



GAKUEN K: WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 5: WINTER

"Well, do you have a little time tomorrow? Huh, why don't we go out for lunch?"

It was yesterday, Saturday, that Yata invited her with a red and desperate face.

And today before noon. Yata, who is not good with girls, came to pick her up in front of the girls' dormitory.

It the Kusanagi's bar where he took her for a ride.

"Here..."

"Have you been here before?"

"Yeah. Huh? You knew that."

"I asked Kusanagi-san."

Saying that, he opened the red door for her.

"Welcome. Oh, Yata-chan. Do you have a girlfriend?"

Kusanagi, who was polishing the crystals at the back of the counter, laughed mischievously at them.

"Shut up! Don't say anything weird! Kusanagi-san!"

"Yes, yes. Yata-chan is cute because he turns red for a moment. Welcome to Honma."

"Kusanagi-san!"

Kusanagi turned his gaze from him to her and smiled gently, avoiding Yata, who turned bright red and was just biting.

"What? No, it's fine."

"Huh? Uh..."

"Well, sit down. Lunch today is ratatouille pasta with prosciutto and fried cheese. Dessert is a light cheesecake with drained yogurt."

Suggesting a seat for her, Kusanagi gently placed a brightly polished glass on the rear shelf.

Then, he echoed a look at Yata, and gave him a laugh with a bit of innuendo.

"But I don't seem to be feeling well, so why don't you give Saya the special menu?"

"Special menu?"

"That. Originally, only people from the Red club can eat it. Special fried rice made by Yatagarasu."

(Huh? Yatagarasu?), she thought.

"Is it Yata-kun?"

"That's pretty good. I can only do that."

When she was intrigued and looked at Yata, Yata-kun raised his eyebrows and looked at Kusanagi.

"It's like taking money, isn't it?"

"If you don't want to take that kind of stuff, you can't. Anyway, you can use white rice and as many vegetables as you like. It doesn't change if you eat or treat Saya-chan. The amount of money is deducted exactly from the expenses of the club. Do not worry about it."

"What will you do?"

Yata stared at her.

She turned around a bit and said, "Then, I'd like Yata-kun's fried rice. I want to eat it. It seems like this is a rare opportunity."

"Don't expect too much. Kusanagi-san's rice usually tastes better."

"It's natural. I'm a professional even if I bend here and there."

Kusanagi shrugged as if he was surprised by Yata's words.

He laughed and shook his head at her.

"I know, but I wonder if I want to eat something that Yata-kun makes with all his heart, instead of any delicious food."

"Wow, I understand. Then wait a minute."

Yata leaned his skateboard against the wall and entered the counter.

Kusanagi, glancing at the situation, poured ice water in front of her and laughed, "Oh, it's a natural thing that's fun to listen to."

"Eh...?"

"Hey, this story. Well, Yata-chan prepares lunch, so there's free time. Saya-chan, what happened? You can't smile at all. Last time you came, you had a cute smile on your face."

".....!"

"If there is a reason, I would like to ask you as an older brother."

"Nothing happens..."

"I'm worried. Even though you say that, your mouth is stiff. Well, if Saya-chan doesn't want to talk, I can't force you."

It's not that she didn't want to talk to Kusanagi or she couldn't trust him, but she was too personal and she felt like she couldn't talk.

She bit her lips and turned her gaze to Yata.

(It's a dangerous kitchen knife and has all-purpose chopped onions. Eggs, ham, and chicken broth on the table... mayonnaise?), she thought.

"Mayonnaise, do you use it?"

She was shocked and unintentionally said that. It meant that she had ignored Kusanagi's kind offer.

When she noticed him and gave a quick bow, "Oh, sorry." Kusanagi smiled and shook his head.

"Saya-chan. That's a trick."

(Yata put rice, mayonnaise, and soup base in a bowl and mix well. Then the green onions and ham went into the bowl. Huh? Do you already mix it with rice at this stage?), She thought.

He put a fairly small amount of oil in a frying pan to make fried rice, heated it well, and put in the eggs. After lightly mixing, he added the rice and shook the pan vigorously.

"Since each grain of rice is coated with oil, it's a bit fluffy without being fried rice. But if you try to do it all in one pan, there's a little trick."

"Oh, that's right. Mayonnaise is oily too."

"That. If you mix it with rice first for seasoning, it's easy."

"Uh..."

(That's why a small amount of oil is enough to make a difference. That's all. Let's try it in the bedroom next time.), she thought.

She watched the slight movement of Yata's pot and clasped both hands on her knees.

"I think I was hated."

And when she looks at the counter, she coughs.

"Yes?"

"I've caused a lot of anxiety and discomfort. I think they've finally hated me."

(Ever since my school trip, Fushimi-kun has been gruff. Fushimi-kun has become less talkative than when he first met me, and his attitude is somewhat cold. Ah, so it's like that. He's become more prone to acting alone.), she thought.

When she first met him, she didn't know left or right, so she needed Fushimi's help to do anything, and inevitably she always acted in pairs. That was Director Munakata's order too, right?

(Oh, I'm not saying that I've never been left alone. However, after Headmaster Munakata's irrationality in that skill test, it really stayed with me. But now that I'm used to the Blue club, I've learned a lot and can do a lot of things on my own. So, in other words, I'm out of the situation where I can't do anything without Fushimi-kun always by my side.), she thought.

Also, after seeing the moon, the Blue club is changing to a new system focused on two years like other general club activities. Fushimi is now in a position to manage the entire Blue club as the next director.

(I know it's wrong to feel abandoned. However, the humble feeling that "he doesn't feel like acting with me" never goes away.), she thought.

"That person was the one in charge of my education in the Blue club..."

"Is it the monkey? After all, something did to you at that time."

Along with that word, he served her some very tasty fried rice in front of her.

She quickly raised her face and shook her head.

"It was during a school trip. But it's really something different that I cried about. I'm not hiding, Fushimi-kun isn't that bad."

"But since then, you're not well."

"That's because Fushimi-kun seems to hate me. Due to various factors, I haven't been able to speak properly since then, and we haven't acted together. That's why I'm wrong. Fushimi-kun didn't do anything."

"Hmm. I can't see the story. In other words, what happened?"

Kusanagi looked at Yata as he recommended the fried rice.

She put her hands together and took the spoon.

"What I do know is that this guy is intertwined with the boys."

As she listened to Yata explaining to Kusanagi, she brought the fried rice to her mouth.

It was delicious. The rice was crispy, smelled like soy sauce, and was really delicious.

Fried rice made with all his heart. First of all, he was brave and he invited her there because he was worried about her, that she had no energy.

She was very happy for that feeling. And the fried rice was also very good.

But she was sorry and she was sorry she wasn't excited. She was happy, but she couldn't show it.

"I see. Is that all?"

"Seriously, that guy has a different attitude!"

He seemed annoyed at remembering it, Yata crossed his arms.

"Hmm. Why was Saya-chan so sad?"

".....!"

"He do not forgive you?"

"Hmm..."

He didn't seem to have forgiven her. Although she apologized, he did not understand. He told her, "It doesn't matter."

That voice, that look and that word. Just remembering it made her heart tremble.

"According to Yata-chan, he didn't seem that angry when he called, but what happened? Saya-chan didn't seem that depressed at the time."

"Huh? Yes. At that time, it was just my impression. It was certainly such an impression, so I didn't get depressed at that time either. But when I returned to the meeting place with Yata-kun, he was angry because he looked at me with terrible eyes."

"....."

"Now, I regret being insensitive. I feel bad when I see that I was calm because he didn't seem angry."

(I think it's certainly different that you don't reflect if you don't get angry. Even if Fushimi-kun didn't get angry, I should feel a lot of remorse and apologize for the anxiety and inconvenience.), she thought.

It wasn't good if she was relieved that he wasn't angry.

"The word 'never mind' is stuck in my chest..."

Tears floated slowly to the corners of her eyes. She hurriedly rubbed her eyes roughly with her hands.

"Maybe I wanted him to be mad. Maybe he wanted me to get stuck. I didn't want him to just say 'It doesn't matter.' I didn't want to be abandoned. I didn't want to be hated."

"Saya-chan..."

"Ever since then, I've been nervous about Fushimi-kun. It's frustrating. It's painful. But I don't know what to do anymore."

"That's it..."

Kusanagi smiled apologetically.

"Looks like there's no place for Yata-chan to go in."

"Eh...?"

"Kusanagi-san!"

Yata looked at Kusanagi as if he was in a hurry.

"Eh...?"

"Well, it doesn't matter. Rather, eat it well. I don't know what to do, so what should I do if it's rotten? Isn't that something that has changed?"

".....!"

She widened her eyes at the words.

"Yata-kun..."

"If the monkey gets upset over something so small, you should send it flying, right? Well, that's why I dislike it. That's a bit depressing."

(I don't think I should send him flying, I'm the one who was wrong. And if I'm unlucky and my ability activates, Fushimi-kun might die.), she thought.

However, the words he gave her while he was sulking struck her heart.

"Even if you waste time, doesn't it change...?"

"That's right. Don't worry about the monkey! Instead, eats well and stays well."

"Yata-chan. The other party is a girl, right? You behave differently than you usually do in front of them. Do you know that?"

In response to Kusanagi's mocking voice, Yata argued with a bright red face and said, "Wah! Shut up!"

Kusanagi's smile, which he laughed at Yata, was ridiculously gentle, and she caught it.

She laughed and screamed.

"Thank you. Eat and cheer up. The fried rice is really delicious."

"Ah! Yes, it's alright, I'll always make it."

"You finally laughed. Saya-chan is better than that."

Kusanagi walked over and hit her head lightly with a pong.

His kindness almost brought tears to her eyes, and she hastily lowered her head.

"Uh, Yata-chan. Actually, the milk has run out. Can you buy it at the convenience store?"

"Huh? Oh, sorry."

"I put it to you. I'll prepare a delicious coffee ice cream for both of you."

After receiving the money from Kusanagi, she told him, "You should eat.", and Yata jumped. Kusanagi waved it off and shrugged with a bitter smile.

"That boy is also greedy and jealous."

"Eh?"

(What boy?), she thought.

"You mean Yata-kun?"

"Eh? No, I mean the idiot who is bothering Saya-chan."

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

"Kusanagi-san, Fushimi-kun...?"

"Hmm. Actually, I know. That boy was originally a member of the Red club."

"Yes?!"

(Fushimi-kun was a member of the Red club?), she thought.

When she first hears the story, she instinctively looks at him.

"Well, I've never heard of such a story."

"Well, it's a touchy problem. Saya-chan, you shouldn't touch it anymore."

"....."

"He went to the Blue club, partly because he didn't like Yata-chan's intoxication from the Red club. I think there were other reasons, but it's the biggest one. That's definitely it."

(Even now, when I asked if there was something between Yata-kun and Fushimi-kun, I remember that even Munakata-kun was confused.), she thought.

"Yata-kun...?"

"Yes. He doesn't like people who go to other places."

(So, is that why when he fights Yata-kun, does Fushimi-kun look so happy? Even if it's out of hostility, is it because Yata-kun goes straight to Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

"I don't know, I'm a bit distracted when I say something."

Kusanagi prolonged that and smiled even more.

"Is he really mad about Saya-chan's mistake? But he wasn't that mad when you first called, right? If so, maybe it's something else he didn't like?"

"Another thing?"

"For example when..."

".....!"

It was something she had never thought about before, and she looked at Kusanagi in confusion.

"Because I went back to the meeting place with Yata-kun...?"

"Saya-chan, did you tell him you were with Yata-chan on the phone?"

".....! No, I didn't say that."

(That's right!), she thought.

"I mean, he got mad that Yata-kun and I went back hand in hand?!"

"Wow! Did you go there? What?! You guys held hands?"

"Eh? Yes. Yata-kun pulled me and ran, so I managed to make it in time for the meeting time."

"He was angry about it."

Kusanagi sighed as if he was amazed.

"Oh, is that true? Oh, I don't know! I wonder if Fushimi-kun and Yata-kun aren't on good terms...! It's different. That's right. Fushimi-kun and Yata-kun are important."

"Eh... Hmm. Is that so?"

"Yata-kun is a friend, but I shouldn't make a good appeal in front of Fushimi-kun, right?"

"I think Yata-chan has gone terribly blank. Well, yes. If Saya-chan gets better."

Kusanagi sighed again and hit her with a pong.

"In my opinion, I don't think Saya-chan doesn't like him."

"...!"

"Try again."

"Yes!"

The suppressed feelings that occupied her chest, took a bigger place.

There was a faucet and a slight ringing sound.

Looking back, Yata entered the restaurant and said, "Are you eating well?"

She smiled and nodded even more.

"Yes, I'm eating. It's delicious!"

(That's it. I'll speak properly. That's exactly what Yata-kun says, Kusanagi-san. I'm down, but it's not too late, even after hitting everything.), she thought.

"Thank you, Yata-kun."

She chewed the fried rice full of tenderness and got potency.

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It was fine to make that decision, but tryout week started at the wrong time and club activities were closed.

When she thought it was finally over, the Blue club was busy every day preparing for the Christmas party where all the students gather, to be held in the Himmelreich, a blimp owned by the school.

As the next headmaster, Fushimi was busy managing the Blue club, and she was busy with various tasks with the freshmen. She didn't have time to speak properly.

In doing so, the closing ceremony.

She entered during winter break, so she prepared for the New Year by cleaning the width and length of "Scepter 4". Also, cleaning the women's dorm.

(Oh, I think people used to say "December" in the old days!), she thought.

So, as she was, on New Year's Eve in the meantime, she was too busy to confirm if Fushimi had returned home. She was depressed.

(Ah. Fushimi-kun, where and what are you doing now?), she thought.

"I wanted to apologize at least this year."

It was almost new year.

If she went to the living room from the bedroom, she could see red and white watching TV, but most people went home during the New Year's Eve and New Year's holidays, so she was quiet and lonely.

She wondered if she was already going to sleep. She managed to do the best she could since Yata encouraged her, but when she thought that the new year would start without being able to repair various things, she became distraught.

It was then that she sighed deeply and lay down on the bed.

The PDA made a tingling noise. She grabs it slowly. However, the next moment she suddenly stood up.

"Huh? Huh, lie!"

The name that was displayed on the LCD screen was indeed "Fushimi-kun", and she quickly swiped her finger away.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Shut up. I could hear it the first time you said it."

It sounded like a PDA thud, but it was certainly Fushimi's voice, and her heart warmed.

"Why?!"

"What are you doing now?"

"Hey, was I mourning the impermanence of the world in my room?!"

As she sat up and screamed, Fushimi coughed like a ghost.

"You have free time?"

"Well, if you put it all together, you can't say that. Fushimi-kun."

"Let's walk outside."

Again, with a rough answer.

"At this time of day?"

"Because it's such a time. Are you planning to go to Hatsumode?"

(Ah, for the first time? Huh? Is it your first visit?! Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

"No, no, I didn't think about it at all."

"Huh? Why? Should you ask God and others for various things? There are many things that are too late for you to do on your own."

He spoke, but she wasn't there mentally. Her head was full of thoughts, mainly about Fushimi.

(I mean, I'm so happy that I'm talking normally now. I'm so happy. What should I do?! My chest tightened, my eyes got hot, and I'm so happy I could cry. I'm smiling!), she thought.

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun isn't the type to trust God that much. I'm going to go to Hatsumode. Oh, it doesn't mean anything weird. It's okay to go separately. I'm a little surprised."

As she struggled to get rid of malfunctioning muscles by rubbing her face, Fushimi said, "I can't go normally.", when she thought she should fix things.

(Huh? But you're going today?), she thought.

"Eh...?"

"I have arrived. Look down from the window. Don't make a loud voice."

(What?), she thought.

Surprised, she looks out the window.

She ran out onto the balcony, and saw Fushimi below.

"Ah... Fushimi-kun!"

Fushimi, who frowned, put his index finger to his lips and twitched his mouth.

When she held her mouth with both hands, Fushimi breathed as if he was relieved, and whispered through the PDA.

(Yes, I'm ready...), she thought.

"However, curfew is past. The door is locked."

"What? I know. I'm a dorm student. Can you get out of there?"

(Here...), she thought.

"Is this here? But is it up here?"

"You should jump down."

(Oh, don't say it easily!), she thought.

"I don't feel like I can land safely."

"Okay. I'll catch you."

".....!"

"So get ready soon. You can do it."

"Wow, I see. Wait!"

She closed the windows and curtains at once, and quickly got ready.

She wrapped the scarf tightly, put on the boots she brought from the front door, and stepped out onto the balcony again. Oh, of course she turns off the lights in the room.

"Slowly cross the fence."

Fushimi looked at her and gave her instructions in a low voice.

Honestly, Fushimi hung up and spread his hands under her, saying, "Slowly lower your feet."

She attended, put the PDA in her coat pocket and slowly jumped into the air.

With a slight noise, his strong arms hugged her body tightly and hummed.

"Uh..."

"It will be bad if they find us. Let's go."

"Yes."

Fushimi's big hand held and pulled at her hand.

As they began to run together, she covered her mouth with her other hand.

She was happy, and his smile naturally overflowed. However, the back of her nose was very hot and tears seemed to overflow at any moment.

She was sure that she had a terrible face at that moment.

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"Fine. It's fine if you come here."

Shortly after leaving the school grounds, Fushimi finally stopped.

She took a deep breath and looked back the way they had come.

"The window is unlocked, isn't that okay?"

"It's this time. I don't walk through the bedroom. Even if you walk, you notice from outside that the windows are unlocked."

"I hope... I've never broken curfew or sneaked out after curfew, so I'm a little nervous."

"That's how it is."

"Fushimi-kun, you haven't done it before, right? From a point of view..."

"....."

(Huh?), she thought.

"Huh? I feel like I can't shut up."

"....."

"Isn't it useless? The room manager is next door."

Fushimi clicked his tongue when she laughed unintentionally.

The situation was completely before the school trip, she bit her lip and bowed her head.

"I'm sorry!"

"Eh?"

"What happened on the school trip..."

"It was a few months ago. It's over now."

Fushimi clicked his tongue at her again.

She was scared for a moment, but she thought that she shouldn't leave it like that, and she apologized for crying.

"I'm so sorry I cried at the inn. I made Fushimi-kun a bad boy..."

"Were you really hurt?"

"Oh, no! It was because I caused a lot of trouble. You were worried. It's natural for Fushimi-kun to be angry. I wasn't angry or hurt!"

"....."

"Really, I thought I was wrong. I reflected on it too. So no matter how closely you compare it, it won't hurt. That's not the case, is it?"

Before that, Fushimi was honestly peeking into the confession.

"Fushimi-kun... You didn't even ask me to confess, let alone deny it. The figure of the girl who was crying because she wasn't even allowed to say it, let alone receive my feelings, burned inside me, in my eyes. I don't blame you, I think it's Fushimi-kun's freedom, but... I felt it. Was I being abandoned?"

Perhaps it was an unexpected word, Fushimi looked at her with round eyes.

She pursed her lips and looked down at her feet.

"That's why, it's almost paranoid that I cried. If I'm just doing this kind of nuisance, I'm afraid that one day I'll be abandoned. I felt hurt."

"So that was it."

"That's right. That's why I hate myself so much. I apologize for the fact that I was busy after the school trip and felt like it was happening to me. Then, I had negative thoughts again. Oh, they hated me. I just thought about it."

"....."

"I missed the time to apologize and I'm addicted to the swamp. I was revived before the final test, but I was too busy to apologize."

"I see."

"Eh?"

Fushimi coughed in a small voice.

It was so small that she couldn't hear him, she didn't, and Fushimi shrugged.

"I thought I hurt you."

".....!"

"I was frustrated at the time."

"Fushimi-kun..."

"Yeah, it wasn't good."

She let go of her expression as if she was a little relieved.

She shook her head violently and clutched the sleeves of Fushimi's jacket.

"Fushimi-kun's words didn't hurt me. Fushimi-kun isn't bad. I'm really sorry about everything."

"I'm saying it's fine."

Fushimi took a breath and removed her hand from his sleeve.

He then squeezed her hand again, and Fushimi started walking.

"Instead, do that. You're different from that woman, right?"

".....!"

She widened her eyes at the unexpected words and looked at Fushimi.

"....."

Wide... it was the back of a boy. There was no longer any cold air there to ward her off.

Fushimi's hair swayed at the tip of her relieved look at him.

The white breath melted into the soundless indigo landscape.

Fushimi's hands were big and he gripped her tight.

Although it was bitterly cold, her heart was getting hotter and hotter.

(What's different?), she thought.

She wanted to ask, but of course she couldn't. She didn't have that courage.

But now, with joy, she bit that word. She felt sorry for that girl.

There was the whereabouts of her next to Fushimi. She was happy and irresistible.

She was happy, her face was burning.

"Thank you for coming to the invitation for the first visit."

(Thanks to you, it's been a great New Year's Eve.), she thought.

She held his large hand firmly behind him.

There was no response, but Fushimi's hands were full of power.

"Oh!"

At that moment, those "feelings" pushed up to her chest.

She thought she liked him.

From the bottom of his heart, she liked him.

Finally, she was clearly aware of it.

(Oh, I like Fushimi-kun. I wonder when it started. I don't know. Feelings that were blooming before I knew it.), she thought.

She held her chest firmly.

"....."

She looked up at the night sky where the white breath of two people melted.

The clean air of winter brought all the light from the stars.

The moment he said it was okay, her heart skipped a beat.

(I like you.), she thought.

It still wasn't a word.

However, that feeling was now as bright as any star.

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(Can I be with Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

The wish that she was able to offer to God in the sanctuary was very small.

She still didn't have the courage to wish for something like "I want to be with him".

(Isn't it a problem for God to make such an abstract wish? But now, Fushimi-kun has just invited me to visit it for the first time, and I'm happy to make it up to him, and I even feel like I'll hit a drumstick if I want more.), she thought.

She had just secretly bought a lucky charm for the marriage.

She put it in her pocket and went home.

She had a happy moment that made she want to cry.

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"Nya! What a lot!"

Neko cheered at the chocolates lined up on the table.

"Can I eat? Gohan!"

"Huh? Cats shouldn't eat chocolate, because it's addictive."

"Wow, Wagahai is a cat, but not a cat!"

Neko puffed out her cheeks.

Even if she realized that she had a crush on Fushimi, her daily life didn't change drastically all of a sudden, and she was a bit nervous when she was by Fushimi's side.

Fushimi, the next office manager, hadn't been able to give her a decent job and hadn't had much time to spend with her in January.

Then February without any particular progress. After the final exam, she made Valentine chocolate with Kukuri in her dorm room. Neko appeared guided by the scent.

"It's amazing. It's amazing. It looks delicious!"

"Hey, that's amazing! This much! Saya-chan, when did your favorite change from Fushimi-kun to Kamamoto-kun? You have to say that."

"Eh?! No! Hmm, Fushimi-kun, right?"

"Oh. You admit it correctly. It's okay, progress. You said you didn't understand before, but when did your feelings change?"

(Hey...), she thought.

"But I don't think Fushimi-kun can eat this much."

"That's right. I mean, if you give him this amount as a gift, Fushimi-kun will reject it."

That wasn't something she could give to just one person.

"To Director Munakata, everyone at the Blue club, Yata-kun, right? Kamamoto-kun. I owed him the other day, so Kusanagi-san. I hope everyone can pick it up. Also, Yatogami-kun and Shiro "kun, right? Haha. I'll do my best."

"I am forever in your debt. Thank you for this opportunity."

She poured the marshmallows into the milk heated in a pot and mixed well.

When the marshmallows melted, she added the chopped chocolate. She mix more and dissolved.

She divided it into glasses and removed the air bubbles.

"How about a set of three strawberries, chocolate and vanilla macaroons?"

"For everyone in the Blue club."

"Who is decorating that macaron?"

"To Director Munakata."

"How about a set of Chocolate Pecan Brownies and White Chocolate Raisin Brownies?"

"Yata-kun, Kamamoto-kun, Kusanagi-san."

"Is this lot of chocolate chip cookies on the red side?"

"Yes. This chocolate cake is for Yatogami-kun and Shiro-kun. Cut it off at the silver part and eat it. Give Neko a piece."

"Hurrah!"

Neko was happy.

"Eh? So, Fushimi-kun is the cupcake that seems to be the most excited? Good. Youth. It's bittersweet."

The words that included Kukuri's laugh pretended to be inaudible.

"I'll give a marshmallow chocolate mousse to Kukuri-chan who helped me."

"Hmm. Don't worry. Good luck. I'm waiting for a report."

(Huh? Do I have to report it?), she thought.

"I'm not trying to confess."

"Well, will you do something like that?"

"That's right! It's not that I don't want to convey my feelings. I accidentally did something like that! But I don't want to break up my current relationship."

(I'm afraid to break up our current relationship. Because I'm so happy right now, right? For two months, I felt a little sick.), she thought.

When she said that as she pushed the glass into the fridge, Kukuri was so over the top that she gasped.

"I understand your feelings. I saw the time Saya-chan was sick. But don't you want to be with Fushimi-kun?"

"Well, that is..."

"If the third grader graduates in March, Fushimi-kun will become the director of the Blue club, right? So Saya-chan's educational staff will also be fired, right?"

"Yes. That should be the case."

"That means losing the cause of being by Fushimi-kun's side, right?"

She nodded.

"I know, but..."

"In other words, the relationship you have now is limited. It will definitely change shape in the next month. You can see how important it is and how scared you are of breaking it up. But what you know will change. I wonder if it really makes sense to protect it."

"Yes..."

"That's Saya-chan, and I don't think you going to say it anyway, but did you say you want to convey your feelings? That means you want to further the relationship. That's all. Then I guess all you need is courage."

"I think it's right..."

Kukuri smiled and hit her back with her fist.

"Oh!"

"I will always push you on your back and lend you my chest anytime! Good luck!"

"Kukuri-chan..."

She was blessed with friends. It was something that she did not expect before she moved.

She was glad they existed, she was grateful, and she was ticklishly encouraging.

When she looked at the cupcake, she smiled and took courage.

"Thanks."

+++++

It was snowing since the morning of that day.

By the time she got out of school, she was already a silver world.

That's why it was hard to move, but at the end of the class, she go back to the dormitory and take the chocolate to Yata.

She gave it to Yata and Kamamoto, leaving Kusanagi's share and everyone's share in the Red club.

Yata looked a bit surprised, but when she laughed, "I really want to work with you.", he even gave her that awkward smile.

Then the Blue club. With a feeling of gratitude, she handed it to each person as she thanked them.

Of course, even Director Munakata, bowing firmly. Third-year students were already free to go to school, but Director Munakata often went to school. He also appeared in Scepter 4.

Asked about the recent situation, it seems that her abilities are of three types. Two of them are superhuman strength and the one that acts on plants. And reported that she was trying various things under Fushimi's supervision.

"I'm shaking with fear to know and use my abilities. But I'm doing the best I can. I want to move forward step by step, slowly. And I wish I could overcome the trauma one by one. I'm not home yet, but I'm thinking of calling to my parents during spring break. It's a small thing, very small."

There wasn't much progress, but it was still very impressive that Director Munakata laughed softly.

And when she came out of the ward manager's room, she ran into Fushimi.

With all the courage in her, she said, "Well, I have a story on the way home!"

Fushimi made a suspicious look for a moment, but said, "I understand."

That alone was about to break her heart.

After that, her heart was in the state of Rio's carnival.

If the work went on for another 30 minutes, her chest might have exploded.

"Wow...! It's cold!"

The area was already tinted indigo, and the whiteness of the snow illuminated by the exterior lights was striking.

As she rewound the muffler and pressed the request with her gloves, Fushimi, who had finished closing all the doors, approached her as he yawned.

As it was, the two of them lined up next to each other as usual and headed home.

She walks in silence for a while. It was at this time that she was impatient and worried about how to break the silence. Fushimi breathed softly and said, "So?"

She felt a strong impact as if her chest was hit from the inside. She was about to throw away the paper bag she had for Fushimi.

Her heart was beating like a bell and her face turned red.

(Oh, I'm so embarrassed that I could die before saying a word!), she thought.

"Um, hey..."

"What's the matter?"

"That..."

Nervously, she raised both trembling hands to her face.

"This is...!"

She said it in a loud voice that the volume turned stupid, but not hard. Deep in her throat, the words froze.

She was silent for a while and clenched her back teeth.

Just one word, "I like you", was far away.

It was very difficult to say.

And terrifying. After all, it was scary. Even if she knew it was going to change shape next month, at that point she was too comfortable.

She thought that a confession of love was something normal for everyone.

But for her, that was not all. She was afraid that people would hate her. She didn't want to be hated by anyone.

(And it's so easy to break something and lose something you care about! Once everything she loved was broken and lost.), she thought.

"Oh, I...!"

For her, breaking up a relationship was very painful and made her body tremble.

She couldn't even lift her face from it anymore, so she kept hiding it in a paper bag and repeating meaningless words.

"I..."

"....."

But she decided. She wanted to go one step further and for that she had to say it correctly.

Even if the current relationship was broken, she would say it correctly.

"I...!"

It was then that she closed her eyes tightly and tightened her voice and courage.

A big, warm, soft, powerful thing wrapped around her body gently.

The scent of Fushimi, who had become the norm to be by her side, filled her.

".....!"

Hands circled around her back. Fingers intertwined in her hair. She widened her eyes at Fushimi's heartbeat.

"Tsk. Give it to me quick. It's annoying."

".....!"

Really annoying, boring, forceful words.

But she knew exactly what the word meant.

Because Fushimi did not accept letters or gifts. Letters and calls that were on the desk. He would quickly throw these things away without looking at the content.

He did not accept a face-to-face confession.

To her knowledge, he hadn't accepted any Valentine's Day chocolates. He refused to take everything, and either through what was in his shoe locker or on his desk, or gave it to Neko.

But, Fushimi accepted the gift from her.

She could understand the meaning.

"Uh..."

Tears overflowed.

Heat immediately slid down her cheeks.

(Oh, oh, I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm about to die of happiness!), she thought.



"Eh?"

Suddenly, Fushimi trembled as if he was surprised and seemed to look up.

When she moved after being invited by him, something fluttered in front of her.

(Huh?), she thought.

"What's going on?!"

She raised her voice with a red face, and also looked up at the sky.

There was a cherry blossom in full bloom there.

It wasn't just one. Impressive was a row of trees.

"Uh..."

The light red petals rose in the cold winter breeze.

The light red danced and danced in the indigo sky and on the silver earth.

Gently flapping. Leaving a faint fragrance in the wind and drawing spring on a snow-white canvas.

Crazy bloom. Yes, that was exactly.

In the dead of winter, on a snowy night, the cherry blossom trees suddenly burst open like crazy.

It was supposed to be a terribly mysterious sight, but it was easy to accept with her eyes, and maybe Fushimi's. That captured her heart.

"....."

The two looked at the petals that danced as if they were singing.

Suddenly, she remembered.

The first day of transfer. A row of cherry blossom trees that she passed while she was suffering from anxiety.

It seemed that they had blessed it again without waiting for spring.

"Hmm..."

New tears overflowed.

Indeed, Natsume Gekiishi translated "I love you" as "The moon is beautiful".

She bumped her forehead against Fushimi's shoulder and made a soft noise.

"Sakuras are beautiful."

".....!"

He probably understood the meaning. Fushimi put a lot of effort into his arms hugging her.

And in her ear, it was small and sweet and loud.

"That's how it is."