



GAKUEN K: WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS

TRADUCCIÓN: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 1: START

A peaceful life. That is all she expected.

She didn't want to think like until now.

Fortunately, she received a recommendation from the "Ashinaka Super School" to move.

So she wouldn't make that mistake anymore. She simply disciplines herself so as not to disturb anyone, quietly and discreetly. She would keep quiet so as not to attract attention.

She was sure that she would find a place to stay. She thought she would be accepted.

After that, she would enjoy it. She would have fun. She would have a mediocre and peaceful life that would bore her.

She had already lost once what was precious to her.

"Nya! Shiro, it smells good from here!"

"Huh? Neko? What we're looking for isn't food... huh?"

"Oh! Find the transfer student! Let's do it! Wagahai-chan!"

Her heart leapt at the joyous voice that suddenly echoed from behind.

At the same time as she hurriedly looked back, a beautiful girl appeared.

"Kya!"

"Hey! Neko!"

"It smells delicious!"

The beautiful girl rubbed her face against her chest with a fascinating expression. She was a beautiful girl that couldn't be fooled.

Stunning strange blue and gold eyes on white skin. Long straight light red hair.

A boy with silver-white hair and tender eyes with sunrise color approached her, who was surprised and hardened, and apologized, clasping his hands in front of her face.

"I'm sorry. Stop it, Neko!"

Then that girl with sincere and kind eyes, stood in front of her and smiled at her in a friendly way.

"You're here! No... I searched here and there and finally found it~"

"Um...?"

When she tilted her head, she gave a stern look for a moment, but immediately smiled, "Oh, I'm sorry.", and pointed to her face.

"I haven't introduced myself yet! I'm Kukuri Yukizome, from the same sophomore group as you."

"Yukizome-san."

"Call me Kukuri. My teacher asked me to guide the transfer student to the school. They told me you should be in the school principal's office, but when I went, he said you had already left. I looked for you, but couldn't find you, so I finally got help from Shiro-kun and Wagahai-chan!"

"Eh...? Oh! I'm sorry. Sorry to bother you."

"You don't have to apologize. Oh, yeah. May I ask your name?"

"Ah. Sorry. I'll introduce myself. I'm Konohana Saya."

"Uh, Saya-chan. Yes, I remember. Nice to meet you, Saya-chan!"

"Uh, yeah, nice to meet you..."

She held the outstretched hand enthusiastically.

"He is Isana Shiro-kun. And she..."

"Wagahai, I'm Neko!"

When Kukuri presented her with her hand, the beautiful girl responded happily, staying close to her.

"Shiro-kun and Wagahai-chan are the same second group as us."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yeah, so you don't have to use "-kun" or "-san" for me or for Neko. It tickles. I hope you can feel free to call us "Neko" and "Shiro" and talk to us."

Shiro, a silver-white haired boy, smiled kindly.

"Oh, thank you. Nice to meet you."

In some ways it was a good self-introduction. Feeling happy that she could do that, she looked at Shiro and tilted my head away from him, saying, "Well then let's get started..."

"That... I'm really enjoying it... What?"

Neko was still glued to her.

"Eh? Ah... Stop it, Neko. She's not food."

"Nya, don't you know, Shiro? Gohan smells delicious!"

Shiro scolded Neko, but she held on even more.

(Yeah? Huh? Wait! Now Neko-chan, did you say "Gohan smells delicious"? Isn't that "Gohan smells delicious"?), she thought.

What did that mean?

"Eh? Maybe that 'Gohan' is me?"

"Yeah! Gohan smells like Gohan, I love it! That's why you're Gohan!"

Kukuri and Shiro laughed at Neko's cheerful response.

"Wagahai-chan... Gohan..."

"Ah, Konohana-san. Neko is not good at remembering people's names. She does not do it with bad intentions."

"Huh? Oh, it's fine."

Smell Gohan...? Did it mean she smelled strange?

She sorry about the situation, but she wasn't sure.

"Shiro! I'm hungry, let's go with Gohan! I want to go to the shopping department!"

Eh? Purchasing department?

"This is not good, Wagahai-chan. We have a class from now on."

"Hm..."

Kukuri urged her to walk, Neko kept holding on.

"Then as I guide you to the classroom, first lesson. Don't forget your student ID card. Make sure you take it with you. You will need it to do anything, like walk through the front door, to borrow a book or buy juice, etc."

"Is it okay to use this PDA as a student ID card?"

Kukuri smirked when she took out the PDA with a big school emblem on it.

"Yes, it is. Don't forget it. Even outside of school. Always carry it with you."

"Out of the School?"

"Yes. I go in and out of school, in and out of the school island and I also use transportation. It is also proof of identity."

"School island..."

"Yes! Ashinaka, an integrated education school from kindergarten to university. This island centered around that school is called "Ashinaka Super School". Someday I will show you the city."

"Yes, I see. Thank you."

"But first of all, you have to remember the inside of this school. At the beginning of registration, everyone does it once."

"I get lost and I'm late for class. How many times has this happened to you, Saya-chan?"

Kukuri smiled as if she was joking.

"Uh... I'll have to. I'm not very good at that though."

"Well, it happens to me too, and I think it would be good if you were guided by the PDA at first."

Kukuri hit her on the back when she immediately fell into anxiety.

"It's late, where were they and what were they doing?"

As soon as she entered the classroom, a grumpy voice jumped at her ears. Reflectively, she leaned in and said, "Yes, I'm sorry!"

Right after that, there was a terrible voice that said, "What?"

When she raised her face, the boy in front of her with his beautiful black hair was mysteriously frowning.

"I didn't tell you. Who are you?"

"Well, I am Konohana Saya. I will be in this class from today."

"As of today... By the way, the transfer student that Shiro was talking about is you."

The boy was convinced and then bowed deeply.

"I am Kuroh Yatogami. As a classmate, thank for your continued support."

(Wow. It's very difficult... no. Kind regards!), she thought.

In haste, she bowed firmly.

"Yes, thanks."

Yatogami spoke very firmly. The atmosphere was also mature.

"It's difficult. Kuro. It's not a classmate's greeting."

"You should pay the courtesy. Did you both do your homework well?"



Responding to Shiro's words with a serious face, Yatogami narrowed his eyes.

"I'm not going to do it. I'm going to show Kuro's homework."

"What are you saying? Try to do things yourself responsibly. I definitely won't show it to you!"

"Tsk, stingy Kuro."

"That's not the problem. If you have time to bark, does your homework."

Yatogami, who scolded him in a stifled manner, is forgiven with a "Yes, yes.", and Shiro urged Neko to gently walk towards her seat. Furthermore, his face was distorted again, and Yatogami followed them. It was kind of funny.

"Hey, Kukuri-chan. Is 'Kuro' a nickname for Yatogami-kun?"

"That's right. Shiro-kun, Kuro-kun, a black and white duo. He's a good friend with club activities. Now, Saya-chan, I'll introduce you to everyone. Here and there."

Kukuri motioned for her to come.

She headed forward, following her. No, she tries to continue.

"Kamamoto! What are you doing? Come quickly!"

Suddenly, a voice echoed with rough footsteps. Immediately after, the impact on her back.

"Gah!"

She couldn't stop myself from the momentum, she lost her balance and fell.

"Ah, Saya-chan! Are you okay?"

Kukuri's voice was amazing. Oh, it wasn't so good... maybe. It hurt a lot.

However, the person who rushed inside was also worried, and as tears welled up from the pain in her back, hands, and knees, she managed to lift her upper body and look back.

"It hurts... hey... Who is this guy standing in the doorway?!"

There was a boy there, who seemed to have struck like her, lying on the ground.

He had the front of the black school uniform open, the shirt with two buttons unbuttoned, and the hem out. Also, a dark blue hat and the usual auburn hair that twisted in any direction.

The boy, who didn't seem to be polite, looked at her as he rubbed the area around his waist in excruciating pain and cursed.

"Ah..."

His wild and warlike eyes stared directly at the opponent.

It was a terrible, gaudy flame, and she couldn't help but lose her words.



The boy looked at her too and his eyes widened, astonishing for some reason.

"No, Yata-san, it's early. We still have time until class... That? Yata-san. Why are you sitting on the floor?"

A big boy who came running in with a plaintive voice, bowed his head when he saw him sitting on the ground, and looked at each other.

As the words surprised him, the boy named Yata shook himself and looked at the boy who was looking at them.

"Silly! I'm not sitting! This is... an accident!"

"Accident? Ah... I don't know, but why don't you get up for now?"

"No, you don't have to tell me! Hey, Kamamoto... do it."

"Yes?"

A big boy named Kamamoto bowed his head and asked again at Yata's small voice. Oh, but he thought he couldn't be helped. It was a very small voice.

However, he maybe didn't like him, and when Yata suddenly stood up, he gave Kamamoto a blow to the head. She was surprised.

"Eh?!"

"Why do you hit me?"

"I cannot hear you!"

No, she didn't think he didn't hear him, did he really not hear it?

(Huh? What? This "Yata" is extremely unreasonable.), she thought.

"That's right. I couldn't hear it, so it can't be helped."

When stunned, Kamamoto made a very natural counterargument. Yes, she understood that feeling very well.

"Uh, loud. Well, that... helps the woman..."

"Woman? Ah! Is that what you mean?"

Kamamoto laughed as if he were convinced, and walked over to her, knelt on the ground, and held out his hand.

"Yata-san pushed you. Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?"

"Ah... I'm fine."

She wanted to say, maybe it was worse. She was standing in front of the door. She apologized and bowed, and looked at the black sunglasses.

"Oh, you are..."

"Hmm? Oh, this is Rikio Kamamoto from the second year group. This is Misaki Yata, who is also in the same group."

Kamamoto laughed as he gently helped her.

"Ah! Hey, Kamamoto! Silly, don't introduce me without permission!"

Yata yelled at Kamamoto, who was gentle and kind regardless of his appearance. There was no reason to be angry about that presentation.

"Because you are Yata-san, it seems unlikely that you will introduce yourself."

"That's... sorry."

She was confused.

"But don't sell my name at a bargain price."

"It's the first time I've seen you, are you a girl from another class?"

Kamamoto finally ignored Yata, who was still screaming. Apparently he was fine.

When she said, "No, I'm not.", unsurprisingly, Yata yelled, "Damn, listen to me!". That was to be expected.

"Excuse me!"

"Oh! Don't look here and there!"

She hastily apologized, but this time Yata, who turned his face bright red and turned around, yelled again.

"Eh? Oh, sorry! I see..."

"No, don't apologize! Oh, you're ... wow, not bad..."

(Huh? Is that so? Not bad?), she thought.

When she looked at Kamamoto because she couldn't understand why, Kamamoto shrugged and shook his head.

"Ah, don't worry. Yata-san is not good with girls."

(Is that so?), she thought.

He was not good with girls. Still, it was the first time she had seen a person overreact.

"Then?"

"Ah! Konohana Saya, I'll stay in this class. Well, it's nice to meet you. May I call you Kamamoto-kun?"

"Thanks. I don't care. Call me what you want."

She was relieved to hear a friendly response.

"Yes. Yata-kun too."

"Eh? Me too?"

"Yes, I hope you get along well."

"Eh? Who is that? Who are you talking about!"

At that moment, Yata blushed again and turned to the other side. He didn't have the ability to learn, so he kept having the conversation in front of the entrance. So of course he would get in the way of people trying to enter the classroom.

The person who walked in pushed his back away, and Yata looked back with a grumpy voice, "Oh?"

"Misaki. Don't occupy the entrance of the classroom for one person, even a little."

"Saru, damn it!"

(Saru? Is this person's nickname?), she thought.

His clean eyebrows were unpleasantly distorted and his black eyes were very thoughtful.

Black hair in habit and black-rimmed glasses. A pure white school uniform with a slightly loose chest. He had a mark on his arm, she wondered what the blue bracelet meant.

".....!"

And a saber with a blue scabbard at his waist.

She didn't think it was necessary for school life and widened her eyes in amazement.

(Huh? What? That... why is he wearing such a thing?), she thought.

Involuntarily he looked at her seriously, the next moment, she quickly bowed her head.

"Ah, I am Konohana Saya, a transfer student. Thank you!"

What came back was complete silence.

"That..."

When she lifted her face, an icy look shot through her.

"Stop doing that, it's annoying."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

She strongly apologized and got out of the way.



That person just tried to slide past her.

"Hey, wait, Saru. You must introduce yourself."

Yata threw a harsh voice behind him.

The man, named Saru, shook his shoulders and looked back in amazement.

"What? Did you introduce yourself?"

He frowned repeatedly as if he didn't understand why.

"Don't send nonsense things. Misaki."

"It's not meaningless. We are her new partners. It's normal to introduce himself."

Long ago, he said that he wouldn't show up either.

She really wanted to know, but she was scared, so she shut her mouth.

"Or you can't even introduce yourself. Hmm, you're a boy."

When he decided to stand idly by, it was a terrible word that came out of Yata's mouth.

(Huh?! Wait. It's not about forcing him to fight, is it?!), she thought.

Saru clicked his tongue as the story seemed to roll in an unexpected direction.

And when he sighed like a deaf person, he echoed and coughed.

"Fushimi Saruhiko."

"Hmm...! Yes. Thank you, Fushimi-san."

He left before she finished saying it. He made her feel uncomfortable.

"Geez. Monkey bastard, you can just say your name so honestly."

Yata was upset and amazed. Why would be?

"Even Yata-san was mad at me when I introduced myself, wasn't he?"

Before she said more, Kamamoto stabbed a sickle firmly. "That's it! That's it!"

"Oh, that's it... You can say it after getting permission!"

He made a painful excuse and said, "Kamamoto, let's go quickly."

After that, Kamamoto ran and followed him.

"Eh?"

It was as if a storm had passed.

After dismissing Yata and other young men, she looked at Kukuri and took control powerlessly.

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"Rice! Rice! Kurosuke's homemade rice! Shiro! Let's eat rice!"

"Yes. Let's go out because the weather is good today."

"Hurrah!"

"Don't rock your lunch! The contents will fall apart!"

It was noon. Around the same time the bell rang, Neko stood up, and Shiro and Yatogami left the classroom following her. As she smiled and said goodbye, Kukuri reached over and touched her desk.

"Shall we go to the coffee shop? You didn't bring any food, did you?"

"Yeah. Oh, but it's okay to be alone. That's Kukuri-chan's lunch box, right? I think I can get to the coffee shop if I have a navigation system."

"Yes! But let me go with you. I also want to tell you the location of the shopping department. And if I get lost early on the first day, my name as a guide will be spoiled, right?"

"Okay, then, I'll be attentive to your words. Thank you."

"No! What? Then let's go together!"

Kukuri started walking with a joyous cry. She got up and followed her.

"There are several ways to get to the coffee shop, but the best is through the courtyard."

"Courtyard?"

"Yes. Therefore, I would not recommend going down these stairs immediately, on a limited menu day. Because the purchase is established in several places."

(Huh? Limited menu?), she thought.

She got out a word she didn't expect, and instinctively looked at Kukuri.

"Eh? Did you buy it now?"

"Yes, it is a strategy to expel the rivals. Lunch is one of the joys for the students, so everyone is desperate."

No, that was correct. She thought it was the same in all schools, but what did it mean to expel rivals?

(She said it's natural, but that? It's weird, I don't understand. Well, that shouldn't be the case, right?), she thought.

As she twisted her neck, she went downstairs with Kukuri and pushed open the glass door that led down the hall to the courtyard.

There was a neat flowerbed with colorful flowers in every corner. The fresh green of the plantation was also nice.

Light pink petals fluttered from the beautiful and splendid cherry blossoms. The white garden table and chairs underneath were fascinating. It would be great to enjoy her lunch there.

Kukuri, who was leading the way through the large and beautiful courtyard where such garbage had not fallen, stopped and shrugged, "Oh, no. Sorry. I can't go through here."

"Eh? Why?"

Kukuri pointed to the front, saying "That.". For the first time, she realized that there were many people gathered there, since she was looking at other things before.

And, well... it didn't seem like a good atmosphere. Yes. It was extremely unsettling.

A group in black school uniforms and a group in white school uniforms staring at each other.

People wearing black school uniforms didn't seem polite. On the other hand, many people who wore white school uniforms had the impression of looking tight. They felt like honor students.

But after all, there was a blue scabbard saber at the waist. What was that?

"Kukuri-chan? They seem to be staring at each other, but what the hell are they doing?"

"It's a conflict!"

"Eh?"

Too simple an answer that made her doubt her ears.

(Huh? Did she say a conflict?), she thought.

"Conflict... is that a fight?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"Well why are the students fighting?"

"Fufu, I haven't seen a person react this way in a long time. It's okay. You'll be surprised at first, but you'll get used to it. It's the usual thing."

(Is it okay to get used to it?), she thought.

Also, as usual, she thought conflict was something that shouldn't become a daily routine. No, nothing was becoming a daily routine, first of all, there was a conflict within the school.

She was confused by the images and words that were far from common sense.

However, when she looked around, there were people who were looking far away, but no one was surprised or made noise, so Kukuri's reaction was correct.

(Hmm. Common sense in this school is a bit strange.) she thought.

Struggling to understand, she returned to a group of gazes.

"Uh... that? Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun are there too? Besides, Fushimi-kun."

"That's right. Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun are in the Red club, and Fushimi-kun is in the Blue club."

"Eh? Red club and Blue club? What's that?"

Kukuri laughed and explained with good humor.

"It is a special activity of the club. It is one of the characteristics of this school."

"Special club activities?"

"That's right. There are seven special club activities at this school in addition to the regular club activities. Two of them are from the Red and Blue club. Special club activities, because when you join the club, you can use special abilities. It's very popular with students, because the word "special ability" is great, right? But only the "chosen ones" recognized by each director can join the club."

The word "special ability" surprised her.

"Only the chosen ones...?"

"Yes. Not everyone can get in. In that sense, it's "special". The Red club wears that black school uniform. Most of the Red club members are bad. However, "it's not that way" bad, so it is accepted by students in general."

Eh? Were they bad, but not evil? She didn't understand anything.

"But it's not all bad things. How to put it? I think those people are not good at keeping up with everyone. People who go their own way are the best. Maybe it's close. The director is Mikoto Suoh, a student third year. He's also the head of the Red club and he's very strong. You see, that red-haired person next to Yata-kun."

Kukuri pointed at the person in the middle of the black group with her finger.

His red eyes were eerily sharp. Tense and sad cheeks.

Did she say he was older? Charismatic? Regardless, his presence was astonishing.

"The Blue club wear a white school uniform. Excellent grades, good behavior. Most of the members are super elite groups that also serve as officers of student organizations and

members of the disciplinary committee. The activities are the maintenance of discipline, the orientation of the students, it feels like they are always leading the students in a disciplined way, like leading events at school, so it seems like they are not on good terms with the Red club from one point of view."

Even though she said, "That's correct.", she frowned at the explanation.

(Good behavior... Eh? I'm sure I'm the only one who thinks that carrying a gun to kill people around your waist doesn't mean being good.), she thought.

"The director of the Azul club is Reisi Munakata, a third year student. The director of the Student Organization Within the School, the whereabouts of the Great Myojin!"

The central figure in the white group that Kukuri continued to display was, yes, like "Shinsei Seidai Myojin".

Sharp glasses with calm and cool eyes. He listened to the Red Club swearing with a sweet smile on his lips, as if he were listening to classical music.

"That's why I can't go through here. I'm just looking at it now, but it seems to be getting a little warm, and it is."

"Monkey! Bastard, say it again!"

A loud voice echoed across the courtyard as if to block Kukuri's words. It was Yata's voice.

When he breathes and look back, Fushimi, who looked away, laughed vividly.

"Oh, I'll tell you many times. Your power is below mine. Mi-Sa-Ki."

Delighted, terribly happy, growling and despising people. His smile gave her chills.

(What? That look.), she thought.

"I can't take it! I'll take you down!"

Yata jumped, dyeing his eyes with fierce fury.

"Wow. It's started. That's it for the special part. I'm hungry, can we go quickly?"

Kukuri wanted to leave in a hurry, but she couldn't answer.

She was fascinated by the flames, which had arisen from Yata's hands.

"Saya-chan?"

The shape was slightly different, but all the people in the Red club could easily create a flame and target the Blue club. Those of the Blue club also took out their sabers one after another to defend themselves. There was a blue light on the blade.

Involuntarily, she looks at her hands.

(That's a special ability. So my thing is...), she thought.

"Saya-chan!"

Her shoulders shook and she suddenly came back to herself.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Because it's dangerous here. Shall we go?"

"Yes."

At that moment, Kukuri urged her on and looked back quickly.

Yes, that was exactly a fight. Other students in the courtyard were screaming.

"Ah...!"

When she looked back, the first thing she saw was a knife with a red lotus flame approaching them. And that last moment, she didn't have time to think about anything.

"Kukuri-chan, it's dangerous!"

Kukuri's body moved quickly. At that moment, a flash of light enveloped her.

Light was pouring out of her limbs and she couldn't open her eyes.

"Ah...!"

At the same time, there was a tremendous destructive sound.

But that was only a moment, and soon... the light disappeared like a lie.

The knife that should have flown there was also annihilated.

"Kukuri-chan, are you hurt?"

"No. I'm fine. It's nothing, but..."

Kukuri was in her arms and responded with a confused look.

"Hey. The light is coming out of your body, Saya-chan, but..."

The words surprised her. She quickly released Kukuri and looked at her hands.

Both hands had a vague white light. Her whole body was in that state. Yes. It was as if she herself was emitting light.

A cold thing crept up her back.

(This is the same as before...!), she thought.

When she looked around her in a hurry, the stone pavement was severely broken and only around her. It was as if it had been crushed by a heavy machine.

It appeared that there was no damage to the school building. The surrounding students were also safe. Just around her and Kukuri, the stone pavement was broken, scraped, and tiled as if a circle had been drawn around her.

"Ah...!"

The blood suddenly disappeared. She shook back and hugged herself.

(What do I have to do! In this school, I decided to be careful not to be like this! I don't want to think like that again. Therefore, I controlled myself so as not to disturb anyone, only in a discreet and silent way. Quiet so as not to make waves. I thought she was calm!), she thought.

"What's that?"

Kukuri's question brought her back to herself.

"This is..."

"You are a 'Strain', aren't you?"

A sweet, low and gentle voice resonated with the usual sound of his shoes.

When she took a breath and looked around her, the person who was there was Reisi Munakata, the director of the Blue club and the director of the Student Organization within the school.

In his hand was a sword that glowed pale.

"A 'Strain' ...?"

"Yes. People with innate special abilities are called 'Strains'."

With that said, he placed the saber in the scabbard and pulled up his goggles.

"The power of a 'Strain' sometimes hurts people."

A painful memory crossed her mind.

Munakata stared at her with a distorted face, a smile on his lips.

"It is also our role to take strong measures to prevent this from happening. The day before yesterday, there was a report that a 'Strain' had entered the island, but are you the transfer student?"

With a rattling noise, Munakata took a step closer to her. She turned and took a step back.

"The birth of a talented person off this island is infinitely equal to zero."

"Ah, that, I..."

"In other words, the exception is that you are a 'Strain'... Transfer student Konohana Saya. If you don't resist, nothing bad will happen. Shut up and give up quickly."

As usual, a soft, sweet smile on his lips.

However, there was a sharp, dignified light in his eyes behind his glasses, and she was frightened by the power of it.

Taking a step back, Munakata narrowed his eyes slightly and held out his hand.

"Come here."

"Oh, I..."

At that moment, a flame struck behind Munakata.

At the moment of shouting, Munakata drew his saber and turned around to block the flame.

"She didn't do anything wrong, that's why she shouldn't give up."

Suoh pointed his flaming hand towards Munakata.

"I reject you, I keep the woman."

"Well, it's rare that you are interested in others."

"Yes. If you think so, give it to me."

Munakata responded to Suoh's fearless smile with a graceful and gentle smile.

"No. If you're interested, I can't quit."

Then, he turned the saber, which was reflecting the sunlight, directly towards Suoh.

"She is an irregular person and I want her to be within my grasp."

"If so, can I get it by force?"

"You are still a barbarian. If so, here too. All members, get ready!"

A sharp command. The people from the Blue club, a group in white school uniforms, responded immediately.

The fight started again. Ahead of her, Munakata looked back and reached out quickly.

"This time. Come with me."

"Oh, I..."

(What do I have to do?), she thought.



"I won't let you do that."

At that moment, she shook his throat and took another step back. It was unexpected. A voice was heard from above.

It was around the same time that she was surprised to look up at the sky and Munakata flew back quickly and brilliantly.

Immediately afterwards, someone fell to the place where Munakata was.

Black hair blowing in the wind. A Japanese sword that pierced the sky gleamed in the sunlight.

"No, Yatogami-kun!"

Yatogami stood up with her on her back. At the same time, behind the scenes, "Kukuri, are you okay?"

Looking back, she wondered when Shiro and Neko would arrive.

"This girl's security is in charge of the 'Silver Club'."

"Huh? What was that?"

"Don't get me wrong. It's temporary. I'm not trying to force you into anything. The Silver club is different from the Blue club."

Holding a Japanese sword, Yatogami looked at Suoh.

With a pon, Shiro tapped his shoulder, staring at the two people who were abruptly facing each other.

"Shiro-kun... that, I..."

"Yes. You were scared. It's okay. Leave it to me."

She wrinkled her head and was relieved by his soft hands.

"I'll give you a lot of explanations later. Let's escape for the moment. Kuro!"

"Yes."

"Huh?"

Yatogami, who had great strength, put his Japanese sword in the sheath and picked them both up.

She was surprised by the sudden movement and blushed shaking her limbs. But that was not the end.

Yatogami suddenly made a gesture like throwing something at the school building. A kind of power. They then took off from the ground at tremendous speed, dragged by invisible forces.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

Involuntarily clinging to Yatogami, she closed her eyes tightly.

(What the hell is going on ?!), she thought.

A terrible wind violently shook her hair.

As it was, she and Yatogami were thrown into the sky.

"Are you okay?"

When she opened her eyes slightly to his voice, in front of her was a bowl of rice and canned juice.

She was lying in her bedroom, and when she wobbled her upper body, she wrapped the juice in her hands and exhaled the air into her lungs in one go.

She had terrible eyes...

He jumps from the courtyard to the roof of the school building. From there, he jumped to another building, and then jumped from the height at which she would normally die. She didn't want to experience it again. Bungee without lifeline.

he ran further and brought her to an empty classroom in a building she had not yet entered.

That classroom was generally locked and used only for special occasions.

Yatogami, who opened the key easily, lowered her gently on the chair and went somewhere to buy that.

"The whites should be here soon. Drink it first and calm down."

"Yes, thanks."

She lifted the lid and hydrated her throat with the cold juice.

Her fingers were still trembling. Oh, but the sweetness of her made her feel relaxed. The moment she took a breath, the door opened and Shiro's cheerful voice echoed through the room.

"Kuro, thank you for your hard work! Konohana-san, are you okay?"

"Yes. Somehow... Thanks for your help."

When she thanked him, Shiro smiled and sat down on his seat next to her.

"It was nothing. It was a disaster from the first day of move-in."

"That's right. Up to that point, it's not as good as it is."

"Hmmm, not enough!"

Shiro smiled bitterly, Yatogami was serious and Neko replied cheerfully. It was no different from when they had a conversation that morning.

On the contrary, it seemed strange in her eyes and she frowned inadvertently.

"Are all three scared?"

Maybe it didn't make sense, everyone went through trouble because of it.

"What is scary? The Red club and the Blue club?"

"No, that's not it. It's about me."

"Monster," she remembers the shock when they told her that.

Her heart was anxious. Her throat screeched and she squeezed her breast with her hand.

"I have a power that ordinary people don't have. That caused a lot of trouble around me and I couldn't stay at the old school."

No. It was a nuisance. It wasn't pretty at all.

Like Munakata said, she hurts people.

"I was thinking of living like an ordinary person in this school. I decided to hide my abilities. I would never let my abilities skyrocket."

A string of light. A terrible destructive sound. A knife that disappeared like dust. The ground that had been crushed. A stone pavement that broke and turned into pieces. Remembering that, she involuntarily hugged herself.

"I didn't know I had this power. It was sudden. When I realized it, the school building was a mess."

She will never forget it, it was unforgettable. The scene at that time would be for life.

Whether in a major earthquake or bombing, a part of the school building was ruined and turned to rubble.

Students fleeing. A bloodstained towel. And...

"Then my friends became hostile and no one looked at me."

A mixed look of surprise and fear towards her. It quickly turned into disgust.

Neither her friends, her classmates nor her superiors were looking at her. They didn't try to get involved. Even the teacher looked away from her.

Even her family was scared and she started looking at her all the time. If she was in a bad mood, that house would be destroyed next. Her parents thought they might be attacked.

She lost everything that was important at the time.

That's why she was thinking that she had done it again. Also, on the first day of transfer.

Here she too had become a "monster".

"Oh... I have to find a new school again..."

"Eh? You don't have to. You'll be fine here."

"Why? I can't stay here anymore!"

"So? You run away every time you use your power? What the hell? Isn't that stupid?"

"Ah...!"

Suddenly, the classroom door opened and a grumpy voice echoed, interrupting her words.

When she looked around her, he was standing there, Fushimi, who had a distorted face that looked annoyed.

"Fuwah! What are you doing? I don't like you, Glasses!"

Neko looked threatening, and Fushimi said, "I have no business with you. My purpose is that woman."

"Huh? I?"

His eyes without heat surprised her. At his waist, the saber made a loud noise.

"If you try to carry out the principal's order, it's a disaster. Wow. This is the collapse of the school building."

(Did the school building collapse?), she thought.

"Guh..."

"Up to that point, even a fool like Domyoji can do it."

"What did you say?"

"He's a member of the Blue club. Of course, I can do it too. It's easy. I just don't do it because it's hard to clean."

(Is it easy...?), she thought.

"That's right."

"Believe it or not, it's up to you. If you want to do it, run away. If there is another school where people can easily tear down the school building."

"Eh...?"

(What does that mean...? Is he trying to reassure me? I don't understand the meaning and his eyes are scary.), she thought.

With a particularly gentle smile, Shiro yelled.

"Yes. As Fushimi says. Konohana-san doesn't have to run away from this school at all. Rather, it's the opposite."

"Quite the opposite?"

"Yes, I think it's right for you. Ashinaka Super School is a school where talented people gather."

"Eh...? Talented?"

"Huh? Special club activities. Didn't you ask someone? Red club, Blue club, etc."

"Well, I heard that from Kukuri-chan."

But that was a story that when you enter a special club, you will be able to use special abilities, isn't it that people with abilities will gather in this school?

When she said that, Fushimi clicked his tongue.

"Eh? That..."

"Well, it's a relationship. Is it that important if the ability is innate or acquired? It's the same in terms of ability."

"Hmm...! Same thing? With me?"

"Did you say that? It's not unusual for a talented person. Because all the guys who belong to the special club are talented people. So, in this school, no one discriminates against talented people. You'll run away from here, where will you go?"

"Ah! No one discriminates?"

"That's right. Well, it seems that Strains are rarely born outside of Gakuenjima, and I think you're different in that sense, but I don't care because all talented people are weird in the first place. Maybe everyone doesn't care either. You can live normally here. No, I should say that here. You think so too, right Yata-kun?"

"Eh?"

When she was surprised by Shiro's words and ran her eyes towards the door, Yata with a bitter face appeared with a smile on his cheek.

"Don't hide and listen, come out."

"It is urgent."

"Yata-kun..."

"Did you come worried? Or did Suoh tell you to come see what happened? Well, anyway... Konohana-san. Everyone here has special abilities."

"Eh? And Shiro-kun? Neko-chan?"

"Yes. Because we are the Silver club. Fushimi-kun is from the Blue club. Yata-kun is from the Red club. We are all a special department. And Neko is also a Strain. You know what that means, right?"

Words like dreams invaded her.

Was it serious? Wasn't it a lie? Was it really the case?

"Don't I have to run away?"

Wasn't it a dream or an illusion?

"I can stay here?"

Fushimi responded to the words, as he groaned.

"You should like it, right? You're not the only one with a skill anyway."

"Ah!"

She was not alone.

She takes a breath and stare at Fushimi.

She wasn't the only one who had an "ability", he said, but he probably just stated objective facts, but why? She felt that she could get closer to that person. She thought that he could understand the loneliness that had been in her heart since that day.

Suddenly, the tears overflowed.

When she clasped her hands, she hid her teary eyes from him.

It was unbelievable. Because that day she changed her life completely. She had experienced it. She was hurt and suffered. She was still in her mind very clearly that vivid memory.

(Oh, but! However, I'm not alone!), she thought.

"Ah!"

Great tears were shed. She covered her mouth with both hands and looked up. She was not alone.

"Ah...!"

The truth is that she did not want to run away. She wanted a place to stay.

(I don't want to be a "monster". I'm so scared of myself! I don't want to be left alone in the dark without anyone understanding me!), she thought.

"Huh... uh..."

She was not alone. She could stay there.

His words made her tremble. Her heart was full and she couldn't say anything else.

Like a little girl crying.

The opening bell rang on the way, but everyone was there without saying anything.

Fushimi, who should always be a member of the Blue club guiding the students in a disciplined manner, remained silent.

"Still, I wonder what Konohana-san's ability is. She disintegrates the knife."

Seeing that she had calmed down a bit, Shiro said that and looked at Yatogami.

"Konohana-san, you don't understand it too, do you?"

"Yes. When I tried to help Kukuri-chan, it turned out to be like that. Anyway, I'm scared of myself."

"Are you a Strain who does not know your own strength and cannot control it? You are an object of observation that the Blue club seems to like."

He shook his head and looked at her to explain, Yatogami really did say what he was thinking.

The disturbing sound of his words made her shiver.

"Object of observation?"

"Mmm, Kuro. Don't scare her."

"But it's true. The Blue club will not give up on this. It will take aim again."

With that said, Yatogami looked at Fushimi.

"It sounds good for the order of the school, but the Blue club does not choose the means."

"Good. I will definitely come again. But I think that will be only if she doesn't belong to any club. If Konohana-san joins the special club herself, I'm sure it will be a different story."

"It's true?"

"Yes. The director and members will protect you as companions, I'm sure they will find out what your abilities are, and I think they will teach you how to manipulate your abilities properly. No one wants you to escape. You may have been afraid of suddenly giving up,

but Munakata-senpai didn't try to hurt you. The ability is really difficult to handle. Apparently, you didn't seem to be able to control your abilities, right? So Munakata-senpai and Suoh-senpai tried to protect you no matter how they did it."

"Eh? Protect me?"

"Yes. Protected by the club. Before it affects the school and the general public. Only talented people can repress talented people."

"So if you join the special club and learn to know and control your skills alongside people who understand you..."

"The Blue club will not attack you. You will no longer be a 'dangerous Strain whose abilities are out of control', do you understand? Do you want to be part of the Silver club? Me and Kuro will protect you, and we slowly elucidate your abilities."

"Join the Silver club?"

Fushimi, who had been listening to the story silently until then, clicked his tongue and looked at Shiro. Yata looked at him too. Scared by both of them, Shiro shrugged and said, "How scary."

"Well, it seems that both the Red club and the Blue club want to protect you, but, anyway, if you join the special club, your situation will improve in various ways."

"Kuro-kun..."

"Think carefully. Konohana-san, you must decide your future school life."

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"I'm smart!"

"Wow! Yes! Sorry!"

As soon as she opened the bedroom door, she was scolded and apologized.

Eh? But, wait? Why did she have to open the door to her room and apologize?

"Oh, that's right. You?"

She raised her face and sighed at the robot that was sitting there.

It was one of the robots that cleaned the entire school island, as well as the school building and dormitory. The samurai tone was quite cute. When she stepped aside, he left the room and said, "I'm tall!"

She looked at him, she closed the door and got into bed.

"Oh! I'm tired!"

After skipping class for an hour, she returned to the classroom, but she stopped in front of the door as she was scared. What would she do if they looked at you strangely?

But, in conclusion, she didn't have to worry about it at all.

Kukuri, who found her writhing in front of the door, came out to pick her up.

"Thanks for your help on the courtyard. I'm sorry I couldn't thank you right away."

Kukuri told her that and laughed.

When she asked her: "Am I not disgusting?", Kukuri responded by beating her chest: "I don't think so at all. You were like an ally of justice and it was cute. You are a life saver; you should not feel bad. Tell me if there is someone who annoys you! I'm not good with violence, but I will persuade him.". Oh, that really made her happy.

The look and attitudes of the other colleagues did not change, but made her shine, saying: "You are incredible." The exact opposite of the previous school. But it may be that she used to hurt people with her abilities, and this time she protected people with her abilities.

She finally she was relieved to hear everyone's reaction.

Then she cries again.

Kukuri hugged her, "Don't cry." She patted her head and hit her on the shoulder.

She was so happy to see everyone's comfort and she was so excited that she cried even more.

"Special club activities, huh?"

She holding the cushion she lay on her back. She looked at the ceiling and coughed.

They all accepted her as she displayed her abilities. It was soft and warm.

She was really happy. If she took it easy, she might inadvertently shed tears.

But her power could hurt others. What would she do if she lost control again? She wanted to protect everyone from herself. So she had to know her ability and how to control it.

"Shiro-kun's Silver club."

She looked at the ceiling thoughtfully as if to confirm it.

"The Red club with Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun."

She got up gently.

She watched the terrifying red sunset shining through the window and clenched her fist tightly.

"Fushimi-kun is in the Blue club."

+++++

"I am Reisi Munakata. I am the director of the Azul club and director of the Student Organization at this school."

"I am Konohana Saya. Thanks again!"

Munakata introduced himself again. She was nervous and bowed deeply.

After school, the next day. She was in front of the Blue club room building, commonly known as "Scepter 4".

A majestic building that looked like a palace. A solid and wide entrance. The thick columns were lined up on both sides and the top was a large balcony with a large sliding window. And there are perfectly symmetrical wings left and right, centered on the part of the triangular roof that it had.

Was this the Blue club building? Were they using this whole building for the club? A member of the Blue club, who was completely overwhelmed and found her wandering the oversized open space in front of the building, led her to the principal's office. He explained to her that it was a relocation of an old western style building in a foreign French Renaissance style.

She maybe thought it was good, but it was completely counterproductive. "This is not a good place to be!". She was scared, and about to turn around and run. Managed to stop herself.

The member of the Blue club knocked on the door.

She was sure that at Shiro's Silver club she could have a relaxing time. That is exactly what she originally wanted, a quiet and peaceful place.

Yesterday after school, Totsuka Tatara, who was a third year student in the Red club, came to the classroom and gave her a dessert made by Izumo Kusanagi, a manager in the Red club. She apologized. And the dessert was really delicious.

So she was sure that he could take good care of her, and she would have a good time.

But yes. That is why she decided to go to the Blue club.

While everyone was nice to her, only Munakata told her clearly.

"The power of a Strain sometimes hurts people."

"You are a Strain and I want to have you within my grasp."

About the danger of her ability. On the need for follow-up. Only that person told her.

She was scared at the time, but now she wanted to be an "object of observation" so that she could discover her abilities and learn to control them.

"Konohana Saya-san. Originally, you are a Strain, you must be monitored and protected to maintain order in this school."

In the headmaster's room, staring at her standing in front of a heavy desk, Munakata smiled and crossed his fingers.

His smile was sweet and gentle. However, his eyes were closed and there was no mercy.

So she could be safe there, she could trust him.

This person would not only protect her, he would also protect everyone from her.

"So, I'm glad you visited me. Welcome to the Blue club, Konohana Saya-san."

"Yes, thanks."

Again, she bowed deeply.

"Director."

Around the same time, the sound of banging echoed through the room. Then the sound of the door opening. She turned around to see.

"You calls me?"

It was Fushimi who entered. Noticing her, he clicked his tongue in the middle of the words and opened his eyes slightly.

"Oh, Fushimi-kun. I've been waiting for you. Here's Konohana-san."

"Huh? Oh, yes!"

"You were in the same class as her, right?"

Munakata smiled as he looked at her, she quickly returned her gaze to Munakata.

"Oh, yes. That's correct."

"That's right. Then I'll order Fushimi-kun to be an educator for Konohana-san."

"Eh?!"

"Eh?!"

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun?"

It seems like it was an unexpected word not only for her but also for Fushimi, who was shocked, and a click of the tongue was heard from behind.

However, should keep calling Munakata, director? The director did not seem particularly concerned about his reaction and continued his words with a smile.

"Please support her."

"Because I?"

"We need someone who is always close to her, who educates her to be suitable for the Blue club and able to deal quickly when her power gets out of control. You are the best in the same class."

He wondered if he couldn't argue with that, and after a while, he sighed and replied, "Ok."

Looking back, he really hated having to do it.

"So Konohana-san. I'm going to talk to Fushimi-kun. Thank you for your continued support."

"Ah, yes! Thank you very much!"

She bowed firmly to the director, thanked him, and turned her back on Fushimi as he walked out of the director's office.

"Um, sorry."

It didn't seem like Fushimi would agree to that task, so she didn't look back and apologized to Fushimi, who was walking steadily.

Then he replied, "It's not your fault. Besides, I will obey the director's decision."

His voice was a little soft, but he sounded very grumpy. She thought that Fushimi was really angry. But if she said something, would he ever get mad at her again?

She walked over to Fushimi, thought for a moment and leaned in, saying, "Well, okay then."

"Thanks."

The answer to that was his usual irony.