



GAKUEN K: WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 2: SPRING

"Hey, it's time for lunch!"

At the same time as the teacher left the room, Yata stood up energetically.

He felt like a fish that received water and pulled Kamamoto out of the classroom.

After that, Shiro and his companions as well. Yatogami loudly whispered to Neko not to balance her lunch as usual.

When she said goodbye with a smile and suddenly looked around the classroom... (Ah, that? Hmm, isn't Fushimi-kun there?), she thought. She got up in a hurry and left the classroom.

(Where is he? He doesn't look like he's carrying a lunch box; will he be in the dining room? Or maybe he went shopping? Ah, but there are food courts, gyudon shops, and burger joints, so all in all... Wow... I was off guard! I thought it was lunch.), she thought.

With a sigh, running down the stairs, she crossed the playground and headed for the dining room.

The dining room was very large, but while the general students in light blue jackets overflowed, the Blue club members in white school uniforms are very notable. She confirms if could see him, but it didn't seem to happen. She sighed and took out the PDA.

"Let's go to the shopping department. Or should I go to the food court?"

She still didn't know if it was on the right or on the left. She needed a navigation system to walk at school.

Especially when it comes to the Blue club. She did not know anything about the special activities of the club or the skills that can be obtained.

So she thought that he could tell her even a little...

Despite observing the situation since the morning, Fushimi was not captured at all. When it's time for a break, he suddenly disappears. Even now.

"It's also a distraction to ask Shiro-kun about the Blue club..."

Although she chose the Blue club, it was too convenient to trust Shiro due to anxiety.

While she was browsing with the PDA, this time she headed to the food court.

(Is it annoying to ask about club activities during breaks and lunch breaks? But I want to know.), she thought.

"Mmm..."

She was wondering what to do, she stopped and looked up. At that moment, flapping footsteps were heard and a person in a white school uniform caught up with her.

When she looked back, another person was there.

"Oh, yesterday! Um... Akiyama senpai!"

"Oh, you are..."

The person who guided her to the club manager's office yesterday was Himori Akiyama. He stopped and looked at her.

Then after asking "Are you alone?", he suddenly looked at the PDA in her hand and narrowed his eyes slightly.

"You are lost?"

"Well, no, I can figure it out. Still."

"Okay. Where are you going?"

"Well, I'm actually looking for Fushimi-kun..."

To be honest, she thought Akiyama was surprised because he said "Oh."

"By the way, your educator is..."

"Yes, I have many things I wanted to ask him, but I lost sight of him."

"Well, let's have a proper lunch."

Eh? Would he answer her questions now?

"Huh? Um, that..."

"Actually, there was a ruckus in the purchasing department earlier. I think I'm on the scene to suppress the situation and investigate the cause of the ruckus. I'm heading there now. So I'm wondering if it's impossible to answer a question."

"What? Is that so?"

(Excuse me! I didn't mean to bother you!), she thought.

"I'm sorry! Then I'll go back and have lunch, so please continue on your way."

"Are you really lost?"

"No, I'm fine."

When she shook her head, Akiyama turned around and said, "If so, then I'm going."

Seeing his back, she shrugged and waved back.

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"Oh, Konohana-san. Are you alone?"

"Eh?"

As she walked while she was looking at the PDA, she heard a voice echoing from behind. Because she was concentrating on the navigation system, she couldn't understand whose voice it was for a moment, and when she looked back, she saw Director Munakata.

"But walking around looking at the PDA is dangerous."

"Forgive me! The path is uncertain."

Quickly, she corrected her posture and lowered her head.

"Oya? Didn't you get the guide in Scepter 4 yesterday?"

"Eh? No. I was just guided to the manager's room."

"But did Fushimi-kun leave you behind?"

That was true.

"Ah, no, I got lost..."

She made an excuse to keep Fushimi out of the picture, but that was painful, somehow.

Sure enough, Munakata sighed worriedly.

"You can't just let her go. You can't do it, Fushimi-kun."

She felt that she had told him.

As he shrugged, Munakata breathed in again and touched her shoulder.

"Well that's fine because I just wanted to talk to you. Could you come to the club manager's room as you are?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

She walked behind Munakata, who walked past her.

"Have you changed anything today? Mainly due to your abilities."

"Ah! I don't know if it's related, but I broke six feet of grip strength."

"Eh?"

In response, Munakata stopped and looked back in amazement.

"You broke?"

"Yes. I had a physical fitness test in the afternoon, but... just holding it lightly surprised me. The second time I intended to hold it more gently, but it also broke."

"I'll check it again, but maybe the grip is damaged?"

"Yes. No question. The needle shook and the part I grabbed broke."

"I'll confirm it further, but I didn't have tremendous grip strength before the ability appeared..."

(What kind of girl are you?), Munakata wondered.

"I'm not a girl anymore, I'm a gorilla."

"I checked it just in case, but now I get it."

Munakata laughed and started walking again. She opened her eyes when he saw his back as he walked proudly and retroactively. (Eh? No way.), she thought.

"Did you understand my ability?"

"Yes."

Before her surprised eyes, Munakata smiled as he opened the door to the Blue Club administrator's room.

(Really, this person is amazing!), she thought.

He already figured it out, it was stupid to think that.

"Your ability is that of a gorilla."

Is she a gorilla after all?

Munakata's smile made her feel weak.

(Sorry. Pick the time, place, case, and person to make a joke. In terms of skills, I'm in a hurry, I'm pretty negative, or I'm narrow-minded.), she thought.

She followed Munakata, who entered the room with a giggle, and distorted his face.

"Is it a gorilla dusting a knife? That's scary."

"That's right. Let's be more thorough in the follow-up."

What was she doing?

"I wonder if it's okay. Maybe I could crush Headmaster Munakata's skull with my bare hands."

When she said that with careless sentiment, Munakata approached the desk with a laugh, "Fufu. Just kidding. Don't be so mad."

"Other than that?"

"Well after that, Fushimi-kun had a dispute with Yata-kun, who burned a sense of opposition to Fushimi-kun, but Professor Awashima-kun left the recording board for me to stop it. But I also broke it."

"I see. It doesn't work anymore."

She clears her throat and don't let him say it. Enough of the jokes.

"But that was it. First of all, I got through this morning normally without breaking anything, and in the afternoon nothing else. I also held the PDA normally."

"Is there a condition to activate it? What are you thinking about?"

"No, nothing."

When she shook her head, Munakata crossed his fingers and spoke his mind.

"I didn't feel in danger or try to help someone like I did in the courtyard the day before yesterday. But I just grabbed it without thinking about anything, normally. At the time of the recording board, surely Fushimi-kun and the others were fighting, but that is all."

"I see."

"The story is a little different, but Fushimi-kun and Yata-kun, Misaki Yata-kun from the Red club... Is there something between them? It's not just that they are on bad terms."

Even in today's physical fitness test, how to burn and hit, Yata was a bit unusual, and even in the courtyard case from yesterday,

Fushimi's way of provoking Yata was a bit unusual. if it weren't. Her back went cold.

"That's not what I'm talking about."

Munakata narrowed his eyes and said that. That was it, but there was something.

(But the fact that Director Munakata is confused is a delicate problem, isn't it? Surely. So I wonder if it's better not to touch the subject unnecessarily.), she thought.

But she was worried. Looking at that situation, she wondered if she could really get close to Fushimi. Because she was afraid. She didn't know if she could understand him.

(Well, it might not be understandable in a single day.), she thought.

When she thought that, the sound of a bang echoed across the room. Then the door opened with a voice saying "Excuse me."

"Are you busy? I'll be back again."

"No, it doesn't matter. What is Fushimi-kun's requirement?"

Munakata stopped Fushimi, who saw her standing in front of his desk and tried to back away from her.

Fushimi took a deep breath, corrected his posture, and looked at the documents in his hand.

"This is a report on the confusion that occurred during the lunch break."

"Oh, that's the case. Please give me the details."

"Yes. Today at 12:35 PM. When a general student contacted me and told me that there was a commotion in the purchasing department, I immediately went to the site to suppress the situation and confirmed the cause of the commotion."

He cut off the words and leaf through the document.

"It seems that too many people gathered in search of 'Pom pom bread', which is a limited quantity menu for purchases."

"Ah. 'Pom pom bread'?"

She wondered what the "pompom bread" was, it had a very cute name.

"It seems that there was a skirmish between the students who tried to buy it. By the way, there were no injuries, but it seems that the Red club members used their abilities, so the noise got louder. Details are summarized in the report, so check it out."

"Thanks. It seems better to have the Purchasing Department on call on Limited Menu Day."

"Maybe. Especially the Red club people can't be held back by ordinary students."

With a sigh, he walked over to the desk and Fushimi presented the documents.

When he received it, Munakata was satisfied with it, and then all of a sudden, "By the way, Fushimi-kun.", Munakata raised his face.

"Yes, what is it?"

"It's about that 'Pom Pom Bread', find out when the next installment will be."

(I want to eat one.), she thought.

"Hmm... I get it."

"Don't you mind, Konohana-san?"

"Eh? Ah, yeah. That's right. Although it's very popular now, it'll calm down later after all."

She couldn't imagine what kind of bread it was from the name.

"Then let's buy some when they arrive. What about that, Fushimi-kun?"

"I don't need it. I'm not interested. So, with that I'm done reporting."

"Fushimi-kun. Please wait. I have another story for you."

Munakata stopped Fushimi, who tried to flee quickly after cutting off the invitation, with a smile.

"Yes?"

"What did I ask you yesterday? Konohana-san was lost in the building."

(Huh? Well, I didn't get lost! I was certainly wandering.), she thought.

Fushimi clicked his tongue and turned around with an annoying smell.

"Konohana-san, no, she's already a member of the Blue club, so let's call her Konohana-kun. Her first exam will start soon."

Glancing at Fushimi, Munakata said that and looked at her.

Surprised by the sudden change in topic, she dutifully shook her head.

"Ah, yes. I heard from the school principal that the skill test will take place immediately after the start of the first semester, so I'm ready for now..."

"It's a good idea. Members of the Azul club are retired unless the average is 90 points or more."

(Huh?!), she thought.

"Well, is that so?"

Well, she hears it's an elite group, but over 90 points?!

"The minimum line required is 90 points... The Blue club is scary..."

"I've never heard of a rule like this."

Annoyed, Fushimi looked at her as if he was suspicious and turned his gaze back to Munakata.

(Huh? I've never heard of it?), she thought.

"Yes, I did a while ago."

(Huh? Long time? Wait. It's a lie. Are you kidding me?), she thought.

"But Konohana-kun just moved in. She also joined the Blue club recently. In view of that..."

She wondered if it was something serious or a joke, and she had fear and a bad feeling. Looking at Fushimi, who had wrinkles between his brows, Munakata smiled and raised his index finger from him.

"Let's combine the average scores of the two and pass the exam with a score of 180 or higher. If it is less than that, we will ask both of you to withdraw."

(Huh?! What?!), she thought.

"Hey, would we both get retired?"

(That means that even if Fushimi-kun's average score is 100 points, if my average score is 79 points, Fushimi-kun will also be retired... right? Yes! That's bad!), she thought.

"Well, please wait! Well, you don't seem to have taken that into account!"

(Quite the contrary! It's so bad for me to hurt someone other than me!), she thought.

In response to her complaint, Munakata smiled: "Yes, it is a collective responsibility." Eh? This was not the time to be joking.

"Naturally. Fushimi-kun is Konohana-kun's educator."

(However, I think it is the teacher's job to increase academic ability, not the role of the Blue club educator!), she thought.

However, it didn't matter if she complained, it seemed to be a decision, and Munakata just smiled and then said...

"Please do your best together."

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More than 180 points?! That's it..."

Shiro and Kukuri looked at each other.

"Hey, it's no good being irrational. Uh. I'm in trouble."

"Saya-chan, how are you studying?"

"I don't think it's bad. But there is no average of 90 points. No, no. Impossible."

Shiro and Kukuri looked at her again, holding their heads.

"The range of the skill test is extremely wide. It doesn't matter if it's in the middle or the end of the period."

"Hey! Oh! Wait! Fushimi-kun!"

She noticed Fushimi, who quickly walked past her and hastily stopped him.

Fushimi took a deep breath, looked at her, and coughed, "What?"

"Well why don't we study together in the library today after school?"

"Rejected.", he replied quickly.

"Don't say that. That..."

"Are you sure you will get points?"

"Not at all. Especially math. So if you want, I'd like Fushimi-kun to teach me."

"In such a situation, I need to get a high score. Then I don't have time to answer your questions. Another boy can teach you."

His logic was reasonable.

Certainly the average score will go a long way, and if he helps her study, Fushimi's burden may be too great.

"Ah, I get it."

"Your quota is 85 points. Don't get less than that."

She reflexively he was trying to say "I can't!", but she managed not to say that. Because in that case, Fushimi's quota is 95 points. Not really, but she couldn't say that. Rather, get five points. This is where she should cry and give thanks.

"Yes, I'll do my best..."

Even though she coughed softly, Fushimi left without waiting for an answer.

She sighed a little and went back to her desk.

"It's hard..."

But time would not wait. There was no time to be depressed or mourn the status quo.

She had been in this school for a short time, but did not want to leave it.

As she desperately studied, she left the library crying when the library was closed. It was difficult.

"By the way, I forgot something in the classroom."

She sighed and went to the door, but she remembered that there was something in the classroom and she changed her destiny. Leaning down the hall where the orange light was shining, she hurried to the classroom, which was not closed yet.

Finally she arrived at the classroom guided by the PDA that showed her the way.

She opened the door with force thinking that it was about time and there would be no one, and in a corner of the classroom someone screamed a little and moved a lot.

"Huh? Wow! I'm sorry! Huh? Yata-kun?"

It was Yata who was there. Also, a person. She did not see Kamamoto who was always with him.

"Yata-kun, why are you here? Kamamoto-kun?"

"Well that's... I mean, I'm asking you the same thing."

"I came to pick up what I have forgotten. I forgot to put the necessary reference books in my bag. What about you, Yata-kun?"

"I'm on a supplementary lesson... from Anna-sensei."

(Oh, that's right. They told her during class to stay today.), she thought.

"I really fell behind."

"I tried to escape, but I was caught in a two-stage trap... until now."

(Trap? It refers to Kukuri-chan's comment, and is it natural for people in this school to set up a trap?), she thought.

When she went to him, his face flushed as he could see her against the sun, and Yata tore his eyes away from her.

"But it's time to quit school, right?"

"They told me I won't go home until this is over. When I get home, a lot will happen."

With a terribly broken and unnatural demeanor and a bitter smile at the traumatic words, she moved to the seat next to Yata and bowed her neck.

"Terrible thing?"

"Anna-sensei says that the stones in my room will collide with each other in a timely manner."

What? It was a threatening claim that he had forgotten its authenticity somewhere.

"I wonder if it's done. I'll finish it!"

Oh, just like he thought it was. It was unbelievable!

"So I don't have time to talk to you! When you're done, go."

Yata kept his eyes away from her and waved his hand away.

It certainly seemed like this was not the time to speak. The pile of notes in front of Yata was quite thick.

She thought for a bit and sat down next to Yata.

"Well, Yata-kun, if you want, can I help you with your homework?"

"Now...! I don't need it! Compassion is useless! Man rots!"

(Eh? It will rot him? Isn't that obsolete? Oh, but is it something similar?), she thought.

"But my friends are in trouble."

"Friend...?"

"Huh? Uh, yeah. Um... you said you wanted to get along, right?"

"Hmm ...! No, but I can't get along with someone from the Blue club!"

That was an unexpected response and she shook her head.

"Eh...? Why? Is the Blue club bad?"

"Why... I can't tell you why!"

"Why do you belong to the Red club?"

"That's right! I'm the captain of the Red club and..."

"Eh...? Um... is that related?"

When asked, it seemed like an unexpected answer, and this time it was Yata's turn.

"What? Why...?"

"Eh? Because... I think it's strange to judge people just because they are from the Blue club or the Red club. The fact that they consider enemies, bad guys, they don't get along. It's weird. I can't respect one person like that, right?"

".....!"

"Is it Suoh-senpai, the headmaster, who does it? Don't talk to the Blue club people, don't get involved, don't get along. The guy who did that is that red-haired person?"

"Mmm...! That's it! Mikoto-san!"

"That's right, he's not such a small person, right?"

She felt a bit relieved at Yata, who shook his head violently, relentlessly denying it.

"I knew it just by looking at the conflict in the yard. That's why you yearn for it, right? It's the same for everyone at the Red club."

"That is to say..."

"Even in the Red club regulations, they don't say that you shouldn't talk to the Blue club people or get along with them, right?"

"Nevertheless..."

"Kukuri-chan said that the Red club does things his way."

Bad things that are accepted by ordinary students.

She never said "bad people" or "don't get involved".

Also about the Red club, the content of the activity is a mystery. Most of the members are bad or drop out of school. They are said to do whatever they want freely, regardless of school rules, but that's about it. Kukuri did not show any disgust, contempt, or disdain.

"That's why? I understand that the people of the Red club are very free."

".....!"

"The Blue club is the same. I think it is wonderful to maintain the discipline of the students and the spirit of the school, but I do not think that the Red club is not an ally of justice, right? You do not think that the people of the club Blue are wonderful people with a sense of justice?"

She stared at Yata, who had a poker face, and smiled.

She leaned in hastily, tightening her skirt.

(What happened? Somehow, I made a big self-assertion.), she thought.

It was really easy for her to talk to Yata.

"Oh, is it true? Is that why? I've lost everything once. I hate being hated. Well, I don't think anyone likes to be hated."

Still, if he had a problem and it bothered him, she thought it couldn't be helped.

But if it's not his problem, she doesn't like that.

Her words shook his eyes as if Yata was confused.

"Well, that's it. Yata-kun, it's very easy to talk to you. It's strangely comforting to be with you. So..."

"Eh...?"

Yata, who showed a poppy expression for one moment, turned his face bright red the next moment and jerked away from her.

"What are you talking about?! You! You're weird!"

"Is that so? But it's true. It's very easy to talk to you. It's been a while since I've asserted myself so firmly. I wonder if it's because the other party is Yata-kun."

At that moment, she laughed even more at Yata, who turned bright red and was fluttering.

"Hey."

A terribly cold voice echoed through the classroom.

When she looked around, she found Fushimi at the door.

"It's a good thing. Are you thinking of letting me score points and make it easier?"

"Eh...?"

The moment their eyes met, she was struck and surprised by the unexpected words, and the chilling coldness in that voice. She was stunned, opened her mouth and got up in a hurry.

"Oh, yeah! I don't think so. I just talked a little..."

"Are you not saying you can do it? Is this your moment?"

(Well, that's...), she thought.

"I'm not sorry."

"Hey, monkey! You..."

"Shut up, idiot."

She couldn't see him looking down. Yata yelled in protest, but Fushimi screamed softly without saying anything until the end.

"Now you!"

"Oh, sorry! Yata-kun, it's okay. This is really bad for me."

Really, she wasn't in a situation where she could waste her time. Given the burden on Fushimi, it was only natural.

To calm Yata, who seemed to stand up and jump at any moment, she stood up and quickly shoved the reference book into her bag.

"Sorry, Yata-kun. Good luck!"

"Oh, oh... are you okay? You..."

She was worried about Fushimi. To Yata, who did not know about the test, Fushimi's attitude seemed incomprehensible and unreasonable.

She clasped her hands in front of her face and said, "Sorry! Sorry for not helping you!", and she left the classroom following Fushimi, who had already disappeared.

(Oh, oh, I'm ahead of you!), she thought.

"Oh, sorry. I don't think it's convincing, but did you study well? I'm not thinking of leaving it up to Fushimi-kun to make it easier, okay?"

"....."

"Oh, but it's true that my quota is in jeopardy and I skipped even for a bit, so I'm really sorry!"

She managed to run and reach his back, and she apologized firmly as they walked side by side.

Then Fushimi stopped and hit her head, which was hanging and stopped, with something quite hard.

"Oh, it hurts..."

"You don't have to follow me. If you have time to apologize, study."

What hit her was pressed against her forehead, and when she received it, Fushimi began to walk silently.

(Huh? Wait! Even if you tell me not to apologize...!), she thought.

"Eh, Fushimi-kun? We're in Blue club and..."

"Okay. First, study."

"Eh? But..."

"Anyway, the day after tomorrow, we will enter the test preparation period and there will be no club activities after school. There is nothing special to do now for those who joined the club. Study more."

He clicked his tongue and left quickly.

She sighed and looked at the thing in her hands.

"Eh? Reference book?"

(Huh? But I should have put this in my bag a little while ago.), she thought.

When she hurriedly searched her bag, she found the same thing.

She tilted her head and opened it. It was unbelievable! Good writing was distributed on almost every page. With a colored pen, it was extremely easy to understand and the main

points were outlined. It even contained test prep tips and a "Make sure you remember this."

She could see how much the reference book had been used just by flipping through it.

"Fushimi-kun is a hard worker..."

(I mean, you can lend me this, right? I just have to do my best with this, right?), she thought.

Involuntarily, she looked in the direction Fushimi went. She no longer had time to waste. The setting sun shining in the hallway was turning redder.

"I have my own test..."

Rather, she would have to get a much better score than she had before.

Her chest warmed slowly.

She put the reference book in her bag, clenched her hands tightly, and recovered her spirits.

"Good! I'll make it!"

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Unlike the midterm and final exams, the duration of the ability test is short. It lasts a short time and you finish in a short time.

"Yes, oh! The test is over!"

Yata cheered when the teacher came out. They all followed.

She pulled the air rushing into her lungs and sank down on her desk.

She was done, but it was difficult.

"Yes, yes! Now that the test of hell is over, the next event is the long-awaited athletic festival. From now on, we will deliver a hard copy of the event list! We will decide the registered event of the athletic festival!"

Kukuri clapping her hands, she called out to everyone who was full of liberation.

"If you have any questions, let me know!"

A sports festival? It didn't seem so painful.

She looked at the prints that appeared and thought about it.

At that moment, he hit her head and she looked back.

"Oh, Fushimi-kun."

"I wonder if it was possible."

"What, somehow?"

When she laughed, she sighed. She felt it. She couldn't say "I'm done! It's okay!" with trust.

"Eh, Fushimi-kun?"

"....."

"Sorry. It was a stupid question."

Like a blizzard, she couldn't look into his cold eyes that seemed to burst.

"Once you've decided on the event, put on your gym clothes and come to Blue club. Don't go home yet."

"Huh? Yeah. Okay. But gym clothes? What are we going to do?"

"Because the club's activities will resume."

(Oh, the Blue club activity?), she thought.

If she didn't take it firmly, he would disappear.

(Will they return the answer sheet tomorrow? The day after tomorrow?), she thought.

But for the moment, the test was over. The feeling of liberation was tremendous after studying a lot.

As she listened to Kukuri's cheerful voice, she sank down on the desk again and gently closed her eyes.

(After the event has been decided...), she thought.

When she put on her gym clothes and went to the Blue club, there were people dressed in blue gym clothes.

(Wow. Blue club is different from ordinary students not only in uniforms but also in gym clothes.), she thought.

It was a bit unusual and she was looking at him, and Fushimi, who gave them the impressions and some instructions, looked back.

"Oh, did you come? I'll lend you some work gloves and a shovel for now."

"Oh, thank you. What are you doing with this?"

"It's weeding."

"Eh? Is that the Blue club's job?"

"No. It's the job of the disciplinary committee. But most of the disciplinary committee members belong to the Blue club, so it's the same."

(Huh? I'm a member of the disciplinary committee?), she thought.

"Eh, Fushimi-kun? Am I a member of the disciplinary committee...?"

"I think this is also part of the activities of the Blue club, so work."

(Is this the activity of the Blue club at the moment?), she thought.

"We're in the back of the playground. Let's go."

He didn't give her a chance to refuse. It was a mandatory participation. She had understood.

With a sigh, she followed Fushimi, who started walking quickly.

(But was it really helpful in the test? Let's do our best.), she thought and followed.

Then she came to a ridiculously large place.

"Ah, it's wide!"

"In the first place, there's no way the disciplinary committee alone could clean up this fucking big place."

(No, it's not an assignment, right? First of all, it's unreasonable to let the disciplinary committee do this. Let's go on strike! It's up to the robot to do the cleaning!), she thought.

That didn't change anything when she appeals to Fushimi. She swallowed her words and sighed softly in her place.

(Well, if you want to cultivate the spirit of service activities, I think it is also necessary.), she thought.

"I'll do it from here, so you can do it from that corner."

"Okay, I understand."

She obediently agreed, she put on his work gloves for weeding.

She grabbed the grass, shoved the shovel into the root, and removed it.

"It is done several times a month. It is a cleaning activity."

"Huh? Why are you telling me that?"

"....."

(Is it quiet there? Wait! Will I be forced to participate every month?), she thought.

"I am in a position to educate them."

"Fushimi-kun, you are an educator in the Blue club, so let me do the Blue club activities."

"....."

(Yes, don't ignore me! It's a bit unreasonable, isn't it? Fushimi-san!), she thought.

"This time it is still spring, it is before the rainy season and it is easy."

"Ah, am I not understanding you?"

"I don't think you understand."

(What? Why?), she thought.

"Are you forced to do unreasonable work?"

"I have no idea about it."

(What? That stylistic comment from the devil.), she thought.

"Before that, if you don't get the average odds on the test, you are out of the game. Therefore, it is a good idea to experience the activities of the Blue club."

"I told you that this is not the activity of the Blue club."

"....."

(Oh, that's how he ignores me again! Don't be fooled by fashion!), she thought.

She tore at the grass hard as she moved her mouth. Maybe it was the first time that she spoke to Fushimi like this. He made her feel happy when she thought they would get along a little bit.

"Hey, don't skimp."

"Yes. This is quite powerful."

"You can afford it. Because your grip strength is over 100 kilograms."

"It would be useful if I didn't use it too much."

(I mean, weeding probably has nothing to do with grip strength. I'm sure gorillas aren't good at weeding!), she thought.

"Stop... Hey, put the whole zone over here."

"Discipline president, don't bother me. Besides, my skill is not very suitable."

The words froze deep in her throat. With her face raised, she looks at the view in front of her.

"Eh, Fushimi-kun? The grass is growing all the time."

"What? What are you talking about? What a stupid thing."

Fushimi looked back with a sigh and took a deep breath.

"Now...! This kind of grass grows... I didn't notice!"

"No! Look closely! It's been growing since I came here!"

The level was the size of a small meadow.

"Well, an hour passed, a lot of grass that I pulled out. However, there is no trace of it being uprooted!"

"Tsk... Isn't this a replay?"

(No, the problem is not there. Fushimi-san.), she thought.

Even if she pulled it out again, it was an infinite loop that grew each time.

"More than that, I have to do something with this growth..."

"Somehow..."

The moment Fushimi coughed in a confused state. The weeds that Fushimi had just uprooted all bloomed at once.

When you say that it blooms, it is not an herb that originally blooms, right? Even if she cut it, there was no shadow or shape right before.

In front of them who were cutting them, it was as if they were laughing at them. The flowers opened one after another, and became a bouquet. There was no choice but to do that again.

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

Fushimi, who had a bouquet of flowers and was completely disappointed, looked a bit cute, but that was not the situation. But looking a little cute, that made her laugh.

When she covered her forehead and shook, she wondered if he had noticed that she was laughing, Fushimi said in a very grumpy voice, "What did you do?"

"Eh? I'm not doing anything. The grass that should have been uprooted grew for some reason the way it was."

In words, it seemed to be an idiotic explanation. But it was a fact, so it couldn't be helped.

"But isn't this your ability?"

"Well, is that so?"

"I'm not sure, but you're the only one, because I didn't."

(Huh?! That's why?), she thought.

"Fushimi-kun, you think it's me, right? It seems a bit difficult to use the elimination method."

"You could have something to do with this, because the weeds and flowers have grown since we arrived and started weeding."

(Oh, that's right. Until then, it was normal.), she thought.

"What is the ability to act on plants? Is it different from breaking the grip force meter?"

"The reason I dusted the knife in the yard..."

"Is that the case? Well, that means having multiple abilities."

"I haven't heard of it, but it's not an impossible story just because the number of Strains is so small that it hasn't been confirmed until now. Plus, you're unique because you were born off the island."

Fushimi casually dropped the bouquet and shrugged, "Maybe I need to take it seriously.". Saying that, she looked at her hands.

(My ability may not be one. Only when I hear that do I realize that I have never thought of the possibility.), she thought.

Even if she could break the stereotype that she was working on unknowingly, it would be a step forward, right?

She was happy, she looked at Fushimi and smiled.

"Thank you, Fushimi-kun."

"Eh? What are you thanking me for? I don't know what it means."

"You don't have to know. I only said it because I wanted to say it."

"Take a closer look. That is not the case."

She thought it was okay to say thanks, but immediately after that, she sighed at the reality that Fushimi showed. That was true.

"I have to do this, right? Everything..."

"Tsk... Weeding is a hideously incompatible skill."

(I haven't decided yet that it's my fault... oh! But that's right! It's not Fushimi-kun! Maybe it's me!), she thought.

"I'm on the way! You shouldn't help!"

That said, she turned around quickly, but she was able to move her neck firmly.

"Do you think you can escape just by doing it?"

"No, no! But the reality is, if I were here, would it be a game of cat and mouse?"

"Don't be silly. I won't be back until you're done. Control your body so your abilities don't activate."

"How do I do that?!"

"Somehow."

(If I can do something about it, I don't think it was for nothing to move to this school in the first place!), she thought.

"No, don't joke..."

"Do it reasonably. I repeat, you won't go home until you're done."

+++++

"Saya-chan, are you tired?"

"Yesterday I had a horrible day... I have terrible muscle pain in my arms and legs..."

"Huh? What the hell did you do yesterday?"

"Weeding."

It must have been a surprising response. She could hear Kukuri's surprised voice saying, "Huh?".

She managed to lift her head and looked at Kukuri.

"I've been weeding and have muscle aches. It was really hard!"

She was happy that there was something she could do. She was happy that they entrusted her with something. Because that's proof that her whereabouts are here.

She was glad that she didn't come home until the end and adopted a relaxed demeanor. Evidence that the distance between their hearts had drawn closer.

(But it was difficult! It was hard enough dreaming of turning a meadow that grows hundreds or thousands of times faster than usual into a desert!), she thought.

Kukuri tilted her head towards her, who emphasized as she raised her nails on her desk.

"Then it doesn't matter. I wonder if the test was bad."

"....."

"You have returned all the answer sheets, right? There are still a few days until the rankings come out, but you have already calculated the average, how was it?"

"Yes! That! Do you want to go to the report, Fushimi-kun?!"

Kukuri, Shiro, Yatogami, and Neko all pointed to the door as they stood up vigorously. Before Fushimi's back, that he was about to leave.

Although she said, "It hurts, it hurts.", she quickly put her things away from her desk and ran out with her bag.

"Sorry! Everyone, see you tomorrow! Oh, the quota is clear! Thanks for everything!"

When she raised her hand, everyone smiled and waved.

"Fushimi-kun!"

Chasing after him as she endured the pain, she lined up next to him.

"Fushimi-kun, about that...?"

"How was it? Result."

Fushimi coughed, looking at her.

"Average is 86 points! I managed to get the quota! Fushimi-kun?"

"....."

"Sorry. It was a stupid question."

She honestly apologized to the cold eyes of "Who are you talking to?".

"So, you can stay at the Blue club."

"There is no such rule in the first place."

Now that she thought about it, in other words, this was for Fushimi to function properly as an educator. She wondered if it was to shorten the distance between her and Fushimi.

"Is the manager satisfied with this result?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, that's right. Fushimi-kun. That reference book..."

At that moment, she saw the vending machine in the yard, so she headed in that direction.

However, the entrance was not in that direction, so she was confused and hopefully, Fushimi came back after buying juice.

The moment she realized that he had two bottles of juice in his hand and opened her eyes, Fushimi gave it to her.

"Wow! What? Will you give it to me?"

"If you don't need it, throw it away."

(No way! I need it!), she thought.

"Oh, thanks. I'm glad."

He did not respond to that. Fushimi basically ignored the thanks.

Maybe he was thirsty, she saw Fushimi drinking juice as he walked, she was happy and laughed. Because she had made it, right? She did the best.

At first she thought that Fushimi was a scary person, but that was not the case at all. On the contrary, he is extremely smooth. Because his attitude is complicated, it is difficult to understand.

(So, did you lend me a reference book? I didn't realize it because he was angry at the time, but when I think about it, it's amazing.), she thought.

Because she said she would study at the library. In fact, she was there until she left school.

And at that time, Fushimi was supposed to be in the Blue club. He normally shouldn't be in school anymore. However, he appeared there, and went to the classroom unexpectedly.

(In other words? Fushimi-kun, you looked for me. Maybe here and there. Because I said I'm not good at math. To lend me your own reference book, right? Eh? That's amazing, right?), she thought.

"Thanks for the reference book. I'll give it back to you later. Thanks to that, I got a lot of points for my weak math. It was the best of the five subjects."

"Whatever. I don't use it, so taking it home was boring."

When she smiled and thanked him, Fushimi responded with an uninteresting look as he looked away. That was not true.

The uncomfortable tenderness and sweetness of the juice softens it.

She thought that Fushimi might have been good as an educator.

Even if her hands and feet were screaming due to myalgia.

+++++

A sunny day for the PE festival. The blue sky was clear. Cheerful enough to break a sweat even if you weren't moving.

"Wow! The best!"

Yata yelled with the flag with the "1" in his hand. The competition was the same 100 meters as hers. What a perfect first place, it was amazing. First place, how many did he have?

(Physical education... I mean, it seems he loves to move his body, Yata-kun has participated in quite a few competitions. And he is constantly getting the number one place.), she thought.

Obstacle courses across the playground. Suoh burned one obstacle, destroyed another, and walked calmly. Suoh was surreal.

"Thank you for your hard work. You are fast."

When she was looking at the back of the teachers running with a fire extinguisher, he suddenly called out behind her. She was surprised and looked back.

"Director Munakata, did you see it?"

"Yes, I try to see all the competitions of the Blue club members."

(Well, he could see it.), she thought.

"I'm a bit disappointed because I was almost number one."

"On the contrary, it is important to have the aspiration to reach even higher. Yes. Did you see Fushimi-kun? I'm looking for him."

"Eh? Was he in...?"

She looked around her. By the way, maybe she hadn't seen him a while ago?

"Are you looking for him to ask him something?"

"Yes. Actually, the member who is going to play the extreme etiquette got injured in the previous competition. There was a vacancy, so I want Fushimi-kun to participate in his place."

"Extreme etiquette?"

(What is that?), she thought.

When she checked the progress chart in her pocket, it was the last race of the afternoon. It seems to be done against the special activities of the club.

"The afternoon session has just started, so I have some time, but I want to tell you early. Due to the prestige of the Blue club, I cannot lose here."

"Oh, yeah. I see. I'll look it up too. If I ask Kukuri-chan, she can see what competition Fushimi-kun is in."

"Thanks."

She leaned in and went to Kukuri.

"Kukuri-chan, have you seen Fushimi-kun?"

"Eh? Why?"

"Fushimi-kun, what kind of competition is he in? What's next?"

"Wait a minute. Well, let's see."

With that said, she pulled out a report from the bag next to her.

"Eh? Fushimi-kun, it seems like all of his competitions are over."

"What? Is that so?"

Looking at the report from the side... (Oh. All competitions are in the morning. This is intentional, right? Absolutely.), she thought.

"Oh, Shiro-kun. Have you seen Fushimi-kun?"

Kukuri called out to Shiro, who had just wiped off his sweat, and returned.

"Eh? I don't know... I was in the competition until a little while ago. Kuro?"

"No, by the way, I haven't seen him in a while."

In response to Shiro's words, Yatogami also raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, what about you, Neko?"

She also asked Neko, who jumped on Shiro's back, saying "Shiro!" in good mood.

"Didn't you see Fushimi-kun?"

"The guy with glasses? I think he was around."

Neko frowned and pointed at the school building.

"Before returning to the playground after finishing the game, he was on the playground."

"Oh, maybe I saw it."

"Oh, sure. He was lying in the shade of a tree."

Shiro and Yatogami also supported Neko's words. Kukuri looked at them.

(Huh? That was the last time they saw him?), she thought.

"I finish all the competitions in the morning and jump into the yard in the afternoon, maybe?"

"Well, no way. Fushimi-kun is a member of the Blue club, and the president of the discipline, right? He wouldn't do such a thing."

It seemed unbelievable.

After looking at everyone silently, she breathes softly.

"I hope not, but I'll take a look."

"Well maybe you should do that."

She thanked everyone and ran to the school building.

(I hope you don't.). While she was thinking that, rushed to the courtyard. (No, I have to find Fushimi-kun because I have to give a message, but do I not want him to be in the courtyard? I do not want to see the president of the discipline loiter?), she thought.

"Fushimi-kun?"

She opened the glass door and stepped into the empty courtyard.

(They said he was in the shade of a tree. So is it the place of that big tree?), she thought.

A large tree in the center of the courtyard. There is a small space of grass around it. There are other large cherry trees, but underneath there are stone pavements.

(Well, I don't think so. It wouldn't be nice if he was there. I really don't want him to.), she thought.

But, well, this was a supposed flag, and the more she asked for it, the more he would be there. She knew it.

She sighed in front of Fushimi, who was sleeping well in the shade of a tree.

"Fushimi-kun."

It was not good that he was in that place.

Amazed, she knelt beside him. Maybe he was sleeping very well since his eyelids didn't feel sharp. (You look nervous, right? You say you're sensitive to people's signs? But even if I get that close, it doesn't seem to happen at all.), she thought.

The defenseless appearance was somewhat unusual, and she looked at Fushimi's sleeping face.

An innocent sleeping face that she couldn't even imagine.

Looking at him like this, she thought that Fushimi had a beautiful face.

"Healthy, long hair."

He seemed small lying in that place.

(Are you tired? After simultaneously serving as a discipline president and a Student Organization officer within the school, there is a picture that Director Munakata was also telling him something about the Blue club. I wonder if it's because of so much competition. Besides that, recently, apart from club activities, has been almost always with me. Perhaps he was disciplined by the test, I will no longer leave him alone. He taught me a lot and did the chores that were entrusted to me.), she thought.

"When you think about it, you're busy. Fushimi-kun..."

She didn't start skipping homework again, but maybe she needed that break time.

"There's still time, so maybe he should get some more sleep."

She coughed a little and placed her head on her lap.

The shade of the trees was cool and the wind was pleasant. The hum of the trees and the faint sleep that overlapped each other invited her to sleep.

She closed her eyes gently.

(If you do that, what kind of results await you? It was clearer than seeing a fire.), she thought.

"We will both be punished at a later date. Please reflect on this time."

+++++

The harsh voice of Director Munakata.

A few hours later, they were firmly scolded by Director Munakata.

She fell asleep as she was, and the two skipped the athletic festival, and the extreme etiquette was an overwhelming victory for the Red club. Because Fushimi, who had been registered as a supplemental staff member, did not appear, that is, because the number of people was small, it appears that Office Manager Munakata "missed the winning game."

"Have more awareness as members of the Blue club. Understood?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

She bowed deeply and walked out with Fushimi, from the Blue Club manager's room.

When she gave a big sigh, Fushimi turned around and said a word.

"That was useless."

"Ah..."

She was sorry, but she thought it was unreasonable, so she didn't make any rumbling sounds. Because that, surely, was useless. She couldn't find anyone or send a message.

(So I won't argue. I won't. In the first place, this wouldn't have happened if Fushimi-kun hadn't skipped! I'll never tell. I won't tell him! Besides, do you call it light talk? Bad talk! Anyway, I'm glad I could rest without hesitation! I hadn't done that in a while!), she thought.

That's why she didn't say anything.

She dropped her shoulders and covered her face with both hands.

"Shut up. The root of all evil..."

"What do you say..."

At a later date, as punishment, they were ordered to weed "every place that the disciplinary committee could not reach on its own."

As you know, her compatibility with weeding was extremely bad.

As could be seen from the plant growth log, she anyway, she was forced to wage a tremendous battle to the death against weeds growing at unusual speed.