



WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS: MY PRECIOUS RED

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

## **CHAPTER 1: START**

Suddenly she raises her face to the sound of something rolling.

It looked like it was a dolly.

The morning dew turned everything milky white.

The light red of cherry blossoms stretched over her and the world turned pink.

A school route that shouldn't be there yet.

The refreshing air that touched the surroundings was cold, humid, and heavy.

The cool green was also wet with dew and reflected the morning sun softened by mist.

There was still a little time left before the morning dew cleared, the air warmed with the breath of the students going to school, and spring felt warm and joyful.

"Super Ashinaka High School, huh."

From today she will attend classes here.

Her new uniform was a bit embarrassing.

A mixture of anxiety and tension, she could barely sleep last night. She should be weak in the morning, but she woke up at 5 in the morning.

She was told that she had to go to the school principal's office in front of the classroom to register and receive various explanations from her teacher in the staff room. So she left early, but it may have been a little too early.

She walked alone before a row of cherry blossoms full of morning dew.

Being alone in a world that melts into light red made her uncomfortable.

She decided to move to this school because she no longer wanted to be alone. But after all, she had the unpleasant feeling that she here she too would be alone.

Thinking it too much, she wondered what to do with everything from the first day of moving, but she kept thinking.

".....!"

When she was desperately trying to get rid of the anxiety that was born when she moved out, she heard a jerky sound again.

"Ah?"

Was there anyone? At this time of day?

Suffering from loneliness and anxiety, she was scared and ran away. She continued to the plaza in front of the school building.

In the gradually fading milky-white morning dew, she gasped as she encountered a figure that seemed drawn in light ink.

Along with the sound she heard earlier, the shadow made strange movements.

She was a little scared, but at the same time, her curiosity grew.

Beyond the miserable line of sight, there was a boy.

A boy in a black school uniform.

Navy blue hat. Peculiar auburn hair that bounced.

The open-chested shirt was hemmed at the pants and was a bit baggy.

She instinctively looked at the bright sky blue jacket he was wearing.

A school uniform? Hey? What? Student from another school?

But here on the school grounds? But the uniform here was...

".....?"

She didn't know why, but she tilted her head.

However, when she suddenly saw his feet, she was convinced of only one thing. Ah, she already understood it. That shaking sound was the sound of a skateboard.

The boy, who seemed unaware of her existence, was skating and skating, whether he was playing or practicing.

She thought he was jumping energetically. He turned the skateboard under his feet a few laps and got back on the skateboard. He spun on impulse, lifted the skateboard with one foot, and mounted again.

Although he was gliding at considerable speed, he avoided obstacles like nothing.

A series of light techniques that made him feel like the skateboard was part of his body.

Crack...

Involuntarily, she likes it.

She wondered if she could do it, or she would fall terribly.

How will he balance it? Why does that skateboard stick to his feet even if he jumps? It was strange...

It was like playing with the wind. It was like the wind itself.





Light, fast, refreshing and unpredictable. Freedom anywhere.

There was nothing to bind or trap him now.

His appearance was carefree and he didn't seem to have anything to do with worries and problems.

Integrating with the wind as he wanted.

It was at that moment that she became curious and was watching every move he made.

"Ah?"

The boy with the skateboard got on the railing of the stairs and went down.

"What?"

In an instant he was gone and involuntarily screamed.

Hey? Uh, it can't be! He fell?!

Before thinking, her feet moved forward. She was running out of breath.

She immediately reached the stairs and stood on them. Looking down with her heart pounding, he seemed to skid over the railing, landing brilliantly at the bottom. He slid down as he was and leapt to the top.

Did he hear her when he inadvertently held her chest with both hands and took a relieved breath?

Her shoulders shook and she quickly looked up at him.

".....!"

He had amazing eyes. Sharp, fierce, warlike, and savage. Hot and strong. It was like a flame.

She took a breath and opened her eyes. He looked at her too.

At that moment, he suddenly turned bright red and hurriedly turned around.

As he was, he kicked the ground several times and accelerated. Without stopping, he left her behind.

"Wait."

She swallowed the words that rose to her throat, surprised that the words were coming out of her throat.

She rambled a bit and lowered her hand, which reflexively pursued his back.

She felt that she wanted to see a more splendid technique, but it was a bit disappointing, but was it enough to stop him?

She turned her head and turned around.

The morning dew was quite sunny and the petals of the cherry blossoms fluttered happily in the blue sky.

"I am Konohana Saya. Thanks."

The letters "Konohana Saya" written on the board. When she bowed her head, she received crackles and scant applause.

Super high school "Ashinaka", 2nd grade group.

Ashinaka Junior High School, an integrated education school from kindergarten through college. This island centered around the school is called "Super Ashinaka Gakuenjima".

The economy is established only on the island and it feels like another country other than Japan. In fact, it seems that few people come to the island, even if they are not related to the school.

Until recently, she didn't even know such a school existed. She found out about it from a letter of recommendation to move suddenly.

But she believed that this was exactly like a ship for migration.

At the time, she was in a situation where she had to transfer to another school and hopefully she would stay away from her parents and the environment around her.

So, she came to this school, which has a dormitory on this island far from her parents' house, and they recommended that she move.

Suppressing her nervous, throbbing chest, she looked around her at all who will be her classmates.

".....!"

And then, she gasped when she saw the boy with a bat on the window seat.

Eh? Was he the boy from this morning?

Was that boy from this school? Was he wearing a black school uniform?

Behind him... a big blond boy with sunglasses, he was wearing the same school clothes.

Why just those guys?

The moment she turned her neck, she realized she was wrong.

She was wrong. Not just those guys.

On the side of the hall, she glanced at the boy who was looking away.

The boy with glasses was wearing a pure white school uniform.

She did not believe that the uniform was free choice. She had not seen such a guide.

Then why?

When she was filling her head with question marks, the master said, "Then, Yukizome-san. Please take care of her.", and he walked around the main room.

In the classroom, where there was a lot of noise when the teacher left, she was a little anxious and looked around her. A girl with sincere and friendly eyes ran up to her and smiled at her a friendly smile.

"Yes. Transfer student. Nice to meet you. I'm Kukuri Yukizome."

"Yukizome-san."

"Call me Kukuri. I'll call you Saya-chan too."

She was relieved that she had a carefree smile.

"So, Kukuri-chan."

"Hehehe. If you have any questions, ask me anything! I'll show you around the school today after classes, but trust me for whatever you need."

"So what comes first?"

Kukuri begins by explaining the PDA, which is a student ID card.

Ah... the uniform. She had wasted the time to ask.

She wanted to know about the boy she saw in the morning, but at that moment Kukuri's explanation was more important. She couldn't be rude to overlook her kindness.

She regains her mind and look directly at Kukuri.

After all, that question solved itself after lunch.

"It looks delicious!"

Around the same time that the teacher left the classroom, she looked for a place to sit for lunch, and suddenly they hugged her from behind her.

"Kyaa!"

"Oh, I'm hungry! It smells good!"

When she hurriedly glanced back over her shoulder, she met stunning strange eyes, blue and gold, and her eyes widened.

She was a beautiful girl. Literally, truly, a beautiful girl.

White skin and cherry cheeks. Long straight light red hair.

A boy with silver-white hair and tender eyes came towards her, who was stunned and hardened, and clasped his hands in a hurry.

"Sorry. Hey, Neko!"

"Shiro! That gohan smells delicious! This class was really difficult!"

Hmm? Is it a delicious gohan smell?

Eh? Isn't that the delicious smell of gohan?

Kukuri smiles bitterly beside her like a poker.

"Wagahai-chan, Saya-chan = Gohan, right?"

"Yes!"

"Yes!" She said cheerfully.

"Sorry. Neko isn't good at remembering people's names. She's not malicious."

"Eh? Oh, it's fine. I don't feel uncomfortable. I was surprised."

Um... when she looked at the boy, she thought he realized the meaning of that line of sight. The boy smiled and bowed quickly.

"I'm Yashiro Isana. Everyone calls me Shiro. So I'm glad you call me that too. That girl is Neko. Shiro and Neko."

"Shiro-kun."

"Yes. And this is Kuro."

A boy approached before she knew it. He had beautiful black hair and straight black eyes.

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

"Huh? Oh, yeah! This is it!"

Unexpectedly, she bowed at the harsh self-introduction. She was shocked. By no means, when she introduced herself, have they thanked her for any support.

"Shiro~. I'm hungry~."

"So, let's make a lunch box. Konohana-san, we'll let you go then. Konohana-san has to have lunch too."

"Bento!"

Neko suddenly let go of her and looked at Yatogami-kun's heavy weight with her eyes shining.



"Hmm. Okay. Then Saya-chan, let's go. I'll show you the school cafeteria and tell you the location of the shopping department."

"Eh? But..."

Kukuri's hand seemed to have a lunch box.

"If it's a cafeteria, I think I can go alone with the navigation system. That's Kukuri-chan's lunch box, right?"

"That's right, let me go with you. Oh! I'm not just a guide am I? I want to eat lunch with Saya-chan."

"Eh? Ah..."

She said those words softly to her. She was so happy that she was going to cry.

"So, I take your word. Thank you."

"You don't have to thank, because I want to talk a lot and get to know you well, Saya-chan. Let's go!"

Kukuri called out to her and smiled.

She wanted to meet her. Those words were a bit shocking, but she was still happy. It was amazing that she wanted to be her friend.

They greeted Shiro and left the room together.

"Oh, it's true."

They were probably boys from another class. She remembered the uniform when she saw the boy in the black school uniform fluttering around and came forward.

"Hey, Kukuri-chan.", she told her as she showed her the back of the boy who was walking away from her.

"Why do some guys have different uniforms?"

"Oh, that boy belongs to a special club."

"Special club?"

"Yes. Special club activities. It is one of the characteristics of this school. There are seven special club activities at this school in addition to the regular club activities. Club members will be able to use special skills when they join the club. They are popular among students, because the word "special ability" is great, isn't it? But only the "chosen ones" recognized by each director can join the club."

The word "special ability" surprised her.

"Only the chosen ones?"

"Yes. Not everyone can enter. In that sense, it is 'special'. The one wearing that black school uniform is from the red club."

"Red club... There were two people in the class, right?"

"Yes. Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun. Yata-kun has auburn hair and a hat. Misaki Yata. The boy with the big sunglasses is Rikio Kamamoto."

"Yata-kun. I see. His name is Yata-kun...", she thought.

"Some boys wore white school uniforms, right? That boy was from the blue club. Fushimi Saruhiko-kun."

"Blue. So all seven of them have different uniforms?"

"No. There is also a regular uniform section. For example, the silver part. There is also a club that wears a rabbit mask and wears a ninja costume only during club activities."

"Eh?"

Ninja costume?

Did she wonder why? Was she the only one to whom all this was really suspicious?

"In this school, the special club activities are something special. Well, I think you will know right away. Oh, Saya-chan. There are several ways to get to the cafeteria and the shopping department, but the shortest route is to through this courtyard."

"Courtyard?"

"Yes."

Saya pushed open the glass door that led to the courtyard.

"Wow..."

She involuntarily screamed into the courtyard, which was much bigger than she expected.

The well-kept flowerbed had colorful spring flowers. The fresh green of the plantation was also visible.

The lush grass. No trash had fallen on the cobblestones. Light pink petals fluttered from the beautiful and splendid cherry blossoms. The white garden table and chairs below were very fascinating. It would be very nice to deliver her lunch there.

"Ah, but it's better to stop by on limited menu day. I think it's best to tour the school building. There are plenty of places to shop."

What?

"Eh? Did you buy it now? I heard it well?"

Eh? A joke? Would they laugh?

Kukuri just laughed kindly, "Yes. Is that true?"

"As Miwa-san says, it is a tactic. It is a strategy to expel the rivals. Most of the students cross the courtyard, so the courtyard is inevitably the most dangerous place."

She said it naturally, didn't she? Waiting? Was it weird that she didn't understand?

"I set up a purchase to get a limited menu... I haven't had any experience with that."

"Oh, is that true? It's interesting once you get used to it."

So it was.

But surely it would be fun to think of getting a limited menu through the differences? Should she think of it as a game?

That was when she thought about it.

"Sorry. I can't come here."

Kukuri sighed and looked back.

"Eh? Why?"

When she tilted her head, Kukuri pointed at something, saying "That." She was just looking around her and, for the first time, she realized that there were a lot of people gathered there and she opened her eyes.

Also, the atmosphere was not good for compliments. It was terribly upsetting and she felt bad.

A group of black school uniforms and a group of white school uniforms staring at each other. Was it a special club activity?

People who wore black school uniforms had a slightly mischievous impression. In contrast, many of the people wearing white school uniforms appeared to have a tight look. She felt like they were honor students.

However, all white school uniforms with his honors wore sabers at the waist.

So those sabers were weapons that can kill people. What was that?

"Kukuri-chan? They seem to be looking at each other, but what the hell are they doing? And what they have around their hips is a saber, right?"

"It's a conflict. What they wear on their waists is a saber."

"What?"

The answer is so simple that she doubts the ears of her.

"Conflict... is that a fight?"

"Of course it is."

"Eh? Are they fighting? Students?"

"Oh. It's a good reaction. Fresh and cool. Okay. You'll be surprised at first, but you'll get used to it. It's the usual thing."

What was that reaction?! It was really weird.

She realized that she was used to conflict.

However, when she looked around her, there were people looking away, but no one was surprised or made noise, and it seemed that Kukuri's reaction was correct there. She said it was a statement of fight, maybe the common sense of this school was a little strange?

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

"Oh, Yata-kun..."

"Yes. I told you that he is a member of the red club and wears a black school uniform. There is also Kamamoto-kun."

Kukuri pointed a finger at that big blond boy with sunglasses.

"Most of the red club members are bad. Oh, but that's fine, you'll be sure. We don't take the word 'bad' as a bad thing, so they are accepted by the students in general."

Eh? What kind of place was this? She didn't understand anything.

"Isn't it bad?"

"Hmm. It may be wrong to use the word 'bad', it doesn't mean they are bad people. How to say it? I think it's like people who aren't good to keep up with everyone. People who live their own way can be the closest ones. The principal is Mikoto Suoh, a third-year student. He is also one of the heads of this school, it is said that he has a lot of fights. You see, it's that red-haired person next to Yata-kun."

Kukuri points to the person in the middle of the black group.

Chillingly sharp red eyes. Tense and delicate cheeks.

Was he really older? He seemed charismatic. Regardless, his presence was astonishing.

"The blue club are wearing the white school uniform. They have excellent grades and good behavior. Most of the members of the group are super elite who also serve as student organizers and members of the disciplinary committee. The activities are the maintenance



of discipline, student orientation, activities such as leading students at a school event, etc."

Discipline, right? Eh? So... what about sabers? Isn't it a violation of the law to use weapons and swords?

"That's why they don't seem to get along with the blues from one point of view. The director of the blue club is Reisi Munakata, a third year student. He is the director of the Student Organization within the School, the example! of exemplary behavior!"

That's right, the central figure of the white group that Kukuri later showed was like the "exemplary student".

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

"You saw the one next to him in the hall, right? That's Fushimi Saruhiko-kun."

"Fushimi-kun."

"That's why I can't come through here. It's hard to get involved."

Well, could they involve her?

She was scared and just wanted to get out of there immediately.

"Hey, Monkey! Bastard, say it again!"

However, at that moment, a strong voice rang out from the courtyard.

She turned around and looked at the group again.

"Oh, I'll tell you a few times. Your power is below mine. MI SA KI."

Fushimi laughed vividly. Delighted, as if he was intoxicated with something.

He was creepy.

What was that look?

Furthermore, Misaki really looked angry.

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

Yata jumped up, fierce fury fading into his eyes. That's it... Misaki is Yata's name.

Suddenly, his classmates began to move.

"Wow. It's started. This is the end of the story for the special part. We have to move fast."

Kukuri came out in a hurry.

But she couldn't answer.

She was fascinated by the fiery bat metal that rose from Yata's hands.

What? It was certainly a flame.

Born from empty space, grew up in the blink of an eye and covered Yata's hands.

She was stunned by the fist that burned like a torch.

"What?"

"Saya-chan?"

The shape was slightly different, but everyone in it was able to easily create a flame and target the blue club. The members of the blue club also drew sabers one after another and defended themselves.

It wasn't just a saber, there was a blue light on the blade.

Is that a special ability?

It's like the magic that appears in the story... Wasn't it a dream?

Well then, what about her...?

"Saya-chan!"

Her shoulders were shaking and she suddenly returned to herself.

"Ah... sorry. Kukuri-chan..."

"Okay. It's dangerous here. Let's go now."

"Yes."

At that moment, Kukuri urged her to move quickly.

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

"Ah!"

Looking back, the first thing she saw was a knife with a red lotus flame approaching them.

And that was the last thing. She didn't have time to think about anything.

"Kukuri-chan, it's dangerous!"

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

In the bright light she was unable to open her eyes, and a tremendous destructive sound was heard.

"Tsu!"

However, it was only a moment, and soon the light disappeared like a lie.

However, the numb ears remained as they were, and the sound of the world that was lost immediately after the destructive sound had not yet returned, leaving only a high-pitched beep.

She thoughtfully held her ears with her hands and shook her head to shake her eyes and limbs from her.

A vague hum came from a distance, and she suddenly lowered her eyes over Kukuri in her arms.

"Ah...! Kukuri-chan, are you hurt?"

"No. I'm fine. Nothing happened to me, but... Saya-chan..."

"Eh?"

"Well, the light is coming out of Saya-chan's body, but..."

"Ah!"

She was surprised by the words. She quickly released Kukuri and looked at her hands.

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

When she looked around her hastily, the stone pavement was severely broken and scraped only around her. It was like they had excavated with heavy equipment or something.

The knife... strangely, it pierced the stone pavement with the flame burning.

The knife turned to stone. It was also deep. That should not be the case.

"Ah!"

Many of the impossible visions piled up and the blood rose again. Reflectively she hug her.

Oh! She again...

"Saya-chan. What's wrong?"

Kukuri's question chilled her back.

When she stood up, she took a step back and walked away from Kukuri.

"Saya-chan...?"

Kukuri's astonished face stared at her back.

What did she have to do? What was she to answer?

She didn't even know what that was.

It was at that time...

"A 'skill', right?"

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

When she shook her shoulders and raised her face, the person standing there was Reisi Munakata, who was the head of the blue clan and the Student Organization within the school.

In his hand was a sword that glowed pale.

It was horrible, but... no, more than that.

"Skill...?"

She was amazed at the words she heard for the first time.

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

With that said, Reisi Munakata put the saber in the scabbard and pulled up his glasses with his fingers.

"The power of a Strain sometimes hurts people."

A painful memory crossed her mind at that moment.

She instinctively she pursed her lips.

"It is also our job to prevent that from happening. The other day, there was a report that a Strain had entered the island, but are you a transfer student?"

With a rattling noise, Munakata took a step closer. He turned and took a step back.

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

"Oh, that, I ..."

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

Surrender.

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

However, there was a dignified and sharp light in the eyes behind the glasses, showing that the words weren't a joke.



"Here we go."

Reisi Munakata approached her.

She knew she must accept. She should quietly surrender.

But what would happen as a result of the surrender? She already knew what to do after that.

She didn't want to think like that again!

A trauma revived in the back of her eyes.

She shook her head violently and took a step back. And when she held her head, she screamed.

"I do not like it!"

"....."

At that moment, the flame worn by the knife driven into the stone pavement on the rocky shore swayed and suddenly turned into a terrible glow.

Munakata was shocked and flew away.

At the same time, a column of fire that was burning the heavens unnaturally swelled and surrounded her.

"Eh?"

The heat increased and the view was surrounded by flames.

Although she glanced around her hastily, it was a flame on one side. A flame surrounded her.

What?! What was happening?!

No way, this was her too?!

"What...?"

She thought about it for a moment. Suddenly feeling congested, she looked at her limbs.

She got worse and worse and she knelt on the spot.

"What?"

The field of view was blurry. The smoke soaked her and tears came out, she spilled and got wet, she was fed by the heat and she dried herself quickly

Her head was shaking and she fell.

"Evacuate!"

Was it Munakata senpai? A sharp voice rang out.

Beyond the flames she was terribly crowded, with countless footsteps flapping.

"....."

Why did this happen?

The earth was burned, the sky, while the flames protected it and prevented other invasions.

No, it could be the other way around. Maybe to protect everyone from her. She maybe she was trapped in a fire ship so as not to harm her surroundings again.

That's. The witch must be burned at the stake. So the price to pay is fixed. She is not a good common person.

"Cough..."

She fell and coughed.

It was painful. The air was not getting well into her lungs.

Severe pain ran down her left hand.

It was a stabbing pain, but she could no longer move her body.

She tried to stand up, but she couldn't even see anymore.

However, as if she were hazy, her consciousness blurred and vanished.

(Oh really. Why did this happen?), she thought.

She wanted peace. But that was it. It must have been terribly modest.

It was at that time.

"Reject."

Lowly, a voice echoed out.

When she opened her eyes slightly at being invited by that voice, a black figure appeared in the fire in front of her. She seemed to rush there without hesitation.

No way, because such a burning flame. She couldn't just touch him and be sure.

It sure was a hallucination. It was a convenient illusion, because no one would come to her like this.

The moment she thought that, she felt something put on her head.

She was surprised by the feeling. Her vague awareness woke up and she opened her eyes.

Immediately afterwards, she had the sensation that her body was floating gently.

She didn't scream (she couldn't), but she was in awe.

When she hurriedly raised her face, it was red that was occupying her field of vision.

His red hair swayed from the heat and his red eyes stared directly at her.

Certainly, Suoh. He was the head of the red clan.

She gently touched what she had on her head.

Something with sleeves and black, maybe the school uniform?

Suoh said "Let's go.", while he held her, but did not understand the situation (it was not a hug like holding a princess, but a hug where she felt his arm. As parents do with small children).

Go where? How?

However, she still couldn't say those words.

And it seemed that he did not ask for her consent, and Suoh began to walk with her in his arms without waiting for her response, towards the flame.

It was no longer a scary story, and she reflexively tightened Suoh's shirt and supported her face to cling to his shoulders, but strangely it was no longer hot. The flame that had burned her skin a while ago was completely gone.

On the contrary, the cooling breeze immediately caressed her feet and her hair, and she widened her eyes in amazement.

"Hey! Transfer student!"

At the same time, a strong voice echoed out from the vicinity.

The voice was the same that started the fight, she shook her shoulders and raised her face from him.

His fierce eyes were now terribly anxious, painful, and distorted.

Yata.

Nor did her voice come out.

"You, your hands..."

Yata's expression, who seemed to be terribly surprised, slowly looked at her left hand. Both her blazer and shirt were charred and the back of her hand was swollen red.



Looking around her, the pillar of fire was still there. Behind Suoh and her.

How did they get out of it? What the hell happened?



As he held her in a self-defeating state, Suoh looked around him.

When she turned her gaze from her to him as if she was invited, she saw Munakata and Fushimi holding a saber.

Behind them, people in white uniforms were still busy moving.

Suoh stared at them, raised the edge of his lips and laughed lightly.

"This girl is mine."

Saying that he began to walk calmly.

She had a lot to say, but she couldn't get it right, she couldn't speak, and she closed her eyes softly, clinging to his neck.

"It's a clubroom, but... sorry I rarely use it. It's dirty."

Silky light brown hair. A good man with tender eyes offered her a can of juice and smiled.

"I am Totsuka Tatara. I am a third year student from the red club."

"Totsuka-senpai."

"Yes. You burned yourself, are you okay? How about the infirmary?"

After that, Suoh took her straight to the infirmary.

Her wound was a burn on her left hand. A slight low-temperature burn on her right knee. When she fell, she hurt her left knee a bit. It looked like her left hand was a bit awful.

She let the burns cool, then applied an ointment, covered with a bandage, insured and strap up.

All she had to do is wash, disinfect, and apply an ointment.

The time was about fifteen minutes, but during that period, the members of the red club stayed in front of the infirmary and nobody could get close, so it became a bit of a scandal.

So the nurse told her to rest, but she rejected that and immediately left the infirmary.

At the time, she was surrounded by a group of black school uniforms and in the meantime, she was led into a somewhat crowded empty classroom.

Several desks and chairs were stacked in one corner, and an old black leather couch was placed in the shape of three triangles. Juice cans and bottles were placed on the central floor, and it was really like a "gathering place".

Oh, Suoh? Suoh left her with the nurse and left immediately, but where did he go? He wasn't there either.

He had helped her and she wanted to thank him.

Sitting on one of the couches, Totsuka, who was sitting next to her, offered her some juice and looked at her left hand, which was bandaged.

"The burn on your left hand seems to be a bit terrible. You should go to the hospital after school."

At her words, Yata, who was near the door, made his shoulders explode.

"Yes. I am concerned. I hope there are no marks left."

Scars?

"Scars, what ..."

That didn't matter to her.

When she smiled and shook her head, Totsuka frowned.

"Um...?"

"I have to find a new school again."

"Eh...?"

When Totsuka was surprised, his eyes rounded.

That was a bit strange.

She was sure that this person was also in the yard. It was very strange to see that and not think "why?"

She smiled selfishly and slowly spread her hands.

"I have a power that ordinary people don't have. Did you see it? A while ago, in the courtyard. I did that in the previous school. I broke the school building in half, injuring a lot of people. That made me incapable of stay at the old school."

"....."

"That is exactly what Munakata-senpai said. I hurt a lot of people with my abilities. I have done something irreparable."

People from the red club were looking at her.

"Living as a 'normal person' in this school. Hide the ability. Never let my abilities go crazy. Do not disturb anyone, just control myself, do not stand out anyway and live calmly. That's what I imagined."

But it does not work. No way, and it all happened on the first day.

Oh, no matter how she fixed it, she was a "monster".

"Guh!"

She couldn't do anything else.

It went dark in front of her.

That show that never went away while kept burning in her mind.

Perhaps even a big earthquake happened, a part of the school building was ruined and turned into ruins.

Students who were at that time. A blue sheet placed in the schoolyard. The groan that filled the place. A bloodstained towel. And...

Involuntarily, she clenched her back teeth tightly.

She was unharmed. It was as if she was protected by the light emitted from her body.

A mixed look of amazement and fear towards her. It soon turned into disgust. Neither her friends, her classmates nor her eldest looked at her. They didn't try to get involved. Even the teacher looked away from her.

Even her family was scared and they always tried to be in a good mood. If they were in a bad mood, that house would be destroyed next. Her parents believed they could be attacked.

She lost everything that was important at the time.

She didn't want to repeat that feeling.

"No, wait. Um, Konohana-san, right? You don't have to do that. Konohana-san, you can stay here. Rather, I think you should be in this school. The "Ashinaka Super High School" is a school. where talented people meet."

"Eh? Are you gathering talented people?"

"That's right. Did you ask anyone about extracurricular activities?"

"That is..."

She had heard it.

But it was a story where you could use special abilities when you entered a special club, wasn't it a story that people with abilities met in this school?

At her words, Totsuka understood easily.

"That's right. That's true for most, but some people have the ability before joining the club, like you."

"Ah... Before joining?"

"Yes. It is training. But that is not what I mean. The important thing is that there are many talented people in this school. The skills are both congenital and acquired. That is this. It is the 'normal' of the school. You understand It is not "abnormal"."

"It is normal..."

"Yes, no one discriminates against talented people."

Discriminate?

"But... that person, Munakata-senpai said that I should give up..."

"That's because your ability is a mystery. I think I wanted to have it on hand before the hardships happened. It seems that Strains are rarely born outside of the school island."

Does that mean that she was a "foreigner" among talented people?

"You are so different from other talented people that he wanted to keep you close and monitor you."

She involuntarily clenched her back teeth and squeezed her skirt tightly.

Her burned left hand ached, prompting tears.

Why? Why did he have that ability?

The overflowing sound slid gently down her cheeks, and the voice of Totsuka and the members of the red club breathing in the room echoed out.

She didn't need something like that. That is why she lost everything. On top of that, he said it was different in another way and will likely be a target in the future. Until she surrenders, until she's under his control.

She didn't want to be a talented person. She wanted to be normal.

All she wanted was "peace". That was all.

Normally, she just wanted to enjoy school life every day. Why wasn't even that allowed?

"Usually I want to enjoy school life. I don't need any skills..."

"Uh..."

That's when she told him to leave her and roughly wiped her tears away.

"That was wrong!"

Yata, who had been standing in front of the door until then, suddenly threw himself in front of her and sat on the ground. Then, with a loud voice echoing through the room, he screamed, "It was wrong!", and rubbed his forehead against the floor.

"Eh? Ah..."



"That knife, I threw it at you!"

".....!"

"I threw the knife thrown by the monkey! Well, that's why I was the one who created the opportunity for you to use your skills!"

So it was like that.

But beyond that, she didn't know what to say.

She may have misinterpreted him as angry. Yata looked up and stared at her, then leaned down to slam his forehead hard against the ground again.

"The knife flame was probably me too! I hurt you...!"

But it was probably she who created the pillar of fire, and it was Yata who was injured.

She shook her head and wanted to say it. No, she was trying to say it.

But before that, Yata raised his head again, stared at her and yelled, "I won't let you do that!"

His eyes pierced her and held burning flames.

Dedicated to it, he gasped.

"Yata-kun..."

"Thanks to you, I didn't hurt the average student! And yet my benefactor saved you... Let me make it up to you!"

"Huh? But the wound is..."

"I will never let them monitor and control you! I will not let you do that!"

She involuntarily lost her words at the powerful scream.

"I won't let the blue club do anything! I promise to take care of other departments too!"

There was no hesitation in his hot eyes.

It was a trustworthy word that she could understand from the bottom of her heart and made her heart warm.

"I'll protect you!"

"Ah..."

"It has nothing to do with talented people or Strain! You are you! Enjoying normal school life, it is not allowed to do anything to you! Absolutely!"

"Yata-kun ..."

"Like I said, you'll be fine! So... uh, uh, don't cry, uh... that face..."

Yata lowered his eyebrows as if he was in trouble.

But still, Yata did not take his eyes off her.

"Guh..."

The tears overflowed again.

"What?! Did I say something strange?! Or did your wound hurt?"

Yata fluttered hastily and looked at her.

He was wrong. That was not. What should he do? She was happy.

She was a "monster" and there were people who wanted to "protect" her.

She could have hope and "peace", be "normal". That was forgiven.

She never thought that she would get a word like that.

Oh what should she do? She was happy!

When she brought her hands together, she squeezed her eyes tight.

Yata's worried voice, "Hey, Konohana..." made her heart flutter.

"Ah..."

She was glad. Her heart was full and she couldn't say anything more.

She could not believe it. From that day on, her life was going to change completely. She had experienced it. They hurt her and she suffered. It was still in her, too vivid a memory.

Talented people weren't special. She could stay at this school. She should calm down. Although she was happy with just that word, they would protect her.

She now she was normal.

She could enjoy her school life in peace and safety.

Will she be forgiven? Such thing. Furthermore, she, who caused such an incident...

(Oh, but I don't want to be a "monster" anymore! I'm so scared of myself! I want to recover "every day".), she thought.

"Hmm..."

Nobody said anything anymore.

Yata didn't even say, "Don't cry."

They were all there, silent.

A bell rang on the way to announce the start of classes, but no one seemed to mind that.

He was kind and gentle and surrounded her.

"Konohana?"

Kamamoto looked at her.

After skipping class for an hour, she returned to the classroom with Yata and Kamamoto, but she was scared and she stopped in front of the door.

Kamamoto breathed as she clasped her hands, holding her breath.

"Are you afraid?"

"....."

"Okay. There's Yata-san. I'm also."

"It's true, but..."

"Okay. Maybe there's nothing Konohana should be worried about."

Was that so?

Was it really possible that they saw her with the same eyes as this morning when she knew nothing happened?

"Okay. Come in."

But she couldn't escape.

She couldn't say that she couldn't get into the classroom if she was going to stay at that school.

She took a deep breath and desperately suppressed the tremors in her body.

When she looked up, Yata looked at her and opened the door.

Kamamoto patted him on the back.

She takes a breath and half shaking she enter the classroom.

"...!"

Immediately afterwards, the classroom, which had been noisy until then, quieted down.

At that moment, something cold ran down her back.

Ah! Ah! After all, she couldn't lift her face and closed her eyes. Was when...

"Hey, Saya-chan!"

It was Kukuri's strong voice.

Then there were turbulent steps and they grabbed her by the shoulders.

When she opened her eyes in amazement, Kukuri's crying face appeared right in front of her.

"I was worried! Oh, bandages! You're hurt! Oh, your legs! Do you hurt? Are you okay? I was worried because you didn't come back soon."

Shiro and his friends also run towards her with other classmates.

Was this a reality?

"Kukuri-chan..."

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

That said, Kukuri hugged her.

The warmth of her finally made her realize that this was not a dream.

Her back back of her nose hurt, and at the same time, her chest.

"Kukuri-chan... Am I not unpleasant?"

"Hey, why?"

Kukuri looked into her eyes as if she didn't really understand her meaning.

"Because, this ability..."

"Yeah?! I don't believe that at all. You were great as an ally of justice, right?"

"Ah..."

"Because you are a lifesaver, I don't think I could feel uncomfortable. Tell me if there is anyone who thinks otherwise! I will preach for about three hours! Hey?"

At Kukuri's words, Shiro and Yatogami took control.

"Ah..."

Oh, she already understood... what should she do? She was happy.

The exact opposite of the previous school. But it may be that she used to hurt people with her abilities, and this time she protected people with her abilities. Still, it's the same thing

that was destroyed here and there with the non-human ability. However, by no means, would it be accepted like this!

"Eh? Saya-chan? Why are you crying?"

"Gohan~? What's wrong? Does it hurt?"

Both of her hands caressed it gently.

That invited more tears.

When she suddenly looked for Yata, he was already moving by the window.

When Yata looked into her eyes, he turned red and turned away from her. That was not the case a little while ago. Kamamoto gave him a small blow.

Finally, she was relieved.

She took a deep breath and put her hand on Kukuri's back.

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"Yata-san! I'm here!"

Around the same time that the teacher was leaving the main room, the members of the red club entered and greeted Yata.

"Oh, come in."

"Understood."

"Wow, Saya-chan."

"Eh?"

Wow, she?

As she prepared to go home while glancing at him, she was shocked when she was suddenly called by her name. Surprised, she looked at the boy who was looking at her with a smiling face.

"What?"

"Oh, hi. I'm Chitose Yo. This guy next to me is Dewa. We're sophomores and members of the red club."

"Chitose-san and Dewa-san?"

"Yeah. The blonde over there is Eric. It was a bit noisy to get into the room, I wonder if it would have been better later. Let's go first."

Eh? Where?

"This is your bag."

"Eh?"

"Yes. Princess. Please give me your hand. Right hand. Take your left hand, don't you?"

"Eh?"

What? What was happening?

When she looked at Yata with a feeling of confusion, for no apparent reason, he turned red and turned around. Kamamoto who was next to her raised his hand and said: "Okay."

But that was it. She did not understand the meaning.

As she filled her head with question marks, they gently lifted her up and carried her out of the classroom.

(What? Well, wait. Where are we really going?), she thought.

"Ah, that? Where are we going?"

"Let's go to the red club room."

"Eh? Let's have lunch, that?"

"Oh, no. Not there. It's where we usually hang out."

Eh? Oh, that's right, Totsuka said, "We rarely use the place for lunch."

"Yes. That's right. I'll show you, so follow me."

He asked Dewa to please give him her bag, while Chitose tugged at his hand.

A boy in sunglasses and a hoodie under his school uniform pushed his back.

Behind it was a slim blond boy. Next to them, a boy who seemed to be serious, although his hair was standing on end, seemed to be calm. There were many others.

Yata was the first to walk. Kamamoto followed him diagonally behind.

Kamamoto suddenly turned around and raised his hand saying, "Okay."

Really? No, she didn't think Yata and his friends would do something to her.

But was she worried after all? Because she didn't understand the meaning or the intention.

Why were they trying to take her to the red club?

The appearance of walking surrounded by the members in black school uniforms of the red club seemed strange, and all the students who passed by had round eyes.

"It's unreasonable, it's not good."



Anna Kushina. A mysterious Japanese teacher, a beautiful girl with long straight hair and big red eyes, looked like a girl.

It was Chitose, not Yata, who replied with a smile: "I understand."

Anna nods and passes without stopping.

She looked back over her shoulder and saw Dewa.

"Huh? What happens now?"

"Anna-sensei. Doesn't she know?"

"No, I know. I know."

"Oh, Anna-sensei, the red club advisor."

After thinking about the meaning of her question for a moment, Dewa convinced her. It was true, that's why she couldn't resist.

"We got to the living room. Yes, let's go."

"Ok. You can change clothes yourself!"

Chitose, who tried to be fragile, is hastily stopped and their shoes are changed.

Oh, she's already seen it! She can look at it with a sense of interest!

However, apart from her, they march around her began again, probably because they didn't mind the direct gaze of other students.

She was embarrassed and lightly clasped her hands in front of her chest and denied.

"Oh, should I go to the girls' dorm? I'm out of school, but something..."

Eh?!

"Is this outside of school? Even though it's a clubroom?!"

"I wonder if it is a clubroom or a place that replaces the clubroom."

"Yeah? Well that's..."

"By the way, do you think Anna-sensei and other teachers will get mad when they find out I'm going in there?"

Would they be offended?

When she asked them all of a sudden, not all of them showed a congested expression, they just looked at each other and said, "Okay."

"Yes. It's fine during the day."

She got more anxious.

It was like that, they walked a bit. She went to a bar where they took her.

The name of the store is "HOMRA".

"Homura?"

"Yes. Homura. The common name of the red club."

It was strange. Was the red club commonly known as Homura?

Retro look and nice British flair. The deep, calm red was very impressive. The gold lettering "BAR", the lights and the exterior menu board were very atmospheric and liquorous.

The tenant on the first floor... but the building itself was made of brick and the window frame was dark green. It felt like you were on an English street that you see in the movies.

She knew it was prejudice, but it wasn't a "bad hangout."

"Oh, I see. It's fine during the day because it's a bar."

"Yes, please!"

Chitose opened the door with a smile.

A bright caramel colored wooden counter that can be seen as antique. A wooden floor that squeaked when you stepped on it. A classic that flowed smoothly. Various traditional and elegant interiors. The spacious couch seats looked very comfortable.

At the back of the counter, there were many bottles of liquor.

One person was polishing glasses, had shiny auburn hair and purple glasses. She wondered if he was the age of a college student. He was like an older brother with a big smile.

"Oh, that boy?"

The boy smiled as he watched her enter.

"Then Kusanagi-san, do something sweet."

Perhaps he arrived a little earlier, Totsuka, who came out the back, beckoned her to come.

"Yes, sit there on the couch."

"Eh? Ah, that..."

"Saya-chan, right? You don't like it?"

"Huh? Oh, I can't drink alcohol."

When she answered that while she was sitting on the couch, they looked at her like everyone was shocked for a moment.

Eh?

"Ah, that?"

"Well, did you think they'd be drunk? Well, it's definitely a bar here, right? But it's not good for minors. It's a waste."

She smiled and waved her hand.

She believed that it was different for not drinking because it is not good...

Oh, but that's not what she just said.

She shook her head, looked at Totsuka and then looked back at the young man.

"I thought they were drunk, but it was about making sweets. I'm not good at cakes made with western liquor, nor compotes boiled in alcohol, although I skipped the alcohol and the rum raisins. I mean, sorry. I think I am. I said many words."

"Oh, that's how it is."

"Wow, did you think it was going to be bad?"

"Saya-chan."

She felt bad. In a hurry, he waved his hands and apologized, and put the glass he had polished on the shelf and laughed mischievously.

"If you forgive a man too much, he will eat you, don't you think?"

Eh?!

"Hmm, wait a minute. Look, you guys are scaring the princess, don't you think?"

"Ah, that?"

Eh?! Princess?!

She was surprised to hear that, but the boy started to prepare.

When she looked at Kamamoto, who was standing next to him, Kamamoto said "Oh." and he point to the young man with his hand.

"Izumo Kusanagi. He is a college student at OB and from the red club. He is the same age as Mikoto. He is the owner of this bar."

What should she be surprised about?

Is he the same age as Suoh? Does that mean Suoh was repeating a year? So he was a college student and a business owner? College student?!

"Kusanagi-san, what about Mikoto-san?"

"He comes in the afternoon, now he is sleeping."

Kusanagi responds without stopping to Yata's question.

"Oh, upstairs? The second floor is also a store?"

"He has nothing to do with the store. He's using the empty room on the second floor as a nap spot. He's the King."

"King..."

"Mikoto-san..."

At Kamamoto's complementary explanation, she looked ahead.

Late? So after that he came there? What? And the lessons?

"The basement is the storeroom for the store and it feels like our gathering place."

"I'll tell you. Even though I'm immersed in this all year, it's never been quiet in the basement and they've interrupted my business."

At Chitose's words, involuntarily, she chuckled softly.

"Oh, now you have a nice smile."

Then Totsuka laughed, gestured with his thumb and forefinger, and looked at her.

"You brought her in because you wanted to see her smile, right? Yata."

"Eh?"

When she looks at Yata sitting on the counter, Yata turned his bright red face and turned around, saying, "Ah, that's not it!" She's been thinking about it since noon, but maybe Yata was really shy?

"Yata-kun, really?"

"Ah...! But I said you would have fun in your school life!"

When asked, Yata yelled as he looked away. His profile was tinted red, and surprisingly the red was turning redder.

He somehow embarrassed her and her cheeks heated up.

"That's right. That's why Saya-chan..."

Chitose knelt on the ground and reached out in front of her.

"Plays with us."

".....!"

"Oh, I said it, it's not because Saya-chan is a Strain. I'm sure she created that pillar of fire. I'm glad she protected the students in general. No, I'm really grateful. I think she is. It does worst thing to do to injure a student in general."

When she shook her shoulders, Chitose rushed to shake her hands and said, "Oh! I don't blame Saya-chan!"

"We want you to join this special club, we have skills too. It's different from you that you didn't even know you had the skills. We got them because we wanted it. I think there is a great responsibility there."

Totsuka looked at her and said calmly.

"That's right. It's like Chitose said."

"Everyone in the red club is grateful to Saya-chan."

"Really...?"

(Wow, thankful to me? Um... why did I do that?), she thought.

She was confused and denied, but everyone was smiling at her.

"Yes. Thank you. Oh, and we're sorry that your hand got hurt, Saya-chan. I'm not saying that because I feel responsible, only Yata got hurt."

"Eh?"

"The rest is fine. Because the red club has a reputation for being bad. It's great that you didn't see us with that kind of eyes, but, above all, seeing those tears and doing nothing would make a man leave."

"Chitose-san..."

"We're having fun. Maximize that out now. I want Konohana-san to have fun. So I thought. That's why you came to this school, right?"

"Totsuka-senpai..."

But, she was a different "Strain".

(I'm happy, but...! But it can be a hassle!), she thought.

However, no one seemed to care about that. Why?

On the contrary, everyone was very happy.

"I'm happy. The first female member! It's the first time I've seen it of all generations, isn't it? Kusanagi-san!"

"Saya-chan. It certainly is. There has never been a female member in the red club. I hope you join the club."

Kusanagi, who came out of the counter, said that and placed a fruit-filled parfait in front of her. It was cute and it looked delicious.

"Yes, here you go."

"Oh, thanks! It looks delicious..."

Well, everything was getting really good. It would be good?

The moment she received the spoon that was offered to her while thinking about it, the floor creaked.

They all looked back in surprise. Kusanagi also laughed and stood up slowly.

"Good morning, Mikoto."

Suoh, who came down from the second floor, yawning sleepily.

No one said anything, and naturally everyone turned away. There was nothing to block his red eyes staring at her.

Great charisma. A bottomless flame.

She shrugged reflectively.

That wasn't horror, it was amazement... she felt a bit shocking.

"....."

Looking at her like this, Suoh scratched his head.

Then he took a little breath and walked over to her silently and sat down casually next to her.

"Hey."

"Oh, yeah!"

"If you feel like it, join."

The hand that reached out in front of her, made her eyes open inadvertently.

She was instantly engulfed in flames, and she gasped.

"Eh?"





"Okay, it's like a rite of passage."

Totsuka told her gently, and she turned to look at him.

"A rite of passage?"

"Yes. Sorry, but it is absolutely necessary to join the red club. There are many people who cannot take that hand and stop joining, but trust."

Totsuka wiped the smile on his lips and looked directly at her.

"Trust me. We, the red club, will never hurt you."

"....."

Looking at Yata, there were some members who seemed a bit concerned, but his gaze was very sincere, determined, direct, and fiery.

She was relieved, it should be fine. She had just met them, but she could believe it. There were no lies in those words. They would protect her. She looked at everyone around her.

They were all staring at her.

She swallowed her breath and looked at him.

That's why? There was no wonder or anxiety.

Without anxiety, she had no reason to be surprised.

This is where her words wanted to come out of her throat.

When she pursed her lips, in the hand that held the flame, she placed her hand.