



WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS: MY PRECIOUS RED

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 2: SPRING

"Oh! It's over!"

At the same time the bell rang, Yata stood up vigorously.

However, at that moment, the chalk released by Anna-sensei hit Yata's forehead so badly that it was creepy. Yata turned around and was surprised by the gaudy sound.

"Guh! It hurts!"

"Misaki. Class is not over yet."

"Hey... the doorbell rang, isn't it over?"

"Class doesn't end until the teacher says it's over. Have a seat."

"Don't bother. It's over."

She tried to tell him that it wasn't okay. However, on the way, when Anna-sensei caught him, Yata shook his shoulders and mouth.

"Tsk. Sit down quickly."

"What? Monkey!"

"Misaki."

"I understand."

Yata clicked his tongue and sat up savagely.

"Class, so far for today. Don't forget your homework, preparation, and review."

"Wow! This time it's over!"

Yata stood up again and Anna-sensei stopped him again.

Kukuri, who was sitting next to Saya, stood up, touching her arm a bit.

"Come on. The next thing is physical education. First we have to change clothes."

"Oh, it's true."

Oh, so is that why Yata was so tense?

She quickly cleaned her desk and got up with her gym bag.

"Look, Wagahai-chan will go too. Oh, I'll lend you a bag. I'll bring it to you. Saya-chan, your left hand is burned. It hurts, right?"

"It hurts, but it's okay like this."

She shook her head, "Okay then." She replied softly.

"Physical education is often separated by gender, but today it is the same. It is a physical fitness test."

"Oh, is today the fitness test?"

[Physical education for the first and second semesters is decided by a physical fitness test.]

"Yes, it's correct."

"Is Saya-chan good at exercising?"

"Normal. If you say simple tasks like 'run' and 'swim', I'm good at it, but when it gets complicated I tend to think too much and I'm not very good at it. I need a strategy."

"Oh, basketball or volleyball?"

"Yes. I'm not good at team sports. How about you, Kukuri-chan?"

"Me too. I'm neither good nor bad."

"Neko seems to be good at exercising. She moves her limbs well."

Glancing back at Neko as she opened the locker room door, the strange-eyed girl smiled a big smile and shook her head vigorously.

"I like to move my body, but I'm not good with rules!"

It was exciting to her.

"Today we will do a physical fitness test. Everyone, do your best to get a better score than last year!"

Claudia Weismann, a physics teacher with a soft and beautiful beauty, shook the board and screamed.

"You know the first event to measure, right? Each group, after the measurement, go clockwise to the next event. When they have finished the tour, go to the schoolyard!"

"Us first, what was that?"

"Grip strength. No, it's below average, isn't it?"

Kukuri sighed.

Fushimi sighed as well, saying, "That's annoying... Do you want to do things correctly?" She had made a mistake, right? She remembers hearing that the blue club was a super elite group who behaved well.

When she accidentally looks back, he glares at her. "Sorry.". She felt a murderous aura.

"Yes. Next. Yata-kun. Come here."

She suddenly looked back at Claudia's voice.

Yata's face at Claudia's call was surprisingly bright red.

"Kukuri..."

She opened her eyes and rubbed them at the strange answer.

The event was the long seat forward lean. Claudia had just told him to sit in front of the digital measuring instrument... It is true that they will sit close enough to touch, but that's it. That's. However, Yata seemed to be going through a difficult time.

"Yata-kun, even if Claudia-sensei is the other party, he's nervous."

When she coughed, Kukuri turned around and smiled a bitter smile.

"It's like that except for Anna-sensei. He's not good with girls anyway. He hasn't talked much about it either."

"Oh? Is that so?"

"Yes. If you answer 'Oh', do I feel that communication went well today?"

Hey? Was it really like that?

She stared at Yata, who was away from Claudia, because he couldn't concentrate.

It was certainly a digital measuring instrument that a single person can measure. Even if Claudia was out, she could measure it, but she... she already understood. That was Yata, he really was shy.

Little by little, her chest grew warm.

Although he wasn't that good with girls, he looked directly into her eyes and apologized.

And he said that he would "protect" her.

It was Yata who suggested that they take her to the Kusanagi's bar.

She finally understood how cool he was. That's how it is. All of that was something he had a lot of trouble doing. What should she do? She was happy!

How much of the flame she burns was originally from Yata? What's more, she was a different Strain.

"Hey. It's Saya-chan's turn! What? You're smiling."

"It's nothing. I'm sorry."

She shook her head hastily, pressed her red cheeks together and went to Awashima-sensei.

"Yes. Grip strength meter. Start with the right hand. You should not use the left hand."

Awashima-sensei, a frozen beauty math teacher, presented you with a grip strength meter.

"I think it's okay..."

"But it hurts if you push yourself, right? You can't push yourself too hard. What did the nurse say? Did you go to the hospital?"

"Oh, sure, I was told not to move too much."

"So, let's stop the left hand. We'll only measure the right hand. Now, hold it. Lower your hand parallel to your body. Yes. Hold it as tightly as you can."

As she indicated, she squeezed the grip strength gauge.

At that moment, a destructive sound echoed through the gym.

"Eh?"

"Eeeeeeh?!"

Awashima's eyes widened. She was confused too, and she looked down at her right hand.

The needle jumped, and that was not enough, the grip piece was broken and had come off. Was it the handle part? Subjection? Anyway, the part she grabbed was broken.

Eh? Maybe she over-squeezed the grip strength gauge?!

"I wonder if it is old."

"Sensei. It's painful."

She didn't think it was easy for an aluminum alloy that wasn't rusted to break because it was old.

She understood that she should take care of herself, but she couldn't.

When she shook her head forcefully, Awashima scowled sheepishly, "That's right."

"Is it because of my ability?"

"Yes, maybe. No, maybe it is."

"Konohana-san. You still don't know your abilities, do you? I have received reports about it."

Reports from whom?

She wondered that, but it was definitely true, so she took it firmly.

"Let's try again for now."

"Eh? Is that okay?"

"Things can be firmly measured this time."

"But I could break it again, right?"

She had gambled a bit, but it was true that her abilities were so unstable that it didn't seem like she was going to continue (or rather, she hadn't had that experience yet), so she was quietly receiving a new strength meter from grip.

Suddenly, the whole class was looking at her. Of course, Yata too.

"Wow..."

She couldn't bear the attention and her face turned red.

"That's right. Konohana-san."

"Oh, yeah."

Like before, she lowered her hand vertically, but unlike before, she tried to hold it a little lighter.

However, at that moment, she heard a loud buzzing sound again and closed her eyes tightly.

(Wow, ah! Why is it continuously activated only right now?), she thought.

"Sorry! Sorry!"

Awashima shook her head and asked Kukuri to fetch a new grip strength gauge from the warehouse. Then she turned her eyes back and tilted her head a little.

"The record is over 100 kilos. Is it okay if it can't be measured?"

"I can't measure it, please!"

This was only the result of the skill activation.

Her own grip strength wasn't as good as a gorilla's, it was normal! Because she was normal!

"Hm. It seems the newcomer's skills are excellent. Unlike you."

When she returned the broken grip strength gauge and tilted her head, she heard Fushimi's tongue click from behind.

When she took a breath and turned around, Fushimi had a haunting smile on Yata. Yata also turned his fierce gaze towards Fushimi, saying, "What?"

(Ah, wait!), She thought.

He immediately mistook her for such an atmosphere.

When she looked at Awashima, she said, "Well... oh, you two...", and gave them a lecture.

Then, to stop the fight that was about to start, she started walking towards the two of them, but at that moment, the third "bang" echoed through the gym.

They all looked at her as if that sound was coming from her.

"Kya, kyaa, ah!"

Her wide eyes were stained evenly and astonishingly. With the board broken in half, she quickly bowed her head.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I'm sick and my hands are getting stronger!"

"It's okay. You two..."

Looking back, Awashima smiled gently and turned her eyes to Fushimi and Yata.

And when she points her thumb at them, she heard a pleasant voice.

"If you don't stop fighting now, you will stay like this too."

"Eh?!"

(I mean... I broke it that way. I mean, I won't do that!), she thought.

She tried to deny it hastily, but when she saw the two of them choke on the words, she thought reflectively.

(Maybe it is better not to solve the misunderstanding to fit in this place?)

However, she would like to deny that "If they're going to fight here, they'll end up like this."

When she saw them, they clicked their tongues at the same time and turned away from her.

When she looked at Kamamoto as she was about to cry from the pain of being "the last demon chief", Kamamoto also hid his smiling mouth with a deliberate throat clearing and turned away from her.

When she gave a great sigh, before Awashima who returned in front of what was broken in half, she bowed deeply.

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Rang the doorbell.

Once she stepped inside, the wooden floor squeaked.

"Welcome. Oh. Yata-chan, you can escort properly."

Kusanagi, who was cleaning the glasses, gave him a mischievous wink when he saw them.

"You took her bag and opened the door... Yeah, great. Did you keep up with the girl?"

Yata blushed a little.

"I can carry my luggage, but..."

"Oh, I am your servant until the burns heal!"

"Why do you say..."

She was embarrassed, she wondered if it was okay, but regret the words.

Saying that while she was thinking about her request, Kusanagi laughed and showed the counter seat.

"Miss, sit down. What do you want to drink? Soda, tea, orange juice..."

"Oh, never mind. I didn't get the price of the parfait yesterday either."

"Okay, don't worry. Part of the cost of the material is deducted exactly from the cost of the apartment. Don't hesitate."

Is that so?

"Well then tea. Um... please use china that can break."

Kusanagi widened his eyes in amazement.

"Break up? Why...?"

"Because she could crush him."

"What?! Crush it?!"

"Yes."

"Konohana-san, it was impossible to measure with a grip force of more than 100 kg."

"Yes?!"

Kamamoto's words surprised everyone, not just Kusanagi.

As she looked around her, she looked at Kusanagi with a glance and breathed softly.

"It seems the ability has been activated... I smashed two grip strength gauges."

Kusanagi lost his complexion, perhaps even imagining a broken grip strength gauge.

"Well, Saya-chan. Is it possible to use a stainless steel cup? The color of the black tea worsens."

"Of course it's okay. Thank you."

"I would like to thank you. But what is your ability, Saya-chan?"

Kusanagi tilted his head as he set the kettle.

"Here we go..."

"Isn't it the power to manipulate the flame? That pillar of fire..."

"If that's the case, she won't run out of oxygen surrounded by flames. She'll burn."

Suoh, who was lying on the couch, denied the words someone said with a yawn.

"And that's Yata's flame."

"So maybe because the quality of the flame was different? It was Homura's flame, so it burned out."

"It's not impossible, but... hmm."

Totsuka, who was playing with the camera at the end of the counter, looked up.

"That's too conspicuous for Yata's flames to escape, isn't it? So I think Konohana-san's abilities are working somehow... but because she acted on the flames, I manipulate the fire. Is it premature say skill?"

So cut off his words, and Totsuka lowered the camera and looked at her.

"Don't you think you could have multiple abilities? You protected yourself from the knife, (maybe) acted on Yata's flames and broke the grip strength meter, all of which are abilities of different quality."

Everyone except Suoh took a breath and stared at each other at the Totsuka words.

Eh?

She wasn't familiar with these abilities in the first place, so she didn't understand why everyone was so shocked, she opened her mouth and looked at Totsuka.

"Ah, is that unusual?"

"Yes. At least I haven't heard of that."

"Truly?"

When she looked around, everyone shook their heads evenly.

"Is that so."

"I don't know. I don't know if you really have multiple abilities, but it certainly looks different in quality."

"If so, right? Konohana-san's specialty as Strain isn't just that she was born off the island."

Coughing, Totsuka wiped the smile from his lips. Then, he made a thoughtful gesture and called her "Konohana-san."

"Oh, yeah!"

"That's what happened in PE class, right?"

"Yes, that's true. It was in PE class this afternoon."

When she shook her head vertically, Totsuka and Kusanagi looked at each other.

"Not good."

"Eh?"

"That's right... what should I do? I'm sure he noticed it too."

Totsuka covered his mouth with his hand and stared at the amber counter.

That boy? Who was he?

She bow my head, but no one said anything. Did everyone know?

Suddenly, when she saw Yata, he bitterly distorted his face and stared at the bottle on the back of the counter in silence.

The identity of "that boy" was immediately revealed.

To be exact, the next day. When she went to the bathroom alone after lunch.

"Hey."

As she put her handkerchief in her pocket, he approached her as she walked back to the classroom.

She turned around and looked back quickly.

"Ah, Fushimi-kun?"

"Are you really going in there?"

"What?" Before asking, she was surprised to hear him speak to her.

She turned to Fushimi and smiled, "Um..."

"What place is that?"

"The red club. Why are you in such a place?"

"Why..."

"I've never heard of a Strain with multiple abilities."

The words surprised her.

Maybe "this boy" was the one Totsuka was talking about...

"Do you think you can elucidate your abilities and control yourself in such a place? They do not perform any activities. You will just soak in warm water every day."

"Oh, that..."

"Anyway, are you just drinking tea and talking?"

She wondered why? It was as if he knew the red club. That crossed her mind.

By the way, Totsuka had called him "that boy", wasn't it a way of calling a person that you only know his face?

Maybe it was because she didn't answer him that Fushimi clicked his tongue.

She shook her shoulders and lifted her face from him.

"That..."

"Someday someone may be in danger. It's too late. Do you think so too? Your abilities must urgently be clarified and you must learn to control them."

She thought he was correct.

But for some reason, she couldn't obediently control it, and when she rejected it again, Fushimi clicked his tongue again.

"You are a Strain full of irregularities. It's strange. You can't do it alone. You should still be under the supervision of the blue club, for the good of the school and the students."

Under surveillance...

The words bit her lips involuntarily.

There was nothing wrong with what he said. Rather, that was correct. Very correct.

But...

With pursed lips, she touched the bandage on her left hand with her right hand.

But nobody in the red club said that.

"The captain cares. If something happens outside the school, regardless of whether it is inside the school, we may not be able to respond quickly. The meeting place for the red club is outside the school."

Then Fushimi kept talking.

But after all he was correct. It could be wrong. Because she cannot control it, her abilities can be revealed outside of school. At that time, it would be possible that there was no one from the red club nearby. She would have no way to stop the damage.

She couldn't do it alone, she thought. There was no rumbling sound. She certainly hurt people in the past.

Because Fushimi was right, she couldn't argue, she was just scared.

It was at that moment that...

"Stop it!"

A high-pitched scream echoed down the hall. At the same time, intense footsteps were heard.

When she raised her face to turn around, a reddish-brown haired boy jumped in front of them.

At that moment, her heart made a loud noise and she covered her mouth with both hands.

"Don't say what you want!"

Yata yelled as he stepped between her and Fushimi.

"What's wrong? You shouldn't come to school to act like this!"

He said with a high-pitched cry without hesitation.

Her chest warmed with his back wider than she expected, wrapped in a black school uniform.

He was there to protect her.

Fushimi was very right, but he still held him back.

She knew that she shouldn't be happy. There was no reason to rejoice. She was not a good person to protect. If she really thought of everyone, she should abide by Fushimi's words.

However, she was excited, in a selfish way.

"Yata-kun..."

Kamamoto squeezed her shoulders coughing. He gently supported his large, warm hands.

"How dare you intimidate her?! Do you know the word 'rights'?"

Faced with Yata's anger, Fushimi maintained his usual nasty and annoying demeanor. He looked at Yata with a ridiculous laugh on his lips.



"Hmm...! What?"

"Always talking, and what right do you have? Don't say warm things. It's too late after an irreparable disaster. I don't think the red club can handle it."

"Shut up, bastard!"

Yata yelled at Fushimi's words.

"Don't be silly! Idiot! What do you think that girl is?"

"A Strain, so what? This place is full of them."

Obstructing Yata's words, Fushimi took a breath.

Then, with a provocative mausoleum again, he narrowed his eyes and looked at Yata.

"You will end up being killed, Misaki. You seem like an incomparably idiotic person, right?"

"Bastard!"

Yata grabbed onto Fushimi's chest as if he couldn't take it anymore.

At the same time, the battle was dry. The lid of the memory that was desperately stored in the depths opened, making a rattling noise.

What revived in her mind was a noise and a scream. It was a schoolyard where tears flew.

A blue sheet put on the floor. The red lights of the ambulance that came all the time.

And a bloody person lifted off the ground.

The faces of the students on the gurney overlapped with Yata's.

"Ah!"

At that moment, terrible nausea hit her. She held her mouth with both hands and sat there.

"Konohana-san!"

Kamamoto's voice rang out. He quickly knelt beside her and hugged her shoulders like she cared, but she couldn't lift her face. She was trying to hold back the nausea.

Her whole body was trembling terribly.

It was an unmistakable horror.

Yes, it was. Fortunately, there were no deaths at the time, but she was lucky. After all, there were many serious injuries.

(I don't know what it will be like next time! This time I can kill people!), she thought.

Kukuri, Neko, Shiro, her classmates, and the red club members as well. Even Yata!

"Are you okay? Konohana-san!"

"Kamamoto! Get away!"

Dark horror stained her eyes black.

With the sharp shout of Konohana and Yata, Kamamoto's hand detached from her shoulder, and the signal fell far away.

Immediately after, she was strongly drawn and her body floated in the air.

"Ah!"

When she opened her eyes as she held her mouth with both hands, Yata's face was at her side.

She realized that Yata was holding her and her heart ignited.

"Are you ok?!"

She was happy.

Oh, but no. She wanted Yata to let her go, she was afraid of hurting him.

"Uya!"

"Don't talk! Now let's go to the infirmary."

The fiery eyes no longer saw Fushimi, they only stared straight ahead.

Her profile was very sad.

At the same time as her heart beat, it became painful.

(No. It's not good, Yata-kun. Let me go.), she thought.

But she didn't get her voice out of it. Her consciousness was swallowed up by the darkness just as she was.

Suddenly, consciousness arose from her.

When she slowly opened her eyes, she could see the cloudy white ceiling.

She couldn't understand the situation for a moment, and looked mysteriously around her, but she could only see the white partition curtain.

Oh, but she notices that the curtain rail was covered with her uniform jacket and this was the bed in the infirmary room.

When she got up, you probably noticed it from the sound of the bed. She opened the dividing curtain and the infirmary teacher looked at her face.

Instead of being kind, the teacher, who felt like a trustworthy mother with deep nostalgia, smiled and took off her lab coat to get closer to her.

Her smile makes her feel relieved for some reason.

"I..."

"Yes. You fell. Don't you remember?"

"Remember..."

Oh, it's true. That had happened.

"Oh, that's good. Afternoon class is over, so go home today."

"Eh?!"

Oh, was it over?

"Did I sleep that long?"

"It's a few hours, even if it's long, right?"

No, but...

"They should pick you up, so go home today. Get some rest."

"What? Pick me up?"

When she tilted her head as she combed her hair with her hand, the door to the infirmary opened instantly as if it could hear her, and Kamamoto said, "I'm sorry."

"Oh, you came."

The infirmary teacher looked at the door and beckoned.

Then, Yata and Kamamoto came out from behind the curtain and looked at her anxiously.

"Are you ok?"

"Aren't you shaking anymore?"

Their voices made her feel very relieved.

"Yes, thank you.", she said smiling. Yata's face turned bright red.

And as he was, he retreated into the shadow of the curtain. "Yes?"

"Oh, Yata-kun?"

"Yata-san didn't mind carrying you, take it easy."

"Shut up!"

Just as she was, she heard the rattling sound of the door. So did he come out?

"Huh? Hm?"

"Oh, don't worry. Maybe she's waiting outside. Konohana-san, can you get up?"

Kamamoto shrugged and put a bag on the bed.

"This is a bag. Rest assured that Yukizome cleaned it up. It should have what you need. If you can get you up, let's go home. I'll send it to the bedroom."

"Oh, thank you. Maybe it's okay."

It was time to get out of bed and get up.

She fixed the wrinkles in her skirt and put her shoes back on. She looked good.

"Especially, it feels awkward, they're not there, are they?"

"Yes. There are none. Take it easy."

"But the expression was dark. Really?"

Eh?

She involuntarily looks at the teacher.

"Is your body really okay?"

"My body is fine..."

Eh?

The teacher shrugged and said, "Then go home."

Kamamoto removed the sack from the curtain rail and handed it to her. She grabbed it and put it on.

"Then, thank you."

Ready to go, she bowed to the nursing teacher.

When she bowed firmly to her voice that told her "Take care." and she came out of the infirmary with Kamamoto, as Kamamoto said, Yata sat in the hallway and waited.

"Yata-san..."

"Oh, give me the bag."

"Eh? I can carry it."

"I'm going to do it."

Yata extended his hand with slightly red cheeks and looking away.

"Then, please."

"Oh. Then take out your PDA."

Eh? PDA?

"PDA? Why?"

"Because it's okay, get it out."

As she tilted her head, he took out his PDA, and Yata pointed his own PDA.

A bang was heard and Yata's contact information was recorded on her PDA.

"This..."

"If something happens, give me a call! Okay? Do it!"

Yata's face turned red as soon as he saw her.

Her cheeks warmed when she noticed him. She was very happy.

Because... huh? Didn't he care at all what Fushimi said?

(I can't control my abilities, right? I might hurt Yata-kun. It's not an impossible story, because I've done it in the past.), she thought.

She try to speak correctly.

But it wasn't just about being there. He will try to protect her, it was also very natural.

Why? Why did he worry so much?

It was like a dream. Was that really the case?

"If I call you, will you come?"

"Oh, that's the natural thing to do!"

He wasn't looking at her as usual, but he didn't hesitate or stagnate at her words.

"No matter what happens, hurry up and do it right away!"

Simple words that can be clearly understood without lying.

She was so happy.

(Oh what's up with this? Why am I such a happy monster?), she thought.

She tried to email "Yata-kun" while she hid her face that had turned bright red with the PDA.

Yata, who was alerted by the ringtone and lowered his eyes to his PDA, turned his eyebrows on her saying "Oh?", and finally looked back at her.

"Yes, call me, but not for something silly!"

"Oh? I'll send you an email, if you don't have anything to do..."

"Ok, that's fine."

Kamamoto turned away from Yata, who averted his eyes from him as he endured laughter.

Yata wandered for a while and then quickly turned his back on her to hide his red face from her.

"Hey, I'm not going to answer you if it's something stupid!"

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"Yes? You guys. If you get a red dot in the middle and end of the period, you won't be allowed to enter here for a while."

At Kusanagi's sudden declaration, they all yelled at once: "Huh?!" Oh, everyone except her, Suoh, and Totsuka.

Yata, who was sitting on the sofa with her, raised his hand, also stopped and looked at Kusanagi in a stunned way.

"Eh?! I won't, it's stupid. Nobody says I can get good points. Just tell me to avoid the red dots. It's the lowest line."

"But they are all themes, right?"

"It's still normal. Hey, I'm thankful I didn't say that in the skill test in April. The range is fixed at the middle and end of the period. It shouldn't be difficult."

"He can't help but show that he is our idiot, Kusanagi-san."

"I'm not trying to do that, stupid."

Kusanagi sighed and put the polished glass on the counter.

"By the way, Saya-chan, how did your skill test go?"

"Huh? Oh, the average score was only 80 points. Math was a bit difficult."

The inside of the tent was so cold that everyone looked at her with surprised eyes.

Yata's hand also stopped again.

"What? I haven't taken those numbers."

"Oh, no, at my other school, the transfer exam was really difficult."

Eh? Was that so?

(But I haven't taken the transfer exam, have I? I got a letter of recommendation and I just...), she thought.

Thinking of that, Totsuka suddenly looked at her and looked at her left hand.

"By the way, your burns, don't you have to go to the hospital anymore?"

"Oh, yeah. Thanks. All I have to do is be careful not to leave marks."

Yata applied to her a vitamin C ointment and lotion to the back of her hand and bandaged it.

He put a gauze on and taped it up. He had repeated it many times since April and he was used to it.

Yata who usually had a hard time talking to her, much less touching her, had a calm face when he did that treatment, probably because it was a treatment. He would ask things like "Are you okay?" or "Are you no longer in pain?"

When everyone made fun of him, he turned bright red and got angry, but he didn't stop doing it after all.

"Will the scars disappear?"

"There is no problem with the right knee. It seems that the left hand thing will disappear cleanly if care is not neglected. It will take some time, but it will still be clean in the summer."

"Yeah I'm glad."

Totsuka smiled as if he was relieved.

"Hmm. Left hand, finished. Is the bandage not tight?"

Yata propped up the scissors and looked at her.

She slowly opened and closed her hand, shaking her head.

"It's okay."

"So next is the foot. Put your foot up."

Yata hit the couch, pointing at it.

When she lifted her leg up as he told her to, Yata took off her shoe and put it on her lap. Then he released the bandage on her right knee.

"No matter how many times I watch it, it's erotic, right?"

"Aha. But Yata doesn't see it with evil eyes like you do, Chitose."

"No, Saya-chan doesn't either. She lets a man's hand apply ointment or lotion."



"That's why Konohana-san doesn't have an evil idea like Chitose."

She could hear them.

No, she wasn't embarrassing now, but she was really embarrassing at first.

She had gotten used to it a bit lately, but not that she wasn't embarrassed at all.

But more than that, Yata was desperate... It wasn't Yata's fault, but he was desperate to make it up to her and do what he could.

So she was very happy.

"How about the pain?"

"Most of it is gone, it's just turning red. Maybe I can use a lotion."

"Hmm. But don't overdo it, should I apply a little more salve?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that conversation too erotic to listen to?"

"Shut up, Chitose."

"Saya. I'm off topic. The guy who got a red dot in the middle and end of the period is banned from coming for a while. That's absolutely unreasonable."

Kusanagi stopped the talk by hitting a bread. Yes, that was the story.

Yata's hand stopped again. Maybe for Yata it was quite dangerous?

"If you don't study properly, you won't be a professional."

"You don't want to study because you want to be like Mikoto?"

"No! Go study! Even now!"

Yata sighed as he opened the cap on the lotion.

That was it. It was so dangerous that he sighed.

When she laughed, she softly made a noise to Yata, who was in a gloomy state.

"Let's do our best."

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"Are you studying correctly?"

While she was doing her homework in her room, it suddenly occurred to her to email Yata.

She went into the kitchen, boiled water, made instant coffee, and returned to the study table with hot mug in hand, and had already received an answer.

She sat in the chair and enthusiastically opened the message.

"I was in Homura a while ago."

Only those words, but she was very happy. Yata answered the message correctly even though he said that he would not reply nonsense.

It was blunt and a short sentence, but he answered correctly the right way every time.

She was happy to send an email even though she had no problem.

Today was certainly a study session at HOMRA.

Some people were playing games, but Yata was studying hard.

When she casually showed Yata, who scratched his head, he turned red and didn't speak properly, but when the problem was solved, he said quietly, "Thank you."

When he asked her over and over again, "Tell me...", "Tell me this..." and "Tell me that...", Kusanagi, who was watching them, said, "These idiots. Couldn't they study elsewhere?", but he was happy.

At HOMRA, the red club was very warm.

It was so much fun mingling with everyone and being happy.

"I have to do it in the bedroom. Aim! Avoid the red dots!"

She sent a reply to Yata and wrapped both hands around the mug.

The sweet, warm coffee made her heart feel warm.

She never dreamed that she could spend her days with that feeling even though her abilities had been revealed to everyone. She believed that it was all thanks to Yata and everyone in the red club.

Was she really good? She was having a quiet day like that.

The PDA shook to notify her of an incoming call.

When she opened the email she received, she saw the words "I'm upset."

"Hm, you don't have to be upset, Yata-kun. Maybe you're just blocked, aren't you? Let's do our best together. Ok?"

She texted while she smiled.

He immediately responded with an "Ok."

That made her feel like it was the end of the conversation, so she thought about it for a moment and asked, "Let's study in the library instead of going to HOMRA tomorrow."

She thought that he would probably hate studying in the library, but the answer was, surprisingly, "I can do that.", and she was shocked.

Eh?! Was it okay to go study in the library? Wouldn't he go to HOMRA?!

Oh, she didn't think he would return that answer. Yata really wanted to avoid the red dot.

She was happy in another way and said, "Let's do our best! If you have any questions, ask more and more. If I can understand it, I will show you."

Yata's response was: "I don't know, there are a lot of things I don't understand."

Yata's worried face seemed to appear before her eyes, and it erupted irresistibly.

"Hahaha. Yes. Yes... I see... Hehehe."

She laughed and wrapped both hands around the PDA.

But still, she told him to study together in the library without giving up.

"Well. If that happens, I'll ask you to avoid the red dot. Homura without Yata-kun is alone."

She put down the PDA and picked up the mechanical pencil again in a new mood.

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"If that is."

Awashima-sensei announced with the ringing of the doorbell.

They all responded at once. A great chorus of "Yes!" echoed through the classroom.

"Turn over the answer sheet."

She placed her answer sheet on the stack of paper that came from behind and turned it forward.

Awashima received it, counted the number, and confirmed it. And when she finished, she looked around and smiled.

"Yes. Good work."

"Good luck! The test is over!"

The screams increased. She too took a breath and sank down on the desk.

After all, the math was difficult. She was not good at it. The last problem, she could not write it, although the final score would be high.

When she was narrowing her eyes, Kamamoto's voice, "How did it go, Yata-san?", jumped into her ears.

(Oh yeah! Yata-kun!), she thought.

She snapped her eyes open and woke up.

And when she got up on the same impulse, she went with Yata and the others.

"How was it? Do you think you can pass?"

"Oh, maybe it's okay."

Kamamoto smiled. Looking at Yata, he was a bit confident.

"What about, Yata-kun?"

"No! No, that..."

When she looked into Yata's eyes, he blushed a little and walked away.

But soon, he coughed, "Well, I was able to write more than usual... I have hope."

"Really?! So..."

"Well, I hope it goes well. But, I think it can be avoided."

"Hooray! That's good! You did the best you could!"

They didn't have the result yet, but she was relieved. She didn't want Yata to be banned from the bar.

When she clapped her hands, Yata flashed a goofy smile, "Oh!"

That was irresistible and she warmed her chest.

"Oh that's right. Hey, Yata-kun. This morning's email..."

".....!"

She was worried about it since morning, but she finally asked a question that she couldn't ask because she thought it shouldn't disturb his concentration on the exam.

At that moment, Yata patted her on the back and his overreaction made her narrow her eyes. That? That reaction.

In fact, when she woke up this morning, she was surprised to receive an email from Yata.

Because he, until today, he almost always responded to her emails, but Yata never spoke first. That day for the first time, Yata sent her an email. She had been impressed since the morning.

But that was a slightly confusing email.

There was no topic or text. It was just an email with a photo of the crepe shop attached. She at first she thought it was a wrong email.

Because she knew him well, Yata wasn't very good at sweets.

It was strange to think of Yata sending her a photo of a crepe shop. She felt something was wrong.

So, she thought about asking what happened after the test was completed, so she put it on hold... Hmm? Wasn't that a mistake?

"Email?"

Kamamoto tilted his head and looked at her.

When he spoke to him because he didn't want to say something, Kamamoto turned his gaze to Yata, "Did you send it?"

"Well, well!"

Yata stepped out of Kamamoto's line of sight and said that.

(Oh, after all, he sent it to me. Not a mistake.), she thought.

What did that mean?

Suddenly, she put her finger on her lips and thought.

(That email. What if he couldn't write the topic or the text?)

What if attaching a photo was the best thing the shy Yata could do in front of a girl?

Oh, maybe that was it?

".....!"

Her heart made a loud noise.

Ah, she wished it were so.

But what if it was different? If it was a coincidence? She was thinking too much.

(But what if...? In this case...), she thought, and her face turned red.

Was it okay to say that? If it was different, it would be a shame, but... but!

She clenched her hands tightly and looked at Yata.

"Oh, that... if you want, can you take me? No, I want to go!"

".....!"

Yata turned his back on her at her words and looked away.

When she laughed again, his cheeks turned bright red as she looked at him. She then she thought that she was not wrong, (Ah! It can't be! Yes, that was it!).

She ducked involuntarily, hugging her knees.

"What?! Konohana-san?"

She couldn't raise her face at Kamamoto's voice of surprise. Because her ears were bright red and she could understand him.

(Oh, I get it! Yata-kun is great and I like him!), she thought.

Even though he wasn't good at talking to girls, he emailed her and everything.

Of course, inviting a girl must have been a huge hurdle for Yata.

Yata, who wasn't good at sweets, went to the trouble of looking it up and bravely emailed her, right? She always wanted to see it, and she could have Kamamoto translate it!

"Eh? What's wrong? Yata-san. What happened to Konohana-san?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything."

"Huh? What's wrong? Am I the only one in the group?"

"Shut up. You have to keep up with yourself."

Eh? There, Kamamoto always goes where Yata went, but...

"But no. If so, okay?"

"Huh? Hey, Konohana-san."

Face down, she shook her head and refused to explain.

"Yes?"

It wasn't that hard to tell, was it? "I invited you to a crepe shop.", "I invite you.", is a story that can be done, right? Also, if she went to the crepe shop later, she could make a rough guess, right? Still, she didn't want to say why.

Yata invited her, she wanted to keep that impression.

It could be for a short time, but she wanted to keep it.

She knew Yata was embarrassed, but when she saw him refuse to talk to Kamamoto in the same way, she even felt the same way. She also tickled her and she was happy.

That "happy" accumulated and he made her happier. Yata was amazing. She felt sorry for Kamamoto, who kept it a secret.

Oh, but after all, she wanted Yata, who had the courage to send that photo, to be with her.

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"Hey, how about the crepe shop?"

"It was delicious!"

With a big smile on his forehead, Kusanagi said, "I'm glad."

"That's why the three of us are late. I see, it's too early to be relieved."

"Of course. You know that, right?"

"I don't know. I don't think so when I see him frolicking behind me."

Yata, Kamamoto and everyone else were talking about the athletic festival around the couch where Suoh was sleeping.

It's basically a class competition, but after all, there seems to be a competition that uses skills to compete between special clubs, and they were all on fire.

Above all, the extreme tag game that takes place at the end of all competitions, it is a competition that can be said to be the flower form of the school athletic festival, and it seems to be very exciting.

Everyone was motivated to beat the blue club this year.

"Saya-chan, will you participate?"

"Eh?"

Suddenly, Kusanagi said that to her and looked back.

".....?"

"Sports day. If you go to the competition as a member of the red club, yes."

At Kusanagi's words, everyone stopped talking and looked at her.

"Eh, what?"

She notices that everyone's eyes were shining as if they were saying, "Let's do it!", and she shook her head hastily, also with both hands.

"Yes, yes, refrain!"

"Eh? Why? Do it!"

"Chitose-san. No, I refrain from doing it! I'm afraid of competitions that use my abilities. I can't control them."

In the first place, she had never tried to develop her abilities on her own. She didn't want to use them at all, but just hung out.

Did they want her to use her abilities voluntarily when she didn't even know what her abilities are? What a terrifying thing. Just thinking about it made her shiver.

"I don't know what will come out in the first place, so there's a good chance it won't work."

"Oh, never mind. I'll keep helping you..."

Yata's little cough made her eyes widen.

"It did not matter?"

Even having seen that pillar of fire, the stone pavement that was sandwiched between them, the broken grip strength meter, and the broken recording board, she was surprised that Yata could say that normally.

She really couldn't tell him anything.

Wasn't Yata afraid of him? Doesn't he think she will ever hurt him?

She didn't want him to be afraid of her. Of course, she didn't want him to avoid her.

She was very happy that he treated her like a "normal girl".

She was so happy that she trembled, but still she responded.

"But I don't know what will happen..."

Still, she was afraid to "use" her abilities voluntarily. It could affect the competition and the athletic festival itself. Especially if she hurt someone.

When she shook her head and looked at Yata, Yata coughed, "Oh, I get it.", and turned his back on her.

"No, if you don't like it, no. I'm not trying to force you. But if you're enjoying school life, join us."

"Join..."

"Oh, I'll help you. I'll follow you as much as I can."

"Ah..."

A word spoken without hesitation.

Maybe he wasn't very smart, but he was warm and kind and cool.

Although he looked closely at what she had done, he was able to say it without a small bet.

The masculine side of him was great.

(Oh, I see. I'm so happy!), she thought.

"Yes, thank you. Ordinary competitions are aggressive. Oh, that's right. Let's take first place in class grades, Yata-kun. I'll do my best too. I'll enjoy it!"

Rubbing away the burning dependency, she regained her composure and clenched her fist.

"Let's get the trophy! Yata-kun, you can win right?"

With expectations, she looks directly at him.

Looking back over his shoulder, Yata shook his head with his usual awkward smile.

"Leave it to me."

+++++

Sports festival. Joyful cheers filled the playground.

It was an ideal sunny day for a sports festival. The blue sky was tinged with cloudless blue. She was cheerful enough to sweat even if she didn't move.

Without disappointing the expectations of the class, Yata participated in quite a few competitions and was producing good results.

She never tired of looking at Yata, who was running like the wind.

Speaking of not getting tired of looking, Suoh was also looking. He had a completely different attitude than Yata.

What's the point of walking calmly, he wasn't even running? Burning obstacles in an obstacle course? Very surreal.

Kusanagi took a break from the store and came with a large package. She was surprised not to know that. Oh, but the rice balls and omelette were delicious! Why was everyone's lunch box so delicious?

The appearance of installing a video camera on a tripod was like someone's parents, and she laughed with Totsuka.

But it seems like he was filming with a lot of energy, and he really wanted to see it with everyone at HOMRA.

"Next is the final competition. It is an extreme tag team game against special club activities."

That was the announcement that echoed down the hall. She closed the cap on the mineral water she was drinking and hurried back to the cheering seat for the special club activities.

"Oh, come here, Konohana-san."

Totsuka, who noticed her, motioned for her to come with him.

She sat next to him and looked at the executive committee that was cleaning up.

"Speaking of which, I was wondering, but what is extreme etiquette?"

"Hmm? Oh, the one in last place wins the competition."

Eh? What was that? Kill each other or something?

In response to the answer that was diagonally above her expectations, she instinctively looked at Totsuka in confusion.

"Eh?"

What did that mean?

"Specifically, it's a competition where five players from the special club are sent to compete. One of the five is wearing a special club color ribbon. If it is stolen, or if it is undone, if it is burned, if it is cut... Anyway, if they take it out of your head, you will lose."

"Hey..."

"The remaining four people protect the people who are hovering anyway. So, surprisingly, it's a competition where strategy is more important than skill."

"I see. Well, maybe."

"That's right. I'm a bit weak at that. It seems that the blue club has won many championships even in the past. That's because it is controlled like an army."

Sensing what she meant, Totsuka smiled.

That's right, uh...?

"Oh, that? I think the silver club had three members in the first place. But is it a competition where five representatives are selected?"

"Oh, the silver club will not participate. Last year there were fewer people. The silver club just marks the beginning of each year."

Eh? Was that so?

"Oh, hey, does it start?"

Shiro came out with a smile and turned the starter pistol towards the sky.

After a moment, he rang out a loud electronic sound signaling the start of the competition.

The players all began to move at the same time. A great ovation enveloped them.

"No matter how many times I see it, that rabbit is surreal."

"That's right. But Yata will go."

Yata, the commander of the red club unit, rushed straight into the enemy camp.

There was no strategy. Really, it was attacking directly from the front.

Kamamoto and Chitose followed.

Suoh didn't move.

He stood silently and stared at Munakata, the leader of the blue club.

"Ah. okay!"

Everyone around him raised their fists and shouted loudly.

When she turned his gaze towards Yata, Yata also struck a gutsy pose with the best smile. Apparently, he managed to burn the rabbit-faced headband.

He had a cheerful expression. Immediately, he brought his lips together, harbored a fierce flame in his eyes, and plunged into a new enemy.

"....."

She was fascinated with him.

He do not doubt it and challenge from the front, facing the enemy directly.

There was no alteration of the plan, nor any calculation. He didn't even think about winning.

He just believed in himself and his friends, and ran.

His appearance was very stringy.

To her, who had run away from various things, he looked very bright.

She intensely yearned for him.

(Oh, he's amazing. Amazing! Yata-kun is amazing!), she thought.

"The green club, left! The rest are from the red and blue club! This year was also a unique match!"

The announcement heated the place even more.

Then, turning his back on the comment, Yata started running towards the blue club, who was solidifying his defense.

The opponent was the blue club, which is good at tactics and strategy. Involuntarily she breathes, then clasp her hands and pray that Yata won't get hurt and will win.

Yata's hand was engulfed in flames and the members of the blue club held his swords.

Five beautiful leaves that roared in the sunlight.

She was surprised at how sharp they were, she got up and yelled.

"Yata-kun!"

At that moment, Yata's flame swelled tens and hundreds of times. It grew big enough to burn the skies, swelled up like a living being, and attacked the blue club.

".....!"

The blue club took a breath and faced a sudden attack that was completely different from what they expected.

That momentary delay was fatal. The flame burned the headband.

"Ah! Wah?!"

The scorch broke and fell to the ground without a sound.

"The winner is the red club."

Big applause in the hall at the exciting announcement.

Everyone in the red club stood up and raised a voice of joy.

"I did it! Saya-chan! I did it!"

"Yes! You won!"

Everyone clapped and rejoiced.

"Yata-kun! Great!"

"You did it! Yata!"

Kamamoto and Chitose ran towards Yata, who was somewhat confused.

Yata, who was hugged, looked at Suoh for some reason.

For some reason, Suoh and Fushimi were looking at her.

Beside her, who noticed the line of sight and tilted his head, Totsuka put his finger on his chin and narrowed his eyes.

"I see."