



K SIDE: PURPLE 06

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

The next day.

Yukari calmly appeared on the vacant lot and asked Hase to practice.

"Please, teacher."

Hase could only scratch his head and growl, "Um.", at Yukari who said again.

He wasn't mad at Yukari. Rather, he just wondered if he was in a bad mood for Yukari. He didn't know why he adopted such a tough attitude, but Hase knows that he is a boring person. Somehow, he thinks he has touched something that should not be touched.

Hase crossed his arms.

Holding a wooden sword, Yukari stood there. The expression is a bit strained, probably because even this boy really cares about yesterday. On the other hand, Hase seemed to like the attitude of not apologizing or making an excuse. He's begging for him to teach him, but he doesn't want to give up yesterday's anger.

On the contrary, even if he pushes that anger away, this boy wants to learn the sword by himself.

Hase exhaled heavily and faced Yukari with a wooden sword in hand.

"Yukari. I'll take back what I said earlier."

Yukari blinks. Hase smiles as he holds his sword before his eyes.

"I said I was in the middle of my own training, but I wanted to see the limits of your talent. As a teacher of the Miwa Meishin style, I will teach you properly from now on."

"....."

It was the first time he saw this boy's expression overflowing with joy.

Hase felt ticklish and at the same time remembered regret for having gone away for the first time in a long time. Hase yells cheerfully, shaking thoughts from him and clutching the handle of the sword.

"Alright! Attack from anywhere!"

"Yes."

Yukari's response was calm, as if he was trying to curb the overflowing joy. However, the flames of fire in his eyes are no different than yesterday. Curiosity and passion. It seems that defeat and regret are not in Yukari's heart at all.

The flexible body jumps without hesitation and hits hard. Hase's eyes narrowed dazzlingly and met him squarely.

Truth be told, yesterday's fix was Hase's fault.

The difference in ability between Hase and Yukari is clear. He is a first-class sword master, and a beginner who has just grasped the sword. It would have been easy for Hase to get rid of Yukari without having to leave him so badly.

However, he did not do that because Hase's instinct as a swordsman seemed higher than he expected upon seeing a sword for the first time in a long time.

To put it in other words, Yukari's talent was incredible. He wanted to work as a swordsman, not as a teacher. Thus, he played a trick like taking him down with a single attack and stun him.

However, Hase is different now.

As a master he was seriously adjusting to face the swordsman Mishakuji Yukari.

As a result, what happened was that Yukari was "cut" dozens of times.

He smashed his head, penetrated between his eyebrows, cut his neck, hit his chest, slaughtered his belly, and both hands and feet were shattered.

Of course, that was not the case. Hase's wooden sword didn't even touch Yukari. Everything came to a halt in a single attack, leaving Yukari to naturally admit defeat.

Yukari squeezed his omnipotence and tried to resist. He wants to do at least one attack. Otherwise, he will want to stop using the sword. Surprisingly mature Yukari, only with a youthful spirit, boldly attacked and did everything to the max.

"Okay, that's it!"

Hase bows with the wooden sword at his waist. Sweat is slightly wetting him, and he can't even see how tired he is.

On the other hand, Mishakuji had his wooden sword against the ground for support, and he was standing there with a sigh at best.

"Uh..."

Sorry to overdo it. Yesterday, it was likely that he had hit him badly, so this time he was more careful than necessary. It may have damaged the child's self-esteem.

Hase pulled the water bottle from his chest and handed it to Yukari. Yukari leans on the wooden sword and looks him in the eye.

"Take it."

"....."

Returning something head-on, Yukari received it. In that rhythm, power is released from his waist and sticks to the spot. Sweat beading his brows, Mishakuji straightened his knees and sat down again, resting his mouth on the water bottle.

Hase does the same, after seeing Purple take a breath.

"You are bold."

With that said, Mishakuji looked mysteriously at Hase.

"But you're too bold. I'm impressed that you just drop your defenses and avoids and jump just to hit me."

"But if I don't, I couldn't manage to even attack my master."

Hase responds to Yukari's unsatisfied voice as if to remind him.

"It would not be possible to just attack. Since you are faced with a sword, the main way is to control the opponent and find the winning line. You can also sit down and look for your opponent's weaknesses, right?"

"Against an opponent you can't beat, do you mean to stay until you win?"

"Instead of a special attack prepared to smash, I still have more eyes on that."

Yukari still seems dissatisfied. Ask yourself.

"Isn't that beautiful?"

"....."

Yukari did not reply and refused. Hase crossed his arms with a "Fu."

"I really don't understand what you mean by 'beauty'. Is it more important than the outcome of a win or a loss?"

Yukari looked up and looked at Hase. No matter the technique, after practicing for a month or so, he has come to understand a bit what this kid is thinking. That is to say,

"What? Don't you get it right?"

Yukari had a bad expression on his face.

Hase was about to explode. Still, this boy's desire for "beautiful things" may not be false. He just can't put it into words.

Hase also understood that feeling. Originally he is not the one who speaks well. He takes into account what he feels, and he has spent half of his life that way.

After a while, Yukari said in a low voice.

"The sword movement you showed me that night was beautiful."

That night was when the bully who was attacking Yukari, was hit by a "quick hit". Yukari connects the words.

"I don't know how to put it. He's straight, slim, and doesn't hesitate. I might find him 'beautiful'."

Ah, Hase seemed to be good at it.

"Sure. Sword art can have the 'beauty' you say if you go all the way. I don't know if I've reached that level."

"No."

Looking at Hase, Mishakuji says in a strong tone.

"That is not the case. The technique was certainly beautiful. So..."

Having said that, Mishakuji stopped.

Hase bows his head. So...? Hase, who admits to himself and others, could not guess the words that followed.

Mishakuji looked at Hase with a kind look, but soon sighed as if he had given up. He stands up, puts the sword on his waist and thanks.

"Thanks for practicing with me today."

"Oh, also, nice to practice with you too."

Hase also hastily got up and bowed. Seeing that, Mishakuji laughed. Unable to understand the meaning of the smile, Hase scratched his head with his hand.

"Well for now, are you going home for today?"

"Before that, let's take a shower. Sayuri makes a lot of noise when I come back dirty. Would you like to eat at 'Hanawarabe' today?"

"Um, that's correct. Let's do that."

When Hase starts walking, Yukari follows him. Hase and Mishakuji went home together, with a bitter smile in their heart, saying that it was very different from yesterday.

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Noriya Haraki was sitting in a corner of the detention center and looking at his hands.

Around the room, criminals with similar circumstances crouched in the same way. It's not a herd or a fight, and he casts a vague glance beyond the walls, ceilings, and railings. Realizing that he was definitely one of them, he clicked his tongue.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. He is not a person to be put in such a place.

It does not mean that he is not guilty. If that's the case, he has been counting it over and over again. Since he was less than 20 years old, he has been stealing and swindling. If society were to be divided back and forth, then he would definitely be a "later" resident.

Still, he feels the current treatment of him is unfair.

There are supposed to be younger people here. Young pawns, they know nothing and can be treated as convenient for the group. As a young leader, that's what these guys do here, that's the industry.

However, the "youth" are gone.

Did they turn to charcoal or ash and spread to the ground or scattered across the sky? Life and existence have disappeared without a trace.

"Tsk!"

Remembering that moment, his body trembles.

If he had returned to Takeido-cho's office at that time, he too would have disappeared from the world.

What is still burned on the back of the eyelids is bright red and black.

Kagutsu's flame that burns the night sky.

Men in black screaming frantically in that context.

Until now, he thought that he belonged to a violent organization. He thought that he was a powerful person. Most people had to resist that power. Everyone knew that they would panic and succumb to the violence that crept through the web of law.

It was sweet.

Those who belonged to the same organization as him, with high ranks and more terrifying, begged for forgiveness while crying, burned alive and stuck. He witnessed the apparition.

"Purgatory", a group of talented people with the "Red King" at the top.

Just remembering the name, he doesn't stop shaking. He knew there was an extraordinary ability to live in the underworld, but the calamity caused by "Purgatory" was a different order of magnitude. That is not a type of violence, it is "destruction".

"Purgatory" is a group of monsters that spread "destruction" on themselves.

The extraordinary idea of avenging the death of his companions did not exist in his head. Everything is a potentially deadly species. Once he got a lot of money, he was going to run away somewhere.

That was...

"Damn!"

He got angry and damn his lack of luck. For those who were fed up with "Niibangai", if they were to squeeze a bit, the money to escape would have accumulated. To make money at the moment, he should have been able to wholesale some of Ajima-gumi's "assets", which are difficult to collect, and illegal "assets." That way, he could have gotten enough money to live.

It's about that kid and the giant guy. That's when he hit the ground with his fist as he cursed.

"Noriya Haraki."

Being called by his name, he suddenly raised his face. An officer was behind the iron grate.

"Get out."

"What?"

Involuntarily, he raised his eyes and said that. He has been detained now because some crimes have been revealed, but he should not have been released so soon.

To answer that question, the officer was in a clerical tone,

"A benefactor has appeared. You are released."

He wondered who he was.

Benefactor? For him now?

Confusion swirled in his head. Ajima-gumi's group should have been wiped out, but maybe there were some who survived like him. Such hope arose suddenly and he got up. He bowed and walked out the open prison door.

Accompanied by the officer, he walked down the corridor inside the police station. Meanwhile, he heard a cheerful voice from the back of the corner.

"Here, and here, and then, uh, here? No, sorry. I've never written such a document. Hahahaha."

Hearing the voice, he reflexively stopped.

"...? What's wrong? Go on."

Even if requested by the officer in charge, he remains at the scene.

Somehow, a dark premonition clung to the hope he had in his heart. He will not proceed as he is. It is much better to turn around and go back into that prison.

"Hey, come on. Go ahead!"

Still, the officer gives him a shove. He began to walk indeterminately. Like a prisoner, he climbs thirteen steps. The moment he turned the corner, he knew his intuition was correct.

The man who was writing the documents at the reception suddenly looked up and saw him.

Thread-thin eyes on the back of sunglasses. A smile that seems to stick to his mouth, and in a black suit like a undertaker.

"Ah, Noriya Haraki-san. Nice to meet you. I'm Soma Hitoshi from 'Purgatory'. If you have any questions, could you come with me?"

Saying it in a fuzzy voice, Soma set fire with the missing little finger of his left hand and lit the cigarette in his mouth.