



K SIDE: PURPLE 11

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

The flames were burning.

From the eaves of the tavern. From the door of the bar. From the back door of the host club. From the window of the sex shop. The roaring and erupting flames spilled into the back alleys, swallowing all things and trying to spread endlessly.

And in the alley, lit by the terrifying red, there were three jumping black shadows.

"Ku! Ku! Ku!"

One of the shadows, the man who burned his lips, laughed out loud. Every time a shadow laughed, a fireball was created, spreading more flames and destruction in the city.

"....."

One of the shadows, a man with a burned and chipped finger, waved his hand silently. The flames that came from the missing finger struck eastward, turned into a sword, flew freely in the air, piercing through the walls and melting the asphalt.

"Damn it, damn it, damn it!"

And the last shadow, Noriya Baraki, slammed his right hand down hard, cursing.

An extraordinary flame erupted, involving a fireball and a sword. As a result, a nearby tree was engulfed in flames, he did not know about the damage. His interest now was to survive. Therefore, he did not know who would be sacrificed.

"Hahahahaha, not good, Baraki!"

Before he knew it, "lips" that was hanging from the telephone pole stuck out his tongue and laughed. His throat swelled, creating a large fireball. "Fingers" was already closing in in front of the war-torn log.

"Go dead!"

In short, "fingers" wielded both the fiery sword and the saber in his right hand.

A ball of fire on high. Twin swords in front of him.

It was a dead place.

The moment the spine was cold and he looked, a scream ripped from his throat.

"Uh, oh, oh, oh, oh!"

It was not the intended scream. He didn't want to die, he wanted to live. Just that thought had naturally overflowed from deep within his chest.

The palm with the flame that sprouted from his right hand swelled even more.

Then he slammed it against the side wall.

The concrete melted in the blink of an eye and the raw wood sank into it. He gritted his teeth and endured a crazy hot tub. A second after evacuating from the back alley to the building, a fireball exploded behind him, spreading the flames again.

"Guh...!"

Survival instinct suppressed the desire to duck in pain and he moved forward as he swayed.

The place, lit by the light of the flames, looked like a bar. Neon signs, Greek sculptures, posters of men he had seen somewhere. But he couldn't afford to think where he was. This is because "fingers" silently appeared from the back wall, the entrance made by him.

"....."

The whole body was burned, probably because it ate the "lip" fireball. They weren't teaming up to commit suicide. Even if they were friends, there was no idea of valuing each other's lives. He will follow him forever, neatly wrapped.

He does not care about his own life, much less others. The dead place where he wanted to escape with a screaming sensation was the place where he lived. That's what "Purgatory" wants, where you can burn your life.

They weren't sane.

He try to escape. Get away from that place, even if it is a step. To get away from "fingers" approaching from behind, the monsters fascinated by the magical nature of Kagutsu Genji.

When...

At that moment, a large figure appeared.

"Hey, what are you guys?!"

A man with a shaved head. He remembered him with the strange appearance. Where was this?

At that moment, something swelled within him. It wasn't fear or survival instinct. Stronger and more intense emotions.

Then he stretched out the palm of the flame with that feeling.

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Hase was not surprised when he saw "Nibangai" on fire.

Because he didn't have time, Yukari ran to the front and jumped to "Nibangai" where there was black smoke in the air without slowing down. The entire family scene was filled with flames, and what was lying down the alley was a humanoid figure that was burned and stuck. Yukari and Hase ran through it from the side.

He had no idea why this happened.

He didn't think it was real.

Still, it was a reality. The solid feel of the ground trampling, the fierce heat that burned the skin, and the smell of meat, wood, and burnt cement impressed upon them that this was an unmistakable reality.

And they came to "Hanawarabe".

Until then, what little hope he had had disappeared at that point.

"Hanawarabe" turned into a lump of red-hot coal and collapsed.

Yukari, who finally stopped, stopped breathing and watched. The house where he was born and raised, burned down and disappeared, leaving a mark on his retina.

"Yukari."

Hase grabbed the shoulder of Yukari.

That was dangerous, they had to escape.

Then Hase took a breath and smiled as hard as he could.

"Okay. Surely Sayuri has escaped, so we too must go to a safe place."

Hase couldn't say any more words at Yukari's gaze.

Both Hase and Mishakuji knew that such a thing could never happen.

Still, Hase said that with all of his might, holding the Yukari's shoulder.

"Come on. Yukari."

"Nibangai" was gone. Yukari's hometown, the place where he met Hase, was about to disappear into flames and ashes. Likewise, the people they were familiar with had nothing to do but pray that they were safe.

Hase's mission was to protect Yukari. His goal was to get this beautiful boy that everyone loved to escape from this place as soon as possible.

Hase grabbed Yukari's arm again and pulled him hard. Yukari obediently followed him. Like a lost doll, he chasing after Hase trying to go to the exit without power.

The shops around "Hanawarabe" exploded.

A piece of fire shot out of the door and scattered sparks burned Hase's cheeks.

Hase reflexively protected Yukari, clenching his teeth and trying to figure out what had happened.

It wasn't the flame that jumped out of the store. They were two humans who turned into fire dolls.

One wore a dirty T-shirt and the other a black suit resembling that of an undertaker, both engulfed in fire. But that didn't seem to matter to them. They were rolling, waving their swords, waving their hands, and hitting each other. They were killing each other.

He could understand it as an intuition.

These were the ones who burned this city.

Before he knew it, Hase noticed that he was holding a wooden sword in his hand. Sweat oozed from the hilt.

Anger was stronger than fear, but the sense of mission to "protect Yukari" outweighed him. He had to get rid of them and escape from here somehow. Therefore, he did not feel sorry for abandoning himself. Hase moved slowly along the wall as he covered Yukari with his back.

Did Yukari know that thought?

At least his actions went against Hase's expectations. Hase certainly heard a small murmur behind him.

"Taka-san."

Leaving only that voice behind, Yukari started running.

Hase held his breath and opened his eyes.

Several things were about to happen at the same time.

The two firemen were trying to hold their breath.

By sliding down that side, Yukari was about to immerse himself in "Massive Boys", in the store where they came out.

And even above that. There was a third figure hanging from a telephone pole.

He also wore black clothes like an undertaker. Laughing. No, he looked like he had a stern smile due to the burns on his lips. His lips parted wide and a huge fireball was born that looked like the head of an adult.

Intuition as a swordsman told him what would happen next.

The fireball that the one in black clothes spat out, would point to the two of them killing each other. It would explode and spread the flames. The two who kill each other, of course, were in the immediate vicinity, which implies Yukari.

Swordsman reflexes caused Hase to act.

"Ooooooooooh..."

With an enthusiastic voice, Hase sprinkled a wooden sword and threw it at the black-robed man with the power of luck. The wooden sword that flew in a straight line pierced the time region of the black-robed one and bowed his face. The fireball whose launch port was twisted just before flew in a different direction, crashed to the ground and exploded.

"Gah."

Like a downed worm, the one in the black suit fell off the power pole, but twisted in midair and landed nicely on his limbs. Without looking at the blood flowing from his temples, he looked at Hase. By this time, Hase had already picked up the wooden sword, kicked the ground, and stood at a distance to face the black-robed one.

"What is it?"

Hase was holding the wooden sword. He felt a cold sweat running down his spine.

More than 20 years have passed since he has held the sword. He was involved in fights many times, and in that he felt the danger of death.

However, this was the first time that he had a deeper premonition of death that was closer to conviction.

The one in black clothes filled his entire body while still being on all fours. The burned lips parted and a red-black glow leaked out. He didn't know what the reason is, but the fireball that came out of that mouth may also be one of the reasons why "Nibangai" turned into a sea of fire.

Suddenly, he wanted to start laughing.

Hase thought Miwa was a monster. He tried to assume that he was out of the question of the world, and that was why he was so special, and why he couldn't help himself if he didn't reach it.

What was that like? When he escaped, he encountered a monster named Yukari, and there are three more monsters and other monsters moving around here. Real monsters that breathe fire from their mouths and never stop killing each other even if they turn into fire dolls.

After all, is it just that he was naive? Extraordinary monsters that don't cause trouble like the power that Hase had cultivated, he meant he was running. Facing a monster that burns the city, burns people and doesn't care, it's like a Hase sword.

But still.

It was also a fact that Hase was the only samurai who had this staff.

There was no pessimism. Neither despair nor fear arose mysteriously. Anger and resentment exhaled with his breath, leaving only a clean horizon in Hase.

Hase had only one purpose.

Protect Yukari.

For that reason, it could also come across monsters. A stick was fine. If he dedicates his whole life, he can take the neck of the devil.

The one in black clothes opened his burned lips.

The moment the fireball was created, Hase kicked the ground.

Just two steps to close the 10-meter distance. However, the fireball was spat out when the first step was taken. Hase didn't mind breathing, even though he was about to die. Instead of taking the next step, Hase himself threw his body to the ground.

A death light bulb passed just 5mm above Hase's head, which he had rolled to the ground. Feeling the burning pain in the back of his head, Hase put a hand on the ground and fired a slash that seemed to lift off the ground. However...

"Haha."

With a laugh, the one in the black suit leapt into the air and avoided the cut. He bounced off the wall like an acrobat and fired a kick from above. Hase realized that his left arm,

which had prevented, was broken with the bones. A monster. The words passed, but after a moment, he exhaled with his breath and disappeared.

The reaction from the kick served to somersault the black-clad one, and when he turned his face to him, a fireball had already formed. Hase, who crawled on the ground, had no way to avoid it. He could see him laugh, still distorting his burned lips.

The fireball exploded.

"Ku."

A fire that burned to the bone, burned him. The one in black clothes saw it and laughed a little.

The tip of the wooden sword was projected from the explosion.

"Eh?"

The point of the burned wooden sword pierced the throat of the black-robed man. The sensation of mud carried over to his palm, but Hase kept pushing the wooden sword further.

Fresh blood spilled onto the asphalt and evaporated with a fiery sound.

"You... where... what...?"

He raised his bloodied eyes and the one in black clothes, he murmured.

Hase replied, looking directly into the eyes of the man he killed.

"Miwa Meishinryu. Isshin Hase."

"Ku..."

The one in black clothes collapsed, distorting the burned lips at the end.

Hase stared at his left arm blankly.

His left arm had been burned from the middle.

At that moment, when the fireball exploded, he used his left arm as a shield and turned into a half body to avoid instant death. It didn't matter as long as he could protect his head and his core. He could fight with just that. Because he had to protect Yukari.

The cost of defeating the one in black clothes was enormous. He couldn't move his left shoulder and lost about half of his vision. He himself couldn't see it, but the flames spread by the fireball probably burned the left half of his face.

However, he seemed like he could still wield his sword.

Hase bowed his head and saw "Massive Boys." That's when he tried to call Yukari, who should be inside.

"Hase, what?"

A low, dark voice that can be heard from deep within the earth. Hase held his breath and looked at him.

One of the men who fought like a fire doll stood up. The other man rolled into a blood clot and was not moving. The murders were over, but it seems that the man in front of Hase was still not satisfied.

"I remember...! Damn, thanks to you, I..."

The man approached Hase with a slow step, anger emitting from his entire body.

"Kill them all...! Damn, the shit in this city, that boy! I will kill them all and survive!"

Hase didn't know what kind of connection they had. The man was not unharmed, his entire body suffered miserable burns and his face could not be discerned.

However, he had nothing to do with Hase. The important thing is that this guy would go after Yukari.

Hase held up the sword. With just his right hand, he was able to get a short burned stick. Still, there was no haze on Hase's horizon. Hase murmured as he breathed the burnt air into his clear chest.

"Come on."

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Taka-san was found immediately.

Taka-san was sitting up, dressed as if he left his back on the bar counter and stuck out his legs. Without confirmation, it turned out that he had already died. His chest was pulled out of the center and his sunken eyes were no longer animated.

Yukari approached Taka-san.

Kneeling beside him, he took his shaking hands and closed his eyes.

Then...

Yukari noticed some steel next to Taka-san's body.

Unconsciously, he picked it up and held it up in front of him. The handle was scorched and the blade was soaked with blood. The weight he felt in his hand was completely different from the wooden sword he was always wielding.

Still, the sword fit Yukari's hand.

He stood up slowly. With his sword in hand, with a ghostly step, Yukari tried to exit through the door he entered.

He stopped there.

They were fighting outside the bar, in a burning alley.

One was a monster with a fiery palm. His entire body was burned, but the movement was as nimble as a beast in his hand, flaming his palm as he bounced off the wall and floor.

The other is a giant with a sword. His left arm was burned and his face severely burned. The wooden sword that he used to swing was also burned, leaving only half its length.

Even in such a situation, Hase's appearance was still beautiful.

The flame palm arced and tried to crush Hase's head. Connecting it with a single sheet of paper, Hase pointed a burned wooden sword at the monster's neck. There was no waste in walking, swordsmanship, or a single palm, and the movements he had mastered were like dancing.

Forgetting to breathe, Yukari was in awe as if he wanted to bite him.

Ironically, it was Yukari himself who ended the battle, which was more beautiful than anything he had ever seen in his life.

The moment he saw Yukari's figure standing at the entrance of the bar, Hase's movement slowed for a moment. The transparent expression mixed with muddy emotions, and the monster did not waste space.

A fiery fist pierced Hase's chest.

"....."

Yukari opened his eyes and stared at him.

He pierced his chest, but Hase never trembled. He looked around and saw Yukari. When the eyes met, Hase's mouth was slightly cracked.

"Yukari..."

Hase muttered something. The weak voice was almost inaudible, and the words that followed did not reach Yukari.

At the same time that the monster drew its palm from him, a burned wooden sword slipped from Hase's hand, and Hase's giant fell to the asphalt.

A monster with a fiery palm twisted his neck and saw Yukari.

His murderous eyes stared down at himself.

Even after receiving that line of sight from the front, no change appeared in Yukari's heart. As if the calm surface of the lake moved the blue sky, Yukari held his sword to his eyes, feeling clear.

Yukari didn't know why this happened.

However, the weight of the sword taught him what he should do.

What came to mind was Hase's battle.

The movement of the sword's own technique, which had been stripped to the limit. The life of a man named Isshin Hase, the life, the last flash who bet everything on a sword, caught Yukari's heart and did not let go.

The monster stood before Yukari with his body and leaned down. Boiled hatred and murder were about to erupt. Yukari didn't move and just waited for that moment.

Suddenly, he got worried.

What did Hase try to tell him?

Did he try to tell him to run away?

Did he try to tell him to live?

The first could not be followed, but the second will.

He will live. He will fight, he will not flee. As Hase did, by entrusting his life to the sword, he will open up his own future.

With that in mind, Yukari smiled calmly.

The next moment, a monster leaped towards Yukari.

His palm was on fire. Yukari's sword showed the movement of God's speed to the approaching fire beast in front of him. The monster's arm was severed and the palm of the flame flew into the air.

The blow smashed the monster's face, widening his eyes in amazement.

The tip pierced the throat that tried to raise the scream of the terminal stage.

"Gah..."

The monster opened and closed its mouth many times, like a goldfish. There was a thud and blood spilled from his mouth. When he screwed it onto the tip of the sword that pierced his throat, the monster's knee pierced the ground.

"Miwa Meishinryu. Speed 3-dan."

Yukari coldly lied, staring into the horrified eyes of a self-staring monster.

"You are not beautiful."

When he pulled the sword from his throat, blood spurted out and wet Yukari's cheeks. The monster collapsed on the spot, fighting like an insect, but finally stopped moving.

Yukari suddenly noticed that there was a vague vision of him.

Hase, who should have landed on his stomach, suddenly leaned against the wall and sat up, staring at him.

"Sensei!"

Throwing his sword, Yukari ran towards Hase.

The collected chest burned into a charred hole. When he touched the body, it was horribly cold. That taught Yukari that Hase's life was just around the corner.

Hase looked at Yukari as he gasped for breath. With a slight smile on his lips, he nodded a little.

Like he said, he was brilliant.

Then Hase reached a weakly shaking hand into his pocket. He takes out a ramshackle letter. A letter indicating the whereabouts of Miwa Ichigen, where the two were supposed to go. Yukari squeezed Hase's hand as the letter slowly rose.

"Go, Yukari."

In the end, Hase muttered with a smile.

"You can go anywhere..."

After that, Hase's hand lost power forever.

Still, Yukari didn't let go of Hase. "Nibangai", his entire hometown was burned down, he was crouching in place and holding Hase's hand, until everything burned down and became an abandoned castle.