



THE FIRST STORY  
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## TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

### CHAPTER 10: THE MAN WITH THE FOX MASK

He doesn't remember the first thing.

However, when he was secretly called by the Slate and became "King", he knew that the color of the "King" he received was "Colorless", and he remembers that he was strangely convinced.

He was a transparent man like water. Not individual and flat. He was a person who had few emotional ups and downs, had no noticeable thoughts, was not attached to people, things, or even himself, and was just there in silence.

Why did such a person become a "King"?

He somehow he was convinced that he knew of his ability as "King".

He was able to insert his soul into someone else's body, read and swallow someone else's memory, abilities, and life and make it his own. In other words, it was just water in a large pot to make soup. That is why he was transparent, tasteless and colorless.

He had no interest or attachment to himself. So he left his body without any regret and walked around the bodies of others.

He doesn't remember it well, but at first he thinks he probably didn't have any particular purpose.

However, since he had become a "creature with such power", he continued to swallow the lives of many human beings with the vague idea that such power should be used.

"I wonder if this power can save people." He entered the body of a nurse and thought so.

"If my mind drifts, I can be a genius, right?" He entered the body of a college student, and that was the end.

"Most of the people in the world are stupid. It should be led by a powerful person." He entered the body of a politician and crossed his arms.

"To have power, first of all, violence! Fear has brought people down." He entered the body of a yakuza man and breathe.

"Let's get what we want from one end. I can do that." He entered the body of a rich woman and laughed a lot.

"This is strange. This is wrong." He entered the body of a teacher and held his head.

"It's lonely. I want someone to praise me." He entered the body of a lonely child and cry.

He walks through many human bodies.

Many skills, knowledge, thought, experience and life have become his. He started to get a sharp idea and his emotions got higher and lower. Although his capacity was great, as a result of continuing to take possession of the lives of people with conflicting ideas and sensibilities, his thoughts, desires and actions became inconsistent, and his personality as a human being was disturbed.

One day he was visited by a parrot.

"Putting on a mask is a good idea. You are a person."

Said the parrot.

At that time, he was an old man who owned an antique store.

Interrupted by his personality and spirit, he took an attacking action, knocking the merchandise out of the store to the ground and rampaging, not knowing what he wanted to do.

The air outside was cold in late fall, but the windows were open. A parrot with green feathers was standing on the window railing and speaking in fluent words that could not be considered as a bird.

He should put on a mask.

"Who are you?"

The passion that had made him rampage like crazy until then subsided, and he asked calmly as he watched the strange parrot.

The parrot inclined its head in a strangely human gesture.

"I'm a passing advisor. You seem to be in trouble, so I called you. It's advice."

"What does it mean to put on a mask?"

The parrot makes a rattling noise and spreads its wings. It was very similar to how an exaggerated person extends his hands.

"Now you are unable to unify your will and your actions. This is the price of your great power. As a result of assimilating all human memory, your memory has been altered."

"Other than that, I don't regret anything in my memory."

"Still, it would be a problem if you couldn't define 'who you are'. You're just a bankrupt person. Without you, you have no purpose."

The parrot who spoke softly, did not take his eyes off his emotionless eyes.

"What do you do with a mask?"

"I entrust 'myself' to the mask. That mask will become your faceless face, and it will be a good idea to assemble the ego that is being photographed."

He silently stares at the parrot for a while, and suddenly he looks down at a point in the messy shop.

There was a fox mask that fell on the tea utensils that broke on the floor.

He reached out and lifted the fox mask, staring at the elongated, eerily cut eye hole.

The "King" fox, who is bad for others, is a source of the fox. He felt it was a good match for him.

(This is the face of "myself".)

That perception mysteriously fell on him and became the outline of his shyness.

He raised the fox mask to his face and looked at the parrot.

"I am the Seventh King, the 'Colorless King'."

"Fufu.", Laughed the parrot.

"Nice to meet you," Colorless King ". What is your dream?"

There were various thoughts and voices in him. Soft voices used to be quiet, lost to loud and violent voices and became inaudible. He heard many inner voices and shook the baton like a conductor to combine those voices into a piece of music and put it in his own thoughts.

"I will be the strongest 'King'."

After that, the parrot became kind to him.

He gave him various information and advice when he started acting to become the strongest "King".

It was fun talking to the parrot about his ambitions and acting like him.

"The meaning of my birth was probably to unite the world. I am a recipient that accepts the whole world."

"I see. It's an interesting idea."

"The King does not need seven people, and I will swallow all of his power, skill, experience, memory, and thought, and unite him."

"That's your way. I understand."

The parrot disagreed with his words, but showed understanding.

He took the sincerity of this parrot to simply listen and understand that that was his chosen path, rather than a weak empathy.

"There are four 'Kings' that we know where they are now. The first king, the 'Silver King', who is still flying in the sky in an airship. The second king, the 'Golden King', who lives in the huge Mihashira tower. In Shizume, there is the third king, the 'Red King', who lives in a bar. And the fourth king, who has a camp in Tsubakimon, the 'Blue King'."

He licked his tongue, wondering where to start.

"The 'Golden King' is still a bit overloaded. It will be difficult if you don't get the power of another 'King' before sneaking into the stronger 'King'. The powers of the 'Red King' and 'Blue King' are similar, but the red is unbalanced. Between these two people, the red could be broken."

"I agree. We are going to come up with a strategy for that."

"Oh, but before the red, it is better to start with the easy part."

"The easy part?"

"The only king of his kind, the 'Silver King'. I think he's no longer motivated to play the 'King'. It's better for him if he gets it right away."

The parrot was a bit quiet.

"But it's also the beginning of the Dresden Slate. Don't let your guard down."

"My power is effective in humans who have a void in their hearts. The 'Silver King' has abandoned the responsibility of the 'King' and has been fleeing all the time. My heart is empty. For me, he is the easiest person. to catch."

Also, the attributes of 'Silver King' are not modified. In other words, basically, he will be the strongest body that will not get hurt or die. He argued that once he had that power, it would be much easier to eat another 'King'.

"Okay, so it's a good idea to plan in parallel the contact with the 'Silver King' and the trembling of the 'Red King'."

When the parrot decided to take over from the 'Silver King', the parrot seemed eager to cooperate with him, although at first he was a bit reluctant.

By carrying out the plan, the parrot even gave him a nice body as a gift.

A harmless boy with a pretty face and a simple identity.

"As he is an unaffiliated child, you can use it however you want and it will not cause you any inconvenience. I have tampered with the information and erased the public records, so it is unlikely that you will be caught by a public institution."

The boy's body was in good shape. He sang with his body. A song of delight. It was a song of joy.

He was ready. The necessary tools, including firearms and bombs, were collected on the way through the body and stored in various hiding places. The body of the mob was useful for collecting tools, but it was inconvenient for them to live after using them, so, he kill some of them when he leave their bodies. He killed them, but no one needed to cry, since all the memories and experiences of them were stored in him.

The parrot had never denounced or denied his actions. He was just there, taking care of him and giving him advice and information if he asked. For him, the parrot was the only "friend of the outside world."

"Hey, parrot."

The night before the decision, he told the parrot.

"The 'King' creates the Clansmans, right?"

"As for the presence or absence of Clansman and the amount, it depends on the 'King', but basically it is affirmative."

"Why don't you become my clan member?"

It was a funny word. But it's not that he wasn't serious.

The parrot rolled its eyes and bowed its head.

"I can't do that. Didn't you notice?"

"No. I noticed. Are you also a 'King'? 'Green King', Nagare Hisui."

There was no reason not to notice. In the first place, it was clear that he was not the only one who felt and he contacted the awakening of the "Colorless King", which not even the Golden clan could capture, and now he had this parrot ready. He was in the body of a young boy. All the memories of the boy were inherited by him. This boy was a user of an SNS called "Jungle" operated by the "Green King", and a game in which he actually completed missions issued from him and received points, a game in which many people are crazy behind the scenes. He knew, of course, that it was one of the more well-known games, and he kidnapped the boy in the first place because he was invited to an unpopular place called a mission.

The boy who possessed this body was a transparent boy who had little connection with people, like air, like water.

He felt that this boy looked a bit like the original me that he had forgotten about.

Just as the boy, who was not interested in interacting with people, was still looking for some connection with the peculiar social network "Jungle", he could have looked for something in the parrot.

"I just said it. I sent three people thinking that it would be fine if there was one person who could see me from the outside."

"Are you dreaming of putting the world in you? Don't get halfway there."

The parrot simply replied, spreading its green wings.

"You and I are walking different paths and dreaming differently. You were very interesting and I helped you because it was perfect for the basis of my dream. It is a unit of interest."

"Oh."

"In order for you to capture all the 'Kings' and become the strongest 'King', you will eventually have to fight me. So, let's play a good game."

The parrot's eyes were directly directed at him, not reflecting his emotions.

"Then, goodbye."

There was a creak.

The green feathers that flew fluttered in the air to his feet.

"Hey."

He called involuntarily, looking at the parrot, which flew away and got smaller.

The parrot, who appeared when he was about to destroy his ego, put a face on him, listened to his ambitions and gave him an answer, he was terribly gone.

Being left alone, he felt asexually reluctant.

He felt that the lonely child in him was crying "alone".

"Hey."

He calls back to empty space. At that moment,

"What?"

There was a voice to answer.

It was a voice that came out of his mouth, there was no one.

Oh, yeah, it felt like a revelation.

He was not alone. Even if he had only one body, he was filled with the greatest abundance. There was a world in his body. He lifts the world.

He heard the voices of the many personalities within him, but before the voices confused him and broke his ego, he covered his face with the fox mask.

"I am the Seventh King, the 'Colorless King'. A human being who accepts all 'Kings', gains all power, knows everything and becomes the world itself."

It felt clear in his head.

He grabbed the pistol he had prepared and stroked the black barrel with his slender fingers.

"Let's step forward. First of all, as the first stone to destroy the 'Red King', let's kill Totsuka Tatara, an executive of the Red clan who is also a plug of the 'Red King'."

Then, he will go to see the "Silver King".

Once he has the immutable defense and the flame of destruction, he will no longer be afraid.

Making a smile under the fox mask, he also sang a song of joy.

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"Damn!"

He attacked the "Red King" and, on the contrary, he was bitten and jumped out of the room in anger.

Immediately afterwards, Suoh's flames, which were chasing his power, exploded and the force of the explosion sent him rolling down the hall.

The room he was in until now was blown up, and when it burned, the flames consumed everything. The power was great even though it was an attack from a remote location. He clicked his tongue feeling ridiculed.

He thought the unstable "Red King" was weakening in the "Scepter 4" dungeon, but he still seemed reluctant. Nothing is more dangerous than a beast that has some physical strength left.

His forehead ached a little and he touched with his hand. The fox face he wore was gone. Looks like he was blown away. He appeared to have a small burn on his forehead. It is not something he cares about, it is just a temporary body. There is no problem if it breaks.

"Wow! Hey, are you okay?"



He could hear the footsteps and the voice of the schoolgirl running down the hall. When he raised his face, Kukuri Yukizome, a girl who was a classmate of that body, came running up and looked at his face anxiously.

"Oh, I have burns on my forehead! I'm cold! What happened?"

Kukuri immediately wet her handkerchief with water and put it on his forehead. She made a confused look.

"I don't know... When I passed by, the room suddenly exploded..."

"That room shouldn't have been strange, but... maybe a gas explosion."

He reflected, looking at Kukuri, who was afraid to look inside the charred room, saying that she had to contact the fire department and the police.

Perhaps the red clan will reach Gakuenjima before the fire department and the police. The "Red King" Mikoto Suoh must have identified this place by grabbing his tail, which has interfered with his psyche.

It was easy to leave that body and escape before the "Red King" entered, but it was also an opportunity. This island, which is isolated to some extent from the main world, is a perfect place for battles between kings. He was ready to face it.

When the "Red King" arrives, the "Blue King" will definitely start moving. It's a good idea to push red and blue to physically weaken them before eating.

And the mystery boy, Isana Yashiro. The boy, who was alive even after being thrown from the airship, suddenly began living on this school island with the face of a student. He was in a position to be hunted by both the red and the blue, but he can return if this school island turns into a battlefield.

He will have to meet Isana Yashiro again.

"Hey, Yukizome-san."

He told Kukuri, returning the slimy handkerchief to his forehead.

"Do you know what Isana is doing now?"

"Isana-kun...? Um... who...?"

Kukuri turned her head with a confused face. It seems that Isana's memory is not preserved.

"Oh, Yukizome-san, you don't seem to know Isana. Nothing, don't worry."

"Oh, where are you going? Let's report the explosion together..."

"I'm sorry."

He smiled at Kukuri. Perhaps because he wore a fox face all the time, he smiled like a fox.

"I'm busy with a lot of things to prepare from now on. And since only one room exploded, Yukizome-san, you don't have to worry too much."

It's not as bad as a disguise or two disappearing, because something was about to happen.

When the Himmelreich crashed, he kidnapped the boy's body and rushed to the crash site. He examined the body of the "Silver King", who had fallen from the airship, but after he left, his body had no pulse and he was not breathing, and he never woke up like Weismann again.

He left Weismann's body unattended, left the scene before the police and "Scepter 4" reunited, and went to a hideout in search of firearms and bombs to retrieve it.

He then kidnapped the driver of a truck carrying goods to Gakuenjima, loaded weapons and bombs, and invaded Gakuenjima. Weapons are important to him who does not have much attack ability currently, and Gakuenjima, who is very isolated as a hiding place, is unexpectedly convenient and above all, Isana, who is the person in question, was on the spot and was likely to return. After hiding the guns in the school, he kidnapped one of the boys and settled in the school.

It was a miscalculation that the "Red King" was stronger than he expected, but he was more or less within his calculations.

They were ready to start the festival.

Sitting in front of the clock tower, he was looking in the direction of Gakuenjima gate.

The sky above the door distorted and a red light exploded.

"He already came."

A huge sword emerged from the tension created in the sky.

The red Sword of Damocles.

The shape of the sword collapsed, cracked here and there, and the debris spilled into small pieces.

Well, he was impressed that he kept that spirit in that state.

"It's an early arrival, 'Red King'. Well, it's a day early, but it's the start of a fun school festival."

At the same time as his words, the door exploded. The screams of the students echoed.

From the rising smoke, Mikoto Suoh, the "Red King", appeared with a large number of clansmen behind him.

The students were stunned for a moment by the sudden explosion and the invasion of men with terrifying apparitions carrying weapons like metal bats and iron pipes, and then they all escaped at once, starting with someone yelling.

Looking at the fleeing students, Suoh made a troublesome face and developed a flame in his left hand.

He shook his arm with the flame lightly. The flame flew straight towards the clock tower and landed.

"Whoops."

Sitting under the clock tower, he hurriedly jumped out of the place. When he turned around as he evacuated inside where sparks and fine tiles fell from above, he saw the clock tower bend cleanly from the middle, kick up dust, and collapse.

(Just bullying the loud boy, I don't think it's an attack aimed at him, but... he's a strangely level-headed bastard.)

He was alone on the inside, with a cold sweat and a smile on his mouth.

The students, who were in a panic and trying to escape, were left with pale faces, witnessing the extraordinary power and the clock tower that collapsed.

The area had changed from the previous annoyance and was quiet. It is a horror that you can imagine, but when you witness a horror beyond your imagination, people become rigid.

In the frigid air, a man in sunglasses raised a megaphone. Izumo Kusanagi, the executive member of "Homura".

"Hi, keep calm. Didn't you learn anything at school? Don't push, don't run and don't talk during an emergency. It is important to obey those three 'no's. We are not here to cause you trouble. So please remain calm and cooperate. This shouldn't take long."

Kusanagi said with a smoky smile and a soft, reassuring voice, and when he removed the megaphone from his mouth, he exchanged a word or two with Suoh. Suoh seems careless, and now he was walking towards the clock tower that he destroyed.

After looking at his back and taking a breath, Kusanagi turned to the "Homura" people and raised his voice.

"Find the boy who murdered Totsuka, even if you have to destroy this place!"

According to the command, the members of "Homura" screamed. A large group of young men with bad style rioted. He snorted and looked to see if these unmannered thugs could conquer this vast school, but "Homura's" men were unexpectedly well-mannered on a personal level. They began to divide them by hand, and while listening to the students, they began to put them together in one place.

He gently left the place.

When he returned to the school building while he was avoiding the "Homura" boys, the students who still didn't understand the situation were wandering around.

"What's going on...?"

"I just heard an explosion nearby..."

Kukuri, Inaba, Mishina and others huddle together eagerly. He approached them casually.

"Now a lot of people like gangsters have broken through the door and invaded."

In his words, Kukuri and her colleagues expressed fear and suspicion. She maybe she couldn't believe her words because she couldn't feel reality.

However, the school broadcast started to flow at a good time.

"Well, from this moment on, Gakuenjima is under the control of "Homura". I repeat. Gakuenjima is now under the control of "Homura"."

"Lie."

Inaba muttered involuntarily and covered her mouth with both hands. Kukuri supported the one who staggered with a pale face. Mishina turned his face around and looked at the speaker he was broadcasting.

"Students must follow the instructions of our members. As long as you do, you have nothing to fear. We are currently looking for a friend of ours. He looks like the image on the screen. If anyone recognizes him, please report immediately to the closest member of our team."

The hologram monitor in the entrance hall of the important school building, which was sending information about the school festival, was distorted and the video was changed. An image of a boy holding a gun was projected.

"What is this?"

"Oh, this is the guy I saw at the website earlier."

Along with the stunned Kukuri and the others, Mishina screamed. Kukuri looked at Mishina with wide eyes.

"No, it was rumored that it was a video of a murder done as a prank, but I was curious and I kept it. But, it is true that they are looking for him like that. He is a murderer..."

"Why come to our school to find such a person?"

Inaba pursed her lips with a tearful face.

Apparently "Homura" is still looking for "Isana". The body of a child who was his favorite with a cute and harmless face.

That body now walks alone. He still has something to do with "Isana". If "Homura" can find him, it would be better.

Well, that seed is already broken for the "Red King". For Suoh, searching for "Isana" may just be to find a clue.

"Oh, the staff is here! Everyone quietly enter the room!"

Several men from "Homura" ran into the school building and intimidated the students. The schoolgirls scream in fear.

On the other hand, some well-built male students looked at each other and sent signals to each other, and all at once jumped to take control of the "Homura" boys. There were more male students than "Homura", and they probably had confidence in their strength in the martial arts athletic club or something like that. In fact, the boys managed to take the metal bat that they had as a weapon from several of "Homura's" men.

"You are the ones who should be quiet!"

One of the boys barked. However, the "Homura" man laughed. The guys who tried to support themselves turned and kicked with a single kick.

Shouts and echo of marshal. The man from "Homura" did not use flames, but the boys' large bodies flew slightly and fell silent.

"If you follow me, did you say on the air right now that you are not afraid? On the contrary, if you do not obey and make a fuss, I will hit you! Remember that!"

A man from "Homura" said that and took the metal bat that was picked up by a student. When the man shook it slightly, the bat turned red and on fire.

The strange sight increased the voltage of horror from the students. In addition to the fear of simple violence, the fear of the unknown cultivated the students.

"Good.", He giggled inside.

His power pierced people's hearts. He sneaked into the other person through a space in his heart, he shook the other person's heart and opened the door, and made the other person's content yours. Therefore, it is difficult to get into a stable human being.

But now there is no one in this place who has a stable mind. The students were shaking with fear and anxiety, and "Homura" was more excited than usual.

He licked his tongue alone, watching a convenient stage complete.

As the ready meals are lined up, he walks melee.

When the student's body was restricted in his actions and it was inconvenient, he entered "Homura's" body and then entered another student's body and wandered around the school.

Every time he changed bodies, he gained new memories and experiences.

Naturally, he was singing a song of joy again.

The song of delight shone well on the island where elation and crying mingled, and it seemed like an auspicious cry.

He shook his body from side to side, sang a hummed song, and walked down the hall. There was only one voice that followed the melody, but in it many voices overlap and reverberate like a magnificent chorus.

The chorus was the proof that he was not alone, that he was a "King".

(Who will move on? It might be interesting to eat the best ranks of "Homura" here. Oh, but isn't it bad to get close to Anna Kushina? I shouldn't look into that girl's eyes. That girl's sensitive eyes will see through of anyone inside.)

First, he will delve into the mixed environment. The blue will come and start to bite the red, then...

Ping, pong, bread, pong. And a silly sound that was not suitable for this situation echoed, and the transmission flowed again.

"Oh, attention to all the members of our team. The blue dogs will pay us a visit. The groups near the gates, reinforce the guard."

Izumo Kusanagi's voice was heard giving instructions to his friends.

The blue dog is "Scepter 4." It seems that the actors are getting together.

He laughs like a fox. The great delicious song chorus that hasn't stopped yet.