



"THE IDOL K"

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

Until then, Kuro Yatogami did not know what kind of life his adoptive father, Ichigen Miwa, had, who helped him when he was about to die in the mountains, in the past.

Even in the town where they lived, the area was really warm, and the town treated Miwa with a vague idea that he "is a little strange, but he is a great person".

In a cold mountain town where most adults are engaged in so-called primary industries like agriculture and forestry, he didn't even get a job, he was swinging a wooden sword in the morning and sweating. During the day, he taught volunteer children for free, and at night, Miwa would look at the full moon and write haiku on a rather heretical strip of paper, and it could be said that he was a unique person.

Although he had a dialect of "Kawakamon" (a dialect from the Tohoku region where they lived), the village community never expelled or overlooked him.

No.

On the contrary, the village mayor, respected as a heavyweight of the village alongside the doctor, when a problem occurred that they could not solve on their own, the villagers would go to Miwa's house for precise advice.

Good-mannered, serious, informed, all the villagers trusted Miwa deeply that he was widely known in village affairs.

And Kuro, who grew up in that environment, had no doubts about Miwa's background and identity, he thought vaguely: "I think Miwa is a poet or a master of swordplay, as he says.".

However, one day, Kuro got to know Miwa's past in a dramatic way.

The trigger was the videotape that Ichigen had in his possession.

He had a collection of swordsman-related videos and was allowed to view them freely, but there was an unknown tape. No label or anything.

It was weird for Miwa to do something like that. Kuro repeated that to himself, wondering a bit.

And, as if fascinated, Kuro was nailed to the screen. Two hours passed in no time.

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Kuro Yatogami returned to the office that day after recording a CM link song, conducting an interview with a music magazine, and having a meeting with an advertising agency. As a promising idol, his clothes were spotless, but he had a paper bag on his chest containing ingredients like radish, potatoes, and pork that he bought from a nearby shopping street.

"Kuro-chan is good at it, so is a bonus for a carrot."

There, Kuro is considered a good young man who often comes shopping rather than an idol.

With his shopping bag, Kuro got on the monorail and headed to the island on the opposite shore. There was the office to which he belongs.

He got off at the station and went down the street against the flow of people. Almost 100% of the students crossed paths in uniform. His goal was a genuine school. He was used to it now, but when he visited "Shirogin Record" for the first time, he was disappointed.

Ashinaka High School.

As the name suggests, Gakuenjima is a school building built on a remote island connected only by viaducts from the land. And "Shirogin Record" rented a student dormitory on the school island and ran an office. He wasn't sure how the idol entertainment agency decided to operate the school, but Isana, the representative for "Shirogin Records", said, "Well, it was cheap."

He smiled and answered. It was a slight and irritating point for the serious Kuro, although it seemed uncertain.

As he walked down the school path that led to the front door, some well-known students called out to him. Kuro smiled too, raised his hand and replied.

"Oh, Kuro-kun. Are you going home now?"

He knew that girl with short hair and hair ornaments.

"Oh, Kukuri."

Remembering, he calls her by her name.

Kukuri belongs to "Shirogin Record" as Kuro, she is a girl who cared for him since she started living in this school dormitory.

She also lives in the dorm and occasionally offers self-service dishes. Other students besides this girl, Kukuri Yukizome, treated him like an idol, rather than a strange older brother who took up residence in the dorm.

For Kuro it was much easier than making noise.

He told Kukuri:

"Yes, because I finished all the work. Kukuri, are you done with the classes?"

When he asks with a smile...

"Yes. After this, I'm going to go shopping at Shizume for a bit! I need a lot to prepare for the school festival."

He received a carefree reply.

"Then..."

Kuro asked, slightly changing the tone of his voice.

"What happened to Shiro?"

Shiro, also known as Yashiro Isana, the representative of "Shirogin Record". Kukuri, who is friendly, answered a bit harshly.

"Hm..."

She had a slightly embarrassed face.

"Yeah. Well, he wonder me if I needed help to prepare for the school festival all the time."

She speaks honestly.

"Ah."

Kuro ate a small sigh. Then he asked something else that worried him.

"What about lunch? What were he doing for lunch?"

"Oh, I think everyone gave him a little side dish, right?"

Kuro sighed loudly. Shiro was often blessed with food from the students. The students treated him as if he were a stray cat, rather than as a representative of the venerable entertainment agency "Shirogin Records".

"Not at all. He still lacks awareness as a representative."

When Kuro shook his head,

"So, Kukuri, see you."

He started walking towards the student dormitory just as he was. Kukuri called behind him. She put her hand on her mouth making it look like a megaphone.

"Kuro-kun! Don't get too mad at Shiro-kun, okay?"

Kuro raised a hand in response. He reached the bedroom, went upstairs, and opened the door to the room used as "Shirogin Records" office. As the loose personality of Shiro, the owner of the room, was completely unlocked.

"Shiro! Are you back now? Where are you?"

He went through the living room where the chabudai was and entered the space that Shiro used as a bedroom. He immediately collapsed.

"Ah!"

There was a scene that Kuro shouldn't have. It's good that Isana is sleeping in bed. However, a naked girl lay next to him, pressing against his abundant breasts and sighing in satisfaction.

"What are you doing?!"

Kuro's anger flared.

"This cheeky!"

It was a scene that was relatively common on "Shirogin Records".

The naked girl, the only female idol who belongs to this office. After dressing Neko, waking up Shiro who was talking in his sleep, while cleaning up the messy clothes and sundries, he got ready to cook. After that, he made them sit down and began to preach.

"Neko! How many times did I tell you! Don't take your clothes off!"

"Hey!"

Neko puffed out her dissatisfied cheeks. Recently, as the idol of gravure, she published a photo book called "I don't need clothes" and updated the highest sales in the history of gravure photo albums. A beautiful girl rarely seen in the entertainment world, she boasts outstanding style. Recently, her words and her natural deeds have been loved and she has been actively participating in variety shows.

There is no reason why such a girl could sleep naked and hug her representative. Kuro can see that there is no suspicious feeling between the two of them, but if this happens in front of the world, it will be a big problem.

A scandal would be inevitable.

Kuro kept complaining, but Neko was in a bad mood because he disturbed nap time.

"So what do you do when you bathe? Kurosuke, do you bathe with your clothes on?"

She said such a thing with thorns. Kuro got angry.

"Don't be silly! Wear it when you must, take it off when you must. I'm telling you to be modest!"

Even if Neko was dressed, was a shorts and tank top, so if you're a general man, it would be hard to see. However, when you live in the same office as her, even Kuro, who was not used to women, has gotten used to it.

"The show should be filming soon on Onbashira TV, right? Isn't it bad if you don't prepare?"

If he is urged to do so...

"Because Kurosuke is an idiot at all."

As she muttered, Neko stood up and tried to return to her room. By the way, Neko is a stage name, her real name is Miyabi Ameno. However, he didn't know if "Wagahai" was a character or not.

And while Neko tried to stand up, Kuro grabbed Shiro's neck that he was trying to escape from that place.

"We are not done yet."

Then, before Shiro, who had a friendly laugh.

"Shiro. Did you help the school festival all day today?"

He asks him that.

"Yes, well."

Shiro shrugged,

"That got me tired and I fell asleep. I didn't realize it when Neko came back, I'm sorry, Kuro."

Kuro sighed deeply.

"I'm not mad about it, because I'm making some contributions, like sewing, if time allows."

"Shirogin Record" is borrowing this school island for some reason. If so, all the students, including Kukuri, are the neighbors who are in debt. They think it's okay to return the favor by doing something useful.

"But..."

Kuro brought his face close to him and said.

"I heard from Asama-san. Did you bother turning down the 'Queen Records' job you were on today?"

He did not believe that it was a question of neglecting the work of idols, which are the main way. Kuro and Shiro must have responsibilities and obligations as idols.

"No."

Shiro scratched his head.

"I am in your debt, and I wanted to go somehow, but you see, the student council president and Mishina-kun consulted on stage."

"Hm."

Kuro desperately killed his anger. Kuro hadn't been that worried before, just once or twice. But every time, it turned out like this.

"You are probably one of the best idols in this country, representing the venerable silver label! What do you do prioritizing that school festival preparation over your core business!"

Shiro is one of the "Idol Kings", who has no people in the whole country. It's hard to believe when you see him laughing in front of you, but in reality, he has the taste and influence that the product sells like hotcakes just by appearing in a commercial.

Not just commercial. He is also a good commentator for late-night TV shows, and a concert can definitely mobilize 100,000 people.

But Kuro, he can't help but have a toothache.

"Our band, "HAKU☆MAI", cannot work because you are in that condition."

"Jeje."

Shiro, was scolded by Kuro who had an ugly face.

"Well, leave it to me. I have a little idea."

He smiled and winked mischievously. Then he looked up at the clock that was intentionally hanging on the wall.

"Oops. It's about to be recorded on the radio. Kuro. Sorry, but save the sermon for later. I'm hungry. I want to eat your rice."

"....."

Kuro stared at Shiro's face for a moment, and then...

"You are working properly, right?"

He sighed deeply.

He let Shiro and Neko who were heading to the radio and television recording have a nice dinner, and after sending them, he vacuumed Shiro's office and private room and washed the clothes that Neko had taken off. When he found out, he was taking care of Shiro and Neko.

By the way, Kuro and Neko had their own private rooms next to Shiro's room. It wasn't even that until Kuro arrived, Neko entered Shiro's room without permission, so he was shocked and amazed.

"Be modest like an idol, instead of a girl of that age!"

That said, he immediately stopped the practice, but since then, Neko doesn't seem to think much about what Kuro said.

That office was loose in many ways. Discipline, thinking, self-management. Dissatisfaction built up slightly in Kuro.

Kuro thinks that idols are tough and therefore they should have a funny beauty.

After that, he finished washing and went back to his room.

Kuro's paint shop was simple. Originally, there was no flashy furniture aside from the bed and table provided, and the personal belongings were only clothes that could fit in luggage, a Japanese sword delivered by his master Miwa Ichigen, and a voice recorder. Kuro randomly pressed the button with a heavy gaze and heard him.

"Dance is the sound of the heart, the heavens and the earth. Steps are taken to cut the delicious new incense."

Nostalgic, he could hear Miwa's voice.

This voice recorder was full of songs, dances, talks, plays, and advice that other people couldn't understand. He used to record his lessons as much as possible while being educated by him.

Kuro still listens to Miwa when he gets stuck on the road. Then, in the fog of hesitation, he can move in the right direction by being guided directly by the hand of his master, Ichigen. However, this time, his concerns had not been resolved.

Does that mean he hasn't finished his training yet?

Ever since he saw a video of Miwa that day, Kuro had made up his mind. He will be a brilliant existence on stage as Miwa.

When he heard Miwa's words, he seemed confused for a moment and then...

"Yes. Maybe this is also a date."

He smiled.

"You will surely be stronger and brighter than me."

After that, his foster father became a teacher and began training him as a strict but warm idol. Practice the use of the sword as a theatrical representation in dance, singing and acting. In the end, he thoroughly learned housework and cooking to broaden the range of arts and maintain himself well into the future.

Later, he learned that his housemate was a brother who aspired to be the same idol as him, and discovered that Miwa belonged to "The Craters", he was a member of the best idol band in the history of Japanese entertainment.

Also, as he grew up, he learned to be an idol with Miwa and realized how difficult and tiresome it was to try to be like him. Kuro was becoming more and more solemn in training as an idol.

And a few months ago, Kuro was allowed to fly to the outside world as an idol, so to speak, in the form of a license. At that moment...

"Before, I had some ties. Why don't you take care of Isana-san from 'Shirogin Record' first?"

They asked for it. Kuro was also learning a lot about the entertainment world at the time.

"Shirogin Record?"

He didn't want to disagree with his teacher, but his expression was a bit hazy.

"It seems like it used to be a prestigious place, but now you really don't understand the inside story, do you? Isana-san, the representative, is also engaging in side business, I don't hear a very good reputation."

"I agree."

Miwa made up his mind with a smile.

"Isana-san, who I know, also has a mysterious feeling, so frankly, I'm not entirely uncomfortable leaving you. But..."

As usual, he laughed softly and said softly.

"If so, you must cut it, if it doesn't fit your idol path."

It was a cold way of saying it on his back. Kuro took the Japanese sword that was given to him while he remembered that word.

He would only draw the sword in the face of something serious.

There was a dark light in his eyes.

Of course, "cut" is just a matter of comparison. Miwa means that if he feels that something is wrong with Isana, he should cut off the relationship with a Japanese sword. Since then, he has been left to Kuro's free will no matter what office he belongs to. By the way, Kuro has yet to receive a formal invitation from Shiro.

So, as for the status of him, he was in a position to keep "Shirogin Records".

Today, it is called the Yamatogo idol era, when many idols flourish. The basis for this was an idol selection and management system called the slate system. It was created with the intention of a man who is at the top of the entertainment world and the political and business world of this country, named Kokujoji Daikaku.

Kuro was a colorless idol when Miwa admitted him as an idol.

From that point on, it was still up to Kuro to decide where he belonged and what color he would be waiting for.

(If you don't have the capacity as an idol...)

Kuro clenched the sword he was holding.

(At that time really...)

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Later...

"What's wrong? Do you have a scared face?"

He hears a soft Kansai dialect. When he raised his face, a person wearing a jacket looked at Kuro, who was sitting on a reclining chair.

"Somehow, you looked like you were about to hit someone with that sword."

He said that jokingly, laughing.

"Izumo Kusanagi from "Homura Entertainment Office". Nice to meet you."

He held out a hand. Kuro stood up and responded to the greeting.

"I am Yatogami Kuro."

After a while,

"Shirogin Record, huh."

Kusanagi was in a good mood, although he wasn't sure if he realized that he had bought a bet to answer that.

"You really were a celebrity before you debuted. Commonly known as Toranoana in the idol world, the talent raised by Miwa Ichigen from "NO COLOR FACTORY" is finally hitting the center, to tell the truth."

He looks him straight in the eye.

"I thought it would be interesting for you to come to us."

Maybe it was lip service, but when they told him that, he was a bit confused.

"Thank you. Kusanagi-san, what did you come for today?"

When he asks that...

"I came as an assistant to a princess."

With his thumb, he pointed to the girl whose makeup was being done in the corner of the set. She wore old-fashioned clothes with many decorations.

Anna Kushina.

She is a female idol who currently belongs to "Homura Entertainment Office". Although she is still in her teens, many people are captivated by her doll-like features and her calm, floating atmosphere with few words. The characteristic was that there were many fans regardless of gender.

"And..."

Kusanagi pointed out to the woman that was having a meeting with the director for the next performance, this time at a location where catering was lined up.

"I heard that Seri-chan is wearing a sexy outfit and I came to admire her."

Seri Awashima.

Female idol belonging to "Promotion Scepter 4", she has been sought after as an actress in dramas, movies, and stage performances for the past few years. And, as Kusanagi said,

she was wearing a gorgeous dress with a wide chest, and with the synergistic effect of that costume, she carried an aura that made the area beautiful just by standing.

"She's a big deal, really. She's already the personality of a great actress."

Kusanagi calls her Shimijimi.

They were at the filming location of a taiga drama. The subject is a spy from before the war, Awashima is the daughter of a county who falls in love with the spy, Anna is the sister of the spy and Kuro is one of the military police who chases the spy.

By the way, the sword Kuro was holding was not his, but a pillar that mimicked a military sword. And he was wearing a tight military uniform.

When Kusanagi tried to open his mouth, the show's producer called out to Kusanagi. Then, Kusanagi said...

"Oh, thank you very much. Well, Kuro-kun, see you later."

He put a business card in Kuro's hand and...

"Come play with me whenever you want."

He winks at him and he left. As he watched, he began chatting with producers and directors.

("Homura Entertainment Office", Chief of Staff, huh.), Kuro thought.

Currently, the symbol of the office, the "Idol King" Mikoto Suoh, is absent, but the reason why the momentum of "Homura Entertainment Office" is not slowing down at all is because Kusanagi is driving in a balanced manner.

Composer and singer.

"Come see Awashima" besides being nice, he was sure he was coming to make future connections with the site staff.

(He is very important.) Kuro thought.

It may not be possible to compare, but even the leadership role of the same office was completely different from Shiro's. Shiro rarely did business, and even if it was a different field, he was simply out of line.

During that time, he was selling rice. He sighs naturally. Staff called him there and the shooting resumed.

Kuro changed his mind and stood in front of the camera with enthusiasm. However, even so, when he was in front of Anna and Awashima, he was strangely distracted and broadcast NG twice, which he had rarely broadcast.

And in the scene in front of Anna, who was Bai's younger sister,

"Who are you?"

The line of Anna looking at him with her big eyes and asking him, his heart and his body jammed. Awashima was avoiding the road as an acting actress. He definitely compares her to Anna, that she will develop as idol.

(What the hell am I doing?), Kuro thought.

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The following week, Kuro was running across an uninhabited island covered in mud.

The time zone gradually moved from the 30-minute frame to midnight on weekdays, finally settling into the time zone on Sunday night, and now the popular national show "Countdown Dissolution, Shoumutai" is recorded. The average audience rate is always above 20%.

It is a modern monster show that has the support of adults and children. Kuro has also appeared twice so far, but this recording was the hardest.

After all, the concept is "For twenty-four hours, I will play a game that mixes werewolves, etiquette, and scavenger hunts". As he searched, there was an amazing discovery with the concept of cracking the treasure map code and finding that, and there was a pirate thrill, and a lot of content anyway.

And while the rules and content were well crafted and difficult, to be honest, he enjoys beyond the limits of his work.

Now that he has finished all the filming, he is walking into a tent village set up on one of the few plains on an uninhabited island. Perhaps this project was light and costly in the hundreds of millions.

Besides "Shoumutai" from "Promotion Scepter 4", which is a regular show only for artists, idols from "Homura Entertainment Office" and "Shirogin Record", and other comedians and cultural figures, many athletes and others are participating.

Therefore, a large number of people, such as the manager, the dedicated staff and the team to film the show, gathered on this uninhabited island with a radius of about 1 km.

A large number of cameras, the latest equipment to control them, catering space to fill the stomachs of more than 200 people, clean toilets and showers, a tent instead of a waiting room divided into blue for men and red for women, hundreds of transceivers, busy voices on the move, cameras, lighting personnel, and speakers on tall poles keep it in order.

As Kuro walked, he looked towards a huge tent in a particularly high space. He must have been one of them at the helm of this great project, which featured a terrifying amount of money, people, and equipment.

As evidence, many television crews were constantly in and out of the cobalt blue tent. Perhaps the person has a complete understanding of the entire process and gives detailed, precise, and quick instructions one after the other.

"Idol King" from "Promotion Scepter 4", Reisi Munakata.

That was the person who reigned at the top of this project.

The blue tent was a royal castle, and the people coming and going were like guards visiting the king. Interestingly, even though it was a specially designed and magnificent tent, it seemed that people looking up would feel more secure than they would dislike.

Some of the people around him looked around the store and went back to work.

(He has a great presence. It's just the dignity of the king.), Kuro thought.

"Promotion Scepter 4" became a great entertainment agency due to Munakata's charisma.

When he gets to that point, frankly other offices look up to it. Then, in that moment, in the distance...

"Hey, Kurosuke!"

Neko was greeting him.

"I'm going to take a shower from now on."

Kuro turned around. Neko was also participating in this show, representing "Shirogin Record". She did not find the treasure, but she was very active and escaped persecution for 24 hours and received a special award.

Next to her was Seri Awashima, who was covered in mud. The terrifying part of that show is that Seri Awashima, who is becoming a national actress, was mercilessly pushed into the mud and imposed harsh missions.

Two women were leaving while chatting. After the fight, the distance probably shortened a bit. By the way, on the show itself, Domyoji won the championship by getting a jewel worth one million yen.

Now Domyoji, Hidaka, Fuse, Enomoto, Goto, and others are jumping into the sea from the diving platform placed into the sea like a sea loaf.

Fuse and Domyoji held Enomoto astride a jumping platform at a certain height from left to right, laughing and carrying him into the sea. Enomoto was screaming. There was laughter from the staff watching him. For some reason, Goto looks like an Umibozu with seaweed on his head. Hidaka swam with a beautiful crawling way.

Meanwhile, Akiyama, Benzai, and Kamo were seriously discussing the direction of future programs while drinking iced coffee in the shade.

They were all fine even though they had just finished filming for 24 hours. Kuro was enthusiastic about the harshness of "Shoumutai". There were times when he was just doing a difficult mission that was not like an idol.

He tried to enter the store assigned to Kuro. At that moment...

"Kuro Yatogami."

He stopped him with a grumpy voice. Looking back, a bespectacled young man was standing with a look that seemed to be troublesome. And then he said...

"Our president is calling you. Go see him."

After saying that, Kuro recognized the opponent and was a bit nervous.

Fushimi Saruhiko. He was an ace class idol wearing the current "Promotion Scepter 4" on his back.

Among the many idols who are polite and cheerful, there is only one unsympathetic and lonely impression. However, his singing and dancing skills are outstanding, and the aura he gives off from his standing demeanor is bright and eye-catching. Fushimi turned his back on him and started walking. Kuro was stuck.

Kuro bet on his helmet because he fought for the treasure with him until the end in that recording. In the final fitness game, including Misaki Yata from "Homura Entertainment Office", it became a near triple fall, and eventually the treasure was kidnapped by Domyoji.

He was thinking about that grudge.

"Hey, what's up? Come quick."

Fushimi seemed not to think about it anymore. He urged Kuro to clench his chin and follow him. It's probably the default of it that seems to be annoying. Kuro followed Fushimi and started walking.

At that time,

"Look! Come on, Kamamoto!"

When they heard such a loud voice, both Fushimi and Kuro, who were in front of them, stopped and looked back. Looking, Misaki Yata from "Homura Entertainment Office" was running on the diving platform with tremendous momentum.

He jumped to the tip of the sea loaf and circled three times in the air, jumping from his head to the surface of the water like a cone. The dunk player was also a brilliant-bodied judge. He also applauded the members of the "Shoumutai" who saw him from the beach and the surface of the sea.

Apparently, Misaki Yata joined the play in a way to break into them. Kamamoto, who was swimming in the sea, praised him.

"Yata-san, you are amazing!"

Domyoji and others from the "Shoumutai" approached. Yata, who came out of the sea, was laughing happily.

"He's a very sociable guy."

Kuro said, who seemed to smile involuntarily.

"Tsk."

Fushimi grumpily clicked his tongue at him and started walking forward again.

Inside the store, it was as if the television station studio had just moved in. Many televisions showed multiple images at the same time. The king was right in front of that. As he looked at the screen with his back to Kuro who had entered the room, he gave instructions to the staff who were waiting by his side one after another.

"It appears that a broken camera is buried in the dirt and sand on the south slope. Please send the N2 team to collect it."

And,

"It looks like the return boat is late, but it doesn't matter if it's a boat. Please contact the fishing cooperative and ask them to send a fishing boat. It's okay. It doesn't matter. I'll take our boys."

And,

"Please send more materials to Onbashira TV director Yamamoto. This person will edit it to some extent."

He verbally said various things like that. Kuro was summoned, but could not be called. And later...

"Oh."

Reisi Munakata smiled as he turned around.

"Thanks for your patience. Kuroh Yatogami from "Shirogin Record", right?"

"Yes."

Spontaneously his spine stretched.

"I am Kuroh Yatogami."

Reisi Munakata had a relaxed tone, but had a mysterious dignity. He is tall and wears glasses. He was wearing a blue uniform.

"Oh, sorry. Please, leave your seat for a while."

And when he stood up, Munakata told him...

"Why did I call you? I want to hear your opinion a bit."

He beckoned to Kuro and pointed to one of the monitors. When Munakata operated the remote control, Neko was reflected there.

"There is no administrator for "Shirogin Record", so I would like to ask your opinion."

He quickly understood Munakata's intention. The peculiar angle blurred the bottom line, but Neko was probably a complete successor in front of the camera.

"This is an image of an unmanned camera installed in front of the fountain, but it seems that she got so excited that she took off her clothes and jumped into the water."

Munakata said with a bitter smile.

"Although it is a level that cannot be transmitted."

Kuro immediately clenched his fist.

"Sorry, NG."

Munakata looked straight ahead. Also, he projected some images. Both were videos related to Kuro and Neko. There was no particular problem with the others, and Kuro did everything well at his own discretion. Munakata was in a good mood.

"Thanks to you, it's a very good performance. I'm looking forward to the viewership."

Kuro was inwardly in awe of the skill of the man in front of him. It was only an hour before all the recordings were finished. However, Munakata had already identified the images that would likely be a problem. This means that he was constantly reviewing the images from hundreds of cameras in parallel during the recording.

(What kind of eyes do you have?), Kuro thought.

Also, during that time, he took over the set without taking a break.

(Is it a monster?), Kuro thought.

At that moment, Munakata suddenly said something that was interesting.

"What's wrong? There seems to be something you want to say."

Kuro was pierced by a star and fell silent. Then he asks.

"What is an idol to you?"

He didn't want to do that, but his voice mixed with jarring sharpness. Frankly, Kuro had an almost terrifying feeling about Reisi Munakata's abilities.

Munakata has a charisma that makes you feel pressured even if you stand in front of him. His voice is beautiful. However, what Munakata is doing now is, of course, the work of television station producers and advertising agencies.

(How do you perceive idols?), Kuro thought.

"Fufu."

It was quite a rude and cheeky question, but Munakata seemed quite interesting. And he responded without stalling.

"For me, idols are an integral art, an economic activity of high public interest and a crystal of thought."

"....."

Seeing Kuro confused,

"My understanding of what it means to be an idol is probably a bit broader than yours. Idol activity makes a difference, boosting the country's economy and returning it to more viable businesses."

"Wait, you mean idols really want to make money?"

"Incorrect."

Munakata flatly denied it.

"The idol itself is infinitely impoverished. There is no point in applying that definition."

"Isn't it conceptual?"

"That is not the case. I am not only interested in earnings. In a nutshell..."

He was like a naughty child.

"I am an idol and I want to make this world a better place."

Kuro took a breath.

"In the economy, or educationally nurturing influential people."

Munakata folded his hands behind his waist and looked at Kuro's face.

"I want to sublimate in a way to influence society and protect innocent people."

(What? This guy...!)

Kuro took a step back, but Munakata closed the distance.

"The cause to be an idol. Are you laughing?"

Perhaps no one else would have received Kuro properly. What Munakata said was too harsh. But...

"No."

Kuro shook his head.

"I'm not laughing."

"It's okay."

Munakata's eyes were a little blue.

"I've always been interested in you."

Munakata put his hands on Kuro's shoulders.

"If you feel like agreeing with me, even a little..."

Then he adds.

"We also welcome office transfers."

Kuro fell silent. When Munakata smiled.

"Please think about it."

He left Kuro and took a new document. Seeing the tide, Kuro quietly left the tent as he bowed heavily.

On the return ship he was with Neko. The afternoon was approaching. Kuro rarely asked Neko for her opinion as he gazed at the red-tinged sea on the deck.

"Are you worried about your appearance?"

"Hmm?"

Neko rubbed her eyes as she yawned. She apparently she was tired. Instead of the innocent girl named Neko, who often fought with Kuro, in this case, she leaned in and looked sick.

She apparently was going to use her knees as a pillow.

"About what?"

Neko asked sleepily.

"As it is an idol for him."

Neko interrupted Kuro's line and said lightly.

"But Wagahai can make you smile when you are with Shiro. That is why Wagahai loves Shiro."

And she fell asleep while she murmured.

Kuro was silent. While he was wondering why he didn't answer "Yes" to Reisi Munakata's invitation.

Kuro had one thing in mind. He could not meet Miwa again until he became an idol that could be convinced by himself, he would have to be proud of himself, before contacting him.

When he finds Miwa that he admires, he will feel relaxed. Kuro, who is strict with himself, tried to draw a line there.

Of course, he said that before leaving, and so did Miwa.

"I see, you're right. I don't have to think so much, but I respect your way."

He accepted. That's why even Miwa hadn't contacted Kuro for a long time. But yesterday, the deal was suddenly broken. A letter came from Miwa. A ticket inside. He attached a short sentence.

"Can you go check it out for me?"

Kuro was lost. He also took the PDA to confirm the true meaning of Miwa's words. But in the end, Kuro decided to follow the instructions. He wasn't sure if it was a coincidence or even if he had interwoven a word, but it was rare that the booth was empty.

Kuro put on discreet civilian clothes, put on a mask and sunglasses, and headed to a small concert house.

The place was in an unclear place. There were no signs or guide maps. Instead, the humans had become guides. Men and women in strange clothes who seem to be definitely heading to the concert house. Mohawk with full-length leather products. A long-haired man in a plaid flannel shirt. Gothic lolita girl. Jeans and male tank top. Not just the young, but the obvious older people as well.

They all behaved in various ways, such as secretly speaking with their peers and remaining silent on their own, but they could not hide their enthusiasm and encouragement.

Kuro continued to move on the wave of person with caution. As expected, the group was squeezed into the concert hall.

He hands the ticket to a thin man as a skeleton and go down the spiral staircase to the basement. It was like falling into the fountain of the underworld. Suddenly, when he thought he was in a large space, that was the place.

The space was much larger than expected. Still, will it be crowded if 400 people enter? There were no seats and they were fully standing. There was a space in the back where drinks were sold, and it looked like you could buy alcohol there. Kuro was a bit lost, but he bought green tea and killed time by drinking it from a paper cup. The moment came. Suddenly, the ceiling lights flashed with a roar, and when he realized it, a man was on stage.

"Everyone, come on! Are you ready?"

Mishakuji Yukari.

He used to be a brother who wanted to be taught by Miwa as Kuro. Kuro squeezed the paper cup that he had finished drinking.

He had bought him a ticket to Mishakuji Yukari's concert. Miwa was probably telling him that he could learn something by watching Yukari's performance. He maybe he knew that Kuro has been worried recently through television. He had a feeling of criticism. Furthermore, Kuro had a violent reaction towards Yukari, for having abandoned Miwa.

The last time he saw Yukari he was fighting with a Japanese sword. Miwa wasn't hurt at all, but Kuro didn't emotionally forgive Yukari, who directed his sword at his master for some reason.

However, that too.

Yukari was originally a person who cared about "beauty". "Beauty" was the highest priority in all aspects of personal appearance, demeanor, dignity, humanity, and determination.

The "beauty" was being refined.

It was so beautiful that he wanted to cry.

Every time Yukari sang, the live house shook with a brilliant echo. His dance was full of sensual beauty in every movement of his fingers. The singing voice was heavily tinged with Yukari, and the sophisticated movements made you want to enjoy it over and over again in that space. Kuro was fascinated and sighed.

The audience was ecstatic when Yukari boldly stretched his limbs and his sweat splashed into the air. Kuro was shaking.

He thought he was amazing. He also repented. When did he make such a difference in his live performance?

When he thought that he couldn't win like he was now...

"Come on everyone! Let's have fun together!"

It happened that Kuro was overwhelmed. Some of the spectators began to take the stage without permission. That was not all. Some sang, others played the instruments they took and suddenly began to dance. Before he knew it, Mishakuji took out the electric guitar and began to play fast with splendid technique.

The voltage of the audience went up even more. The center of attention was shining on Yukari and the guests performing one after another. Those who did nothing in particular jumped and cheered.

Kuro was disappointed.

(What is this? Can we really say that this is an idol?), he thought.

Most of them packed up in front of the stage. As a result, Kuro, who was behind the place, was left alone. And probably not because of his mind. When Yukari looked at him on stage, he giggled happily and winked.

+++++++

Kuro walked with a little hatred down the dark side street.

Something had certainly overwhelmed him, but he didn't know why he was overwhelmed. And at the same time, a small light ignited in his heart. He wasn't sure if it was excitement, excitement, jealousy, or longing, but when he saw Yukari live, something began to move inside him again. He wanted to play, sing and dance. That's why Kuro kept walking around the city at night, thinking about various things.

Suddenly, there was a person blocking the path in front of him.

"Hey. Normally, at times like this, would you come to the dressing room to greet me, Kuro-chan?"

He was expecting him somewhere, so he didn't surprise that much.

"Mishakuji Yukari."

There was Mishakuji Yukari, who had been making a masterpiece until about an hour ago. In the moonlight, he still monopolized the glitter. Yukari laughed softly.

"Am I not your brother anymore, Kuro-chan?"

"....."

Kuro was silent.

"How was it? Did you study a bit after seeing your brother's stage?"

Yukari threw words at Kuro that weren't rumors or taunts. Kuro felt the request and turned red.

"I still don't allow you to point your sword at Ichigen-sama!"

The fierce words came out. Yukari shrugged.

"That is why you are a child."

His eyes thinned like threads.

"So what? What did you think of my stage?"

Kuro bit his lip.

"I thought it was a big problem, but..."

He points to Yukari.

"Such acting is not the way of idols that Ichigen-sama taught me!"

Yukari was silent for a moment. Then his eyes went round and his cheeks bulged. The next moment...

"Ahahahahahaha! Ahahahahahaha!"

He laughed out loud. Kuro was confused.

"Are you kidding!"

Unintentionally, he put his hand on his waist. If he had a sword, he could have cut it. Yukari was still laughing. After...

"You really have no salvation."

It was a hideously cold word.

"Ichigen-sama doesn't tell us anything, don't you know?"

The words were shocking. His head went white. Then anger turned bright red in front of him.

"You bastard! Ichigen-sama..."

"Stop."

Yukari thrust his palm forward and silenced Kuro.

"You're the one who doesn't understand Ichigen-sama."

With an awake expression he said...

"Have you ever wondered why he named his private school 'NO COLOR FACTORY'?"

Kuro was surprised and upset.

"What do you mean?"

"If you can't think of that, that's it."

Yukari shook his head pitifully, turned her back on his former disciple, and tried to leave. There was an existence that broke into him.

"The image is white."

He notices that there was a parrot parked on the emergency stairs near the back alley where they were standing. The parrot was watching.

"Oh, Nagare-chan. Did you see it? People are bad."

Yukari says funny. Kuro was disappointed. The parrot bounced, moved, and came to rest on Yukari's shoulder.

"Nice to meet you, Kuroh Yatogami. I am Nagare Hisui. "Idol King" from "Jungle Pro"."

Kuro was speechless. Then he finally realized it. It was not a real parrot, but an elaborately created hologram.

Kuro remembered.

Nagare Hisui from "Jungle Pro" was rumored to perform using holograms.

"By the way, how is Yashiro Isana?"

When he suddenly asked him about that, Kuro rolled his eyes in black and white. So he just mumbled...

"Yeah, he's uselessly fine. He's excited about the school festival coming up soon."

Kuro replied like this. The parrot shook his body. Apparently he laughed.

"That's how it is. After all, I'm a personal Isana fan."

Kuro didn't know how to react to those words.

"Kuro Yatogami. We "Jungle Pro" are trying to create a world where everyone can be an idol."

The parrot said that kind of thing.

"And you are always welcome to our friends. Think twice."

"Does that mean I should transfer?"

The parrot opened its mouth and laughed. He didn't directly answer Kuro's question.

"Yukari. Let's go home."

Suddenly, Yukari smiled.

"Yes, Nagare-chan. I understand."

Then Yukari said...

"See you, Kuro-chan."

He greeted Kuro and left. Kuro couldn't move while he was there.

It was the entertainment agency that he visited for the first time, but mysteriously gambling did not exist. Even after meeting Mishakuji and meeting Nagare Hisui, a small light still dwelt in his heart. He felt calmly uplifting.

He had the feeling that something was about to break. And he felt the clue was there.

+++++

He enters the bar with the sign "HOMRA". The interior was full of noise.

Kuro's eyes caught everything in an instant. It was Shohei Akagi and Saburota Bando who were doing their best while staring at the computer in the foreground. They are both from the "Homura Entertainment Office" sign show. "Leave it to Tatara!" He is a young idol who is showing a new performance.

On top of that, Masaomi Dewa and Yo Chitose were talking about something while looking at the poster on stage. Chitose is a popular person with many flashy roles, and Dewa is an artist of some skill. Kuro was also secretly paying attention to the two idols who are mainly active in this play.

On the left couch, the handsome Eric Sult, who is becoming famous as a model, is lying down, and on the seat next to him, Kosuke Fujishima, who has become a hot topic as his peer and idols, he was playing with a piece of wood.

"Oh, Kuro-kun."

And it was Izumo Kusanagi who suddenly saw him from behind the counter and called out to him. He smiled gently with his eyes behind the glasses.

"Did you come to play right now? I was gathering young people and having a meeting, so I'm afraid my eyes aren't that good, but don't worry."

"Oh, sorry. Shall we start over?"

"Alright, Kuro-kun. I'm done."

Kusanagi invited him, so he went to the counter. The young idols from "Homura Entertainment Office" laid their eyes on each of them, who seemed to be interesting, slightly provocative, supportive, and mysterious, but they soon spoke to each other.

Kuro noticed it after he approached the counter. Anna Kushina was sitting near the edge. She was sitting on a stool with a small body, so her legs were swinging. When Kuro nodded silently, Anna returned the nod as well.

He was concerned about the beverage she was drinking, and when he looked at it, it looked like hot milk.

"Huh, what do you want to drink?"

In the meantime,

"Excuse me, but I'll have a cup of tea."

Seeing what Kuro asked for, Kusanagi said...

"Haha. Kuro-kun, you are serious."

Kusanagi laughed and started making tea. At that moment, he heard a strong voice.

"Oh! You are the black dog!"

He had an idea who he was. Looking back, a small young man and a big fat man were about to go down the stairs from the second floor. The largest is Rikio Kamamoto, who has become an indispensable part of recent gourmet programs. And the lithe little boy is Misaki Yata, who is now the star idol of "Homura Entertainment Office".

"Ah, Yata-chan! Apologize to the customers."

Kusanagi muttered lightly. However, Yata approached strangely.

"What are you doing? Did you come to our office alone? You are brave!"

He said something rude, but his eyes were laughing. During the recording on the uninhabited island the other time, he was quite in conflict with Misaki Yata, but at that moment, there was something that he could understand.

Although he is currently in the United States, Kuro has been told that Mikoto Suoh's guitar technique and Misaki Yata's dancing are world class.

"Oh, I'm on the way."

He smiled slightly and answered that.

"That's right, take your time!"

He hit Kuro's shoulder harshly and followed Kamamoto away towards Akagi and his friends.

"My God, I'm in trouble."

Kusanagi laughed a little and shrugged.

"By the way, the CD single "Oreiro lime" that I mentioned above seems to be in good shape, right?"

When Kuro asked,

"Oh, yeah. And Fushimi's, 'I fell in love and its summer', is a tie for number one on the chart, 'Dead heat' in second."

Kusanagi laughed a little complicated and answered that. Originally, Saruhiko Fushimi was a close friend of Misaki Yata and they belonged to "Homura Entertainment Office" together. That's why Fushimi moved into his rival office, "Promotion Scepter 4". Since then, Kuro heard that there was a dispute between Yata and Fushimi. He remembered that Fushimi was racing Yata even on an uninhabited island.

"Well now he's a rival in a good way."

Kusanagi said that. Kuro was thinking a bit. Recently, several people had requested it, so he had some ideas about the transfer. And Kuro didn't notice, but Kusanagi and Anna were looking at him sweetly.

A young man came out of the kitchen from there.

"Okay, I made a special keema curry. Kusanagi-san, Anna, give it a try. Oh, are you Kuroh Yatogami? Nice to meet you. Do you want to eat curry?"

He hear something like that in a low voice. He knew that voice, of course, Kuro knew the other person well.

Totsuka Tatara.

The "Homura Entertainment Office" sign show, "Leave it to Tatara!". The moderator, he was the only idol with a unique position that always created a loose atmosphere among many strong members.

Kuro had previously been told that if the front directing role was Kusanagi Izumo, the rear coordinator would be Totsuka Tatara. There was a gentle and kind sign, but the facial features were hideously arranged and there was a clear, transparent image somewhere.

From the pot that Totsuka had, he put rice and curry on a plate and recommended it to Kuro. When he looked at Kusanagi,

"Don't hesitate and eat it whole."

That's what he said. When he looks at Anna, she was already chewing on the curry while she said "Huff, huff.". The other "Homura Entertainment Office" idols also got caught up in the smell and hooked up.

"Then I'll do it."

Kuro took a bite and was shocked.

He understood because it is Kuro who cooks. It was excellent, without being over the top.

"It is wonderfully delicious!"

That's how it is. He felt like Totsuka's food melted him.

"Ah, I'm glad."

"In a way, this is amazing. The taste of each ingredient is really rich."

But what surprised him the most was the delicious rice that accompanied the curry. The flavors of earth, water, and sun spread from his mouth. He could be really happy. A simple and powerful flavor that makes you smile. Kuro instinctively asked.

"Where is this rice from?"

Later.

"Fu!"

"It's another interesting question!"

Totsuka and Kusanagi looked at each other and exploded. Then Totsuka said...

"This is the rice that Isana-san produces at his house. Have you never eaten it?"

The commotion ran. Looking around...

"Oh! Delicious! Delicious!"

"As expected of Totsuka-san!"

All the members of "Homura Entertainment Office" were cheering on the curry rice with a bright smile.

(I see. I...), Kuro thought.

Something melted in the dark. He held the spoon and was carried away by emotion. And Kusanagi stared at him and said something mischievous.

"It seems that the request has failed."

The voice only reached Anna. Anna laughed and narrowed her eyes. Then she looked at the photo frame next to her.

There was the figure of "Idol King" Suoh Mikoto from that office.

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A few days later, Kuro was in the auditorium waiting room with Shiro and Neko. Neko, who was observing the situation through the gaps in a notebook, was happy to see the situation.

"Shiro! Shiro! There are a lot of customers! Kukuri is in the front seat!"

Shiro patted Neko's head.

"Oh, then I have to do my best."

Kuro smiled a little while holding a voice recorder filled with words in his hand. Shiro, Kuro and Neko are the best idols who can mobilize clients in units of 10,000.

As much as the school takes care of it, it is an act almost unthinkable in common sense, like appearing at a live school festival mixed with the offerings of the students. What's more, Shiro, Kuro, and Neko's "HAKU☆MAI" band unit, which hasn't been exposed that much so far, is hit with serious specs with musical instruments.

Shiro was in charge of the drums and Kuro of the guitar. Neko was the vocalist and she had her hair and makeup neatly arranged, and even wore a cute miniskirt outfit.

"I'm going to the bathroom again.", Neko said.

After saying that, Kuro called Shiro the moment he left his seat.

"Hey, Shiro."

"What?"

Shiro, who deftly twirled the ramrod with his fingertips, turned his face towards him. Kuro asked in a low voice.

"What is an idol to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, that is..."

Kuro thought a bit,

"What do you do as an idol?"

Shiro smiled a clean smile.

The response was immediate.

"Yes. It's simple, I want everyone to smile."

There was no hesitation or compromise. There was a magnificent power that was clear while maintaining the smoothness of the usual Shiro.

He is a suitable force for the "Idol King".

Kuro was big and deeply dominated.

(Yes, it is, after all.)

Shiro continued to act consistently from start to finish. he just doesn't notice it.

Shiro is an idol because of people's smiles. Selling rice and attending school festivals are another steadfast path for him as an idol.

(Maybe I should have asked him directly before.), Kuro thought.

Returning to himself.

"Hey! Shiro! The costume was loose! Tie your back."

He urged Shiro as he jumped up. Shiro responded to his request with a smile. Meanwhile, Kuro was looking at the voice recorder. He understood a little now. Miwa, he thoroughly taught him the idol technique.

He just didn't say what color and what kind of idol he should be. In other words, he left endless possibilities for the future.

He couldn't dye any color.

(So that means "Colorless")., Kuro thought.

Kuro gently placed the voice recorder on a nearby table. The student facilitators came to tell them that it was their turn, and Kuro and the others stood up.

The three of them naturally formed a circle.

"Let's have fun!"

"Yes!"

"Nyaa!"

Each one raised their voices and walked onto the stage as if they were bouncing. The cheers of the audience, like the roar of the ground, caught his ears.

The students as far as he could see were clapping. The best idols had gone to the trouble to attend their school festival. The students were really grateful for that. Warm and supported as they would on any big stage. He felt that he could see each of those smiles. Kuro walked into the spotlight while...

(Yes, I am...), Kuro thought.

He was thinking of dyeing it "Silver" like that reflector.

+++++

"Jungle Pro" is based on the site of an underground water storage facility.

Having an office in such a strange place required quite a large server because it operates SNS and video sites, and it also required a large space to store it. For some reason, most of them were kind of a single, self-critical stream, and in a sense they were slaughtered.

That is to say,

"Because we are underground idols."

Was that. The "Jungle Pro" executives were the only ones who were amused by Nagare's strangeness and accepted him, so they naturally accepted him as a base of activity. In the center of the huge space, there is a kotatsu, a refrigerator, a desk, etc. They have a sense of life like a play.

That was his whereabouts and a sanctuary just for his friends.

Only the most elite gather there. First of all, Mishakuji Yukari, who can no longer fit the framework of an underground idol. He is not official yet, but they have been calling him several foreign fashion magazines that focus on the mysterious beauty of him and want to sign a contract to have him as an exclusive model.

And Gojo Sukuna, who is explosively popular on video sites as a child idol who can sing and dance. Although he rarely appears in the media on the table yet, his overwhelming performance has attracted a lot of attention in the internet area, and despite being an underground idol, he won the top accolade for new idols.

If he is only that potential, he is in no way inferior to Mishakuji Yukari.

And the only "Idol King" that unites the two, Hisui Nagare. A middle-aged man who ran like a shadow beside him as a staff member and caretaker, and a parrot named Kotosaka, his beloved bird, stood on Nagare's shoulder.

Nagare spoke to his trusted friends.

"Kokujoji Daikaku is great. He's great. Well done."

It was a dry and light tone, but there was a strange wonder there. Incidentally, Nagare Hisui uses a wheelchair-like device to access vast amounts of information on the Internet and to project his hologram to the outside world. Now that he is also verifying information, he is sitting on the device and talking to his friends using a wearable device that looks like a straitjacket.

"The idol of the Yamatogo era that he built after the war. At first glance, it seems that the idols are flourishing and prosperous."

Nagare simply stated only the facts.

"It's a tentative paradise where all idol offices are controlled by the government and distinguish between government-approved and non-government-approved offices. False peace. I will break it."

It was a declaration of revolution.

It was a terrifying decree of ambition.

"A world where everyone can be an idol. I will."

After saying that, Nagare cut off his words. He was silent for a while and then said:

"You guys haven't all heard me, right?"

At those words, Mishakuji Yukari asked him.

"So why are you using the cream I bought every time? Doesn't that mean your hair will improve?"

Then Gojo Sukuna got hungry and screamed with flapping legs.

"No! High score achieved!"

He is excited about mobile games.

"....."

His caretaker, a middle-aged man, tapped Nagare's silent shoulder.

"I'm listening, right?"

Nagare replied.

"It's not convincing to say it while drinking beer, is it, Iwa-san?"

Iwafune Tenkei, a man dressed in priestly clothes and having a really smoky impression, laughed. Nagare sighed.

But he knew it. It seemed that his friends were looking in different directions but he felt that they were willing to join his ambitions.

Nagare laughed a little and coughed.

"I'm looking forward to it. From now on."

His eyes looked at purely everything in the world.

+++++

The RAG0 live house, in a corner of New York.

The store, which has produced many legendary rock bands that are still on the air, is known for its customers being strict on artists. Booing at strange performances is common and in the worst case, even riots ensue.

And a man was about to step onto such a dangerous stage that night.

"Oh! Get started!"

He was a young Caucasian with a nose piercing in the front row of the screaming crowd on stage. He was angry. No, he was not the only one. Everyone was squinting in a basement room that seats about 200 people.

The cause was the main event that night, which was supposed to appear after that. The triumphant return of the band was supposed to be celebrated, fleeing that house live and rising to stardom. However, due to traffic jams, the arrival had already been delayed for two hours.

Therefore, the store sent a guitarist who was not scheduled to appear at the sudden arrest stage. An Asian who appeared fluttering and unfriendly said: "Let me do it.". This is like a holy place for rock musicians. A man who does not know the bones of any horse is supposed to pay in advance.

But only tonight is different. The triumphant concert that the customers had been waiting for was delayed and the frustration had reached its climax. If nothing was done, customers would start hitting each other.

That is why the store allowed an unknown man to come on stage. He's just a name to connect with the triumphant return live, and his role is a merciful scapegoat to spit out the guests' discontent.

Soon the man's performance began. However, all that flew from the audience seats was a cry of "retreat" and a glass of beer that was being drunk. They were not interested in his guitar from the beginning. As expected the store, it is likely that he will play a role as an understudy.

Nevertheless...

"What is this guy?"

The one who let the voice escape from his parted mouth was a young man with a pierced nose who took the initiative to sell a man just a dozen seconds ago.

But his eyes, which should have been angry, were now fixed on the man strumming his guitar on stage.

"What is this guy? He's great!"

An excited young man with nose piercings raised his fist and barked. And as if it were a sign, the flying oath turned into cheers, no, loud cheers.

The man played his guitar, ruffling his red hair and pounding his passion. His performance was very striking, like a red lotus flame that seemed to burn the audience, the stage, and even himself.

And in response to the heat, the guests jumped with all their might to the end, and they continued talking even when their throats were summery.

Just 30 minutes in time.

The one-night stand of an unknown man, performed by a combination of several coincidences, was broadcast as the greatest legend of that house on live.

Wearing a leather jacket over a T-shirt, the man walked upstairs with a guitar case. The air on the floor felt a bit cold, probably because it was in the very hot basement. No, it was actually cold because an old man who appeared to be homeless was burning a fire nearby.

Soon after, a fat middle-aged man ran up from the stairs where he had just come up. The owner of this house on live.

"Wait, uh... yeah, Mikoto!"

When the owner squeezed out the name he remembered, he smiled a big smile, which was the exact opposite of when he negotiated the appearance. And he gave the man a business card.

"I'll pave your way to stardom. Come on, call this business card number. My older brother is a world-famous producer."

The man was curious and turned the merchant's business card with his index finger. It brilliantly landed on a homeless bonfire.

"Ah... geez!"

The owner stared at the business card that slowly turned to ashes. The man was walking down the back alley where the street lights were dimmed.

He stopped and took a cigarette out of his pocket. The trip to play live all over the United States with a single guitar was a bit boring when he surpassed 100 times. Also, there was something about him. The air of that country had already been breathed.

He wanted to spit it out.

"I will return to Japan."

He followed the burning passion.

He chuckled slightly as he hated the purple smoke.

+++++

The center of this country.

On the top floor of the Mihashira Tower, Daikaku Kokujoji was silently angry. And when he opened his eyes, he coughed a little.

"It seems like a hot era is coming. An era where you get hot and addicted."

The era of the Yamatogo idol, which he created, was about to disappear due to various factors. Still, he said with a happy smile Japan's greatest repairman, Don of the entertainment world, and the King of the political and business world.

"Don't play, blood."

He then he turned his back on the window and started walking.