



## **FOUR SEASONS OF K: INVITATION**

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

When the boy picked up the fragment, a lingering end resonated at the closing contact point. It was an idea that was transmitted to several kings of the "I".

Unintentionally, "I" was reaching for that sincere feeling. It must have been a persistent act that has responded to various strong desires.

I will give you back something that you have been in contact with each other.

While trying to fall asleep, "I" thought that.

Just like the human feelings with which we have come into contact.

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The boy from the green clan felt sorry.

He regrets the fact that it was over and he regret those who were gone.

The moment he picked it up, he was talking to him.

"Can you tell me why you feel sad and what do you miss?"

"Noisy. Who are you, where do you come from?"

There is no answer at all.

Still, feelings spread from the edges of the response.

There was a great ambition to change everything around us. Among them, he was proud to stand up and live a life that would not embarrass anyone. There were people who wanted to run together and share a little rest.

"You understand."

"What is it?"

"I will respond to your pity."

Hope is a night covered in darkness.

It is the green ray that extinguishes the darkness and shines the glow.

Leading the "Green King", restraining the "Gray King", and the "Jungle" Clansmans fighting together.

The enemy is strong to fight, they look forward.

After sunrise, at the "secret base," they speak foolishly and lecture.

"Yes, the body of the flow is perfect."

"Iwa-san is strong if he gets serious."

"Train with Yukari every day, and you'll be even taller."

"Hirasaka could become a J-Rank."

"Kotosaka will be more together with Nagare and Iwa-san."

Without realizing it, the feelings overflow incessantly, their world is connected.

His world expands, involving those who are close to him.

"I'm fine."

He lightly said that,

"Damn."

She was also attracted.

Finally, she was invited to a dark night because of her connection to the boy.

And the child is completely submerged.

On the battlefield challenging great ambitions.

With his comrades.

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The young man from the red clan had a loss in his heart.

Among the many repetitions, a particularly large loss still hurts your chest.

So I talk to him.

"Can you tell me what you did?"

"Uh?! What the hell are you saying all of a sudden?"

He listened to me while he was ready in a hurry.

From he, it will be transmitted transparently.

There was a longing for a man like a volcano with a great deal of heat hidden behind them, which were small. He had the joy of chasing man. There were friends walking in front of him, chasing him, walking beside him.

"You understand."

"What?"

"We will make up for your loss."

Hope is a place to spend with friends.

In front of him is the heavy back of a longing man.

Too cool "Red King" and a young man with a soft atmosphere that touches the "King" casually.

Friends who follow, join and laugh.

With them, he felt it was his place, be it the battlefield or the bar.

"Mikoto is always on that sofa."

"Totsuka-san slaps his elbow on the counter."

"Kusanagi-san gave them a worried smile."

"Anna snuggled silently close to everyone like that."

"And then we slap each other crashing into each other."

Nostalgia and pity begin to fall, and their world is connected. His world begins to ignite as he engages others with him.

"What are you doing, Mikoto, Totsuka?"

The one who intervened without realizing it,

"I have met you."

She also intervened while noticing it,  
He dives into the hot days that have been revived.  
And the young man runs with joy.  
Chasing his longing for return.  
Even without weapons, go ahead.

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The Blue Clan woman was upset by anxiety.  
She was nervous about the disappearance of the symbol of order that she look at and the negative effects it had.

Then I spoke to her.

"Where is your anxiety rooted?"

"Mysterious... who are you?"

Nobody's high-pitched voice allows for lively softness.

That is why I can see its missing part in a proper way.

There was a shock to the existence of another law and system that ordinary people cannot know. I witnessed the birth of a person who embodies order, who suppresses super humans who could easily fall aimlessly. With his birth, he worked hard to maintain order.

"You understand."

"What?"

"Let's eliminate your anxiety."

Hope is a great blue sword floating in the sky.

Smoke like snow is a fragment of blue power.

A Blue King, an embodiment of order, who is truly dry and tall on earth and worthwhile as a person.

Companions who are lined up in order and move undisturbed.

Without fear or confusion, they adequately address the disturbances of people with powers that occur at any time.

The captain refrains from jokes and becomes the king.

"Fushimi is..."

"As always, the special force is prepared to move under one command."

"If they told him it was missing, if he was in training..."

"Above us, there is a Damocles sword that is not missing."

She is drawn to a clear image and her world is connected. In the right way it should be, your world is calmly ruled.

"Well I still have this power."

He who looks with interest,

"It is horrible, there is no profit..."

He, who had a sigh of anxiety,

He knows the seriousness of the companions freely.

And she returns to the correct form.

Dangerously, it firmly shows the reason for the order,

Form a line under the great blue sword.

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The "King" of the Silver Clan was bitten by the unprecedented weight.

He had been dragging everything he had done so far.

So I spoke to him.

"Can you tell us about your lack of skill?"

"Are you sure...?!"

He took his outstretched hand without consent.

He revealed everything that was stacked.

Once he had a dream in his home country with his sister and his friends. While fulfilling that dream with the death of his sister, he committed suicide in silence and fled to heaven. Instead, he was shot down by a malicious person while on the sidelines of his friend who fulfilled the dream. And at the end of a new meeting.

"You understand."

"Really...?"

"We are going to end your misery."

Hope is a dining table that no one is lacking.

A young lieutenant who spent days with her brother, who laughed nonchalantly as he used to.

Pleasant voice and delicious rice roaming the table.

A young man scolding while serving white rice, and a girl who behaves happily and jumps on a side dish.

"I have an older sister."

"There is also a lieutenant."

"There is also Kuro."

"There is also Neko."

"Everyone gathers in my room for a fun school life."

Failed gravity scrapes the fragments with tremendous force, and your world is connected. It is an impossible scene, but it doesn't matter, it shapes your world.

"What do you mean, Shiro...?"

Confused, he was mainly concerned about his friends.

"Hmm, I hope Shiro is fine!"

She hugged himself unconditionally, innocently.

See a distorted world woven by gravity.

And he falls asleep.

Deep to heal the depth of the wound.

Deeply as a way of looking away.

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So "I" connects your thoughts to the ring.

It's just a lingering sound, but so much can be done.

Let's keep giving you what you want.

To shape this "me"...

In his words, it must have been a "thank you".

Now, let's go to the network that houses everything.

True endless power creates the world.

Everyone has that power.

A heart that can be found anywhere without any change.

A little prayer for something you don't want to lose.