



"THE EVE OF A SPECIAL WEDDING"

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K – PROJECT WORLD

## PROLOGUE: JINGI & SANGO

The island is called Ayaka Island.

From Ayaka Island, which is made up of seven islands, people live mainly in Ichinoshima and Ninoshima in the north, and only one person lives permanently in Sannoshima. "Shinoshima" is considered a sacred object of worship by residents, and entry is generally prohibited.

So what are the islands like beyond?

Ayaka Island is an archipelago made up of seven islands. If so, there should also be "Gonoshima", "Rokunoshima" and "Nananoshima". If you have at least some interest in geography, you will probably have these types of questions. Visit the Ichinoshima library, take out an old map and confirm that the islands exist. If you're curious, you'll probably want to try it yourself.

But there is no way to go.

People in the town hall, railway workers on the sea train or fishermen sailing the nearby seas. When you ask about "the island beyond," everyone will just shake their head. You can't go there. The islands are isolated from the outside world by complicated ocean and air currents, and cannot be reached by normal means.

Normal media.

So can we get there using special means?

No one will answer that question.

If the questioner has good intuition, he will intuit that the answer is yes. You can probably guess it from the uncomfortable expressions on the faces of city officials, railroad workers, and fishermen.

And they too, sensing what the questioner has guessed, will say this to remind him.

"Don't try to go beyond Gonoshima. If you still want to be human."

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That day, Sakawa Jingi was unusually alone.

The reason Yukito, who normally stays as a bonus, is not there is because his teacher, the Great Immortal Yanagi Makoto, has taken him away. He doesn't know where or what he went to. There are many mysteries surrounding Yukito Yanagi, who came to Ayaka Island as Yanagi's son three years ago, and like today, it happens once a month that Yanagi takes him somewhere.

He wondered if Yukito will cry again.

Although he was a little worried about it, it was comforting to be alone for the first time in a long time. Although Jingi likes his younger brother, there were, of course, times when he was lonely as a child, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of relief in his absence.

Should he invite his friends Kotaro Yashiki and Koichi Saruwatari to hang out with him, or maybe he should just catch some fancy fish and go sell it? While he was thinking about that, Jingi was walking aimlessly on the sandy beach.

He found a girl.

"....."

Jingi looked at the girl for a while, her flip flops getting wet from the waves. She was probably seven or eight years old, about the same age as him. Her long, wavy hair is blue-black and her eyes are pale red. Her thin pale blue dress was soaked and she had no shoes on her feet, which were sunk in the sand.

The reason Jingi was staring at the girl was because he was fascinated by her beauty... but of course not. She was simply an unknown face. Unlike Ichinoshima, the number of residents in Ninoshima is limited and it can be said that all children of the same age know each other.

"Who are you?"

Her pale red eyes turned to Jingi.

Her pale red lips parted, but no sound came out. Her expression was one of astonishment. It's like he didn't even know where she was.

Jingi tilted his head thoughtfully.

Since he has never seen her face, she could be a girl from Ichinoshima or a tourist. However, the fact that she was soaked and barefoot bothered him. It's still too early to play in the water, so he wondered if she fell off a tour boat somewhere and was swept away by the current by chance.

As he thought about that, tears suddenly appeared in the girl's eyes.

"Ah..."

The girl's shocked expression collapsed and she covered her face with her sand-covered hands as large tears fell.

Jingi grew impatient. Although he gained notoriety in Ninoshima at a young age, he was not so bad that he could remain calm in front of a crying girl. He quickly put down the backpack he was carrying and began frantically searching for something to calm the girl down.

There was a half-drunk cider.

Jingi grabbed it, took off the cover, and approached the girl as he kicked the sand and grumbled.

"Hey!"

The girl looked up. Every time she blinked, tears fell like jewels.

"This! Here! Don't cry!"

The girl looked at the bottle of cider that she had pressed to her nose as if it were something she was seeing for the first time.

The girl took the bottle.

".....?"

Still, she did nothing but tilt her head and continue looking. Jingi was furious and imitated drinking from the bottle.

"Hey, don't you know cider? That's how you drink it."

"....."

The girl followed him obediently. When she put her mouth over the bottle and tilted it, the carbonated liquid flowed into her mouth.

"Eh?! Pueh, cough, cough!"

She choked profusely.

Jingi caught the bottle of cider that she accidentally dropped. Looking at the back of the girl's head as she coughed, Jingi became even more anxious. He was afraid that she would start crying again, but she betrayed his expectations.

"Hehe, hehe."

The cough gradually turned into a happy voice. The girl looked up and looked at Jingi. She was laughing and her nose was running.

"It's so sweet and soft. Fufufu!"

"...Heh."

With that, Jingi also relaxed and laughed.

When he offered the bottle again, the girl accepted it naturally. She began to drink it slowly, as if she were taking a sip. Jingi sat next to her, who stuck out his salty tongue every time she asked. Their butts were cold from the wet sand, but none of the children on the island care about that.

"Hey, what's your name?"

".....?"

Once again, the girl looked at Jingi curiously, and then...

"Sango."

That's what she answered.

"Sango." He murmured softly, pointing at his chest with his thumb.

"I'm Jingi. Have you ever heard of Ninoshima's Jingi?"

"No."

Sango immediately shook her head, but Jingi didn't feel particularly discouraged.

"Oh, there it is. So, you're from outside. Where do you come from?"

"....."

After blinking several times, Sango looked around her and pointed in a certain direction.

"Over there."

She made a straight line to the horizon.

"Hmm. Maybe Tokyo. Well, let's go, Sango."

"Where to?"

"Anywhere, though. There's no point in being depressed in a place like this."

With that, Jingi stood up and started walking quickly.

Sango was staring at his back, still clutching the cider bottle. When he looked back after taking about five steps, she tried to get up in a panic and fell.

"Aaah."

The cider came out of her hand and fell onto the sand, and the carbonated water flowed onto the sand. Jingi sighed and approached Sango again.

"What are you doing?"

"...It's been a long time since Arukuno."

"Eh?"

Jingi frowned. He turned his back on Sango and crouched down, wondering if all the city's inhabitants were like this or if they all walked autonomous paths.



"It's really strange living in a city. Look."

"Eh..."

"I'll put you on my back. I bet you can't even ride on my back."

"No."

Jingi leaned down, resting Sango's weight firmly on his back, and then slowly stood up. As expected, she weighed more than Yukito, but not so much that he couldn't walk. Staggering, Jingi stood up from the sandy beach.

(For now, let's go back home. She's probably lost and if I take her to an adult, they'll probably be able to take care of her.), Jingi thought.

Suddenly.

Something shiny appeared in front of him.

"Ah?"

When he looked closely, it looked like some kind of jewel. It was small and flat, and although it was exposed to sunlight, it gave off a mysterious glow. Sango, who was clinging to Jingi's neck, had grabbed the gem before he realized it.

"What is this?"

Sango was close to his ear as she answered the simple question.

"Kisuirin."

"Eh?"

Jingi had no idea what that was.

However, his eyes turned to "Kisuirin". The jewel, whose brilliance changed intricately depending on the angle and reflected a variety of colors, was more beautiful than anything Jingi had seen in his short life.

Just when he was thinking, "Wow, how beautiful!", Sango was next to his ear again.

"In exchange for the cider. Do you want it?"

"What?! Really?"

"Oh, really."

At times like this, Sakawa Jingi was a boy who didn't hold back. He quickly grabbed it with one hand, raised it so that he could see it through the sun, and then let out an innocent voice.

"Yay! Thanks, Sango! Even if you ask me to give it back, I won't!"

"Yes."

Sango chuckled as she placed her lips on the back of Jingi's neck.

"Alright."

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Unfortunately, there was no one in the Amamiya residence.

Well, in that case, he just had to wait until they return. Leaving Sango on a cushion in the living room, Jingi tossed her a towel and a change of clothes. This is the clothes that Grandma Amamiya wears.

As expected, he couldn't help the girl change her clothes, so a few minutes after closing the sliding door, Sango's voice said, "Okay.", and Jingi opened it again.

"Uwah!"

He couldn't help but be surprised.

An excess of lace adorns the collar of the pale beige shirt. That is what is called Baba shirt. Seeing little Sango wearing it as a dress was indescribably funny. Sango tilted her head in confusion, but then noticed her reflection in the glass window and let out a laugh.

After laughing for a while, Jingi brought snacks and juice. The idea was that, if he ate it alone, he would be scolded for it, but if he excused himself by saying that he had served it to a customer, he would be forgiven.

"Hey, where do you come from?"

Jingi asked as he popped the bun, Sango idly dangling her legs on the terrace.

"Kisui no Sato."

"Sato? Is there such a city in Tokyo?"

"What is Tokyo?"

"What, you don't know about Tokyo?"

Sango shook her head.

Jingi crossed his arms and growled.

"Hmm..."

Sango bowed her head and crossed her arms in the same way.

"Hmm?"

"No, you don't have to imitate me. And then what? You're not from Tokyo, are you? Ichinoshima, then?"

Sango shook her head.

"Mmm.", Jingi groaned again. Sango tried to imitate him again, but he ignored her and thought about it.

It is not Tokyo, Ichinoshima or Ninoshima. To begin with, he found it very strange that she didn't know anything about Tokyo. Even small children who live in the countryside know Tokyo, Osaka and Kyoto, and many of them want to go there one day.

So where exactly does Sango come from?

At that, Jingi stopped thinking.

"Well, I don't care. Here, eat this too. It's delicious."

"Yes."

As he gave Sango a dango, Jingi thought, "I should leave the rest to the adults."

He didn't have to think about where that girl came from. At that moment, what was more important was how many snacks he could eat with that broth.

Sango sat next to Jingi and started picking up some dango.

"Hey, Jingi."

"Yes?"

"The Kisuirin, which I mentioned before. Please take good care of it."

As she spoke in a hesitant tone, her pale red eyes looked at Jingi.

Jingi shivered involuntarily.

It was because she had a sharp gaze that was unbecoming of a childish person, as if she was looking directly at something.

However, Jingi was also a child. If a woman is scared, she will cry because of the infamous "Arakure Jingi" that echoes throughout Ninoshima. He puffed out his chest and spoke loudly.

"Okay! Even if you ask me to give it back, I won't!"

"I understand."

Sango smiled and put her index finger to her lips. At that moment, she had returned to being the innocent girl she was before.



Although he was suspicious of the change, he was not deeply worried. He stood up from the porch and pointed to the ceiling.

"There's a game in my room, so let's play."

"Yes, I will! What's the game?"

"You don't know either... well, I'll tell you. Bring that with you."

Sango started walking towards Jingi, carrying a tray of sweets. After almost falling, Jingi took the tray of sweets, sighed, and started walking up the stairs.

After that, they played several games together for a while.

He didn't really know anything about Sango. She seemed to have never seen television, much less a games console, and she looked curiously at the screen, asking all kinds of questions.

(Seriously, where does this girl live?)

That question came up again. However, as he taught Sango how to play and watched her play with fascination, he began to not care about it anymore. Watching Sango animate and move her body the way the 3D modeled characters flew and jumped was much more interesting than the game he had been playing all the time.

Finally, Grandma Miya returned.

Jingi briefly explained the situation to the old woman whose eyes widened when she saw Sango. The Amamiya family has owned the lands of Ninoshima for generations, and Grandma Amamiya has hidden power as a local celebrity. If you leave it to her, she won't care about it.

As expected, the situation went exactly as Jingi had planned.

Although the old woman was surprised, she still did not abandon the lost girl. She called some acquaintances, who called other acquaintances, and so on, and the information about "Kisuigu Sango" spread throughout the island in the blink of an eye.

However, that was all he expected.

Two hours after Grandma made the first call, many people began to enter and leave Amamiya's house. From the other side of the door he can hear whispers, sighs and desperate voices. He started listening to them all the time and it affected Jingi's concentration.

That's why he lost the match. Seeing the character fall into the hole, Jingi handed the controller to Sango and tried to open the door to see what was happening.

The door opened by itself.

On the other side, the old woman Amamiya and Makoto Yanagi were standing.

"Huh, Master? What's wrong?"

Looking at Makoto's expression, Jingi intuitively felt an unusual presence.

A calm and relaxed person who doesn't care about small details is the usual attitude of Makoto Yanagi, the "Great Hermit". He was staring at Sango with a stern look on his face that he had never seen before. Makoto asked Grandma Amamiya in a low voice.

"Is that the girl?"

"Yes."

Makoto nodded and entered the room. The old woman quickly grabbed Jingi's hand as he looked stunned.

"Jingi. Come here."

"No."

Reluctantly, Jingi left the room. Sango looked back. She compared Makoto and Jingi, who was about to be taken away.

Her pale red eyes blinked anxiously.

Jingi screamed desperately as his grandmother carried him away.

"Master! She is not a bad girl!"

Makoto looked at Jingi and smiled bitterly.

"I won't do anything too harsh. I just want to confirm something."

With that, he closed the door behind him.

As his grandmother carried him downstairs to the living room, Jingi kept looking back.

That was the last time Jingi and Sango met face to face.

"This girl is the daughter of Kisui Palace."

Later, Makoto explained it properly. With a serious expression on his face, which he doesn't always have, he sat him down in front of him and had a face-to-face conversation with him. Kurama and Ibuki came to see what was going on, but Makoto left them outside. It was rare that Makoto explained things so kindly and in detail to Jingi, his third disciple.

"Kisuiinomiya is a prominent family in Gonoshima. They live their own lives in Gonoshima and have almost no connection with other human societies, do you understand what I'm saying?"

Jingi blinked a few times and then shook his head.

"Ah.", Makoto took a deep breath. He grabbed the tray of cigarettes that was next to her and let the spark fall.

"Well, that's right. That girl is a different creature from us. Don't forget everything that happened today, Jingi."

"....."

"I don't care if she is any other spiritual person, but Kisui Palace is really bad. They operate with a different logic than us. However, that girl seems to like you. If you don't do it right, you will be tricked."

Jingi thought for a moment and then asked.

"What happened to Sango?"

Makoto responded, exhaling smoke into the air.

"I will respectfully return her to Gonoshima. Like I said, I won't do anything abrupt. You and that girl will continue to live your lives as before."

Jingi didn't understand half of what Makoto was saying.

What he barely understood is that Sango lives in a different world than Jingi and his friends.

His friend who came from somewhere and played with him for a while was about to return home. He wasn't that obsessed with trying to restrain her, but he just asked a question that came to mind.

"Will we ever meet again?"

Makoto narrowed his eyes and shook his head silently.

"It's impossible. Give up."

Jingi nodded obediently.

"I understand."

There was no lie. Although he was known as a bad boy, he respected Makoto from the bottom of his heart. If Makoto, the great hermit and master of connections, says it is impossible, then it must really be impossible.

Still, he couldn't help but feel discouraged. Seeing Jingi with his head lowered, Makoto scratched his cheek awkwardly and then said in a serious tone:

"Ah... sorry to ask at a time like this, but did you get anything from that girl?"

Jingi looked up. Makoto drew an oval in the air with his finger, the size of a boiled egg.

"It's about this size and it's like shiny scales. If you have it, show me."

Jingi looked directly at Makoto and said in a clear voice:

"I have not received anything."

It was a big lie. He respected Makoto from the bottom of his heart, but that was different. She gave it to him, so it's his. If he showed that "Kisuirin" there, Makoto would probably confiscate it. He refused that.

Makoto didn't seem to have any doubts. "I see." He replied simply, and stroked Jingi's head with his large palm.

"I'm sorry. She's a friend you had a hard time making."

Those words made him feel a little guilty. But at the same time he started to think: "Okay, if that's the case, I won't be able to find out." Jingi didn't even respond and looked down with a solemn expression on his face.

The "Kisuirin" glowed silently in Jingi's pocket.

Twelve years have passed since then.