



MINI EPISODES: GREEN GANGSTA

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"What's going on?!"

At the shout of the boss, Carlo choked with a sad face.

"The deal was supposed to be tonight! Why did it end without our knowledge?!"

"The other party said that, they informed me that the date and time had changed, and the code was correct, so I replied..."

"Ah?!"

The boss's face distorted violently.

That night he was going to buy and sell a large quantity of weapons. However, the merchant did not show up at the appointed time and said the transaction should have already been completed.

It was unlikely that the merchant was trying to plot that. It was also a credit business. If so, someone would have obtained the transaction information and code agreed with the merchant and taken the product, on the one hand.

Carlo said that and the boss kicked the table. The heavy glass low table, blew up.

"Don't be silly! My information management is a sieve? Even before this, I wonder if the drug trading site was retained by Satsu!"

That was also a strange incident. In this corrupt and virtuous city, the police will spill their eyes if you grab the money. He's been doing well all the time.

However, in the recent transaction, those above the police officer who had a good relationship with bribery suddenly went on a business trip, and stepped on him. Fortunately, only the guys at the end were hit.

"Perhaps there is a traitor inside. He will sell the information! Find him now and purge him!"

"That... boss..."

Carlo swallowed hard and opened his mouth intimidatingly.

"Maybe... "Jungle", could it be...?"

"Eh? "Jungle"? That's an urban legend!"

"Jungle". It's a ghost mafia family. It does not appear on the table, it has no base, and the members are unknown. But it was rumored that the Don from "Jungle" would magically obtain any information and move the members lurking everywhere.

As the boss said, is an urban legend, and although he often hears that his acquaintances are actually people from "Jungle", the reality is completely invisible and many people do not believe in his existence.

But Carlo didn't feel like they were now dancing in the hands of a ghost mob rooted underground.

As Carlo tried to eat, the door to the room was abruptly opened, Albano, a subordinate, grabbed a 12 or 13-year-old boy by the neck and appeared.

"This kid was wandering around the hideout."

Albano pushed the boy who rolled to the ground. He was a neat boy who wore a well-fitted boy's formal jacket with a ragged edge. The boy looked around in fear.

Carlo looked around him from the top of the boy's head to his toes and snorted.

"He is a very well dressed boy. Are you a boy who ran away from home?"

"I just came to work..."

Carlo and Albano laughed vulgarly.

"Did you get lost in a place like this when you came to work? You're a lazy boy! Okay, we'll send it to his house in exchange for the ransom."

"I am not lost."

Said the boy. The scared expression had just disappeared, and a sneer floated across his face.

"I reached my mission. Today it is my mission to crush the organizations that are no longer useful."

"What?" The voice that escaped from Carlo's mouth was drowned out by the bird's voice, "Kuwa!", Which suddenly sounded outside the window.

The next moment, the boy was jumping.

A small body jumped near the ceiling, flipped over in midair, and at the same time pulled a metal rod out of the handcuffs and stretched it out in a single motion. It seemed to be a stretchable weapon like a special guard stick, but its length was longer than the boy's height. With a single blow, the boy blew up Albano's body, unsure of the situation.

Hearing the noise, his subordinates rushed from the next room. The boy laughed happily in front of the men holding his pistols.

"It's a slimy game with only small fish!"

The boy wielded a long gun as a part of his body and easily defeated the men.

Carlo tried to hide the body of the boss and urged him out the back door.

"Boss, let's go out for the moment!"

If they stayed there, they could get hit not only by the boy's attack but also by the rebound of the shots from his subordinates. Seeing the boy interacting with his subordinates, he escaped from the room with the boss and headed for the back door.

"What is that kid? What's going on?!"

"Boss, let's go to a safe place for now..."

Carlo opened the back door with the boss, who turned red with confusion and anger.

Behind the door that led to an alley in the dark, there was a slender figure with a long sword gleaming.

"Oh, I wonder if the boss is trying to escape only by leaving his subordinates. He's not beautiful."

A man with a long Japanese sword and a charming atmosphere said that and laughed.

Carlo immediately drew his weapon and shot the Japanese swordsman. The blade flashed and a loud noise was heard. A bullet that should have been aimed at a man's chest hit a street lamp for some reason and the light went out.

It took the man a while to realize that he had fired a bullet from his sword.

"Beat him!"

Carlo was impressed with the technique that was far from human. He pulled the trigger many times out of fear.

The man blocked it with his sword with a big smile. The path of the sword seemed only a flash of light to Carlo.

"Hey, boss! Let's run away!"

"Damn, what's going on?!"

The chief ran off with a humming voice. Carlo followed the Japanese swordsman as he pointed his pistol at him.

But before leaving, the boss stopped suddenly and Carlo collided with his back.

"Boss?!"

"What... you...?"

Two men stood in front of the boss.

A young man in his twenties with white skin that could be seen even in the dark, and a man in his forties with a cigar and sunglasses behind him. For some reason, a large parrot was perched on the shoulder of the man in sunglasses, and he was wearing toy sunglasses that looked like the man.

"Good night. The other day, I got a lot of good weapons. Thank you."

At the young man's words, it was learned that they were to blame for stealing the deal that night.

"What are you doing?! Who are you?"

The boss spat and yelled. The young man smiled calmly and replied.

"We are 'Jungle'."

Carlo's heart skipped a beat. "Jungle". Carlo himself had just made that assumption, but when he was in front of them, he was upset that they really existed.

"Is 'Jungle' real, the ghost mafia family?!"

Said the boss in a clueless voice.

"This... did you sell the drug transaction information to the police last time...?"

"Affirmative. Its activity could be beneficial if used well, but the unnecessary spread of such drugs has been eliminated because it significantly reduces personal performance and makes the game boring."

"Game?"

At Carlo's question, the young man said nothing. The parrot screamed, "Kuwa! Kuwa!"

"And you will also be eliminated here."

The young man raised his pistol with a cold face and pointed it at them.

From behind, the sound of shoes could be heard as a Japanese swordsman slowly approached.

A man with sunglasses and a parrot on his shoulder showed them a cross in front of his chest.

"I pray for the souls. Amen."

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"Nagare, are we finished?"

Sukuna was walking holding a lollipop.

"Yeah, it's over. Was there a problem, Sukuna?"

"No."

"Mission complete then."

Yukari put his hand on his chest with a playful gesture and bowed slightly to Nagare.

"Well then, let's go home. My lord."

It is said that "Jungle" has no basis. That is half correct. "Jungle", there are many members of the family, but they do not inform the environment and they live from day to day, as office workers, as merchants, as students, or as housewives. They move as family members only when they receive a mission.

However, there was a secret base to return to along with the four people here, including Nagare Hisui, who is the Don of "Jungle".

"Do you want bolognese today?"

Iwafune said, thinking of the ingredients in the refrigerator. Kotosaka, who was perched on Iwafune's shoulder, spread his wings and yelled "Kuwa! Bolognese!"

"After we eat, let's play the game I bought the other day, Nagare."

"As you like."

"Wait, Nagare-chan. It's okay to play with Sukuna-chan, but don't you have a meeting about your next plan?"

"That's right. Let's talk about that first while we eat Iwa's Bolognese."

"I am planning to transfer a lot of people on the next mission."

"Jungle" doesn't have the old mob blood trap. It is up to each individual to accept the mission entrusted by the Don, and each member only exercises the power given at his own risk.

In a city full of corruption, vices and irrational tragedies, each one has his own power, they make their own way at their own risk and show the soot of their own life.

That was what "Jungle" was trying to do.

"Beer stocks are running out, so I should buy it and go home."

"No, there were still many."

With a faint smell of blood, they disappeared into the dark night, exchanging words in a friendly manner.