



#### **FOUR SEASONS OF K: MATSUYOI**

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

Kokujoji Daikaku is debating policies in a separate house in the suburbs of Tokyo in preparation for the upcoming summit of developed countries. This meeting held in this separate house, commonly known as "O yashiki mairi" (Visiting the mansion), is a custom even before the Mihashira Tower was built in the city center. It was a serious event that mimicked his career goal.

Today, cars with dignitaries enter and leave the vast facilities, displaying the power of the "Golden King" that keeps Japan in check. When the deliberation reaches its final stage, the number of visitors decreases and the length of stay increases. Starting with Prime Minister Samukawa Kanichi, who was elected as president since yesterday, everyone has been waiting for the "Gozen" ruling, which is simple on the back.

That is what it is.

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The facility was located in a depression in the Nishiyama area, approximately 3 kilometers after passing through a secret underground passage from another house. Although it is a mediocre distribution warehouse on the outside, the interior of a large building is hollow.

To be precise, it was a cavity to store a huge structure.

Dozens of people are moving around it.

"Checklist, Hitomaru-san, completed."

"Check, it's fine. Written by Hitomaru."

"Someone received an oil leak tag... Should I replace the pipe?"

Busy and smart, some open the hatch and push half the body in, some guide and drive the vehicle.

"Well, well."

"Is this the last container brought in from the underpass?"

"Oh, a few tons of luggage, young people are depressed."

The appearance of their position was uniformly legitimate and strange. They all wear a golden mask that mimics a rabbit, in addition to the mechanic's tie (in view of work efficiency, the eyes of the mask are larger than usual, the city is shorter, the overall impression was closer of a demon than of a rabbit.).

There are two things this scene shows.

One is that all the people who work are members of the clan that belong to the Golden clan "Tokijikuin", commonly known as "rabbits". The second is that their work is extremely confidential.

In other words, with the exception of dozens of people here, without exception of anyone...

Everything was to hide the existence of "it" that fills the hangar.

Suddenly, a young person working on it looks at him and breathes admiration.

"Adjustment."

"Let's do it today simply by organizing the containers. This time I'm mainly using electrical equipment, so be careful... what's happen?"

Another person who came up with the drawing, the old "rabbit", addressed his coworkers. During this secret work, the pieces of the "King" whose names and individual pieces have been sealed become the key to the world.

"Oh, sorry. I was a little surprised."

The young "rabbit" ignored the sight in front of him again.

Elderly "rabbits" also look him in the eye in some way.

"You are new to regular inspection and maintenance. Even after going through the 'Tengoku' (Sky) air supply team, a moored ship of the same type would be quite powerful."

"Yes... was this the problem of the second ship "Meifu"(Underworld)?"

They admire it. The stiff "Meifu" airship, which has a unique silhouette connecting fan-shaped air sacs, shines within the hangar, supported by a myriad of steel frames that can be seen as nets or ships. It was the natural pressure exerted by mass and volume that is overwhelming to the viewer, even with the exception of being built as an aerial gunship from the German Third Reich.

"It's amazing, but... the problems of "Tengoku" (which continues to fly without landing on the ground) and "Meifu" (which continues to maintain immediate takeoff) is... unnatural. It is a must."

"Perhaps, but it is more than the subject's reason for talking about the fundamentals of the main mission. There is no need to convince or empathize unless requested. We just constantly carry out the assigned task."

"Confirmed. For the moment, let's try to organize the containers constantly."

"I like it."

With a smile, the two "rabbits" returned to work.

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The "rabbits" who finished the day's work at midnight arrived for late dinner on the rooftop of the warehouse.

"Like the reputation of clans gathered by talented people, the taste of bribery is also like origami."

"After all, sushi rice is good."

"I'll order another cup of miso soup."

"Don't stay too long, it will hamper tomorrow's work."

Beneath the skylight, which releases the smell of cooking and steam, even the elite who stretch their backs normally, cannot hide the atmosphere that stands out due to the special missions of the men's camp.

A little far from that innocent bustle, in the upper exhaust pipe, there was a figure of the "Golden King" Kokujoji Daikaku. A large old man who sits with scarlet hair on his knees and dropped knees reminds him of a piece of Yamato painting, combined with the rocking personality. It seems that the outfit is worn on the go, even after rolling up the sleeves and even the machine oil tinting was like the color to decorate the image.

The impressive still image,

"I have a set, my lord."

The voice of an old "rabbit" finally moves.

"Hm."

Kokujoji received a framed and tendered set (which, by convention, was an aluminum tray). He puts that on his lap, brings the palms of his hands together, and immediately grabs the rice into his mouth.

"It's good."

When he looks deep into the "rabbit" in the face, he lowers his head.

The special day of the "Golden King", who could not do it in normal times, had close contact with the clan member and even shared small tasks, it was already ending.

This will continue for the next two days.

Use as much human power as possible and pay close attention to confidentiality, periodic inspection of "Tokijikuin" and maintenance of the special mission "Meifu". People who are not directly involved in these tasks are also busy.

"What's going on in the mansion?"

When Daikaku asked him, the old "rabbit", who was given responsibility for others, responds with a bow.

"Ah. The Prime Minister has finished coordination within the ruling party and is in talks with the Under Secretary. It will be full tomorrow, and I think there will be a prospect there. If he can return at noon the day after tomorrow."

"Ok, this work will be done by tomorrow. Let's leave the rest to the scene."

After passing a bit of unfortunate bitterness, Kokujoji asks again.

"So for the outside..."

"That..."

Once again, the old "rabbit" looks at the large skylights lined up behind the ceiling and beyond.

Under the glowing starry sky, the shadows of the mountains spread out black against the background of the night.

"The whole situation is the same as at the time of the preliminary survey. "None" for general public entry, accidents and mishaps, aircraft intrusion, transmission and reception of various radio waves."

"Hmm... is it the same for the mansion?"

After contemplation, Kokujoji reminded himself.

The old "rabbit" is also clearly returned.

"Ah. If there are people involved, we will investigate it more carefully. We will review it."

"The one who wants to hide is the 'Green King'. I have to do it in excess."

The figure of a boy with a lightning bolt vividly revives in Kokujoji's mind. A few years ago, Nagare Hisui decidedly challenged the strongest "King", the "Golden King".

The old "rabbit", as a vassal that allowed the Lord's attack, makes a voice of indignation.

"It seems that the modern 'Green King' has adopted a slim and broad method of spreading branches and leaves... as long as there are people, he will accelerate the chance that his eyes and hands will grow."

"Hm."

The Kokujoji figure laughed loudly.

"So until you create an opportunity to get closer to people, socially and physically. You can't even notice the existence of things. This is the difference between power, strength, and experience."

The signal that a subject was caught and smiled behind the mask is perceived.

"Due to the precaution of cases where the first "Green King" hijacked the power line and communication lines, inspection and maintenance were put into the current system, but as a result, this concealment method seems to be applicable to the current generation."

"Social / physical isolation?"

"Right."

The Kokujoji figure looks towards the airship for insulation, which is hidden in the isolated facility.

After the end of the war, the "Meifu" problem, which had been requisitioned in the United States of America, was recovered early in case the "Tengoku" problem went wrong. At the time, he had no other idea... No, he hadn't even thought about it, but in recent years, as a "king" who controls destiny, he feels that "when something goes wrong" really means a big, heavy shadow.

"Even if you refuse because it's useless and look away because you don't like it, something inevitable comes along."

A little overwhelmed, like a slight fever, the voice is heard.

"This "Meifu" problem is for the occasion. In case "that man" who is lost in a sad world notices it and takes off, or leaves."

"....."

The old "rabbit" did not respond, and kept it in the least.

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When the meal is over,

"What time is the right... everyone is going to have a moonlight gift?"

Kokujoji gets up and starts walking towards the skylight.

The "rabbits" and others who were concerned also knelt before the person in question.

The "Golden King" continued without paying attention to the state of the subjects and the paths created during that time.

The old "rabbit", who follows a few steps, cannot point to the Lord.

(Tonight, is it the Matsuyoi?)

The so-called famous mid-autumn moon, the full moon on the night of the 15th of the lunar calendar, is tomorrow.

Today was the day before, the 14th, the night waiting for the next "Matsuyoi".

Work should continue tomorrow. It shouldn't be tomorrow night though, but it's not weird or messy. Against the backdrop of the spinning "rabbits", Kokujoji opened the skylight wide.

The autumn night breeze blows and invites his heart.

And so,

"Raise your face and look at the moon."

They, who had received the life of Kokujoji, and who freely obeyed, saw.

Like a silver rabbit playing in a wave of gold, an airship crosses the ghostly moon.

The airship had exactly the same shape as the "Meifu" that they had been maintaining until the beginning. It is like the "Tengoku" in which Adolf K. Weissmann, the first king of the world, the Silver King, sits.

The "rabbit" and other people were fascinated by the dream scene.

Only one, the old "rabbit" behind him, coughed.

"With the power of fate, it would be nice to use this level of entertainment."

Daikaku Kokujoji, the "Golden King" who looked up at the sky, laughed mischievously.