



**GAKUEN K: WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS**

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

## **CHAPTER 4: AUTUMN**

"Tsukimi?"

"Oh. It's an annual event at the Blue club."

Fushimi coughed as if he was upset.

Right after the skill test at the beginning of the second half of the new year. When she arrived at the Blue club after resuming club activities, Director Munakata gave her an invitation to see the moon.

She didn't know that there was a Japanese garden on the roof of the Blue club building, and it seemed like it was held every year with seats.

She wasn't suited for hard work, so she went shopping with Fushimi and made Tsukimi dumplings. The other members were busy setting up umbrellas and sun loungers at the time.

"In a way, it may be the first time I've done such a playful activity. It was about crackdowns, patrols, cleaning, homework assigned by the teacher, etc."

"Because that's the main thing. This is the director's hobby."

"Oh, is that so?"

"It seems that he didn't exist before he became director."

It was like that. Now that she thought about it, he also made tea under the cherry trees in the spring.

"Well then, the tea room in the headmaster's room..."

"That person did it as a hobby."

(Well, he can do that...), she thought.

"Tsukimi dumplings vary from region to region, but how was last year?"

"Normal."

(Huh? Well, I ask because that "ordinary" varies from region to region.), she thought.

"For example? It's common to make dumplings with your own dumpling or joshinko powder, but there seem to be some places where you can put anko inside, so it looks like you used to make it with taro, right? I'll stack the dumplings on three sides, right? It looks like the top is yellow. It's mixed with pumpkin."

When she said that, Fushimi looked up a bit and made a gesture that reminded him of something.

"Maybe it's the first time. There was no anko in it. It shouldn't have been yellow."

"Huh, was it hot? Fushimi-kun, you have an excellent memory."

"I wasn't interested."

While she was talking about it, she took the monorail, crossed the connecting bridge and then changed to the city train.

The train was quite crowded and cramped. When someone pushed him, Fushimi would frown and click his tongue, pushing her a bit roughly into the space created between them and the door.

".....!"

(Wow...!), she thought.

A mighty hand on the door. A very close distance.

(Is this the one called "Kabedon"? Go shy!), she thought.

Fushimi's breathing and the sexy Adam's apple bobbing up and down in front of her made her heart jump.

Her face suddenly turned red, and she hurried downstairs.

Although he moved her to see him in civilian clothes, something she rarely saw.

"Well, that... Oh! And the drinks?"

"...? Oh, is it moon watching? The director will offer tea. After that, each favorite drink."

"Well, what will the preparation team prepare as an offering?"

"Was it chestnut, pear and potato? The rest is Japanese pampas grass, Hagi and Kikyo."

"Oh, what do you eat apart from the offering?"

"That's the Tsukimi dumpling. Make a lot, offer a little and eat the rest."

"What else?"

"That was the only thing last year. But there's no designation that it has to be that much. If so, I'd eat it. Because the director hates things that break the flavor."

"Do you have freedom as long as you don't break the taste?"

"Maybe."



She asked questions in quick succession to hide her bright red face and disguise her pounding heart.

She wondered if she could fool him, but he answered normally. She was so happy that she got excited again.

(What's going on? Why are you so self-aware? Is it weird somehow? Oh, no, what? It's a story about what it's like to be a girl to a guy who slams her into a wall and doesn't respond at all, isn't it natural to be aware of it? Hmm?), she thought.

She thought about it as her eyes swam, and then suddenly she looked at Fushimi, and Fushimi looked at her with a suspicious frown, and she turned quickly.

"Oh, sweet little things aren't enough? Are you ever hungry?"

"Sometimes."

(Isn't it because Fushimi-kun eats an unbalanced diet? He knows, right? Many times you just need calories like rice.), she thought.

"Is it okay to do something else? It doesn't cost much material."

"If it's not something troublesome."

"Okay. It's easier than meatballs."

"I can't help you. If it's okay, do what you like."

Fushimi sighed. She said, "I'm not going to increase my work and help Fushimi-kun.", but she knew it. In such a case, she will definitely help him.

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"No, this is great."

Director Munakata smiled at the tray she presented to him.

At night, the Japanese garden was illuminated. It was still early for fall leaves but the crape myrtle was beautiful and the murmur of the creek made you feel the atmosphere.

A chaise longue with many standing umbrellas. There were many vegetables and fruits harvested in the fall on the offering table. Also, fall flowers like Japanese pampas grass, Hagi, and Kikyo.

And the Tsukimi and miki dumplings that they made on all three sides.

The big round moon was a member. The silver light illuminated them silently.

The wind was cool and the chorus of insects was comfortable.

"It was good. What should I do if he gets mad?"

"No way! He couldn't get mad at something so cute. After all, it's different from having a woman. Or is it the result of Fushimi-kun's upbringing?"

"Yes, they always help me."

Fushimi, who was next to her, clicked his tongue as she smiled.

She made a small ball of rice in the shape of a rabbit. Two types, white and pink.

The white was ordinary rice. In other words, musubi salt. She also used a small amount of mayonnaise to glue on the cheese ears and seaweed eyes.

The pink one was rice mixed with umezu. The ears of ham and the eyes also of seaweed.

It was also served with lightly pickled carrots, which were cut into the shape of autumn leaves and then pickled.

The onigiri was easy, that filled the stomach moderately, and she thought it would be nice to be stuck on the moon if it was shaped like a rabbit, but it was good. A great success.

"Thank you both. Enjoy the moon."

Relieved by Munakata's smile, she bowed her head and left her seat.

It seemed to have a good reputation, and disappeared like a flight.

She breathed a sigh of relief and then followed Fushimi to the Obon for just two people.

She sitting next to Fushimi, who sat down on a deckchair and presented a tray. Fushimi had no fall leaf pickles. He doesn't like dark vegetables; she already knew that.

"How is it?"

"Well, is not bad."

When she asks Fushimi, who ordered the pink rabbit, she received a rather crude and casual answer.

But she already knew it was a great compliment.

She was happy and a little proud, and her face naturally flushed.

The silver moon she looked at was calm.

Seeing it side by side with Fushimi, she thought it was exceptional.

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Speaking of big fall events, the sophomores were on a field trip. The destination was Okinawa.

Last year she never thought that she would be able to go on a school trip with that feeling, so she was very happy.

The sky was blue and high. A cloudy white cloud. The landscape with a tropical atmosphere was exciting.

Group action on the first day. After visiting the local village (museum) and the botanical garden, she went to the famous aquarium.

"Wow...!"

"Wow, that's amazing, Saya-chan."

She was fascinated by the overwhelming blue world.

The mysterious and magnificent sea of Okinawa. She was overwhelmed by the power of the calmly swimming shark.

It was a huge aquarium several tens of meters long. It was natural, but the existence of himself seemed to be tenuous.

(Oh, but that's not a bad thing, it's a good thing. I'm still afraid of my ability. I'm afraid of hurting someone or breaking something. If I'm a small person, I think it's insignificant in the desert, but it also saves me. It's very comfortable being surrounded by big things that I can't reach.), she thought.

"It's splendid."

(I wish I could melt into this "blue" as it is.), she thought.

Bright and deep, it seemed to be cold at first glance, but the blue of the ocean that had goodness enveloped everything.

She believed that it was not strange because the sea is the mother of all living beings.

"Hey?"

With that in mind, when she was sitting on a chair in the aquarium space up to the ceiling of the aquatic room and looking at the fish in an amazing way, Fushimi's voice came from behind.

"Are you okay? Neko pulled Yukizome."

"Hmm? Yes. I'm fine. I wonder if she wants to see this aquarium some more?"

She narrowed her eyes, looking at the manta ray slowly swimming above her.

"It's beautiful... What a deep blue."

Fushimi looked up as she coughed looking at the fish.

He didn't say anything. Quiet time flowed.

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How lazy were the two of them? After a while, Kukuri came looking for them. Pulled by Kukuri, sorry to move. She couldn't be helped. It was a group action and the time was fixed.

"Hey, take a look. The store here is so cute!"

Original aquarium products lined up on both sides. Certainly the display was elaborate and very cute.

Kukuri holding a large manatee stuffed animal said "This is cute!".

"This looks delicious!" Neko pointed at a small stuffed whale shark.

"I know it's cute, but does it look delicious? Whale shark?"

"Huh? Gohan, don't you know?"

(I don't know. Because I don't eat shark.), she thought.

"It's a good size for a pillow. I want it. But if you buy it here, it'll be luggage."

Kukuri frowned as she held the manatees.

"But I don't know if you can buy aquarium-only products elsewhere. Unless there is a specialty store at the airport. If you want, buy it. Don't regret it later."

"That's right! If it's luggage, Kurosuke will carry it."

"You can't say that. However, Yukizome. If you just don't want a piece of luggage, will you take it?"

"Really? But... what should I do?! I'm lost! Saya-chan? Would you like to have a stuffed animal like this?"

"That's right, but I have one from Saruhiko."

"Oh!"

Everyone around her widened their eyes at once at the words she casually said.

(Huh? What?), she thought.

That also made her eyes widen, around the crowded place.

"Eh, what?"

"Well, what happens now?"

"No, forget it. That's all."

Shiro, whose eyes sparkled with curiosity, and Yatogami, who had a terribly rough face, grabbed her shoulder.

Along with the two, Kukuri also turned red and ran towards her.

"Well, Saya-chan! What kind of place was that? There, in detail!"

"Huh? That's why I already have Saruhiko in my bed, so the stuffed animal is..."

Once again, the setting was chilling. Shiro and Yatogami widened their eyes. Kukuri turned bright red.

She surprised and her eyes were rounded. Fushimi, who was a bit far away, also looked at that with a frightened look.

"Oh!"

(Oh, that's right! That was...!), she thought.

Only when she saw Fushimi's face did she realize how her words sounded to everyone.

She immediately reddened her face and shook her hands violently in front of her face in a hurry.

"No! No! No! Saruhiko isn't Fushimi-kun...! No! No, it's true that Fushimi-kun has nothing to do with it. But it's different! Um? Saruhiko is my stuffed animal. It's very, very important..."

(Ouch, what should I do?! I'm impatient and words don't come to me!), she thought.

Because her excuses were fierce and poor, everyone had a uniformly mysterious face. The mystery deepened.

"Well, Saya-chan? Doesn't that mean Fushimi-kun is important after all?"

"Well, it's different! No, it's not different! Is Fushimi-kun important? I owe him, but isn't. Well..."

(Oh, I feel like I'm addicted to mud! What should I say? Oh, but since I gave the stuffed animal the name Fushimi-kun, I feel like it's useless to say anything!), she thought.

At that time, she had an inner mind. A good hit to the top of her head with a tongue click.

The moment she actually held her head, "Oh, it hurts!", Fushimi, who was next to her, yelled at her, "You're crazy, hey!"

"Huh? Wait a minute! I'm shopping..."

"Don't be silly. Come on!"



Fushimi's reaction was probably weird because he was the norm in the class (except when he fights Yata), he always seemed to be quietly bored in the corner.

Everyone waved goodbye to her as she was dragged before their eyes.

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"I see. It's a stuffed penguin similar to Fushimi-kun, which was taken by Fushimi-kun. That's why the name is Saruhiko."

"Yeah. Uh. It hurt. I couldn't buy anything."

She was finally able to explain it when she was taking a bath. Until then, it was terrible.

"No, I thought something. I saw Fushimi-kun, who got angry with red cheeks for the first time. That was something to see. I wonder if someone took a picture."

(Oh, don't be amused. Kukuri-chan.), she thought.

"Fushimi-kun and Saruhiko are completely different things to me. I didn't think it would cause such a misunderstanding."

"Uh-huh. It was a disaster. Well, Saya-chan, you weren't saying it right."

"That's right... But I don't make it clear for dinner. Yatogami-kun scolded me saying, 'Students, the relationship with the opposite sex is pure and correct!'."

Kukuri smiled as she put down the hair dryer and breathed gently.

"Gohan! Let's go fast! Milk! Milk!"

Neko jumped out of the public bath.

"Yes, yes. Wait.", Kukuri stood up and put a wet towel in the basket.

"You mean, normal milk? After the bath, it's group milk."

"Huh? Saya-chan, is that? It's fruit milk."

"Huh? White milk is fine!"

She made up his mind wonderfully.

She entered the store and opened the refrigerator box where the milk was lined up.

"Oh, you're going to drink here, right?"

"The bottle collection box is here. It's a hassle to go back to the room one by one, right?"

Meanwhile, they were both fine. Well, she knew it.

She took a cold bottle and moved to the corridor in front of the store with the other people.

It was cold and sweet, first silently, then innocently.

And at the same time, three people were breathing. "Oh, it's delicious!"

"Why is milk so delicious after a bath?"

"Actually, I even think I'm alive for this."

While fully enjoying such a fascinating taste, she placed her hand on the railing and looked down, where there was a colonnade.

"Huh? Fushimi-kun."

There was a hall and a lounge, and she could see Fushimi talking to Awashima with a towel in one hand. She couldn't hear what they were talking about.

When Fushimi moved his shoulder, Awashima moved away tapping his shoulder. Fushimi was looking at the print as he was and thinking about something.

(Fushimi-kun, haven't you taken a bath yet? It's the same as usual.), she thought.

"....."

She wondered if it was okay to see that. She wondered if she could still see Fushimi from there.

Did he feel that line of sight when she looked at him while she was thinking about it? Fushimi suddenly raised his face.

".....!"

The moment their line of sight intertwined, her heart made a loud noise.

He had noticed. She somehow got happy and waved her hand.

She knew that Fushimi wouldn't turn around, and she wasn't asking for a reaction either... What?! Fushimi shrugged and raised his right hand slightly.

".....!"

(Oh? Lies! Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

She was surprised by the unexpected reaction. At the same time, she was and her face turned red involuntarily.

(I'm happy! Well, then maybe you can answer something else.), she thought.

She was so happy that she tried to make more contacts.

If she got any closer, could she make more contact? She wanted to try it.

(Well, then, "What were you talking about? I might ask. Or is it brilliant to make a strong voice in such a place, and if it's a conversation with gestures, it's easier to convey what's your impression?"), she thought.

When she pointed to his left hand and bowed her head, Fushimi looked at the imprint on his left hand. Then he looked up and moved his mouth.

"Mi-ma-wa-ri."

".....!"

He told her that, and she was happy. It was impressive.

Holding her fist and shaking it, "Do your best." She raised her right hand again.

Fushimi went somewhere as he was, but somehow the inside of her body was warm.

"Gohan. Do you look happy?"

"Yes, I agree."

Neko with a white stubble on her upper lip and tilting her head, she smiled sheepishly.

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"It's thirty minutes before lights out. You can't leave the room from now on," Kukuri said, clapping her hands.

"Huh? I was thinking of going to see Shiro!"

"No. You'll have to be patient until tomorrow morning."

"Well, haven't you been away from Shiro for a long time?"

(Eh? That should be it...), she thought.

"Wait? When classes are over, they should be apart, right? They can't go into each other's dorm. So it's the same as always..."

"Shiro's room is a club room!"

"Oh, it's true."

So it was. The club room of the Silver club was Shiro's room in the dorm. Neko from the silver club was exceptionally allowed to enter the men's dorm.

(Huh? But wait? Still, if I go back to the girls' dorm before curfew, I think I'll be gone for a long time... Because the dorm curfew is pretty quick, right? Rather, it was a long time to be together today, right? Huh? Wait a minute? Maybe...), she thought.

It was at that moment that she inadvertently saw Kukuri face to face.

"Ah! I can't take it anymore! I want to see Shiro!"

"Well, Neko?!"

Neko stood up vigorously and jumped out of the room as she was.

"What are you doing...?!"

"Kukuri-chan! I haven't put on my pajamas yet and I'll bring her back! If the teacher comes, trick him!"

"What, but!"

"For me, in the worst case as a member of the Blue club, it will work!"

Kukuri took a breath and said, "Please!" She raised her hand and jumped out of the room.

Looking around... (Ah! It's over there.), she thought.

She ran around the front of the store, managed to catch her, but Neko yelled, "Hey, Gohan!", and shook her hand.

At that moment, the sound of a bell is heard and the surrounding scenery changes drastically.

"What?!"

She looked around her, but it wasn't the hallway she was in.

(What is this? Maybe Neko's ability?), she thought.

"No, no. What should I do?"

As she looked around, she heard the sound of a bell again and the scenery returned to its original state.

"Oh, that?"

When she took out his PDA and confirmed it, it was definitely the way to the building where the boys were staying.

"A hallucination? Or..."

It was different, but that wasn't very important. It didn't matter what her abilities were at the moment. The important thing is that she couldn't see Neko anymore. What should she do? She lost sight of her.

"I can't go to where the boys are staying, what should I do?"

(Give up and come back? It'll go out soon. But...), she thought.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

She couldn't decide what to do, and when she was standing, she heard a voice echoing from behind.

She bounced and looked back, scared.

"Hmmm... Fushimi-kun..."

"It's not time to leave the room. It's right before the lights go out. What are you doing?"

"Well, huh. Actually, Neko is..."

After briefly explaining the process, Fushimi clicked his tongue.

"That idiot cat!"

"Why are you here, Fushimi-kun?"

"Ah? What do you say? I'm looking around. We guys from the Blue club also have to keep an eye on the others."

"Oh, that's right. It's because of the skill."

(I see. For girls, Awashima-sensei is enough, but for boys, that's not the case.), she thought.

That's it. What he was doing in the lobby at the moment was that meeting.

"Neko came in here, but..."

"Oh, I'll do something about it. For now, you can go back to your room. The members of the Blue club..."

He maybe he was trying to say something like "don't break the rules". But it froze at the back of Fushimi's throat, not being cast, because he heard footsteps.

".....!"

Lie!

It was around the same time that she was afraid to look in the direction of the footsteps, and Fushimi clicked his tongue and shoved her down the stairs, behind the lined up vending machines.

As it was, Fushimi's body pressed her against the wall.

"Ah! Fushimi-kun..."

"Shut up!"

Fushimi closed her mouth, which she was surprised by their joined body and reflexively raised her voice, with one hand.





"Oh!"

She knew the reason why they were both hiding, but she couldn't help it. She didn't mean anything bad, but her heart made an impossible sound.



Hot body. Strong arm. The strength of power to hold her. There was also a narrow line of sight going around her.

All of this made her heartbeat quicken.

The size of her hand, the close sigh, and the bobbing Adam's apple.

Probably because he took a bath, even his hair was a bit messier than usual.

"Oh!"

(No! My face is hot! I'm suffocating! My heart is about to break!), she thought.

The footsteps coming down the stairs headed for the shop without noticing that they held their breath.

As she struggled to get rid of the bright red face and too loud heartbeat, Fushimi took a deep breath because he couldn't hear the footsteps entirely.

(Eh? It seems to be far away already!), she thought.

Fushimi looked around him and pulled her out of the vending machine, but she couldn't even lift her face anymore. (What should I do? It seems absolutely strange!), she thought.

"Can you go back alone? Don't find him."

She could only control herself a little at that secret voice.

"Well, yes, huh? About Neko, please."

"Oh, make it quick."

Face down, she took control, quickly returned the salute, and began to run. (Oh, my heart is loud!), she thought.

She just wished she could get back to the room without anyone seeing her, because she couldn't afford to worry about her surroundings anymore. She just desperately ran straight.

When she entered the room, Kukuri ran towards her saying:

"I'm glad you're okay...! I was worried. It's time to turn off the lights... Saya-chan?"

Kukuri noticed that something was wrong with her and tilted her head.

"What's wrong? Is your face bright red? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I lost sight of Neko, but I asked to find her."

"Eh? Who? What happened?"

".....! Nothing!"

She came out a stronger denial than she expected, and she surprised herself.

She quickly shook her head and told Kukuri, "Nothing. It's fine.", and she managed a smile.

"Perhaps Neko will return soon without the teacher finding her."

"Oh, she's fine. Oh, it's already off. Can I turn off the electricity?"

The girls in the same room responded to her voice with a pop.

She took control, too, and when she quickly changed into her pajamas, she snuck onto the futon.

"....."

She still heard the sound of her heartbeat. The violent movement did not yield.

She pursed her lips and squeezed her eyes shut.

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The next day. Free action. As she looked at Awashima explaining the precautions, Kukuri, who was next to her, lightly touched her arm.

"Saya-chan. Look. Fushimi-kun, he looks very tired."

Looking towards the Kukuri's point, Fushimi was indeed yawning.

"Hey, that's a pattern of killing time somewhere. Also, alone."

"That may very well be correct."

"Saya-chan, why don't you invite him to go with you?"

"Eh?!"

(Go together...), she thought.

"Oh, together? Are you talking about inviting Fushimi-kun?"

"That's right. Naturally, Fushimi-kun and Saya-chan usually talk."

"Huh? Because, Kukuri-chan..."

"That's right. I'm telling you to go together. But is it okay? Is it a special school trip? Do you want to make memories?"

"What?!"

(Yes?), she thought.

"No!"

She suddenly made a crazy voice, and teacher Awashima said, "What? Konohana."

She denied saying it was nothing. In a hurry, she bowed to Awashima and elbowed Kukuri.

"Enough! You say weird things."

"Eh? Isn't it? Saya-chan's attitude seems to be clear."

"Well, is it wrong? Is it a treat?"

"Huh? Is it hot?"

She felt it.

"Well, I don't know. Well, sometimes I feel overwhelmed by Fushimi-kun's words and actions, but I think it's because Fushimi-kun is a bit involved in my upbringing..."

"Eh?"

"If you ask me which one I like, Fushimi-kun or Kukuri-chan, I think it's Kukuri-chan."

"No. What? That man's comment. I'm going to fall in love."

"Certainly, I'm excited, but..."

(But I don't think it's because he's Fushimi-kun, but because he's a boy.), she thought.

For example, even if the opponent was Kamamoto, she would still be excited.

Kukuri tilted her neck as she watched her silently.

"Okay? You were with us in the group action yesterday and you'll be in the group action tomorrow too, right? Don't you regret not making memories with Fushimi-kun?"

"....."

"Why don't you invite him? Could you be unexpectedly happy?"

(Mmm.), she thought.

"So, I'll ask a bit."

"Yes, keep going like this."

Professor Awashima's story was over and they disbanded.

She took a deep breath and ran over to Fushimi, who looked bored.

"Ah, that? Fushimi-kun."

It had happened yesterday, and Kukuri had said something strange, so he was aware of that.

Fushimi coughed a bit, "What's wrong?"

"Well, do you know where to go?"

"I'm going to kill time with that."

It was as Kukuri said.

"That's right. Well, if you want, why don't you hang out with me?"

"Do I have to hang out with other girls?"

"Oh, yes. Is it okay?"

No way, she couldn't say she was sent to spend time with her favorite person.

Fushimi narrowed his eyes a bit as the words were vaguely muddy.

However, she immediately took a deep breath and said, "We can go separately."

(Ah... I'm glad it's so good...), she thought.

When she looked at Kukuri, she wondered if she could guess from that alone: "Do your best!" She held her fist and turned a big smile.

Despite feeling a bit awkward, she waved a bit.

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"Where are you going first? Have you decided what to buy as a souvenir?"

"Don't buy souvenirs before that."

"Is that so? It's bad to go looking for my souvenirs, so tell me where you want to go."qa

A place called "a miracle mile" because of the remarkable reconstruction of the burned fields after Kokusai-dori.

Today, it is a famous tourist spot with many shops like Okinawa.

"Oh. What are you planning to buy?"

"I'm definitely going to have red sweet potato and chinsuko. I wonder if I can have the Ryukyu glass. Also Awamori."

"What? Will you buy that much? And Awamori."

"Yeah. Um...I'm going to send it to my parents' house."

".....!"

Everyone knew how she moved to that school and besides, neither in Golden Week, summer vacations nor SW she come home. Fushimi opened the day a bit unexpectedly.



"To your parents' house?"

"Yes. I don't have the courage to go home yet, but I thought I'd send a souvenir with the letter."

"....."

"Oh! Letters come from time to time. There was also a visitor during the summer. Email is... maybe because it's too close? I'm not going. I'll be in trouble if I go, right? I don't know how to get back."

(Now, I think the feeling of distance like a letter is the best.), she thought.

"Is that okay? You shouldn't exaggerate."

"Yes. So, I wish I could start from this point. Oh, this shop looks like a baked pastry shop with lots of tastings."

Fushimi took a breath as she pointed to the store next to him.

"Brown sugar, red potato, shikuwasa...? Mangrove flavor?"

"Mangrop is a tree that grows from that sea, isn't it? Is it something to eat?"

"I have a bad feeling, it's weird. I've never seen such a dark green food."

(Candy in the window... By the way, a tremendous green color. But when I say that, red potatoes are also a fabulous purple color.), she thought.

Intrigued, she takes Fushimi to the store.

"Hey... The more you look, the more amazing the color is."

"Is it a wood-flavored baked treat? Oh, but it's this color, leaves? Did mangroves grow?"

"I don't know. Hey, are you going to buy it?"

"Because it says that it is a very popular product, maybe it is unexpectedly delicious?"

"Isn't it popular like the story?"

"Then, as a story, I'll tell Principal Munakata."

"You have the courage..."

She believed that Munakata would be a person who would understand history.

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At noon, she enjoys Soki Soba and browses various shops again.

While choosing Shell Access, Fushimi went to another store saying, "Wait a minute.", and only then did she do another action, but the rest went with Fushimi.

She had been with Fushimi for a long time at the Blue club training ground, but when it came to playing, it was the second time since the summer festival. But unlike last time, which was only an hour or two, this time it was more than half a day. It was the first time she had played with Fushimi for so long, and she found it a bit strange.

But the conversation was not interrupted or awkward, it did not seem strange to her, and, on the contrary, it was very funny, and time passed in a short time.

"It's weird to be walking in Okinawa with Fushimi-kun like this. It's fun to go on a school trip."

"I was brought by force. School events like this are just a nuisance."

As he said that, he kept walking with her. That's why she was happy.

"I'm thirsty..."

"Oh, that's right. Do you want to slow down a bit? You were walking fast."

(I feel like eating something sweet...), she thought.

It was at that moment that she pulled out the PDA, wondering if there was a good store nearby.

"Ah, ah! The Blue club...!"

A boy fluttering out of the back alley found them and raised his voice.

His face was pale, his breathing was turbulent, and it was obvious that something had happened.

"What happened?"

"Well, I'm caught up in the bad stuff of the gala."

"If you're in trouble, the Blue club will intervene."

"But I just got into a fight. I contacted the teacher..."

Said the boy.

"Okay. Guide me. Hey, don't move from here."

Fushimi told the boy the former, and her the latter.

"Yes, it's fine, but now the saber is..."

During the school trip, there was no saber on his waist. Of course. It was a normal violation of the Law on Firearms and Swords.

"You can use your skills without a saber. It's a problem if the guys from the Blue club use their skills for the general public. Is that okay? Will it work?"

"No."

Fushimi quickly went to the alley with the boy.

As she leaned toward the building, she picked up a paper bag containing bags and souvenirs, and looked around her. Her eyes met the men looking at her, and she quickly turned her face down.

As a compliment, the gala did not look good. Well, she knew that she shouldn't judge people by their appearance, but she believed that they were probably what they seemed.

On the other side, across the street, those sitting in front of the convenience store stood up.

(What should I do! They're coming this way...), she thought.

She looked around her in a hurry, but she couldn't find anyone in the same uniform.

(Is it rude to run away without doing anything? No, but it's too late after something happens. Ah, but he told me not to move from here.), she thought.

A little excursion. She was lost. Meanwhile, the men crossed the street and went in front of her.

"Hey. What's up? Did you get caught with your boyfriend?"

And they called her.

"Let's play with the older brothers."

"Oh, don't worry..."

She shook her head limply, but she couldn't do much.

The next moment, one of them grabbed her wrist and pulled her.

"Oh!"

At that moment, it was the fear of herself that hit her.

"Uh...!"

In the summer, she crushes the clams that she collected on the beach. She broke the record plate in the spring. She had destroyed the grip strength meter. The knife she flew was covered in dust.

All this went through her mind at a tremendous speed.

And last year, the school was half destroyed.

"No, I hate it!"

She cried out involuntarily and she jerked her hand away roughly.

"Eh?"

But, of course, the other person did not understand that the act was not out of disgust but out of fear of herself. She distorted her face as if he were covered and looked at her.

"What? That attitude..."

"Isn't that a bit unpleasant?"

"If you reject me like that, you might get hurt."

"Oh!"

When she held her luggage, she brushed past him and ran off.

"Hey, wait!"

(Well, I can't wait!), she thought.

She was wrong. She didn't like it, she was afraid. In front of those guys, she was afraid to do something when she felt the danger.

(Because I can't control my abilities!), she thought.

Even when she had nothing to think about, she broke the clams and the dynamometer. She broke the table of records. It was also the case that the school was half destroyed.

(So what if I hated the other person? What if I have strong negative emotions? That's not what happens!), she thought.

And now, there was one person who could stop her from running away, but... (Fushimi-kun isn't by my side!), she thought.

"No, no! No, I hate it...!"

As she desperately ran in a place she didn't know, she hugged the luggage and wished for him.

(Please! Don't show up! Don't run away!), she thought.

"Hey, wait!"

"Oh!"

She wondered how far she ran. When she gasped and her back was drenched in sweat, they finally reached her and grabbed her shoulders.

"Yes...! I hate it!"

"Hey. You hate me too much when I'm not doing anything. Isn't that rude?"

(It's different! It's not that!), she thought.

"Please! Let go of me!"

"Okay. I'll take you to a good place!"

(I hate it! I hate him! Please! I don't want to hurt anyone! Please!), she thought.

"Let go of me!"

As she hugged the bag, she closed her eyes and cried out.

At that moment...

"What are you doing?!"

A sharp voice echoed around her.

"Oh!"

It looks very familiar to her.

The moment she raised her face, her wrist was grabbed and pulled, contrary to men.

"Uh...!"

She spun around and clutched at the back that came between her and the men.

"Yata-kun!"

"Uh-oh! Don't get too close!"

At that, she shook her head.

No more words or actions. She just put her strength into her hand that grabbed his clothes.

That was why she sensed the anomaly from her. As it was, Yata looked at the men.

"Oh. What did you do to this guy?"

"Are they friends? What's up?"

"It was us who did something. That girl was super rude."

"Oh, yeah. We were just trying to claim the prize."

Did they despise little Yata? Laughing out loud like they were fools.

"I do not care about you."

"Oh. yeah. If you don't want to get hurt, disappears."



As they laughed like that, one of the men smoked a cigarette.

And the moment he lit the fire from the lighter, the small fire instantly turned into a terrible pillar of fire.

"Huh?! Aaaaah?"

"Oh!"

"What did you do to this guy?"

The lighter thrown by the man in surprise fell to the ground as it was.

However, only the flame wove itself like a living being and attacked the men.

"What?!"

"Gah!"

"No, Yata-kun!"

(No! Don't use your skills!), she thought.

"No! Yata-kun!"

In a hurry, she grabbed his arm and shook him, and Yata clicked his tongue and blew out the flame.

The men did not seem to understand what had happened. All of them were rude, but they quickly fled. When she shook his arm again, Yata quickly took her hand.

"Let's go!"

At that voice, one of the boys looked as if he was surprised.

"Don't fall down. Run!"

"Yes!"

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She ran as she was, away from the place, they reached a small park, and finally Yata stopped.

As she took a deep breath on her shoulder and collapsed onto the bench, Yata, who looked around him, bought her a cold juice from the vending machine.

"Oh, thank you..."

"Are you alone? Was someone with you?"

"Um, I was with Fushimi-kun..."

When told how Fushimi went to referee the fight, Yata said, "It can't be helped."

(No, Fushimi-kun isn't bad.), she thought.

"Oh, that's right. I have to contact Fushimi-kun... I'm worried."

"Do you care about the monkey?"

"Yes, I am. I can't help but do it."

"I don't care about the others. That guy..."

(Well, that's not the case.), she thought.

She shook her head and dialed the PDA, answering immediately with the first call.

"Hey! You're moving...!"

"I'm sorry!"

At the shout in response, she reflexively bowed her head.

(I can't believe it from Fushimi-kun!), she thought.

"Where are you now?!"

"Well, that's it?"

She briefly explained that the bad guys entangled her and chased her.

"I managed to escape, but it seems like I've come a long way. The meeting time is coming up, so I'll search with the PDA and head straight back to the meeting place. So, Fushimi-kun too..."

"He's fine. Come back. Are you okay?"

"Yes. I'm sorry to worry you."

After the call ended, she felt relieved. She was fine. He wasn't that angry.

When she took a sip of juice, she looked at Yata and smiled.

"Thanks for your help again."

"No, no... that's..."

Blushing, Yata turned the other way.

"Kamamoto-kun? Aren't they together?"

"I had something I wanted to buy, and now I'm alone."

"It was good. Yata-kun, you were there. Thank you very much."

"Don't say thank you. I will always help you. Oh, I got help too."

"Huh? Did I ever help Yata-kun?"

(I don't remember that. I think it's just me getting help?), she thought.

"Oh, there was. Your first day of transfer."

"Yes?"

(First day of transfer? I talked a bit when I met him at the door of the classroom, and I witnessed a conflict in the courtyard, right?), she thought.

When she thought that, Yata coughed with "That..".

"That's it. The battle in the courtyard was amazing."

"Well, I'm sorry. I don't know. Did I help Yata-kun?"

(It must have been because of Kukuri-chan that she helped.), she thought.

"You did. That knife was what I played with."

".....! Yata-kun?"

"Oh. I touched the knife that the monkey threw. That was towards you..."

Yata distorted his face in an awkward way.

"I was about to break the rule, 'Don't hurt ordinary students with your skills', because I was the incision captain in the Red club. It was going to lead to disaster. You did that and prevented it."

Yata looked directly at her.

Eyes with hot flames that reached the heart of the other party. Wild and warlike, yet kind and warm.

(Yata-kun has a worried, shy and awkward smile at me, it's impressive.), she thought.

"You stopped me."

"Yata-kun..."

"Thanks to you. I'm grateful. So..."

Her cheeks turned a little red, and when he looked away from her, he timidly squirted the juice.

"Help always."

It was forceful, but the kind words warmed her heart.

"Thanks."

"That's why I don't need an invoice. I think this is a refund."

She felt that the amount returned was obviously higher.

"Still, thank you. I'm very happy."

"Hmm...! Well, the meeting time is coming up. Oh, I'm fine, but are you in trouble if you're late? There's a position."

When she smiled, Yata stood up, hiding the red cheeks from her.

And with her right hand facing away, he extended his right hand in front of her.

"I will run!"

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"Saya-chan! What are you doing?!"

Before dinner. When she was wandering around looking for Fushimi, Kukuri's slightly angry voice suddenly echoed from behind.

As she turned around, Kukuri grabbed her arm.

"Kukuri-chan? Hey, Shiro-kun. What's wrong?!"

"Ok, let's go!"

"Well, wait. I'm looking for Fushimi-kun. I just want to apologize."

She rushed to the meeting place with Yata at the last minute of the designated time.

She looked around for Fushimi to apologize for worrying him, and she found him next to Awashima. She tried to run immediately, but, for some reason, at that moment, terrible eyes looked at her.

Fushimi turned his back on her at one point, when she saw a sharp line of sight as if he were a father.

She tried to chase after him, but he started the roll call and she couldn't do it.

(He didn't seem that angry on the phone. Oh, but after all, he was really worried. I annoyed him.). When she thought that, she couldn't bear it, even though he was there. Unfortunately, it was a school trip. She couldn't do whatever he wanted during group activities.

So now was her chance. She wanted to apologize in that little free time before dinner. (I'm so sorry! Kukuri-chan, I must now...), she thought.

Kukuri said, "That's Fushimi-kun!"

"Huh? Fushimi-kun?"

"Saya-chan, come on! Hurry up!"

"Huh? Hmm about that..."

"Okay. Go."

Shiro pushed her back, which she didn't understand why.

They then led her behind a large pillar in the corner of the lobby hall, placing their index fingers to their lips and pointing at the hall with their other hands.

There, Fushimi, had an endlessly upset face, at a girl whose face was bright red in front of him.

(Huh?), she thought.

"That..."

"It's a statement. It's an event. It's natural. Is Fushimi-kun actually quite popular? Even before yesterday's bath, another girl called out to him."

"What? Is that so?"

Her heart made a disturbing sound.

"Hmm. Saya-chan was very careful. Because she's a lazy person. Don't you don't know if he's been taken?"

"No, I really mean Fushimi-kun..."

It is not a relationship.

But the word froze in the back of her throat and she couldn't say it.

The tough-talking girl with the red face made her chest crack.

"Oh, but it seems like he's constantly being invited to another place, but I don't think he'll go."

"What about the attitude of just saying, 'It's annoying'?"

Beside her, Shiro and Kukuri were talking about secret stories. But she couldn't take her eyes off Fushimi.

She wants it without knowing it: Don't accept, don't follow that girl. Don't laugh with that girl.

".....!"

She bit her lips with the feelings smeared on her.



(No. Why am I praying for this? It's like wishing that girl's misfortune.), she thought.

She held both hands tightly.

At the end of that line of sight, Fushimi grunted and backed away from the girl.

"Oh, it looks like he didn't answer her call. He turned his back on her."

"Huh? Far from refusing, why didn't he even answer the confession?"

"Oh!"

Fushimi turned his back on the girl and them. He walks fast without looking back.

Her chest and her back ached.

She was relieved that Fushimi didn't answer the call, but was happy that Fushimi didn't laugh with the girl.

(But why? My chest hurts.), she thought.

"Oh... that girl, she cried."

Kukuri coughed painfully.

Far from not receiving it, "thoughts" that she was not even allowed to convey.

The unreliable appearance of slumping her shoulders and wiping away her tears was very painful.

She held her throbbing and aching breast with both hands.

(Why? A few seconds ago, I wished I didn't follow you.), she thought.

".....!"

She bit her lip and forcibly moved away from the girl who was standing.

But, she was surprised that Fushimi hadn't heard her words at all.

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After dinner, she lost sight of Fushimi and was unable to speak.

Shortly before taking a bath, she desperately searched for Fushimi and finally found him.

"Fushimi-kun!"

If she ran and called, he would stop and look back.

But his gaze was terribly cold and emotionless, and she shivered.

"Oh, I am sorry!"

She leaned in and explained the situation again.

Immediately after parting ways with Fushimi, she got tangled up with the bad guys. Fearing her abilities, she shook the man's hand roughly and, as a result, she was chased. And when they finally caught her, Yata, who was there, helped her. Thanks to Yata, she was able to escape from those people.

"There, I finally got in touch with Fushimi-kun... I'm really sorry."

"And the others?"

"Eh?"

Fushimi said something at her explanation. But his voice was too low to hear. When she asked him again, Fushimi clicked his tongue and waved his hand in annoyance.

"And that?"

"What?"

Fushimi echoed, she was confused.

His line of sight was terrifyingly sharp and cold.

"No matter."

"Oh!"

(Doesn't matter?), she thought.

It wasn't the first time that word had come out of Fushimi's mouth. No, he seemed like he said it often. She had heard it over and over again.

But now, for some reason, she was stuck in her chest.

"....."

She was trying to say something at once... but she couldn't speak.

However, his cold words made her heart tremble.

No matter. No matter.

That alone repressed itself in her head, and she felt depressed and bloodied.

As a guest for that, her tears wanted to come out.

".....!"

She was surprised. She thought it was like the obi thing. Fushimi narrowed his eyes.

At the same time, the appearance of that girl who was talking to Fushimi shook her mind.

That girl who dropped her shoulders, trembled and cried.

Oh, would she be kicked out like this?

"Sorry..."

If she cried, she would cause more trouble. She made him uncomfortable. She hastily wiped away her tears, but they spilled out later. She couldn't stop for some reason.

And then. Fushimi clicked his tongue at her as if he had noticed something.

Right after, Kamamoto's voice: "Konohana-san...?"

".....!"

She turned around and looked back reflexively. She knew what would happen if she did that in that situation.

".....! Hey..."

At the corner of the corridor, she could see Kamamoto and Yata, who were probably going to take a bath. The moment they saw her tears, they took a breath and opened their eyes.

And as expected, a fierce anger burned in Yata's eyes.

"Why is she crying?! Monkey!"

The voice of anger resounded in the hallway. With that momentum, Yata grabbed Fushimi.

He seemed amused and happy teasing Yata. To hit each other's skills, fight, compete and enjoy collisions. But only that day was different.

Fushimi clicked his tongue at her, and when he shook his hand roughly, he pushed Yata away and said, "Do you know why?"

"It's ridiculous! She's crying! I don't know!"

"Well, no! Really! Yata-kun, that's wrong!"

In a hurry, she grabbed Yata's arm, who was extremely high at the ruthless words, and stopped him.

(It's different! Really different! It wasn't Fushimi-kun's fault that I cried! I just...), she thought.

"Please! Stop! Yata-kun! Please!"

"But..."

Yata looked at her anxiously.

"No. Really. I'm sorry. Fushimi-kun, I..."

(I cried in a place like this. I'm bad in the first place. They didn't tell me anything terrible.), she thought.

However, Fushimi coughed and swollen back without hearing her apology until the end.

"Hmm...! What's that attitude?! Hey!"

"Yata-kun! I'm really bad!"

(I was wrong...), she thought.

She looked around her and bit her lip.

(What should I do? Fushimi-kun has become like a bad boy.), she thought.

"Konohana-san, are you alright? Hey, someone! Call Yukizome!"

Kamamoto rubbed her back and looked around him.

She covered her face with both hands, her lips pressed together tightly.

(What should I do? Not only did I annoy him and make him angry, but I also cried weirdly and made him a bad guy. If I chase after him and sincerely apologize, will he forgive me? Or does he already hate me...?), she thought.

"....."

She remembered the sharp, cold eyes that actually held no emotion.

Did he already hate her?

"Uh..."

Her chest ached from the throbbing. It was disconcerting. She couldn't stop the tears.

(They didn't tell me anything terrible, why? What was so shocking? What makes my chest so tight? Why can't my tears stop? I don't understand.), she thought.

She couldn't even raise her face at Yata's pitiful words, "Don't cry. Damn! Monkey! I would never make you cry."

Thinking of that, she could only cry without being able to organize anything.

"Saya-chan?!"

A little further away, she can hear Kukuri's surprised voice.

After a moment, she hugged the small, slender body that had come with all her might.

She did not understand or know. But the only thing that was clear was that she didn't want Fushimi to hate her.

She was terribly afraid of it.