



K SIDE: PURPLE 05

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

A genius is certainly something.

Hase thought the same thing again when he saw Yukari who had finished the mold.

The two are in a vacant lot at the corner of "Niibangai". It was a desolate meadow of about 10 square meters, and when he first visited it, the grass was all that could be grown, so Hase and Yukari had to start cutting.

He can catch a glimpse of his own workout for just an hour starting at 5pm. Yukari's level was far beyond Hase's imagination, although it wasn't something to practice, and he said it with a light feeling that was only a beginning.

Just teaching him, will absorb it in the blink of an eye. If it is a simple technique, it can be imitated just by looking at it. It is not just about imitating. He can instantly see the motif of the pattern and technique and customize it.

Hase was a man who served as a master of the Miwa Meishin style, but it took a long time to learn the art of swords. However, this boy named Mishakuji Yukari is trying to get it in less than a month.

"Huh."

Hase looked out into the cloudy weather and groaned in a situation where he couldn't give up even if he was disappointed.

"Master? What happened?"

While wiping the sweat with a towel, Yukari asked mysteriously. Hase waved his hand.

"No, that... I was regretting my wits."

"Eh...?"

"Well, I'm fine. Yukari, were you able to do 'three quick steps'?"

A slight smile appeared on Yukari's mouth.

He turns the wooden sword in his right hand, keeps his eyes straight. A few moments to catch his breath, Yukari's body sank like a drop of ink in water.

He makes a small movement and throws his whole body. He kicks the ground and sticks his throat. The jaw is raised just by turning the wrist.

Mishakuji practiced them all brilliantly, and Hase avoided them all with one hand.

"What about that?"

Hase innocently tells Yukari who said it without being afraid.

"It's wonderful. But who told you to do it?"

"There is no other person to practice with."

"There is, 'Kijin-kun'."

Hase showed with his jaw, the wood that was rolling in a corner of the bar piled up like a person's height on the vacant lot, it was a rehearsal table that Hase smashed to the floor. Hase called this "Kijin-kun" and was familiar with it, but Mishakuji looked at him with sad and frustrated eyes and shook his head slowly.

"That's a tree. How do you decide on a technique when you don't have a doll, throat, or jaw?"

"That's where you are immature, Yukari. Well, if you destroy your mind, the fire will cool, and since the eel's head is also devotional, people can use their imagination as much as they want."

"What is that?"

Yukari held the wooden sword before his eyes again and looked at Hase.

"I promise that if you can do the 'quick three steps', you can practice straight away."

"Uh."

"Master. Please help me."

Hase exhaled deeply when he saw Yukari's eyes shining behind the wooden sword.

Hase has seen this shade of light many times before. Curiosity and passion. He wants to see how strong he is and he wants to be stronger. It is the light that is willing to bear any pain to confirm it.

If he wants to go the way of a sword, that would be nice too. Hase somewhat regretted teaching this boy.

Regretfully, but a little gleefully, Hase holds up his sword.

"Just once."

"For today."

Hase smiled, feeling the strength of his entire body.

He can see it without looking in the mirror. Perhaps his eyes now have a light similar to Yukari's.

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When he slowly opened his eyes, the vermilion-tinged cloudy sky spread out to fill his sight.

"You realized?"

As soon as he tried to turn his face to his voice, a stabbing pain ran through the right half of his body. Yukari endured the pain with three breaths and then slowly raised his upper body.

Hase, who was looking at Yukari, makes a surprised voice.

"Can you get up now? Doesn't it hurt?"

"It hurts much."

It was all he could do to keep from frowning. Every time his heart beat, sweat wet his forehead. The pain didn't go away even if he said it wasn't beautiful.

Seeing Yukari's appearance, Hase said...

"Well, from the feeling of hitting, the bones won't hurt. You will take it if you take a little more rest, so I hope you'll be calm for a while."

Yukari looks at Hase, who says something relieved and then asks...

"I lost?"

Hase rolls his eyes.

"Why, did you pretend to win?"

Hase's surprise turned into a bitter smile when he looked at Yukari.

"That's right. I've been waving my sword since I first met you. If I lose during the first month, there is no way to resist."

"What will you do?"

The next moment he challenged him, he passed out and was sprawled on the ground. If he could strike at least one sword, it would have been different, but, he was shown the difference in skill between heaven and earth, and Yukari felt a pain in the back of his chest.

Maybe it's a kind of emotion called regret.

He had never experienced such feelings in his life. This is because he has never had a passion that makes him regret it.

But now it is different. It was so unfortunate that he lost at "this". He couldn't stand or stay. Immediately, he wants to try again.

Suddenly, Hase put his hand on Yukari's head.

"Master?"

When he was shocked and looked up, Hase was inevitably laughing. Stroking his wrinkled purple head, he tells him to remember it.

"Don't be so impatient, Yukari. Your talent is like origami. I guarantee it. Possibly, you can get to Miwa."

"Miwa?"

Yukari bows his head. When he guessed it was like a skill state, Hase said casually.

"My friend. The current teacher at Miwa Meishinryu School, Miwa Ichigen. He is strong."

"Is it better than you, master?"

"I can't even touch it with my sword."

Yukari blinked. Hase, who defeated himself in one fell swoop, is a master who cannot even touch. It was as if he was being talked about beyond the universe.

"I cannot believe it."

Hase laughed and honestly said...

"That's correct. I couldn't believe it either."

Suddenly, the smile mixed with a lonely color.

"But it's true. If you're going to follow this path, you have to know it. Certainly, there are people who look like monsters, who you can't beat no matter how hard you fight."

Then, patting Yukari's head again, Hase says softly.

"You will be stronger. I'm sure you will catch up with me soon. Then you should ask Miwa to teach you. He's a sword and a human, he's done so much that I can't compare to him. I'm sure he's for you too."

"Master..."

Blocking Hase's words, Mishakuji opens his mouth.

"You lost to that person, right?"

Hase's smile was strong.

"Yes."

"Aren't you going to challenge that person more?"

Yukari looks directly at Hase. Hase flirted with the sharpness of his gaze as if an arrow had been shot at him.

"There is no reason to challenge him. He is a friend, stronger than me. It is not a victory or a defeat. You may not know it yet..."

Yukari didn't listen until the end. Jerking the palm of Hase's hand to his head, he put his strength into his legs and stood up on the spot.

Hase says like he's in a hurry.

"Hey, don't go crazy."

The moment he stood up on both legs, severe pain shot through Yukari's body. The muscles hit by the wooden sword scream. Yukari squeezed it and bit him to death, staring at Hase with blazing eyes.

"Master. I respect you. I think your ability is strong and beautiful. But..."

Take a breath and Yukari continues speaking.

"I don't think the people who stop trying are beautiful."

With that said, Yukari turned to the front to shake himself.

With an awkward gait, but certainly on his own two feet, Yukari reached over to his wooden sword and picked it up. Without looking back at Hase, he turned the corner of "Nübangai" and left while dragging the wooden sword.

Hase, who was left behind, was looking at "Kijin-kun" with his lonely eyes.