



"SIDE GOLD"

CHAPTER 1: KATASHIYA, SOMEI NAZUMI

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"GHQ" Abbreviation for Headquarters/Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers (GHQ/SCAP). In general, it referred to the headquarters of the Allied Occupation Forces, or in its entirety, which guided and supervised the implementation of policies to rebuild defeated Japan as a democratic nation. Established in 1945, dissolved in 1952 when the San Francisco Peace Treaty went into effect.

December 1948 (Showa 23).

Three years have passed since the defeat.

The Japanese capital Tokyo, once a burnt-out field, had already taken on a new look.

It was getting dark. In the middle of the open street, a streetcar full of people returning home rang its bell and slowed down. The buses, trucks, and even the passenger's cars that came and went were not coal vehicles, but gasoline ones. The number of tricycles (bicycle taxis) prowling the sidewalks looking for customers also increased.

The stone-roofed sidewalk was also crowded with men in soft hats and coats heading home or to the bar. At the base of the wooden telephone poles, there were no longer any wounded soldiers with amputated limbs. At that time, there were many simple stalls and street stalls, women hawking, and children waiting for jobs like shining shoes and unloading.

Standing in the twilight, the streetscape was made up of concrete buildings that had survived the fire and private wooden shops that filled the gaps, overhanging the eaves. Even if it was a bit deep, the gap between the buildings was beginning to form. Immediately after the occupation, the number of signs in English had decreased, and Japanese and English were mixed.

These spectacular scenes of reconstruction enlivened the center of the city.

"Haa, haa..."

However, it changed completely when you entered an alley a few meters away.

Behind the building facing the street, there was still a desolate burnt field. Everything that was once a city, a house, a person, all the pieces that were burned by the great air raids were thrown away. The tragic fall of the main street, which looked like a movie set, rather highlighted the dangers of reconstruction.

The back roads of that world.

"Dammit! What the hell are... these guys in black?"

A man fled as he cast a long shadow. Wearing typical worn clothes and lace-up shoes, what you could see anywhere, but what he carried under his arm was a shiny leather bag.

Then suddenly, the voice of a well-mannered man came from behind him.

"Quick, then left."

"Hey!"

The man who jumped on his shoulders realized that he was running into a dead end and immediately turned into the path to the left.

The area was a maze of shadows, with piled up scrap wood and unknown shacks as obstacles, combined with the darkness of twilight. Again, the alley was divided into a thousand parts.

"This is my territory... 'Flea's Kanta', but why are you ahead of the curve?!"

Shouting, the man, the self-proclaimed "Flea's Kanta", jumped into one of the forks.

However, he could see someone standing in front of him in the distance.

"Oh, again?!"

Like those who had blocked him from the beginning, he was wearing an unknown uniform. The color, which was hard to see after being tinted by the setting sun, was apparently blue. On his left hip, he could see a long object that seemed to be a military policeman that had been dismantled a long time ago.

With his hand on the handle, the blue suit suddenly took out a white blade and shouted.

"Hey! Where are you planning to run to?!"

"Eh!"

Kanta fled to the side street to the right, turned around and sprinted, into a barrage of swords that seemed to be about to be cut down at any moment.

He heard another voice from behind.

"Hoizumi, excessive pressure. Correct course to the right."

"H-help me."

Unable to understand what was happening, Kanta ran with tears in his eyes.

In front of him, once again, someone stood in his way.

It looked like the same blue suit, but the hem was long enough to reach her ankles. Long elements were also omitted from the start. Or rather, like Musashibo Benkei, he had a long-handled naginata on the ground. Above all, he was small enough to be mistaken for a child.

"Then give up gracefully!"

The high-pitched voice was that of a young woman.

"Hey?!"

Struck by momentum, Kanta did not let go of that day's prey, though he involuntarily slowed down. He stubbornly took another step toward a side street.

But before he could take the second step, a new blue suit appeared at the end of the path.

"Oops! We just got here!"

Secondly,

"Toneyama, target captured."

Another path was blocked by a new blue suit, and finally turned into a mouse in the bag.

"Dammit."

A final proclamation was fired behind him, who was caught in the middle of the four crossroads.

"Twenty-five moves, huh?"

The voices that echoed in the alleys of the burned fields were as regular as the sound of footsteps.

"Hmm, I can't do it right. I can't help but slip... even though I have so much power, what am I missing?"

Kanta turned around and finally saw his pursuer.

Carrying the setting sun on his back, he walked right away, he was probably a young man.

As if to decorate the top of his blue clothes, he wears a cap that is slightly deeper than his eyes.

The raincoat cloak with the right half open did not have a holster that would normally be seen at his waist.

His tall, slender body stretched to such an extent that one wondered if he had a stick in his body, and even on rough roads his footsteps were undisturbed and his boots trod in an orderly fashion. All of those were the characteristics of a former officer that could be understood at a glance.

But Kanta felt that it was not so...

(This guy is the head.)

He even remembered the illusion of being pushed as much as he walked the other side. Eventually, the illusion overcame the impatience that kept him stuck. He looked around him, then made a desperate escape.

Turning away from the pressure... in other words, towards the petite woman in front of him.

The blue clothes on the left and right were...

"Ah."

"Ah."

A young man passing by.

"Ah."

And (for the target) he was inadvertently leaking his voice into the worst choice.

Kanta rushed towards the woman with what vitality he had left.

He hadn't had time to notice before, but her face facing the setting sun was beautiful, even with her eyebrows strongly raised. She was not a child; she was an adult.

She was short.

"Don't come."

As she said that, he went from a stubborn attitude like Benkei to an eight phase posture in a classroom.

Kanta felt that he was playing the bad guy in the narrative. In addition, he came out to the extra mouth.

"Don't underestimate 'Flea's Kanta'!"

Of course, he wouldn't put his head in front of the naginata in a foolish way.

He jumped in front of the woman.

It was a jump of five or six meters, which was impossible for an ordinary person. It didn't matter how much she wielded a stick, she wouldn't reach. As usual, he jumped over her head and waved goodbye to her.

He cast a fearless smile over the back of the beautiful woman who was frustrated.

His face relaxed in such delusions.

"I am of short stature!"

The woman's roar fell like lightning.

At the same time, something bright blue hit his face in the sky. It was a merciless blow that would cut the body in two if it was a swordsmanship, and if it was a serious one.

Kanta saw what had knocked him down as he fell with flashes of white and blue at his sight.

It was a bright blue sword that extended from the naginata.

Standing in front of Kanta crawling on the ground, the woman dropped the stone with a thump and made eye contact.

"If you want to control the sky, at least call yourself "Leopard" or "Eagle"!"

In the fading consciousness of him, Kanta himself muttered.

"...Yes, mom."

She heard him reply in a low voice.

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In the nearby plaza, the blue clothed people who were rolling "Flea's Kanta" who was bound by both ankles, began to line up in front of the man and the woman. Looking at them and opening a gap, he couldn't against all three.

Meanwhile, the young man shouted to the side.

"My God."

His handsome brows were clouded with anguish, but his spine remained straight.

"Why is everyone going to Chika-san instead of being silently tied to the ropes? I think it's obvious at a glance that it's a skill not to be underestimated."

The person who was thrown was also upright and came back resolutely.

"The reason why you can see that is because Nazumi-san himself has a certain level of skill."

Carrying the naginata on his back, he shook the bag he had retrieved with his hands.

"Please, thinks more of those who can't."

"Is that so?"

"That's how it is."

Finally, a line formed in front of the two arguing.

The man in blue on the far left gave an unknown order in a voice that seemed to be backwards.

"Call roll! Iyoda, unharmed!"

"Rokugo, unharmed."

"Hakizawa, unharmed~"

"Um, yes, Nizuka is intact."

"Hoizumi, unharmed!"

"Hentani, unharmed!"

"Toneyama, unharmed."

After confirming that everyone's report was correct, the Chika woman also confronted the man. Straightening up, she raised her face fully due to the difference in height and reported.

"Hatsukome Somei Chika, unharmed."

"Hatsukome Somei Nazumi, I understand."

Nazumi nodded and bent down to receive the bag.

"The background of this "Hagure" is... you don't even need to ask."

"Yes, the area around here is said to be thieves. Nanakamado..."

When Chika looked at him, Iyoda on the far left responded.

"Yeah, I haven't seen anyone who looks like a spy!"

"Really~? It's Iyoda-kun's guarantee~"

"I've done it myself, so I'm sure. I've also taught you the tricks."

"Ok, then, I guess. That's the trick, even for me."

"Don't talk in private! In front of the "King"!"

"Huh?! Hoizumi-san, I don't want you to suddenly yell at me."

"What should I do next?"

Chika let out a deep sigh as she saw the blue clothed people start chattering.

"Sir, are you really going to fight Nanakamado's Strains with such a rabble?"

Nazumi, on the other hand, smiled distantly.

"Don't trust your husband any longer, but the "King". They are the elite I expected. Together, we will constantly establish a place for ourselves... the Fourth Legislative Affairs Bureau of the Legal Affairs Agency."

"The "King" does not have enough achievements to believe, but as a wife, I will believe my husband's words."

"Honestly, I am very happy, but there is a difference of opinion. Now..."

Half a step, Nazumi advanced and the blues clothes immediately straightened their posture. He overlooked the slowness of some parts and gave instructions as "King" to his "vassals".

"Chika-san and I will escort this man to Nichidokuji Temple. Continue to clean up the camp. The manager is old, don't be rude."

"Yes!" "Ha!" "I understand~" "Haha, yes." "Leave it in my hands!" "Yes!" "I understand."

The "King" received the response from the "vassals" with different voices and attitudes.

(I have to decide on a standard ritual soon.)

He wrote the new task in his mind. He turned back on his heels with a smile.

Looking at the still-stretched "Flea's Kanta", he naturally drew the saber with its scabbard from his left hip and hooked the end to Kanta's grappling rope, as if it were a planned action during his walk. As it was, he didn't feel any force and carried a person on his back.

With the body of a traveler with a load tied to the top of a pole, the individual EX-α "Blue King" Somei Nazumi, said...

"In the meantime, let's see how Kokujoji-kun fares."

Nichidokuji was an ancient temple located in Teramachi, northwest of Ueno, which survived the air raids.

In late July 1945, just before the end of the war, a group of more than 40 graduates began living there. The name of the stay was "Treatment of endemic diseases in the south". In fact, after returning to Japan, Lieutenant Daikaku Kokujoji, a technical officer sent to Germany who led the group to break through the Malay front, fell into a state of indecision, and the military allowed him to do so in exchange for meritorious service.

Then after a month waiting period, the Empire of Japan collapsed.

Kokujoji became a former lieutenant and the former soldiers were fired from the call, but for whatever reason, no one left. Since Nichidokuji Temple was a temple and shrine connected to the edge of Kokujoji, they were not expelled and continued there.

Shortly thereafter, the "post-war" storm of surrender and occupation, demolition and redevelopment, reactivation and reconstruction raged, and the activities of more than 40 ex-soldiers and graduates who were defeated temporarily ceased.

The first incident in which the occupation forces sent by the Allied Powers to Japan, the so-called Occupation Forces, encountered an abnormal situation coming from a different direction than the lost Kokujoji faction was the "Chofu Incident". at the end of October 1945.

According to the report, this incident was described as "a small-scale riot and mass hallucination that occurred at a site where the Japanese army's big guns were incinerated". As the most important task of disarmament, the fighter planes and bombers gathered from all over the country poured with gasoline and burned to the foundation of the rice field.

It was a giant red sword.

Fierce flames burning metal, sparks flying in the air currents, black smoke that billowed up and reached the cloudy sky, and it was a huge red sword that proudly soared into the sky.

Beneath this mysterious phenomenon, a commotion called the royal incident was taking place.

A fiery red monster attacked the unit of US soldiers guarding the depot. The American soldiers had no choice but to flee in the face of something humanoid smashing armored vehicles and vaporizing machine gun bullets. Combined with the surrounding black smoke, the area was said to be truly hellish.

When enraged, it turned into a monster... the nickname "Demon" that the soldiers whispered later, along with the swords of heaven, disappeared in black smoke. As a joke, there were no fatalities, so it was officially announced that all the incidents were "mass hallucinations caused by the toxic gas generated during incineration", but the soldiers on the scene did not believe such hoax. Hallucinations do not destroy armored vehicles.

Of course, the party that sent the message, Headquarters/Supreme Commander Allied Powers (GHQ/SCAP), was aware of that when he made the announcement.

In fact, before the occupation, his Headquarters had also received a warning letter from his home country about the "Sword" and the "King". Of course, no one took it seriously.

"If the "Malaya Golden Legion" mentioned in the document really existed and could turn people into paranormal weapons, Japan would not have given up and fought a decisive battle on the mainland."

That was his common sense.

Such common sense was completely nullified by that "Chofu Incident".

In order to deal with the hidden that was spilling over into reality, they took out thin materials from the corner of the shelf, but all they could find was an irresponsible description that there was no way to deal with it. When he requested to invite researchers to his home country, he only received a ruthless response that there were no full-time researchers.

During the various movements, the fear of the General Headquarters deepened.

He was not only afraid of the power of the evil demon (although it was not clear if it could be said). Above all, they feared that their paranormal existence would attract the attention of the unstable occupying nations.

The Japanese, who had accepted the occupation forces with incredible obedience, could use the incident as an opportunity to rise up all at once. The red sword that appeared at the disarmament scene could be a symbol of that. In the first place, the evil demon that appeared... wasn't it under such a plan?

Fearing the spread of the incident, the Headquarters immediately went on high alert and turned off the news, adding the items "sword" and "katana" to the press code and radio code, which are the control and censorship rules for the media (as a side effect of that, the Occupation Army's "sword hunt" was accelerated, and kendo was banned for a long time).

Judging by the results, those concerns ended up being unfounded.

There were no ex-military uprisings, no Japanese people's guerrillas, no links to the political situation, no labor disputes. The Japanese simply looked askance at the Occupation Army's sudden panic.

The General Command was relieved anyway, but the real problem, the stormy seas that battered them, came from home. Upon receiving the report, the United States government began to show signs of intervening in the administration of the occupation. Above all, the news that the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), an intelligence agency, was moving to establish a branch in Japan, upset and angered them even more.

The OSS, which had been greedily trying to expand its organization in line with the intensification of its anti-communist policy, used the "sword" riot as a pretext (the OSS itself did not understand the interest and threat of the "sword" held by the central White House of the United States), his intention was to create a base of operations in the Far East.

The Headquarters, burning with the desire to create an ideal democratic nation in the experimental field of Japan, resolutely repulsed the "rogue spies" who tried to set foot on its territory.

"The Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces, Headquarters, relies on the intelligence and security functions of the Subordinate General Staff Offices."

Sending a strong message that shocked his home country, he declared that Headquarters would oversee the handling of the "swords" in Japan. OSS was frustrated by the unexpected refusal, but in the end, the opening of the OSS Tokyo branch was postponed on the grounds that "the entry of multiple organizations would create confusion in the chain of command". This dispute would continue two years later, in 1947, when the OSS was reorganized into the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

At the end of 1945, the General Headquarters, which had scolded the country saying "we will do it alone", restored the "King" and his source of power, the "Dresden Slate", in the Second Department of General Staff due to the small number, this core information was revealed the day after the investigation began and an intelligence agency tasked with the search was established.

The institution was not given an official name, but was simply called "Nanakamado" after the name of the hotel that was requisitioned as its base of operations. Starting with the smallest numbers, information and authority, they were immediately, mercilessly subjected to a series of tests.

During the next year, 1946, due to an incident where blue, green, and gray "swords" appeared one after another.

The locations were all close to the capital, but Nanakamado failed to capture the "King" every time. They didn't know if his abilities were good or bad. That was due to the fact that it was hard to predict where the "Sword" would appear in the first place, and that there were no disturbances like the "Chofu Incident".

For the general command, it was lucky that there were no riots, but it was not a comfortable position to be happy. According to the documents, the red and blue mice were confirmed during the experiment, and it was someone else who made the silver and gold "Sword" appear. If the red fire demon was the newly empowered "King" of the Japanese, then there would be as many of its kind prowling the capital as there were colors.

No matter what, they had to find the "King" and the "Dresden Slate" and bring them under his control.

However, for a long time there was no good material to overcome the situation. Nanakamado had many Japanese collaborators under his umbrella as spies, and Headquarters was building an electronic radar detector equipped with a huge satellite dish at Atsugi to detect and investigate the "Sword".

Until a certain event... happened.

Late in 1946, Nanakamado made a shocking report to Headquarters, which had received a paltry report that the sensitivity of the entire radar was good. They said,

"I have captured the failed demon."

That was what it meant.

The "failure" captured was Japanese, male, 29 years old.

He was a thug named "Tsubute no Toku" who roamed around Shinbashi.

Nanakamado's spy was at the bar where he was talking about his bravery, "I've hit policeman Mappo many times." with liquor bomb in hand. Facing the spies who had ignored him as drunken nonsense, Toku used the strength of him with complete calm. He threw a "stone" of his hand, which should have had nothing, and broke the light bulb in the shop, which only had one.

The spies tracked down Toku (who appeared to be a repeat offender), who had escaped from the dark bar, and eventually captured him with the help they had gathered. Surrounded by muzzles, Toku flinched and gave up easily.

Nanakamado, knowing that threats with weapons would be effective, immediately took him to an international hospital linked to the agency. There, they forced him to demonstrate his strength, under close surveillance, and he underwent a thorough interrogation and physical examination.

When he lightly waved his hand, the "stones" flew out.

Toku had nothing in his hand.

So what was he throwing?

Conventional science could not explain the phenomenon. The research group even gave up an excuse and only sent a vague series of characters that read: "It seems to be emitting some kind of force field."

According to Toku's own testimony, he had been obedient ever since he was caught.

"Ah, it's been about half a year and I've been able to make it somehow."

He said that. Of course, neither Headquarters nor Nanakamado believed that.

At first, they, who were extremely materialistic, searched for a path to clarification in medicine, but that too was unsuccessful. The last X-ray examination was done until the laparotomy, and all that was obtained was the appendix, which was slightly inflamed. In later demonstrations, not only his hands, but also his legs, his buttocks which he jokingly shook, and even the tip of his tongue produced "stones" like a street performer.

It was only after that stage that they finally went back to checking the materials they had neglected at first, saying they were "too conceptual and didn't know what they meant".

According to the document, "Deviation from the Causal Law", also "Probability Manipulation", also "Convergence Theory", also "Feedback Loop", also "Resonant Object", also... "Fureude"?

The conclusion of the verification was that it was "too conceptual and they didn't know what it means". Even the outline of the system of the theory could not be grasped, and even a single description provoked a dispute over its interpretation.

In the end, they were only able to glean snippets of "what they were actually seeing" from the text.

- "King". They are called EX- α individuals. A person with extraordinary powers.

- "Sword". His name is Kouki Shubert in sword form. A luminous phenomenon that appears over the heads of EX- α individuals.

- "?". They are called β individuals. A peculiar ability with weak power influenced by EX- α individuals.

Only those three points were barely identified.

It was thought that Toku was probably a β individual, but controversy soon arose within the research team over the interpretation of "affected". It was possible that the "King" gave him power just that Toku was unaware. If you can get power just by being there, you can grow up and become a "King".

In fact, the situation in which "the generation of β individuals" not based on the influence of the "King" were faced was an unexpected event for those who studied the "Dresden Slate" and those who awakened it. In other words, there was no one who could give a clear answer on that point, but even so, they couldn't leave it vague due to his position.

At that time, to reduce ambiguity as much as possible, they decided on a code name for the "individual β = person with low level abilities affected by the King" that they would use on their side (they were very serious).

First of all, the "individual β ", which the "King" would already know about, was not desirable from the point of view of secret investigation. Then, since the word "King" itself was not desirable due to national characteristics, great era terms such as "servant" and "subject" were excluded from the candidates. "Slaves" and "servants" had a bad image (they seriously thought about it).

In the end, it was decided, with complete disregard, that the research team would use the term "biological variant" for convenience when testing to Toku.

In other words, "Strain".

While they were discussing whether or not such a fruit existed, Nanakamado continued to investigate. Spies scoured the front and back of the capital, capturing the Strains one after the other, searching for bits and pieces of the incident that they had dismissed as nonsense.

Most of the newly captured people only had a street performance power level like Toku, but they were still useful as samples for data collection. Among them, there were some who possessed vicious powers reminiscent of demons, and in some cases, they were forced to shoot them dead. As part of the experiment, the captured Strain was asked to cooperate as a spy or combat agent.

Through those royal activities, Nanakamado gradually expanded and changed in quality.

After the Gray, the appearance of "swords" ceased annually, and the organization's mission to search for the "King" and the "Dresden Slate" had become a mere shell. Rather, they went on the trail of the demons that only caused conflict and fell into a state of putting the cart before the horse, devoting themselves to the capture and management of Strains, a power they could control.

It was the same if they had dozens of Strains suitable for battle anyway.

They did not want to neglect expanding their forces in case they faced the "King".

As the Strains' investigation progressed, it would likely find a way to deal with the "King".

Nanakamado was fascinated by immediate power and armed himself with theory by making excuses over and over again. The entire International Hospital building, which had been nothing more than a laboratory, was transformed into a research laboratory and the number of Strain's staff increased.

The Nanakamado intelligence agency, which was supposed to be established for security purposes, was under orders from Headquarters to search for the "King" and the "Dresden Slate".

It was early in 1948 that Nanakamado became aware of the existence of a strange group, "Tokijikuin", which oscillated around the ruling party. From the point of view of the intelligence agency, they were nothing more than old-fashioned political veterans, or some kind of extra-parliamentary group that dealt violently with Congress and its political opponents.

Objectively, "Tokijikuin"'s position was that of an escort for important people, all of whom were martial arts masters, carefully and reliably guarding their targets, smoothly and peacefully removing obstacles, and simply participating in that mission. Nanakamado had followed the general public's weak perception that they were valued as a group that repelled the threat of assassination and violence in a political situation that had not yet calmed down, without realizing it.

In the midst of his hectic days trying to capture Strains, Nanakamado was obsessed with the belief that the "King" was also hiding in the dark. They never imagined that the "King" or his coterie would openly appear in public, and even enter the center of politics.

They themselves were unaware of the anomalies of "Tokijikuin", so they were often asked by Headquarters to "check whether the group protecting the ruling party had any connection to the former nationalist or communist forces". For the first time with an investigative order, they kept an eye on its existence. The orders were also issued to the entire Second Staff Division and were not specifically designated. It was just a notice that would inform them as an organization to which they belonged.

At first, it was the Second Department of the General Staff that acted, but when the time came for the politically oriented intelligence and security agency, which was its main job, to look at the history of the past, the terrifying nature of that so-called group "Tokijikuin" had become apparent.

"Tokijikuin" did not make political statements on its own.

They were just choosing who to escort.

They completely protected the one they chose and refused to get involved even if the other requested it.

The current ruling party, or even a small percentage of elected politicians, were members of "Tokijikuin", which repelled everything from thug attacks, obstruction of proceedings, intimidation of ideologues, to gangster invasion. Under the asylum, they spent their time "freely" without any concern and expanded their power.

In the postwar stupor, when everyone was bent on eating politics, it was an impossible blessing.

Opposing factions and political opponents within the same faction could not make ridiculous protests like "why don't you protect us?". The political world was divided between those who sympathized with the elected side and those who opposed it more violently, the latter being in charge of increasing the value of "Tokijikuin".

The political world was in secrecy, but at a fast pace, increasing its dependence on and compliance with them.

The second staff officer who investigated the above shuddered.

Nothing happened, the true identity of "Tokijikuin" was a political organization that controlled national affairs through violence.

Upon receiving the report, the Headquarters immediately ordered the Second General Staff Department to investigate the direction of the policy led by "Tokijikuin", and Nanakamado to investigate the source of power that enabled such actions.

The first was the response to the release of the Japan Coast Guard in May, which took over the old Navy and gave Headquarters a certain sense of security. The Japanese government swallowed whole the many strict restrictions imposed by the international community. "Tokijikuin" remained impassive and the line that they were a nationalist who wanted to react against the pre-war regime disappeared.

The same was true of the Kinuta Studio barricade incident that occurred in August during the third Toho dispute. In the mutiny, which was commonly said to be "only the warships did not arrive", the Japanese government fully cooperated with the occupying forces in eliminating the union. After all, "Tokijikuin" was silent, and the line of complicity with the communist power disappeared.

Based on the actions of the Japanese government and the reaction of "Tokijikuin", the Headquarters said:

"At least in the current situation, the policies we promote and the orientation of "Tokijikuin" go in the same direction."

That concluded. If they stabilized the government administration and pushed it strongly in the same direction, they would not go out of their way to make it their enemy. They would even say that it was useful. The question was if that deal was just for now, if it would change in the future, and if they were targeting Nabe in the first place.

Headquarters cautiously took a wait-and-see approach for coordination between the Japanese government and "Tokijikuin".

On the other hand, the latter would take an unexpected course.

Nanakamado intended to instigate a Strain on the spot if "Tokijikuin" moved when the political change broke out. It was an extremely violent story, but the fastest way to test an opponent is to use force. All the turmoil ended up out of their control as a result, but their tendency as an organization to want to use the power they possessed would continue to grow like a dangerous addiction within them.

In any case, due to lack of time, the focus of the investigation shifted to an internal investigation of "Tokijikuin" itself.

The name "Tokijikuin" was said to have come from their base of operations, "Nichidokuji Temple".

The temple was related to Daikaku Kokujoji, a former lieutenant who was a technical officer sent to Germany, whose whereabouts were unknown. As soon as it became apparent that he was staying nearby, Nanakamado suddenly became more nervous.

It was none other than Daikaku Kokujoji who was seen as the commander of the "Golden Legion of Malaya", in other words, one of the "Kings" who wielded the "Sword". At the time of the defeat, the Japanese Army General Staff had burned a large number of confidential documents, including the movements of envoys to Germany.

As a trend of the occupation forces as a whole, the unit that should have returned to Japan before the defeat did not carry out a decisive battle on the mainland. Because of that fact, they considered the myth of the battlefield to be a shame, and did not seriously approach the quest until the demon appeared. However, even if the search was resumed, it became more difficult as time went on.

That time it happened in a completely unexpected direction.

For a group that was supposed to have great fighting power to strive to go into hiding for several years and become a political association was, unsurprisingly, so eccentric that no one at Headquarters could have imagined it. Like the coup incident before the war, they were wary of an armed uprising that would challenge the occupation forces to a fight, but they did not take such easy and light-hearted action and secretly took control of the situation.

Nanakamado inadvertently discovered that the true identity of "Tokijikuin" was a survivor of the super-human corps that wreaked havoc in the Great War (that's what it seemed like to those who didn't know the real situation), as well as "King" and possibly the "Slate". The whereabouts of the "Slate" were also revealed. Frustrated by the sudden encounter with the threat, they made an urgent request to the General Command.

From the point of view of the intelligence agency, they demanded that this "undesirable organization" be removed from public office, and even cooperated with the forced detention or removal of the Occupation Army itself.

However, the reaction that Nanakamado expected was not returned at all.

All requests for detention and removal from public office were denied.

Nanakamado was puzzled by the completely unexpected response, but the Headquarters also had its own conveniences and expectations.

Due to the nature of the organization as a full-time intelligence agency, Nanakamado naturally recognized the enemy as the target of the search, but that was not the case with Headquarters. At least they didn't have enough bad feelings to go on to blindly eliminate him, such as establishing a wait-and-see policy on "Tokijikuin"'s activities due to the Second Division General Staff's previous investigation.

Conversely, Nanakamado's request to remove him from public office caused a great reaction within Headquarters. To Nanakamado, it was just one of the orders that Headquarters routinely issued to Japan. It was just a request to exclude "Tokijikuin" from public protection, and that was his intention.

However, in fact, that very request (which Nanakamado, who was unfamiliar with politics, knew nothing about) was an act that got on the nerves of Headquarters.

In 1948, in occupied Japan, a major policy shift was in full swing that was later called the "reverse course". Originally, the Headquarters intended to rebuild Japan as an ideal

democratic nation (democratize without arming), but the situation of rapidly expanding communist forces slowed its continuation.

In the midst of the structure of the Cold War, which intensified around the conflict with the Soviet Union, Japan, which was on the front lines, would quickly become a nation that would serve as a "bulwark of the Far East" and would join the field western liberal. To that end, promote Japan's economic independence, prevent communization, and, above all, consider rearmament. With a sense of frustration, Headquarters had to accept these "ruined policies" that had been broadcast from the United States.

As for the expulsion of public officials, the conventional policy of targeting militarists and nationalists and their supporters, as well as heavyweights in political and business circles who cooperated in the war, was softened, and those who would be useful were released from exile, for economic recovery. Instead, the expulsion began, targeting troublemakers, potentials, or collaborators with communist forces. Headquarters was disappointed that Japan was finally caught up in the ugly reality seen around the world, political and military conflicts.

It was precisely at that moment that Nanakamado made an impertinent request.

What's more, even for a moment, the exclusion of "Tokijikuin", which was considered to be in the same direction as the policy pushed by Headquarters, was logically and emotionally inevitable.

Even so, since switching to the "reverse course", HQ had come to place more emphasis on public appearances, perhaps out of frustration at irreversible setbacks, or remorse at waking from a dream.

In that case, the posture was one of indirect control... that is, the way in which the General Headquarters issued instructions and recommendations, and the Japanese government disseminated and implemented them. Although the occupying forces were the de facto rulers of Japan, they took different forms. Headquarters wanted to believe that the role of the Occupation Forces sent by the Allied Powers was to supervise and guide Japan until it became independent as a healthy democratic nation.

If they abandoned that stance and moved to remove "Tokijikuin", the ruling party and by extension the entire Japanese government would immediately become unstable. First of all, considering the permanent position of "Tokijikuin", the act of exclusion itself could lead to the destruction of the political center. Also for Headquarters, the nation of Japan was a painstaking effort that took three years after the war to form. They had no intention of throwing that progress into the fire.

The Headquarters, which was aware of the goal of Japan's self-sufficiency, the so-called "peace with the Allied Powers", made the final decision that that system, including the Japanese government and "Tokijikuin", which was moving in one direction favourable, should be "maintained".

As a result, Nanakamado found important information about the identity of the "Tokijikuin" Temple and the location of the "King" and the "Dresden Slate", but ended up giving a bad impression with his careless request. And the Headquarters, which felt that his words and actions were not calm, issued an indecisive order to "continue to monitor" the movements of "Tokijikuin", and behind the scenes, the Japanese government approached a certain organization... They started Negotiations for the constitution of the company.

Although Nanakamado was not satisfied, they switched to the method of direct surveillance of "Tokijikuin's" base of operations, Nichidokuji. If they could secretly capture Daikaku Kokujoji, who was supposed to be the leader and "King", or confiscate the "Dresden Slate" that was supposed to be in his possession, they wouldn't have to worry about the feelings of Headquarters. Yes, they were vengeful.

However, the "enemy" was not calm enough to accept his sweet plan.

Nanakamado, who sent the spies, soon found out that all the important points to monitor Nichidokuji were being controlled by the "Tokijikuin" side.

A secret cordon had already been established in a corner of Teramachi. On the contrary, Nanakamado was forced to withdraw his personnel because he was caught approaching and invading the neighboring area. They were enraged by the absolutely disgusting and ruthless way of returning from the battlefield, but an incident that struck them with astonishment immediately attacked them.

The Japanese government, which was undergoing restructuring, had a government agency called the Legal Affairs Agency.

In February 1948 the Ministry of Justice and the pre-war Office of Legal Affairs were merged (in June 1949 the Ministry of Justice was reorganized and in August 1952 it was reorganized into the Ministry of Legal Affairs). directly to the government and cabinet.

A new department was established in November in the Legislative Office.

It was called the Fourth Legislative Office of the Legal Affairs Agency.

Their job was to be "responsible for handling peculiar phenomena that were not within the scope of current law, as well as those that possessed induced abilities". It was a strange thing that could be taken either way, and if the interpretation was broadened, it would be "general measures for criminals with special abilities that were proliferating in the public".

In addition, the "execution" that accompanied the management and measures were outside the jurisdiction of the Legal Affairs Agency, so it was entrusted to a specialized external body. The director of the Fourth Legislative Bureau simultaneously served as head of the external organization.

In other words, this was a formal Japanese government organization that cracked down on crimes with special powers.

Nanakamado was shocked by the sudden appearance of the opposing forces, and made a plea at the Headquarters under the name of reporting.

"Letting the Japanese government run Strain would inevitably raise serious security concerns."

They received a short and pithy response to that hype.

"We can expect some effect on the organization."

Suspecting them, Nanakamado set out to investigate a suspiciously newly established department and was surprised to make the first move.

The "King" of the "Blue Sword" was the head of the Fourth Legislative Bureau of the Legal Affairs Agency.

That was what it said in his appointment letter.

The "Blue King" (which was written on the appointment letter), officially designated by the Japanese government, was an organization that cracked down on crimes with special powers. There was no way something like this could be established without being scolded by Headquarters. Nanakamado finally understood the meaning of the short reply above as if they were drenched in cold water.

Headquarters approved the establishment of that new department of the Japanese government after receiving information about the "Blue King" from the Japanese government without relying on Nanakamado's sources. Probably through "Tokijikuin".

"Headquarters colluded with the "King" who owned the Japanese government."

Looking back on their own actions, Nanakamado was very impatient with the inevitable treatment.

"Although we are a subordinate intelligence agency, we are protected against Nanakamado."

However, they were not only very impatient, but also very angry.

The strategy of suppression of the expansion decided by the General Headquarters was only reflected in the incomprehension of the high spheres.

They could only think that controlling the reckless movement by establishing a rival organization meant that their territory had been devastated.

In that surprise attack, they were bitterly reminded that they were just a department under the command of Headquarters, but they were not steered in the intended direction: to be

discreet and quiet. On the contrary, being cornered made them more frustrated and their attachment to the power in their hands deepened.

Furthermore, they intuited that the Fourth Legal Affairs Bureau was not a "background intelligence agency" but a front organization with real power, threatening their survival. It was proof that dealing with Strains was no longer a covert manhunt behind the scenes, but a frontline security operation.

In fact, just after the inauguration of the Fourth Legislative Office of the Legal Affairs Agency, a group of people wearing unfamiliar blue uniforms began to walk around. Perhaps intending to be a threat, several Strains agents who were involved in intelligence activities disappeared and instead began to see the arrest of criminals with special abilities by people dressed in blue.

Due to their high level of experience and confidentiality, Nanakamado, who had come to regard the management of the Strains as their own business, handled the situation out of themselves and half openly. Their action could only be seen as a countermeasure by Japanese Headquarters and the Japanese government.

Times were beginning to change.

According to the will of the United States, Japan would regain its independence through a peace treaty with the Allies in a few years and would escape the occupation. At that time, the Headquarters would cease to function.

At the same time, Nanakamado should also be forced to make unwanted changes.

Given the value of the Strains, it would be impossible to deliver all the results to the Japanese government, but the authority to do what they wanted in an occupied country would be greatly reduced. The relocation of established facilities and the relocation of personnel, including Strains, could also take place. What was more important, Nanakamado himself as the "Anti-EX- α Intelligence Agency" had become obsolete, and the possibility of it being dismantled along with Headquarters was extremely high. It seemed that the Fourth Legislative Affairs Bureau of the Legal Affairs Agency was established as a preliminary preparation for them (that suspicion was correct).

After all, the targets of the search, those with supernatural powers to watch out for, EX- α , who likely possessed core information that couldn't be extracted from Strains, were already in the system.

What's more, if they followed the style of "Tokijikuin" that had infiltrated the Japanese government... on that occasion, the "Golden King" Daikaku Kokujoji was clearly showing his sympathy for the policies promoted from the Headquarters. In that case, the United States, which was reinforcing its anti-communist policy, was likely to accept the existence of the "King" in order to make use of the military power of the "King" and others on the basis of political stability. The perceived danger that arose from the policy was offset by the advantages of the policy.

After the peace treaty, Nanakamado would, at best, be reduced to a small research institute.

The intelligence department, which was the main mission, would undoubtedly be dismantled.

The itinerary was already being created.

As the situation progressed, a tepid sense of danger began to erode them.

It is no longer possible to reverse the current of the times by achieving great achievements.

What they were to obtain was not the achievement that anyone appreciated.

It was the power to override the current of time.

The Nanakamado intelligence agency was terrified and secretly began acting recklessly or uncontrollably.

Power... to get the "King" who should still be lurking somewhere.

In a corner of Teramachi where the sun had set.

A pre-war Ford car parked in front of the open gates of Nichidokuji Temple. With a strange squeal, the engine stopped. After a delay, the lights went out and Nazumi and Chika got down from the front seats.

The person who welcomed them was also used to it, and soon a figure with a lantern appeared.

Nazumi straightened his back as usual and smiled down. Chika also bowed beautifully.

"Sorry for being late at night, young commander."

"Welcome to both of you."

The young man responded politely, but his voice mixed a slight tone of displeasure. The facial features that appeared in the twilight of the lanterns actually retained a youthful look, but the person himself did not like to be called that.

Nazumi named him that because he believed that anyone under the age of 20 was considered a youth. He didn't mean to mock either and smiled brightly.

He asked in a very natural, cheerful way, but with a smile that could only be seen as eating people.

"Is Kokujoji in the room?"

"No. He's feeling fine today, so he's been spending the day at the research institute."

"Hmm.", Nazumi looked at Chika.

Chika looked at him and shook her head.

"There... I guess you're in charge."

"Is that so? Well then let me go to Kokujoji's house by myself."

Disappointed by the flat refusal, Nazumi turned his attention to the car.

"I brought a new Hagure. Please give me some rice."

"Ha, let's meet everyone."

The young man bowed.

The boy who was sent by the main Kokujoji family in Kyoto with evil intentions had become a cunning assistant to manage the Kokujoji clan, which was housed in this temple before he knew it. From managing accommodation to coordinating missions, he was active in a wide range of fields, and there wasn't a single person in the faction who looked down on him for being a junior.

He was still an ordinary person who had not been given power by the "King", but it seemed that human ability had nothing to do with it. Despite being none other than the "King", the young man felt good about it.

"Chika-san, please ask him."

"Yes."

Chika opened the rear door of the car and made eye contact with the man who had settled into the seat, the self-proclaimed "Kanta the Flea". Convinced with a force that allowed no evasions.

"Untie the rope, but don't run away. I'll take the report tomorrow, but first of all, I'll guide you to an inn where people like you, who have been endowed with strange powers, gather."

Instead of running away, Kanta nodded many times.

"Heh, yes, of course!"

Not only that, but when the rope was untied, he would humble himself, keep low profile and uprightness.

"My name is Chiezaki Kanta! Please tell me your name!"

"I am Somei Chika."

"I am her husband, Somei Nazumi."

Next to Chika, who responded, Nazumi lined up at high speed and appealed. The elongated spine was slightly bent.

Chika didn't care if she was next to him, and she lightly wrapped both palms around Kanta's palms.

"Work hard to make amends and become a Katagi. This is a place that can help you with that."

Kanta, who received a heat he hadn't felt in a long time in his wrapped palm, contrary to the force of the blow, screamed face down.

"Hey!!"

"First of all, let's eat some rice. Nangu-kun."

"Ha, please come this way."

"Thanks!"

The three of them walked through the door together.

Nazumi, who stayed behind, straightened his back and got into the car. Gyu-gyu-gyu, he let out a strange squeal and shuddered as the engine started, reflecting on his careless instructions.

"Hmm, did that happen because I asked Chika-san to "ask" him...? From now on, I'll say "hand over that criminal". Yeah, that's good."

The car left the gate lightly.

In fact, the facility is located on a slope in Teramachi, a nearby area where you don't even need to use a car.

"Laboratory" was a convenient name and had almost no scientific equipment. The internal structure consisted of a long corridor, some habitable facilities and a lounge at the rear, and everything except the entrance was buried in the slope.

This unique structure was due to the fact that the facility's predecessor was a bomb shelter built to protect Teramachi's cultural assets from air raids. The surrounding slopes, hillsides, and fields were all owned by Nichidokuji Temple.

After Daikaku Kokujoji's stay at Nichidokuji Temple, he secretly remodeled that bomb shelter into a storage facility for the "Slate" he brought with him. Specifically, the ceiling, walls and floor of the innermost room and the corridor leading to it were hardened with a thick layer of strong concrete containing reinforced concrete.

Excluding very small ventilation openings and holes for wiring, entrances and exits to corridors and facilities consisted of a single full-size door, a one-person hole in the concrete block.

The only way to remove the "Slate" from there was to first excavate the slope and then use explosives or machine tools to blast a large hole in the wall or ceiling of the room. In other words, he physically blocked the possibility of the "Slate" being taken over by a raid or assault.

Because it was such a facility, there was not a single window in the long corridor.

The sound of Nazumi's footsteps pierced the concrete and was absorbed deeper and deeper.

(Every time I come here, it gets darker.)

Visibility in the corridor was extremely poor because several overhead lights were out.

(Ok, like this... Then why don't we swap them one for one?)

The rows of lights that were visible flickered and sparkled.

It was not an earthquake. It wasn't a bad installation, bad circuit connection, or wishful thinking.

The entire ceiling, walls, and concrete floor shone like a nightmare.

At that change, Nazumi, who had been keeping the pace unchanged, staggered.

At that moment, a sharp sound resounded like glass breaking, and at the same time, a blue light overflowed from the place where he stepped. Every time the light, which could be mistaken for glass or ice, spread, the flickering corrected itself and the gray corridor regained its shape.

Such steps of order invading chaos reached their destination without breaking the rhythm.

It wasn't the innermost wall; it was right in front of it. It was a very ordinary simple door set into a very ordinary wall, with a remnant of reed construction or an appropriate floor plan.

Nazumi knocked on the door softly, as if he were visiting a friend.

As usual, there was no response from inside, but he opened the door and went inside.

"I'm coming in, Kokujoji-kun."

An unusually thick wall with a single door merged into the void in the middle.

What was supposed to be a lounge was an amazing sight.

It was not a sky full of stars, but rather a universe with stars floating everywhere without even the ground.

The vast expanse of Heaven's path, filled with star clouds and galactic rivers, was not just visual information to be admired. It was an existence and a phenomenon unto itself,

instilled with fear by its overwhelming depth and distance, and imprinted with the operation of precise providence.

If an ordinary person were thrown there, they would be suffocated by madness. In the center of that storm of lights and shadows, Nazumi walked with an immutable rhythm. With each steady step he took, a blue crystal formed like a stepping stone and spanned like a bridge through space. It seemed like a myth that cut cruelty with beauty, and a blasphemy that repainted providence with human actions.

(Today's result is quite good.)

From the top of his straight back, Nazumi looked around him like a beacon. He could tell at a glance to what extent that spectacle, which could be called the bare flesh rule, was in place for him, the "Blue King" who ruled the order.

(However, the aftermath is spilling out... Is it time to clear it up again?)

In the center of the universe where it was difficult to measure the actual distance, there was a figure floating.

Before long, someone who seemed to have noticed the visitor turned around.

A few steps before, Nazumi stopped and spoke from the end of the bridge.

"It's already night outside, Kokujoji-kun."

In contrast to the fresh youth, the one who floated in the center of the universe... The "Golden King" Daikaku Kokujoji wiped the sweat from his cheeks and breathed out deeply. The brow lines that gave the impression of bravery did not yet show slack.

"No, Sir."

Perhaps because he was at the peak of exhaustion, the rank of the former Japanese army slipped out of his mouth inadvertently. The expression was not only fatigue, but the color of light pain was bleeding.

"Recently, I have come to feel that everything here in the universe is woven from "something"."

Without letting him finish, Nazumi stuck his index finger into Kokujoji's chest.

"If I go back to sleep, I won't be able to understand it."

As soon as he finished speaking, a blue light exploded from behind him on the opposite side of his chest.

As if shot from a gun, Nazumi looked through the brim of his cap and saw a great distortion in the spread of light. When he withdrew his finger from him as he frowned, the light reassembled in the correct position and then returned to his back as a reverse reproduction. Kokujoji had slightly reduced the color of pain.

"Thanks, Sir."

Nazumi ignored the voice and began with the premise.

"This "removal" is nothing more than a temporary fix using the characteristics of the "Blue King" who rules order. It's not a repair to fix something broken. Didn't I explain it at the beginning?"

"Yes..."

Kokujoji, who had no objection, acknowledged his position.

"If your ambitions are broken before you can seize power, your own ambitions, your vassals, and maybe even more people... will be useless."

"....."

After letting his head settle, he asked his favorite question.

"No matter how many times I try to persuade you; why don't you stop pushing yourself to the limit? Is it because you don't have confidence that you can carry the "fate" of others like a "King"?"

"No."

Kokujoji, who had finally extinguished his irreconcilable feelings, responded with a thoughtful but confident denial. He found the reason within what made him do that, and put it into words.

"Because it is necessary."

After saying that, he became even more convinced.

"Because we need more power from now on."

"Does that mean you will acquire greater power to reign as a "King"?"

Like a grading teacher, Nazumi asked the meaning of the words in detail.

Prompted, Kokujoji also delved into his thoughts.

"There may be a reign as a result."

Perhaps in response to that heart, the universe twisted.

Either it opened a hole in the abyss, or it spun a glowing vortex and moved.

"But more than that, I gain power so that I can produce more talented brothers. Sow them like seeds, illuminate and nurture their "gold" with my "gold"... that's what my power is for."

In the midst of his weary face, his narrowed eyes filled with brilliance.

The dazzling and precious radiance of the "Golden King" who controls fate.

He caught it with the brim of his cap, and Nazumi laughed.

"I see, so the reason was not lack of confidence, but the expression of resolve."

Even though he was emotionally convinced that he would never stop, he stabbed at him with a straight face.

"Then at least break the bad habit of falling when you reach your limits. Now that I have my own work to do, I can no longer run into town like an electrician."

"Ha..."

Kokujoji grudgingly greeted and made an embarrassed face.

When he jerked his hand down, the universe, the bridge and everything was dented. Like a bursting balloon, like a cracking egg, light and shadow scattered and melted.

The two slowly descended into the dimly lit room where the miracle had disappeared.

A lump was placed in the center.

A thick block of stone carved with geometric patterns.

A mysterious relic brought from the German Third Reich that collapsed after hardships and was kept strictly confidential there... It was the "Dresden Slate", the source of the "King's power".

That mysterious object, for which ordinary people could not help but feel reverence.

"Come on, let's go back to Nichidokuji and eat."

However, the "Blue King" did not care about the dust and he smiled brightly.

Kokujoji followed the boots, which had already started to create a happy rhythm.

(This man hasn't changed a bit since we met.)

As a man who calmly accepted the power of the "King" and lived in his daily life, which was so different from himself and others, even the frowning face he was looking at, although he was trying to control his mind, he couldn't stop a tear from falling.

(Or is this the "King" figure he wanted?)

Kokujoji stared at the back of the blue cloak.

"Hurry up, Kokujoji-kun."

The person himself, regardless of what others thought of him, straightened his back without hesitation and kept walking. The person he was talking to was behind him, but his voice carried on.

"Chika-san likes to eat with a lot of people. She won't show it to her face."

"Yes, I know."

"Uh, why?"

"Nazumi-dono, you say that every time you visit us."

After the two arguing "Kings" left, nothing moved in the room, only eternal darkness remained.

In July 1945, Kokujoji was summoned back to Japan, exhausted.

The power of the gigantic "King" was overflowing into his body and mind, and he continued to inflict bursting pain. When he went to bed, his body was emaciated and the high fever and excruciating pain did not go away.

After a month, his physical condition finally recovered, but in the meantime, Japan had lost the war. Kokujoji and his vassals were worried about what would happen from there and what they should do. The Army of Occupation would always aim at the "Slate". They were all convinced as a party that won power.

Meanwhile, Kokujoji gradually increased the number of vassals, but did not make any dramatic moves. Their "gold"... the so-called talent didn't mean they could get what they wanted, and it didn't mean they could get what they needed. Some were the kind that wouldn't wake up unless they were polished. Waiting for the right time to use their talents, they worked hard through trial and error.

Then, in mid-1946, a couple visited Kokujoji, who had been training with all his might and repeatedly falling, even though he had noted the rise of a new "King".

Somei Nazumi and Somei Chika.

The two introduced themselves to Kokujoji, who appeared at the meeting place being cautious, and suddenly said:

"I would like to make use of this blue power, but could you give me a reference opinion?"

"Are you the reason why my husband behaved like this?"

On one hand, he was surprised by the "blue" power that was displayed so openly, and on the other hand, as he fought the other's terrifying vigor that made his hair stand out, Kokujoji started with the endorsement.

It wasn't even necessary to confirm the truth, but was it unexpected luck that he was asked to make friendly contact with the "King", or was it a vicious trap? It was natural for Kokujoji to proceed cautiously because the standard of trust was not set.

However, the results of the supporting investigation were simple, and the person in question did not hide the identity of the two people, and even talked about it at length, so it soon became clear.

Somei Nazumi was a former army major who worked at the General Staff Office and was a skilled military bureaucrat who was nicknamed "Katashiya" because he could immediately solve cases in any department. After the war, he belonged to the Ministry of Demobilization, and even when an order for the expulsion of civil servants was issued, the Headquarters of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces addressed him by name and said: "We are going to postpone the dismissal of those that are absolutely necessary to implement the provisions of the directive (demobilization work)". He was a legendary man and he was preserved.

Demobilization was the task of returning 3 million Japanese soldiers who had gone abroad to their home countries. Implementing that task required a high level of expertise, from the surrender of the local army to disarmament procedures and efficient management of ship operations.

It seems that, in the middle of 1946, he suddenly woke up as the "Blue King" while quietly working on his job, which was really the perfect job for a "Katashiya". The person in question solemnly accepted his circumstances, welcomed his wife as the first "minister" (they both disagreed with that title) and immediately visited Nichidokuji.

At that meeting,

"If you're not feeling well, let's "clean" ourselves up a bit."

He also explained the reason why he appeared at Nichidokuji Temple, using the power of the "Blue King" to restore Kokujoji's physical condition.

"I think the other "Kings" are also sensing your raging "Golden" power. You didn't try to get close to me like I do. Since I have a lot of problems, I decided to take a look at what kind of person you are and decide how to treat you."

Anyway, everything went as he was, and he was such a natural man that it would be foolish to suspect the other side. Or maybe he was an eccentric with a truly two-faced mental makeup, Kokujoji thought secretly.

By the way, Somei Chika was also a hero in a different sense, almost as you saw it. They have been together since they were young and got married right after the war ended.

The "Blue King", who rules order, began frequent visits to Nichidokuji Temple with his wife while continuing to work for the Ministry of Demobilization, and before he knew it, he had settled into the position of mastermind of the Kokujoji faction.

Unlike Kokujoji, who had traveled to Europe as a technical officer but was only an officer at the front lines, Nazumi was an elite military bureaucrat in the General Staff Office.

Nazumi was able to build a concrete and political plan on how to make Japan prosper with the power of the "King".

In that way, the Kokujoji clan hiding in Nichidokuji Temple began to move with clear political intentions, approached the Japanese government as a bodyguard through the Kokujoji family and Nazumi connections, and gradually increased the number of members while establishing "Tokijikuin". In addition, he led the Japanese government to a line of cooperation with Headquarters, and after secret negotiations with Headquarters taking advantage of the discord with Nanakamado, the establishment of the Fourth Legislative Office of the Legal Affairs Agency within the Japanese government (so, Nazumi was "transferred" from the Ministry of Demobilization to the Ministry of Justice), and the political situation flowed more or less according to its established route.

During those days, Kokujoji asked Nazumi.

"It's unthinkable that Nazumi-dono would make the "Blue King" himself bestow supremacy."

It was a conversation at a drinking party, and Kokujoji, of course, didn't take it seriously.

Nazumi didn't care if he was serious or not.

The answer was as simple and clear as ever.

"Hmm, is a man as smart as you limited by words, Kokujoji-kun? "King" is just a convenient title. We just have to help each other in light of the power that has appeared."

Kokujoji, who was very surprised, once had that distant dream.

A dream that brought together all the "Kings" awakened by the "Slate".

A dream of a new world where everyone helped each other with their manifested powers.

Towards the nearby Nichidokuji temple, Nazumi was driving at the legal speed limit.

Kokujoji, who was in the passenger seat, thought: (Nazumi prefers to drive alone, so he doesn't even give Chika the wheel.).

"Today's errand was the escort of a new Hagure."

Hagure was the name of the Strains in the Fourth Legislative Bureau of the Legal Affairs Agency. Basically, all the terms used in Nanakamado were informal, so they were often replaced by Japanese ones, including research.

Nazumi nodded as he enjoyed the feel of the wheel.

"Yes. Please allow me to return to society or be recruited into a faction, or let me do as I please."

"Is there any sign that Nanakamado is going to directly set it up yet?"

The pitch of the others' voices dropped a bit.

"Not yet, but... I don't think there's anyone watching their prey being snatched with their fingers in their mouths forever. I'll keep an eye out even for attacks in the city, just in case."

After saying that, Nazumi remembered with his own words.

"Speaking of kidnapping, Kokujoji-kun. The other day, I received a strange unofficial request from Nanakamado."

"Strange request?"

"If that is..."

When Chika found out that Nazumi couldn't fix it, Chika's expression turned "slightly spoiled".

"They said to return the hagure you caught."

Kokujoji bowed his head.

"If they ask me to return him... Are the Hagure and the others that Nanakamado recruited like machine personnel? If there is a suspicion of an escape, they wouldn't bother to make a request that would embarrass them, right?"

"It may not be possible from the results of the thought investigation, which cannot be done at the level of individual complaints, a certain number of members must have disappeared all at once, or perhaps in a short period of time."

As he said that, the car slowed down a bit. It seemed that the conversation had become interesting.

Kokujoji said:

"I see. We're just escorts, so right now, only the fourth station of Nazumi-dono's legal system has the strength to catch a large number of hagure."

Nazumi also said...

"Or is it a "King" besides us?"

After a while of silence, Kokujoji took over.

"I heard from Headquarters that Nanakamado is trying to capture a new "King" to oppose us. I left it as a ridiculous rumor, but it's unexpectedly serious, right?"

"Even if it's impossible to capture the "King", do you think they can make a large number of β individuals if they manage to make him cooperate? It's a bit too easy, no, if you get cornered, that's what it is..."

After thinking about it for a bit, Nazumi came to a conclusion.

"Come on, let's put our hands there. Even if we don't go as far as forming an alliance, we should at least put the banner aside so it's clearer."

Hearing that, Kokujoji also frowned.

It could also result in a horizontal shot when poking bushes.

After all, the opponent was... the "Red King", who had a criminal record against the Occupation Army.

"Kagirohi-gumi"... the demon's devilish iron fire field, huh? What would be the help of "Tokijikuin"?"

As usual, Nazumi answered clearly.

"Why did you go to great lengths to create the Fourth Bureau of Legislation?"

Kokujoji lamented his position of not being able to move lightly.

Putting aside the troublesome seat next to him, Nazumi once again drove the car up to the legal speed limit.

In a room in Nichidokuji, in a large wooden dining room, everyone ate a late dinner. It was a lively seat for Chika and Kanta because it was just the time for the replacement staff of "Tokijikuin" to return.

At first, they gathered around the newcomer.

"How do you like it? It's a delicious radish, right? It's from my field, that garden over there."

"Wahaha, you were also hit by Chika-san!"

"Nowadays, it's easy to work as long as you're wearing a hoodie, so don't worry."

"Chika-san, please listen to me~"

The guards of the "Tokijikuin" temple, who were making a fuss about such things, immediately formed their own circles and began to drink, lie down, sleep, sing, and dance, passing their time as they wished.

Chika and Kanta finally calmed down and picked up their bowls.

Meanwhile, Kanta told Chika a strange rumor.

"A black cape?"

Chika placed a large bowl on the table and turned her back to the side.

On the contrary, Kanta said as he mishandled his rice.

"Uh... hey, we're the only geisha in the neighborhood, that's quite a famous story."

A geisha was a self-proclaimed name of Strain or Hagure.

"A disgusting bastard standing in a narrow alley."

The Nangu boy who brought the tea tray warned him that he was a little angry.

"Chika-san doesn't read Kasturi magazines."

He thought that the rude person was trying to attract attention with the subject of a popular book full of erotic, grotesque and bizarre stories, but Kanta was surprisingly serious.

"No, I really left my territory alone, there are many people who suddenly disappear."

Chika was not interested as a ghost story, but as information from a suspicious person.

"How tall is that monster?"

"Hey, listen to the rest too."

"Well, if you say that much..."

At Kanta's request, the Nangu boy, who was actually somewhat interested, also joined the circle in seiza.

Chika insisted.

"So..."

"Um, yes, he is around six feet tall, with a long and slender build, and just as he is called a black cloak, he wears a black cloak on his head. His face turned into a shadow, and it cannot be said if Is that a man or a woman."

"It's quite detailed, but is it normal to see that figure?"

The Nangu boy made a point (ruining most ghost stories), but Kanta remained unmoved. On the contrary, he imitated the gesture of a ghost towards the boy.

"Actually, that is, I guess you could say it's a misunderstanding..."

"What is?"

"....."

Kanta continued leaning towards the young Nangu who was serene and Chika who was narrowing her eyebrows.

"Two geisha, who thought they weren't afraid of some stupid bastard who gets blankets, found themselves in an alley... in that black cloak!"

"What?!"

Faced with Kanta's threat, the young Nangu unintentionally broke his seiza.

Of course, Chika didn't flinch.

"So..."

"Well, one of them was flabbergasted, but the other one was good at making dumbiras and almost cut the black cape off."

"A little rough, but brave. So..."

"That's the highlight." Kanta said.

"Hey, what happened to the black cloak that was about to be cut? As he looked ahead, he ran back and disappeared into the back of the alley with great force! But the geisha who chased him never came back."

"Heh..."

"Why did he bother running backwards?"

Kanta was content to scare the Nangu boy and gave Chika some heartfelt advice.

"I don't understand, but it's true that he didn't come back. You also have "power" right? You and your husband should be careful when you go around the city."

"I understand, thanks."

After politely thanking him, Chika turned to face the table again. In the corner of her eye, Kanta joking with the Nangu boy.

(If the story is true, another Hagure who has the ability to take revenge on the sword-wielding Hagure...?)

Thinking about it, Chika slowly picked up the takuan with her chopsticks and nibbled on it.

"MONSTER / BLACK CAPE"

*Movie "The Great Labyrinth of Black Cloak and Steel" (1950) ~Calling Asakusa~

"Now then, this 'black cloak' is a monster no one has seen before. Take a look at the strange and exciting interlude with the Great Detective. Come on, the entrance is this way."

Category: urban legend.

Established: late 1940s.

Synopsis: A ghost story about a man in a black cloak.

Characteristics: There are several theories, but the following are generally common.

- * Wear a black cape.
- * Sometimes called get (blanket).
- * Sex unknown.
- * Six feet tall.
- * Often confused with other urban legends and considered Hasshaku.
- * Standing in an alley or between thin buildings.
- * If you chase him, he will run back and go to the back of the alley.
- * If you chase him alone, you won't be able to come back.
- * He's not good with gold accessories.

Observations: After effects, etc.

- * The boom has been reignited several times and continues to the present.
- * There are many cases of mischief, such as dressing up and denouncing.
- * Became the subject of many movies and illustrated story shows.
- * Later various differences and heresies arose.