



**EPISODE 2: YATA MISAKI'S BUILDING EXPLORATION!**

**HAUNTED HOUSE EDITION**

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

That day, it had been raining since morning.

He lifts his scarf to his mouth, takes a sip of hana, and Misaki Yata walks down the well-known shopping street. Born and raised in Shizume, this shopping street has been a playground, pathway, and everyday scene since childhood.

The fish shop shutter opened and a middle-aged woman appeared. The fish-filled foamed shelf is neat in the showcase. When he saw her, Yata bowed politely.

"Good morning, Oba-chan. You are well today."

"Oh, Misaki-chan. Yes, good morning. Are you going home now?"

Yata smiles bitterly. It is true that there is no morning and no night in the entertainment world, but he has not set an unreasonable schedule for having to go home at this time. Izumo Kusanagi, who is the actual owner, is paying attention to that area.

"No, it's recorded from now on. It's a home visiting plan for 'Shirogin Deluxe'. Have you seen it?"

"Oh, that show! I love it too. Misaki-chan, you're supposed to be out. I'm glad."

Yata was a little glad to see her shaking her face. For him, who has never left his hometown, it is a great motivation to please people who have known him for a long time.

Yata raises his thumb and shows it to the lady.

"Thanks! Well then I'll go!"

The lady also made an approving gesture to imitate Yata.

"Yeah, come on. Good luck, I'm supporting you."

Waving as he walks, Yata realizes that his heart is filled with warm feelings. The cold of winter and the mist that clings to his skin seemed to immediately disappear at that sensation.

Yata, who passed through the business district and onto the main street, was not surprised at all to see the location car.

"Huh? Are you turning the camera already?"

"Oh, Yata-san! Hello!"

Kamamoto, who was standing near the location car, waved loudly while holding the camera. Loud greetings are good in this industry if it's on a television station.

Yata rushed over to Kamamoto and touched his head.

"Ah!"

"Don't yell! It's going to upset the neighbors!"

All of them are also captured on camera. But that doesn't really matter to him. The interaction between the two, as a team, is not yet known to viewers, but when Yata and Kamamoto appear in pairs, such interaction is often expected.

"No, I'm sorry! I'm happy because it's been a while since I've been in a place with you, Yata-san!"

"How do you say, we didn't do something a week ago?"

As they exchanged words, Yata boarded the location car. Kamamoto also sits next to him, pointing his camera at Yata. Yata is reminded of when he sees several staff members in the car pointing lights and microphones at him.

"So why are you already filming? Doesn't filming start after arriving at Kokujoji-san's house?"

Today's plan is to visit the villa of the renowned artist, Daikaku Kokujoji, as he told the lady from the fishmonger. Kokujoji, who was the driving force behind this "idol age" and has 98% national recognition, is a representative not only of the entertainment world but also of Japanese society. Despite the fact that it is a village, Yata was not less than enthusiastic about visiting his home.

"Well, anyway, we are going to visit Kokujoji-san's house, so it's up to the headmaster to take pictures before and after that!"

Kamamoto says that and Yata wonders, "Is that so?" Since a big name like Daikaku Kokujoji is involved, the production side may also be concerned about various things.

"The location car will go outside. Please put your seatbelt on."

Both Yata and Kamamoto wear belts at the director's call. With Yata's unsettling feelings, the vehicle slid slowly onto the national highway.

If he thinks about it later, he should have noticed it then.

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Yata finally wondered when he got to the capital highway from the national highway and left Tokyo.

"Isn't that the destination in Tokyo?"

Kamamoto's camera keeps spinning. Behind the camera, Kamamoto's expression covered by sunglasses seemed to be different from his usual appearance. Kamamoto has a smile on his face like a sticker.

"That's right. Everything seems to be near the secret hot spring in Nagano prefecture."

"I haven't heard that."

"Oh, is that so? Well, I heard it for the first time today."

Yata takes a closer look at Kamamoto. Kamamoto is turning the camera with a smile on his face.

"Well, ok."

Muttering, Yata turned to the outside of the car.

It is in the morning on weekdays. Location cars fly down the highway at a comfortable speed. The flowing landscape becomes an overflowing nature.

The location car went off the road through the interchange.

It was the field. Far from being a figure, even houses are rare. Beyond the fields as far as the eye can see, there are three trees with bushes. It must be a rural landscape everywhere in Japan, but he didn't think it was the place where Kokujoji Daikaku's village was located.

"I see. Did you make a mistake on the road?"

"You are not mistaken! Director?"

Kamamoto speaks to him from the passenger seat in an unnecessarily loud tone. The director gave him an ambiguous answer, like "Oh.", "Yes.", which made Yata feel even more uncomfortable. The localization vehicle goes into the mountains.

The landscape that should be described as abundant extends to the left and right. Green leaves and black trees are twisted and intertwined. Behind the threadbare and rusty railing, there was a sign with words like "Take care of your life." and "Think of your family.", and Yata looked away from the vehicle window.

The rain gets stronger.

The rain and fog were turning into a storm before he knew it. Perhaps the weather in the mountains is volatile, with dense black clouds hanging overhead, and it is as dark as it is at night, even though it is close to noon. Also, it seems that he was going astray, and the interior of the car began to shake with the rattle.

Yata yells as he grabs the armrest.

"Hey! Is there really a Kokujoji-san's village in such a place?"

"Well, I heard that."

Hearing the headmaster's response, Yata made his mouth twitch. He wants to complain, but the words can't come out. Either way, he don't know the location and have no choice but to leave everything to them.

After that, when they passed a winding mountain road for several tens of minutes, the vehicle stopped.

"We arrived?"

Yata asked with relief. Kamamoto says in a cheerful voice.

"That's right. Look, it's Kokujoji-san's village!"

Beyond the windshield, when he saw the house illuminated by the lights, Yata's face was full of energy.

It was a decaying western-style building.

It used to be a magnificent building, but due to deterioration over time, the exterior has peeled off in places, exposing construction materials and pipes. It was as if the skin had been ripped off by torture and the muscles and blood vessels underneath were exposed.

Yata slammed his fist into Kamamoto's head, regardless of whether the camera was spinning.

"Ah? What are you doing, Yata-san?"

"Where is this village? No matter how you look at it, it is an abandoned castle!"

"Oh, even if I say that... What about the director?"

The director in the seat looked back as he expanded the map.

"We are not wrong, it is here."

"Isn't that the case?! In such a place, Kokujoji-san's is a great village."

Yata's protest, however, disappeared when he saw what the director was pointing at.

A figure was at the entrance of the building.

The silhouette that extends the Japanese umbrella and protects itself from the rain is familiar. Costumes similar to hunting clothes and masks that imitate rabbits. All people who belong to the largest agency, the "Tokijikuin Agency" represented by Daikaku Kokujoji, regardless of age or gender, idols or non-idols, wear this outfit. They are widely recognized as "rabbits", sometimes appearing as back dancers in the figure and sometimes as messengers from the "Tokijikuin Agency".

Kamamoto says while capturing the surroundings with the camera.

"Looks like it's here, right?"

"Ah, stupid..."

The director gets out of the location vehicle and begins talking to the rabbit. Yata also opened his umbrella and got out of the vehicle, feeling uncomfortable.

"Good morning. Welcome, you have come a long way."

The rabbit bowed politely, waving in a soft voice. Yata is confused and says hello too.

"Oh, good morning. Is this it?"

"The front is closed now. Please relax in the hall first."

The rabbit turned his back to shake off Yata's question and walked into the hall. The film crew, including the director, did the same.

"Really..."

Yata, who was left alone, began to walk quickly. Instead of keeping up with them, he no longer wanted to be alone.

When...

At the edge of his sight, he saw something white moving. Reflectively, Yata turned his gaze to him.

A white figure was standing in one of the windows lined up on the second floor of the building.

The figure, whose skin and clothing were pure white, immediately disappeared into the darkness as if he had noticed Yata's line of sight.

"....."

Yata's face was pale and alternately compared the windows of the second floor with the entrance of the building.

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The storm doesn't seem to stop, and it gets stronger and stronger. Yata eagerly watched the sound of the rain pounding from above.

"Hey. Kokujoji-san, isn't he coming yet?"

It has been almost an hour since he passed the dimly lit room. The Rabbit guide said, "Please wait a bit." and he retired and didn't show up at all. Yata and his colleagues were completely abandoned.

He's getting angry. No matter what the "Tokijikuin Agency" is, it is impossible to treat idols from other agencies so carelessly. Yata had a personality that such irrationality could not forgive.

However, now he doesn't feel angry and just wants to go home.

Every time the light from an old lamp shining on the table casts a complex shadow on the wall, the figure in Yata's mind, perhaps the white figure above, blinks.

Yata gulps and talks to Kamamoto next him.

"Maybe he doesn't feel right? So I think it's rude to bother him, we'll re-record at a later date."

"Even if you say that..."

Kamamoto was confused and spoke to the director.

"What do you think, Director? That Rabbit, I don't think he's coming back."

The director puts his hand to his jaw and thinks. Yata looked at his figure expectantly.

"It is true that this will hinder the schedule."

"Really?!"

"Then, let's go find the rabbit."

"Eh?"

The director and other members of the film crew rose to their feet one after another. From those who handle the light to the makeup, they try to go with the director. Yata instinctively tried to stop them.

"Wait a minute! Why is everyone going?"

"As we will be looking for him, it is better to have more manpower."

"That's right, oh, yeah, then I'll go with you."

"No, if we let the actor do these kinds of tasks, the name of the show will be frowned upon. Yata-san and Kamamoto-san, you should wait here."

Just with that, the other members except Yata and Kamamoto walked out of the reception room.

"....."

Yata stretched out his empty hand and sat back on the couch.

The reception room, where the current had already been introduced, felt even colder when the equipment left. Yata flailed his legs fiercely, staring into the dim lamplight. He cannot say anything and is calm.

He feels bad because he is worried about the normal path. As an important figure in the world of idols, Yata pays tribute to Kokujoji. He is concerned about the status of the great man, not because he is afraid of this eerie western-style building.

While repeating his trembling thoughts, Yata was confident that the team or the rabbit would return as soon as possible.

And 30 minutes passed, 1 hour passed.

It seems that the rain has stopped a bit. Instead, thunder was heard more frequently. The haunting and rumbling sky sometimes casts a light similar to a flare on the window. This time, Yata realized that his body was jumping.

"It's not too late?"

Unable to suppress the trembling voice, he talks to Kamamoto. Kamamoto keeps his camera on the table in front of him, arms crossed and silent.

Yata was driven by anxiety and shook his shoulder.

"Eh? Kamamoto?"

Kamamoto lowered his head in a low voice.

"Yes."

"Don't fall asleep, fat man!"

"Hmm!" When he touched his head, Kamamoto's sunglasses slid off.

Kamamoto makes a shocked voice, dressed like an idiot with sunglasses hooked to the edge of his ear.

"What is it? What is it?"

"Idiot! The others haven't come back yet!"

However, Yata's anger did not seem to be transmitted to Kamamoto at all. He stretched out humorously, grabbed the camera from the table, and stood up.

"I'm in trouble. Then I'll search a bit!"

"Oh, why?"

The voice was about to scream, but Yata no longer has the psychological margin to worry about such things. Kamamoto scratched his head like he was in trouble.

"No, it doesn't matter what you say. If they don't come back, it's only natural for me to go looking for them, right?"

"That said, the directors have not returned. If you go, the same thing will happen, right?"

Kamamoto bowed his head and pointed the camera at Yata. Yata's face is reflected in the black lens. Kamamoto had a ridiculous tone as he clearly reflected his scared face.

"Maybe Yata-san... Are you afraid of being alone?"



"Moron!"

Yata's low kick went through Kamamoto's right knee and the giant rolled on the ground.

"Hey, Yata-san, please stop hitting me!"

"Ah! Maybe it's because I don't like your comments?"

"Just kidding! Yata isn't scared at this level! I get it!"

"I go to search..."

Yata responds with a negative voice like a different person than until now. Kamamoto stood up while rubbing his knees and headed straight for the exit.

"Then, I'll go for a bit."

Kamamoto left the room. Yata was left alone in the reception room.

"....."

He cannot hear anything but the sound of rain, thunder, and the beat of his heart. He feels restless and walk around the table for no reason. Check the clock almost every minute. Every time, he repeats the idea of going round and round, why he hasn't come back yet.

At that moment, the roar of the guitar solo echoed through the hall.

"What?!"

Involuntarily, he raises a strange voice and jumps. The guitar solo echoed in Yata's bag that he had left on the couch. The fiery melody is a representative song of "Red King Idol" Suoh Mikoto, which Yata respects.

Yata took out his PDA while suppressing his heartbeat.

The incoming call was from Kamamoto. As soon as he answers the call, Yata yells at him.

"Hey, don't call suddenly!"

As he screamed, Yata felt relieved somewhere in his heart.

Kamamoto on the other end of the phone echoed the usual subtle voice without knowing such complicated psychology.

"No, I'm sorry, Yata-san. I thought it would be bad for Yata-san to be worried, so I'm sorry."

"Are you eating something?"

"Eh? No, no way..."

"You're eating! Where are you now?"

"Oh, no... it's like a kitchen."

"You're stupid! How do you eat in someone's kitchen when you visit their house? You can't do that, even if you're a visitor!"

Yata yells. At the same time, when he looks out the window, he notices that his expression has softened. Kamamoto's usual eating habits seemed to be irreplaceable and encouraging at this point.

Kamamoto says, while making a locking sound.

"Well, you often say that if I'm hungry, I can't do it, right? And I came here guessing."

"Eh?"

"I could see a figure here, so I thought it was a rabbit. It was wearing white clothes, so I'm sure it's correct."

A small shadow was born on Yata's slightly warmed chest.

A figure in white clothes.

"Hey, Kamamoto."

"Hmm? That? That, maybe..."

When he hears Kamamoto's voice as if noticing something, the shadow gets bigger as it swells.

"Wait a minute. Come back!"

"No, what are you talking about, there was a rabbit. Sorry! When can I start recording?"

There, Kamamoto's voice cut off.

The shadow fills Yata's heart. Yata clenches the sweat from his hands that slowly spreads onto his PDA.

"Hey! Kamamoto! Come back!"

"That? It's weird. Why?"

"Kamamoto!"

"Why was his neck looking away?"

Almost at the same time as those words, a wet sound echoed off his PDA.

It's like hitting a wet leather bag on the ground.

It's like squashing a rotten tomato.

A sound with an ominous premonition clung to Yata's ears.

"Kama-...!"

The calling voice was interrupted by a loud sound that pierced the tympanic membrane. Maybe that's why he dropped his PDA. He lets it go involuntarily, and Yata looks at his PDA. Notice the words "Rikio Kamamoto" floating just below the "Call" screen.

After a while of silence, the speaker began to pick up the sound of "something."

Tap. Tap. Yata notes that the sound that resonates regularly is footsteps. Facing Yata, who is stuck as if frozen, the speaker mercilessly continues to reproduce the sound of "something".

"Heh heh heh."

In the end, a sound like that of a laughing voice, and the call was cut off.

Seeing the words "End of call", Yata noticed the sweat on his back.

There is certainly "something" here.

Yata thinks about it while being driven into a panic. Can't imagine what it is. Is it related to that white figure? What happened to that rabbit and the members that went looking for him?

And Kamamoto...

"Ah!"

Clenching his fist and teeth, Yata stared at the living room door.

If Yata were alone, he would have screamed and stormed out of the reception room, rushing into mountains of thunderstorms. Not good in this situation, let's be clear. It is incredibly scary. Even now, his knees are shaking and he can't even stand.

However, Kamamoto is here. There are also directors and film crews that came with him.

If he abandons them and runs away alone, he will deny the human Misaki Yata.

"Damn!"

Yata slammed his hardened fist against his thigh. That doesn't stop the shaking of the knees, but it is something.

Thus, pain inspired Yata. He strides across the room and kicks the door open before crossing.

"Wait, Kamamoto! I'm going to help you now!"

Screaming to inspire himself, Yata stepped into the darkness in front of him.

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Kamamoto said at the end that he was in the kitchen.

Of course, Yata does not know the layout of the building. Still, since it's a kitchen, he guesses it's somewhere on the first floor, and he walks down the hall in big surprise. The lamp, which should be from the lighting equipment, was not on, and Yata had to use the light from his PDA as a flashlight and advance terrifyingly.

Lightning and thunder roar. The entire view of the hallway was projected for a moment as if the camera's flash fired.

It's a long corridor with blood-colored ridges and bone-like walls. The portraits are evenly spaced on the wall.

As he slowly advances, Yata tries to keep the portrait out of his eyes. Because the line of sight can match. Because if he looks at them, they might laugh at him.

If he looks at a portrait, his heart may explode as if he is doing his best live. Yata still couldn't die. He couldn't die until he saved Kamamoto and the team members.

"....."

The blankness on his face means that fear outweighs courage. There is no colleague from the "Homura Performing Arts Office" who can laugh at him, they are not here at the moment. Yata has to fight both loneliness and fear.

Fold the corner twice.

Apparently it is a corridor. Maybe the kitchen is not on the first floor. If that happens, he will have to climb the stairs. That fact began to haunt Yata's thoughts.

Before entering the hall, a white figure reflected in the window for a moment flickered in Yata's mind.

Climbing the stairs means going to that figure. Yata wasn't sure he could get into such a situation even though he no longer had the courage to oppress it anymore.

When, suddenly, the door on his left moved with a piercing noise.

"Eh?"

Yata jumped to the ground in a squeaky voice.

The door opened slowly as if it had a will of its own.

The warm breeze that flowed from there caressed his taut cheeks.

He's sure it was moved by air flow or something, until he found out, it wouldn't move.

Thousands of words that are less than thoughts fill his mind. The instinct of "I want to get away from here" and the belief that "I can't abandon my friends" conflict with each other, and Yata's body tends to be rigid.

As it is, a minute has passed.

Nothing happens.

Realizing that, Yata began to move. The doorplate illuminated by the light of the PDA came into view.

The word "Dining Room" was written there.

"This is here?"

Muttering to be sure, swallowing hard, Yata opened the door.

The spacious dining room was filled with humid air. There is a long table as seen in the movie and several chairs around it. A three-pointed candelabrum on a pure white tablecloth receives the light and glows golden.

Yata scans the room while glancing at the scene. If there is a door that leads to the kitchen, that will be the goal.

The feelings of wanting to find them and not wanting to find them are in conflict in Yata. It was the manifestation of the two feelings that filled Yata's heart, the instinct of not wanting to face loyalty and the belief that he should help his companions.

Suddenly, Yata felt something crash against his toes.

It bounces and terrifyingly points the light to the ground.

It was a ham. A thick, boneless ham that appears to be around Yata's foot. There is evidence that the packaging has been broken and removed.

Kamamoto no doubt picked it up and ate it.

He had been here.

"Kamamoto?"

His voice echoed mysteriously. When he turned on the lights, the door that would lead to the kitchen was open. Yata went in there.

The kitchen floor was damp. When Yata's shoes hit the wet floor, he made a sticky noise and pulled a rope between his shoes and the floor.

The light from the PDA trembled as if Yata's discomfort was transmitted.

The previous light reflects the ground. Yata arrived when there was a trail of something crawling across the red-black wet ground.

At the same time, there is a watery sound in the kitchen.

Kucha, Juru, Picha, Nichi, Giri.

He doesn't notice it from the sound of the rain. he could hear the sound all the time.

Jutsu, guchitsu, baki, zuru, gucha...

Maybe he didn't want to realize it. Because it was a realization of Yata's fear.

Baki, Bagi, Goritsu, Boritsu, Jururu.

However, Yata had to face realization. He thought that he had to record it in his own eyes no matter what result he was hoping for.

A trembling light crawls across the ground and follows the bloodline.

"It" was closer than he expected.

He was wearing white clothing, similar to a dress. The word "it" comes from the fact that it was so worn that it was hard to see. The hem ripped like a saw blade and dirt that has mixed in here and there has soaked it. It was probably the dirt that caused the thread to stick to the soles of Yata's shoes.

"It" seemed to turn away from him and crouch like a monkey, shaking his head vigorously. He shook his pure white hair, moving his face further and further, and moving his hands to break something.

Each time, the watery sound from before, resonates.

A familiar giant lay in front of "It"

Kamamoto's eyes, illuminated by the lights, were wide open and were no longer looking at anything.

Yata took a step back, it would be terrible to blame him for being shy. Yata's survival instinct demanded a distance from "it", just as a hunted animal would reflexively frighten. Holding his mouth with his hand, while pouring a fixed stare at "it", Yata tries to leave the room.

There was a dry sound under his feet.

"... ?!"

Yata hastily points the light at his feet.

There were Kamamoto's sunglasses. Stepped on by Yata, the lens of the sunglasses snapped in two.

He looked up from the sunglasses and saw "it", terrifyingly.

The movement stopped, as if it had frozen.

Even arms thin like dead trees and hair white like ceramic remain frozen.

The neck began to turn silently.

Slowly and precisely, like the gears of a machine. Turning sideways, diagonally back, and turning 180 degrees, it "saw" Yata.

Kamamoto's words revive in Yata's mind.

("Why is your neck there?")

Looking at Yata with only his face, with his body facing forward.

"It" moves just a little.

Random blood-soaked teeth were stained with a speckled pattern of yellow and red.

"Gaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

When he noticed, Yata was sprinting down the hall of the building.

Screams of flight and senseless came from his mouth, the eyes had shed tears incessantly. He is not sure where he is going. However, he wanted to get away from that kitchen as soon as possible.

Yata slipped and fell, trying to turn the corner of the hall at full speed. He crashes into the wall and stops, reflectively looking at the darkness from which he ran.

He couldn't find the figure for "it."

However, only sound was heard.

Regularly echoing sounds and footsteps approached Yata from the other side of the darkness with a speed that shook fear.

Yata got to his feet and started running. His brain made a full rotation. Remembering the layout of the building, He try to find a way out.

As he ran down the hall, he saw a familiar sight.

This is the entrance hall he saw when he first entered the building. A ridiculously huge chandelier and a portrait of Daikaku Kokujoji on the wall of a huge staircase. Yata immediately took the door that led to the outside of the left door.

No matter how much he pushes or pull, it won't open. Even if he turned the key like crazy, kicked the door, or slammed it, the heavy door would not stubbornly move. Full of irritation and anger, Yata says, "Come on! What's this? Open up! Open up!"

However, the screaming, almost crying, stopped immediately. The footsteps were getting closer.

Hita, Hita, Hita, Hita.

Yata let go of all his emotions and ran like a ball. He refused to be there putting all his physical abilities that he refined as an idol.

Yata, who was running like the wind, soon found a bath.

When he enters, it was divided into several private rooms. He pushes open while checking with the PDA light and it slides inside.

When the lights went out, the bathroom filled with a darkness that seemed to crush him.

Yata supports his head as he shakes on the toilet seat.

("What is that, what is that, what is that?")

Did "it" eat Kamamoto?

Anger at his partner's murder swelled through his body, but much more than that, fear of the mysterious monster in front of him. The monster crawls out looking for him at this very moment. Just imagining it makes his skin rust.

After doing it for a while, Yata suddenly came up with something.

"I have to ask for help..."

Of course, the reason the idea that was taken for granted didn't come up until now is because his brain was engulfed in fear. Yata tapped his PDA with his shaking finger and first tried to contact his most trusted boss, Izumo Kusanagi.

At that moment, he heard a voice from the depths of the darkness of the hall.

"Yata-san, where are you? Please answer."

Yata stops his finger and raises his face as if flipped over. The cold, sweaty expression shone with wonder and joy.

"Kamamoto...?"

"Yata-san, please help me. I got hurt."

Without a doubt, it was Rikio Kamamoto's voice.

It has been delayed, but it cannot be wrong. Yata stood up in the bathroom of a private room and sharpened his ears.



Kamamoto's voice seems to come and go right outside the bathroom. Or maybe Kamamoto, who was lying at the time, was still alive. Perhaps he escaped from the monster and came to ask for help.

("Here! Kamamoto, I'm here! We will run away together!")

Yata hastily shut his mouth when he was about to scream.

Not out of self-protection, it was out of doubt.

Is that really Kamamoto's voice?

There is no reason. The questions equal to intuition, however, get louder and louder as he hears Kamamoto's voice.

"Yata-san, Yata-san, where are you? I'm hungry, I'm hungry, I don't care, I want to eat soon."

He had goose bumps.

No matter how much it is Kamamoto, in such a situation, he couldn't think of making such a loud voice and worrying about food.

Yata sat back on the toilet seat. He keeps his mouth closed with watery eyes to prevent any sound from escaping.

Still, Kamamoto's voice continues to call him by name. "Yata-san, where are you?"

Suddenly, Kamamoto's voice cut off.

"....."

Yata blinked. A tear drop was shed. He wondered if he was gone.

There is no way to confirm it. There is not an iota of courage to get out of there. Yata took out the PDA again and started the message app. He absolutely did not want to talk. First he would call Kusanagi, then Kusanagi would call the police.

Yata's PDA sounded with a roaring guitar solo.

"Eh?"

Suoh Mikoto's guitar solo, which he is more intoxicated with than anyone, now sounds like a devastating call from the devil. Yata hurries to look at the PDA. While cursing the idiot who made a call in such a situation, he looks at the screen regretting not having put the silent mode.

His spine froze.

The name "Rikio Kamamoto" was etched on the screen.

He hung up the call and turned off the PDA. As he did so, he thought.

He couldn't think optimistically that Kamamoto was alive. The voice from before was definitely not Kamamoto himself.

So the current call was... that "thing".

That "thing" took Kamamoto's PDA and called it, to find out where it turned on.

About the same time, he was convinced of that, there was a sound of footsteps.

Tap, Tap, Tap, Tap. He has regular intervals and gradually but surely approaches Yata.

Can't bear it. Yata decided to reject the reality in front of him.

He closed his eyes tightly. He covered his ears with both hands. Even if death falls from above one day, try not to look directly at it.

Yet in the dark, Yata thinks.

A feeling of strangeness.

A person can stop his movement of his own free will, but he cannot stop his will. The feeling of strangeness that was born in the dark grew in Yata's brain, because there was nothing else.

Why does he hear footsteps?

The floor of the building is completely strange. The kitchen was really different, but the hallways and bathrooms were filled with crimson delicacy.

The heavy boots would make steps. But that step is barefoot. No matter how fast he run barefoot, the sound should be absorbed by the relief and disappear.

So it's "it".

At that moment, there was something that shone like a revelation.

Can't stop thinking. The discovery cannot be ignored. In that sense, Yata must have been more human than anyone. Even if that means ruin, to confirm his own conscience, he opened his eyes and turned his face away.

On the bathroom ceiling, "it" was stuck.

His palm with dirty claws, every time it sticks to the ceiling, makes a "thump" sound. That was the true identity of the "steps". When he turned his head upside down, the ragged white hair was tousled. Stuck to the ceiling on all fours, "it" had bright red eyes that glowed negatively, exposing turbulent yellow and red teeth.

In the form of a predator who found Yata with no escape.

"No, aaaaaaaaaah!"

Yata screamed with all his soul. At that moment, Yata's sight turned white.

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"Hey! It was amazing!"

With such a voice, the door to the private room was opened.

Behind the door, the film crew, illuminated by electric lights, waited. Kamamoto Rikio holds up the camera, and a man in sunglasses and a red helmet holds a sign that says, "Don't miss it!" The man in the sunglasses looked a lot like Yata's trusted boss, Izumo Kusanagi.

"....."

Yata was watching the scene with all faces dead.

Kamamoto, who should have died, looks at a man who looks like Kusanagi while holding the camera.

"Kusanagi-san, this is..."

"I don't think there will be a reaction. So again."

He hit the sign in front of him.

"Yata-chan? Are you really okay?"

"....."

Yata cannot react.

When the man who looked like Kusanagi sighed, he left the sign to Kamamoto and entered the private room.

"Sure! The idol has a fluid face during the tea ceremony!"

Gently tap Yata's head.

"Ah! Eh, that? Kusanagi-san? Why?"

Kusanagi shakes his head at Yata, who drips confusion as is.

"That's why I told you about it for a while. It's a shocking show! The target is Yata-chan, and the tricks are us, 'Homura Performing Arts Office'."

At that moment, a figure fell from the ceiling. That monster with a shabby dress and white hair.

From "it", the horror was completely lost. She pulled her false teeth out of her mouth, tucked her white hair back, and turned her red eyes to Yata. "It" he breathed through her nose, giving a feeling of fullness to her young face.

"How was it? Was my performance terrifying?"

"Oh, you did it perfectly, Anna!"

"He was scared of you!"

Look at the friends who are raising their thumbs.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah?!"

Yata screamed as loud as he did before.

Ten minutes later.

Yata was angry at the entrance of the building, which was fully lit.

"What's that? It's terrible, Kusanagi-san! Please tell me in advance if you do this kind of thing!"

"Ahaha, Yata-chan, don't talk nonsense. If I told you, you wouldn't be surprised, right?"

"Kamamoto, you were an accessory too! I really thought you were dead!"

"Well, it doesn't matter how much food you eat there, doesn't it?"

Yata struck Kamamoto's head with all his might for the first time in a long time, gathering in his fist all the reaction of fear and anger that he had suffered.

With Kamamoto crouched on his back, Yata turns his resentful eyes on Anna.

"And Anna... even you..."

Anna suddenly looked away, perhaps uncomfortable.

"Because it was work.", Anna muttered.

So everything, it was something that had been organized from the beginning.

The place where the program will be broadcast is "Shirogin Deluxe" remains unchanged. However, it was not actually a visit to Kokujoji's house, but rather a project presented by the "Homura Performing Arts Office".

After seeing it, "Idol King" Isana Yashiro said, "This looks interesting!", And this project received the full backing of the "Tokijikuin Agency". Small dark vision cameras were installed around the building, rabbit costumes rented, and a recreational facility that was no longer in use. The words, actions and reactions Yata has done so far are said to be fully reflected.

Everything to give the Yata lens the greatest fear and obtain the best recordings.

Kusanagi happily explains.

"You know, Yata-chan has become popular lately? He's been featured in entertainment magazines and online, and some people call him 'The Red Prince'."

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"So, I wonder if that's a little different from Yata-chan's politics. I brought this project to highlight Yata-chan's original charm here."

"Eh..."

Honestly, he's not sure about politics or appeal. Yata entered this path longing for Suoh. He really hadn't been aware of how others saw him.

Such a production was the work of Kusanagi at the "Homura Performing Arts Office".

"Thanks to that, I got a good photo! Anna did a good job, and two birds with one stone."

Therefore, it would be nice if Kusanagi were satisfied with his work, although he is not yet convinced.

However, Yata looks at Anna with concern.

"Well Anna, how did you do that?"

Anna shook her head.

"Eh?"

"I see, that... was it glued to the ceiling?"

Anna turns to the side. Look at the hallway wall, put both hands on it, and climb the wall while making noise.

Yata opened his mouth.

Anna asks, glued to the ceiling and looking at Yata upside down.

"What about this?"

"No... that... how...?"

"Expert."

Anna said it with a calm face. Yata watches her like he's looking at something incredible. No, the idea occurred to him that it would be impossible to practice or that she was ignoring the laws of physics, but he felt that even doing it was unsophisticated.

"Well then, what about that? That way of turning the neck."

"This?"

When Anna's neck began to twist, Yata hastily stopped her.

"Wait! Stop! Stop! You don't have to show it!"

Anna returned her head to its original position. Looking at Yata upside down, with a smile.

"Special training."

"No, it's amazing, right?! Kusanagi-san, okay? What are you doing as an idol?"

"Yeah, well it's a subtle thing to say if it's an ant or a pear, but... Anna did her best, so ant!"

"Sweet! Are you really sweet to Anna?"

"Haha, okay, this is also an art style. Wasn't Anna's threatening role in the hallway quite realistic?"

"Yeah, well, I thought my heart would stop..."

Yata muttered that.

Of course, the rage at being cheated continues to smoke.

However, it was even stronger than that, and relief filled Yata's heart. He really thought that Kamamoto was dead, and he really thought they were going to kill him. Rather, he even remembered to praise the production team that created such high quality.

"Well I'm excited about this too. Yata-chan had a good reaction too!"

"Ah..."

When Kusanagi hit him on the back, Yata gave a dry laugh.

"The event has been completed! Please go ahead!"

A staff member who was in charge of the location car outside the building called him out. Kusanagi and other members of the "Homura Performing Arts Office" follow suit and get into the car one after another.

The rain had completely stopped and the light was shining through the clouds. Looking at him, Yata suddenly called to Anna in the seat next to him.

"Hey, Anna, you were on the second floor when we entered the building, right?"

"Eh?"

"No, you know. I saw you by the second floor window."

Anna looks at Yata saying, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Kusanagi, who had either heard or accosted him before, said with a bitter smile.

"Yata-chan, don't say weird things. No one went up the stairs."

"Ah..."

"I had no plans to use the second floor in the first place. No one should have gone."

The relief in his heart changes fast and cold.

So what did you see at the time?

Yata's neck was twisted back, as if it were a physical law. While he thought it was something he shouldn't see, he wanted to make his own discoveries, simple human curiosity.

The exterior of the desolate building. The windows on the second floor open in black at regular intervals. At one of the windows where sunlight enters after the rain, a girl dressed in white was smiling and showing her yellowish teeth.