



MINI EPISODES: DETECTIVE REISI MUNAKATA

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

It has been six months since Reisi Munakata opened a detective office on Baker Street in England.

Originally, he was a bureaucrat who was invited to Japan by British Land as a foreign policy adviser. He was blessed with the opportunity to demonstrate his administrative skills in many cases, and became more memorable for the queen.

However, quick glory also creates a backlash.

In a couple of years, she was jealous of Munakata's success, and her powers warned she of his ability.

As a result, he lost his position and became a civilian again.

Mysteriously, Munakata, who has lost the advantage in a foreign country, has not taken the option to return to Japan or change jobs to a private company, and opened a detective agency independently on Baker Street, which is considered the city most insecure in British land.

Furthermore, he is a private detective who never has a high social status.

It was behavior that no one else could understand. It was the same for Fushimi Saruhiko, a native Japanese staff member.

"This is last week's report. It includes an expense bill, so pay early."

With a look that seemed uninteresting, he tossed a bunch of reports onto the mahogany table where Munakata sits. It is as thick as a small dictionary. Coquettish, but still fast and efficient at work.

Munakata reads it at superhuman speed.

"Hmm. Settlement of a case of a bar fight, investigation of bad children of aristocrats and deception of a young businessman. You did a lot of research in a short time."

"Thanks."

Saying that in a completely impassive tone, he turned to the side and bowed his head. Munakata, with a rebellious attitude, has a friendly smile before the talented subordinates who have been following him until now.

"Do you seem unsatisfied?"

When he asks that,

"I did not cross the sea to do such a thing."

Unexpectedly, Fushimi framed so honestly. Munakata,

"Hm."

He puts his hands on the table and puts his chin there.

"It is true that most of the projects we are dealing with today are popular, prose and uninteresting. But about one in a hundred is really good."

It doesn't melt anything.

"You find an exciting event. Don't you think?"

Fushimi calmed down for a while, then reluctantly refused. It was certainly exactly what Munakata said.

About once every hundred times, intelligent, esoteric, and motivating incidents can come to the office in any way. It was a scarlet incident that would have been made by a legendary detective who once lived on Baker Street.

"Isn't that something that should be called the magical power of the earth? I have the courage to open a detective agency here."

Munakata chews a lot of fun.

In fact, he successfully resolved the two strange incidents that he brought.

However, Fushimi cannot understand.

He does not believe that Munakata's purpose is for that purpose.

Only then.

"Director, I'm back now."

As with Fushimi, Awashima, a staff member who followed them from Japan, entered the room with the sound of a thump.

"Oh, Awashima-kun. It looks great on you."

Awashima was elegantly dressed as an upper-class woman.

"I'm afraid not."

Awashima smiles slightly and bows.

Speaking of which, Fushimi thought. He hasn't seen much of Awashima since February. Apparently, he knew she was conducting an undercover investigation somewhere.

Awashima looks great.

"Evidence that Baron Makein was in contact with Mrs. Matilda. After all, he was using the Potato Head Hotel."

However, the report was placed on Munakata's desk, slightly overwhelming the euphoric feeling she had achieved. It is as thick as the Fushimi report.

"There is also evidence that the Dino Chamber of Commerce, the Green Transport Minister and Lord Egg have created fraudulent cartels for tomato imports."

Fushimi widened his eyes. All the names that came out today were the names of the faction that kicked Munakata out of the administration center.

When Munakata reread the report,

"It's well organized. Well, if it's on the table, it's enough for us to return."

He laughed at himself.

"Excuse me, Director."

Fushimi received Awashima's report, which Munakata had finished reading, as if he had half taken it aside. Read it fast.

A wry smile came to Fushimi's mouth.

"I see. You are the one who cannot eat."

Finally, he understood Munakata's intention. For the past six months, he has been gathering evidence to crush political opponents. For this reason, it is easy to establish knowledge to conduct surveys and create contacts, but on the other hand, we establish a base in a city where people's wishes and desires are highlighted.

Fushimi had a slightly spiteful tone.

"Why did you tell the assistant principal and not me?"

"That's right, Fushimi-kun."

Munakata hopes to join again.

"Because the scandals of those who persecuted us seemed to be easier to gather than we expected."

Awashima lightly holds her eyes and adds.

"I was alone enough."

Munakata recently took out the ridiculous rosewood pipe, set it on fire and spoke.

"I was more interested in the fun things that happened in this city. It was enough to burn off the gray brain cells. So I wanted you to be my partner. Play a role as a biographer and doctor alongside a detective. Fushimi-kun, look, immediately."

Soon an old woman came with the sound of the door knocking. She quickly complained about the case of a red-haired man returning to the next colony, who had a large snake with a spotted "speckled dot" and a black dog called a "demon dog."

"Fushimi-kun, Awashima-kun. You can always go back to government. Can you come with me?"

Awashima is smiling, Fushimi laughed and nodded.