



**EPISODE 1: SPRINT DREAM**

**TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD**

"Good morning ladies and gentlemen."

"Good Morning!"

A pure voice echoes through the Kendo hall of "Promotion Scepter 4".

Many remains of that remain, in the office that was created with the remodeling of the old Army facilities. The Kendo hall is one of them, and the idols belonging to "Scepter 4" sometimes take lessons there and other times hold their swords in their hands.

And at the beginning of the week, there was always an instruction from the president, the "Idol Blue King", Reisi Munakata.

Munakata makes a soft voice in front of the idols lined up in a "rest" position.

"By the way, this week is the biggest event of the year for my production, "Sprint". The "Dream Live Tour" will take place. I hope to have the encouragement of each member so that no preparation or lesson is neglected."

"Yes!"

The responses of the idols are not disturbed. More than an entertainment bureau, the closer rigor to the police or the military was due to the nature of representative Reisi Munakata, and it was also a feature of "Promotion Scepter 4".

The group's glasses glowed brightly, staring at an idol.

"But recently, I have received some concerns, Andy Domyoji-kun. Go ahead."

"Yes!"

Domyoji, who was called by name, screamed to death. From his normally cheerful face, blood is drawn in the blink of an eye.

Domyoji took a heavy step and stepped out in front of the superior.

There is no anger in Munakata's expression. A slight smile floats on the sleek face like a statue. That doesn't mean that Domyoji and the other idols were relieved that they didn't understand the superior.

It was a man named Reisi Munakata, who sentenced to death with a smile.

"Domyoji-kun. The other day, there was a report that you were 5 minutes and 27 seconds late for the entire "Gyumetai" lesson. Is this true?"

"Actually, that's..."

"What is an idol in "Promotion Scepter 4"?"

"Ah, idols aim to be the ideal humans who should become the norm for people..."

"Do you have your own excuse for being late, knowing that?"

"No, I'm sorry..."

Domyoji is drooling. It was like a prosecution and a defendant, but in this case it was a military trial rather than an ordinary court. The sentence is already decided from the beginning, and this exchange is only a ritual.

Munakata acts like he's convinced of something,

"Ok. Let's ask Domyoji-kun to do one of the highlights of the "Sprint Dream Live Tour", "Extreme solo part, Idol from above 6500~"."

"What?"

With a strange voice, Domyoji's expression was frozen in despair. Munakata smiles and touches his shoulder intimately.

"As you know, "Extreme Solo Part" is one of the most popular projects on "Countdown Dissolution, Shoumutai". This time it's a solo part while skydiving from an altitude of 2,000 meters, so his brave figure will be a great copy on the big screen."

"President, please! That's! Just forgive me!"

"What do you say? This is your chance to get more fans. And if you're at the mercy of your life, you won't be late for lessons."

Munakata treats Domyoji, who clings to his eyes, with a smiling smile. The idols are silently staring at the horrible sight.

"Kindness is called haste. Let's start the special training today. Akiyama-kun, Benzai-kun, please take him to the office to complete the procedure."

"Yes!"

The same members of the "Shoumutai", Himori Akiyama and Yujiro Benzai, grabbed Domyoji crying from both sides. Domyoji screams while ruffling his hair.

"Not! I don't like the "Extreme solo part"! Akiyama, Benzai, I am a posterity, so don't miss out!"

"Hold on, Domyoji."

"Oh. Get angry and train. Hopefully you won't die."

Domyoji was dragged out of the Kendo room.

When the door closed, Munakata saw the idols lined up. All the idols looked at Munakata with a better attitude than before.

Munakata says, looking at him with satisfaction.

"Don't be late either. As members of society and as idols who should be a human norm, please respect that."

"Yes!"

The voice of the idols who responded contained a desperate sound.

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"Sorry, President! I can't make it on time!"

The driver's scream also contains a desperate sound.

As he listened to him in the backseat, Munakata gracefully reassembled his legs, put his hand to his jaw, and muttered, "Hmm."

"Sprint Dream Live Tour", first day, 4:52 pm.

Munakata's transport vehicle got caught in heavy traffic filling the road and got stuck at all.

Until the day before, Munakata was planning a large-scale live concert in London as part of the overseas expansion of "Promotion Scepter 4". The big picture and charisma of Reisi Munakata, the "Idol King", managed to shake up the stubborn management of the French entertainment world. A few hours ago he won a partnership and a contract in the EU and returned triumphantly to Narita airport.

From the transport vehicle, Munakata continued to instruct the "Sprint Dream Live Tour". Back home. Although he has a difficult schedule of immediate events, he does not have fatigue or mistakes. There was a figure like: the perfect idol king.

It was in the time after Sakura's exchange that the news of the accident and jamming arrived.

Fortunately, no one died, but traffic was completely paralyzed. A line of cars continues towards the horizon, and it takes 30 minutes to finally reach 100 meters. Literally, he was forced into a state of immobility.

If nothing is done, the big event that is approaching a few hours later, will expose the mistake that the "Idol King" will be late.

In such a critical situation, however, there was no impatience in Reisi Munakata's expression.

"Ok."

Munakata says cheerfully to the driver reflected in the rearview mirror.

"I understand the situation. Please, I'll get off at the next intersection."

"But it will take 30 minutes to get there and, according to traffic information, the situation is similar on the lower road."

"It doesn't matter. In the meantime, let's get ready."

Munakata took his PDA out of his pocket and made a call. Munakata's trusted deputy director responded with two calls. It's Awashima Seri.

"Where is he now, President?"

"Currently, we are targeting a four-way interchange. It will take about 30 minutes to get there. I am planning to get out of here."

"That is..."

Awashima groaned. Even if he can get off the four road interchange, it will take more than an hour from there to the location, regardless of the mode of transportation. Since the show started at 6:30 pm, arrival on time is desperate.

After a few seconds of silence, Awashima's voice regained its composure.

"I would like to review the song list. The current program is to start with the president's number at the same time the performance begins, but we will correct this to start from "Shoumutai" and put the president's turn as far back as possible."

"Rejected."

Munakata categorically blocked her.

"Changing the song list will cut the rhythm of the fans. As idols, we shouldn't give fans any kind of anxiety."

"However! If this continues...!"

"I will be on time."

"....."

Awashima lost the words.

He was not surprised by Munakata's recklessness. She knows more than anyone what kind of person Munakata is and what kind of idol he is. He's never the type to talk about the impossible and break the plan.

If Reisi Munakata says that he can do it, he certainly can do it even if all other humans can't.

The next time Awashima opened her mouth, there was a determined intention.

"So, President. Please give us instructions."

A satisfied smile reached Munakata's mouth.

And 30 minutes later.

As soon as all contacts were completed, the transport vehicle passed the toll booth.

The lower street was still full of cars. Since Munakata hated traffic, he analyzed the situation. Progress is not much different from high speed.

However, that is no longer relevant to Munakata.

Because this is the end of the transport vehicle.

When he got out of the vehicle, the driver's seat window was opened. The driver looks from there and says...

"President, I wish you good luck."

Munakata smiled calmly at the young driver.

"Yes. Please drive carefully and come back."

That said, the next moment, Munakata was on the run.

With a forward leaning sprint style, Munakata is steadily increasing in speed. He reached a row of cars that couldn't move like a tombstone, and finally couldn't see his back.

Even after that, the conductor continued to pour his longing eyes beyond the horizon where Munakata disappeared. Holding on his chest the driver's cap that he took off as a sign of respect.

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That day, Kazumasa Hatanaka (19) was driving his favorite Hara Chari.

He is in an unprecedented mood because he was able to finish his work early. The construction company he works for has been working hard these days, but yesterday they calmed down and was able to pay him. Hatanaka, who worked especially hard, was allowed to return home as the president had a special plan that day.

Akemi Hatanaka (18), a heavy wife, waits at home. Just thinking about it will loosen the origin of Hatanaka. When he wondered if he could serve his beloved wife and a child he had yet to see, his tired body mysteriously strengthened.

(Oh, that's right. Should I contact her to get back to Akemi soon?)

Suddenly, Hatanaka took out his mobile phone while driving the Hara Chari. He tries to send a message to his wife using one hand to handle and one hand to write.

Was when...

"You..."

"Oh?"

Hatanaka was about to fall due to the noise surrounding his ears. The body, which was about to slalom, was held by an outstretched hand and returned to its original trajectory.

While running to Hatanaka's side, the bespectacled man yells in a soft voice.

"It is a violation of the Road Traffic Law to use a mobile phone while driving."

"Uh, oh, sorry."

"In addition, it has already exceeded the legal speed of motorized bicycles. Wear your helmet correctly. It is meant to protect your life."

"Ah, hey, uh, yeah, sorry."

Hatanaka, who was once feared for being a "Chitaka mad dog", simply admitted his guilt not because he understood the accuracy of the words of the man with the glasses. This is because he was upset and scared by Hara Chari's run and the appearance of a man running side by side on only his own feet.

The man with the glasses smiled at Hatanaka's stunned face.

"Okay. If you follow the law and try to drive safely, you won't make driving mistakes like you do now."

(No, no, I'm going to be mad now because you called me. Do you want them to tell you that driving safely is something like running at that speed?)

The word never left Hatanaka's mouth at last. The man with the glasses raised his hand slightly and said, "Excuse me, bye." and then sped up and disappeared from Hatanaka's sight.

Hatanaka was stunned as he slowed the Hara Chari to 30 km / h.

(Is that so? I wonder if the god of the road advised me...)

There is a yellow light ahead. It stopped at the stop line correctly where it would normally cut, and the director took control.

(From now on, I will drive safely.)

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That day, Nami Sakai (6) looked at the giant tree with tears in her eyes.

A blue balloon is stuck in a tree branch. It was in the hands of Nami just a few minutes ago, and in the hands of her beloved grandmother ten minutes ago.

Nami felt like a treasure when she received the blue balloon from her grandmother's wrinkled hand. She would take it home, about 10 minutes on foot, and she rushed to show it to her mother, but she accidentally fell off.

The balloon, which was detached from Nami's hand, floated in the sky and was blown away by the wind. She got trapped in a giant tree.

The giant tree has a height of about 10 meters. The blue balloon got caught near the top. Even if she asked the adults who passed by to take it, they just laughed and shook their heads.

Can't she get it again?

Every time she thought about it, she was filled with regret, sadness and guilt, and it turned into tears and appeared in Nami's eyes.

When the tears were about to break, Nami suddenly noticed something approaching from a distant road.

(Eh?)

In her childhood thoughts, Nami makes such a judgment.

In fact, in the distance it was like a colored wind. If she thinks it were there, it is way ahead. Nami stared at the blue breeze, which flowed without shaking her side, for a while, forgetting her sadness.

Suddenly...

With that wind, the eyes met.

The moment she thought that, he was already in front of her. When he stopped, the wind was not the wind, but a grown man with glasses. The skin is white like a woman and the facial features are beautifully groomed.

For some embarrassed reason, Nami looked down at her toes. The voice of a kind man spills over her.

"Do you have any problem?"

Nami looks at the man.

When she looked into the eyes behind the glasses, she felt like she was being sucked into the deep sky.

Nami opens her mouth to be fascinated.

"I cannot do it."

The man looks at the balloon at the point. Nami looked away and turned down. She was sure this person couldn't do it, and like everyone else, he would laugh and say "Give up", she felt such disappointment in her small chest.

But the man said in a nonsensical tone.



"Please wait a bit."

The man was already kicking the ground when she turned her face away.

He clings to the trunk of the huge tree and climbs up when he's ready. He deftly found the dents and bumps that could be called a steps, and in the blink of an eye he reached the top and took the blue balloon in his hand.

Nami was looking at the man who came down the same way, her mouth hanging open.

"Here it is."

Although he offered her the balloon, she was unable to receive it for a time. Then, finally picking it up, she asked with all her courage.

"Oni-chan... what?"

If you translate those boring words into something that makes more sense, it would mean something like "That move was out of the ordinary, who are you?"

The man accurately grasped the meaning of the question, smiled a little,

"I am an idol."

He responded like this.

Nami didn't really understand what an "idol" was. She blinks and look at the man. With a smile on his face, the man reached into his pocket and handed Nami a card.

"If you grow a little, come see us live."

The words "Promotion Scepter 4, President Reisi Munakata" were written there.

Of course, Nami can't read the card. She doesn't even know about the existence of a business card. However, she thought the blue-tinted card was beautiful. Blue was Nami's favorite color.

Nami finally remembered what she should say to the man who gave her something nice and got back what she wanted back.

"Thank you."

"You are welcome. Well, I'm going."

The man bowed, turned blue again, and ran down the road.

Nami won't forget him forever.

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An hour after the start of "Sprint Dream Live", the heat in the Tsubakimon Dome was visibly increasing. At the same time as the entrance began, a group of fans flowed into

the audience seats like a flood, and they began to furnish the place with posters, posters and items with each of the recommended men drawn. At the same time, fans are excited about the upcoming festival and are looking at the stage with shining eyes.

To meet that expectation, a scene similar to a battlefield was unfolding in the backyard of the stage.

"The president has arrived at Shikaido Station! We will move on to Sequence B!"

"The target has been set at point B! We will wait until the president picks it up!"

In the temporary monitor room with the sign "Headquarters for the execution of the president's return plan", a part of the backyard, reports were constantly being raised.

The purpose of this headquarters is to fully support the return of Munakata. The staff involved are elite to make the "return plan" successful, from organizing and contacting various locations, managing the schedule, passing on traffic information and understanding Munakata's current position.

In one of the compounds in the panel, his current position is always displayed by the Munakata PDA tracking system. Awashima asks the staff while looking at them with a tight gaze.

"What is the progress of the plan?"

"It is 2 minutes and 15 seconds late, but it is within expectations. Currently, the Sequence C execution unit is moving. We will get to Point C on time."

"So..."

Awashima occupies a small area and looks at the monitor.

The plan is going well. At this rate, he can be in time for the opening ceremony, even if it's at the last minute. Unless something unexpected happens.

"Deputy Director Awashima."

Awashima looks around in a loose voice, rolling her shoulders.

Fushimi Saruhiko was as if he was leaning against the monitor room door.

He is the star idol of "Promotion Scepter 4", which is the center of the popular "Shoumutai" unit. Many fans were fascinated by the lonely atmosphere, and about 30% of the customers who packed the dome today are looking for him.

Awashima opens her mouth as she calmly looks at Fushimi.

"Fushimi. You should be in the final stages of doing a "Dream Corps."

"If the president is late, there won't be any 'Shoumutai', right?"

Awashima's beautiful eyebrows drew a dangerous angle.

"The plan is on the right track. You do not have to worry about that."

Fushimi laughs. It was an annoying laugh.

"Isn't there a countermeasure in case we run out of the star? Do you really think he can pull it off?"

"What do you mean?"

Fushimi casually pulled his hand out of his pocket and tossed what he was holding to Awashima. Awashima takes it deftly.

It is a recording medium in the form of a micro card.

"If you don't, I will. I made a new list of songs. If the president is late, I will."

Awashima's expression becomes more and more pronounced in a throwing tone. She squeezes the recording medium and she says quietly.

"Do you think I will receive this?"

"If you don't need it, you can throw it away. I can't bear to expose ourselves to that person's mistakes."

Awashima quickly waved her arm and threw the recording medium back.

"President..."

Fushimi deftly accepts that which came back like a bullet. Awashima, looking at the stagnant eyes behind the glasses as if shooting.

"I will not make any mistakes."

"Sorry."

Fushimi shrugged slightly and went back to his place. Looking back at Awashima over his neck.

"Well, tell me if you need it."

With that alone, Fushimi left the monitor room.

Awashima stared at the monitor room door for a while, staring into his eyes. It's like doing it is a protest against Fushimi.

It's not that she doesn't understand what Fushimi is saying.

Believing is different from believing blindly. Fushimi's view that he assumes the worst and take countermeasures is entirely correct.

However, Awashima did not receive that song list. She refused to even see it and turned around.

She felt that receiving it would be a distrust of Munakata, who had confirmed that he would be on time.

"The president has reached point C! Collection complete!"

"We have started to move! The plan is going well!"

Awashima muttered unknowingly, listening to the reports that came in one after another.

"President, be careful."

Those words were like a prayer.

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That day, Yuri Yamazaki (26) was vaguely in front of Shikaido station.

She works in a product store managed directly by "Promotion Scepter 4". It was supposed to be closed today due to the shift, but she got an urgent call from her boss about 5 minutes ago. She had no particular plan, and she was quick to get to this point because she was drawn to a pretty good vacation assignment.

Anyway, Yuri thinks.

It was a strange call. Being with the bicycle in front of the station instead of the store.

Apparently, they told her to lend the bike to someone, but they did not tell him who to lend it to and only told her the time of the meeting. It would be profitable to get a vacation allowance on this alone, but Yuri checks her cell phone while deeply thinking that she would complain if she was forced to do something else.

Seeing the displayed time, she sighed.

The "Sprint Dream Live Tour" will begin soon. Like most idol shop clerks, she is a fan of "Promotion Scepter 4." She decided to work at an idol shop because she loved idols.

However, just because she is an employee doesn't mean there are benefits. Controls in that area are tight, and the clerk who secretly secured her own live ticket was sometimes ill. She must take the ticket herself, and if the lottery is lost, the schedule may disappear from the vacation she got, just like the current situation.

Two minutes have passed since the specified time.

"I wonder... if he's late, can I contact him?"

She doesn't know, the murmur leaks out. After 5 minutes, she will contact the store manager. Thinking of that, she suddenly looked up.

And she doubts her eyes.

Someone was running from the street in front of the station, at tremendous speed. He easily overtook the next bike and came closer. Yuri instinctively tried to back away.

However, when she saw the man's face, she doubted her sanity.

"Ah, President?"

What she unwittingly said was the nickname of Reisi Munakata, the representative of "Promotion Scepter 4" and "Idol King". Naturally, it spread from the case where the idols under his command called him "President."

Faced with the stiff lily, Munakata strode over to a halt. He exhales a little and smiles at Yuri.

"Excuse me, are you a store clerk?"

"Eh, yes!"

Her voice shook. Feel the blood of her entire body concentrate on her face. The reason is that Yuri Yamazaki's favorite idol is Reisi Munakata.

Half in panic, she yells out the questions that come to mind.

"But why are you here?! What happened to the 'Sprint Dream Live Tour'?"

"I'm having a little problem and I've taken a different route than normal. Don't worry, I'll be in time for the opening."

She felt as if the blood that had risen through her head was coming down this time.

In other words, it is an emergency. Yuri was a fan and she knew how confusing it would be to be late for the opening ceremony. Perplexity, pain, disappointment. Just imagining being there, the pain felt like its own.

Yuri rushes up and says.

"Is there anything I can do?!"

"Lend me the bicycle. It's enough."

Yuri blushed again. If she thinks about it again, it was probably all part of the plan coming here. It is not a feat for the Munakata representative to give instructions to the directly administered office.

"Please..."

"Thank you."

Munakata straddled the bike without showing any pretense of noticing Yuri's tension. Somehow, it was an unattainable sight. The King of Idols, who can only be seen on TV or on stage, sits astride her bike.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going."

"Oh, yeah!"

Yuri instinctively stopped Munakata who was trying to get out.

Munakata looks at Yuri with his foot on the pedal. She held her breath with a mysterious look.

("Please sign.")

She had to desperately suppress that desire that came to her mind. Hasn't she just found out it's an emergency? There is no second chance. And yet, unable to say such a silly request, that embarrassment forced Yuri's awkward smile and false words.

"Please do your best. I support you!"

Munakata, however, was looking at Yuri's face with calm eyes that looked through all her smile and strength. Munakata laughed lightly at Yuri, who suddenly became flustered and reached into her pocket.

"What should I write?"

"Eh?"

"I have a pen, but I don't really have colored paper. It's not in good taste with a notepad."

Yuri blinked many times. The feeling of regret, even the time she was wandering and wondering why him could see through her desires made her stiff.

Yuri handed him the PDA she was holding in her outstretched hand to Munakata. With her voice asking "Is it okay here?", she was fascinated by the magically moving pen. She picked up the PDA again, looking at the Munakata signature written there, and it was like a soliloquy.

"Why...?"

"I am an idol."

Munakata's response, as well as their relationship, was open and frozen.

"Idols live up to the expectations of their fans. My job is to capture your expectations."

"....."

"Good luck then. Thank you for your continued support."

With a courteous greeting, Munakata pedaled off the road in no time.

Yuri holds her PDA to her chest while watching him back. She murmured in an emotional voice, promising to turn it into a relic, and she was about to buy a new one.

"President, I will follow you for the rest of my life!"

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That day, Yojiro Sato (51) was driving his own high-speed boat and racing in Tokyo Bay.

His main business was fisherman, but he also works as a fishing boat captain as a side job. In any case, the main job is to chase the school of fish, current high-speed boats are used for that purpose.

But today's work was different than usual.

The client was a fishing cooperative and the content of the request was mysterious: "Anyway, I want you to go to Chiba city using a high speed boat." He goes through it several times, but it seems the reason he couldn't get the point was because the fishing cooperative was asked to go further.

Sato accepted it simply because the reward was great. Otherwise, it would not accept suspicious requests.

However, when he passed by the Tokyo Bay Aqualine, he began to regret it.

He doesn't think it's a dangerous story.

It goes without saying that Tokyo is one of the largest cities in the world and Tokyo Bay is a large adjacent port. Many are trying to carry out illegal transactions by sea. Unfortunately, he has heard stories of people involved in such problems at the level of rumors.

He's been through the fishing cooperative, so he doesn't think it's something to worry about.

Even so, a bit of anxiety washed over Sato's mind.

At that moment the radio sounded. When he reached out his hand and responded by reflex, he heard an unfamiliar voice on the back of the radio.

"Hello. Is this Mr. Yojiro Sato?"

It was a feminine and intelligent voice. Sato responds while confused.

"Oh, yeah. That's right."

"Nice to meet you, my name is Seri Awashima. I was the one who made the request."

"Oh, I see."

The confusion disappeared, but Sato pressed his face into place. Listen to Awashima's words, eager to decline the request in the event of an emergency.

"First of all, I apologize for reporting uncertain content to you in the application. I was in a hurry, so I thought about explaining after taking the first step."

"Okay, but what kind of job is this after all? It doesn't appear to be a fishing request."

"Yes. I want you to pick up a certain person."

When suspicion and vigilance increase, he raises his eyebrow. Sato asked in a low voice.

"Who is that? He is not a criminal, right?"

"What, criminal?"

From the other side of the meeting, he could feel the sign that Awashima was completely disappointed. The voice that echoed next seemed to lack a bit of calm, unlike before.

"Incorrect! The president is not involved in such things!"

"Oh, yeah."

At the angry response, Awashima coughed a little.

"No, sorry. It may be inevitable that it looks like this. I would like you to pick up Reisi Munakata, the representative idol of "Promotion Scepter 4"."

While driving, Sato is confused.

"Why do idols want to get on our ship?"

"As I said before, it is an urgent matter. He didn't seem to be in time for a regular water taxi, so I contacted you."

"Hmm... Well, it's okay."

Sato is not familiar with idols. He is simply not interested. From time to time he sees them on television, but to him they all have similar faces and clothes, so he cannot tell them apart.

That sect image is probably one of those idols. No wonder that is used instead of a taxi, but, work is work.

"So where should I pick him up?"

"Please wait a moment. I'll link the information on the president's location to that PDA."

"Eh?"

A second after the stupid voice leaked out, a spot of light lit up on the GPS map attached to the ship. Sato opens his mouth and looks at it moving at high speed on the map.



"Did you get the location? The point that lights up in blue is the current position of the president."

"Yes, I got it."

"Good. Get closer to the point of light. It also shows the next meeting points."

The GPS map reacts again and projects an orange spot of light. It shows a jetty near the beach park, that made Sato panic even more.

"Wait a minute! How did you do that? This is my PDA, right? Why can you operate it on that side?"

"There is no time to lose! I took emergency measures! Rest assured that we have formal permission to use the system!"

"What is that system?"

To Sato's confusion, Awashima doesn't reply. "More than that!" When he started yelling, the blue point of light on the map continued to flash.

"He is approaching the meeting point. Thanks for your cooperation. Awashima, over and out."

And the radio was unilaterally cut off, leaving only Sato who was confused.

The ship curves and begins to move parallel to the shore. Sato alternately compared the map and the coast. If this location is correct, Munakata will soon be in sight.

"Ah."

With that said, he opened his mouth. Someone was there. That's probably definitely Munakata.

From a distance, he can only tell that he is a man. It would have been indistinguishable on its own, but the appearance of a human who could ride a bicycle at a speed comparable to that of a high-speed boat fits this unusual situation perfectly.

"What should I do?"

Sato is a man of the sea. He is confident that he can handle most things that happen at sea. However, he had never imagined such a situation. Sato looked towards the beach while maintaining his speed.

At that moment, Munakata pointed forward.

Sato looks ahead so he can catch it. A jetty leading off the shore blocked the ship's path as it gently curved.

Reflecting a sailor, Sato curves the speedboat along the jetty.

Munakata's bike has picked up speed.

"Hey, it can't be!"

Unknowingly, Sato was screaming. Because he understood the man's thoughts. Because he understood the meaning of "meeting point" that Awashima said on the radio.

The bicycle races down the jetty at a speed that exceeds that of high-speed boats. Sato made the boat's engine run at full speed. It was not because he understood their speculations, but because he thought that, as a man of the sea, he would not be able to stand upright if he was driving a boat and losing to a bicycle.

The bicycle and the speed boat run next to each other for a very short distance.

For the first time, Sato saw Munakata's face.

Munakata was smiling with a clean face in front of him. It was not the expression of a human reaching such high speed on a bicycle. He was horrified. Perhaps this is a monster that seemed to drag him to the bottom of the sea. Even such an imagination took over his head.

Munakata's bicycle leaned over. At the end of the jetty, Sato's high-speed boat drew closer and Munakata jumped with the bicycle with only the spring from his body.

Sato opened his eyes and looked at the figure of Munakata leaping against the sun.

After a short break, Munakata's bicycle landed on the back of the high-speed boat, made a sharp turn, and came to a stop.

"Fu..."

With a sigh, Munakata wiped the sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.

"....."

Sato was just looking at Munakata, who was behaving like a human, with his mouth open.

When he got out and parked at the bicycle rack, Munakata looked at Sato and said with a smile.

"Nice to meet you. Sato Yojiro-san. My name is Reisi Munakata. Thank you for your transportation to the planned location."

Swallowing hard, Sato asks suspiciously.

"You are a human?"

After opening his eyes somewhat surprisingly, he replied with a bitter smile.

"I'm just an idol."

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At the Suzugaya sorting yard, Domyoji Andy (19) turned his pale face down and swallowed nausea.

He, who is scheduled to appear on "Sprint Dream Live Tour", is at that location because the Suzugaya courtyard is a helicopter landing site owned by "Scepter 4."

The event titled "Extreme Solo Part, Idol from Above 6500~", is Domyoji's assigned role this time. The event of strumming a guitar solo while skydiving from 2000 meters above the sky is sure to be a great thrill if it succeeds, but it can only be said that it is insane.

For today, Domyoji was repeating a special training every day. In total, it would have fallen enough to reach the surface from the stratosphere. Domyoji said that if he ran for Guinness, he would not pass, and gave a tired smile.

At that moment the door to the waiting room was opened and the staff entered.

"Domyoji-san, please prepare for take-off!"

"Eh?"

His eyes are round. Domyoji looks at the watch as it is. There is still some time left before the live begins. The turn of "Shoumutai", including Domyoji, was supposed to be in the second half of the opening ceremony.

"Is it still early? Was there an accident?"

Anyway, when he got up and left the room with the staff, Domyoji was so quiet. He doesn't know what kind of problems are waiting in the live presentation. Not only staff but also idols need to take this into account and respond flexibly.

"There is no change to Domyoji-san's appearance time! We are going to pick up the president from now on!"

Domyoji opened his mouth. The staff didn't look back and pushed the door in front of them while walking quickly.

At the landing site, the helicopter was already preparing for takeoff. The high-speed rotating main rotor disperses a roar like a gunshot. Defeating the sound, Domyoji yelled at the back of the staff.

"What happened to the president? That person is surely the interpreter for the opening ceremony!"

"Currently, the president is crossing Tokyo Bay! We'll pick him up at sea and head straight to the Tsubakimon Dome!"

Domyoji is confused. He is crossing Tokyo Bay? He has no idea what the hell is going on. What he knows is that he is about to fly high again.

After sitting on the seat and fixing his body with a harness, Domyoji finally noticed.

"Hey! Don't I need it if I pick up the president?!"

"It's the president's judgment that it's a waste of time to go back every time! After leaving the president in the dome, Domyoji-san will wait in the sky until the time of the "Extreme solo part, Idol from above 6500~"!"

That was brilliant. Wait a minute, he try to tell if he would be flying all the time, but then his body was fixed. Jumping out the rear hatch, the staff gave Domyoji a big thumb up.

"Thank you good luck!"

The hatch closes as he continues. The sound of the rotor increases the pitch. Domyoji's stunned face disappeared into the darkness of the plane.

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"The President has arrived at meeting point E! The pickup helicopter that was already waiting has started to approach!"

"Let go of the rope, the helicopter must be very careful!"

"Got it! Let go of the rope! Try to drive safely!"

Brilliant laughter erupted in the monitor room as the pilot made a joke. Private language during the operation should be strictly prohibited, but Awashima felt a slight smile on her lips. This would indicate their high morale. She doesn't have to worry.

"President, I secured a rope! Start climbing."

"Domyoji, can't you point the CCD camera at the president?"

"Oh, yeah, I'll try."

Domyoji hastily responded to Awashima's voice. After a while, a rough image appears on one of the monitors.

Munakata was about to board the helicopter. Standing in the open hatch, he turns and pays him homage. A high speed boat floating ahead, probably Yojiro Sato, a man who appeared to be the captain took off his hat and waved it.

The expression of the image has been softened.

"President. Thank you for being safe."

On the CCD camera, he sees Munakata smiling.

"Thank you for your hard work, Awashima-kun. Did you worry?"

Awashima shakes her head slowly.

"I wasn't worried."

It was a lie. During these 30 minutes, Awashima has looked at the clock no less than 50 times. It's not because she doesn't trust Munakata. It is probably due to the weakness of Awashima's heart.

Munakata's deep eyes can even see Awashima's inner heart. Still, she looked directly at her boss and reported on the situation.

"We are on time. If you move at full speed from the current location of the president, it will be enough to reach the inauguration. The president's suit has been brought to the room of the occupant of the helicopter."

"Okay. Let's finish all the preparations on the fly. Has the final landing point I submitted changed?"

"No, there are no changes. The helipad is already in control."

At that moment, one of the monitors lit up red and emitted a warning sound.

"What?"

"I will confirm it!"

Staff operate the console quickly. Awashima holds her breath and stares at the movement.

Finally, the staff raised a strained voice.

"There was a fire at the Tsubakimon Dome Hotel! Looks like an evacuation notice has been issued at the hotel!"

"No!"

"No recommendations have been issued for this place! Deputy Chief, what do we do?"

Impatience melts in her hand. Various thoughts come to mind instantly. How big is the fire? How to accept evacuees? Should the concert be canceled, even if no recommendations have been made? The enthusiasm of the people involved and the fans for this live show is extraordinary. But if something happens to the fans, it is irreparable.

An intelligent voice broke those thoughts.

"Awashima-kun. Confirm the evacuation of the hotel guests."

Raise her face. Beyond the CCD camera, Munakata's rough expression was as calm as if he were sitting at his usual office desk.

Awashima looks at the staff. The personnel turned to the front and quickly returned to operating the console.

Finally, he told the staff in a shocked voice.

"We share the confirmation of the status of the place, but the evacuation of the three guests has not been completed! It seems that we are reconfirming the people who have been in the air and have been evacuated!"

"Three people. That means they are..."

The CCD camera points in the other direction. Seeing that, Awashima took a breath.

Near the window on the smokeless floor. A man and a woman are crouched in a narrow space. The woman appeared to be holding a child.

"The number of people matches. Apparently, the evacuation was delayed."

Awashima looks at the image from the CCD camera. Imagine a tragic future for a family left behind at the scene of the fire and blood gushes from their faces.

And Munakata said of course.

"I am heading to the rescue."

Awashima knew that Munakata would say so. Knowing that, she still screams...

"President! Don't do it!"

Domyoji's camera captures Munakata's face. Munakata wasn't looking there. He murmured, looking serious at the scene of the fire, perhaps putting together another thought.

"Awashima-kun. About us?"

"Ah..."

The answer to that was fixed. Awashima squeezed her hand so tightly that her nails dug into her palm.

"We are... idols...!"

"What kind of person is an idol in "Promotion Scepter 4"?"

"Our goal is to be the ideal human who should be a role model for people."

Munakata looked at Awashima with a teacher's gaze, watching over the poor students who gave the correct answer.

"So that's it."

"Huh!"

Munakata goes to the scene of the fire. Although he is an idol, he is only a human. There is no guarantee that he will be able to return safely, so the worst consequences may await him in the future.

And, while looking at the worst, taking steps to prevent it from happening is also a condition of being an ideal human.

Awashima said that decisively when she took a little breath, exhaled and was ready to do it.

"We will contact the various parties involved in the handling of this incident and request assistance in rescue activities. I pray for your safety, President."

Behind the camera, Munakata nodded slightly.

Fushimi Saruhiko clicked his tongue as he leaned his back against the wall.

If Munakata's decision was stupid, Awashima, who followed him, could only be seen as a fool. He are an ideal person and he are trying to ruin his job by getting caught up in an additional idea. Fushimi's frank opinion is that, it is the role of rescuers to help the victims, and that is why they have to get rid of that work.

But he will never reveal it. At least not yet.

It only deals with possible situations.

Makes a call from his PDA. The other party came out with a ringing sound. Before they say something to him there, speak up.

"Akiyama, I got a job. Call the members of the 'Shoumutai'."

While saying that, Fushimi turned away from the wall and quickly headed to the end of the hall.

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That day, Maki Arakawa (29) was visiting the Tsubakimon Dome hotel with her husband Takashi Arakawa (32) and their son Daichi Arakawa (0).

That day was Maki and Takashi's third wedding anniversary. The Dome Hotel was the place where Takashi proposed to Maki, and it was customary for the couple to visit this place on their anniversary every year.

With a new family member who is less than a year old, Maki and Takashi huddled together and wanted a night view from the living room. Takashi leans into the champagne and Maki leans into the non-alcoholic sparkling wine, looking at each other with a smile. In Maki's arms, Daichi, who had just fallen asleep, was giving a silent sigh.

A little compliment to a family that usually leads a modest life. Still, Maki was happy enough until the explosion happened.

The moment the explosion caught her, Maki was thrown to the ground with her husband.

When she woke up, her head was covered in black smoke.

"Daichi?"

The first thing that came to mind was the safety of her son. Looking down into her arms with a pale feeling, Daichi was still asleep. It was just a moment of relief, and he was soon filled with smoke-colored anxiety.

"What the hell?"

There was no way to answer that question. Her husband has wandered off a bit. He appears passed out, bleeding from his head. When she saw him, she was terrified that his heart would stop, but at least he seemed to be breathing.

Maki crawls closer to her husband, feeling pain glowing throughout her body. There seems to be a fire somewhere between the black smoke that comes in and the heat that burns the skin. That fact irritated Maki and made her reach out her hand.

"Get up."

The husband does not respond. Maki raised her face slightly and looked around her.

There is no one but them.

Is it after everyone has evacuated? Have they been left behind? Even if she gets lost, she does not know where to go and cannot leave her husband. It was decided that she cannot take him or her son on her own.

Fear and anxiety clench Maki's throat.

She takes the PDA out of her pocket and touches the emergency number. However, Maki herself wasn't sure how much it meant. The fear that surrounds her is getting stronger. Even if the rescue team is dispatched from now on, will they arrive in time?

"Yes, what happened?"

Communication has been opened. Maki squeezes the words out of her throat that moisten her body.

"Please help, please help. Please, please."

Unless this child is saved.

The moment he muttered a sentence-like word in a weak voice, a roar deafened Maki's ear.

A helicopter appeared outside the living room, behind a glass window.

A high-speed rotating rotor disperses a bombardment sound and the strong wind moves in the opposite direction. The helicopter tilted slightly and a sliding door pointed into the living room. Maki saw with wide eyes that a man with glasses was standing in the place that had already been opened.



It was not a rescue team. She knew it at a glance. After all, clothes are different. She had never heard of a rescue team dressed in such white, flowing clothing. It has beautiful bright colors and is like the clothes that idols wear.

The man with the glasses laughs smartly when he sees Maki. Then jump out the sliding door with a run.

"....."

Maki loses her words and watches over the elaborate suicide scene. From the PDA that fell to the ground, a Fire Service official said, "What happened? Please respond!" She heard a scream, but couldn't react. That was not the case.

The man crossed his arms, jumped high and rough, through the window, rolled across the living room floor, and landed brilliantly.

He balanced on his right foot, left knee, and right palm, and lifts his face to look at Maki.

Then he said with a smile.

"Hello."

"Ah, hello."

Barely responding, the man approached slowly, keeping low.

Behind him, there was a figure that jumped in the same way. He rolls on a glass covered floor, jumps and screams.

"Gak! The glass stabs me!"

"Domyoji-kun, continue with the preparations immediately. Be careful not to inhale smoke."

"Yes! President Munakata!"

When the man named Munakata approached Maki, he lifted his body, turned it forward, and began to wrap something.

"Oh, that...?"

"We will get away from this. Please hold your son firmly."

The soft voice in her ear soothed Maki's fear. She hugged her son tightly and, through her armpits, Munakata fixed a harness on Maki's body.

Munakata looks back and calls out to Domyoji, who is also wrapping the husband in a harness.

"Are you ready?"

"Well, somehow!"

Domyoji nods wrapping her weakly passed out husband around his body with a harness. When Munakata turned around, he turned his smart eyes towards Maki.

"Don't worry, I'll get you to safety immediately."

Somehow, however, she had an unpleasant sensation.

Maki looks out the window with her harness wrapped up. She sees the back of a helicopter that was going very far away. Maki asks, swallowing hard.

"Isn't that the one you ride?"

"Unfortunately, the emergency exit leading to the helipad is blocked by fire. Landing is difficult and jumping from here to the helicopter would not be possible with you in tow."

The question of what to do then did not need to be asked.

Munakata walks over to the broken window while tying Maki and Daichi to himself. The trampled piece of glass rings. A strong wind from the high sky blew and caressed Maki's cheeks forcefully.

The Tsubakimon Dome can be seen below. She wonders if he was doing some kind of live performance, and she could see the crowded seats even from such a high place.

Munakata looks at her calmly and has a soft voice.

"And we have less than five minutes to get started. This is the only way to get there on time."

She is not sure what you are talking about, but she understands what "this method" means. Maki looks towards Munakata with tears in her eyes.

"I'll ask you just in case, you've done it before, right?"

Munakata responds with a smile on his face.

"I read the manual."

Maki tried to resist, but her hands were empty and only scratched the air. Maki, who was shaking, saw that she could no longer understand the language, Munakata placed the sole of the shoe on the window frame.

Smooth to the end, Munakata says the last sentence.

"Ok, let's go."

"Hm..."

She can't say wait a minute.

Munakata was a man who executed words. A second after he said that, he had already jumped from a height of 100 meters above the ground with Maki and Daichi.

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Basically the longer it takes to fall, the faster it will fall.

Its formula, commonly known as gravitational acceleration, is  $9.8 \text{ m/s}^2$ , and a rough calculation consumes a height of about 100 meters in less than 5 seconds. Knowing that, it's probably a bit more serious. She would have resisted.

Fortunately, the fear fainted her and it did not interfere with Munakata's work.

At the time of take-off, Munakata quickly opened the parachute. Munakata experienced a free fall for a time until the acceleration died due to air resistance.

At the sound of the wind, Munakata heard laughter.

Suddenly the baby was laughing in his arms. He wondered if he was enjoying the fall, and while hearing a laughing little voice, Munakata was laughing too.

"It's fun? It may be common for you."

The parent's "up and down" game and the current situation may not change much for this child. With that in mind, Munakata precisely operates the parachute.

Air resistance travels through the harness and squeezes Munakata's body. Munakata looked at the Tsubakimon Dome below, while reducing the burden on mother and child as much as possible. Already in his direction, the dome has been opened to reveal the stage.

"President, please respond. Let us know the current situation!"

Awashima's voice echoes from the device close to the ear. Munakata responds to that.

"This is Munakata. We are currently gliding about 70 meters from the earth's surface. We will proceed to land on stage."

In the center of the stage is a circle of bureaucracy, the end of today's sprint. There are 2 minutes and 47 seconds until the start. The image of landing, taking off the parachute, and entering the performance has already been created in Munakata's mind.

"No problem. Everything is fine. Awashima-kun, let's meet up on stage sleeve!"

At the image of Munakata, a sudden gust of wind disappeared.

"Yes!"

Before thinking of anything, Munakata had to devote all his energy to controlling his posture. The parachute, which was about to rotate like a cone, was operated with one hand

like a hot kneading jumper, and in the worst case it prevented a free fall due to the disappearance of air resistance.

"President? What did you do?"

Awashima screamed at the anomaly.

"Well, it's not a big deal. I was exposed to the wind from the building and my posture was altered for a moment. The check was completed, but there is a problem."

"What kind of problem is it?"

"The current gust of wind has blown me off the field a lot. If nothing is done, we will land in the audience seats."

Awashima took a deep breath.

Due to the gust of wind, the chances of landing on stage were nil. A similar gust of wind might bring the whole picture back to the landing course, but it's like waiting for a miracle. It was the role of the believer, not the role of the idol, to hold onto heaven with prayer.

Munakata ponders as he spins in the air.

He cannot get off in the audience seats. No action can be taken that could compromise the safety of the public. Not only Munakata himself, but even the metal parachute hardware cannot be dropped on the heads of fans.

So there is only one way left.

"We will take a landing course outside of the dome. We won't be in time for the performance, but we can't help it."

Awashima squeezed out a rough voice.

"Come here."

Until now, Munakata has been racing to get to the performance on time and not disappoint the expectations of the fans. It is not unfortunate that the effort turns into a bubble.

However...

Munakata stroked the baby's hair, giggling happily at his mother's breast, with his fingertips.

"Don't be sorry. We are idols. Those who seek the best. But if that doesn't come true, we can choose the next best option."

"President..."

Awashima's voice has a bitter resignation.

But she was also an idol. Awashima starts working after dispelling it in an instant.

"I get it. Immediately, personnel will be sent to the outside of the cupola, and the president, the mother and the child will be immediately collected. Even if the delay is unavoidable, it should be as short as possible."

"Yes. Thank you."

A sudden voice interrupted Munakata who was about to approve the decision.

"It's not like that."

Munakata slightly opened his eyes.

He can't be wrong, it was the voice of Fushimi Saruhiko, the center of "Shoumutai".

"What are you doing?"

"Please be quiet, Assistant Principal. President, there is no need to change course. 2 minutes to start. If so, it is time to do so."

"What?"

"Akiyama, do it."

With Fushimi's command as the trigger, a sight of pure white spread under his eyes.

It was a huge cloth that completely covered the audience seats at the Tsubakimon Dome. The pure white fabric that glows under the light has a blue dyed stamp in the center. That's the emblem of "Promotion Scepter 4", the flag of the idol that they should be proud of.

"Now you don't have to worry about landing in the audience. Please come down quickly. The stage is set!"

Watch the scene and listen to the words.

A powerful smile appeared on Munakata's mouth.

"I get it."

Then she slowly descends towards the emblem of his proud "Promotion Scepter 4".

+++++

"Huh... someone..."

In a park located outside the Tsubakimon Dome, Domyoji Andy was trapped in a tree and called for help with a weak voice.

The rescued person, tied in front, fainted slightly. After all, he never woke up during the drop or after the landing. He doesn't think there is any difference in life, but he wants to

be rescued as soon as possible and taken to the hospital. It's about time Domyoji's shoulders scream from their weight.

"Oh, Domyoji-san! You were in a place like this!"

At that moment, a light illuminated Domyoji's face with a voice of salvation.

They were the staff of "Scepter 4." It looks like he was holding a ladder and looking around the dome. Domyoji mutters through tears when he sees them preparing for rescue.

"Hail me..."

Domyoji, who was saved several tens of seconds later, asked the staff with a deep sigh.

"No, what happened to the president? Did he do it on time?"

"Yes! It seems that with Fushimi-san's ingenuity, he was able to make it in time for the performance! It seems that he is performing well as of now!"

The staff deftly pulled out the PDA which projected a live image.

6:23 pm. The stage lights go out and the noise from the audience seats quickly subsides. For example, fans' expectations, enthusiasm and excitement increase.

The silence of passion, as if you could see it.

A suddenly glowing spotlight pierced the darkness.

In the center of the stage was a man crouched with one knee raised. He is dressed in a beautifully decorated suit and holds a microphone in his slim hands. There is not a single mistake or a single wrinkle in his clothes. The ideal idol is that person, the Idol King who was there.

Those in the audience, behind the television who are watching him, probably don't know how he got to that stage. Munakata must say that it is also the idol's responsibility not to report it.

As soon as the song started, Munakata looked up. A confident smile. An act that can be said to be solemn. Take a fixed turn and start singing.

Domyoji laughed impressively as he watched the fans' enthusiasm explode.

"I'm glad. He is on time."

"Yeah, I'm glad."

The staff laughs too. Only they know how many difficulties Munakata had to go through to be in that place. These difficulties have finally been overcome and the goal has come true.

"Well then, I'm ready too."

Domyoji says that, shaking his head. He also has a major role in the "Extreme solo part, Idol from Above 6500~". For that, he has to go back to heaven.

The staff stopped Domyoji's back.

"Domyoji-san, it's very difficult to tell... but Domyoji-san's part is gone."

"Eh?"

The staff scratched their heads at Domyoji, where their eyes became a point.

"It seems that it is impossible to take off on time because the helicopter has run out of fuel on the previous flight. Therefore, we will reproduce the PV of the album released next week as a replacement for the emergency. That was decided."

Domyoji froze and said...

"What is that? Has all my special training so far been for naught?"

Look at the facial expressions of the staff, quietly but surely.

"What is that? Aaaaaaaaaah!"

Domyoji's scream echoed around the outer edge of the dome.