



FOUR SEASONS OF K: CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHTMARE

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"Fufufufufufun, fufufufufufun..."

Buzzing that sounds like a song, Gojo Sukuna suddenly stopped his hand and looked up.

It is a song that he often hears about seasonal patterns. The title is certainly "Jingle Bells". It is one of the Christmas songs that exists. The singing voice entered the room, holding a Christmas tree that exceeds his height.

"Fufufufufufu, Fufufufufufufufufufufu..."

"What's wrong, Iwa-san?"

At Sukuna's faint voice, Iwafune Tenkei takes a look at the other side of the Christmas tree.

Iwafune, with a smile, had a Christmas hat on his head.

"What did you decide? Ready for Christmas!"

"No, well, I can see it."

"Then don't play, help me. I'm busy now."

Saying that, Iwafune started putting a Christmas tree in the corner of the room.

He opens a cardboard box to the side, pulls the electrical decoration inside, and begins to wrap around the tree.

Seeing the view, Sukuna sighed.

How many people would think this guy is the sixth king, the Gray King? It's easy to do housework with beer in one hand, but today's Iwafune can only be seen as a full-fledged father who is excited about decorating for Christmas.

"That, Iwa-san. Are we "Jungle"?"

"Hmm, yeah. What's wrong with that?"

"They are lurking underground and trying to destroy the order they are in, but they are sad and have to celebrate Christmas. Rather, should we blow a gold or blue bubble while the world is floating?"

As soon as he said that, the door to the "Secret Base" opened again. At the same time there is a voice.

"I am back, Iwa-san, Sukuna."

"What did you see? Was it okay?"

It is Hisui Nagare, the king of "Jungle", and the strongest executive, Mishakuji Yukari. Sukuna rolled his eyes to ask them to say something to this old man.

And the open mouth was not blocked.

Both Nagare and Yukari had red Christmas hats attached to their heads.

Iwafune welcomes you in a good mood.

"Oh Nagare and Mishakuji-chan, it was bad that you had to go to the materials warehouse."

"Because it's for Christmas, so I expect a little effort. Right, Nagare-chan?"

"Affirmative. I can't help feeling that this season has come."

After seeing the two laughing smiles, Sukuna gently closed his mind and turned back to the game screen.

But just because Sukuna closed his heart, time didn't stop and "Jungle" executives had fun conversations in the background.

"By the way, what about the cake and turkey arrangements?"

"Leave it to me. I'll use my arm to do it!"

"As expected, I am looking forward to it. If you need to buy ingredients, don't hesitate to tell me."

"The purchase must be left to the clan member. It is an important mission, so let's make sure the U-Rank is solid."

Not good. Just listening makes him feel dizzy.

Sukuna closed the game console and got up.

He tries to walk as he was, standing with his prone eyes to avoid eye contact as much as possible,

"By the way, Sukuna. Did you decide on a gift for Santa?"

He was caught like something natural.

"What?"

"No, then it is a gift. I wonder if there is anything you want."

Iwafune is smiling.

If Yukari had said so, Sukuna would judge that he was "teasing", would immediately kick him, cursing, and would have quickly left this place. Perhaps that was the wisest decision.

But, nevertheless, Iwafune was "serious".

Seriously trying to give Sukuna a gift. Even if Sukuna himself didn't want it, Iwafune wants to give a gift. Maybe on Christmas Day he'll dress up as Santa, put a present in his socks, and leave after Sukuna has fallen asleep.

No, those socks don't work with Sukuna,

"Hey! Is it a huge sock? Most of these things go in so you can ask for whatever you want?"

Prepared.

Wearing socks that seemed to be the size of a pillowcase, Sukuna stood in front of a smiling Iwafune. He feels discouraged by treating him as an insidious person, and he feels something different "riding". If he does that, he will likely be caught at Christmas. He does not want to be involved.

Then Sukuna replied,

"Eh... no, I really don't want anything..."

The answer is clear. He had nothing he wanted, and he wanted to leave it alone if possible, so he just wanted to leave it as it was.

However, Iwafune had a wolf expression.

"Well that's not true. If you're a kid, you can have as many things as you want. Anything's fine. Toys, plastic models, soccer balls, baseball gloves, etc."

Every choice is old.

Sukuna shook her head and replied clearly.

"I don't need all of that... I buy it if I want to."

Iwafune looks at Sukuna dazedly.

With a desperate look, Sukuna tried to leave the room in a hurry.

Immediately before opening the door, Sukuna suddenly thought and turned around. He thought he should say this to the stunned Iwafune. He need to make it clear why Santa doesn't stand next to the bed.

"And I've said it many times, but don't treat me like a child. I'm not old enough to believe in Santa Claus, I'm older."

Looking back later, it was an obvious reason that it became a pressure word.

But, he doesn't notice Sukuna at the time. He felt compassion for Iwafune, who was backing off after being in shock, but decided that he wasn't saying anything wrong, so he turned his back on him and left.

Of course, there is no need for Sukuna to know what kind of conversation they had, Iwafune, Nagare, and Mishakuji.

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And that day has arrived.

February 24th. Christmas Eve, same day.

After leaving "Secret Base" early in the morning, Sukuna intended to complete some missions. The truth is that he did not want to be in a "secret base" that seems to be Christmas.

However, the world is much more floating than the world.

There are Christmas songs everywhere, and the red and green lights are smoky throughout the city. Only families and couples are on the road, swaying with happy smiles as if it were a must. There are no children who go alone like Sukuna.

A sniffing nose turned white in the cold of winter.

Sukuna hated Christmas.

No matter how joyous and happy people in the host country smile, it seemed like a fake thing. Probably because of his mother.

Sukuna's mother was a vain woman. Perhaps because she was an ordinary person, she was proud of herself in decorating herself.

Seasonal events were a great way to learn about the vanity of such a mother. Every time there was a gathering of celebrities from around the world and a party at home, she was touched by the reconfirmation of her power.

Sukuna was also just an ornament to show her superiority.

As he stood as a figure in the center of the party, with cold eyes, Sukuna looked at a glitter decorated Christmas tree, and a mountain of gift boxes.

Silly rampage of silly adults. That is Christmas for Sukuna.

He doesn't hate destroying it aggressively, but he can't be obedient enough to make a noise.

Sukuna opened the PDA and dropped his line of sight.

"Even on a day like this, there are plenty of people logging in."

Do you hate Christmas as much as Sukuna, or don't you dislike it, but are you looking the other way?

Especially for the best ranges, there are a lot of people online. Sukuna contacted several of them for the mission and responded immediately. Maybe it's because he seems more energetic than usual.

"Well do you want to go?"

Muttering a soliloquy, Sukuna looks up.

It will not destroy Christmas, but if the world is in the air, there is no reason not to take advantage of that opportunity. The important thing for Sukuna now is that "Jungle" can fulfill its ambitions and achieve innovation for all humanity. For that, they must do everything they can.

Sukuna paced in front of the court, leaning back against the hustle and bustle of the city, and quickly started walking.

When he completed two micro-attack mechanics and a steal mission, the sun was already down.

At night, the Christmas glow seems to accelerate. The avalanche of people well stirred the work of Sukuna and others. When he thought the Blues would be investigating in a hurry these days, an icy smile appeared on Sukuna's mouth.

There are dozens in Tokyo, enter the entrance to the "secret base" and Sukuna opens the PDA. He stepped into the elevator that goes underground, giving clan members who became high-ranking members a reward for success.

Are Nagare, Mishakuji and Iwa no longer excited about Christmas parties?

Along with the feeling that he doesn't want to see it, the feeling that he wants to take a look at it a bit. He was curious about how they were spending Christmas Eve, what the party aligned.

But he can no longer show his face. Nagare will not say anything. Mishakuji can laugh with his nose. Iwa-san will surely be happy to raise his hands. It was he who expected Christmas more than anyone.

When he thought about it, he didn't feel like grimacing. The face is a little different from being uncomfortable. Feel like he doesn't want to be dyed at Christmas.

He thinks about this and other things. So he doesn't like this season

The sound of the bell rang out to drown out such thoughts.

The place where he steps is the "Jungle" hideout, which is a remodeled water storage facility that was abandoned during construction. The huge and majestic columns are like a majestic temple. While confirming the signs of those illuminated pillars, Sukuna tried to proceed.

At that moment, the light disappeared with a noise.

"Eh?"

He go down reflexively and jump into the shadow of a nearby pillar. He can drop the long pole, but pulling out the electromagnetic blade is weightless. It is advisable to hide his place until the next action.

While holding his breath and looking around, Sukuna tries to resolve the situation. It's okay to contact an accident, an enemy attack, or just a power outage or storm once the situation is known. So the next action to take...

When he thought this far, the sound came from above.

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, the song he listens to a lot today.

Suddenly, a searchlight flashed on top of the pillar. A shadow emerges in the light that pierces the darkness. Sukuna looked at him and then opened his mouth.

It is a sledge.

A streamlined sled appears between the pillars and reflectors. The joyous sound of the bell seems to come from there. The voices of the sled rider and the promising person resonate in the sound.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Above the weakened Sukuna, the sled descends slowly, drawing a spiral that clings to it. When he landed in front of him, a rider jumped off the sled.

Of course it was Santa Claus.

He wears striking red and white outfit, a Christmas cap on his head and sunglasses in his rich white beard, perhaps to hide his face. Sukuna thinks it is a waste of effort.

Santa pinches his long beard and talks cheerfully.

"Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas, Sukuna!"

"What are you doing, Iwa-san?"

Sukuna's ruthless voice, but Santa was not afraid. Exaggeratedly he stretches out his arms and shakes his head.

"Iwa-san~ Who is that? I'm Santa Claus! I brought you a gift."

Wow...

"Have you been a good boy for a year? No, you should have been! So Santa Claus will give you whatever you want as a gift. What do you want? Whatever!"

He puts her hands over his ears, approaches him. Far from being a good boy, he has had a criminal life in recent months, but he can't stop when he says something like that.

Sukuna looked him up and down for a moment and then shook his cane.

"Yes."

"Wow, what? Ah, what's going on?"

Avoiding him in a dangerous place, he suddenly found the raw material of the Bandai Ten-Dori. The Christmas hat dances in the air, revealing the "Ho, ho." family. Sukuna leans on the long cane over his shoulder and says coldly.

"I already told you I didn't want anything. If there was, I would get it myself."

"Uh..."

The ruthless words reduced Santa Iwafune's momentum. Sukuna looks away from the depressed Santa Claus, telling him to throw it away.

"If you want to do whatever you want, leave me alone. It's that easy, isn't it?"

With all this said, Sukuna started walking.

There is no sign that Iwafune is following him. What was it, muttering in his chest. Iwafune's purpose is unclear. There is no way to make fun of himself. If so, do he really want Sukuna to enjoy Christmas? But for what?

He couldn't afford to be fooled by that question forever.

Something entered quietly, because it squeezed Sukuna's cheek and pierced the ground.

"What? Well, again?"

Sukuna suddenly braced himself for battle, but at a glance at the pierced thing, he immediately weakened.

It was a Yukari cover-up.

A joyous voice echoes from above.

"Ho, hoo, hoo! Merry Christmas, Sukuna-chan!"

Although Iwafune was also common, there seems to be no intention to hide it from the start. As usual, wear a domino mask and a Christmas hat as an excuse.

If he goes that far, he suspects it could be new harassment.

"Yukari, stop...!"

"Ho, ho, ho. You don't believe in Christmas. This me that appeared in front of you that is pathetic, call me Beauty ☆ Santa. Say what you want!"

"That's why I say no!"

When he shouts that, the purple cloak flew out again. As if to chase Sukuna who quickly evacuated, several pillars penetrate the concrete floor. Shaking his fingers with his arms crossed, Mishakuji Santa has a playful tone,

"I am not honest, Iwa-san was sweet, but I am not. I have to punish rude children."

"You know this is the end of your life, right...?"

It doesn't stop there. Sukuna turned around and ran like a rabbit.

"Oh, chasing me? It's a reckless move for a holy night, but that's your wish!"

Sukuna runs. Run. Without waving his eyes, he runs in the form of a demon with a wooded pillar as a shield.

While listening to the noise behind him, Sukuna is desperate.

"What? What's wrong? What's chasing me?"

Is it a sin that he did not celebrate Christmas? He couldn't afford to ask that question, and even if he did, there would be no answer.

Finally, Sukuna's view reflected a building that mimicked a wooden apartment. It is a space where executives from the "secret base" of "Jungle" meet.

The word "if Nagare is here" came to his mind. Nagare would stop this madness. After all, he is the Green King. It would be the role of the king to maintain the frenzy of the clan members.

Sukuna entered the "secret base", holding on to one hope. Almost on all fours, Sukuna echoes in a narrow room like an apartment.

"Hey, please help me, Nagare! Iwa-san and Yukari are...!"

"Ho, ho, ho."

And Sukuna knew that all his hopes were dead.

There was a Nagare there. He wears a Christmas hat, a white beard, and for some reason keeps his restraint clothes on, and has his body wrapped in an electrical decoration like a Christmas tree. No matter how he looks at it from any direction, as much as he says something about the case, it seems like Nagare won't do anything.

"Merry Christmas, Sukuna. Let me give you what you want. It's a gift. Think carefully about what you want."

There was something that came to Sukuna's mind, like a revelation, with his mouth half open.

Maybe... this nightmare won't end until I say "yes"?

Feel a signal behind. Two Santas in the back door and a Santa in the front door. Soon after speaking to madness, Sukuna spoke the word.

"Merry Christmas... I give up...!"

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"So..."

A "secret base" as if nothing had happened. In front of the kotatsu with cakes and turkey.

"In the end, what did you want to do?"

Sukuna remains the same, he said reluctantly.

Although he gave in, his heart has not changed. Once resolved, it was reasonable to reopen dissatisfaction and doubt. However, in return, the Christmas hat is on Sukuna's head.

"Oh, we didn't want to do anything else. Just keep Iwa-san's hopes up, right, Nagare-chan?"

"Affirmative. Iwa-san really wanted Sukuna to know about Christmas fun, so we cooperated."

Sukuna looks at Iwafune. A cold look tells him that it is the worst. Holding a beer in one hand, he said, "Hey, here."

"It is sad that a child like you cannot wait for Christmas. I wanted you to know that Christmas is bright, fun and warm."

That is why Sukuna's mouth, who told him not to treat him like a child, closed when he heard Iwafune's words.

"He used to give gifts to children when I was a king, and even when they were not happy children, his eyes sparkled with excitement when opening the gifts."

Sukuna also does not know the details of the "Gray King" Otori Seigo and his "Cathedral" clan. However, it was rather an organization that helped the less powerful.

"Even if they are stolen, lost, or abandoned, at Christmas they can forget all of that and smile. Even a one-night dream is better than not seeing it, right? That's why I wanted you to have that kind of experience too."

"Cathedral" was destroyed by the fall of Genji Kagutsu's Damocles sword. The whereabouts of Otori Seigo were never known.

When he thought about it, he didn't feel angry. He turned and snorted.

"What was a nightmare that I saw?"

"Wow, it was bad! It was kind of silly."

"Well that's fine, but is it really something?"

At Sukuna's words, Iwafune was silent. Being embarrassed, Sukuna says angry.

"It's a gift. You said you can do anything. I said it once, so I'll have you ready for anything."

When Sukuna said that, Iwafune's expression was shining. It's like he has a gift.

"Oh, of course! Tell me something!"

"Hmm."

As she huffed, Sukuna's lips slightly collapsed.

If he has been very angry about vanity and pretentious Christmas, but if he can have such true feelings, it must be a brilliant gift despite everything.

While cutting the turkey, Sukuna slowly began to think in his head what kind of gift he would receive.