



WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS: MY PRECIOUS RED

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

CHAPTER 4: AUTUMN

During the summer vacation month, she spent a lot of time playing and then the new semester began.

There were many school events in the fall. The sophomores had a school trip, and they were planning and preparing for it, so they were busy with more than just school work, and the days were rushing by.

In the blink of an eye, summer vacation turned into a page of memories, it turned cool, and she changed her uniform. Then they entered the period of preparation for the intermediate test, which was a difficult task for the red club in many ways.

Furthermore, it seemed like Suoh could repeat a year again.

Specifically, if he gets a red point, he will have another repeat year.

To avoid that, Kusanagi told all the members that they would be banned from entering and leaving HOMRA until the end of the intermediate test.

In the first semester, if they got even a red dot, they would ban him, but in the second semester, they were all banned until the midterm test was over. By the way, if they get even a red dot, it looks like it will be banned until the end of the year and the New Year holidays.

Of course, they were not satisfied with the harsh words.

Everyone had to shut up at Kusanagi's words, "By Mikoto."

"Although Mikoto works hard, what about the others? Those below can avoid the red dot, but the one above is like this. Yes? It's a collective responsibility."

Suoh sighed at the words, and if Suoh agreed, no one could complain. Everyone agreed with that.

From that day on, Suoh was in the dorm as soon as he finished school. He studied while he was watched by Totsuka. Everyone had a study session in the school's red club room and headed straight back to the dorm.

Saya, Yata, and Kamamoto often went to the library together. Like today.

When she stopped the movement of the mechanical pencil, she exhaled.

Yata, who hated studying and got bored quickly, probably did his best for Suoh, but for some reason, he tended to get distracted.

"I wonder if it will finish soon..."

Saya lowered the tip of the mechanical pencil as she turned it over in the notebook.

They were a little upset that they couldn't see Suoh, Totsuka, and Kusanagi.

But even after they finished, they started preparing for the school festival right away. After the school festival, the final test. After that, a Christmas event, and so on.

Of course, there will be activities with the red club at school festivals, so she doesn't think she can't meet them at all. However, she cannot afford to neglect her class activities and if she thinks about it, she believes that the time to go to HOMRA will be greatly shortened from now on.

And, aside from Suoh, Totsuka should be busy studying for the entrance exams if he goes to college.

Now that she thought about it, in the ordinary activities of the club, the third-year students have already retired.

She maybe she "could play" until the summer, and she thinks she won't be able to see them much from now on.

"No. It's lonely."

Involuntarily, she put those words into her mouth.

The truth is, she didn't like it at all. For the future, it is not something she can say. She was not good to stop thinking that.

It didn't mean that she couldn't get together at all, and she felt like it was something different to be hanging out all the time, so she wondered why she was thinking that.

But if she had an excuse, she would lose everything again.

Back then, it seemed like a miracle to be surrounded by "friends" like now.

Every day was fun, comfortable, cool and she wanted to be "the way it is".

"I want to see Suoh-senpai..."

Just seeing Suoh dozing on the bar couch, she felt relieved.

"I want to see Totsuka-san and Kusanagi-san..."

She was healed by Totsuka's gentle smile and Kusanagi's mischievous smile.

Since she moved she was there, since she was very lonely.

"Oh, I wonder if the test will end soon..."

It was at that moment that she sighed several times.

"I can't help saying that."

Yata said it as if he was a little frustrated and stood up.

She was surprised by the words because she thought Yata had the same feelings.

When he opened his mouth, Yata coughed, "I'm thirsty, so I'm going to buy something.", and immediately turned his back on her.

She couldn't understand how he looked so terrible. She turned her eyes to Kamamoto.

"Huh? Did I say something that pissed him off?"

Or was she loud? Did she get in the way even though he was so focused?

Oh, or was she persistent? Repeating things that cannot be avoided.

"Uh, did I say something wrong? I'm sorry."

Kamamoto smiled and shook his head.

"No, do not worry."

"But..."

"Yata-san is a great person."

"Eh?"

Eh? Were they talking about the same topic?

When she bowed her head, Kamamoto smiled even more and looked out the window.

"But the three people in front of Yata-san are more amazing. Maybe it's frustrating."

"What? What's the story? I don't know."

"That's fine, Konohana-san. Don't worry."

".....?"

"Yata-san wasn't mad at Konohana-san either. Don't worry."

Once again, she was scared and confused, and looked towards the door where Yata had disappeared.

The day was quite heavy.

It was the time she closed the library, that is, the time they left school, so she gathered her books and went to the entrance with Yata and Kamamoto.

"The sun is setting faster."

She looks up at the sky, which changed color at night, as if light ink had been spilled.

Since then. Yata, who immediately returned with a drink, didn't seem to be in a bad mood at all, which made her feel very relieved, but what was it after all?

However, she did not want to infuriate him and make him angry again, so she avoids that topic and, thanks to her hard work, she felt that her studies have improved a lot. Not only her, but also Yata and Kamamoto.

When she goes back to the bedroom, she will do the best she can.

She stretched out and suddenly looked at Yata.

It was already October. Everyone in the red club wears a pure "black" that was different from ordinary students.

"By the way, the red club does not have girls' uniforms because there are no other girls. Not only now, but I am the first in history, right?"

"Huh? Ah!"

"It's a bit disappointing. The red club's black school uniform is great. The girls don't have those school uniforms, but I wish I had a black uniform. Wearing the same black as everyone else. I wish I had."

".....!"

"Well, it's a real problem, and I know it's impossible to make a uniform for one person, right? Even the silver club wear normal uniforms."

She look at Yata and Kamamoto, and smile.

"After all, I long for that a little. It's great."

"Seriously?"

"That's how it is."

When she said that, Yata thought about the words for a bit and pushed the bag against Kamamoto.

When she wondered what he was going to do, Yata took off his school uniform and smashed it against her startled head.

"Eh?"

"Then, you should put it on."

"Eh?"

(Oh Yata-kun, isn't it cold in just a shirt? You'll catch a cold.), she thought.

She tried to quickly return it, but he said, "Okay, put it on!"

"No, it's okay... I'm happy though! But Yata-kun, isn't it difficult if you get sick before the test? If you get a red dot, will you be banned until the end of the second semester?"

When she said that, he was a little upset and said, "The distance to the bedroom is not an exaggeration."

Well, it certainly wasn't that cold yet.

And she was happy after all. The red club uniform, the test of friends that everyone wears. To say that she did not yearn for it was a lie.

When she said "Oh, thank you.", she took off her light blue uniform and offered it to Yata.

"Eh?"

"Then Yata-kun, you can use this one. After all, it's cold."

"But...! Do you think it would fit me?"

"What?! The height doesn't change that much!"

"Ah?!"

"This, Konohana-san, leave it at that!"

It was true, but Yata turned around, so she didn't say anything else, and she was a little excited to put on Yata's school uniform.

"Eh?"

However, when she pulled it up her sleeve, she thought her height wouldn't change much, but it was big. She couldn't get her whole hand out of her sleeve. Her shoulders also felt like the fabric was too loose.

Oh, that?

"Yata-kun, are you bigger than me?"

"Ah, it's true!"

When she accidentally coughed, she said...

"Wow! I'm sorry! Because it doesn't normally look like this!"

But that was correct. After all, he is a boy.

Suddenly, a strange sensation arose and her chest gradually warmed up.

She held her mouth gently with her hand hidden in the sleeve of his school uniform.

The red club uniform and Yata. It was warm, and she was happy.

"Why does a girl look cute when she wears men's clothes? Oh, isn't that our uniform? Yata-san..."

"Bah! Oh, it's just a shirt!"

"Eh? Wow, is that so?"

She also thought that he would say, "It is not mine!"

When she looked at Yata with blinking eyes, she wondered if he had noticed, and suddenly he turned bright red. Involuntarily, she looked at Kamamoto and laughed.

"Hmm...! Don't be laughing!"

"Ah. I'm sorry. Because..."

She was happy.

(Oh, I think I'm very happy. Who would have imagined such a day would come? I wonder if I'm that happy, but every day I have fun.), she thought.

"You're laughing!"

"Fufufu. Come on, sorry. A little later..."

She grabbed Kamamoto's arm and laughed.

She was happy. Finally, she was having fun.

Then she didn't notice.

There were people who looked at her and exchanged words.

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"Well, at the red club?"

"Yes, in the red club."

Totsuka smiled kindly.

Thanks to the effort, Suoh passed the intermediate test brilliantly. Also, it seemed like there was a lot of space when it came to points. After all, he was a person who could do it. He just didn't do it.

Then as for the other members, there were a lot of people who were barely there, but all of them still had no red dots. Everyone could do it, right? They just didn't.

So the next big event is the school festival!

Of course, this was her first experience at the school festival. She really wanted to do it from now on.

The next day they said it at the "HOMRA" bar. After a long time, senior Totsuka sent a notice to all the members of the red club so that they could meet in the school club room.

And then, looking around the lineup of members, Totsuka said, "Let's do something at the school festival, red club."

"Of course it's fun to look around at the school festival, but don't you think it's best to be ready for anything?"

"Yes, that is true."

"That's why I suggested doing something at the red club. Wouldn't you like to create the best memories of Konohana-san's first school festival?"

Eh? Well, why?

Totsuka smiled, she was surprised and looking at him, said: "Basically, I like festivals. They are..."

"But..."

"Let's participate this time, Konohana-san. Of course, it's not just preparation, right?"

".....!"

At Totsuka's words, they breathed involuntarily.

"Totsuka-senpai...?"

"Didn't you do your best in summer too?"

"That's it..."

"Because we are together."

They all looked at her as their words invited her. She clasped her hands and turned around.

Until the summer, she thought that she would have shook her head immediately.

"I'll help you get ready. But that day... the school festival itself... I think I shouldn't be there. Because I heard from Kukuri-chan that a lot of people other than students will be coming."

She was afraid of being in a crowded place. But...

"It's okay, Konohana-san."

She lifted her face at Totsuka's voice. She was even more nervous and clasped her hands.

Until the summer, she thought she was more scared than necessary. Most of all, she was afraid of herself and she was always nervous.

Before moving there, she could not leave the room. In the end, she even thought that there was no way to protect someone from her.

But now she was a little different. She wanted to participate.

She was not afraid of herself. It was a strange expression to say that she was fine, but she was really trying. She still she was afraid.

She didn't want to break things again. She didn't want to hurt people. She was waiting so hard for it, she wanted to participate.

She wanted to be with those people and get involved with people.

Thanks to everyone in the red club she come to think that way. There were also Kusanagi and Kamamoto.

Everyone believes in her. They treat her well without hesitation. She clasped her hands and laughed.

Kamamoto also supported her without hesitation. They all take care of her and support her.

Above all, Yata, who always protected her. He cared about her and went to find her first, pulling her hand.

Someday, she might kill Yata. She had much fear and she fell.

But Yata was not afraid. Yata should be able to think of himself.

He believes in her more than she does, and stays with her.

"Wow, I..."

But of course, she had not forgotten the danger of her abilities.

Earlier, Munakata told her that he wanted to talk, but she ran away from him at the time, but when she consulted with Totsuka at a later date, he said, "I'll tell Fushimi."

"I'm trying to find out about Konohana-san's abilities."

"Leave it to me. Rather, Konohana-san shouldn't have any contact with the blue club." He pointed his finger at Yata and smiled.

She therefore decided to leave the report to the blue club entirely to Totsuka. Since then, the blue club's interference with her had completely disappeared, as evidenced by the fact that it had been broadcast correctly.

But that didn't mean she was glad. It was not a relief. In fact, she started training to control her abilities around that time.

(I'm free to do it, so I can't help but do my best, right?), she thought.

She would not be afraid of herself forever. She couldn't just be protected and pampered for it. She had to fulfill her responsibility appropriately for them.

That is why she started training. First of all, the basics of the basics. From the place where her ability was revealed.

She went to Kawahara on her day off, and she was doing her best with "superhuman strength" first.

Even if she tried to use it, she didn't show up, although she did show up when she wasn't doing anything.

She had a lot of problems at first, but thanks to her hard work in the summer, she was gradually becoming apparent. It was really a little progress.

For that, and above all thanks to everyone, she believes that she has been able to have a little courage. That is why a change of opinion may have occurred.

If everyone was there, she might stop being afraid of herself.

If Yata was there, she might believe in herself a little.

In the red club, with everyone, she felt that she could take a step forward.

Even if she stepped forward, she felt that she could forgive herself.

"Unlike..."

Bravely, she looked around her and parted her lips.

"I want to participate."

".....!"

They all sparkled at the words that she desperately said with courage.

"It's okay!"

"I will do that!"

Everyone was talking and clapping.

"Well, I made up my mind."

Totsuka's smile made her heart warm.

She squeezed her chest tightly with both hands.

Oh, she even she was glad she let her skill slip away on the first day of moving.

If she had hidden it, she could not have been like this, if she had been completely hidden.

At that time, she was able to become "friends" with everyone in the red club because she had run away, and because of that she was able to make the red club monitor her abilities, report the situation and monitor her.

And she, too, was able to make an effort to gain control.

Yata said that he was in debt to her. Thanks to her, he doesn't hurt students in general. And he apologized for hurting her on that occasion.

She was sure that feeling hadn't changed.

But wasn't it really the opposite?

The Yata thing was certainly a mistake for Yata, and perhaps it was a crime. But for her, it was the opposite. That was what saved her. He helped her to be like she was now.

"Let's have fun!"

"Yes!"

When she took a long break, Totsuka laughed and looked around his again.

"That's why I'm actually talking about what to do."

"Hmm. Isn't it a shop rather than an exhibition? It's not like a coffee shop, it's a stall. There are a lot of people, so if we take turns, we won't be there for that long during the day. I have enough time to look around."

Everyone screamed at Chitose's words.

"That's right. Let's think in that direction."

"Easy cooking is good, isn't it? Or is it something that can be prepared in advance? You don't have to wait long at the place."

"That's right. I want to avoid fried foods if possible. It's hard."

"Besides, isn't it better to eat something you can eat without using chopsticks?"

"Oh, that's right. You should be able to choose where to eat."

"After that, the cost of the material is cheap."

"In other words, you can get it cheaply."

"Something that collects in my stomach."

"Something that looks good."

"It's also important that cooking is easy."

"It is also important that the menu does not overlap with other food stands."

They looked at each other, and then looked up, "Hmm."

There was silence.

Thinking of it that way, it is quite difficult to decide on a menu.

She looked at the cloudy and inorganic ceiling, which was different from the "HOMRA" bar, and she thought more.

By the way, did they plan the school festival like this last year? While they made a fuss with everyone.

After all, the school festival itself was canceled due to that heinous "accident", and she couldn't go to the school itself shortly after that, so she made a plan.

At the time, she was talking about offering some food. She came up with several ideas. Takoyaki, okonomiyaki, yakisoba, French fries. However, they were likely to be used by everyone in other classes and club activities, so she was concerned.

"Meat roll, hot dogs."

She involuntarily coughed. They all looked at her at once.

After many days of worrying, the menu they decided on was "Meat Roll Dog".

At one point, everyone clapped and cheered.

The memory that she had become distant pierced her chest.

She gritted her back teeth and looked at everyone around her.

"How about a meat-wrapped ball? Simply put, it's a meat-rolled rice ball. It's not a bale or a triangle, it's like wrapping rice and meat around disposable chopsticks."

"Rice ball wrapped in meat?"

"That's right. How to do it would be: wrap the rice and the pork belly around disposable chopsticks. You can add a little vinegar to the rice. It is refreshing and has a bactericidal effect. I will do a lot in the morning. On the day of the festival, we will bake it one by one shortly before the school festival starts. When the school festival starts and an order is placed, just put it in a grilled meat sauce and heat it on an iron plate. The first step is to grill it and then add the sauce. I think, if you have two iron plates, it can be efficient."

They all look at each other.

"The offer itself is as simple as putting it in a paper cup or something and handing it over. No special packaging is required and it's easy. The cost of the material is just rice, pork belly, and roast beef, so doesn't cost a lot. But it's not bulky. Oh, maybe toothpicks and a paper cup?"

"Oh, okay! That!"

Chitose was the first to shine and scream.

Then they all did it one after another and smiled.

"You can eat even if you wake up just by biting."

"If that's the only material, I think you can get it at a fairly low price."

"And the rice has a lot of volume. The satisfaction should be high."

"It looks great. Meat wrapped balls look delicious just in writing."

"On top of that, it's a bit different from the standard, and it seems like it's easy to carry."

Totsuka coughed and smiled.

"How nice!"

"Yes!"

In a word, she almost cried.

She thought sin was sin. It was irreparable that she did it.

The school festival that she couldn't go to with her old friends a year ago, could no longer be recovered.

But she could start over and take a new step.

Although she couldn't get back what she lost, she could get a fresh start.

She was so happy it was painful.

"If you decide to do so, you must write a stop permit request immediately."

She couldn't cry, it would seem strange to everyone.

Someone poked his head out with eyes closed, her mouth held in her hand and her head down desperately enduring tears. Probably Totsuka. Totsuka's voice echoed in front of her.

She gritted her back teeth, took a deep breath, and slowly raised her face.

In front of her, after all, was Totsuka.

She was relieved to see the soft smile.

"Food stands, permits, applications...?"

"Yes. When you make a position in a school festival, you have to apply as the red club in advance. I will take care of the gas and fire, to prevent accidents."

"Red club?"

"Of course, most things in this school are self-governed by the students. It is not the teacher who gives these permissions."

Oh, it was true.

"So first, King has to get a job permit application from the red club."

"Eh?!"

(Suoh-senpai?!), she thought.

"Why Suoh-senpai in person?"

"That's the rule. It is the representative of the department who is going to find the application and submit it. Well, that's correct. You get permission to work as a department."

"Okay, what is...?"

(No, I don't think Munakata-senpai will do anything.), she thought.

But no matter how she thought about it, they feel like oil and water.

"Well, okay. Maybe."

(Maybe? I don't think it's possible!), she thought.

But when Totsuka laughed and said, "Okay.", he walked over to Suoh, who was dozing on the couch, and hit him on the arm.

"Hey, King."

"So today's discussion is over? I have nothing to do until Mikoto-san receives the request form."

Kamamoto looked at Totsuka, who shook Suoh.

"Oh, that's right. Everyone will be ready for class."

"Oh, yeah. After this, I have to go get ready for class."

It was said that Kukuri would email her once her workplace was decided.

At that moment, the PDA rang to notify her of an incoming call. (Oh, Kukuri-chan. Just in time!), she thought.

When she took out the PDA, Totsuka looked at her.

"A classmate?"

"Yes. She said that she would email me when the workplace was decided. I was a little late due to the meeting at the red club."

An email with an image attached. And the image was a simple sketch of the school building.

A red star was drawn at one point.

"It was the right time. I have to go."

"What is Konohana-san's class doing?"

"It's a display system. The details are still secret."

"Oh, so is it quite difficult to prepare?"

"It seems. Was it set up today? They told me to tell my friends when the location was decided."

"I see. If it's an exhibition system, you can work hard at the red club position that day."

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Maybe it will happen."

When she understood, Totsuka laughed mischievously and said, "I heard something good."

"Because we have a valuable female member, Konohana-san."

"Yes!"

"Good. Then go. What about that? What about Yata and Kamamoto? Huh?"

"The boys should have another preparation, and they are acting differently from me."

Instead of the two who didn't seem to move, she said so and waved back saying, "I'm leaving."

"Welcome."

When she left the club room, she pulled out the PDA and ran away.

"Wow, it's pretty far."

The stars indicated the rear of the school building. It was a place she hadn't been to yet.

Even though it had been half a year since she came to school, there are places where she still hadn't set foot. Anyway, even though this school was so big, she wondered if Kukuri could secure such a place.

She was wondering a bit, but maybe it's a good place to work just because it's far away? She rethought.

Yes. she should have noticed it there.

"Oh, that?"

When she saw the empty space with no one, she inadvertently tilted her head.

She tried to follow the sketch, but there was no one.

Old... Was it a place to store tools? Anyway, it was just a place with a warehouse-like building. It wasn't that big.

It was tough... Not that it was tough, but she got the impression that was a bit messy in the beautiful school, which was well maintained throughout. The ground was bare, a lot of pebbles have fallen, weeds grew here and there and it was a bit dark behind the school building. Also, it was a bit humid.

Of course, there was no evidence that it was being worked on. It was done too. It was funny.

However, it should be here.

".....?"

She tilted her head and looked back at the PDA.

(Did I make a mistake? No, but it should be okay. I walked out the door, I came there, I turned around and I came here...), she thought.

"Oh, it's funny. It should be here."

It was then that he was desperately comparing the plane of her head with that of the PDA.

Yes. It was exactly there.

Behind it was also quite close, there was a footfall.

The moment she tried to turn around, her eyes suddenly turned completely black.

"Eh?!"

It wasn't until she was beaten that she realized she had something on her head.

Her arm fell to the stepped spot and she was roughly pushed just as she was. Her body suddenly hit something and made a loud noise. Immediately after, a loud metallic sound.

"Eh?"

She didn't know what happened and she was confused.

But that was also a moment, and when she flinched, she quickly picked up what was on her head (it was like a box) and looked around her.

However, only a few things appeared.

It was so dark that she thought she was still wearing something.

"Eh...?"

When she looked around her, she heard a giggle in the distance.

"Hey!"

It was the voice of a girl. Also, there were multiples. When she reached out, she hit a cold hard wall. Eh? Maybe she was on to something?!

Also, she looks around her. But after all, visibility was dark and black. What she could see is that it was very dusty and moldy. Also, there was an odor that appeared to be chemical.

Maybe in the toolbox?

"Hey, hey!"

She hit the wall that her hand touched and shook it loudly.

The laugh she heard from a distance grew bigger and pulled away from her when she called out.

"Well, wait!"

They were about to leave while laughing.

Only that she understood, and at the same time it was hideous.

"Wait! Hey!"

It was enough to know that. Because that was more than enough.

The malice of them.

"Wait!"

She already knew that yelling was useless.

Not that her voice hadn't come through. She had arrived, but they did not want to listen to her.

If she stops here, they'll lock up people from the start!

"The PDA...!"

(No, Kukuri-chan. That girl can't do this.), she thought.

Then who? Was that email really from Kukuri?

However, even if she tries to confirm it now, she did not have the PDA in her hand. Had she dropped it herself?

By the way, when they attacked her, she was holding it in her hand. Did she drop it because of her fright?

She involuntarily clenched her back teeth.

(Oh, idiot! I didn't even verify the caller's name. Kukuri-chan told me, "I'll send you an email when the workplace is decided." And that email was an indication of the location. Arbitrarily, I thought Kukuri-chan had contacted me!), she thought.

But who was they then?

She thought long and hard and shook her head.

"Oh, if you're thinking about that now..."

The search for the criminal is later. First of all, she had to get out of there

But how? She couldn't ask for help without a PDA.

This was a place that she had never visited for over half a year since she moved. She came here today because she was guided.

In other words, if she did it normally, she wouldn't come here. The chances of someone passing by were extremely low!

"What should she do?!"

If she couldn't ask to help, she should go out on her own.

This warehouse was not that solid. She thinks it was possible to destroy it by activating her ability, but...

"Ah!"

She looked back with eyes used to the dark.

Perhaps because it was not used much, she had the impression that it was packed with things in a messy way. The shelves also seemed to wobble.

She still couldn't control her abilities. If she mishandled her abilities here, things would definitely get worse.

But on the other hand, she remained silent...

It was dangerous to use her ability. But if she didn't risk it, she couldn't get out.

Then...!

"Huh! Please!"

She put her hand in the doorway of the warehouse and thought about it.

For a moment, both of her hands suddenly glowed white.

"...!"

Activated!

At that moment, the door made a painful noise in her ears and dented.

Oh, did it go there? She wanted to open the key as if she smashed it.

But thanks to the dents and heavy distortion, she was able to pull it off.

She felt a bit relieved, but right after that. It was a simple warehouse. What if one side was very distorted?

As she was in danger, the insides of her vibrated violently, the luggage fell and the dust shot up.

At the same time, something hung from her waist, and a strong acrid smell hit her.

Then the sound of a hard object hitting the ground.

"Eh?"

What was that?!

She reflexively pressed her nose and mouth at the terrible smell.

"What's that?!"

She squeezed her eyes shut and screamed. Outside, she could hear the sound of her PDA.

She reverberated in vain and grew impatient.

(Oh, someone! Ah! Notice that melody! Did anyone hear the destructive sound just before? Maybe my crying?), she thought.

"Please! Someone!"

She screamed as much as she could.

It was at that moment that...

Was there anyone? A tempting voice. Ah! This was exactly the heavenly aid!

However, the voice was a bit... no, it was from someone who wasn't very good at it.

For a moment she thought, "Why are you in such a place?", but... "I see! Blue club patrol!"

"That's right! What you don't know is what I'm doing in a hidden place! This is where you look around! Ah, thank you!"

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun! Open up!"

"Ah?"

When she knocked on the door, she heard Fushimi's surprised voice.

"Please! Help! I'm trapped!"

Along with her scream, a strange noise resounded.

That would have made him aware that the situation was imminent. There was a high-pitched voice that said, "Get as far away from the door as you can."

In a small warehouse (and shabby inside), it was a pretty difficult order, but she managed to get away from the door a bit.

"It's just a little!"

The moment she screamed, blue light shot through the dented door.

His hand tugged and knocked down the door that had broken and slipped.

Light shining through a large hole. The moment she narrowed her limbs, his big hand grabbed her arm.

"Come on!"

At the same time, the warehouse got a lot of holes.

At that moment, she was drawn to the force of pulling hard.

"Konohana!"

A powerful hand held her head.

The last thing she saw was a warped warehouse and a cardboard box on top of it.

Like in slow motion, got bigger and blocked her view.

She opened her eyes slowly, as if something invited her.

Miserable, distorted and blurred vision.

She remained distracted, she gradually focused and discovered that what occupies her field of vision was the inorganic white ceiling and lighting.

When she was distracted, she heard a voice saying, "Did you notice?"

When she slowly looked around her, Fushimi was sitting next to her.

Eh?

She did not understand the situation for a moment and was confused.

Immediately afterwards, however, she noticed that she was sleeping on the white sheets of the bed and hurriedly got up. No, she tried to get up, but she couldn't. At that moment, a fierce nausea hit her.

When she reflexively covered her mouth with both hands, Fushimi yelled "Idiot...!", and stood up.

And when she could move a little, she slightly lifted her body.

"Ah!"

"Be patient!"

He yelled and carried her to the other side of the wall to the side of the bed.

Then Fushimi quickly lowered her in front of the toilet bowl that was there and rubbed her a bit savagely.

"Vomit. It will be easier."

In front of Fushimi, that was it.

She thought about it for a moment. She coughed violently and the entire contents of his stomach turned.

She remembered as she spat. That was. She breathed in the acrid smell of paint.

She clung to the toilet bowl, coughed many times, and vomited many times. Tears naturally spilled over the pain.

During that time, she was a bit surprised that Fushimi rubbed her back all the time, but she was grateful. That was enough to make her cry.

"Ah!"

When she finally calmed down and took a breath, Fushimi left.

She then he returned with a wet towel and mineral water and offered them to her.

(Hmm... is that nice?), she thought.

The usual terrible attitude towards Yata seemed to be a lie.

"Thanks."

She managed to thank him, wipe her mouth, and drink the water.

But that was finally comfortable. She takes a deep breath.

"Can you go back to bed? Come on."

"Eh? Oh, I think I can go back. Just give me a hand." She remembered as she spat. That was. She breathed in the acrid smell of paint.

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"Can you go back to bed? Come on."

"Eh? Oh, I think I can go back. Just give me a hand."

When she shook her head vertically, his hand reached out in front of her.

She grabbed his hand and stood up. It was disgusting, but even though she was fluttering, she managed to get back in bed and lie down.

She took a relieved breath again and looked at Fushimi, who was sitting in a chair next to the bed.

"Ah, this...?"

"Ah..."

"I'm wearing something like hospital clothes... Where is my uniform?"

Fushimi pointed to her feet without saying anything. There was something in a plastic bag.

"It's pretty dirty with paint. Maybe it's rubbish."

"Trash... The nurse was the one who changed my clothes, right?"

"Of course."

(Was that so? No, I knew. I just wanted to check.), she thought.

"I see. Okay then. Um, did I get hurt?"

She remembered the cardboard box that occupied the field of vision. Had she hit her head?

"I heard you're not hurt. I was a bit surprised. You protected yourself."

Fushimi took a deep breath. By the way, Fushimi, held her head in his hand?

When she looked down, Fushimi had a bandage on his left hand.

When she said "That...", Fushimi clicked his tongue and hid his hand from her.

"That, Fushimi-kun..."

"This does not matter. What happened in that place? Speak up. I have an obligation to investigate as a member of the blue club. If necessary, I have to inform the president."

He didn't care.

But it was brilliant to dig in and ask, and when he sighed, she obediently told the whole story.

The only thing she could say is the events that happened to her.

She had no idea who the person was that caught her, why they did that or anything else.

If she looks at the PDA, she may know who sent the email.

"Oh! By the way, my PDA..."

She reflexively searched for the PDA with her eyes, but she remembered it immediately. That was. She dropped it when she was trapped.

Looking at Fushimi, she silently pointed to a small white locker next to the bed.

On top of that, the PDA had a miserable look where the glass cracked.

"Oh... is it broken...?"

"It was under the warehouse. It won't turn on for now."

"Is the data inside messed up?"

"Come on. I could get it out, but now it's no use."

"I see. That means it is impossible to confirm the sender of the email at that time."

When she said that, Fushimi shrugged, "Even if I can confirm it, is it really useful?"

"Eh...?"

"Think about it. That email, silly, would you send it from your own email address? It could have been sent from a different email address or PC, with a free email address that looks like Yukizome's address."

"Oh, it's true."

"For now, listen to the nurse and we'll investigate if necessary. Anyway, rest until they pick you up. Don't move if you feel uncomfortable."

"Eh? Pick me up? Is someone coming?"

"A person has been contacted."

Fushimi said that and quickly stood up and turned around.

To who? She tries to say it, but as a result, she didn't have to ask. She immediately hears voices and multiple disturbing footsteps.

The moment she opened her eyes, the door swung open vigorously without a hook.

"Are you okay?!"

Immediately afterwards, a strong voice echoed through the room. She was relieved and pursed her lips.

"Ya-..."

"I was surprised! Saya-chan! What were you doing there?!"

"Konohana-san. Are you okay? What happened?"

"Eh? You don't know?"

She tilted her head for a moment, but... oh, it was true. She was able to explain everything to Fushimi a little while ago.

"I haven't heard it. I just found out that Konohana-san was taken to the hospital."

That said, everyone looked at Fushimi with a slightly complicated look. Yata too. Unusually, in the end (although he's usually the first person to run), he walked in and looked at her and Fushimi alternately.

"Oh, sorry. I'm sorry I made you worry..."

"It's okay. Konohana-san looks pale. Is it okay?"

Kamamoto worriedly distorted his face.

At the same time, Fushimi sighed. She was surprised and managed to get up.

"Konohana! Still..."

"Alright! Fushimi-kun!"

She ignored Kamamoto trying to hold him back and called after him back.

"Oh, thanks!"

"It is not a big thing."

That may be true for Fushimi, but not for her.

"I just wanted to thank you. What would have happened to me without Fushimi-kun?"

"....."

"Thank you very much for your help."

When she tilted her head, Fushimi looked at her over his shoulder.

"I will inform the director."

But he didn't say anything else, just clicked his tongue. Fushimi said that with a voice without emotional intonation, passed between the members of the red club and Yata's side, and left the hospital room.

For some reason, Yata painfully distorted his face as the footsteps receded.

"Are you okay?"

"What happened?"

"Idiot. Look at Saya-chan's face."

"Oh, that's right. You shouldn't speak now."

"First of all, you must rest. What do you want...?"

As soon as they couldn't hear the footsteps, they all circled her bed and spoke.

She was so happy that she laughed saying "I'm fine." But why? Only Yata was standing in the doorway and he didn't try to get closer.

Yata was usually the first to arrive. Yata was worried, but now he stared at her with a distorted face.

"Yata-kun?"

She instinctively bows her head in a way that seemed unreasonable.

Then Yata bounced his shoulders, then gritted his back teeth tightly and stared at her.

Yes. He literally looked at her, as if he couldn't forgive himself.

"Yata-kun?"

"What were you doing with the monkey here?"

His cold voice took her breath away.

The large eyes of him looking at her burned in a fiery flame.

"That...?"

"You said you would help out with the class. Was that a lie?"

There was no way they would say such a thing to him. She was surprised by his unexpected words.

The blood faded.

With a strange feeling, she believed it to be true.

Oh, after all, that was not good.

"Hey, Yata?"

"What are you talking about? Yata..."

Everyone tended to get confused and gave up on Yata.

But it seems that it was counterproductive. Yata distorted his face as if he was screaming, and screamed more.

"I'm asking you what you were doing with the monkey, you lied to me!"

"No, Yata-kun...?"

"You are a traitor too!"

Those incredible words got through her.