



K SIDE: PURPLE 10

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"Now he's tense!"

When Soma entered the room, that voice rang out.

About 10 men flocked to a section of a large spacious room. It looked like the cushions were scattered around the threadbare tatami mats, and that it was just a play area. He didn't have an intermediate basin, and he wondered if it was okay to bet in the area where everything was happening simply with a swing.

"Okay, here we go!"

The men pile up a wad of bills before the day, as invited by the tantalizing voice. Some are scorched and some are bloody. It is "loot" brought from the "battlefield". It is the custom of their predecessors that they often brought money, although they did not have much space or time to spend. Members of the underworld are obsessed with money.

"The pieces are ready. The game. Niroku no Ding!"

When the two dice emerged from under the bowl, the men cheered and sighed. Soma looked at him coldly. Although it was a life that could not be known tomorrow, they were both silly and funny, as they could be happy and sad like the eyes of a rhinoceros.

When...

Soma noticed that one of them did not tremble.

Their synonyms for black suits have been removed to expose the upper body. The impressive Japanese carved tattoos on his back, however, were mostly covered in red-black burns.

"Purgatory" Sword No. 3, Hiiragi Toma.

Soma's target person.

While he was sitting with one knee upright, Hiiragi was rolling a saber onto his side. He must have been stolen from "Scepter 4" during the last conflict. Like a swordsman, even the people of "Purgatory", who have an image of evil, are keeping a distance.

After breathing for a bit, Soma stood next to Hiiragi.

"Are you not feeling well, Hiiragi?"

"....."

Hiiragi looked at Soma with only his eyes. Eyes like a light buried in ash. Soma accepted the pressure of the line of sight, which would be to pass out just by looking directly at an ordinary person, with a smile.

"I have something I want to ask you. You have a little time, right?"

"Let's do it later."

Hiiragi replied briefly. Soma looked at the tatami in front of Hiiragi and shrugged slightly.

"Oh, that's right. Well, I'll wait for you here."

He took the cigarette out of the pack and lit it with the "lighter" to the left of him. Soma vaguely eyed the entire gambling house, smoking purple smoke. It was like the air that swayed there. A kind of atmosphere that is natural for "Purgatory" to breathe.

That's it.

"The pieces are ready. The game."

The hand, swinging the bowl, tried to reveal the rhino's eyes.

A steel-colored saber crashed against the tatami.

"Eh, aaaaaaaaagh?!"

Along with the screams, the finger swinging the bowl, rolled. Fresh blood overflowed from the cross section, staining the tatami mats red and black. As he distorted his face in severe pain, he was still screaming in anger.

"Well what are you doing, Hiiragi?"

He shook the saber like a great snake and cut his hand in half, but Hiiragi's face didn't show any change. The holly was fluffy, with a dull top.

"Soma."

"Oh?"

"In our group, I did this for the madman."

Soma laughed as he smoked a cigarette.

This guy must have been a newcomer who had just entered "Purgatory." If he had met a human named Hiiragi even if he was a little bit, he would never have been able to imitate such behavior. Or maybe it could just be an accurate statement, maybe he just wanted to use it as an excuse to use violence

Well, it doesn't matter what it is. Soma tossed the cigarette to the ground and stomped on it with the toe of his shoe.

"It is not a game; do you think such an answer is valid just because you are an executive?"

Hiiragi didn't reply anything with a serious expression. As he gritted his teeth in anger, he stepped on the mat with his left foot. From the burns that cover that story, a flame of extraordinary skill coiled vigorously.

A red light flashed on Soma's left hand.

A high-pressure, high-temperature "whip" that stretches freely at his will. Squirming like a snake targeting his prey, the light shot through his left eye and leaped through the back of his head as it was.

The mutilated body, which lost its brain function, fell.

Hiiragi looked at Soma. That hand was still holding the saber.

"Don't do extra things."

Soma snorted like a fool.

"If you go crazy, it's hard to clean up afterwards. Wear that fine style only outside."

His ability is activated from the tattoo engraved on his back. His power as a combat afterburner was not used in such a room.

Hiiragi kept looking at Soma, but when he looked away as if he had lost interest, he stopped there.

"Clean it up."

"Yes."

Several members of the clan took control and began to clean the tatami mats, bundles and corpses surrounded by gushing blood. There is nothing to blame for the violence. Hiiragi is an executive, not because he is a newcomer to the place, but because Hiiragi is stronger.

There is nothing in "Purgatory" that can be called order. There is only one measure of strong or weak. Those who fought and survived are strong, and those who died are weak. And the weak and the dead are equally useless. That was the only reason the clan welcomed the "King of Violence".

"So, what?"

At Hiiragi's question, Soma finally remembered his business.

"Oh, yeah. Where is the other one who was with you now?"

"....."

"Baraki...?"

Hiiragi frowned. The guy should have been attached to Hiiragi's subordinates, but he doesn't seem to remember him.

Soma was shocked and explained in a way that Hiiragi could understand.

"Look, he came in a few months ago, "right hand" and..."

"Oh, that boy."

Humans who have received the installation of the "Red King" will surely destroy a part of his body with vicious energy as if reflecting the nature of Kagutsu. In Soma it was the little finger of the left hand, in Hiiragi's case it was the back and in Baraki's case it was the right hand.

The damaged part also serves as a means to activate different abilities. Sometimes it is quicker to say what he lost than to remember his face.

Hiiragi shook his head slightly.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him in a while."

"That's right. My subordinate."

"I don't remember who lived and who died."

In "Purgatory", the death of a member of the clan is a daily event. Some die in battle with "Scepter 4", while others die in the inner circle of clan members, like the guy above. It seems that the martial arts group does not intend to remind the staff to be replaced to metabolize.

"He's either dead or trapped. It's not a weird story."

"Well, that's correct. I'm sure I haven't seen any other guys, and I'm sure they're gone."

"What's wrong with that guy?"

Looking back at Hiiragi's emotionless eyes, Soma shrugged.

"I got information to make money, but it seems they didn't tell me everything. So I thought I'd listen to you."

In this case, it would be more accurate to say "listen to the body" rather than "listen to the story." Hiiragi is also a person who originally belonged to an antisocial organization. So the story was fast.

"So he flew. Do you want to chase him?"

Not many members of the clan escape from "Purgatory". Originally, all who enter are daredevils who have no place in this world. There they can burn your life.

It is a group of lost people who do not know about the life and death of the moment, but there are exceptions to everything.

"I am sorry..."

Soma put his hand on his chin and pondered. From his own information from the registry, the question is whether traitors and fugitives can be left alone. "Purgatory" is not oscillating.

First of all, Kagutsu himself, who is the "King", must make him wonder if he doesn't believe that he belongs to the organization.

"So if you see him, you take a suitable frame."

"I understood."

Hiiragi laughed slightly. In fact, it is an order to kill. For Hiiragi, who has fallen from an antisocial organization to "Purgatory", the only thing that can burn his life is the exchange of lives with others.

As he held the saber, Hiiragi walked calmly. Seeing his back, Soma lit a cigarette again and inhaled purple smoke.

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As he walked down the back alley so as not to expose himself, Noriya Baraki looked back many times.

There were no other figures than Baraki among the buildings where he rained heavily. Still, he couldn't shake the illusion that someone was chasing him, and he walked quickly with his shoulders hunched.

The dirty clothes that he was wearing, he took off a homeless person with bad luck, and although he smelled strong, he could not do otherwise. The black suit is synonymous with "Purgatory", he cannot wear such a thing forever.

He is no longer a member of "Purgatory".

Baraki belonged to "Purgatory" for the same reason that he joined the Ashima group. He thought it was a gathering of strong people. This is because there is one side that can exploit the weak as they please. So he gave Soma most of the information about the "assets" that he knew about and asked him to put them in the "Burning House". Even if he lost his right hand, he thought that, if he was a proof of a strong man, it would be like losing his little finger.

But...

Baraki realized that he was wrong.

"Purgatory" is not a group of strong men. It was a group of abnormal people.

The violence they wielded at will sometimes robbed the members themselves. Those facing the sword were killed. Those who fear were killed. And the unfortunate one was killed. Kagutsu Genji. That monster called "King" caused death and destruction just by being there. Literally, in "Purgatory", everyday life was next to death.

It is not an environment that can be tolerated by a decent nervous owner. Either they will die early or they will run away. And it's just one of them on a sunny day.

Baraki looked back again.

"Scepter 4" is not the only enemy of "Purgatory". Many anti-social organizations that establish conflicts, almost at random, also see "Purgatory" as their enemy. Similarly, those who strayed from there tended to be attacked more fiercely because there was no reception from the organization.

That is why he must hurry. Get what he wants and fly somewhere far away.

North or south, anywhere, out of reach of those monsters, somewhere far away.

When Baraki turned around for the third time, he appeared in the alley.

"Hey, Baraki."

While he was wearing the black suit, he was laughing, or not. He looks like he was laughing. Burns that jump from the edge of his lips to his temples make his face look like a smile.

"I've been looking for you. Where are you going?"

When he took a step to start running, his foot stopped. One in a black suit with a saber in hand blocked the way. The hand without the saber was badly burned, leaving only two fingers.

They both had familiar faces. They were under Hiiragi's orders.

The one with his "fingers" gasped.

"Hiiragi-san is looking for you."

The one with the burned "lips", he said.

"Which is better, being alive or charred? I'll let you choose according to the kindness of your former colleague."

Baraki put his right hand to his chest.

His heart was pounding hard like a bell and his usual face was bleeding. There was no escape because he was surrounded from the front and the back.

That means this alley, where he completely rains, has become his death.

From the moment he ran away, he had a feeling this would happen.

"Purgatory", "Scepter 4", Kagutsu Genji, Habari Jin. From the moment he got involved in the war of monsters that manipulated different abilities like burning dust, it was confirmed that his fate would be like this.

But still, he didn't want to die. He wanted to live.

Just that feeling propelled Baraki out of the swamp of despair. Baraki may have been small, but they weren't stupid enough to think they could live without doing anything.

If you want to live, you have to fight. It is a lodging business that is also run by those born in this world.

A flame came out of Baraki's right hand.

Guren's palm, which is one size larger than that of humans. The only weapon Baraki possessed colored the alleys that smoked in the rain red.

"Ku."

"Lips" in the back he laughed, and "fingers" in front of him raised his burned hand in front of his face and muttered.

"Yes. You will be charred."

(That's what will happen to you!)

Instead of yelling, he spat, and Baraki kicked the ground and raised his fiery hand towards "fingers".

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Under the eaves in front of the station, Hase waited with his bag.

He had been raining lightly since morning, but he didn't have an umbrella due to Hase's nature. As he practiced, Mishakuji suddenly remembered that he was waving a wooden sword while turning into a wet mouse, regardless of whether it was raining or snowing.

Hase noticed Yukari and smiled.

"Oh. You came, Yukari. It's early!"

As Yukari smiles, he tips his umbrella and walks over to Hase.

"Sensei. There are still 30 minutes until the meeting time."

He hears that the place they were heading to from now on, where Miwa Ichigen lives, was in the mountains, which took almost half a day from here. However, Hase's luggage was a bad backpack and there seemed to be no decent change of clothes. With a strange look, Hase also looked at the carrying bag dropped by Yukari with similar eyes.

However, there is only one thing the two people have in common.

Yukari has a sheath that hangs from his shoulder and Hase has a sheath that hangs from his back. To put it the other way around, if you have this, you don't need any other luggage.

"Did you say hello to Sayuri-san before you left?"

Hase wondered such a thing as they entered the station together. Yukari shook his head.

"No, it looks like she was drinking late last night, so I left without saying hello."

"Haha, that's right. Well, it's the beginning of her beloved son. Maybe we all wanted to celebrate."

"It doesn't mean I won't be back."

Hase slaps Yukari's wet back with his big palm.

"I know, I know! You are a man of your word, don't worry!"

Having said that, he laughed at his arrogance.

Dissatisfied Yukari's lips were sharp. Still, it wasn't as frustrating as It used to be. He can always go back to "Nibangai". He will always be able to find the people who live there. That is why Yukari was motivated to take a step into a larger world, as they expected.

He only knows Miwa Ichigen from Hase's story. He's not an eloquent person, but his sword skills were the most beautiful thing Yukari had ever seen in his life. Every time he thought of Miwa's sword, who made Hase say, "I've never seen anything more beautiful than that.", he was excited.

He wanted to see it as soon as possible and, if possible, he would like to make adjustments and acquire it. Driven by painful expectations, Yukari was encouraged and headed for the ticket vending machine.

A roar echoed from a distance.

"....."

A heavy and low sound, like the sound of the earth. Yukari stopped and turned to that side.

The moment he instinctively felt that "Nibangai" was in the right direction, he heard the second sound.

It was a continuous roar. The sound of something exploding and burning, like you heard in war movies. Perhaps Hase noticed that, he turned his face towards him with his dull expression.

The two jumped out of the station at the same time.

Black smoke billowed in the direction of "Nibangai" past the shops and multi-tenant buildings lined up in front of the station. When swallowed it, a red-black explosion broke out many times. At the sight of the rain, the reflection of the flames that stained the streets red was reflected in Yukari's eyes like something terrible.

"Hey, Yukari! Wait!"

Hase's voice came from behind and, for the first time, Mishakuji realized that he was running.

Still, his legs didn't stop. He dropped the bag that was obstructive, and just grabbed the wooden sword that he had taken out of the sheath, Yukari ran in a straight line. Heading for his hometown, "Nibangai" surrounded by smoke and flames.