



K SIDE: PURPLE

EXTRA: HOMETOWN SAKE

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

As long as you have a stick, you can practice anywhere.

Which teacher taught him this? Mishakuji Yukari didn't remember. All he remembers is thinking that it was a wonderful lesson. The times when he forgot the time and swung the stick, and the times when his hands blistered with blood and were crushed. There was also Sayuri's angry expression as she wrapped a bandage around his red palm. He also remembers everyone in the village looking at him with worry, pain, and amusement.

"Ah."

Realizing that, Mishakuji took a half step back with his right foot. Sukuna launched a powerful attack that hit him just a few millimeters from the side of his ear.

"So, Isshin-sensei."

Since a powerful strike requires all of your strength, if you miss, your defeat is certain. To impress that on him, he gave a careful push to Sukuna's solar plexus. Sukuna made an eerie sound and fell to the ground, writhing in pain.

Mishakuji said coldly as he put away the wooden sword.

"Yes. Well, that's all for today's practice then."

"Guh...!"

"You can wait until you calm down."

With a flutter, Mishakuji headed towards a nearby vending machine. He bought a roasted green tea and an orange juice, and when he looked back, Sukuna had already stood up.

Sukuna was staring at Mishakuji, a hint of anguish still visible on his face, which has matured a bit more lately. However, as expected, he never expressed his displeasure. He bowed quietly and said,

"Thank you."

Mishakuji laughed and dropped the orange juice. Sukuna caught it and began drinking it while standing.

"The final cut was pretty good."

"It was disastrous."

"Eh? It's true that the plot was good. What wasn't good was the editing. It's harder to pick up on such a crude feint."

"....."

"A lie that can't deceive is like a sword that can't cut. If you're going to do it, do it seriously. If the lie is so serious that even you believe it, the other person will definitely fall for it."

"What's that?"

Sukuna said bitterly, but there was a faint smile at the corner of his mouth. Mishakuji shrugged and opened the bottle cap.

Sukuna suddenly asked as they walked side by side along the riverside promenade.

"I see, what was that about earlier?"

Unable to understand the intent of the question, Mishakuji tilted his head. Sukuna asked again.

"You said something about Isshin."

"Ah."

Suddenly, nostalgia tickled the tip of his nose. Mishakuji narrowed his eyes and muttered to himself.

"He was my master."

Sukuna frowned suspiciously.

"Eh? Weren't you a disciple of the 'Colorless King'?"

"Ichigen-sama is my second master. Isshin-sensei is my first master."

Isshin Hase was a swordsman who studied the "Miwa Meishin-ryu" and was close friends with Miwa. If he hadn't taught him, Mishakuji would never have become interested in swords or met Miwa Ichigen.

He was also able to delve into the world of supernatural powers.

Isshin shouldn't have been killed by that man.

"....."

"Eh? What's wrong, Yukari?"

At Sukuna's question, Mishakuji came to his senses.

That's happening to him a lot today. Memories of the past interfere with current thinking. Until he started practicing with Sukuna, he had never remembered anything about "Nibangai"...

No.

It was different.

Mishakuji looked around slowly.

There was a park next to the boardwalk. Dirty public toilets, rusty seesaws, and signs whose red lines have faded over time, and where it was "let's play carefully" has become "let's play with caution".

It looked familiar.

They didn't even care about the name of the place they were in. Mishakuji and Sukuna were aimless wanderers, and as long as they could get a bed and a place to practice that day, nothing else mattered.

Then it hit him. Has he ever been to that park?

When he was a child, he saw the same name written on a stone monument many times.

"Yodomiya Daichi Park."

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Sukuna was staring at Mishakuji's back as he walked with the steps of a sleepwalker.

Although he complained at first, slowly his interest began to take over him. He had never seen Mishakuji like this before. He was always calm, but he had never shown himself to be so vulnerable. If he tried hard now, maybe he could win him over. That's what he was thinking.

"So, where are you going, Yukari?"

Sukuna asked the question for the umpteenth time. He expected him to give him a vague answer like "Oh" or "Yes" again, but this time he answered correctly.

"Nibangai..."

"Eh? Where?"

"My hometown."

Sukuna kept his mouth shut.

Mishakuji walked up a long slope. Sukuna followed him silently.

Sukuna knows almost nothing about Mishakuji before he belonged to "Jungle". He knows that he was a member of the former "Colorless King" Miwa's clan, is the brother of Yatogami Kuro, and has nothing but excellent swordsmanship. However, there is no such thing as a person without a past. He also had parents, a childhood, and a hometown.

He is trying to get there now. Mishakuji's hometown. What kind of place is it? Does he still have a family? Who are his father, mother, and siblings? What kind of childhood did he have, and why did he decide to leave his hometown?

While he was too busy with the questions and curiosity that arose one after another, Mishakuji's feet suddenly stopped. After climbing the slope, he stared at the space in front of him and said nothing.

Sukuna stood next to Mishakuji and looked at the same thing as him.

There was a plaza.

An old woman with a dog walks slowly near the large fountain in the center. A man in sportswear gasps for breath on the cobblestone pavement. In the shade of the trees in the green area, families spread out their seats and enjoyed a late picnic lunch.

It's nothing special, there are public squares everywhere.

Sukuna silently looked at Mishakuji who was standing next to him.

Mishakuji was frozen. He stopped even breathing, widened his eyes and stared at the scene in front of him.

Finally, he muttered in a hoarse voice.

"Is this "Nibangai"?"

"Isn't that your hometown?"

Although Sukuna pointed it out, Mishakuji remained stunned. He calmly took a step and looked at the letters carved on the base of the fountain.

It's written like this.

"Nibangai Fountain Square."

Nibangai Fountain Square.

"That's right. This is Nibangai."

"No. That's not true."

Mishakuji's voice that immediately responded contained a tone of urgency.

"There were a lot more shops. Lots of snack bars and bars, crowded, but lively."

Sukuna looked around. He couldn't find any shops, let alone snacks.

"...Yes. Everything's gone. Everything."

Mishakuji muttered softly.

He had never seen Mishakuji like this before. Although he's always relaxed, he rarely gets emotional. For some reason, Mishakuji seemed to be filled with an overwhelming sadness.

He guessed that he realized that. When he slowly shook his head and looked at Sukuna, he had returned to being the usual Mishakuji.

"Sukuna-chan. Let's go home."

"....."

Sukuna nodded vaguely.

For Sukuna, his hometown and family home were like a prison. He doesn't have any good feelings about it and doesn't think he'll ever go back. However, that's not necessarily the case for Mishakuji. The sadness on his face may indicate that his hometown, the "Nibangai", was irreplaceable to him.

But it's nowhere to be found anymore.

Mishakuji started walking. Sukuna followed him. He had no choice but to do so. He doesn't know anything about "Nibangai" or Mishakuji's past. There are no words that need to be said.

Just as he was about to leave the plaza, he suddenly heard a voice calling out to him.

"Are you the one who lived in "Nibangai"?"

Mishakuji and Sukuna turned around at the same time.

It was an old woman with a dog. She was wearing a white hat and had a calm expression on her wrinkled face. A small dog was sitting at her feet, sticking out its tongue and wagging its tail.

"I'm sorry for calling you so suddenly. But you were looking at the fountain looking rather sad, so I was curious."

"Yes."

Seeing Mishakuji's short reply, the old woman smiled a little and then looked back at the fountain.

"I've lived in Yodomiya all my life. I worked at a bar and had many friends in "Nibangai". They were all very kind. That's what happened..."

"....."

"Most of it was burned down and everyone was scattered. Many people died. In the end, it was decided that it couldn't be rebuilt and would be demolished and turned into a plaza. It was unfortunate and sad, but unavoidable."

Mishakuji stepped forward and lined up next to the old woman.

He slowly raised his hand and pointed towards the green space. His half-closed eyes filled with nostalgia.

"My family used to have a small bar in that area."

"May I know the name of the shop?"

"It was called "Hanawarabe."

The old lady's eyes suddenly widened. She reached out her trembling hand and gently grabbed Mishakuji's sleeve.

"Ah. Ah, so. You're Mishakuji-chan, right?"

This time, Mishakuji opened his eyes. He looked at the old lady's face.

The old lady shook her head slowly.

"I've never met you before, but I've often heard about you from my friends. There was a beautiful boy who lived in a shop called "Hanawarabe". Everyone praised him for being quiet and polite, although he didn't seem to fit in with "Nibangai"."

Tears welled up in the old lady's eyes.

"You're alive. I'm glad. I'm so glad..."

Several tears fell from the old lady's face as she gently lowered her head. The little dog looked curiously at its master's face. Without letting go of his sleeve, he stood there, unable to do anything.

There were many things he wanted to ask. However, Sukuna couldn't say anything. Mishakuji's hometown, "Nibangai". There was once an incident where many people lost their lives in that lost place. It had a weight that wouldn't allow others to enter there carelessly.

Finally, the old lady let go of his sleeve and wiped away her tears. She then pointed in a certain direction.

"You see, not all of "Nibangai" has disappeared. There's a shop there that was left over from the fire. It's probably still going on, so if you want, go check it out."

A faint smile appeared on Mishakuji's lips. Bowing, he said softly,

"Thank you. I'll go visit it."

The old lady smiled as well. She held Mishakuji's hands with both hands, closing her eyes for a moment.

"Thank you. It was nice meeting you."

After saying that, she slowly walked away with the small dog.

There was silence for a while. The laughter of the families was so different that it resonated. Sukuna was looking at Mishakuji. His profile was tinged with nostalgia and melancholy.

"What are you doing? Let's go."

When Sukuna said that, Mishakuji looked at him as if he had just woken up from a dream. Feeling a little embarrassed, Sukuna looked away and said,

"It's your hometown, right? I'm a little interested too."

Mishakuji let out a sigh and laughed.

"Yes. Let's go."

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Nothing had changed in "Kamitsure".

Of course, that's not the case. Fifteen years have passed since then. Things are no longer as they were before. The kitchen stove was yellowed by time, the counter was wobbly and tilted, and the kitchen stove was darkened by poison, and the master's hair was dyed pure white as he spread the newspaper out in front of him.

But nothing has changed.

There were hardly any customers to be seen. There was only an old man sitting at the counter drinking quietly. Mishakuji entered the shop and then looked at Sukuna, who was standing at the entrance.

"If you're scared, you can wait outside."

"Hey, I'm not scared!"

A frustrated voice shouted in response, drawing the master's attention. Mishakuji held up two fingers in a very natural gesture, looking at him with a piercing gaze that scared away the tourists who tried to make fun of him.

"Gin and tonic and orange juice."

"Eh?"

The Master looked at Mishakuji's face in disbelief. He blinked two or three times, as if trying to remember something.

However, in the end, the Master never remembered. He folded the newspaper, took out a can of gin and tonic and orange juice from the fridge and placed them on the counter.

"Hey. We only accept cash."

"Thanks."

Mishakuji paid the price at the counter and then picked up the can. He then grabbed three beer crates lying around and used them as makeshift chairs and table. Sukuna said in a surprised tone.

"Oh, hey. Are you okay?"

"Sukuna-chan, it's hard to drink at the counter."

Sukuna looked at Mishakuji with a sullen look, but since it was true, he didn't argue and sat down on the beer crate. While Sukuna opened the bottle cap, Mishakuji opened his can of gin and tonic.

"Cheers, Sukuna-chan."

"Cheers."

They both took a sip from the can at the same time.

While drinking the orange juice, Sukuna looked at Mishakuji, who was drinking a gin and tonic, as if he was looking at something unusual. Seeing that look, Mishakuji tilted his head.

"What?"

"...No. I thought it was unusual. Yukari, you don't drink that kind of stuff."

After being pointed out, Mishakuji looked back at what he was drinking. It's a private label he'd never heard of and the packaging makes it clear that it's cheap sake. It tastes like diluted industrial chemicals. However, Sukuna looked at it with interest and said:

"Is that good?"

Mishakuji laughed a little.

He was about to ask him if she wanted to take a sip, but stopped. That's not much for his first drink. It will have a negative impact on his future life. Mishakuji shook the can and told him to move it out of the way.

"You'll understand when you're older."

"Eh..."

Sukuna made a sound that sounded like he was convinced, but he took a sip of his orange juice. Mishakuji put the gin and tonic into the beer box, looked at the non-working clock and thought to himself.

At that time, Mishakuji was certainly about the same age as Sukuna is now.

Seiya-san. Mit-chan. Taka-san.

He couldn't even remember their faces anymore.

Strangely, though, he remembered the voices. The voices of Mit-chan ordering around happily, Seiya-san lamenting about being abandoned, and Taka-san comforting him. At that moment, he heard it echoing over the noise of the lively "Kamitsure".

Gin and tonic, beer mug, wine glass.

He wondered what it would taste like if he drank with them.

As he thought about that, Mishakuji touched the can. No matter how many times he tried it, it always tasted awful. After exhaling, Mishakuji leaned against the wall.

"Hey, Sukuna-chan."

"Yes?"

"Hurry up and become an adult. Then you can join me and have some drinks."

Rather, Sukuna looked back at Mishakuji with a serious expression. He looked worried.

"What? Are you drunk already?"

Mishakuji chuckled.

"Maybe so. Master, a blackcurrant orange."

He put down the empty can of gin and tonic and said cheerfully.