

The sounds of the flute were flowing through the open space on the mountain where he was playing. The sheathed sword was supporting his back while his right leg was over his left one. Fingers on his hands marked with scars were playing the well-known song of the village he had to leave a long time ago. The wind was playing with his long, thick hair that was well known all over the island.

Yasuo was playing the notes and watching the Sun that was about to set. Suddenly, he felt that the wind grew stronger which attracted his attention.

"You can jump out, the wind betrayed you hours ago," he said with his usual tired voice.

A soldier hopped out of a bush. His clothes were that of an Ionian assassin.

The boy that revealed himself couldn't have been older than 22 years old. The lack of experience and his thirst for battle made Yasuo feel bad for him. The assassin was sent by a master who succeeded the one which was murdered by someone Yasuo was hunting.

"This is not the fight you wish to take upon yourself," Yasuo warned him.

"It would be my honor to fight with the Swordsman of the Wind, but it is also my duty to avenge the master that died by the wind," the boy answered.

Realizing that there is no other way, Yasuo unsheathed his katana which was followed by a strange aura that startled his attacker.

"His life was not taken by the wind that followed my sword," he whispered trying to convince the assassin but also himself.

"The time for talk is over," the boy said and attacked.

Yasuo dashed to the boy's side with no real effort, dodging the attack.

Standing behind the assassin he swung his sword at him, but he was too far to actually land a blow on him. But the wind followed the path of the sword and all the way to the back of the attacker, throwing him at the stone on the opposite side of him.

After brief recovery from the hit, the assailant managed to trade a couple of blows with Yasuo, but with both hits he had a feeling that his katana was heavier than usual. Then he remembered all the stories. The first warrior that learned the wind technique. The Ionian prodigy boy. Yasuo. Behind him, the much older and experienced lonely warrior yelled: "ASERYO!"

He fell on the rock once again. This time the impact was much stronger, leaving him on the ground unable to move.

"Will you kill me as you executed the master?" the boy taunted him.

Yasuo turned around sheathing his sword.

"It is not yet time to die," he answered.

The boy looked at the warrior's back. The man whose past will always be remembered. Yasuo - The Unforgiven.