



K SIDE: PURPLE 07

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

Autumn has passed and winter has arrived.

Around that time, Hase began to realize that Yukari's sky was the certainty of "eyes".

It is much faster to learn by showing an action than by wasting words to describe it. Yukari's sword became clearer by the day as he switched to real practice instead of routine practice.

It was only in the first two weeks that he was able to adjust the "guess". He challenges Hase by hitting his whole spirit, and by the end of the lesson, he was exhausted to the point where he couldn't stand. By repeating that daily life, Mishakuji began to see Hase's habits and gaps, and what Mishakuji calls "not beautiful." There was no other way than to hit him squarely at Yukari, who was sharp, precise, and obsessively defiant like a beast.

The day ended with a stab wound.

As he tried to sneak into his chest after throwing "three quick steps", the end of the sword caught Yukari's chest.

When he backed away and still tried to stay, he finally reached the limit.

He put his foot forward just one step and hit his knee on the spot. He gritted his teeth as he endured the pain, and he still had his sword, but this was probably the limit.

"Okay! That's it for today!"

Upon declaring that, Hase exhaled heavily. Steam comes out of the whole body in the cold of winter. Hase smiled slightly, wondering if he was exhausted by the opponent Yukari.

"Many thanks."

Yukari's appearance was quite terrible. The whole body was covered in sweat and many bruises floated. As he could no longer "hit", he couldn't help but suffer trauma, but the problem is that he was still on the beat in this cold weather. Hase took a garment from his luggage and hung it over his head.

"Sensei? This is ...?"

"Umm. It's cold these days. If you catch a cold, you won't be an enemy, put it on."

That said, Hase is pleased with himself. Hase himself has never had a cold, but recently many acquaintances from "Niibangai" are ill, so he prepared him because he thought he should take care of the body of his disciple.

He lived bored, but when he was immersed in self-satisfaction that he could make a good feeling, he noticed that Yukari was looking at the garment with a strange face.

"What's wrong? Can you use it without hesitation?"

"Oh, sorry, when did you wash this?"

"You can still use it for a couple of days."

"Thanks for your feelings."

Mishakuji said that quickly and pushed the garment back.

After rushing to catch him in midair, Hase sees Yukari as if he is injured.

"Yukari. I don't think it's a good idea to look down on people's favors."

"I think it's better to wash what you wear for days."

At Yukari's icy gaze, he shook his head. He wondered about this kind of thing. Hase's idea of hygiene, who has lived alone for a long time and has sometimes lived on the street, seems to be quite different from Yukari.

Yukari sighed deeply at Hase.

"If you have a lot of clothes, should I wash them?"

"What? No, I can't get you to that point."

"If the teacher is dirty, I'm in trouble because I'm forced to do something like this."

"Uh..."

"After you take a shower, you visit the teacher's house. By then, please prepare the washes. I'll get rid of them quickly."

"Well, yes. So... well... I left it to you."

Hase dominated vaguely after being instructed by his disciple. There was no standing water.

At that moment, a voice echoed out from outside the vacant lot.

"Mishakuji-chan!"

Yukari's shoulder swayed. When the two of them rolled their eyes together, Sayuri stood behind the fence that separated the wasteland. She put her hand on her waist and furrowed her brows. Even Hase seemed to see anger rise from her.

Sayuri came to the vacant lot at some point. She saw Yukari's sweaty appearance and bruises, and got even angrier. Grabbing Yukari's wrist and surely looking at Hase, she said in a shrill voice.

"Hase-san. I should have told you not to do this."

"Hmm, no, well, it's true. That..."

"This kind of thing" is practicing for Yukari. Well, it's true that a boy who never does this kind of thing, if he comes home with bruises all over his body, it's something a parent should be concerned about.

"First of all, Hase-san, your job is to solve problems in Niibangai, right? Why are you hurting Mishakuji-chan?"

"But, Sayuri-san. There are some injuries associated with sword training."

"That's why! I'm telling you to stop practicing!"

Sayuri screamed fiercely, and Hase involuntarily backed away. He wasn't scared in front of the opponent with the knife, but Sayuri's anger was even more powerful. Hase wanders as if asking for help.

Suddenly, Yukari held Sayuri's hand and said softly.

"Sister. Let's go home."

Sayuri turned her hard gaze towards Yukari. Yukari continued with a calm smile.

"I'm drenched in sweat, so I want to take a warm shower. If nothing is done, I'll catch a cold."

"Yukari, you..."

"Sensei. Please gather your clothes. I'll stop by later."

Sayuri opened her mouth to say something to Yukari's soft voice, but then shook her head as if she had given up.

She looked back at the valley, reminded him that "this story will end later" and left the wasteland as if she was going to approach Yukari.

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After getting out of the shower, Sayuri was sitting in the "Hanawarabe" bar seat.

"Let's do something?"

While he was cleaning his hair, Sayuri looked at Yukari and shook her head slowly. She motioned for him to sit with her chin. Yukari obediently sat down next to her.

There was silence for a while.

Yukari had an idea of what Sayuri meant. So far, has smelled it subtly. He knew for the first time that she had made such a complaint to Hase, but he was not particularly surprised.

She wants he to stop his practice with the sword.

And his response to that was decided without thinking. Sayuri already understands. No matter what she says, she can't change Yukari's decision.

Sayuri finally opened her mouth.

"Isn't it a club activity?"

Yukari blinked slowly.

"You're in school, right? Kendo club or something like that. I think it's hard to get in after the second year, if it's okay for Mishakuji-chan, then I'm convinced, because that's better."

Sayuri said that and stopped talking.

Yukari thinks. How can he convey his feelings without hurting this person?

But he soon he gave up the idea. No matter what he says, when he gets hurt, he gets hurt. So he must be honest, accurate and tell the truth. She already imagined it.

"I'm not interested in school swords. I'm learning from that person because the sensei's sword is beautiful."

Sayuri's expression turns cloudy. She looks away from Yukari, she elbows the counter, like a soliloquy.

"But, that's strange. Every day, you come home with a lot of scratches. Without making the assignment easy, it does the same damage the next day. At this rate, Mishakuji-chan's body will be damaged."

Mishakuji wonders if that's the case. Could be like this.

High school students who put all their energy into practicing with the sword are not that common. He also understands why Sayuri feels worried. However...

"But I like this."

Sayuri looked at Yukari with a tearful face.

Yukari had the painful feeling that it was none other than herself who made her look like this. They don't have a blood connection, but they have spent time together, like a real mother and child, or even worse. He has rarely made a mistake or argued. This was the first time that there was a decisive disagreement.

Yukari looks into Sayuri's eyes and slowly begins to speak.

"Sister Sayuri. I have my own future, although I can't quite imagine it."

When he was invited to leave "Niibangai" and go to "a small high school", he was not moved. Although he had better abilities than humans, Yukari didn't know how to use them. With his own talents, he opens a better future, it seems that Mishakuji is a human who cannot be interested in such things.

"That's why I only want to do what interests me right now. Beautiful things. Radiant things. How can I be like this? Is it beautiful? That's my main concern."

"....."

"I don't know why, but for me now, it is a sword. It is very important to me now, how much I can draw the correct sword and how sharply I can go through. That is why I can get absorbed in it."

Having said that, Mishakuji cut off his words, thought a bit and then continued.

"Sorry, big sister. I can't stop the sword."

Sayuri intensifies her expression and then exhales.

She turned her body towards the counter and closed her eyes as if she was thinking of something. Yukari looked at her profile in pain. Yukari could fully understand Sayuri's feelings of not wanting to see her family hurt.

"I've been thinking for a long time."

Eventually, Sayuri leaked a word.

"Maybe Mishakuji-chan one day can go somewhere far away."

Yukari widened his eyes in surprise. Sayuri glanced at him and laughed weakly.

"Because it's true, isn't it? Mishakuji-chan, you're cool, smart, and you can do anything. I've always thought you're a good boy to be in a place as imposing as 'Niibangai'."

"That is to say..."

"It's the same with everyone else. Mi-chan, Seiya-san, Taka-san, everyone who knows Mishakuji-chan says so. This is not suitable for Mishakuji-chan. There must be a better and brighter place. Why..."

Yukari blinked several times. He clenched his fist and slowly opened it. Although he was aware of the dissatisfaction before his eyes, he was unable to do anything about it.

Seeing that, Sayuri laughs again. She touches Yukari's cheeks to tease him.

"But by no means a sword. I never imagined it would come in that direction. Well, that was to be expected of Warabe-san's son, wasn't it? You are free as she was."

Sayuri's eyes were a bit nostalgic when she spoke Yukari's mother's name. Yukari doesn't know in detail what kind of person his mother actually was, who died when he was young. Then he couldn't say anything.

However, if so, they may be similar.

He feels no restriction in doing what he wants. If it's a natural quality, it may come from his mother.

"Yes, sorry. Forget everything I said. I will apologize to Hase-san later. I'm sorry I made a strange statement."

After a little hesitation, Mishakuji hugged her. Sayuri giggled and pinched his cheeks lightly.

"But promise me one thing."

"A promise?"

"If possible, don't hurt yourself. Mishakuji-chan must stay clean all the time."

Yukari holds her hand. With his abilities now, it's hard to come out unscathed with Hase as his opponent. He knows that well.

Still, he didn't want to hurt this person any more.

"Yes, I understand. I promise."

Breaking the promise is not beautiful, thinking about that, Yukari answered clearly.