



K SIDE: PURPLE 12

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"Mom is about to die.", said his mother, gently stroking Yukari's hair.

His mother told him to go see the sea. At that time Yukari was 6 years old and, he obeyed her without knowing it. Originally, if she said "go" to him, he would go everywhere with the person named Miyoshi Shinto. She left in the hospital patient clothes, his mother and Mishakuji got into a car and headed straight for the sea.

The sunset over the sea was beautiful. The dimly lit sun was slowly disappearing, melting the breeze from the sky and the sea. Stars began to appear in the ultramarine sky, and as the two of them stared at it, his mother began to talk about death.

"That is why I will soon no longer be able to accompany you, Mishakuji-chan. I entrusted Sayuri-chan with the rest, so dear, thank you for being by my side."

Dinner that day was curry, as simple as saying that his mother would say goodbye to him forever. Yukari looked at her while he was on her lap. Eyes the same color as his were staring into his face. Yukari saw them more beautiful than the stars that shone in the sky.

Yukari asked her when they could see each other again.

"Eh? I don't know, I haven't died before to know."

Yukari said that he hated the idea of not being able to see her again.

"It's bad for mom too. But, well, this is it. It can't be helped. There's no one who can't die."

Yukari asked if everyone would die. His mother hugged Yukari from behind; the arms around his chest were white and thin like dead branches, but still warm.

"That's right. Everyone will die one day. Taka-san, Mi-chan, Seiya-san, Sayu-chan and Yukari-chan."

As she touched Yukari's cheeks with her warm palm, "But...", she continued to say. "The important thing is to live, not die."

Yukari looked into his mother's eyes. Her brightness that was more beautiful than the stars.

"People live until they die. After my death, Mishakuji-chan will continue to live. It's a shame I can't see Mishakuji-chan growing up and becoming beautiful, but it's fine."

Then his mother smiled slightly, looking at Yukari's face.

"The most beautiful thing is already in front of me."

Then they continued looking at the sea all the time.

Yukari and his mother lived always giving each other warmth, until the sun set on the sea, the night sky fell, and the white moon floated in the black-tinted sky.

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Mi-chan was suffocated on the second floor of the cabaret club where he worked.

Seiya was charred on the street near his house.

Sayuri's body was found in the burned remains of "Hanawarabe."

A week after he protected Yukari, he learned of their deaths.

The few burned survivors of "Nibangai" were kindly protected by an unknown organization called "Scepter 4". Careful attention to injured people and sufficient security, although it was not a safe area. They promised to be the lord of salvation, but they were also carefully interrogated.

They wanted to know only one thing.

In other words, who defeated the members of the "Purgatory" clan?

The members of "Purgatory" fought as if burning their entire existence. Thus, even if it was only one member, it was possible that it could achieve combat power comparable to that of executives from other clans if the conditions were met. It wasn't a clan member from "Scepter 4" who defeated such monster, but "Tokijikuin" and "Cathedral" also sent me a message saying "We don't know anything about it."

Where and who submitted them, and for what purpose? It was a mystery that could not be taken care of by "Scepter 4", who was facing "Purgatory".

The interrogation unfolded in silence, with the special abilities and existence of the hidden "King".

However, from the beginning, "Scepter 4" was the only one who paid attention.

A high school student who lived in the "Hanawarabe" bar, Mishakuji.

He was more than a survivor. At the time of discovery, he went to the immediate vicinity of the corpses of the members of the "Purgatory" clan, and a bloodstained "Scepter 4" saber rolled under his feet. He had been informed that the situation was not just a matter of fact, but was so diabolical that the hasty members accidentally drew their swords.

After being protected, Mishakuji Yukari responded to the questioning with surprising obedience. The concern for the high school students who had all their relatives killed also applied to "Scepter 4", but he never got a chance to use it. Yukari simply answered only what he needed.

He picked up the saber from a bar he knew.

One of the men in black was defeated by his sword master.

And he defeated the other one who killed his master.

"In other words, in short, that's how it was."

In "Scepter 4" office, Jin Habari, who was reading the report, raised his face and coldly laughed.

"Two clansmen were sent to kill the former 'Purgatory' clansman, Noriya Baraki. The target started a battle in 'Nibangai' and was pursued while causing enormous damage to the surroundings. 'A' is returned and avenged. There, Isshin Hase, who was a gatekeeper for "Nibangai", and his disciple, Mishakuji, appear, and Isshin Hase kills Purgatory "B". The boy named Yukari brilliantly defeated him."

"Habari. Do you really believe in such a story?"

It was Gen Shiotsu, deputy director of "Scepter 4", who made a stunned voice. His lips were bitterly distorted at the interesting report.

Habari snorted, "Hm." and placed the report on the office desk. He combined the fingers of both hands and pointed his gaze to a corner of the ceiling.

"Sure. If you just listen to the story, it's absurd. If a high school student killed a member of the "Purgatory" clan, then the future of "Scepter 4" is much brighter. Let's check the results of the national kendo tournament when we select members for next time."

"Habari."

"It's a joke. Don't look so difficult."

As if to loosen the wrinkles between Shiotsu's brows, Habari shook his untangled palm slightly and then raised his index finger.

"But no matter how absurd, the situation is in line with the testimony of the boy named Yukari. 'B's' fatal wound was due to Isshin Hase's wooden sword, and Baraki's fatal wound was due to the saber. that Yukari had."

"The saber was brought in by 'A'. Better to think of the record and 'A' as compensation. You will see the autopsy result on the record."

"Look at the autopsy result. He had burns all over his body, but it was not difficult for him to fight. There were almost no injuries from Isshin Hase's wooden sword. So there is only one answer."

"....."

"It was the common people who had no abilities that defeated the 'Purgatory' clansman."
Shiotsu's expression became even more pronounced.

"Is that possible?"

"Even the clansman is human. If his throat is ripped open, he will die. If a human dedicates his entire life to that, the sword can hit a stranger."

Habari's index finger settled on the report on the desk. Seeing him narrow his eyes, Shiotsu was caught up in an unpleasant premonition.

"Hey, Habari. No way..."

"I'm interested."

Then Habari stood up with a refreshing smile.

"Let's meet the Yukari boy. Maybe he is our mighty sword."

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The man looked like a piercing blue sky.

Habari Jin suddenly appeared in the private room where Mishakuji was living a sheltered life. He was as bright as a cloudless blue sky and full of unshakeable confidence like the sun that shines in the skies. Even if it wasn't to Yukari's taste, the man's beauty was understandable at first glance.

What came out of Habari's mouth was an unrealistic story.

People with abilities that manipulate special powers and a "King". The clan and the members of the clan that comprise it.

He wouldn't have believed it if he had heard it in words. However, Yukari was "experiencing" it. He had seen the men in black wearing flames.

It was a clan called "Purgatory" that burned down Yukari's hometown.

There was little meaning or reason for his murder. It was like a random buried explosion. The damage could not be avoided and will continue to do so, Habari said.

And to end the story...

"Would you like to get into "Scepter 4"?"

Habari said such a thing.

"Our mission as "Scepter 4" is to prevent damage to the city due to the misuse of super powers and reduce the root cause called "Purgatory". If you are willing to do so, I want you to participate in the battle with us. You are qualified to defeat "Purgatory" even though you are an ordinary person with no different abilities."

With that said, Habari extended his right hand.

Yukari narrowed his eyes in a dazzling way.

There was an irresistible power in his hands. Just as gold attracts people, Habari's words were inevitably full of charm that made people clash. Take his hand, nod and swear allegiance. It seemed quite natural to do so, and there was a reason for Yukari to do it.

"Purgatory" had killed all of Yukari's family.

Since he was protected, that thought had never disappeared for a second. "Purgatory" was a great target to spit out the dark emotions that swirled within him. Become a member of the "Scepter 4" clan and hunt down and kill all those beasts. It seemed ideal for Yukari, as if it were a natural path laid out in front of him. Then...

"I..."

Yukari remembered Hase's last words.

"It seems you can go anywhere."

Habari blinked slowly and couldn't measure its meaning.

Looking back into his eyes, Yukari said.

"To be able to go where I want and live how I want. I think that's all my family wanted from me. It's not about revenge or going to war."

He couldn't believe it.

That would also be an excuse. Even if he wanted revenge, there was no need for Yukari to live that way.

Not because they wanted it that way.

Because he wanted to, Mishakuji Yukari will live as Mishakuji Yukari wants.

"I'm going to see beautiful things, so I can't hold that hand."

"I see."

Habari inevitably laughed and withdrew his right hand.

"I'm sorry I held you back. I hope you have a lot of happiness in your destiny."

"Yes. Thanks for your help."

Yukari leaned over and hung the luggage left in the room on his shoulders.

A poor backpack and a sheath that wrapped his favorite wooden sword. With that, he stepped right next to Habari and tried to get out of the private room.

At that moment, a certain thought suddenly appeared.

(Can I kill this person?)

He didn't know why he thought that.

A beautiful "King" like the blue sky. How does that life shine? He may have wanted to see it.

"Three quick steps". Draw the wooden sword, bend Habari's wrist, aim at his head, and prick his throat.

As he listened to Habari on the sidelines, Mishakuji tried to imagine that image in his head.

However, Habari was laughing.

He chuckled softly before his eyes and lightly tugged on his right foot.

With so much movement, Yukari's image was destroyed. The unannounced one was crushed with his left hand, and completely suppressed. The image came to mind clearly, and Yukari shook his head slightly.

There were countless beautiful things in this world that he did not know about. That made Yukari so happy and sad that he wanted to cry.

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Shiotsu had an openly relieved expression when he learned that Mishakuji Yukari's recruitment had failed.

"Really, did he go?"

"Oh, I shuddered brilliantly."

Despite being the "King" who rules the order, Habari's ideas were always out of the standard. One of them was the ongoing canal plan. Shiotsu had the honest impression that it was not a joke, even though he had such problems.

"Scepter 4" is a public institution. Habari knew how difficult it would be to incorporate minors and even go out to exchange life and death, and it was Shiotsu's role to be associated with him.

He knew Shiotsu's feelings. Habari had a light tone.

"But that's it. That kind of person will go wherever he wants."

"Well that's correct. There is no way that ordinary people can outperform talented people."

"I never thought they would reject me in such a place. I was surprised after a long time."

Shiotsu opened his mouth angrily.

"What? What did you say?"

"That's why I faced Yukari. He tries to kill me."

Habari said that with a laugh.

Of course, Shiotsu couldn't laugh.

"No kidding! Why would he have to target your life?"

"Ah? He just wanted to do that for no reason. I think the person who can kill the 'King' is unexpectedly like this."

Habari was shocked that he was not in control. Seeing that all the reasoning was beyond his common sense, Shiotsu didn't know what it should look like.

Habari looked up as if something had occurred to him.

"But sending him into the world is like sowing a Shura seed. Maybe I should have killed him. What do you think, Shiotsu?"

"I don't know!"

Shiotsu yelled, pointing his finger at his temple to avoid a headache.

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Exhaling a cloudy white breath, Ichigen Miwa opened a red Japanese umbrella.

The snow was piling up gently and Miwa left a mark on it. Both the eaves and the garden were a silver world. He loosely twisted his umbrella and let the snow fall, with a bitter smile inwardly saying that it would be difficult to remove the snow.

It was not out of his own defense that the wooden sword hung from his waist.

It was because he had a certain feeling. It can be said that it was precognition. To Miwa Ichigen who woke up as "King", the Slate gave him the power to see the future. It was expressed as a vision that came suddenly regardless of Miwa's intention.

And now, there was a scene in front of him that was the same as the vision he had this morning.

A boy was standing in the snow. He was looking at him with a backpack and scabbard over his shoulder. His face was beautiful, but there was a kind of demon that lived in his eyes. He had to carry a wooden sword because Miwa saw the devil.

"Miwa Ichigen-san, isn't it?"

The boy opened his mouth. The line of sight focused on Miwa.

Miwa smiled and nodded.

"Yes, that's right."

"Nice to meet you. My name is Mishakuji Yukari. Please teach me a lesson."

With that said, Yukari took out the wooden sword from its sheath.

Seeing Yukari's posture, Miwa was slightly impressed.

"I see."

After a while of silence, Miwa carelessly said,

"Is there a dead heart?"

Yukari's expression froze.

He didn't understand why Miwa knew. His unique ability was the ability to see the future, and he should not have been able to know the present from a distant acquaintance.

However, when he saw the boy in front of him, his devilish appearance, his standing posture, and the soot-covered backpack, that intuition was suddenly born.

Yukari's appearance affirmed that intuition. With trembling lips, he approached Miwa.

"My master said that your sword technique is more beautiful than anything else in the world."

The evil in his eyes grew stronger. He took the lead heading towards Miwa.

"I want to see it. Please show me."

Miwa narrowed his eyes.

He did not like useless conflicts. However, no matter what he replied, Yukari would lift his sword from him and attack him. Check the "beauty" of Miwa with the sword. For that reason alone, Mishakuji visited Miwa who lived in this mountainous town.

If he cannot exchange words, he must exchange swords.

"Thank you."

Yukari thanked Miwa that he silently abandoned his umbrella and held his sword. The truth contained in it showed that Yukari had not yet been diabolically dyed. At that, Miwa believed that he would have a bit of salvation. He didn't want to think that the last seed Isshin grew would sprout like a demon.

The snow was piling up silently.

Miwa was immovable. Yukari, on the other hand, gently raised the tip of her sword and stabbed. The murderous pressure of aiming the cannon burned down Miwa's throat.

Yukari's body sank as fast as falling snow.

That's when the "words" dropped.

The "words" came to Miwa's mind, as if the white feathers were gently falling. He could not understand the meaning of this feeling that he had experienced many times since his childhood. It was more important for Miwa to put those "words" together than to think about it.

Yukari, who was facing time, clearly felt Miwa's change.

The taut tension was gone in an instant, leaving Miwa's body full of hollows behind it. It seemed easier to pierce and cut it than to hit the vegetation.

However, Yukari's sword did not move.

He seemed like it was full of gaps. He should be hit at any time. He couldn't do that.

Before he knew it, Yukari's breathing was shallow and rapid. Although he still hadn't moved his fingertips, the sweat that broke out wet his body. Yukari's body was already prepared for defeat, although he felt no murder, no pressure, no breeze.

He didn't understand the meaning.

However, he was strictly in front of him.

With his sweaty hands, he gripped the handle of the wooden sword again and Mishakuji consolidated his resolve. At least one sword. He couldn't lose until he saw the beauty of Hase's words. With so much thought, Yukari tried to kick the ground.

Unexpectedly Miwa spoke a sentence.

"One bite, heart and soul."

The snow was piling up silently.

When did he put his knee in the snow? Yukari didn't remember.

A wooden sword slid from his palm, tears welled up in both eyes, and the snow on the ground melted. Ashamed of that, Yukari covered his face with both hands.

A shadow was projected on him.

When he looked up, Miwa was holding an umbrella towards him. He didn't think he would face his sword, with a soft smile.

His head was in a mess and his heart was out of coordination. Still, Yukari barely squeezed his voice out.

"This is the first time I have been defeated with words."

"Yes."

Miwa nodded silently. Neither proud nor humble, just as he was.

"Yukari. If you're okay, why don't you come home?"

"....."

Yukari turned around, because he ignored his actions. Suddenly, he tried to cut off Miwa who was living quietly. He couldn't tell if he could accept Miwa's proposal.

But...

"I want you to tell me about your heart."

That said, Yukari was impressed.

He wants to talk to this beautiful person about him. That thought swelled in his heart. How do this person's words describe Hase, the person who showed him something beautiful for the first time? The feeling was as strong as the urge to see Miwa's sword technique.

"I'll tell you how that person lived."

How did he laugh, cry, eat, drink and fight Isshin Hase? He wanted this person to tell him how beautiful the last brilliance of that life was.

"Come on."

Yukari nodded and stood up.

Then they got into the same umbrella and walked down the snowy road.