, don't say stuff like that. Kyoko understands how important this is but…"

"But she hates me, I'm well aware. Don't worry, next time I'll send someone else in my place."

"N-no! It's fine. Kyoko just needs a bit more time to sort things out. I know it's been a long time but, she's still recovering from what happened on that island," Makoto explained. "We all are," he added bitterly, looking down.

Munakata smiled sympathetically. "Thanks for trying to make me feel better." With a sigh, he handed him the sealed folder. "Please try to get her to look this over, it's incredibly important that we get her help on this case."

Makoto nodded. "I understand. Don't worry, I'm sure she'll come around once she's had a bit of time to cool off."

"Well I'm sure you're more capable of persuading her than I am, at any rate."

Makoto chuckled. "Y-yeah. Anyway, if you don't need anything else, I'm gonna go talk to her."

Munakata nodded. "Go ahead, I'll be heading back to headquarters now. Please keep me updated."

"Will do. Goodbye Chairman, I hope you have a nice day."

And with a friendly smile, Makoto shook Munakata's hand, and walked inside his wife's office to speak with her. Munakata lingered for a minute, expecting to hear signs of an argument. He heard none of course, since the office was soundproofed, but even if it wasn't he doubted he would've heard anything anyway. The two of them seemed like a healthy couple; the kind that talked things out reasonably like mature adults, instead of getting into fights.

With a sigh, Chairman Kyosuke Munakata turned around and walked out of the school, where his car and driver were waiting to take him back to work.

His day had only gone downhill from there. He hadn't been able to focus on his work, everything just reminded him of the past. The bad memories were painful, but the good ones were so much worse. He could handle remembering the loss of his friends, he could handle remembering all the mistakes he'd made, he could handle the guilt of everything he'd done. He bore that pain with pride; it made him stronger, better.

But remembering the good times. Remembering the times when Chisa would be there to help him unwind after work, when he could have a friendly chat with Juzo, when the Future Foundation was in the palm of his hand and he was the most powerful man in the world, when his future still seemed
so bright. Remembering those times and then suddenly being pulled back to reality was *hell*.

After an outstandingly unproductive day, he'd gone back home tired and miserable. The minute he'd gotten home, he threw off his shoes, downed as many sleeping pills as his physician said was healthy (and then some) and threw himself in his bed to sleep. But unfortunately, not even his dreams were safe.

He lost count of how many times he'd woken up in a cold sweat, gotten up to clear his mind, and then went back to sleep, only to fall into another nightmare. His phone sat right next to his desk, glowing tauntingly as it reminded him that he had people he could talk to about this. But of course, he didn't. He told himself that it was because he didn't want to bother anyone at this late hour. Maybe that was true, or maybe he was just too proud.

The last time he'd woken up (after a nightmare involving himself, a dead co-worker, and a very rusty knife), he could see the beginnings of daylight start to pour in through his blinders, and decided to try to go back to sleep. Unfortunately, just as he was beginning to drift off, his alarm clock went off, causing him to get out of bed and throw it against wall in his frustration, destroying the alarm clock and adding another item to his list of problems.

And of course, that had led to his current drunken predicament. But it all started with that meeting.

Kyosuke ground his teeth, taking another swig of whatever alcoholic beverage he'd been drinking (he'd long since lost the ability to tell them apart) and standing up to begin pacing. It was frustrating, it was *humiliating*, having to go up to someone that hated him, someone that used to *work for him*, and beg them for help, only to be turned away because of a personal grudge. Years ago, he never would have had to deal with that, his authority meant he could make a phone call and solve any problem he had, and if someone didn't cooperate, all he had to do was make a vague threat and-

Kyosuke slammed his head against a wall, not hard enough to cause damage to himself or the wall, but hard enough to clear his thoughts. He could not think like that, *would* not think like that, not anymore. Drunkenness was no excuse. That kind of thinking had been what led to this to begin with. It was frustrating, yes, but no one ever said being a good person was *easy*. But that was what he was now, a good person, and he would take his own life before he let himself fall back to what he used to be.

With a sad sigh, he sat back down on his bed, lazily tossing aside the bottle and hearing it break as it hit the floor, spilling alcohol all over his rug.

It all led back to that train of thought in the end: that nothing in his life would be as bad as it was if it hadn't been for him. He'd been so *arrogant*, so *proud*, so *sure of himself*. He thought he was doing the right thing, that he was making the world a better place, and that if anyone disagreed with him then they needed to either step aside or be pushed aside for the sake of the world he envisioned.

Munakata cringed. Wondering how anyone had put up with him in those days, then cringed again when he remembered that anyone who didn't put up with him was usually fired or demoted. He'd been a tyrant, pushing aside anyone who stood in his way and ignoring anyone who advised him otherwise. But why would he have listened to them, when even his closest most trusted friends were telling him he was right?

Juzo was a better friend than he deserved, always willing to support him no matter what he did. Even when he'd fallen completely into madness, his friend stood by him. Or at least, he tried to. Juzo deserved better from him than a sword to the gut, but that was what he got, and in the end, his friend gave his life to save him, while he was too late to save him, or even say goodbye, and let him know that he didn't hate him. All because he was too embarrassed to face him, like a goddamn *child*. 
And then there was Chisa. Sweet, kind, loving Chisa. He should've realized. He should've known from the start that someone as gentle and loving as Chisa wouldn't have been in favor of his methods, but not only did she accept them, she encouraged him. She told him that he was right, and that he was making the world a better place. He was surprised at first, but he accepted it, and he never questioned it because it was exactly what he wanted to hear. If he'd just paid more attention, if he hadn't been so caught up in himself, maybe he would've realized that something was wrong sooner, and maybe he could've saved her. He could have prevented so many tragedies.

She deserved better than him. If Chisa, the real Chisa, had lived to see what he had become, she would've been disgusted with him. She never would have stood beside the man he had become.

No, that wasn't true. She would've forgiven him. She would've been disappointed in him, she would've been mad at him even, but she wouldn't have abandoned him. She would have guided him back onto the right path, and kept him from becoming a monster. That was the kind of person she was.

It occurred to him that if she had gotten a chance to meet Makoto under better circumstances, they would've gotten along great. Hell, he would've gotten along great with him in another life. Maybe if he'd been born a few years later, the two of them would've been in the same class, and they would have defeated Junko Enoshima side-by-side and walked out as heroes.

Or maybe he would've messed it all up and doomed them all. For the longest time, he'd been sure that living through a Killing Game was nothing compared to what he'd had to endure in the outside world. He'd been jealous of the survivors for the acclaim they'd received for living through what he thought was just a simple game. Fate, of course, was not without a sense of irony, and after being forced into a Mutual Killing Game of his own, Munakata understood just how wrong he had been.

From the start, he'd done nothing but make the situation worse. He was so blinded by his prejudices, so blinded by anger, that he couldn't, no, wouldn't stop to think for just one minute. There were so many things he could've done. He could've helped investigate a way out before making accusations, he could've helped keep everyone calm instead of inciting a panic. If he had just let the Ultimate Detective do her job, or even helped her, how many lives would he have saved? Instead, he did exactly what Monokuma told him to do and tried to murder his supposed allies. He tried to kill Makoto and sent Juzo after his friends. He'd been an idiot, playing right into Tengan's hands like a puppet on a string. Even after killing the mastermind, he'd fallen for his trick and done exactly what he wanted, and his foolishness cost Juzo his life.

He may have only killed two people during that game, but the amount of blood on his hands was much greater than that. How many people would have survived if he'd done anything to stop the game rather than just go along with it? And in the end, it was only because of Makoto that he was pulled out of his madness, even after he'd beaten him to a bloody pulp and taunted him over the death of his lover. It was no wonder Kyoko Kirigiri hated his guts. Even at the end when he thought he could finally make a difference, he had to be saved by the Remnants of Despair, the very people he had been trying so hard to kill.

It was, to put it lightly, a humbling experience. But the one bright side was that he had been humbled, he had learned from his mistakes. At the end of it all, while the 77th Class went out to make the world a better place at the cost of their future, and while the remaining members 78th Class celebrated their miraculous survival, the sole survivor of the 74th Class contemplated ending it all right there. But he didn't. Perhaps it was presumptuous, but he wanted to believe that fate still had a plan for him, otherwise, he would've died already. The fact that he was still alive was proof that he still had a purpose, and although it took him almost a year of wandering and soul-searching to find it, he would fulfill that purpose, in honor of the people he had failed.
Getting to his feet and staggering over to his closet. Kyosuke swung the doors open, and rummaged around until he came across a small safe. He got on his knees and fiddled with the lock until he got the right combination (which was much harder than it would've been if he weren't absolutely wasted), and opened it. Inside of the safe was his old katana, or rather, the hilt of it. Taking out his old weapon, he felt the familiar weight in his hand and pressed the trigger on the hilt to extend the metal out like a whip, until it took the familiar curved shape of the blade. Years ago, after he'd taken the position of Chairman of the Future Foundation, he'd purchased a safe and locked his weapon away, as a sign of his resolve to leave behind the man he had once been in the name of moving forward towards the future.

It was a purely symbolic gesture of course, since he could always take out the sword whenever he wanted. But it occurred to him that maybe that was the point: he could return to man he used to be at any time, but he chose not to, because he was stronger now.

It struck him that this was the sort of gesture that Makoto would approve of. Juzo probably would've called it stupid, but Chisa would've liked it. Most importantly, given the intended meaning of the gesture, it was the sort of thing that would've disgusted the old him, which probably meant it was a good idea.

He stared at the blade forlornly. How many people had he killed with this? He'd lost count a long time ago, no, it was more like he'd stopped bothering to count. He stopped viewing his enemies as people, instead seeing them as monsters that needed to be wiped out. He didn't stop to think that maybe some of the people he killed didn't want to fight him, or that some of them might be more than just enemies to be killed, that they might have lives, and loved ones, and people who would grieve for them. Not even Chisa's death made him realize this, it wasn't until after the Killing Game that he realized just what he'd been doing.

If Chisa, his dear, beloved Chisa, could be forced into Despair, then what did that mean for everyone else? He knew without a doubt that if given the chance, he would have saved her, he would have done anything to turn her back into the person she used to be. If the 77th Class could be saved, if they could escape Despair and become something better, then certainly she could too, right? But what did that mean for everyone else he had killed? What made them different? Because he didn't know any of them? Because he didn't care about them?

The day that he realized that he hadn't spent the past several years of his life killing monsters like he thought he had, the day he realized that he had been killing people, was when he realized where exactly he had gone wrong. The answer to the question that had plagued him throughout the Final Killing Game. He had gone wrong when he forgot the value of a life, something that Makoto, who he had condemned as foolish and naïve, always understood. He felt sick to his stomach that day, and he came very close to killing himself, but he came out of it alive, and he knew then and there that he would dedicate the rest of his live to making up for his mistakes, earning forgiveness for what he had done.

But could he earn forgiveness? Was it even possible? When he faced the afterlife, would his life be weighed against all the lives he had doomed? How could he possibly measure up to that?

He wondered for a moment how many people in the world wanted him dead for what he'd done. Surely, with all the people he'd killed, some of them must've had people who would miss them. Did he know any of them? Was he walking among enemies? How many of his co-workers and subordinates wanted him dead? Would he walk into a meeting one day, only to be greeted by a group of traitors, ready to murder him? Would he deserve it?

Munakata flipped his sword around, and gripped it with both hands. He angled the blade towards his
stomach, and then lifted it up. Soon, it would all be over.

*Chisa, Juzo, I'm coming.*

With a roar, he drew the blade forward, and then slammed it down. Right onto the floor.

Munakata fell to his hands and knees, gasping for air and dripping with sweat. This wasn't the first time he'd almost killed himself, but he had still come far too close for his liking. That thought, that one single thought, had been what had stopped him, even in his drunken stupor, from going through with it. Killing himself to be reunited with Juzo and Chisa was a pointless endeavor. Because if he were to kill himself now, then he would not be going to the same place as them. For him to take his own life, in the hopes that he would meet them again, would not only be arrogant, it would be disrespectful. He would be placing them on the same level as himself, and he would not disrespect their memories like that.

Kyosuke's eye was right next to the blade, and he saw his reflection within it.

*Not yet. You don't get to die yet.* It seemed to say to him. He agreed.

Munakata got to his feet and pulled the sword out of the ground, pressing the button to retract the blade, and then put it back in the safe, locking it up. The next order of business was to pick up all the scattered and broken bottles of alcohol and throw them in the trash, followed by the rest of the alcohol he had in his house. He wouldn't allow such a self-destructive habit to ruin him when he had already survived so much.

He drank as much water as he could to try and get the alcohol out of his system, and then threw off his dirty and wrinkled clothes as he stepped into the shower. He set the water so that it was hot enough to burn him. The pain grounded him, and he considered it to be a fitting punishment for allowing himself to nearly fall into temptation. He knew that the more traditional form of self-harm would be cutting himself, but he had long since learned to stop using blades to solve his problems, this was the only form of self-flagellation he would allow himself.

Once he was done, he dressed himself in his mourning outfit, and prepared to head out. At the very least, he had remembered to buy flowers the day before, so he wouldn't have to stop on the way to the cemetery where Chisa and Juzo were waiting for him. He'd made a promise to visit them, and he was going to keep it.

Just as he was about to step outside, his phone rang in his pocket. Munakata pulled it out of his pocket to check the ID, and cursed under his breath when he saw that it was from the Future Foundation.

"This is Chairman Munakata, what is it?" he asked, being sure to hide any traces of irritation in his voice.

"Hello Mr. Chairman, we have an urgent matter here that requires your attention," answered the voice that he recognized as his secretary, Saori Inada.

Munakata grit his teeth. "This is my day off, and I have an important appointment to attend to. Have the Vice-Chairman handle it."

"Sir, it's about the France issue, and we really need you on it."

Munakata sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, resisting the urge to yell at the woman on the other end of the line, she didn't deserve it. "Fine. I'll be there in about three hours," he said, not putting as much effort into hiding the irritation in his voice.
"But sir-"

"Three. Hours."

With that, he hung up the phone and put it back in his pocket. He had duties to attend to, but his responsibilities to his friends came first.

Upon reaching the graveyard, Munakata grimaced upon seeing a familiar face. It seemed that fate and karma were both conspiring to make his day as thoroughly unpleasant as possible.

Kyoko Kirigiri glared at him, holding a bouquet of flowers and dressed in black, just like him.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, making no attempt to hide the scorn in her voice. It seemed that outside of her office, she had much less reason to be professional.

"I'm here for the same reason as you are," he answered calmly. "We both have business to attend to, let's just pretend we didn't even see each other."

Kyoko nodded her head. "Fine by me."

With that, the two of them went their separate ways. If nothing else, he could at least be grateful that the graves they were visiting weren't close by, even if they were in the same cemetery. Over time, he had learned to appreciate the small blessings.

Chisa and Juzo's graves were placed side by side, he had reserved a plot right next to theirs for when the time came for him to join them. Delicately, he placed the two bouquets on their tombstones and closed his eyes, standing over them in silence.

What would they think of him if they could see him now? Would they be proud of him? Would they be disappointed? Would he even have changed into the man he was now if he hadn't lost them? Or would he still be the same person he was when they were by his side? With these questions running through his mind, Kyosuke Munakata allowed a single tear to fall down his cheek.

"Mr. Chairman."

Munakata looked up at the sound of his name being called, and turned around in surprise to see Kyoko Kirigiri standing at a distance away from him.

"Kirigiri. What is it?" he asked curtly. He had suggested they ignore each other for a reason.

"I apologize for interrupting you, but I wanted to tell you that I looked over the case file you left yesterday, and I've decided to take the case," she said.

Munakata's eyes widened in shock for a moment, and he let out a sigh of relief. He smiled gratefully.

"I see. Thank you for your help, I can't tell you how much I appreciate it."

Kirigiri sighed as she brushed a strand of hair behind her ear. "You're welcome. However, if I'm going to be taking on this case, it will be on my terms. Any interference from you or your subordinates, and I can't guarantee my cooperation."

Munakata cringed, he had expected that, but it didn't mean that it wasn't going to cause problems for him once he got back to work. "Of course, we'll leave things to you. Thanks again for your help."

"Good." Kirigiri placed a hand on her chin. "Based on the details in the case file, I already have a couple of hunches as to who the culprit may be. Barring any unforeseen circumstances, I don't
expect this to take very long."

Munakata nodded. "I'm glad to hear that. We'll contact you soon to arrange travel plans."

"Very well. I'll leave you to your business then, Chairman." Kirigiri turned around and began walking away.

"Kirigiri, I have a question for you," Munakata called after a few moments of hesitation.

She stopped and turned around to face him. "What is it?"

"If you thought you could get away with it, would you kill me?" he asked, completely serious.

Kirigiri scoffed disdainfully. "Please. Even if I could, killing you now would serve no purpose. It wouldn't solve any problems, and it would only serve to make things worse. Any catharsis that could be derived from killing you would be far outweighed by the consequences. If I were to kill you, not only would it throw the world into chaos, but I wouldn't be able to look my husband in the eye, or sleep at night. I'm not that kind of person." I'm not like you.

She didn't say it, but they both knew what she meant, she allowed those words to hang in the air for a second, then turned around and kept walking.

"Sorry, allow me to rephrase the question: do you think I deserve to die?"

Kirigiri stopped in her tracks. This time, she didn't turn around to face him. "I believe that my opinion on that matter is irrelevant, because in this world, there are many people who deserve to die that end up living, and many people who deserve to live that end up dead." She said nothing else, and walked away.

Kyosuke turned around to look at the graves of Chisa Yukizome and Juzo Sakakura. He smiled sadly.

"Yeah. I agree."

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