***The story so far:*** *Duke Fleed and Hikaru married and they live on Fleed as king and queen. They have had a son, Rex, of two months old. A mysterious being, the Dark One, has sent Jezabel, a powerful woman, who enters into the Royal Palace, killing several men and kidnapping Rex in front of Hikaru, who disappeared mysteriously. Now, Duke thinks that Hikaru and Rex are dead…*

The funeral of the victims of the Royal Palace is followed by a large crowd. In particular, Amauta was much loved by the people, because in the dark days of the domination of Vega, he and the Prince Duke Fleed was their only hope. Now, because of all these deaths, along with the death of the Queen Hikaru and the Prince Rex, not to mention the destruction of the Royal Palace, everyone still fears the return of that damn past. Everyone also talked about a huge monster, stopped by Grendizer: now the robot is being repaired: the battle was terrible. And everyone fear that it is only the beginning.

Duke knows that he must be present at funerals to calm the people: then he participates, but he would like to be alone. Sure, he is sorry for Amauta, one of his best friends, but there is no comparison with the loss of Hikaru and Rex. The whole time of the funeral, Duke cannot think of anything but Hikaru.

He remembers the first time he saw her. Professor Umon, who was with him, knocked the house of Danbei to present him his “son”, when a girl opened the door for them, and he saw Hikaru for the first time. He was surprised: he had never seen a girl with short hair. Naida, Rubina, all the girls he knew had very long and loose hairs. In addition, Hikaru’s eyes were special: a cross between a little and dreamy girl and, at the same time, mature and practical. Large eyes, simple, non-magnetic like Naida’s eyes, or shining, like Rubina’s eyes. Yet, they had a special charm.
Maybe he was in love with her at first sight without knowing it. And he was realizing it only when he saw her during the race in aerobics: nobody would have imagined such grace in a simple country girl. But he felt guilty for this, in front of Rubina, thinking about her with regret, wondering where she was over. Also, he wanted to stay away from Hikaru - even if it cost him - not to involve her in his world, a world of war, blood, revenge and death. If she would see all this, Hikaru’s eyes would lose that innocence he loved, and Duke did not want this. But it was not possible to keep such secrets for long time. Once Hikaru discovered everything, she wanted to fight alongside Grendizer, and Duke was contrary. He did not want her to do the end of Naida, or worse. He remembers that time when Hikaru was almost dead when Blacky invaded Umon’s Institute. Only a transfusion of his blood on Hikaru had allowed her to continue to live.

Memories of Hikaru come on Duke’s mind as a waterfall, while the rites of funeral are continuing. That time she was on horseback. Or when they were together for the first time in that cave. Or when she listened to her with a guitar serenades in the moonlight. Or all the times that they were interrupted by Danbei when they spoke to each other. Or when she had a face full of circles and "x" drawn in felt pen several times because she had lost the badminton at the first day of the year. And more pictures, countless.

Why he had not brought her on Fleed, when all was over? Sure, because Rubina was just died...but why he did not, at least, promise her that he would return? He became shy as a schoolboy? Or he was still shocked by what had happened? Or he was worried about the planet Fleed, which he thought it was dead, when instead it was returning to live? Maybe no one will ever know the answer.

And Hikaru? Why she did not tell me a word when we were about to leave for Fleed, Maria and I? I spoke with everyone, with Hikaru just a glance.

*Yet, we had plenty to say. Something held us back.*

What, perhaps not even she could tell. Perhaps the fear of the unknown? Perhaps the realization that, once made a certain discourse, their lives would change forever? Then, they were able to find one to another, they were married, they had given birth to a son. Maria had returned to Earth to marry Alcor. All's well that ends well. But this happens in fairy tales, and this is reality, and in reality, when something ends, another thing begins. And now? Hikaru is dead, Rex is dead, also Amauta. The contacts with Earth have not yet been restored, and this in truth for Duke is a relief, even if he does not want to admit it. What would he say to Alcor and to everyone? And Danbei, how would he tell him? "I'm sorry, but your daughter is dead ..." Only thinking about this, Actarus is yet sick. And Maria? *She loved Hikaru as a sister...it was thanks to her that we were able to get married at the end. At least, now I have an excuse to postpone…but sooner or later I have to tell her,* thinks Duke. *Although it may be cold comfort, one thing is certain: whoever is behind this "Shadow" will pay. I will not let it will make again his evil ways, at all costs. Grendizer will rage like never before. But I have no illusions: the enemy has an incredible strength and endless powers to his service. This will be my last battle, but you will die with me.*

The Grand Vizier observes with sadness the ruins of the Royal Palace from his bedroom window. Before the sunset, everything seems more desolate. The funeral is over and the king has just returned to his apartments, in this building which is the "Residence", a secluded area for relaxation or sport, which was distant from the Royal Palace and then had survived to the disaster. The king remained pale throughout the day, and the elder Great Vizier is not surprised. The only thing that the king Duke Fleed had told him was about Grendizer: he intends not only to repair it, but also to reinforce it at higher levels. But this is very dangerous: its power will grow, of course, but the risk will be very high for the pilot.

Duke Fleed and Grendizer fight when they are in symbiosis: the levers and buttons are only apparently outside. But *all the driver* is involved: his body, his mind, even his soul. Controlling a power so great is normally dangerous, but it is even more dangerous if he wants to strengthen to higher levels. The risk of destroying his body and lose the reason is very high, but the king has decided.

*What he gonna do? He wants to die? But he cannot abandon the people of Fleed. I hope that does not give me the mantle of command...I would not be able to hold it. But I'm afraid he will do so.*

As the sun goes out and the first stars appear, the Grand Vizier, who had remained standing at the window all the time to think, suddenly feels that something pulls his cloak. Surprised, he turns and sees nothing. Then, he lowers his head and sees a girl with clear and long hair, dressed in a simple and common way, who was pulling the cape to attract attention. The elder is astonished, not only for not having heard her coming, but for the fact that a girl could not have ended here, with all the electronic monitoring and controls at every step.

"What are you doing here? Who are you? " he asks.

The girls smiles quietly smiles and says:

"This is for His Majesty" and hands him a piece of paper folded into four squares. The Grand Vizier takes him, startled, and looks for a moment the page. A piece of plain paper, taken from a book of elementary schools. For a moment, he does not understand anything.

He turns to the girl to talk to her, but he sees no one. He looks around: nothing. He opens the door and tells to the guardian:

"Guard, where is that girl? He was here a moment ago! "

"What girl, sir? No one came in and no one came out from here. I've always been in my place, I would have noticed! "

The Grand Vizier thinks for a moment that he was become senile, if now he begins to have visions. Then, observes the paper: it is real!

"Look around the room and search around the building! A girl came here, Find it now! "

The guard is surprised, but acts in a hurry: he calls men and contact security. The research last all night: no girl, no secret passage, no trace of teleportation. Whoever she was, she has evaporated.