



K – LETTER STORY: (WHITE) "ANSWER"

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

Yatogami Kuro was sitting in front of the tea table, worried.

It all started with a postcard he received yesterday from his brother, Mishakuji Yukari.

On the back of the table, placed on a tea table, was a photograph of the brothers posing as if they were blending into a picturesque foreign landscape (Kuro only knew it was a European street corner), as if it were a painting, and above you can see the elegant strokes of the fountain pen added to it.

The content is simple, with a few lines of recent information and a postscript.

For those who have been keeping up to date, there are anecdotes about where he stayed, how his roommate has grown, and his interactions with the other person who appears from time to time. His short, witty one-liners always remind him of Mishakuji's versatility.

(This is good.)

What bothers Kuro is the P.S., just a word.

He said,

"Thanks for your answer."

"....."

The address of the place where he will be staying is also written on the front of the postcard. Regardless of the moral argument for hanging his head, that nerve is very fraternity-like. But anyway,

(Should I respond as requested?)

His head bowed at that difficult question.

The battle of the past had finally been resolved, and the dispute should have been resolved... Not all of his bad feelings have dissipated... but at least he is no longer the subject of blatant denial... but he can't even say that his relationship is good enough to casually exchange letters.

(However, it is rude to leave it unattended and something is wrong here...)

He suddenly realized this and instinctively hit his knee.

(Yes, from here too!)

Like his brother, he wrote about people close to him. That's perfect for a return sword that doesn't add unnecessary emotions. He's sure everyone will be intrigued, even his brother.

(Let us begin.)

He grabbed a notepad and pen from the desk next to him and started writing a draft.

[Adolf K. Weismann, also known as the "Silver King" Isana Yashiro, whom I once considered his master and who now stands by my side as a friend, earned a strange nickname like "German-Sensei" in honor of assuming his position as professor.]

(Mmm, that's strange.)

Just by writing the minimum of information, and even a few notes, he filled a space the size of a postcard.

(Well, Shiro is a special man... if that's the case.)

He carefully tore off one note and wrote on the second.

[Neko transferred to Ashinaka High School with his real name, Ameno Miyabi, and causes commotion around her regardless of whether she uses supernatural powers or not. To clean up after that, Shiro and I ran out...]

(Hmm, what do you mean?)

He filled out another page.

(I guess Neko often acts like a cat...)

In that case, he would like to broaden the scope a little more and write about Kukuri Yukizome... no, his brother doesn't know about her, nor about Toru Hieda... a person who was involved with the "Green King".

"No, why?!"

Unbeknownst to him, a cry of agony escaped him.

The advice came slightly from behind.

"I think it's best to let go of unnecessary pretensions and just write as you want."

"It's not an unnecessary pretense. It's the way you should behave..."

After answering normally, Kuro turned around.

Before he knew it, Shiro had returned home and was stacking the books he took out of his bag on his desk. Likewise, Neko, still in her human form, was curled up in bed and yawning.

Kuro avoids unnecessary interactions with these two people he knows well (although he thought that, if he didn't take off Neko's uniform quickly, it would take him longer to iron it).

"I found out why I was trying to talk back to my brother."

Shiro let out a sigh.

"Well, I've been thinking about that since you got the postcard yesterday. When I got home, I found you moaning in front of your notebook, so I can understand why you're worried about the wording."

"Umm, squishy, squishy, squishy, all over again. Nyahahahaha."

Riding a horse, Neko lay down and adopted a series of poses that seemed to imitate another person.

Shiro hesitantly told his friend, who accepted his misfortune with a bitter face, an inference that could be another blow.

"I was also thinking about this all day... that person named Mishakuji Yukari."

"What?"

"Maybe he added that word to mock Kuro, in anticipation that you would worry like that?"

Kuro was about to say "Gah!" and he sat upright.

Intuitively, he was sure that Shiro was right.

That's what his brother might be able to do.

A few days later.

Kuro eventually recovered and, feeling depressed and confused, wrote only a poem of his own in response.

[There is no communication between us, but we have a supportive relationship.]