

The background of the cover is a deep purple with a mottled, textured appearance. A vertical white stripe runs down the center, creating a contrast with the surrounding purple. The title and author's name are centered on this stripe.

K SIDE: PURPLE

著
鈴木鈴

K SIDE: PURPLE

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN
RAWS: RIDIA (1-12) / SHANA (13)

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K SIDE: PURPLE 01

With the bird singing, Mishakuji Yukari woke up.

He got up from the futon and stretched. It was only about 5 seconds when he was blurry in the glow of his sleep, and when he got up immediately he left the room.

Walk down the penetrating corridor to the first floor. Since he doesn't speak, did the guests return last night without waiting for the morning? While thinking of such things, he enters the bathroom.

He washes his face and brushes his teeth. Take care of the skin and fix the hair.

After following a series of steps, he looked at himself in the mirror. Yukari's brown eyes, inherited from his parents, sparkle.

While the tabs are slightly cropped, find a figure behind and look back.

"Good morning, Sayuri onesama."

Sayuri... the master of the bar "Hanawarabe" (Flower Child), the woman who is also his guardian, smiles with sleepy eyes and waves back.

"Good morning, Mishakuji-chan."

After a brief bow, Mishakuji left the bathroom to replace Sayuri. He heads directly to the "Hanawarabe" bar.

It is a small store with only six counter seats, so they cannot move if they do not cross. Still, the arrangement of the properly arranged bottles and the well-maintained wood of the counter seemed to convey Sayuri's attachment to the store.

While taking the food out of the refrigerator, Mishakuji called to the washing place where the sound of water resonated.

"What about your breakfast, onesama?"

"Hm. I will."

Upon receiving a cheap voice, Mishakuji lit a gas stove.

When Sayuri came out of the bathroom, breakfast was lined up on the counter. Spicy rice and flavored miso soup. The horse mackerel opening glows in a lead color, and the grilled seaweed adds a black color.

She washed her face and took off her makeup, Sayuri lightly hugs Yukari who is sitting.

"Hmm, good boy! I'm glad I received you!"

"If you don't eat early, it will get cold."

"Yes, yes."

"I'm going."

On the counter seat, Mishakuji and Sayuri start a meal, their shoulders next to each other.

Sayuri took a sip of miso soup and exhaled.

"Oh, it's really delicious."

"My onesama likes miso soup."

"In the morning after drinking, it's especially hard to see. What is this? I feel like my body needs it."

"It's not easy to understand."

Honestly Sayuri laughed and hit her head.

"Mishakuji-chan will understand later. When he is old enough to drink alcohol."

"It is a long way from now."

"It may not be that surprising."

Kukuku, laugh alone. Yukari shrugged and began to focus on his diet.

Suddenly Sayuri said something like that while doing the dishes after breakfast.

"How is school going?"

Yukari's hand stopped for a moment because he didn't know what to answer. Perhaps she read the hesitation, Sayuri laughed a little and rephrased.

"It is nice?"

After a moment, Yukari shook his head.

"It is not fun."

Sayuri's smile faded slightly.

After all, shouldn't it be better to go to a high school? Mishakuji-chan, you are smart."

It wasn't until spring that he started attending the local school.

It was an elementary school teacher who said he could go to "a little high school" in his grades.

If Yukari sends the intelligence test results to the appropriate places, he can go to a boarding school run by "Tokijikuin" (Timeless Palace). If that happens, the future of the

Yukari will be brighter than in "Hanawarabe", the teacher recommended it. Sayuri also seemed to be impressed by the words.

However, Yukari declined the invitation.

There are several reasons, but the most important are the words spoken by the teacher.

He doesn't know if she was aware of that,

"It's better than being here. That's because it's for Mishakuji-chan."

Sayuri said exactly the same thing as his teacher.

Yukari stopped his hands washing the dishes and looked at Sayuri's face.

It was only a few seconds that Sayuri could bear the gaze. She immediately giggled and slapped his shoulders lightly.

"What! No! I can't eat a delicious breakfast without Mishakuji-chan!"

Yukari smiles and nods.

"My oneesama is poor cooking."

"Not! I'm the master of the store!"

"The customer also said that the sake is delicious, but the food is a little..."

"Who is that? Taka-san? Mi-chan?"

"We cannot leak your secret."

With a cold laugh, Yukari wipes his hands on a towel and confirms the time. 7:32 AM.

He has to rush a little to get to school.

"You can relax and get ready. I'll do the cleaning in front of the store."

Suddenly Sayuri said that. Yukari makes his eyes blink and looks at Sayuri. Cleaning the front of the store is a promise that Yukari will disappear when he goes to school.

Maybe she read that question, Sayuri looked at him with one eye.

"Sorry for saying strange things."

"...It is understood."

Yukari answered honestly. In his heart, he was happy that she recognized him as being here.

When he put on her uniform and picked up his bag, Mishakuji called Sayuri.

"Okay, I'll go. Oneesama."

"Yes, be careful, Mishakuji-chan."

In response to the voice, Mishakuji addressed the school.

K SIDE: PURPLE 02

"Yodomiya" is one of the main entertainment districts of Tokyo.

It is a so-called "Adult City" which is deeper and more crowded than the city of "Jinme", which is called "Youth City". If you leave the main street lined with restaurants and bars, you will end up in the so-called "Nibangai", which is a back alley full of motels, host clubs, special massage shops and sex shops. At first glance, if a customer enters this zone, they can instantly be attracted.

Mishakuji Yukari was born and raised in such a city.

His mother was the master of the bar "Hanawarabe" (Flower Boy) located in the center of "Nibangai". The father is unknown. His mother didn't mention it and Mishakuji didn't ask either. Before doing that, she was a victim of long-standing heart disease and became a person who never came back.

Before entering elementary school, Mishakuji felt lonely for life.

Still, he was not really alone. Because the neighbors of the "Nibangai" were willing to take care of him.

Sayuri is a woman who takes care of Yukari. She originally worked for "Kado", but after Yukari mother's death, she became the master of the store, and is now both a partner and a tutor to Yukari.

It is understood why Yukari's master called "Nibangai", "a place like this". A place where drunken violence, frequent entanglements, and discomfort often do not provide a suitable environment for children to grow up.

Still, Mishakuji liked "Nibangai".

For some reason, he felt that this place where people lived together was beautiful.

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"Ah, Mishakuji-chan. Are you going home now?"

They called him on the way to school and Mishakuji stopped.

The popular pub "Kamitsure" is a place frequented by residents of "Niichibangai". The taste is reasonable, but the price is low and, above all, it is open from noon. Most of the customers are standing and drinking at the counter.

However, those who want to drink slowly can use the beer crate around it as a chair or table.

It was those people who called Yukari. Taka-san, Mi-chan and Seiya-san who are also regulars from "Hanawarabe".

The three of them are always fighting, be it because of their different gender, industry or sexual orientation.

"Come, take it. Sit down."

With a refreshing smile, Seiya-san, a male host, was the one who yelled. Usually he wears a fancy suit, but since he takes it off today, the top and bottom is black pullover.

"Should I drink around a cup? I have chopsticks, right?"

Mi-chan, who works for a nearby cabaret club, said in a long voice. This is also a full makeup figure, which is different from regular makeup. However, since it is a familiar appearance to the residents of "Nibangai", there is nothing to analyze now.

"Guys, Mishakuji-chan is underage! Don't make such a strange call!"

Taka-san is a muscular giant who runs a gay bar. He normally wears wigs and dresses, but now he wears a camo tank top and scoop-cut shorts, like soldiers in a movie.

"Wouldn't it be nice if it wasn't real? What do you want to drink?"

As requested by Seiya-san, Yukari sat on a case of beer.

"Well then, an orange juice."

"Master, orange juice."

At Mi-chan's order, the master shoots a suspicious look, "Ah?"

However, the voice "Aiyo!" He returned immediately, wondering if all the points on Yukari's figure reached the mark.

When the orange juice was poured into Yukari's glass, the three men lightly held the cups and shouted happily.

"Cheers!"

"Yes, cheers."

Four glasses collide with each other. They have made this kind of "cheers" several times with "Hanawarabe".

People who give a "cheers" always look happy. Yukari doesn't know what's funny since he doesn't drink, but Yukari doesn't hate him when he sees those people.

Seiya-san says while drinking a gin tonic.

"Mishakuji-chan, you always come back at this time, right?"

Mi-chan says while drinking a mug of beer.

"Are you a high school student? Don't you play in the club activities?"

Taka-san says while drinking a glass of wine.

"Mishakuji-chan, you will be a hero because you are smart and have good motor skills."

Yukari keeps his mouth off the orange juice and responds.

"They invited me to club activities, but I refused. He wasn't particularly interested."

"I don't want to wait. I wish I could come in."

"Yeah, come on in. Then show us what you think is cool."

Mi-chan and Taka-san argued selfishly. Mishakuji hears the words while drinking the orange juice. As a minimal skill of "Nibangai" neighbors, he was aware of the treatment of drunkenness. In other words, don't take the opponent seriously.

Seiya-san, who was stirring the cocktail glass, laughed a little.

"Mishakuji-chan doesn't have to be a jock, does he? There are a reason or two for he, right?"

"Eh? Mishakuji-chan...?"

When he asked him to put it down, Mi-chan grabbed the middle cup. About half of the remaining beer slid down Mi-chan's throat, making a funny, squeaky sound.

He screamed out loud, lying on the middle cup.

"That is to say! I'm drunk! Forgive me!"

"No, it is not up to us to decide."

"I agree with Mi-chan! Guys, I can't match Mishakuji-chan. The moon and the dinner, the clouds and the mud! They are simply discontent with each other because of the unbalanced relationships."

When Taka-san clenched his fist and emphasized, Mi-chan turned around in the empty cup and laughed, "Ha, ha!"

"Yes, as Seiya said."

"Ugh."

Seiya-san bowed as if he had been hit in a painful place. Yukari has seen the expression distorted by pain several times. That is to say...

"Did they shake you again, Seiya-san?"

It was a confirmation, not a question. Saiya-san nodded with power, and Mi-chan smiled and laughed, getting on his shoulders with Seiya-san.

"That's right. With this, five consecutive losses~. Today is the celebration of the loss record."

"I thought I could go this time. That's it."

"After all, it's impossible for women to be together~"

"At first I told you I could go there! I said I liked it regardless of gender!"

Seiya-san suddenly fell on the beer crate that was used as a table. Mishakuji and Taka-san evacuate the drink, and Mi-chan laughs and swings his cup.

"Hahaha, you've changed your mind. Master, beer refill."

"Master! Blood and sand for the next one!"

"Hey, it's unfair. Please give me a can!"

"So, Cassis Orange..."

"Aiyo!"

The master poured the canned cocktail from the refrigerator into the cocktail glass.

Mi-chan stood up as he wandered around, receiving beer and blackcurrant orange and taking his there.

"Look, baby, baby. Yeah, hey!"

"Cheers..."

Seiya-san holds the cocktail glass while lying down, and Mi-chan hits him with a mug. Yukari was looking at the situation in an interesting way.

When, Taka-san speaks to him with pity.

"Sorry, I came out with a drunken complaint. Can you always go home?"

Yukari shook his head slowly.

"No, that's not what I do, I like to see them all like this."

Unexpectedly, Taka-san widens his eyebrows.

"Oh. Is it so funny when we're drunk?"

"No, I'm not drunk."

Yukari drew his gaze into the air. After hesitating for a moment on how to express his thoughts, he muttered.

"I think it's beautiful that you are absorbed in favorite people and things."

After flirting for a moment, Taka-san laughed out loud.

"Hahaha! Beautiful? Us? Weird boy!"

"Is that so?"

It seemed like he had made fun of his true feelings, and Mishakuji looked at Taka-san a bit distractedly. Taka-san pats Yukari's head,

"Sorry, I couldn't help but laugh. Forgive me, Mishakuji-chan."

"Seiya~. Mishakuji-chan, we are beautiful~"

"Thank you, Mishakuji-chan... I'm happy even if it's a lie..."

It wasn't a lie, but he knew they wouldn't understand, so Mishakuji lowered his mouth. An unsatisfied color is evident on the face.

Taka-san looked at him and smiled gently.

Well, apart from us. What is Mishakuji-chan?"

"Something?"

"So, I like that kind of thing, people. Anything is fine, but is it something you can be absorbed in?"

Yukari looked at the orange juice and gently shook his head.

"No, there are none."

Taka-san narrows his eyes.

"Oh, no. Well, there's nothing I can do about it."

"I like that. Youth? I want to be absorbed in that."

"Mi-chan... you are not always absorbed in good..."

"Wow, this is a good place to start!"

"Stop... Don't put it on me..."

Mi-chan put a cup on the head of Seiya-san, who was lying down, and laughed.

After poking it with a fingernail, "Stop it, guys." Taka-san said gently.

Taka-san looked at him and smiled gently.

"Ok, You'll find it later. Mishakuji-chan can do anything. He will surely find something that seems to be "it" someday."

Favourite things. Things that can be absorbed. Beautiful things.

It was only available to Yukari. Everyone, Taka-san, Mi-chan and Seiya-san are following him. He's chasing them. That is why he thinks they are beautiful.

He doesn't have that.

To study, play sports or the opposite sex. He can't even imagine himself less interested and less crazy. Such an empty thought was always attached to Yukari.

Taka-san will find it one day.

Even so, Yukari couldn't really feel that.

K SIDE: PURPLE 03

Days go by.

The summer afternoon to hear Higurashi's voice, the long autumn night to sweep away the golden fallen leaves, and the winter morning when the breath was white and cloudy, Yukari spent nothing.

No noticeable change occurred. Yukari only went up one age and one grade, and other than that, he continued the same daily routine.

In the same days, he sometimes remembered Taka-san's words. He is sure that one day he will find something that appears to be "it". Unfortunately, that "someday" has not yet arrived. Yukari wasn't even sure if it would come. In his eyes, there are more people in the world who don't have pretty things.

Will I ever be such a person? Vaguely thinking about it, as he passes his days.

Beautiful things were found because of the garbage.

The man was crouched in a pile of garbage bags and was screaming loudly.

Yukari looks at him with cold eyes.

It was summer, in the morning. Sayuri's claim that cleaning the front of the store is Yukari's job, and that the morning sun will be very strong the next day after drinking a lot of sake, has caused Yukari to get up early.

The morning in the bar is not pleasant. This is because the morning light cruelly reveals the various ugliness that the darkness of night has gently hidden. Scattered cans and bottles, pools of spit thrown by someone, a flock of crows poking them, and a drink with no front and back.

He liked to see people getting drunk, but he didn't like to drink. Drinking alcohol and exposing yourself is completely different from being drunk and exposing yourself to ugliness. He doesn't even want to see it, like blacking out and sleeping on the street.

However, it cannot be cleaned without moving. Yukari sighed and crouched down

"Uncle? Are you alive?"

There's no answer. The man simply repeats humming. Mishakuji called again, confirmed there was no answer, then stood up and yelled back.

A minute later, Mishakuji returned with a bucket full of water in his hands. As it was, he threw it in the man's face without any consent.

"Wow, what is that?"

A bucket of water was very effective. When the man jumped to his feet, he turned his black-and-white eyes and looked around. Yukari looks at him and says clerically.

"It's annoying that they sleep in front of the store. Please sleep somewhere else."

"Um, sorry, boy."

The man suddenly looked back at Yukari as he rubbed his wet beard.

"No, are you a girl?"

"I'm a guy."

"Well, boy. I'm sorry. I was so hungry I thought sleeping would calm me down."

The man's belly rumbled.

"That doesn't seem to work. Hahaha."

Yukari shook his head slightly at the face of a laughing man.

Looks like he hasn't had a drink. Certainly there is no liquor left on his face or on his breath. As the word goes, he probably slept here just to avoid starvation.

"Please wait a bit."

After leaving the man, Yukari entered "Hanawarabe". Sayuri, who was washing herself, asks mysteriously.

"Ah? Have you finished cleaning yet?"

"Sister, you had a surplus of baguettes. Could you please take it with me?"

"Okay, but what? Are you going to feed the pigeons?"

"Something similar."

When he returned with the baguette to where the man was, he was standing up and growing. Yukari involuntarily stopped and looked at the man.

It was big. Was he close to two meters? The body wrapped in dirty work clothes is full of muscles and looks like a giant old tree. He doesn't feel intimidated by that habit, perhaps due to the fuzzy atmosphere that reminds you of an awake cat.

Seeing Yukari return, the man softened his eyes.

"Sorry to bother you, boy. I'm leaving now."

"Here you have."

Saying that, Yukari offered a baguette. The man rolls his eyes.

"I will give it to you."

"Eh?"

"I thought it was annoying and you were drunk, so I covered you with water, but it was my mistake. I apologize for that. If you are hungry, please eat it."

The man repeatedly compared the baguette to Yukari, and then smiled a lot on his big face.

"I can't take it! I'll take it, boy!"

He raised his hand and thanked him, and the man snatched a baguette from Yukari. It's as big as Yukari's arm, but it flattens out in no time. After swallowing every last piece, the man hit his belly with a "Bread!"

"Um! It's a bit short, but it was good! I'm thankful!"

"You are really hungry."

"I have not eaten anything in the last three days. I hold a grudge against my uselessly large figure. I'm hungry, even though I'm not doing anything."

Yukari looked at the man. The man notices the line of sight and laughs like he's shy.

"No, I'm sorry. You were in the middle of cleaning. Thanks again. Then I'm going."

When he bowed with his large bent body, the man turned his back on Yukari and started walking.

Yukari calls out to his back.

"Hey."

"Yes?"

Interestingly, the man turned around. After getting lost for a moment, Yukari asks.

"What's your name?"

The man blinked only once, then turned to Yukari correctly,

"My name is Isshin Hase. You took care of me, boy."

When he smiles, he calmly walks away.

While cleaning the front of the store again, Mishakuji rebels against his actions.

Why do I ask your name?

There are many homeless people in "Nibangai". Some also know their names. However, that man named Hase is a "foreigner". It comes from a place he doesn't know and goes to a place he doesn't know. He had never cared about the name of a human, but why did he care?

It was disconcerting, but no response was given. Anyway, he will never find it again. If so, it is useless to think about it. He forced himself to say it, and Mishakuji dismissed that idea.

However, that did not happen.

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"Eh? Mishakuji-chan, did you run out of Jinjaeru?"

Sayuri, who was looking inside the refrigerator, said that about 10 minutes before the store opened.

Yukari, who was in the backyard, quickly checks the inventory before answering.

"I guess so."

"Oh, sorry. I was so busy that I forgot to manage my inventory..."

Sayuri grunts as she scratches her head. As he returns to the store, Yukari...

"So why don't you get it from "Massive Boys"?"

"Massive Boys" is a gay bar run by Taka-san. It was a lot like "Hanawarabe", and when something like this was missing, it was a relationship of mutual compatibility.

Sayuri clasps her hands and says with a gesture of adoration.

"Well, can you please? You don't have to hurry."

"Okay, I'm going."

Meanwhile, Yukari left the store.

As the night wore on, "Nibangai" was booming. Yukari is walking in the everyday landscape, out-of-tune voices are heard in the shops here and there, swarms of drunks crossing their shoulders, foreign tourists taking pictures of the atmosphere in the alleys, etc. Walk steadily.

At that moment, an angry voice was heard and Mishakuji paused for a moment.

Being a city of bars means that there are many drunkards and drinkers.

Regardless of the former, the latter is often off the label of reason. Cursing is a frequent occurrence and often turns into a fight. Sayuri also told him not to come near if there was a lot of commotion.

To make matters worse, it seemed to stem from Yukari's fate.

"It's crazy, right? Get out!"

He hears such a scream from the open door of "Massive Boys". The drunks who pass by on the street look at him for a moment and leave as he is. Nobody wants to get in trouble. Neither did Yukari.

However, the next voice he heard turned towards Yukari against the flow of people.

"Hey, calm down. You see, drink some water."

It's Taka-san's voice.

Anger intensifies even more at the voice that tries to calm.

"Oh, don't touch it, this is crazy! Yeah?! Hey, are you listening?"

"Look, it's a nuisance to other customers. Let's talk about that in the back?"

"Hey? I'm on the table! Not only did the face get worse but the ears too?"

Tangled, two men came out of "Massive Boys". One is Taka-san, a muscular man in a dress. The other was a man wearing an open-necked shirt and a dark blue jacket.

"Hey! Hey You are listening? Hey!"

The man was clearly irrational. His face is red and black, his eyes are sunken, and he may be drunk. Taka-san keeps smiling while getting hit by the man many times. It is probably because he knows that in this place you can only solve things calmly and calming the other party.

However, the man was furious even with that smile.

"What the hell are you laughing at?! How many times do you think I'll kick your ass?"

Taka-san's expression turned cloudy for the first time at that strong voice.

"Hey. That's..."

"You're stupid? Is it the same for others? Not well!"

He seemed to be anointing himself with the fire of his anger. The man hit his fist on Taka-san's nose, swelling his blood vessels.

"Ugh..."

"If you don't like it, it's the end! We are!"

The man pressed harder on Taka-san's upper body, who was suddenly hit and recoiled. Taka-san's huge body shuddered, and he stabbed his bottom against the wall.

The drunks stop in the midst of the manifested confusion and form a circle at a great distance.

In it, the man slowly drew a knife.

"I will. Hey. I will!"

Taka-san doesn't move like he's frozen. He is looking at the gleaming knife with an incredible gaze. The other spectators, like this, don't even scream, let alone stop him. The moment he seems to have stopped, the man stumbles a step.

Yukari stood in front of him.

"What? What is it, kid?"

Yukari is not scared by the murderous look. Taka-san, who crouched behind him, made a hasty voice.

"Mishakuji-chan? What are you doing?! Go away!"

"I do not like."

Yukari doesn't look back. However, he was looking at the man in front of his. Gently look at the red-black puffy face, liquor-stained neck, and irrational eyes.

"You are not beautiful."

He just said that.

The meaning of the word was not transmitted to man. Still, the intention was conveyed. Hate and contempt. He put enough anger into the hand holding the knife to cross the last line.

Yukari just looks at the knife that swung up.

Even if the blade stopped just before touching the eyebrows, he was still looking at him without closing his eyes.

"Great courage, boy."

When he turned his eyes towards the voice, before he knew it, a large work clothes was standing right next to him. Yukari muttered inadvertently.

"Hase-san?"

When their eyes and Yukari's met, Isshin Hase smiled a big smile.

"Oh, do you remember?"

"What the hell is that?!"

The man screamed with black and white eyes. It is not surprising. A giant about six feet tall, who shouldn't have been there until just a second ago, put his belt aside and stopped his hand holding the knife on the edge.

Hase looked at the man. The smile that floats in the mouth takes on a fierce tone.

"Me? I am..."

What happened in the next moment was an unforgettable and lifelong event for Mishakuji.

The ubiquitous belt magically moved in Hase's hands. Hase did all that movement in just half a moment, moving the knife, lifting his jaw, and thrusting at his throat.

"Guh..."

Unable to even raise his voice, the man stabbed into his knee. The knife slides out of his hand and makes a click.

Staring at the fallen man with wide white eyes, Hase leaned on his shoulder and said.

"Miwa Meishin style, master. My name is Isshin Hase. If you have any complaints, always come to me."

Yukari's eyes burned at everything that had happened.

Yukari saw a sinking step, a fluid hand and amazing strength lurking between breaths.

Things I've never seen before. He has never touched it in his life, it is his hometown.

"It's beautiful."

That was it.

K SIDE: PURPLE 04

"Does it hurt?! Hey, Mi-chan, be nicer!"

"Don't say anything pitiful with that big figure. Look, raise your jaw."

"Ouch! I'm an injured person, right? Please take more care of me!"

Taka-san was yelling with a shrill screech inside the "Hanawarabe" store labeled "Closed".

Inside the store were Taka-san, Mi-chan, Seiya-san, Sayuri, and a man named Isshin Hase.

It's only been about 5 minutes that she returned to "Hanawarabe" to take care of Taka-san. Fortunately, there were no customers, so when she tried to rest after closing the shop, Mi-chan and Seiya rushed inside.

"But I'm glad you didn't mind, Taka-san."

"Really! Ah, I took out the knife! I can only think I'm crazy!"

Taka-san responds to Seiya's words for the first time. Sayuri noticed that his fingertips were trembling slightly. Although he was patient, he experienced a life-threatening situation. It will take some time to get rid of that fear.

As she glanced at him, she turned to Hase. She bows deeply to Hase, who sits on the stool as if the giant were shrinking.

"Thank you very much. Thanks to you, we are saved. If he had made a mistake, it could have been irreparable."

Hase laughed and shook his head.

"That was the most natural thing to do. Also, that boy had the benefit of a meal. Think of it as a return."

"Mishakuji-chan, did he go out in front of Taka-san? He's crazy..."

Sayuri gave him an impression of astonishment, and put a finger to her head to avoid the headache.

"There is something scary about that kid, right? Who will he look like...?"

"Well, you are a mother, right? The son looks like the parents. It looks like he is going to be a great game in the future."

"Stop kidding, that's all."

Mi-chan laughed and cheated when he said that in the middle.

Hase looks around the store and asks.

"By the way, where did the purple boy go?"

"He's resting on the second floor. I decided to close the store today, and I don't want to let him talk about adult discussions as much as possible."

"I see..."

Hase shook his head, making a voice that seemed unclear. Like the woody atmosphere, Sayuri says that this person is not very used to the world.

Seiya leaned over to the counter and began the "adult discussion".

"So why was he rampaging after all? It seems like he was doing a lot of violence just from being drunk."

"I have seen it before. Certainly Ajima-san is a young boss, right?"

The words put a sense of urgency in the air inside the tent. Hase, who does not know the circumstances of "Nibangai", wonders: "Hmm?"

"Does that young man belong to that group?"

"Yes. Because this area is Nawabari of the Ajima-gumi group. That person must have had the role of connecting the group and me."

"Why did that person hurt, Taka-san?"

Taka-san sighs at Seiya's question,

"He said that starting this month, Mikajime's fee will double. Pay now or I will stop you from doing business around here."

"Eh?! Double? That's why he made up his mind by force!"

"It hurts! It hurts, Mi-chan, it does hurt! I didn't say it!"

Mi-chan tightens the bandage in anger, and Taka-san screams. Looking at him, Hase groaned with his arms crossed.

"Umm. I'm not familiar with that group, but doubling is certainly exorbitant."

"So you refused, right?"

"Obviously, if you pay double than before, we will all dry out. So when I was thinking about having an argument and drinking, I got more and more excited."

"I started getting involved with Taka-san."

Taka-san squeezed with a sullen face, and Mi-chan groaned and crossed his arms.

"In a way, it's a messy story. It's true that it is suddenly doubled, but it's because I was rejected, so I'm going to go crazy. Ajima-san, is he in that place?"

"No way. For a long time, "Ajima-gumi" and "Nibangai" should have been successful. I never delayed payment. Even there, we should never crush our precious Shinogi ourselves."

"That young man came to the store last week and had a good time playing, right? And yet something like this suddenly happens."

"At that time, there was still the Ajima-gumi group."

Everyone's eyes focused on Sayuri, who said that.

Sayuri slowly withdraws the cigarette and sets it on fire. As purple smoke burns in the small "Hanawarabe" shop, she narrowed her eyes as she thought.

"Does everyone know "Purgatory"?"

Seiya and Taka-san shrugged their shoulders. Only Mi-chan asks with a clean look.

"What is that? A group?"

"I don't know the details either. Recently, I hear it a lot in the 'back'. They are fighting the groups here and there in the 'prison' and destroying it, on the one hand."

Seiya opens his mouth heavily.

"I've heard from customers. Anyway, when I see a guy in black clothes like an undertaker and with flames, 'Purgatory' is just a second out of town. You have to get away."

"City? Isn't that person?"

"It seems that the people of "Purgatory" will burn down the city."

She thinks the word was taken as a joke. Mi-chan tried to laugh and failed. Because the faces of the other three were too serious to do so.

Sayuri says while looking directly at Mi-chan.

"The other day, there was a big fire in Takeido-cho, right? Many people who were late to escape died."

"Certainly, there was also an Ajima-gumi group office in Takeido-cho."

"Although it is hidden in the news, it seems that it was a conflict between "Purgatory" and the Ajima-gumi group. Almost the entire Ajima-gumi group, including the group's leader, was killed. They said there were no bodies whose faces could be identified."

Mi-chan's throat sounded. Sayuri taps the cigarette with the edge of the ashtray, brushing off the ash, and continuing with a calm tone as much as she can.

"Perhaps that young boss was not involved in the conflict. Or only one escaped? Either way, the Ajima-gumi group no longer exists. So isn't that the place where he tried to get away from us by taking all the money that could you get from us?"

Taka-san, Mi-chan and Seiya-san looked at each other as if they were searching. The speculation that the young boss, who had been crushed and desperate, was using such violence to make money at the moment, was quite convincing.

"If you say that the Ajima-gumi group has left, it won't be a problem with that, but another problem will arise."

Finally, Seiya said it. Mi-chan bends his neck.

"Why? If you don't have to pay Mikajime's fee, isn't that the best?"

"Idiot. Did you lose the people who would watch your ass when you were in trouble? It doesn't mean you can't do anything if you get tangled up with strange people."

In response to Taka-san's words, Sayuri looked at Hase.

According to Yukari's story, this man named Hase is living a life as a homeless man. It seems that he lacks food for the day, and of course he has no luggage. The first-class ability has been tested as it protected Taka-san.

And most importantly, this guy seems to be quite friendly.

"If so, there is only one movement."

After a small cough, Sayuri looked around and...

"As Taka-san says. Even if you ask other groups, you need to connect the place until then. There is a good doorman who can solve various problems."

Then Sayuri leaned over to the counter and approached Hase.

"Hey, Hase-san. I have a little question; can you listen to me?"

"Yes? What?"

Hase blinks. Based on the flow of the story, it seems predictable what will happen, but is this callousness the reason why such a skilled man is eating? With joy and contempt in her heart, Sayuri removed that requirement.

+++++

The next morning when Yukari went out to clean the "Hanawarabe" window, Hase was holding a grate.

"Oh, boy. Good morning!"

"Good Morning."

To Hase who smiles, Mishakuji responds unintentionally. Hase looked at it proudly as he looked at himself, saying he didn't know why he was there.

"No. Actually, I'll be working here for a while from today. You're older than me at this. I look forward to working with you."

"To work...?"

"Um, thanks to Sayuri-san. Is this area called "Nibangai"? Instead of dealing with all those problems, it would be strange to have a bed with three meals and an allowance. If there is a god to discard, there is a god to collect!"

Yukari somehow made an assumption. After all, he was hired as a doorman. Even if the confusion last night is rare, there are still some problems in the "Nibangai". It would be encouraging if there was a man like Hase who was good at it.

And even if it's Yukari, it was welcome for Hase to stay in this city.

"Give it to me."

Saying that, Yukari spread his palm.

"Please lend it to me."

"Um?"

Hase passed the belt to Yukari as he told him, with a confused look. Yukari places the fence in front of him and stares at it, then turns to the electric pole.

Exhale normally.

Yukari's flexible body sagged silently.

Wrist, quantity, throat. A continuous three-stage attack that does not attract attention. Last night, Mishakuji managed to mimic the movement with which Hase had taken control of the bully in an instant.

But...

"Ah..."

When he tries to lift his wrist and hit what is in front of him, his grip was limited. The belt handle wreaks havoc on his hand and flies in another direction before falling.

Yukari sighed a little as he saw the band slide over the asphalt, making a loud noise. Then he murmurs like a soliloquy.

"I've tried it many times, but it doesn't work. When I switch from bottom to top, I can't keep up."

Yukari raised the belt and handed it to Hase.

"Will you try again? Please show me in a bright place."

Hase opens his mouth and receives it half unconsciously.

"Is my 'three-step speed' now?"

"What is that name?"

"Oh. It's a Miwa Meishin style sword technique... But shouldn't that be a technique that can be wielded just by looking at it once? What the hell are you...?"

"That's why I want to see it many times."

Hase closed his mouth at Yukari's quiet words.

"That technique was very, very beautiful. I've never seen it in my life. I want to do it over and over again."

"Boy..."

"Then please, Hase-san. If that's a sword technique, please teach me the sword."

Witnessing the flame of steadfast determination in Yukari's eyes...

"Umm..."

Hase could only make a sea of moans.

K SIDE: PURPLE 05

A genius is certainly something.

Hase thought the same thing again when he saw Yukari who had finished the mold.

The two are in a vacant lot at the corner of "Nibangai". It was a desolate meadow of about 10 square meters, and when he first visited it, the grass was all that could be grown, so Hase and Yukari had to start cutting.

He can catch a glimpse of his own workout for just an hour starting at 5pm. Yukari's level was far beyond Hase's imagination, although it wasn't something to practice, and he said it with a light feeling that was only a beginning.

Just teaching him, will absorb it in the blink of an eye. If it is a simple technique, it can be imitated just by looking at it. It is not just about imitating. He can instantly see the motif of the pattern and technique and customize it.

Hase was a man who served as a master of the Miwa Meishin style, but it took a long time to learn the art of swords. However, this boy named Mishakuji Yukari is trying to get it in less than a month.

"Huh."

Hase looked out into the cloudy weather and groaned in a situation where he couldn't give up even if he was disappointed.

"Master? What happened?"

While wiping the sweat with a towel, Yukari asked mysteriously. Hase waved his hand.

"No, that... I was regretting my wits."

"Eh...?"

"Well, I'm fine. Yukari, were you able to do "three quick steps"?"

A slight smile appeared on Yukari's mouth.

He turns the wooden sword in his right hand, keeps his eyes straight. A few moments to catch his breath, Yukari's body sank like a drop of ink in water.

He makes a small movement and throws his whole body. He kicks the ground and sticks his throat. The jaw is raised just by turning the wrist.

Mishakuji practiced them all brilliantly, and Hase avoided them all with one hand.

"What about that?"

Hase innocently tells Yukari who said it without being afraid.

"It's wonderful. But who told you to do it?"

"There is no other person to practice with."

"There is, "Kijin-kun"."

Hase showed with his jaw, the wood that was rolling in a corner of the bar piled up like a person's height on the vacant lot, it was a rehearsal table that Hase smashed to the floor. Hase called this "Kijin-kun" and was familiar with it, but Mishakuji looked at him with sad and frustrated eyes and shook his head slowly.

"That's a tree. How do you decide on a technique when you don't have a doll, throat, or jaw?"

"That's where you are immature, Yukari. Well, if you destroy your mind, the fire will cool, and since the eel's head is also devotional, people can use their imagination as much as they want."

"What is that?"

Yukari held the wooden sword before his eyes again and looked at Hase.

"I promise that if you can do the 'quick three steps', you can practice straight away."

"Uh."

"Master. Please help me."

Hase exhaled deeply when he saw Yukari's eyes shining behind the wooden sword.

Hase has seen this shade of light many times before. Curiosity and passion. He wants to see how strong he is and he wants to be stronger. It is the light that is willing to bear any pain to confirm it.

If he wants to go the way of a sword, that would be nice too. Hase somewhat regretted teaching this boy.

Regretfully, but a little gleefully, Hase holds up his sword.

"Just once."

"For today."

Hase smiled, feeling the strength of his entire body.

He can see it without looking in the mirror. Perhaps his eyes now have a light similar to Yukari's.

+++++

When he slowly opened his eyes, the vermilion-tinged cloudy sky spread out to fill his sight.

"You realized?"

As soon as he tried to turn his face to his voice, a stabbing pain ran through the right half of his body. Yukari endured the pain with three breaths and then slowly raised his upper body.

Hase, who was looking at Yukari, makes a surprised voice.

"Can you get up now? Doesn't it hurt?"

"It hurts much."

It was all he could do to keep from frowning. Every time his heart beat, sweat wet his forehead. The pain didn't go away even if he said it wasn't beautiful.

Seeing Yukari's appearance, Hase said...

"Well, from the feeling of hitting, the bones won't hurt. You will take it if you take a little more rest, so I hope you'll be calm for a while."

Yukari looks at Hase, who says something relieved and then asks...

"I lost?"

Hase rolls his eyes.

"Why, did you pretend to win?"

Hase's surprise turned into a bitter smile when he looked at Yukari.

"That's right. I've been waving my sword since I first met you. If I lose during the first month, there is no way to resist."

"What will you do?"

The next moment he challenged him, he passed out and was sprawled on the ground. If he could strike at least one sword, it would have been different, but, he was shown the difference in skill between heaven and earth, and Yukari felt a pain in the back of his chest.

Maybe it's a kind of emotion called regret.

He had never experienced such feelings in his life. This is because he has never had a passion that makes him regret it.

But now it is different. It was so unfortunate that he lost at "this". He couldn't stand or stay. Immediately, he wants to try again.

Suddenly, Hase put his hand on Yukari's head.

"Master?"

When he was shocked and looked up, Hase was inevitably laughing. Stroking his wrinkled purple head, he tells him to remember it.

"Don't be so impatient, Yukari. Your talent is like origami. I guarantee it. Possibly, you can get to Miwa."

"Miwa?"

Yukari bows his head. When he guessed it was like a skill state, Hase said casually.

"My friend. The current teacher at Miwa Meishinryu School, Miwa Ichigen. He is strong."

"Is it better than you, master?"

"I can't even touch it with my sword."

Yukari blinked. Hase, who defeated himself in one fell swoop, is a master who cannot even touch. It was as if he was being talked about beyond the universe.

"I cannot believe it."

Hase laughed and honestly said...

"That's correct. I couldn't believe it either."

Suddenly, the smile mixed with a lonely color.

"But it's true. If you're going to follow this path, you have to know it. Certainly, there are people who look like monsters, who you can't beat no matter how hard you fight."

Then, patting Yukari's head again, Hase says softly.

"You will be stronger. I'm sure you will catch up with me soon. Then you should ask Miwa to teach you. He's a sword and a human, he's done so much that I can't compare to him. I'm sure he's for you too."

"Master..."

Blocking Hase's words, Mishakuji opens his mouth.

"You lost to that person, right?"

Hase's smile was strong.

"Yes."

"Aren't you going to challenge that person more?"

Yukari looks directly at Hase. Hase flirted with the sharpness of his gaze as if an arrow had been shot at him.

"There is no reason to challenge him. He is a friend, stronger than me. It is not a victory or a defeat. You may not know it yet..."

Yukari didn't listen until the end. Jerking the palm of Hase's hand to his head, he put his strength into his legs and stood up on the spot.

Hase says like he's in a hurry.

"Hey, don't go crazy."

The moment he stood up on both legs, severe pain shot through Yukari's body. The muscles hit by the wooden sword scream. Yukari squeezed it and bit him to death, staring at Hase with blazing eyes.

"Master. I respect you. I think your ability is strong and beautiful. But..."

Take a breath and Yukari continues speaking.

"I don't think the people who stop trying are beautiful."

With that said, Yukari turned to the front to shake himself.

With an awkward gait, but certainly on his own two feet, Yukari reached over to his wooden sword and picked it up. Without looking back at Hase, he turned the corner of "Nibangai" and left while dragging the wooden sword.

Hase, who was left behind, was looking at "Kijin-kun" with his lonely eyes.

K SIDE: PURPLE 06

The next day.

Yukari calmly appeared on the vacant lot and asked Hase to practice.

"Please, teacher."

Hase could only scratch his head and growl, "Um.", at Yukari who said again.

He wasn't mad at Yukari. Rather, he just wondered if he was in a bad mood for Yukari. He didn't know why he adopted such a tough attitude, but Hase knows that he is a boring person. Somehow, he thinks he has touched something that should not be touched.

Hase crossed his arms.

Holding a wooden sword, Yukari stood there. The expression is a bit strained, probably because even this boy really cares about yesterday. On the other hand, Hase seemed to

like the attitude of not apologizing or making an excuse. He's begging for him to teach him, but he doesn't want to give up yesterday's anger.

On the contrary, even if he pushes that anger away, this boy wants to learn the sword by himself.

Hase exhaled heavily and faced Yukari with a wooden sword in hand.

"Yukari. I'll take back what I said earlier."

Yukari blinks. Hase smiles as he holds his sword before his eyes.

"I said I was in the middle of my own training, but I wanted to see the limits of your talent. As a teacher of the Miwa Meishin style, I will teach you properly from now on."

"....."

It was the first time he saw this boy's expression overflowing with joy.

Hase felt ticklish and at the same time remembered regret for having gone away for the first time in a long time. Hase yells cheerfully, shaking thoughts from him and clutching the handle of the sword.

"Alright! Attack from anywhere!"

"Yes."

Yukari's response was calm, as if he was trying to curb the overflowing joy. However, the flames of fire in his eyes are no different than yesterday. Curiosity and passion. It seems that defeat and regret are not in Yukari's heart at all.

The flexible body jumps without hesitation and hits hard. Hase's eyes narrowed dazzlingly and met him squarely.

Truth be told, yesterday's fix was Hase's fault.

The difference in ability between Hase and Yukari is clear. He is a first-class sword master, and a beginner who has just grasped the sword. It would have been easy for Hase to get rid of Yukari without having to leave him so badly.

However, he did not do that because Hase's instinct as a swordsman seemed higher than he expected upon seeing a sword for the first time in a long time.

To put it in other words, Yukari's talent was incredible. He wanted to work as a swordsman, not as a teacher. Thus, he played a trick like taking him down with a single attack and stun him.

However, Hase is different now.

As a master he was seriously adjusting to face the swordsman Mishakuji Yukari.

As a result, what happened was that Yukari was "cut" dozens of times.

He smashed his head, penetrated between his eyebrows, cut his neck, hit his chest, slaughtered his belly, and both hands and feet were shattered.

Of course, that was not the case. Hase's wooden sword didn't even touch Yukari. Everything came to a halt in a single attack, leaving Yukari to naturally admit defeat.

Yukari squeezed his omnipotence and tried to resist. He wants to do at least one attack. Otherwise, he will want to stop using the sword. Surprisingly mature Yukari, only with a youthful spirit, boldly attacked and did everything to the max.

"Okay, that's it!"

Hase bows with the wooden sword at his waist. Sweat is slightly wetting him, and he can't even see how tired he is.

On the other hand, Mishakuji had his wooden sword against the ground for support, and he was standing there with a sigh at best.

"Uh..."

Sorry to overdo it. Yesterday, it was likely that he had hit him badly, so this time he was more careful than necessary. It may have damaged the child's self-esteem.

Hase pulled the water bottle from his chest and handed it to Yukari. Yukari leans on the wooden sword and looks him in the eye.

"Take it."

"....."

Returning something head-on, Yukari received it. In that rhythm, power is released from his waist and sticks to the spot. Sweat beading his brows, Mishakuji straightened his knees and sat down again, resting his mouth on the water bottle.

Hase does the same, after seeing Purple take a breath.

"You are bold."

With that said, Mishakuji looked mysteriously at Hase.

"But you're too bold. I'm impressed that you just drop your defenses and avoids and jump just to hit me."

"But if I don't, I couldn't manage to even attack my master."

Hase responds to Yukari's unsatisfied voice as if to remind him.

"It would not be possible to just attack. Since you are faced with a sword, the main way is to control the opponent and find the winning line. You can also sit down and look for your opponent's weaknesses, right?"

"Against an opponent you can't beat, do you mean to stay until you win?"

"Instead of a special attack prepared to smash, I still have more eyes on that."

Yukari still seems dissatisfied. Ask yourself.

"Isn't that beautiful?"

"....."

Yukari did not reply and refused. Hase crossed his arms with a "Fu."

"I really don't understand what you mean by "beauty". Is it more important than the outcome of a win or a loss?"

Yukari looked up and looked at Hase. No matter the technique, after practicing for a month or so, he has come to understand a bit what this kid is thinking. That is to say,

"What? Don't you get it right?"

Yukari had a bad expression on his face.

Hase was about to explode. Still, this boy's desire for "beautiful things" may not be false. He just can't put it into words.

Hase also understood that feeling. Originally he is not the one who speaks well. He takes into account what he feels, and he has spent half of his life that way.

After a while, Yukari said in a low voice.

"The sword movement you showed me that night was beautiful."

That night was when the bully who was attacking Yukari, was hit by a "quick hit". Yukari connects the words.

"I don't know how to put it. He's straight, slim, and doesn't hesitate. I might find him "beautiful"."

Ah, Hase seemed to be good at it.

"Sure. Sword art can have the "beauty" you say if you go all the way. I don't know if I've reached that level."

"No."

Looking at Hase, Mishakuji says in a strong tone.

"That is not the case. The technique was certainly beautiful. So..."

Having said that, Mishakuji stopped.

Hase bows his head. So...? Hase, who admits to himself and others, could not guess the words that followed.

Mishakuji looked at Hase with a kind look, but soon sighed as if he had given up. He stands up, puts the sword on his waist and thanks.

"Thanks for practicing with me today."

"Oh, also, nice to practice with you too."

Hase also hastily got up and bowed. Seeing that, Mishakuji laughed. Unable to understand the meaning of the smile, Hase scratched his head with his hand.

"Well for now, are you going home for today?"

"Before that, let's take a shower. Sayuri makes a lot of noise when I come back dirty. Would you like to eat at 'Hanawarabe' today?"

"Um, that's correct. Let's do that."

When Hase starts walking, Yukari follows him. Hase and Mishakuji went home together, with a bitter smile in their heart, saying that it was very different from yesterday.

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Noriya Haraki was sitting in a corner of the detention center and looking at his hands.

Around the room, criminals with similar circumstances crouched in the same way. It's not a herd or a fight, and he casts a vague glance beyond the walls, ceilings, and railings. Realizing that he was definitely one of them, he clicked his tongue.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. He is not a person to be put in such a place.

It does not mean that he is not guilty. If that's the case, he has been counting it over and over again. Since he was less than 20 years old, he has been stealing and swindling. If society were to be divided back and forth, then he would definitely be a "later" resident.

Still, he feels the current treatment of him is unfair.

There are supposed to be younger people here. Young pawns, they know nothing and can be treated as convenient for the group. As a young leader, that's what these guys do here, that's the industry.

However, the "youth" are gone.

Did they turn to charcoal or ash and spread to the ground or scattered across the sky? Life and existence have disappeared without a trace.

"Tsk!"

Remembering that moment, his body trembles.

If he had returned to Takeido-cho's office at that time, he too would have disappeared from the world.

What is still burned on the back of the eyelids is bright red and black.

Kagutsu's flame that burns the night sky.

Men in black screaming frantically in that context.

Until now, he thought that he belonged to a violent organization. He thought that he was a powerful person. Most people had to resist that power. Everyone knew that they would panic and succumb to the violence that crept through the web of law.

It was sweet.

Those who belonged to the same organization as him, with high ranks and more terrifying, begged for forgiveness while crying, burned alive and stuck. He witnessed the apparition.

"Purgatory", a group of talented people with the "Red King" at the top.

Just remembering the name, he doesn't stop shaking. He knew there was an extraordinary ability to live in the underworld, but the calamity caused by "Purgatory" was a different order of magnitude. That is not a type of violence, it is "destruction".

"Purgatory" is a group of monsters that spread "destruction" on themselves.

The extraordinary idea of avenging the death of his companions did not exist in his head. Everything is a potentially deadly species. Once he got a lot of money, he was going to run away somewhere.

That was...

"Damn!"

He got angry and damn his lack of luck. For those who were fed up with "Nibangai", if they were to squeeze a bit, the money to escape would have accumulated. To make money at the moment, he should have been able to wholesale some of Ajima-gumi's "assets", which are difficult to collect, and illegal "assets." That way, he could have gotten enough money to live.

It's about that kid and the giant guy. That's when he hit the ground with his fist as he cursed.

"Noriya Haraki."

Being called by his name, he suddenly raised his face. An officer was behind the iron grate.

"Get out."

"What?"

Involuntarily, he raised his eyes and said that. He has been detained now because some crimes have been revealed, but he should not have been released so soon.

To answer that question, the officer was in a clerical tone,

"A benefactor has appeared. You are released."

He wondered who he was.

Benefactor? For him now?

Confusion swirled in his head. Ajima-gumi's group should have been wiped out, but maybe there were some who survived like him. Such hope arose suddenly and he got up. He bowed and walked out the open prison door.

Accompanied by the officer, he walked down the corridor inside the police station. Meanwhile, he heard a cheerful voice from the back of the corner.

"Here, and here, and then, uh, here? No, sorry. I've never written such a document. Hahahaha."

Hearing the voice, he reflexively stopped.

"...? What's wrong? Go on."

Even if requested by the officer in charge, he remains at the scene.

Somehow, a dark premonition clung to the hope he had in his heart. He will not proceed as he is. It is much better to turn around and go back into that prison.

"Hey, come on. Go ahead!"

Still, the officer gives him a shove. He began to walk indeterminately. Like a prisoner, he climbs thirteen steps. The moment he turned the corner, he knew his intuition was correct.

The man who was writing the documents at the reception suddenly looked up and saw him.

Thread-thin eyes on the back of sunglasses. A smile that seems to stick to his mouth, and in a black suit like a undertaker.

"Ah, Noriya Haraki-san. Nice to meet you. I'm Soma Hitoshi from 'Purgatory'. If you have any questions, could you come with me?"

Saying it in a fuzzy voice, Soma set fire with the missing little finger of his left hand and lit the cigarette in his mouth.

K SIDE: PURPLE 07

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 "Nibangai" 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 Nibangai, 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 "Nibangai" 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 "Nibangai"."

"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.

K SIDE: PURPLE 08

Looking at the customer who entered, Taka-san widened his eyes.

Isshin Hase, a man who settled in "Nibangai" about half a year ago. He was a big man with muscular bones, and if he had had the aptitude, he could have been hired by this "Massive Boys", but for now, he "established himself as a goalkeeper for all of Nibangai".

Hase looked confused while he was at the store entrance. It is not surprising. "Massive Boys" is a so-called "tourist bar" that anyone can walk into, but there are chaotic fluorescent neon signs, bondage fashion Greek sculptures, and bright posters of gay porn stars all over the store. At first glance, customers are often confused and some leave the store immediately.

"Sensei, come here."

When Taka-san beckoned, Hase looked relieved and walked over to the counter. When he put his giant body on a stool, he looked like one of the figures in the store.

Taka-san laughs a bit as he hands him a hand towel.

"Welcome. It's rare for Sensei to come to us."

"Um, well, that's right. I'm not good at these kinds of places."

Taka-san is in awe of the wording. Since Hase was in a hurry, he wondered why he had come if he wasn't good at it, or what if he said it in front of them.

"Oh, no, no! It's not about you, there's just no green tea in this place to drink. Sorry."

Taka-san involuntarily bursts out laughing. It seems true that he wasn't good at socializing, although he didn't have to panic.

"Well, that's correct. Sure, you can't drink?"

"Um, I can't."

"Ah, I'm not serious. I apologize, we have many other non-alcoholic drinks."

He glanced sideways and pointed at Chief Satoshi. He saw this person, so the instructions mean that others are welcome. Satoshi looked ahead and yelled, he came out of the counter to stop an employee who is getting involved with a customer.

Taka-san turns to Hase and says with a soft smile.

"So what are you going to do, Sensei?"

"That's right. I'll order a sake that I can drink."

"Yes."

Taka-san took the shaker. There was no doubt that Hase asked for that for his sake. There are days when he still wants to drink alcohol that he cannot drink. He has been doing this kind of business for a long time, so he knows it.

He adds syrup, sugar and lemon to some cocoa liquor and shake it. Transferring it to a glass, he poured in sparkling water and was slightly driven, Taka-san presented the glass in front of Hase.

"Yes, please. Cacao Fiz. It has less alcohol, so feel free to drink."

"Oh, thanks."

He raised the glass with a nervous hand, and took a sip. Hase's eyes widened.

"Uh, it tastes good."

"Thank you."

Taka-san smiled. Hase tipped his glass again and drank several times.

He wondered what happened.

For half a year after the gangster attacked, Hase has solved many problems in "Nibangai". There are many people, including Taka-san, who have been helped and protected by him. Still, his good-natured personality who never snorts his achievements, was welcomed favorably by the "Nibangai" neighbors.

Still, Taka-san doesn't know Hase's details. Also Mi-chan and Seiya. He is forbidden to snoop unnecessarily, which was implicitly a rule of thumb in "Nibangai", which has many wounds on its inhabitants.

So Taka-san didn't force him to answer, he just shook off the little talk.

"How about these days? What about Mishakuji-chan?"

Hase laughs on one cheek. A sip of cocoa and then a sip of words.

"His sword is..."

"Yes?"

"I was right. That boy has a good sword."

For a moment, Taka-san didn't understand what Hase was saying.

Hase's ability is brute force. He has taken down several thugs in the blink of an eye. He was not sure about the sword, but he could understand through common sense that he had been studying for many years and that his technique cannot be surpassed by one half.

That is to say...

"Why are you asking that all of a sudden?"

"I heard you promised Sayuri to try to avoid injury. Until now, you've been hitting with a move that doesn't care, but it seems like you've decided to change that."

"....."

"The word genius is lukewarm. Yukari is real, so is his ability."

Speaking to himself, Hase set the empty glass on the counter.

"Give me a refill."

"Yes."

While preparing a new cocktail, Taka-san implicitly observed Hase's expression.

Hase seemed to be laughing. Eyes closed and thoughtful, his lips formed a slight smile. But Taka-san didn't know what he thought was true. What do people feel when they are

outmatched by humans for just half a year after many years of research? Only the person knows.

"He's a great kid. That's it."

Taka-san is even more cheerful as he pours a new cocktail into the glass.

"Yeah, he really does cause that feeling, right? Mishakuji-chan is amazing. He's been able to do anything for a long time, he's smart, he has a good face. It's weird that he's in a place like this."

Hase smiles bitterly as he looked at the glass that Taka-san gave him.

"A place like this, is a greeting. I wonder if this is where I live."

"Yes. "Nibangai" is certainly our place. But after all, it is a place like this."

Taka-san turned his gaze towards the shop, saying that selfishly. The burly men in XL evening gowns and prima donna suits hold their glasses cross-shouldered and the singing voice is out of tune.

"Drop something, run away from something. This is a mound of snow where these people gather. The more time we spend here, people like me, Mi-chan, Seiya, Sayuri, we have no place to stay other than here."

Hase's glass was empty. Taka-san unconsciously poured half sake.

"But Mishakuji-chan is different. Since he is a big boy, it is possible that he can fly to a wide world that we cannot imagine. I think he is a boy, who unlike us who cannot escape, can open up by himself One Way."

Taka-san says that, narrowing his eyes.

Mishakuji Yukari was certainly such an existence for the people of "Nibangai". Hope and possibility. Being able to fly to places where they can never go. That's why everyone who likes Yukari feels that he is not suitable for this place.

"Escape."

Suddenly, Hase's face was dyed bright red and the giant swayed. Taka-san rushes to replace the glass.

"My God, I wonder if I drank too much. Water, water."

"Hm..."

Hase looks at the water that Taka-san offered him. Hase flutters with some drunken eye flashes.

"I'm the same. I wonder if it was fate that brought me here."

"....."

Do not poke around uselessly. That is the "Nibangai" rule. They all have the same scars that they don't want to be explored.

However, you cannot live with your own pain forever. There are times when you still want to spit out the scars you don't want to find. In such a case, listen to the story silently. That's not "Nibangai's" rule, it was Taka-san's rule.

"Why did you come here, Sensei?"

When Taka-san poured the water, Hase leaned his elbows on the counter, closed his eyes, and began to speak slowly.

"I betrayed my friend and ran away from him."

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The Miwa Meishinryu Dojo was located near Hase's birthplace.

He doesn't remember why he got a sword. He was not good at socializing due to his natural nature, and he believed that swinging a stick was easier than playing with friends at school. There were few outsiders who bothered to learn old-fashioned swordplay, and it was even rarer when they were younger, and there was only one disciple his own age.

That was Miwa Ichigen's school.

Miwa was the grandson of the owner of the dojo, a boy who was sought out to take over the Miwa Meishin style. For that reason, it seems that he was strictly taught not only the sword, but also all martial arts and etiquette. From the boy Hase's perspective, Miwa seemed to have little time to break free.

However, he didn't make sense of Miwa's character. He always had a spring breeze atmosphere that made him feel relaxed just by being next to him. It wasn't a bother for Hase, who wasn't good at socializing, to be around Miwa. Not only was he a friend of the sword of the same age, but Hase and Miwa believed that they fit together in terms of personality.

However, even Hase often couldn't understand Miwa.

For example, while he was practicing in the presence of a sword, there was a moment when he suddenly lost his head. Even if it's practice, if the hit is bad, it will hurt. Since he knew, he should have to put stress on his whole body, but Miwa just looked somewhere far away, and sometimes his heart wasn't even there.

And Hase couldn't attack Miwa. He should be full of spaces, but there was no possibility of attacking anywhere. He was caught up in the premonition that a ridiculous counterattack would ensue the moment he hit him, and he had no choice but to turn Miwa around. Meanwhile, both of them were severely scolded by the owner of the dojo.

"Hey. What the hell was that?"

After a day of practice, Hase scold Miwa.

Half intended to complain. Both of them were ordered to clean the entire dojo as punishment for clumsy practice. He couldn't help but wonder why he wasn't fed up with Miwa, but he couldn't think of beating Miwa if he acted immature in front of him.

As he squeezed the cloth he had just lifted from the bucket, Miwa asked mysteriously.

"What's that?"

"That's it. It's like you go somewhere from time to time, whatever you're practicing. It's hard to do and I can't get over you."

"Ah..."

Miwa was a bit shy.

"That's the word that comes to mind."

"Word?"

"Yeah. Words that usually come to mind that aren't cohesive probably come together at that moment, and then my head goes that way."

He has turned his lips into a sword. He knew from his long relationship that Miwa wasn't teasing him.

"I do not know why."

"Yes. I really don't get it."

"I can't understand what you don't understand."

Having said that, Hase smiled bitterly. The one who laughed was the loser. He placed both hands on the mop placed on the floor and cleaned as he took a step. Hase lecture Miwa that he was a little late.

"If those words come together, let me know."

Miwa also laughed a bit and replied.

"Yes. I'll tell you when the time comes."

In the future, Miwa will be the owner of the Miwa Meishin-style dojo. Become a friend of Miwa, he will have the level of a teacher, sometimes they would exchange swords, teach the sword technique to the neighborhood children and hear those "words" one day. Somehow, Hase envisioned that future.

So when he heard that Miwa was leaving the house, he wasn't surprised at all.

Hase and Ichigen Miwa's sword arms were almost the same, but their heads were different.

When he heard that Miwa would be enrolled in the highest school in the country, he thought reflexively, "This guy will do long before breakfast."

But he really didn't understand. Why wasn't he the successor to the dojo? What happened to the promise to hear the "words"? Does he throw the sword? Out of anger, Hase was asking that question in quick succession.

Miwa was a bit embarrassed, as he bent his neck.

"No. I'm sure I'll be waving my sword wherever I am."

Then, with a look soft like a spring breeze, he added:

"The "words" are not organized yet. Once they are organized, I'll show them to you first."

"Really?"

Hase had no choice but to say so. There were no other words.

The difference between him and Miwa was clearly shown.

First of all, he was a different person than him, who was not good at socializing because he was careless and had no choice but to cling to this land while he brandished his sword. Miwa, she was smart and had many brilliant talents. He was a person who could advance to a larger world for a better future. It was just that Hase was so crazy that he thought he must be around him all the time.

"Do not feel alone."

The words that came out of his mouth surprised him. He should be pleased with the prosperity of his friend, but the first thing that comes up is his feeling. Masochistically, he thought that place would be different without him.

Still, Miwa smiled and replied.

"Me too. I will be a teacher who teaches from the heart."

Then, Miwa flew all over the world.

Shortly after Miwa disappeared, Hase became the teacher of the Miwa Meishin school.

It seems that the owner of the dojo still wanted Miwa to take over the dojo. The instructor would only be Miwa, and he claimed that he was in the middle of a "long absence". That was not important to Hase. He was not interested in the position or title as long as he could live wielding his sword, he thought it was the most suitable life for him.

Meanwhile, almost 10 years have passed.

One day, Miwa came by chance.

After graduating from high school, he heard that he got a job in an overseas securities company and that he is doing a great job. It would be a lie not to say that his friend was living a completely different life from his, and that he didn't feel alone, but when he thought "that's what it is", it was a story he could swallow. He thought that he had found something that could be the basis for him, just like he was living with a sword.

The face of his friend that he saw after a long time seemed to be dead.

Hase looked at his face seriously, and Miwa smiled like a spring breeze, as in the past.

"I'm sick. I left the company."

If asked, it seems that dark circles floated under his eyes and his body was thin. Hase could only imagine what a foreign securities company would look like, but it was probably a hostile environment that could damage the trained body with a sword. Hase ran into a friend, who fell ill and eventually returned from an unknown land.

"Miwa. Stay here forever. This is your home."

With a smile on his face, he shook his head gently.

"No. This is your dojo. I decided to retreat into the distance."

Hase opened his eyes. He didn't know what Miwa was thinking.

He said that he will soon go somewhere even though he had returned. Miwa took Hase's hand and said, wondering if such doubts had appeared on his face.

"It is said that good air is better for me. I can go calmly because you are in charge of this dojo."

"....."

"I lost the Miwa Meishin style."

When he told him that, Hase couldn't do anything else.

That night. Hase saw Miwa in the Kendo room.

Miwa dressed in a sash and calmly waved a wooden sword. It was probably because of the feeling that he was sick and did such a thing. It is a dojo where he spent his childhood and youth. Miwa who returned after a long time, thought it was inevitable that he would want to breathe the air of the dojo even if he made his sick.

"I understand your feelings, but don't overdo it."

He tried to yell that when he saw it.

Miwa, waved his sword as if dancing. As if running water flowed incessantly, his feet and the sword of judgment as well, they never stayed in one place.

Silently, gracefully, without the gap of habit, Miwa manipulated the wooden sword lightly.

It was hard to believe that this sick man was away from the sword for many years.

Indescribable discomfort hit Hase's chest. When he realized it, he was entering the kendo room. Hase didn't stop even if he looked back in surprise when he noticed that.

Miwa unexpectedly pointed at his throat.

"Miwa, fix things with me."

Hase, unknowingly holding a wooden sword that he hung on the wall in one hand, raised it unconsciously.

His bloodied eyes are wide open, his shoulders are tight, and his lips are tight. When he saw Hase, he had a sad expression on his face.

"Oh, I..."

"Don't say anything. I ask you to fix things with me."

Then Hase held his sword to his eyes.

Miwa was silent for a while. He had his face down, so Hase didn't know what kind of expression he had. With a wooden sword in his hands, he said in a hazy voice.

"I will not reduce the number of hits."

"Try this. I will never forgive you."

Miwa looked directly at Hase and held his sword in the top row.

That only made the skin all over his body crawl.

He didn't want to admit it. He couldn't forgive him. However, as a grave fact, he stood in front of Hase.

Miwa was stronger than him. Much stronger.

He couldn't admit it.

Hase was surprised that such pride lurked in him. Hase saw himself as a disinterested and cheerful person just by wielding his sword.

But that meant that if he turned it over, he only had one sword. He thought that he wouldn't lose, even if it was Miwa. No matter how beautiful he was, no matter how glamorous he

was in the world, only the sword. He only believed in this way of life, yet somewhere in his being, he believed that he was inferior to Miwa.

He was crushed.

The moment he saw the sword dance, he knew that he was in a situation where he couldn't even compete with Miwa. He was sick. He believed that he had been working for a company for a long time.

Miwa was much more skilled than him, who has directly thrust the sword.

He couldn't forgive him.

Miwa, no. He cannot forgive himself. The chief was not skilled enough to trick him into pretending not to see him. All feelings and consideration turned to dust at that moment. Isshin Hase had to challenge Ichigen Miwa.

Miwa with the sword in the top row had a transparent expression. The expression was familiar. It's the expression he used to have when he practiced, when his heart was going somewhere.

The facial expression when the "words" arise

At that moment, he couldn't hit him. He had a feeling that he was going to receive a terrible counterattack and could only turn around.

But now...

If he didn't hit him now, he will regret it for the rest of his life.

"Ooooooooooooooh!"

Driven by thoughts of him, Hase kicked the dojo floor. A reverse kasaya that appears to be licked from the bottom left. He fired the strongest blow of his life.

And...

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"So what happened?"

Taka-san asked in a low voice, looking at Hase, who has fallen onto the counter.

"Fu..."

With his forehead pressed against the counter, Hase shook his shoulders and laughed.

"Of course I lost. No matter how many times I tried, I couldn't even touch it with the sword."

"....."

"The next morning, Miwa left. He left a letter."

There was a brief goodbye and a "word" in which the words were finally joined. No words of apology were written. Hase was saved by that.

"The next morning I left the dojo. I should have decided once that it was my place to live. I couldn't bear to be there anymore."

If he entered the dojo and swung his sword, he would remember that night. When he realized that, his life was worth nothing.

"I ran away. I left the dojo that night. For the very fact that I couldn't get over Miwa. I left the dojo that Miwa had entrusted to me and the disciples who trusted me, I fled, kept running, and then I came here."

Hase laughed deep in his throat, lifting his flushed face and squeezing it.

"I tried to assume that Miwa was special. He was a monster given two or three times by the sky. Then Yukari appeared."

With a laugh, Hase covered his eyes with his big palm.

"When I saw his movement today, I remembered Miwa that night. I moved like I danced and didn't stop. It's funny, right? After running away from a monster, I ended up meeting another monster. Kukuku..."

Hase kept laughing deep in his throat. Maybe he wasn't laughing. Thinking like this, Taka-san gently walked away.

"In the end, I can't. I couldn't beat him or forgive myself for losing. I saw Yukari today and I remembered him. I'm a useless person."

Taka-san thinks that there are two types of people who despise themselves.

Someone who wants you to deny it, and some who really believe it.

Hase now is probably the last. There was an opponent who lived with a sword and still couldn't beat him. He doesn't think he can understand all the regrets, despair and helplessness at that time. Suffering can only be understood by the person who tasted it.

However, there was still a problem with Hase.

"Miwa, right? I have never met him, but I am grateful to that person."

When Taka-san said, Hase looked up mysteriously.

"Because without that person, I could have been dead."

Hase looks at Taka-san with drunken eyes. Taka smiled, poured water into the glass, and presented it to Hase.

"Isn't that true? If you had overcome that feeling before that person, you wouldn't be here right now. Then I could have been stabbed by that yakuza and would die."

"....."

"It's not just me. It's the same for Mishakuji-chan. He could have been seriously injured protecting me, and that boy could have died if you hadn't intervened. Right?"

Hase shook his head, saying that he couldn't turn his head properly. Taka-san sighed and looked directly at Hase.

"You may have lost. You may have escaped, thrown away, betrayed and come here. But there are people who have been saved."

"....."

"So don't say you're worthless, much less say that in front of Mishakuji-chan, because he respects you."

"Does he respect me?"

Hase repeated it, like the words he heard for the first time. As he looked down at the glass.

"But eventually he will be stronger than me."

"But now you are still that child's teacher."

Hase was listening to the words and sinking into the depths of the water in the glass.

"So, be proud and be like a teacher. Not for you, but for Mishakuji-chan. One day when that child leaves the nest, you will be able to proudly say, 'Isshin Hase taught him the sword'."

Hase was silent for a while.

Taka-san didn't say anything else. He thought it was Hase's problem. After all, Hase himself is the only one who can come out of despair and suffering.

"So is."

Finally, Hase muttered and crept into his chest.

What he took out of it was a messy piece of paper. It was slightly dirty and covered with hand stains, and the written characters were not clear. However, Hase squinted to see the precious written treasure and murmured.

"I may have come here for that."

K SIDE: PURPLE 09

"Is it Miwa Ichigen-san?"

As he wiped the sweat from his neck, Mishakuji shook his neck and asked.

It was the usual vacant lot that he used as a training room. Hase hung up when the sun went down and it was time to finish the day's lessons.

"Oh. I think I've talked about it sometime, but he's my swordsman friend. Why don't you meet him?"

Hase said with a smile. He may have been smiling too much. Yukari narrowed his eyes a bit, turned his back on Hase, and started preparing for his return.

"What do you think, Yukari?"

"I am not particularly interested."

Yukari answered Hase, who asked again, without looking back. Hase's smile was a bit stiff and the sweat that flowed under his armpits was different from practice. But, fortunately or unfortunately, Yukari stopped, so he didn't have to worry about distracting him.

However, Yukari was cunning. It is possible that he had already noticed Hase's true intentions.

"That said, if you were learning alone, you would eventually get stuck. The sword can only be expanded by interacting with many people. You want to be stronger, right?"

"....."

"I can't bear to see your sword talent keep showing up. Miwa is a trusted friend. I definitely want you to see his sword."

Before he knew it, he was pleading. Hase didn't have the heart to confess that. He's been stuck with an idea ever since he drank it on Massive Boys.

Gather Miwa Ichigen and Mishakuji Yukari.

That is why he came here to "Nibangai".

Yukari's sword talent far surpasses Hase's. It is possible that Hase is even stronger now, due to the difference in experience and physique that he has accumulated. Yukari will grow steadily from now on. In the not too distant future, Hase will no longer have anything to teach Yukari.

But Miwa Ichigen is different. That bottomless man has the ability to accept Yukari's sword talent. Hase was convinced of that. The two sword monsters he encountered in his life, Miwa Ichigen and Mishakuji Yukari, should meet. That was Hase's conclusion.

However, even when he spoke all the words from him, Yukari's back did not move firmly. Hase was about to give up on Yukari who got up with all his luggage.

"His sword is beautiful."

The words he said at the wrong time shook Yukari's shoulders.

"The most beautiful thing I have ever seen is Miwa Ichigen's sword. I want you to see that sword, which is incomparable to mine, take a look at it and you will know."

There was no lie in the clinging words. The truth is that it was etched in Hase's mind as the most beautiful thing in the world.

That night, in the Kendo hall, Miwa brandished his sword as if he were dancing alone.

Hase had no choice but to go out because it was so beautiful.

"Yukari, by all means..."

Yukari slowly looked back at Hase. Seeing that expression, Hase swallowed the words. He was angry.

Indescribable anger, dissatisfaction and irritation appeared on Yukari's beautiful face. It was the first time the boy had such an emotional expression. Not knowing where it came from, Hase could only be confused.

"Don't do the same thing over and over again."

Yukari said that shaking his voice from him.

"I'm not interested. It is enough if I can learn to use the sword from my master."

"Nevertheless..."

"Sensei..."

Yukari turned around. He frowned and bit his lip to kill something.

"My master says to go somewhere far away, should I go?"

For a moment, not knowing what was being asked, Hase listened carefully.

"What?"

"Everyone is saying it. I think I'll do that. Taka-san, Seiya-san, Mi-chan, Sayuri-Onesama. I'll go somewhere someday. I'm going to disappear from here."

His words were familiar to him.

That's exactly what Taka-san said that night. A child as beautiful and talented as Yukari is not suitable for a gloomy place like "Nibangai". He should be able to walk into a brighter world.

"It's like it's natural. I didn't want that. I'm sure it will happen one day, so I'm not asking for it."

That should have been hope. It must have been a blessing for the future, for the possibilities. But...

"Everyone says it's natural for me to think that, and that's a good thing. Not being here. I should get out of here someday."

Yukari was walking away. As if he was afraid that he would see his wet eyes.

Seeing that, Hase's chest quickly settled in his understanding.

(Oh, what is it? This guy...)

"Yukari. Do you think you're going to get rid of me?"

Yukari's face quickly turned red. Like a child struck by a star.

Hase was about to laugh and hastily put his strength into his facial muscles. No matter how experienced he is, he knows how miserable a person is who is laughed at because of his true feelings. If he does that, Yukari won't forgive him for the rest of his life.

"No, Yukari. It's not like that."

Naturally, Hase was getting closer to Yukari. When he put his hand on his shoulder, he noticed that Yukari's shoulder was unexpectedly small. It was the shoulder of a 15-year-old boy, of course.

"Everyone says that because you are important. I am the same. I don't think you are a bother to me or that you should go somewhere far away."

"....."

Yukari looked down as if he couldn't believe it.

It may not be unreasonable to think that.

Yukari is a foreign body to "Nibangai". Beautiful, noble and full of talent. Even if he is favorably accepted by other residents, it will not be possible not to see him as a foreign body. Sayuri and her friends love Yukari, but wasn't it such a love as treating a little bird with broken wings instead of a compatriot?

How did this sneaky kid take it? Hase cannot fully understand.

Yet he seemed possible to imagine it, albeit vaguely.

"Neither Taka-san, Seiya-san, Mi-chan, nor Sayuri-san want you to go far. Somehow they want you to stay."

Yukari looked at Hase with dissatisfied eyes.

"Then, why?"

"They don't want to get hurt."

The word passed through Hase's mouth before he thought.

"If they don't, they won't be able to bear the loneliness of losing you. If you don't prepare ahead of time, you will hurt yourself when the time comes when you're not ready for it. Everyone is afraid of that."

As he said, Hase noticed that he was smiling. The slight smile was also a bitter smile for him.

Someone who is beautiful enough to long for will stay with them forever. Everyone knows that such a thing is just a dream story.

The more beautiful a dream is, the greater the difference from reality. You can imagine the pain when you fall from there. That's why they wanted to put a cushion in beforehand, and Hase could understand that feeling painfully.

"I'm not going anywhere."

The tight voice trembled like a child. Hase was great and dominated many times.

"Yes. You don't have to go anywhere, but you can go anywhere."

"....."

"We don't want to get in the way. You know, Yukari?"

After a moment, Yukari slowly took it easy.

"Ok!"

He changed his face and started packing his luggage. Yukari was looking at him with wide eyes.

"Would you like to go home? If you don't go home and take a shower, you will catch a cold!"

"Ok."

"Let's get Sayuri back to making rice! Sayuri's rice is delicious!"

With a deliberate and high voice, Mishakuji still smiled.

"Only the sensei can say that."

"Hmm? Really? Good things are good though. That's the one thing that can't be changed."

"Originally, there is hardly any place to change, sensei."

While exchanging such a conversation, the two of them walk through "Nibangai". It seemed that something bad had fallen. It took him a long time to remember that Yukari was a 15-year-old boy.

Still, along the way, Hase finally brought it up.

"Ichigen Miwa..."

Yukari's eyes stiffened for a moment, but they quickly melted. Hase continued, admiring that it was clear.

"I won't force you to meet him. If you don't want to, there's no point in doing so. Forget my words."

The vision of that night in his mind, strangely, did not seem so bitter in Hase today.

"Remember this. Miwa Ichigen's sword is beautiful."

"....."

"Whenever you want to see something beautiful, say so. I can write a cover letter."

Yukari blinked slowly. Hase noticed a kind of flame ignite in the back of his eyes.

Hase walk slowly, without laughing.

+++++++

"Hey, Mishakuji-chan, are you going somewhere?"

Mi-chan said such a thing, mixing surprise with his stiff voice.

Even though it was Saturday night, the only guests from "Hanawarabe" were Taka-san, Seiya-san and Mi-chan. After hooking up at another store, they seem to have fallen for "Hanawarabe", and were drunk with a good feeling. On the contrary, Mishakuji was impressed that he had never seen a place where they were not drunk.

"I'm going to meet Hase-san's friend. He lives in the mountains somewhere, so it's a day trip from tomorrow. I guess..."

Sayuri looked at Yukari only from the edge of her eyes. Yukari concentrated on washing the dishes and pretended not to notice.

"Is his friend related to Kendo?"

"That's right. He is an old friend. He asked me if I wanted to see him, in that case he would write a letter, he said that the people there would be excited and I could go see him right away."

"Well then it's a training trip. At first I thought that Mishakuji-chan had started something strange, but you are completely absorbed in it."

"Mishakuji-chan will grow up like this~. Somehow I feel lonely~"

With a sigh, Mi-chan insisted on a glass of beer. When Taka-san, who was next to him, smiled and tried to say something, Mishakuji opened his mouth silently.

"I'll be right back."

"Eh?"

"Nibangai is my hometown. I will be back."

The thick eyes that are peculiar to drunkenness turned towards Yukari. After blinking slowly, Mi-chan happily collapsed.

"Oh, that's good."

"I mean, that's not the norm. Mishakuji-chan is still a high school student. If you forget to study, you won't learn."

"Oh, my, when did Sayuri become an educational mom?"

"I wonder if all of today's accounts are attached to Taka-san."

"Really? It's a party, Taka-san!"

"Banquet!"

"Hey, no one told me to skip it, right?"

Looking away from the three people who started making noise, Mishakuji smiled calmly alone.

It wasn't long after he spoke to Hase in the wasteland, that he decided to meet Miwa Ichigen.

If he had been the Yukari back then, he would not have refused and they would have finally met. Sayuri's words that he would go somewhere far away were etched in his heart all the time. There was such a suffocation that everyone looked forward to Yukari's future and decided that they would not be ahead of the game. There was so much loneliness that people she thought were friends said, "You are different."

But...

(You don't have to go anywhere, but you can go anywhere.)

When he heard Hase's words, he felt his chest support.

That's right, Yukari thought. Being able to go anywhere also means you don't have to go anywhere. It is not decided by others, but by Yukari himself. Yukari doesn't have to be caught up in anything. He didn't even have to be trapped in his heart.

If he wants to go somewhere far away, he can always come back. "Nibangai" will not change, will always be there.

When he thought that, the first thing he wanted to see was Miwa's sword. He couldn't help but want to see the sword muscle that he made Hase Isshin say, "It's more beautiful than anything else."

So he's going to find it. He was surprised that it was effective, but mindless patience is not included in the beauty that Yukari thinks. Seeing beautiful things was Yukari's greatest joy, and even now, he still had the feeling that his expectations of him are bloody.

"Mishakuji-chan, it's time to go upstairs. I'll do the rest."

Suddenly Sayuri said that. Looking at the clock, it's still 12 o'clock. It should rather be the future in which "Hanawarabe" will be busy.

"You're leaving early tomorrow, right? You can't meet someone there with a sleepy face, so take a break today."

"Onesama."

Yukari looked away slightly at the soft voice. But the surprise soon turned into a miserable joy. He was sure that Sayuri still did not think about his involvement in the sword. However, this person was still willing to send it herself. Nothing more than because she thought of Yukari.

"Yes. Thank you. Well, then I'll go rest."

Yukari, leaning slightly, took off his apron.

Mi-chan laughs and lightly sets the glass down.

"Well, Mishakuji-chan. I can't wait for you to buy me souvenirs!"

Seiya-san smiled and waved his hand towards Yukari.

"See you, Mishakuji-chan. When you come back, tell me what kind of person he was."

Taka-san gently narrowed his eyes and waved softly.

"I'm glad, Mishakuji-chan. You found something you can absorb yourself in."

Yukari smiled and leaned in again.

"Goodnight everyone."

Then Yukari opened the door and went upstairs to where his room was.

That was the last time he saw Mi-chan, Seiya-san, Taka-san and Sayuri.

K SIDE: PURPLE 10

"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, aaaaaaaaaaagh?!"

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".

+++++

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.

K SIDE: PURPLE 11

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 tried 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.

K SIDE: PURPLE 12

"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.

EXTRA: HOMETOWN SAKE

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 Mishukaji 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.