



## **FOUR SEASONS OF K: THE FIRST DREAM OF THE NEW YEAR**

### **TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD**

He had a dream like this.

The power of the Slate that was taken from Mihashira's tower was finally released, and the world he had wished for was realized. This is a new stage where everyone has power.

What kind of world Nagare had dreamed of, Sukuna came out with his beloved sickle on his shoulder.

The place where he came out through the escape from the dark secret base was quite noisy.

Everyone is suddenly confused by the power they have obtained. The power of a child is out of control and he is crying.

Sukuna thought that they couldn't do it because they were still babies in this powerful world created by Nagare. Just as newborn babies do not know how to move their bodies, those who have just gained power cannot understand how to handle that power. But that is also a moment. Finally, the baby gets up, speaks words, thinks, and moves. They will

eventually learn how to handle their power and survive in this world. Those who cannot survive simply die. That is the new game that Nagare has built in this world.

As he walked, he found a narrow park. There was no play equipment, just a small space with a bench and a drinking fountain.

There was a boy standing there.

Looking at him, Sukuna opened his eyes slightly. He was once Sukuna's best friend.

"Sukuna."

He laughed with a mocking smile.

He was the first friend Sukuna accepted before meeting Nagare. But he and Sukuna parted ways. Back then, both he and Sukuna were dominated by something beyond them. He was dominated, killed his will, abandoned his potential, and lived.

Sukuna escaped from there and he couldn't escape. The path between them was cut off.

"Sukuna, did you do this?"

A green light overflowed from his body, flailing freely, without restraint.

"Incredible, Sukuna."

He was radiating a green light and laughing with a full face. Seeing the smile, Sukuna knew that she was no longer under the control of the others.

It is not surprising. The world created by Nagare is a world where all humans become "kings". They are all the same there.

It is a world where you can expand your potential with your own power, without being ruled by anyone.

Sukuna laughed with a wrinkled face and said.

"You are the only King you have, Hikotaro."

With an itch rising from the bottom of his belly, Sukuna kicked the ground with an impulse.

With one kick, he leaps to the ceiling and runs from ceiling to ceiling, almost flying in the sky.

The breeze on his cheeks makes him feel good. His heart was released, and Sukuna laughed and flew like a free beast.

In a pleasant sweat, Sukuna spread his arms as he climbed onto the roof of the tallest building he could see.

There was a sign of someone standing next to him. It was a style in which black clothes fluttered in the wind.

To Sukuna, who has seen him hiding in the dimly lit basement and was only strapped in a restraint suit in a wheelchair, Nagare's appearance of standing firmly under the blue sky was reflected recently.

"Nagare. I'm glad we made your dream come true together."

Sukuna narrowed his eyes as he blew his hair and coat in the wind. His body was still full of strength and he was dying to release it.

"The other is the 'King'."

"Affirmative."

"He is a 'King' just like Nagare."

"Yes."

Nagare was laughing. Sukuna also laughed. He thought it would be fun if he could compete with the current situation, so Sukuna flipped his sickle over and turned around.

Nagare. Do it with me."

"Good. It's a match."

From Nagare's body, the green stream is emitted coldly. Sukuna also entered the game, by strengthening the output of the sickle that glows in green, he got into an exciting game.

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He had a dream like this.

After seeing his wishes fulfilled, Mishakuji set out on a solo journey.

The days when he shared his style dreams were fun. The stream of dreams that no one else can see is beautiful, and the time spent with their "King" and running around as a member of "Jungle" was really enjoyable.

However, now that his ambition has been realized, he doesn't want to stay with them because of his passion.

The new world created by Nagare is a world where each person is proud of their own brilliance. It was Yukari's way to survive beautifully in this world of Nagare where all the radiance collides.

It was a beautiful moonlit night.

Yukari was walking along the mountain path, while the golden full moon, which was fading into a faint soft glow, shone in the light.

When he thought it was a memorable road, he found the silhouette of a memorable person at the end of the road.

A person in a haori and hakama and a soft hat. Stand in good posture with his sword on the ground like a cane. Yukari was defeated and squinted at the image of an unforgettable person in the moonlight.

"Ichigen-sama."

Yukari called him to talk about what was important.

The person in front of Yukari, Ichigen Miwa, was illuminated by the moonlight and looked white and bright.

"God has come a long way."

His voice was deep and resonated wonderfully in the night air.

"Yes, I have reached this point when I have been looking for something beautiful. You can be angry when you work for a harmonious world. Ichigen-sama, can you stand in front of me?"

He laughs a little like a breath.

"Did you want me to stand up?"

Ichigen goes to the core so that it can be inserted smoothly. Yukari narrowed his eyes gently.

"Yes. The view I'm looking for can go back to this starting point."

"No, I am just a symbol. I think I am here now as a symbol of the shining moment of your soul that you seek for the future."

He can hear the sound of insects. It is a suitable sound to add color to this beautiful night.

"The beauty of the naked body of life that I can only see when I prepare myself and wield power. Ichigen-sama, I saw the extreme of that moment when I exchanged swords when I left you. I still vividly remember the blood that I felt on the tip of my sword. and the feel of the tip of your sword against my throat."

Ichigen Miwa looks at Yukari with a kind expression. Yukari smiled back at him as well and drew the sword from his back. A famous sword passed down by Miwa.

"At that time, Ichigen-sama's body was already sick. It might have been brilliant because the life time limit had been set. I also thought that I wanted to get involved. Me too, I'm better than I was back then."

A person who is the seventh king, who is also called the weakest "King", but who possesses an incomparable sword arm and who has a gentle and kind personality who does not like to fight, but who is also terribly scary.

In a word, the sword was drawn while maintaining the soft atmosphere.

It's like being a careless child, holding a sword that looks like a baby, before a careless Miwa.

"It is a sword that crosses the dream of the beginning."

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He had a dream like this.

Kotosaka became a human being.

Sukuna is tall enough to look down easily, and is more compact and cooler than Yukari.

He correctly uses a spoon to eat curry made by Iwafune, and he use chopsticks to eat fried chicken.

"Kotosaka has become a human. He is a modified clan bird. I am truly impressed."

Nagare said, and patted Kotosaka on his head to praise him.

Kotosaka was proud to work as a stylish "guide". He can freely fly anywhere and show everything through his own eyes in an immovable way.

However, Nagare who fulfilled his dream was free because he was no longer tied to anything. Instead of looking through Kotosaka's eyes, he can go see whatever he want to see with Kotosaka.

Kotosaka invited Nagare to see the outside world.

"Kotosaka, will you take me?"

Kotosaka was very nervous.

Kotosaka became a person, but was originally a good bird. There is no such thing as flying.

A ceiling door opened and light shone through a dimly lit secret base. The blue sky was visible, and Kotosaka took the current hand and flew into the blue sky.

Kotosaka and Nagare were flying in the air, holding their two hands together. Reaching out and gliding on the updraft.

Feeling the warm sunlight on their back and the cool breeze on their face and belly, they fly in a wide sky. Downstairs, there was a little energetic human activity.

"Kotosaka was always looking at this kind of scenery."

Nagare told Kotosaka.

Nagare was always looking at the scene reflected in Kotosaka's eyes. However, Kotosaka wanted to teach him that the scenery seen while feeling the wind and the temperature and the cut of the air is the best.

As he looked at the ground from the sky, he spoke about everything that Kotosaka had seen and known.

Nagare listened to everything Kotosaka spoke with great interest.

"Kotosaka knows a lot."

Kotosaka is proud of his compliments as if he knows everything about the world.

"After all, a bird that can fly anywhere is good. I will also try to become a bird sometime."

Nagare said. It seemed like a very good idea.

When he thought that Nagare's body glowed green, Nagare turned into a large bird in the next moment. Powerfully flap its wings and fly in front of Kotosaka. Kotosaka was happy.

He thought it would be nice to be a human, but he thought it would be very good to fly with Nagare, so when Kotosaka returned to his parrot form, he flaunted his wings alongside Nagare.

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He had a dream like this.

Nagare was at sea at night.

It is a place where Nagare once lost everything and became brand new.

At the bottom of the sea in southern Kanto, many lives that were lost a dozen years ago sleep.

Nagare's dream came true. Everyone has power, and even in the event of a tragedy, each can resist with their own power.

Still, what was lost never returns.

Nagare is not sorry. No matter what the miserable past is, the past is what makes it the present.

He does not cry, but he is not without emotion. Nagare was looking out to sea, thinking about the lives of his family, friends and many who died here.

If he turns around, he can see the light shining through the darkness of the night. The humans who have gained power are the lights that are exercising their power.

It can be said that those lights were created because a life was lost in this wolf-dark sea.

Nagare continues to gaze out to sea.

The landscape, which was dark and black, and the boundary between sky and sea was unknown, gradually began to turn white before Nagare looked at it. Light is emitted and the horizon shines, indicating the limit between the sky and the sea. The sky slowly turns blue.

Finally, the sun poked its head out, burning the horizon red. The sea that sank black reflected the sunlight, creating a path of light on the surface of the sea.

He thought it was a scene that symbolized the beginning of the new stage and wondered if this was the first sunrise of the year.

After thinking, Nagare realized that this was a dream.

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He had a dream like this.

Iwafune was standing in the kitchen at the secret "Jungle" base as usual, and was making ozoni.

Boiled minced radish, flower-shaped carrots, small shiitake mushrooms, bite-sized whole chicken thighs in bonito soup, and a dash of light soy sauce and sake. He put the baked rice cake in a bowl, poured in the boiled ingredients and the soup broth, and garnished with the spinach and red and white kamaboko that had been boiled separately. Finally, he put a citron and a leaf.

"Well, it's done."

He served the entire ozoni bowl to a customer who sat in front of the Chabudai.

The guest was a mysterious-eyed boy with pale golden hair down his back. Younger than Sukuna, a boy with an innocent face, but praises the atmosphere that seems to be much older than Iwafune.

A strange boy. However, it was a boy who felt like he knew him for some reason.

He silently looked at the bowl placed in front of him, raised his eyes, and looked at Iwafune's face.

"Only you don't understand."

The boy said in a transparent voice that does not reflect his emotions.

Iwafune tilts his neck as he opens the beer handle.

"I do not understand?"

"Isn't there a scene where you pray that you want to be like this?"

Iwafune mused with a glass of beer.

A scene to pray. There used to be such a thing. Iwafune was trying to create an ideal home in his world, a place where everyone could be saved.

"Cathedral". A clan that was headed with a "King" when Iwafune Tenkei was Otori Seigo. The way to pray when he was still dreaming.

He may wonder if he should pray for a scene that was not missed. Once upon a time, all the people who followed Seigo in "Cathedral" died. There were countless nights of regret and hope for a world free from that tragedy.

However, Otori Seigo who was praying is no longer there.

Here is Iwafune Tenkei. Iwafune doesn't pray. Look. The path that a "King" has protected and raised.

Iwafune smiled and took another sip of beer.

"In return, it's okay if I can see them."

The boy's mysterious eyes stare straight at Iwafune. It was a bit awkward looking into his eyes, which made him see through it all, Iwabune's hips ached.

"Well, yes."

Iwafune pointed to the butt of the beer can on the ozoni bowl in front of the boy.

"They ate the ozoni I made and laughed deliciously, that's enough."

The child's eyes rest on the bowl. He wondered if he was interested or not, just the big, round, wide eyes that stare over low heat and gently lift the bowl.

The boy's small lips are glued to the edge of the bowl.

The slightly tilted bowl was placed on a table and the boy said...

"Your prayers will come true."

He didn't really understand, but he wishes he could see what the boy said.

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"I had a strange dream."

Yukari said, as he sat around the kotatsu.

"I had a good first dream. The Slate plan was launched in full power, and the dream plan went the way I wanted it!"

Sukuna is happy. Oh, and Yukari raised his eyebrows.

"It's strange. I dreamed that same part. It was a dream after Nagare-chan's wish was fulfilled."

"Eh? So what were you doing Yukari?"

"Secret."

"Wow!"

When he heard the conversation between Mishakuji and Sukuna, Nagare opened his eyes.

"I had a similar dream."

"Really?"

"Yes. However, I woke up early because I realized it was a dream in my dream."

"Isn't it like we all have a similar first dream, or is it good for the start of the New Year?"

Kotosaka squawked to match the playful Sukuna. Screaming loudly, flying through the secret room at the base. The wings fluttered with a high tension wingbeat.

"Hey, Kotosaka-chan. Did you have a dream too?"

"Dream! Dream!"

"Well, whatever dream Kotosaka had, it seems good."

"Kuwatsu!"

While trying to fight Kotosaka, who rests on his head and raises his claws, Sukuna looks at Iwafune.

"Iwa-san? Did you see anything in your first dream?"

Iwafune was standing in the kitchen preparing ozoni.

"Hmm? It was a dream about making ozoni."

"What is that?"

"So, I woke up and actually became a varied person, so I wonder if it's a true dream."

"That is not the case if you are dreaming a dream. If you dream it, it is our dream!"

"What? Isn't it tasty, Sukuna?"

"It is!"

Iwafune laughed lightly at Sukuna, who had sharp lips.

Immediately next to the room in the secret base is the Slate stolen from the Mihashira Tower on Christmas Eve. The Slate is unsealed, and although it is not yet fully operational, it was strengthening its power day by day.

Yukari looks at the Slate and squints his eyes.

"Well, freeing the Slate is a matter of time. If that dream goes well, will it turn into a real dream?"

"So is!"

"Yes."

"Kuwa!"

"In the first place, I could have had such a dream because I slept very close to the Slate."

While listening to the animated voice behind him, Iwafune watches the heat of the pot and the baking of the rice cake.

Boiled minced radish, flower-shaped carrots, small shiitake mushrooms, bite-sized whole chicken thighs in bonito soup, and a dash of light soy sauce and sake. He put the baked rice cake in a bowl, poured in the boiled ingredients and the soup broth, and garnished with the spinach and red and white kamaboko that had been boiled separately. Finally, he put a citron and a leaf.

"It's done."

He gave the entire ozoni bowl to his friends in the kotatsu.

With a happy voice they say together, "Itadakimasu."

"After all, I like Iwa-san's miso soup."

Yes, it is delicious. "

"Delicious!"

While listening to the voices of everyone who was happy with the ozoni, Iwafune somehow chided the Yukari words in his head.

(Maybe I had a dream like that because I slept very close to the Slate.)

The inside of his chest was soft, Iwafune looked at the Slate with his chopsticks raised.

The Slate casts a dim light into the dark underground space. Looking at the light, Iwafune somehow remembered the pale blond boy who appeared in his dream.

"...No way."

Shake his head slightly to get rid of strange dreams, Iwafune puts his mouth on ozoni.

While chewing the mochi he said, "It's delicious." and laughs.