



GAKUEN K: WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 3: SUMMER

First day of change of clothes.

The Blue club's summer outfit was refreshingly cool with a light blue shirt, white pants, and a light blue armband.

She was still wearing the summer clothes of a regular student, but she thought it was good. She really admired the Blue club uniform, which had an innocent image.

"It's getting hot."

She walked out the door, down the stairs and toward the Blue club building, looking up at the still high sun and narrowing her eyes.

Her words were thrown at Fushimi who was walking beside her, but she didn't ask for an answer. She didn't care if he ignored her.

Even if she didn't get an answer, Fushimi wasn't angry or upset. In that case, he had no objection, so she felt his silence was like an affirmation.

She thought that she had become a little more familiar with Fushimi in the last two months.

The days were getting longer. It would be even longer from now. Summer is just around the corner.

"Ah?"

Suddenly, Fushimi, who was walking beside her, raised his eyebrows and stopped.

"Hmm? What?"

She took a few steps forward and looked back. Fushimi was looking at the flower bed a little further away.

"What's wrong with you?"

"That side flower bed should have been planted today."

"What, today?"

She rolled his eyes. She walked over to Fushimi and looked at his profile.

"Oh. The flower bed around that area will be a field of sunflowers in the summer."

"Is that so? Ah, but by the way, Awashima-san asked me a week ago to collect the rubbish and pebbles from the flower beds and clean the ground. The spring flowers that had been planted until then, I moved all at once. I see. It was to plant sunflowers. Huh? But wait..."

No matter how she looked at that flower bed, the one that had been planted (although it turned out to be a sunflower) was right up there with her.

She looked at the hordes of greens stretching straight into the sky and then looked back at Fushimi.

"Did you say today?"

"Oh, certainly. Today. This morning."

"It's weird. Everything seems to be high."

"That would be strange. Sunflowers aren't the flowers that bloom in early June in the first place."

Involuntarily they looked at each other.

Certainly strange. Even if today is Fushimi's memory error (although that wouldn't be possible for him alone), he confirms that that flower bed was empty a week ago. Even if she was sowing seeds right after that, it was unusual for it to grow there, she started walking out of nowhere and headed to the front of the flower bed.

It wasn't a mistake, and the sunflowers were catching up with her.

"Is it for you again?"

Perhaps he remembered the harvest. Fushimi looked at her suspiciously.

She shook her head obediently.

"Wow, I don't know, but I just hit the ground a week ago, right?"

"It's early June. So when the flowers bloom, how many meters will it be? 4 meters or 5 meters?"

That scared her.

She imagines a horde of sunflowers, 4 meters and 5 meters long, and her back got sick.

"Well, no way. I think it's growing fast, it won't be huge, maybe."

"Hopefully."

If they had the power to reach 4 or 5 meters, the height would be normal, so she wanted them to flourish more and go in the right direction. Really, the vastness alone was too terrifying.

When she thought that, Fushimi said, "Then include that in your power." It wasn't impossible. Like he said when they weeded, her abilities aren't something she can control. She had not yet reached that stage. To begin with, "What is my ability?", she thought to herself. Was she there to do a test to find out?

She tried to argue for a moment, but she was free to try, and she thought it would be okay to try as much as she could, so she gently touched the sunflower and coughed a little.

"It's fine to be a normal size, so I hope it blooms longer."

As expected, her words would come true.

She was looking forward to summer, although she was a little scared.

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The next day. Yesterday she was so worried about the sunflowers that she woke up early in the morning.

A decent breakfast, she got ready and went to school. She was still relatively fresh at the time.

But she will be hot again during the day. Looking up at the high blue sky as if she was passing by, she was able to enjoy it.

".....!"

And then, she found a figure walking from the men's dormitory and stopped.

(Is that...? Fushimi-kun!), she thought.

When she waved her hand, he seemed to notice it, but of course he didn't look back. Well, Fushimi didn't move his hand that way either.

"Good morning."

Waiting for Fushimi, who was walking slowly, he looked at her. There was no answer. But in his case, that was the default.

She started walking side by side without caring about it.

"Perhaps, Fushimi-kun, you are also worried about the sunflowers?"

"No, I always come at this time."

"Huh? Isn't it early?"

"I have a lot to do."

(Ah, in addition to being a student organization officer such as discipline club president, there are also Blue club activities, right, Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

Is it because he was a boring child? He had a weak image in the morning, but that was not the case.

"Ah?"

"What...?"

Suddenly, Fushimi stopped.

She looked at Fushimi, who had a grim expression, and followed the line of sight with her eyes.

And she looked into his eyes too.

"What?"

Far ahead, a golden band could be clearly seen.

(Uh, a lie. No way?), she thought.

"....."

"....."

She looked at his face and they exchanged glances. Then she started running out of nowhere and headed to the front of the flower bed. All the sunflowers were in full bloom.

The height she was worried about was just under 3 meters, which was normal. They heard her request?

"Is it still June...?"

"And they just planted them yesterday, right?"

But they were in full bloom, like a lie. It was amazing! She may never have seen such a beautiful and blooming sunflower.

"That hears?"

Fushimi, who was looking at the sunflowers, furrowed his eyebrows.

"This is the south, right?"

"Huh? Oh!"

That's it. Sunflowers face east in the morning, don't they? Then, as the sun moves, they turn west in the afternoon.

But the sunflowers in front of them were completely in front of them. It was strange.

"Hey, Fushimi-kun, don't you feel like they're looking down?"

"They definitely look down, without having to confirm."

(That's right!), she thought.

"Sunflowers should be facing the sun except on rainy days and at night, right?"

"That should be... Hey."

Fushimi suddenly grabbed her hand and pulled on it.

"Huh? Oh!"

A bigger hand than she expected. The warm body temperature she felt for the first time made her heart jump. A squeeze so bittersweet that she was immediately impressed.

"Eh, yes?!"

As Fushimi pulled her away, he began to walk through the flower beds. Along with that, the sunflowers and the face... no, the flowers had moved!

Whether they went to the west of the flower bed or to the north, which was the exact opposite of where they were just before, the sunflowers followed them.

All of them! There were no flowers facing the sun, as they were in the books.

Yes, the sun was being ignored?

A horde of sunflowers, more than two meters, looked at them. They were looking down. There was no surrealism in that image.

"This is..."

She wanted to ask a policeman for help without realizing it, whether she was mentally cornered or she felt like she was being hit with a sword, she was scared.

No, it was better than being able to reach 4 or 5 meters, but she was very happy that they had put their efforts to make it bloom as she asked, but it was also because the ecology of sunflowers was ignored. That was scary. Even so, they flourished beautifully.

She was reluctant to say, "Don't look this way." But she was a little scared, and when she looked at the sunflowers in the blue sky, Fushimi let go of her hand.

Then he hid his mouth with his lightly gripped fist and looked away from her.

"Fu..."

"Uh...!"

The laughter that leaked out and she killed lightly made her heart jump several times faster than before.

When she looked at Fushimi in a hurry, he was shaking his shoulders with his face turned away. The smile that spilled through the hollows of his hands and hair was incredibly soft and innocent.

It seemed unbelievable, but Fushimi was laughing.

Bright surprise turned into unexpected joy and spread in her heart.

She wondered that she made him happy. What happened to make him happy?

(Because Fushimi-kun's smile is absolutely gorgeous. Maybe not everyone has seen it!), she thought.

"This is my fault, isn't it?"

When she said that excitedly, Fushimi looked up and looked at her.

And he had a bitter smile that made her feel embarrassed or amazed.

"There is no other."

"Uh...!"

That was a shock.

At the moment, the inside of her head turned pure white.

And with a particularly strong heartbeat, that smile instantly burned into her heart.

She takes a deep breath, eyes wide, watching the slightly awkward smile.

Somehow she was in trouble or shocked, she thought she should do it. However, the smile was so soft that it made her want to cry.

For the first time, she was glad she had that ability. She thanked loudly from the bottom of her heart.

(Because I could see Fushimi-kun's smile like that! Ah! I'm happy! I'm glad I had this skill! It really is for the best!), she thought.

"Oh! You did it!"

When she screwed up her face and laughed, she looked at Fushimi and showed him a gutsy pose.

"It's amazing for me to make you laugh, Fushimi-kun!"

"Huh? What are you saying?"

"No. I think this is quite amazing. Maybe even Director Munakata-san can't do it easily! I did it! Saya-san, you did a good deed!"

Fushimi opened his mouth as if in astonishment, and frowned as if he couldn't understand.

"You are a strange girl."

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As the heat increased and the holidays approached, more and more people felt encouraged.

As Fushimi said, both the disciplinary committee activities and the Blue club activities became busier as the heat increased and the holidays approached.

Even though she was allowed to join the Blue club, her Blue club's ability didn't appear at all, she couldn't help much, and she was doing all the housework. She was still busy.

She was a bit worried that the burden on Fushimi was heavy because he was capable, but he didn't seem to be suffering as much, and did more than her assigned job. Also, she was able to complete the wall.

It was already July. Immediately after the final test.

"No. Everyone is beautiful today too!"

She went to the sunflower field early in the morning and she gave them a lot of water while she watched them.

She had become a habit of hers for some reason since the day the sunflowers bloomed. She thought they would die sooner because they bloomed earlier, so she watered them and she went to check on them every morning, and it was natural.

After more than a month, she became a minor celebrity as a kind of specialty, or expert sunflower woman. To the point that the elders of the garden club would bow their heads with plants that were not energetic.

"Ah, good morning. Fushimi-kun."

Fushimi came when she finished watering. That was every day too.

He didn't answer, but he stopped and waited for her. That was also usual.

"I'm cleaning the hose now."

She waved the sunflowers around her and gathered the hoses into a plastic bag to return to the janitor's room.

When she returned to Fushimi, an unknown boy who seemed to be walking from the men's dorm slid past Fushimi as he yawned. So, he didn't really care about that, did he?

But that boy laughed, "Oh, hi.", and was surprised.

Because he was a stranger at all. And he seemed great, didn't he? Wow!

He was natural. Beautiful silky blonde hair and brown skin. His eyes, which had a wistful feeling and the corners of the eyes were slightly lowered, were a beautiful sepia color.

(The toned face, generously exposed collarbone, slim yet powerful shoulders and upper arms are wonderful!), she thought.

She didn't understand why, and as she screamed, he leaned over and said, "Huh? Oh, good morning, you're here."

"Who are you...?"

The boy had a refreshing smile.

"Who am I?"

Hey? Had she ever seen him? Oh, but just meeting once or twice doesn't mean "meet him", does it? They would have to meet daily.

(Hmm? Do I know this handsome guy?), she thought.

As she filled her head with question marks, the handsome boy walked towards the school building. After dismissing him in confusion, she turned her gaze to Fushimi.

"Fushimi-kun, do you know that boy?"

"He's the fat guy next to Misaki."

Eh? He wasn't fat.

"His style is outstanding, isn't it?"

"Summer did."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

Fushimi sighed as she lowered her eyebrows because she didn't understand why.

"He is Kamamoto."

"Huh, Kamamoto-kun?"

Eh? He was the exact opposite of Kamamoto's body shape.

"Fushimi-kun. I'm glad you made a joke, but it's not good enough."

She couldn't be impressed if credibility didn't exist. (Hey? Let's do our best.), she thought.

Saying that, Fushimi fell silent.

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After going to the classroom and leaving the bag, she went to the shopping department alone.

When she bought what she needed and returned to the classroom, there was a crowd of people.

When she wondered what was going on, the boy and Yatogami were at the center of it all.

"Trust me, I can't."

Yatogami was coughing, and Shiro and Kukuri were smiling around him. (Hmm? What the hell is that?), she thought.

As she was intrigued and approached, Kukuri noticed her and greeted "Oh, hi!"

"Oh, that's right. It's my first time seeing Saya-chan, right?"

"Let me see."

"Ah! Kamamoto-kun, summer version!"

Shiro and Kukuri showed the handsome boy with both hands and a smile.

(Ehhhhhhh?!), she thought.

"Really? Is it Kamamoto-kun?!"

(Uh, bullshit, wasn't that a joke?!), she thought.

To her, who was shocked, the handsome boy said, "Oh, you didn't recognize me? That's why I received a strange reply."

(Eh...? Wait. Is it really Kamamoto-kun?), she thought.

"Well, wait! You were big yesterday, weren't you?!"

"I agree. I lost my appetite in the midday heat yesterday. So, I woke up like this in the morning."

(No! It's strange that you lose half your weight in one night!), she thought.

"Well, what about your hairstyle? Kamamoto-kun, you had a very short hairstyle."

"It grows fast in summer."

(It couldn't grow more than 10 centimeters overnight because of that.), she thought.

"It's the first time for Kuro and Konohana. That's amazing."

"But this is kind of a summer tradition. When Kamamoto goes flat, summer has come."

At Shiro and Kukuri's words, Yatogami was stunned.

"No, how can you compare this super change to a 'summer tradition'?"

When she said that, Shiro and Kukuri looked at each other.

"Huh? Is it weird that lore is a paranormal phenomenon? Ghosts and ghost stories are summer lore, right?"

"No, that's right..."

Certainly, that change was at the level of a ghost story.

It means, it was true. She thought it was a joke. No, it was absolutely impossible to believe that on the spot.

When she looked at Fushimi, who was sitting in his seat, looking at her sideways as he drank some juice, she was sorry.

She hurriedly clasped her hands together in front of her face and quickly returned to Kamamoto.

"Anyway, it's a bit lonely that the sense of stability around here has disappeared."

Showing his stomach with her hand, Kukuri said, "That? Is Saya-chan from that system?"

"What is that system?"

"Well, Kamamoto-kun is so popular during the summer. He may even have a fan club. When he comes back in the fall, will disband."

How about that too? It means, he was lonely.

"Hmm. I think it's cool, but I don't think I particularly like summer Kamamoto. I like summer Kamamoto and non-summer Kamamoto. Because Kamamoto-kun is Kamamoto-kun. If I dare say, Kamamoto-kun in summer could be a little worried?"

(Because it's a huge change... less than half overnight, right? Is this really okay for his body? Isn't it painful?), she thought.

"You won't break your body, will you?"

"Hey, be careful."

When she said that, Kamamoto laughed a little happily and smiled.

Shiro and Kukuri, who saw it, looked at each other.

"Hey, Konohana, you're pretty natural, aren't you?"

"Hmm?"

"And he's completely oblivious, huh."

"What?"

Kukuri's mischievous voice at Shiro's stunned laugh. (What? Did I say something strange? You didn't say that, did you?), she thought.

When she turned her gaze to Fushimi while she was confused, Fushimi got frustrated and turned the other way. (Oh, that?), she thought.

When she moved her gaze from him to Yata to seek her salvation, Yata was terribly sulky and distorted his face, staring at her. (Ah, but when I met him, he was wrong too. Huh, huh...?), she thought.

She didn't know why, and twisted her neck.

(No. Did I do something strange?), she thought.

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After school.

After finishing the Blue club activities and forgetting something in the classroom, she parted ways with Fushimi on the spot and went to the school building alone.

Somehow the clouds looked suspicious. If she didn't go home early, she would get caught in the rain.

As she ran up the stairs, she heard Kamamoto's voice, "Yata-san...", from a great distance.

When she suddenly stopped at the landing of the stairs to be invited, she heard a violent footstep immediately after that.

The moment she turned to look, Yata appeared from under the stairs. She thought he would run up the stairs as he was, but he slammed his foot down deep and immediately stepped on them.

"Oh!"

Just as he was, he vigorously jumped up and kicked the side of the wall. Then, he landed on the railing of the stairs that landed on the opposite side of the wall. Furthermore, with that momentum, the entire body was used as a spring to jump. He kicked the wall at the top of the stairs and climbed to the top right away. He touched the cleaning robot that was there and made a complete turn. He fled as he was.

A momentary event. She was surprised and thrilled at his amazing run as an action star. It had to be said that it was exciting.

"Unbelievable... What? Now..."

(Only four steps up the stairs... that? Is it okay to say four steps? He never touches the stairs themselves. He uses only walls and railings.), she thought.

But it was amazing. She knew he was light, but that was it.

She could hear Kamamoto's slightly pathetic voice, "Yata-san.". But Kamamoto still hadn't appeared under the stairs.

Speaking of Yata, she couldn't even hear his footsteps anymore.

"...! Oh, that's not the case..."

Although she was poking around for a while, she remembered her original purpose and started running.

She hurriedly finished the errands in the classroom, picked up the bag and Kamamoto appeared, breathing on his shoulders. When he looked around the classroom and found that she was the only one, Kamamoto furrowed his brows and tilted his head, "Yata-san, what?"

"He came up the stairs, but he wasn't here? I didn't run into him, did he go to a different place?"

"No, that should be... I should have come to pick up my bag..."

Suddenly, Kamamoto cut off his words. Then he looked out the window and sighed.

"Jump..."

"Eh?"

When she looked at the window in a hurry, one was indeed open. But what about jumping?

"What, jump?!"

(He jumped out of there?!), she thought.

"It's probably raining. As expected, there's a plantation below this, so it's dangerous to jump..."

"Uh, it's dangerous to jump."

"Yata-san is fine. Well, jumping from here means the course is..."

He put his hand to his chin and coughed at what he was calculating.

And when he said "Ok!", he grabbed his bag and turned around.

"So. Konohana! Be careful and go home!"

"Ah, uh! Kamamoto-kun! See you tomorrow!"

When she said it behind his back, he looked towards the door, smiled and left.

She walked over to the window, leaned forward and looked up.

There was no special scaffolding. Actually, there was only one gutter in the wall. Jump from there?

That thought made her shake her back unintentionally.

Immediately, a drop hit her forehead.

"Wow, it's raining already!"

She hastily closed the window and locked it. She grabbed her bag and ran to the door.

When she got to the door... (What? Yata-kun?), she thought.

She found Yata's back looking up at the sky and bowed her head.

"Yata-kun. What's wrong?"

"Wow, ah! What, what! You!"

When she walked up to him and hit him on the back, he seemed very surprised. Yata jumped and turned around, looking back.

"What happened?"

"What happened? I'm about to go home. Oh, it's raining a lot."

She lined up next to Yata and looked up at the sky. The raindrops were quite strong.

"And it's raining."

"At the moment, the weather forecast said it would rain tonight. Oh, I wanted to go home before then."

"Well, the weather forecast... I don't know what to do..."

"Do you want to go home with me? I have an umbrella."

"What?!"

Yata looked big and raised a crazy voice. (Huh? Are you so surprised?), she thought.

"It's not a big umbrella, so you might get a little wet, but I think it's better than going home with nothing."

"Don't be stupid, I'm not that picky!"

"No, but..."

"Sorry!"

He made his face bright red and yelled again. She thought that he would accept, but it was very difficult for Yata to walk next to a girl, she knew that.

(But, you know? Yata-kun. I've already learned what to do in these cases.), she thought.

She lowers her eyebrows and look at Yata.

"But it's hard for me to go home. I'm worried. The forecast said it would rain until noon tomorrow. Even if I go home forcefully, I'll always think if Yata-kun will be okay. Hey? Do you want to help me and go to home with me?"

That was a scratchy word. Yata refused for himself, but he couldn't refuse for people, because he is very kind.

Sure enough, he said, "This is the only time.", his face bright red and his back turned.

(Fufufu. Yata-kun, he's a bit shy! He's very kind!), she thought.

When she took out the umbrella from the bag and opened it, Yata winced for a moment, "It's pink!", but he only said two words. She took the umbrella and opened it.

When she lined up next to him, he began to walk slowly, feeling uncomfortable.

"It's raining, isn't it?"

"....."

"I can't wait for the end of the rainy season. Yata-kun, do you like summer?"

"....."

"Yata-kun, are you listening?"

When she turned to see, he was able to move his eyes as if Yata was impatient.

"I'm listening! So don't look this way!"

"If you're listening, you won't hit the drumstick even if you hit it like an aizuchi, right?"

"No, no... I was just thinking about that."

"Thinking?"

When she looked at Yata, Yata turned away from her saying, "Then, look...".

"I feel like I've forgotten..."

"Huh? Forgot? Is it okay? Are you going back to the classroom?"

(Isn't it hard if it's Anna-sensei's homework? If you skip Anna-sensei's homework, you'll get a ridiculous amount of extra lessons, right?), she thought.

"Are you going back?"

"No, no. I don't think it's a problem. I confirmed it."

That was true. He didn't want to experience that again.

"So, if you remember it on the way, don't hesitate to tell me."

He replied "Yes." with a very small voice.

It was weird somehow, and she laughed.

Yata is very bad with girls. For him to be in front of a girl under a borrowed umbrella, that was already great progress. Was nice.

"That's right! Hey, did you just use the walls and railings to shorten the stairs? That was great!"

".....!"

"I knew you were light, but that was awesome! Oh, yeah. I heard in the classroom that you went out the window and jumped, but didn't you?"

Is it because she praised him? Yata's ears, which were still looking away, turned redder and redder as he spoke.

However, even with a small voice, he spoke up and he said, "Yes, it's parkour.", while he struggled with his shyness. She was glad of that.

(Yes. Yata-kun isn't good with girls, but he never makes me vulnerable. He doesn't dislike me. He'll do his best and face it. That's why I feel comfortable around Yata-kun.), she thought.

"Parkour?"

"Yes. Well, it's a sport whose purpose is to move to the destination efficiently without interrupting movement. Kusanagi-san recommended me to do it. It's good for training your body. It suits me, that's why I'm practicing now."

It was probably the same explanation he heard from Kusanagi. He looked up and managed to explain as he remembered.

"Is that so?"

"Flying, running, climbing, keeping balance. Physical skills and strength are of course necessary, but that's not enough. A momentary misjudgment can lead to serious injury, so I use my head a lot."

Ah, she understood that. It's dangerous if you're wrong.

(That's it. In other words, parkour aims to reach the destination in the shortest possible time by performing smooth movements such as "fly, run, climb, balance" and requires flexible muscular strength and skill, judgment and power for that purpose, right?), she thought.

"I'm a person who doesn't think much, so Kusanagi-san said it's better that I get into the habit of thinking and moving."

"Is that so?"

"Kicking a wall, flying, or moving is called a wall run, and landing on the railing is a precision."

"Accuracy? Well, accurate?"

"Yes. The technique of landing exactly where you expected."

"Hey! It's great!"

"Climbing, sliding, jumping. The moment you land, you make a revolution and kill the impact of landing. If you improve, it looks like you can jump off the third floor."

"What?!"

(From the third floor?!), she thought.

"Well, are you okay?"

"Who do you think I am? I can't do it yet, but I'll get it right away."

Is it because she was impressed by the story? The words that followed became softer and softer, and the gruff attitude became very natural. As if he relaxed and showed her a smile.

(How cute. It looks like the distance between the two of them is getting closer.), she thought.

"Didn't you get hurt? When I heard it was raining and went upstairs, I was scared. I wonder if that physical strength is alright. But Yata-kun, it looks awkward and scary."

"Okay, summer is near. I don't want to get hurt."

"I hope so. Oh, that's right. Yata-kun. What happened to Kamamoto-kun? He was desperately chasing you..."

When she remembered Kamamoto in the parkour story and asked him like that, Yata looked at her and widened his eyes. It's like he just remembered. (Huh? Maybe?), she thought.

"Huh? Wow, have you remembered yet?"

"Wow, I forgot. Or maybe! I forgot, which I was curious about..."

He maybe he remembered his embarrassment when he looked at her, and Yata coughed as he looked away from her.

He looked like he was completely beside himself, and though she felt sorry for Kamamoto, she suddenly snapped.

"No...! I feel sorry for Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun."

"Oh, it's too bad it's slow."

"Hahaha. I shouldn't laugh, but... Haha. What is Kamamoto-kun doing now?"

(Are you looking for Yata-kun? No, poor boy.), she thought.

She shouldn't be laughing, but she couldn't stop laughing. When she shrugged, Yata looked a little happy, but he had a goofy, worried smile.

"Well, he'll notice soon enough. You're not in the school building anymore."

"It will take a long time to notice, right? What a great thing!"

"He'll still find out at night."

"Before that, let's contact him with the PDA. I feel sorry."

"My hands are cold."

Certainly she had an umbrella in one hand and a bag in the other, so she was blocked.

(No, you could hold the umbrella while I contact him, right?), she thought.

Then he said, "How troublesome."

(What? I'm sorry you're afraid to contact him.), she thought.

It was weird, and at the same time she wanted to make fun of it, and when she said, "That's right. We're alone. I don't want to be disturbed."

When she said that, Yata-kun was already brightly red eggplant, and yelled, "Don't say weird things!"

It was fun to tease him.

For a while, she couldn't stop laughing until the fork in the bedroom.

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Summer crackdown. The great activity of the Blue club at the end of the first semester.

The test was over and unannounced at a time when summer vacations tended to be slow. Mainly clothing control and inspection of belongings.

After school, everything started at once in various places. It was in front of the school building.

"First year group, attendance number 2... Tomoji Aikawa. Tobacco."

They matched the student's information on the PDA and wrote the infraction on the list.

"Yes. I think the disposition will be dictated by the homeroom teacher tomorrow. You can go home."

He put the confiscated cigarettes in a cardboard box, then clicked his tongue and left.

"Is it a cigarette right now? It just needs an extra lesson."

"Smoking is a supplementary lesson? It will be rustic for a day or two."

"Think about it?"

"It's natural. Hey. There. I'll check the inside of the bag."

Fushimi stopped the passing student. She picked up the cardboard and followed him.

However, they all had a lot of stuff. Comic books, DVDs, game consoles. tobacco. Props that violated school rules. There were also many magazines. More than half of them were travel magazines. It's probably because they were planning for the summer, but that was also a violation of school rules.

She placed the cardboard, which was quite heavy, under it and received the cartoon that came out of the girl's bag. She sighed inwardly and said, "The PDA.", and the girl reluctantly offered it to her.

"It's always awesome! Whatever we do after school, that's our business!"

Yata's voice echoed from behind as she collected the student's information.

Looking back, Yata and Kamamoto were caught by Akiyama in front of the stairs.

"No. I can't do that. That skateboard is a good violation too. Give it to me."

(Oh, that's right. That's rape, too, isn't it? He always carries it with him, so he feels paralyzed.), she thought.

"Oh, crap. You're not kidding."

"That's right. If you don't obey..."

"Wait. I'll be this guy's opponent."

Fushimi grabbed Akiyama's shoulder and said that in a low voice.

"Fushimi-san!"

(Oh, that? Fushimi-kun, even though he was by my side. Are you there now?!), she thought.

While she was surprised by his speed, she filled in the offender's data on the list and returned the usual lines. "I think the disposition will be dictated by the homeroom teacher tomorrow. You can go home."

"Hey...monkey? Okay! I'll pay the debt I owe!"

Yata made his eyes murmur in a warlike manner and he smiled fiercely.

(Oh, by the way, the day that opened the pool. Did Yata-kun lose to Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

She waved the girl off in a bored way and went back to his side with the cardboard.

"Wow!"

At the same time, a collision between the Blue club and other members of the Red club broke out nearby. She avoided the flying flame and inadvertently ducked.

"Oh...! Oh, oh! Oh, it's dangerous! You better back off!"

Yata, who noticed it, toyed with Fushimi's saber with flames and called out to him. No, but even if she was told to back off, there were already so-called "conflicts" here and there.

(What should I do? Even if I try to evacuate, it seems dangerous if I move badly. Oh, but I'm sure it's annoying if I'm here.), she thought.

"You say that! You're still a virgin, Misaki."

"Bastard! Shut up!"

"Konohana-san. Come here."

Akiyama, who drew his saber, called out to her from a distance.

"I am sorry, thanks."

She stood up, picked up the cardboard box, and took a cautious step.

"Oh!"

"Hey. Didn't you pay the debt? Hey, Mi-Sa-Ki?"

"That's it!"

Backstage, Fushimi attacked while Yata screamed.

Then, red and blue flames flowing from somewhere broke between her and Akiyama.

"Hey!"

In response to that bow, she the next moment staggered a few steps to the left. Her left foot lost support.

Eh?

A swinging view. She could hear Akiyama's sharp voice, "Konohana-san!"

Fushimi and Yata with surprised expressions reflected for a moment in the corner of the tilted field of vision.

"Konohana-san!"

Who did the scream belong to?

The moment she understood that, her body was blown up with the cardboard. She was braced for the blow and she squeezed her eyes shut.

".....?"

But the next moment, something firmly held her body, and the shock and pain she expected didn't hit her body. She opened her eyes.

"She was close, right?"

Close... yes. Yata's voice echoed as close to her as she could touch.

When she opened her eyes with a jerk, Yata's face was actually in front of her and it was impressive. She was held back by Yata.

Yata usually looks very small when he mixes with everyone. On top of that, he looks even more prominent due to the slight movements.

But his arms that embraced her were very strong, slow and her heart was beating fast.

"Eh, eh?"

She was surprised by her own warmth, but when she looked around her for an explanation of what had happened, there was a staircase in front of her. Above that were Fushimi and Akiyama.

(That's where I was until a little while ago. So after all, I was falling? But Yata-kun should have been there too?!), she thought.

"No, Yata-kun...?"

"Hold on tight!"

She didn't know why, so she did as Yata said.

However, almost at the same time, Yata cried out loudly.



Then, when he made a complete turn with the skateboard under his feet, he kicked the ground just as he was.

"What?!"

He radiated a red flame from the skateboard and quickly accelerated. A strong wind moved her hair.

(Oh, this caught me falling down the stairs and looked for me.), she thought.

She thought about it for a moment. The rest was not so much.

"Misaki!"

The last thing she saw as she clung to Yata was Fushimi's face, which was severely distorted with anger and regret.

However, he too grew smaller and disappeared after a moment.

Thirty minutes later. Safe Place = When she was brought to the front of the girls' dorm and finally returned to the scene, it was all over.

She talked to a member of the Blue club who was holding a box and trying to pick it up, and asked him if he had seen Fushimi, but he said no.

"He is working somewhere else?"

"That's right. He's on a job at the Blue club."

Preliminary, the seized items will be classified in the Blue club room, and the list will be compiled into a list and sent to each classroom teacher and grade head. Would he be in a classroom? Or has he headed to the Blue club a little earlier?

(If he hasn't gone to the classroom, I'll grab my bag and hurry to the Blue club.), she thought.

She thanked him and turned around, quickly going to the classroom.

When she opened the door, she could see Fushimi sitting at a desk and fanning a PET bottle at the back of the classroom.

"....."

One look and his eyes caught her. Speaking of that sharpness, that just showed that Fushimi was in a very bad mood. (Uh, I've done it again.), she thought.

"Um... that's... sorry."

She went in front of Fushimi and bowed obediently.

"Again, I pulled my legs up grandly, and that..."

"....."

(Oh, he's very quiet. Does he seem angry?), she thought.

"My Blue club ability isn't showing yet, so it's really unfortunate that I can only do chores, but I can't be satisfied with that either. At the very least, I want to be able to do that alone. As a member of the Blue club, I want to be a member "useful not to bother too much"..."

"....."

"Oh, but even if I just have the ambition, you really shouldn't bother. I'm really sorry. I'll be careful not to do it after that."

Lowering her head further, she heard a large tongue click above her head.

"Misaki has helped you."

"Huh? Yata-kun? Oh, that's right. After all, Yata-kun's bag couldn't be inspected, right? I couldn't tell Yata-kun to show me the inside of the bag before help me, so I collapsed..."

Not just the bag, but also that skateboard. When he was asked to drop her off in front of the girls' dorm, she thought that he should show the inside of the bag and that she should pick up the skateboard as well. Did she think she was okay? But without it, he might not have been able to reach her when she fell down the stairs.

In other words, without it, she would be injured. So she couldn't confiscate it, she could only thank him.

In other words, she ended up "missing him her way"...

"Oh, I really interrupted the Blue club's activities. I'm sorry. Oh, yeah. I'll apologize to everyone and director Munakata-san later so that the evaluation of Fushimi-kun, the educator, won't go down. I'm really sorry."

"Does not mean that."

Fushimi clicked his tongue again, to whom she bowed her head many times.

And when she shrugged and raised her face, a hot look pierced her.

"I knew it! You're like Misaki..."

"Eh...?"

"No, no, no."

When she frowned in confusion, he immediately spoke as if he was surprised and bitterly distorted his face.

He then coughed as if he was going to throw it away and turned to the side.

She could only stare at the passionate blue flame that burned in his eyes for a moment, then suddenly cooled and disappeared.

(What was that?), she thought.

"Um... I couldn't do it this time, but I'll try not to make a sweet face even for Yata-kun. As a member of the Blue club, I'll try not to embarrass you."

"That's right. There's also a training camp during the summer break. So you should be a little stronger. Situational judgment. So you don't have to go back and forth at that time."

He still had his back turned, but it was different from before, and he had a very calm voice.

She felt relieved and she took a deep breath.

"Yes, understood. I'll do my best. I'm very sorry."

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School day during summer vacation.

"Long time not see you!"

The moment she entered the classroom, Kukuri jumped up with a bright smile.

"Hey, Saya-chan, didn't you go home? How was your first summer vacation in Gakuenjima? Have you tried various things?"

"Well, various things? Kusanagi-san from the Red club invited me to go to his store. I found Awashima-san there. Then I went to a nearby store with Awashima-san."

Kukuri's eyes were stunned by her words.

"Huh? Is that all?"

"Oh, on the way back, I went to see the university Kusanagi-san attends."

"Huh? Summer vacation, more than half over, is that it? What were you doing?"

"It was rewarding. It was full of club activities. Ah, so I went to the Blue club training ground. Did you go to the sea? I swam a long distance to a small island, drowned a bit, and finally got there and fell asleep I was late for the meeting time. Director Munakata-san smiled at me with Fushimi-kun."

"Did he smile?"

"Yes, he smiled. Munakata-san isn't scary when he smiles."

With a smile, Kukuri made a dissatisfied voice, "Yes?"

After cooling her feelings with the repression before the closing ceremony, she had been working hard to not upset Fushimi and become a useful member for the Blue club. Well, still, she did it once, she was frustrated but director Munakata smiled.

However, apart from that, in the training camp, she works hard in silence in basic training and thoroughly clean the inside of the school during the summer break. She was also able to look around outside the school. She wondered if she could put on her wings and go in

and out of strange places. Oh, that was the first time she visited Kusanagi's shop, which was a Red Club hangout. Then they invited her to lunch and she went out a second time.

She couldn't do much to deal with the problems students had outside of school, but she was doing her best to help them.

Of course, she also studied to improve her academic ability. On the ability test in the second semester, her goal was to average 90 points per person. By the way, the range is narrow between the middle and the end of the period, so she averaged 90 points or more. She was great though, she seemed like a natural at Blue club.

At the explanation, Kukuri seemed to be dissatisfied for the third time, "Huh?"

"You weren't playing at all. Let's make summer memories properly!"

"Oh, yeah. I'm sure I'm not messing around too much, but I didn't hate it, because I wanted to do that."

(After all, I was able to "get into club activities" again. That's amazing to me! I'm busy, but I'm so happy!), she thought.

"That's how it is."

Kukuri boosted her confidence with dissatisfaction.

"School activities are interesting, aren't they? There are not only five schools from kindergarten to university, but there are many more."

"Looks like it. Kusanagi-san told me to play more."

"That's right. You won't be able to play next year even if you want to play. Oh, yeah! Well then, let's go to the festival today! Wear a yukata!"

Kukuri clapped her hands and smiled.

"Festival? Is there a festival?"

"It's here. It's a shrine near the school, so you can get back to curfew properly."

"Mmm."

"Eh, right? Oh, maybe you don't have a yukata? In that case, yukata underwear can be bought, but could you rent it from the drama club?"

"Oh, no, that's not it. I want to go, but I have a club activity today. Sorry."

"Huh? Let's play for a while, Saya-chan."

(Ahaha. Yes. I would like to play too. However, I decided to become a worthy member of the Blue club as soon as possible. I won't bother Fushimi-kun anymore.), she thought.

Even so, she did it once in the training camp, moreover, the two of them were scolded by the director.

(Well, Fushimi-kun was also bad at the time, so it was still good, right? It wasn't just that I caused a lot of trouble. But that's why I knew he was still there. It's good to play, but I want to do it after that I can do what I must do.), she thought.

Again, in school, in the club, as a student, as a member, there was something she had to do. That was a great pleasure for her.

So she wanted to do her best. She wanted to be a full-fledged person as soon as possible so as not to disturb.

(So, I want to enjoy a more satisfying "school life"!), she thought.

"Thanks for inviting me. I'm sorry."

Another time she would play again. She wanted to do it after she could make some more progress.

Kukuri laughed at her smile, "I can't help it."

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He wondered if she was listening.

"Hey..."

".....! What? Oh, yeah!"

A school trip in the fall. At the time, she was helping create the bookmarks and writing handwritten notes on a document on her computer. A voice called from behind and she turned her back.

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun? You surprised me."

"Didn't you notice the sound coming?"

"No, I was concentrated."

Looking around the room, it was just the two of them. It was getting dark outside.

"No, before I know it... I'm sorry! I'll get rid of this soon."

"Undo? What is that?"

Fushimi placed the paper bag in his hand on the desk.

"What?"

"Put it on."

It was not the answer she expected from Fushimi.

"Eh?"

"Okay, make it quick."

"Yes, understood."

At the moment, without knowing the reason, she took a look inside the paper bag and found a pale blue yukata. When she was surprised and raised her face, Fushimi sighed and said, "Can you put it on yourself?".

"I'm not sure... I mean, um, why?"

"I borrowed it from the drama club. The underwear was bought by Yukizome. So when you put on the underwear and yukata, call me."

Saying that, Fushimi quickly left the room.

She looked at the yukata and shifted her gaze to the new underwear in the paper bag.

Well, she was going to ask, "Why did you prepare the yukata?" instead of "How did you prepare the yukata?".

(Maybe Fushimi-kun... Did you hear the conversation this morning? So, did you prepared it because of that?), she thought.

"Yes!"

Her heart beat hard.

She quickly ripped open the package of underwear and put it on.

She folded the uniform, she put on the yukata and called out to Fushimi.

"Spread your hands horizontally."

As she was instructed, she spread her hands horizontally over her shoulders, checked the line behind her and Fushimi checked the collar of the yukata and adjusted it.

"Oh..."

She felt Fushimi's breath very close to her and her face turned red.

She opened the front wide once and adjusted the hem to fit. Her face turned red as her hands slipped into her waist. (What should I do? It's embarrassing.), she thought.

"Hey, keep it down here."

"Oh, yeah!"

As he told her that in a serious voice, she took heed.

Although for a moment it seemed a suspicious face, Fushimi immediately put the thread in his mouth, knelt down and turned his hands behind her as if he was hugging her waist. (Wow!), she thought.

Her face grew hotter and hotter. It was embarrassing to know that he was tying a strap around her waist.

"Stay still."

"Oh, yeah!"

He tied the rope, lifted and trimmed the sash, smoothed out the entire wrinkle, trimmed the collar, and straightened it.

"Stay like that."

"Yes..."

She forgot the embarrassment and looked at him with a fluid hand without stagnation or hesitation. After all, it was embarrassing. It is true that she had already seen it, but the emotion did not diminish at all.

Fushimi's body temperature and breathing were so close that she was embarrassed. And somehow she was happy.

"The obi is a soldier's obi, because it's easy."

Fushimi said, "Turn around.", taking out a soft pale pink obi with a feeling of transparency from the paper bag. When she obediently turned her back on him, Fushimi's arms swung forward, as if he was embracing her again.

Just the sound of fabric brushing filled the room.

Although she was worried, she could hear the sound of her heartbeat.

"Fine. Sit down."

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

As she sat down on a chair, the obi swayed gently as she moved.

"Get your feet out."

"Hey! Oh, can I do it alone?"

"Just do it."

"Yes."

When she spread her legs, Fushimi's big hands reluctantly held her legs.

Fushimi put her in low-heeled mules with a beautiful Japanese pattern, as she couldn't bear her embarrassment and her face lit up so much that she got hot flashes.

She thought it was a geta, and tilted her neck and looked at Fushimi.

"It's not a geta."

"It's close, because if you walk, it's a reasonable distance. If you're not used to walking, your legs will hurt."

"Uh..."

(Was this also borrowed from the drama club?), she thought.

"I'm done, so grab your bag and go outside. I'll be right over."

"Ah, yes. I understand."

When she stood up, she placed her uniform in a paper bag and turned around with a bag.

"Do not fall."

Even the forceful attention was bouncing off.

+++++

After a while, with Fushimi, who came out of the room wearing a very elegant yukata with a pale green stripe on an almost black green area, she went through the bedroom and dropped off her luggage before heading to the festival.

She was excited about the Ion light festival. Most of all, she was glad that Fushimi took her.

"It's lively!"

Although there were too many people.

"Oh, there's apple candy and strawberry candy. Fushimi-kun."

"I don't want that sticky thing."

"Huh? Yeah? It's delicious. What about the chocolate bananas?"

Fushimi looked at the food stall as if he was intrigued. (Do you want it?), she thought.

"Hey, let's eat together. I'm going to get some chopsticks."

"As you like."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

She asked the vendor at the concession stand for two chocolate bananas.

"Which would you like, black, white or pink?"

"Milk chocolate, white chocolate, and strawberry chocolate? Then black and white."

"Thanks!"

When she received the skewers and presented them in front of Fushimi, "Which one do you want?". He picked up the black one without hesitation.

"This kind of thing at the time of the festival feels really delicious..."

Her shoulder hit a person coming from the front and she staggered.

Looking back, Fushimi clicked his tongue at her and grabbed her hand.

"I'm fluttering."

"No."

Fushimi's big hand. She was excited by the hot body temperature.

(Why? My little hand, which is completely wrapped, this is strangely embarrassing. What should I do? My heart is pounding and I don't even know the taste of chocolate bananas.), she thought.

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun. There's a goldfish shovel."

It seemed strange to be silent, and it was a bit awkward, so she really didn't want to do it, but she pointed to the stall with the banana she was about to eat and looked at Fushimi.

"The breeding of animals is strictly prohibited in the bedroom."

"Oh, that's right. Goldfish is useless?"

"Why do you like that cat?"

"Cat...? Someone has a cat... Oh! You mean Neko?"

That's how it is. He was referring to Neko.

"Neko can't count as 'raising animals,' right?"

"Why? Not only the name but also the intelligence is like a cat, isn't it?"

That's why she calls him nasty glasses.

"Neko is a human. By the way, she's a beautiful girl. Oh! So what? Fushimi-kun. Wait... what? Can you throw a shuriken?"

Fushimi also often stops when he is interested in something.

"Eh...? In shooting, if you shoot a gun and defeat that box, you'll get a prize, right?"

"If you throw a shuriken, it looks like you can get a prize by throwing it three times and getting the full score for the part where the target is stuck."

(Hey! I'm seeing it for the first time!), she thought.

"I want to try it!"

"Do what you want."

Suddenly, Fushimi let go of her hand.

He helped her mentally, but when he looked away, she felt alone. She thought she was selfish. But finally, her heart was able to calm down a bit.

She took a deep breath and she walked over to the concession stand.

"Please."

"Yes. Pick three shurikens you like."

The vendor smiled and showed what was on the table.

Many shurikens were lined up in a row. When she held it, it felt heavy.

"Practice once, you have three chances! Come on!"

"Yes!"

She chose a typical shuriken with four blades and threw it.

"Eh?"

Although she hit the target, she didn't hit it. It didn't fall.

"If the blade doesn't hit the target vertically, it won't work. You can't bend it one bit. It's vertical."

"Huh? It's hard. Oh, is this the end of practice?"

"Yes! That's it. Come on, try it!"

The vendor showed her the target with a big smile.

After all, she threw it three times, but only managed to hit it once. Also, in the outermost part of the target. That was a point.

She got the participation prize candies and returned from her with Fushimi, who was watching behind her.

"Uh... it's hard. I wanted those thirty points."

"What? Thirty points... Isn't it impossible if you don't hit the center?"

"Because, see? Those penguins that have flown away."

She pointed a finger at the shelf where the prizes were lined up at the back of the booth. At the top was a stuffed penguin with a somewhat fluffy face.

"Oh, I really do."

"That?"

"Yeah, he's cute, isn't he? That penguin."

"Is that so? He's so ugly I'm dying."

"Let's try it again."

"I can't do that with this arm. Do you want to try it?"

Fushimi sighed a little.

"Then, I'll take it, so wait here too."

"Huh? Oh!"

(Will you take it?), she thought.

Fushimi, who approached the vendor, was invited in a hurry.

"Oh, young lady. What? Will your boyfriend try this time?"

"He is not my boyfriend."

"Um, I'm not his boyfriend."

(So to speak, he is my boss.), she thought.

"Yes. Pick three of your favorite shurikens. Practice once and get three chances! Come on..."

"I don't need practice."

Obstructing the vendor's words, he selected three wooden shurikens that were relatively similar in shape to a knife and turned his back to the stall.

"Please stand down."

"Huh? Oh, what?"

"Huh? Hey, Fushimi-kun?"

She and the vendor were surprised at Fushimi, who started to walk backwards as he was.

"Oh, what? Do you want to cast it from such a distant place...?"

It was just as the vender said. It took about twice the distance from where she originally threw it and made a complete turn. Launching it in one go using centrifugal force just as he was.

"Oh!"

The stick shuriken that flew sharply was deep in the center of the target. Cheers rose from the surroundings.

He turns the shuriken stick in his hand as it was, and then turn his body once or twice.

Gracefully without disturbing the hem of the yukata. At the foot of the stream, as if he were dancing.

"Oh!"

(Incredible! Incredible! Incredible!), she thought.

It was all in a moment. As she was mesmerized by the stunning and beautiful movements, all the released shurikens were drawn to the center of the target as if inhaled.

Not only her but everyone who was watching was very excited by the shuriken throwing that was too splendid. A loud voice and applause were heard.

"Hey, Fushimi-kun!"

"It is normal."

But where normal was, that was not the case.

"Wow, that's amazing! It's really amazing!"

"There's a lot of noise. Here, that ugly thing, I guess you wanted it."

"Oh, yes! Sir! First prize please!"

The vendor was disappointed when he saw that the shuriken was so deeply embedded in the center, but he couldn't complain.

He gave her the stuffed animal as he said "I lost."

She hugged it tightly and laughed at Fushimi.

"Thank you. I'll take good care of it!"

The answer was the usual irony. Her slightly shy profile made her happy.

"It's not good to have such a bad eye. It's a bad hobby."

"Because he doesn't look like Fushimi-kun?"

"Eh?"

"It's similar. You see poorly and wear glasses. At first glance, I thought it was similar. That's right! The name is Saruhiko. It's cute!"

"Enough. It's irritating somehow."

Fushimi raised his eyebrows and shaded them like he was suffocating, but she felt it. It was a rejection.

"I'm so happy I came to the festival and got this! Thank you!"

(Best memories!), she thought.

Hugging the stuffed animal and turning a smile like no other.

Doing that, he clicks my tongue as usual and turn the other way. But quietly, he said, "Well, you... did the best you could in the summer."

Involuntarily, she gasped. (Did he bring me here for that? Lie... If so, I'm not happy about it!), she thought.

Inspiring and trembling.

Her tears were about to spill, and she hurriedly covered her face with the stuffed animal.

"Come on. The fireworks are starting."

Whether or not he knew her thoughts, Fushimi took her hand again.

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Fireworks were launched signaling the end of the festival.

A large flower bloomed in the night sky with a loud noise.

It brightly illuminated them and dispersed in an instant.

The beautiful, dreamy glow sank into her heart.

The hands tied so as not to get lost in the crowd still transmitted the body temperature of each one.

The warmth, the kindness of Fushimi and the brightness that colored the night sky.