



WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS: MY PRECIOUS RED

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

## **CHAPTER 5: WINTER**

In the end, the feeling of discomfort was unexpectedly terrible and she was unable to recover to the point where she could walk home. Although Fushimi's hands had helped her, she was so shocked that she was forced to undergo an examination and she went to the hospital that day.

The next day, after a medical examination, she returned to the girls' dormitory.

(Oh, just, because everyone is taking classes.), she thought.

However, although there should have been no abnormalities at the time of the exam, she had a fever at noon and she stopped going to school that day.

She knew what the reason was, probably from Yata's words.

She believed it was because those words were stuck in her chest and she was worried. In other words, it was something spiritual.

Because it was the first time Yata had yelled at her like that.

She was surprised by the word "betrayal" and that Yata thought that of her.

She didn't know why, of course he was hurt, and maybe he was angry. Because, Yata, he just said that and left the hospital room without hearing her excuse.

But at the same time, Yata's face at that moment couldn't get out of her head.

More than that, she didn't understand why. She thought he was hurt.

His face burned at the back of her eyes and it was very painful.

Actually, it was the opposite, but she still felt that she had hurt Yata.

Is it because he was worried and distraught? By the time Kukuri came to visit her at the end of school, her fever had risen higher and exceeded 38 degrees. Even the next morning, she did not come down. She apparently caught a cold since she was weak.

She had no choice but to go to the hospital the next day while she fluttered about.

She got a drip and a Chinese herbal medicine for the fever.

Anyway, she was bored alone in the room that day and tried to sleep. She had a hard time eating the yogurt that Kukuri bought for her and she took the medicine.

But the next morning, after all, the fever didn't go down.

(Oh, it's the third day. I want to go to school soon.), she thought.

She was impatient, but her body couldn't bear it.

"It doesn't work; it doesn't work..."

She coughed, looked at the ceiling and sighed.

Her body was hot and heavy. It was difficult to even turn around.

She couldn't go to school in that situation. She knew that going there would only cause annoyance and worry.

"Ah..."

She looked up at the ceiling and pursed her lips tightly.

She hated herself as a person.

Being alone in a quiet room reminded her of all the extra things.

This also happened last year, she was alone in the room.

Scared of herself as a "monster", she locked herself in her room. Other than that, she didn't know what to do.

She hugged herself trembling and stared at the wall. Also in the morning, even during the day and at night.

"....."

She wanted to go to school and laugh with Kukuri and Neko.

She also wanted to go to the "HOMRA" bar, and play with everyone in the red club.

She was alone, and she did not like being alone.

"Yata-kun..."

She coughed out the name on her chest. She wanted to see Yata.

She hurt the back of her nose.

Even if she said that, she still remembered what Yata said. She wanted to see him, but she knew he was upset.

Why? He was hurt, he was sad and angry, but she wanted to see him.

She didn't know why, but Yata doubted her.

Was she "betraying" Yata? Why? Why didn't she think that was never the case?

For Yata, how long have you been together since spring?

Did he join her with a sense of duty because of the injury he caused?

She gently clenched her back teeth and covered her eyes with both hands.

Even if she knew it was different, she thought so herself.

Because if not, do you think it is a "betrayal"? Although they are friends!

(Yata-kun, you said that even I was your friend, right?), she thought.

Or was it not good for her like that?

"....."

Thinking that, she shook her head.

She did not doubt him. She just wanted to say, why was she thinking only of Yata?

There were many other things to think about. For example, who locked her up in that place? What was the purpose of it?

Was she also an object of disgust and fear? Because she was as strange a Strain as she was in the previous school?

"Ah...!"

It was disconcerting and sad. Even if she knew she couldn't be helped, it hurt.

But why? After all, the thought immediately returned to Yata.

She thought of various things and she wanted to see him after all.

(Oh, I want to see Yata-kun and talk.), she thought she.

Even now, she wanted to see Yata above all else.

It was at that moment that she heard a clear pounding sound. That surprised her and she opened her eyes.

Looking at the alarm clock next to the bed, it was almost 12 o'clock.

Yes. In other words, it was definitely the time when both students and teachers were in school.

Eh? Who would it be at that time?

".....?"

The moment she wondered and looked around her, called her a second time.

Involuntarily it was impressive.

After all, the sound of knocking was not coming from the door.

When she struggled to get up, she moved to the window, dragging her heavy body.

Then when she moved the curtains and looked out onto the balcony,

"...?!"

Eh?

What she saw from the window was a black school uniform and a boy with auburn hair.

She opened her mouth in amazement, and hurriedly opened the window curtains.

"Yes, Yata-kun?"

It was Yata who was crouched on the balcony to avoid the gaze of the public.

Without a doubt, Yata.

"Uh..."

"Why are you here?! What happened to the school?"

"You have decided to skip it, right?"

Yata blushed and walked away.

"Well, if you think about it, it's true... Isn't that a lie?! Really, Yata-kun?"

"....."

It was too much, she did not immediately accept the reality that she had in front of her and she was confused.

She couldn't believe it, Yata went to the girls' dorm.

"I can enter?"

For her, that she had no choice but to be just a flower, the illusion came carefully.

She took a deep breath and said, "Okay, come in.", and opened the window wider.

"You were in bed."

"But..."

"You have a fever, right?"

Yata kicked off his shoes and walked in, saying that bluntly.

"Yes, I heard."

"Whose?"

"Kamamoto... and Yukizome."

"I see."



She wanted to see him, but she was still hurt and frustrated, so she couldn't speak well.

When she closed her mouth, Yata was also uncomfortable, and as he looked away from her, he coughed, "Would you like to go back to bed?"

"Mmm..."

She thought it was not a place to be stubborn, so she went to bed quietly, Yata sat cross-legged next to her and looked at her anxiously.

Her favorite, Yata's eyes.

Straightforward, hot, and unwavering, but kind.

"Are you okay?"

With that one word, her heart warmed enough that it was painful.

Oh, Yata. Anxious and overprotective. He always rushed first and protected her. The usual Yata.

Yata was next to her. She was so happy that she was about to burst into tears.

Oh, no. It wasn't just that. That was not the norm.

Finally, she realized. Being by his side was already an irreplaceable miracle, but for that it was painful.

Because he said that?

She bit her back teeth and looked at Yata.

"It is bad!"

Then Yata gritted his teeth, painfully distorted her face, and the next moment he sat on the ground. This was the second time for Yata.

Yata's strong voice echoed. She was concerned that they could hear it from outside.

It was the same as that time.

The first day of transfer. Just like Yata, who sat across from her.

He hit his forehead and screamed more.

"You can hit me until you feel like it!"

Eh?!

"Well, I won't do that."

She was surprised by the words, she hastily got up and shook her head.

"Oh, get up and you will fall!"

"Then stop doing that."

"Okay, but...!"

"They haven't asked you to do that, right?"

Perhaps Yata was surprised, he raised his head vigorously.

His eyes that pierced her harbored burning flames.

There was something she came up with with devotion.

Oh, how many times had those eyes saved her?

She liked her, she loved Yata's eyes.

"I want to hear the story, but they haven't asked me to sit down, much less hit me. Ok?"

"But..."

"If you stop, I'll lie down quietly."

"....."

When she said "Hey?", he thought it was not a place to be stubborn. Yata reluctantly crossed his legs. She was relieved and she went back to bed.

"It is bad..."

"You were in the hospital, right?"

"Ah..."

"Let me know..."

Yata painfully distorted his face and looked down.

After being silent for a while, he said, "I'm not going to make an excuse.", and slowly parted his lips.

"Saru was my best friend from high school."

".....!"

She gasped at the unexpected words.

She widened her eyes and looked at Yata, who was still face down.

Was Fushimi-kun his best friend?

There was no reason for him to lie. Yata couldn't lie.

But now they didn't see each other as friends.

"Are you a traitor too?"

Yata's piercing scream echoed through the hospital.

Finally, she was surprised at the unnaturalness of the words.

That was all. At that moment, Yata said "you too", "traitor", for the second time.

It was a word that would never come out unless someone had betrayed him in the past.

"Obviously, he was by my side. It was natural to be by my side. He was a partner and an ally. Truly, always, always together."

"Yata-kun..."

"Since then, I've been longing for Mikoto-san. Both Kusanagi-san and Totsuka-san. I wanted to go to his side and get closer. When I went to high school, I would definitely enter Homura. Both..."

Yata clenched his fist tightly.

"That's right, I entered high school, I entered Homura, but when the summer break was over, he left the club without permission and went straight to the blue club..."

"....."

"It was an unprecedented story in the red club and the blue club, and a big uproar. I didn't understand, and I rushed inside. But the monkey...! He couldn't even speak about the reason!"

He hit the ground with his fist. He shrugged.

"He just laughed to look down, nothing more..."

"....."

"I still don't understand the meaning. I don't understand it and that's why I'm angry..."

"Yata-kun..."

"Why did you betray me? I was far away. But is he your partner? The best is... Homura!"

He felt sad that he couldn't finish his thoughts with every word.

"It's important... I feel like everything was denied..."

"Yata-kun..."

"I heard that you should have gone to help with the class preparations, but you were with the Monkey in that place, and then you were taken away in an ambulance. I thought..."

Yata raised his head and looked at her painfully distorting his face.

"It's bad. You and the Monkey are different..."

He shook his head in a voice that squeezed the wound.

Yata hadn't figured it out at all, which was why he felt frustrated and dejected.

She felt that she could understand that frustrating feeling.

And she understood well the fear of suddenly losing something important.

Once suddenly she lost everything that was important to her.

"....."

(I see. That's Yata-kun's trauma.), she thought.

Perhaps he was very worried, that is why he lacked calm.

At the time, even Fushimi, who contacted her, didn't know what had happened. So they all were told only two things: "she was with Fushimi in an unpopular place" and "she got injured in an accident there."

Then it was impossible not to be suspicious. Especially if there was a trauma.

She could understand words with that feeling.

Finally, when she understood everything, she was relieved to breathe.

(I see. Oh, that was good. That was it.), she thought.

Yata did not doubt her or hate her.

"I said a terrible word and left the hospital room, but I immediately regretted it. Kusanagi-san scolded me. They all did. I thought I would apologize soon, but you had a fever and you were resting..."

Yata began to babble again.

"I thought I would wait until you were okay, but yesterday and today you were the same, so... in other words..."

"I made you worry..."

"That is not a good story."

Still, Yata went to the women's dormitory.

Not just to apologize. Perhaps he was very concerned about her body.

The gentle and eager Yata. Even in the case of a burn, he protected her in an overprotective way.

She smiled when she saw her left hand, which had been completely healed.

"Well, I think it's a story."

"Eh...?"

Yes. That was a good story.

Because at that moment, Yata remembered him at the hospital, right? The sadness when Fushimi left. Anger and suffering. The feeling of loss.

That's why he took it out on her.

So, huh? Why did she remind him of that? Isn't it because she thought she was like Fushimi?

It was natural to be by his side. It was very important. She didn't want to lose him.

That is why she was terrified and distraught.

She hears that.

Was that a convenient interpretation for her? Excessive shyness?

No. She could take a hundred steps and it would still be fine. Still, she was happy!

(I'm happy, Yata-kun. I'm glad I can feel relieved from the bottom of my heart.), she thought.

Because he didn't suspect her. She was not untrustworthy. He did not dislike her.

Yata was still the kind and dear Yata.

"Ah..."

(That's what makes me happy!), she thought.

When she took her hands off the futon, she picked up Yata's clothes.

"Uh..."

"Forgive me. I'm not angry. It was sad and it hurt, but most of all, I didn't understand the meaning. I'm glad you spoke..."

"I..."

"So, huh? Yata-kun... If I recover, will we play again...?"

Yata raised his face.

"Eh...?"

"Ah, play?"

"Of course. But that's..."

Yata got confused and shook his head.

She knew what he meant, because it was about Yata.

That was not compensation. Did he mean that?

But Yata, once again, they haven't asked him to pay, right?

Nothing has been done.

"Yata-kun. I will not leave, I will not betray you, because I no longer want to lose someone important to me. Remember that. I also lost everything once."

"That is to say..."

"Is it okay to be by my side? I want to be by your side... will you let me stay?"

"Ah..."

Yata's face was distorted as if he was crying.

Is it because he didn't want her to see him that way? Yata quickly grabbed the hat and lowered it to hide his eyes from her.

"Obviously...!"

She pretended not to know that the little voice was shaking.

How long had it been? For a long time, they were silent.

She fell silent and they remained together, almost motionless.

Oddly, the silence didn't bother her. However, the time passed peacefully.

She thought that the moment when nothing happened was very important.

She reached for Yata's clothes again, drowsy from the warm light.

"About Fushimi-kun..."

When she put on her clothes, Yata rolled his shoulders.

The line of sight that followed seemed terribly awkward. With confidence, just with that, she could see how much that case affected Yata's heart.

She hoped it would be resolved one day, anyway.

She thought that the important thing was not there. It was not necessary for him to understand. He didn't have to go back to normal. She thought it would be fine. Well, Yata's ideal might be to go back to the old relationship.

However, he was still trapped alone not knowing anything. She wishes he could get out of that situation. She thought that only that was different. That alone would be enough to save Yata.

"Do not give up."

".....!"

Speak clearly. She couldn't say anything more and fell silent.

As if Yata always did that, so did she.

"Don't give up, it's not good."

(Don't stop understanding each other. Even if it's painful, never give up.), she thought.

Kamamoto, Suoh, Kusanagi, Totsuka, and they were all next to him.

The moment it surrenders, it will break. It will never be like before.

She gave up and escaped earlier.

"Please don't make my mistake, Yata-kun."

"Ah!"

At her words, Yata distorted his face and moved his mouth as if he was about to start crying.

But no words came out.

The way he was, he bit down on his back teeth and lowered his head again.

"Stop saying that."

A terribly small voice. When she twisted her neck, Yata stared at her.

Her eyes were warm without fluctuation, and her heart made a loud noise.

"I'll tell you appropriately..."

"Yata-kun?"

"Get well soon."

Yata's soft words, which reddened her face, struck her gently.

"Did you eat at noon?"

After that, she was silent for a while and thought about each one of them, but suddenly Yata looked at the clock on the wall and said that.

"Oh, by the way... I haven't eaten..."

"Are you hungry? Should I do something?"

"I want to eat fried rice."

"Eh?"

When he remembered that he did it earlier, Yata opened his eyes.

"It's good for when you feel bad."

"The one you made earlier was delicious."

"I'll do it if you can eat it... But what about the ingredients?"

"Oh, it might not be possible."

She meant, what was in the fridge? For the past two days, she had only eaten yogurt and jelly, which Kukuri brought for her.

When she said that, Yata moved to the front of the refrigerator and looked at it.

"Seriously, there is almost nothing. Yogurt, jam and fruit. And eggs and cold rice?"

Having said that, when he took off his school uniform, Yata looked at her and gave his usual awkward smile.

"Turn it into egg porridge. I'll go back to making fried rice when you're okay."

His words made it even more painful. The hot feelings seemed to push her chest up.

The hot egg porridge made by Yata was delicious.

She had no appetite until a little while ago, but it seemed to be written on her stomach.

She was happy, and her smile naturally overflowed.

"Thank you, I am happy."

"I will do it anytime."

When she thanked him while she smiled, Yata blushed.

"Get well soon."

"Yes, of course."

Yata gave her an awkward smile.

It was like a miracle.

She realized that happiness was such a thing.

She smiled back and chewed on the wonderful "every day."

The next day, she was completely relieved and she went to school for the first time in a long time.

"Saya-chan! You finally came!"

Kukuri-chan! Sorry for worrying you! Thanks for everything!"

She jumped onto Kukuri's chest with both hands spread.

"Konohana-san, are you okay?"

"Isn't it better to rest still?"

"Gohan. Are you okay?"

"Shiro-kun, Yatogami-kun, Neko-chan! I'm fine! Sorry for worrying you!"

When she smiled, everyone breathed like they were relieved.

"I heard this year's cold is bad."

"But I feel like I hear that every year, with a fever."

In pollen season, you hear every year how many times more pollen flies than last year, right?

"But this is credible, because my man from the festival is resting."

(Huh? Festival man?), she thought.

They all point to the window at the same time.

Kamamoto was sitting there alone. Eh? That person?!

When she told everyone, "I'm sorry.", she ran over to Kamamoto.

"Good morning, Kamamoto-kun!"

"Oh, yeah. Is your body okay?"

"Yes. Sorry to worry you. What about Yata-kun?"

"He has a fever and is resting. He caught a cold."

Well, that was... too many thoughts went through her head and she suddenly screamed.

"Oh, that's right. I got infected and infected him."

She looked up and blocked for a moment, then looked at Kamamoto, who seemed bored alone, and tilted her head.

"I want to go see him after school, can you help me sneak into the men's dorm?"

"What? Good, but... Yata-san, he will jump."

"Eh? He will jump and he will be happy?"

"Does not mean that."

She wondered if she was being impatient and going too fast. She wondered if he would turn bright red and flutter.

She knew the way of him to act.

She smiled and clenched her fist.

"No problem, I like that side of Yata-kun!"

Also, she was very happy with yesterday's visit, and she was relieved to understand the situation for which he apologized, but because of that she felt that she wanted to give back because they hurt him in vain.

"I will gladly take you, Konohana-san."

"Thanks!"

So, at night, with the help of Kamamoto, she unknowingly visited Yata's room.

Yata, who screamed, closed the door saying, "Wait two minutes, wait a minute!", but she couldn't wait quietly in the hallway of the men's dorm, they might discover her in the first place.

If he had a fever and was trying to get rid of her, it was outrageous. It wasn't a joke, so she pushes the door aside...

Then, the "superhuman strength" activated well, and when she opened the door, she pushed Yata, who stood with a bright red face, into the room and it was worth taking care of him.

The school festival was only two weeks away.

In order to enjoy the preparation together, they had to be cured as soon as possible.

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"What? Christmas party?"

"Yes. I wonder if the red club will do anything for Christmas."

Yata and Kamamoto looked at each other when she said that while closing their PDA.

The school festival was the most enjoyable, including the preparation period. It was too much fun.

Preparing for a class show and preparing a position at the red club. She was very busy at the same time, she wasn't saying she wasn't in trouble, but even now, she remembered having fun. Not only her, everyone smiled and had fun.

Yes, she smiled herself, although the case of being trapped in the warehouse was not solved.

She was afraid to think that malicious intent was hidden somewhere. She couldn't help but be afraid, but Yata was there.

She was sometimes too busy to find the criminal, but thank you all, she thought it was not so much.

When it came to festivals, the red part was still going strong. The post was a great success. On the first day, the prepared quantity ran out early. She significantly increased the number from the next day, but they were all sold out.

After the school festival, it was grandly opened at the "HOMRA" bar.

It was fun.

However, after having fun, the "student book" always arrives.

The scope of the final test had been announced and the preparation period began.

As usual, if they got a red point, they would be banned, so this time too, the red club will work as one to pass the test. By the way, they were heading to the library.

"Let's go quickly, Konohana-san."

"Eh? Yes? I heard from Kukuri-chan that the Christmas party is organized by the Silver Club, right?"

"Oh, that's right. Is that what they're doing at the Himmelreich?"

"Yes. That's right. Would you like to go with me? You were surprised. The Silver club has an airship. Every year, we have a Christmas party in that airship."

"Oh. At the moment, the organizer is supposed to be the Silver club that owns Himmelreich, but the student council and the Blue club are really in charge. The participants are the Silver club and the Blue club, the student council, students. generals invited by its members and general students who won the lottery. Some teachers. It's a lot of people and it seems to be great every year. The food is amazing and luxurious."

Perhaps Kamamoto's interest was at the end, because he was so strong.

"Last year we had a Christmas party."

"Oh, after all? That's true. You said you had a Halloween party too."

"I see. Then let's reject it.", she thought. It was a bit disappointing, but she would like to participate in the Red club area.

When she said that, Kamamoto frowned, "Okay?"

"...? It's okay?"

"You can't do it with the intention of participating, I think you'd be an ant going there, right?"

"Eh? Aren't you exaggerating? I haven't decided yet or something. Okay, but I'd like to participate with the Red club."

"That would be nice. I see. It's Christmas. We'll be there. So, I should avoid the red dot anyway. I can't be a hub."

"That's right. Good luck. Christmas without you would be boring."

"That's right. Let's do our best, Yata-san."

Kamamoto looked at Yata.

But Yata didn't answer that... that is, didn't he ask? While he was thinking of something, he coughed, "Yes. Christmas. Let's do that at Christmas."

She and Kamamoto looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

"Yata-kun?"

"Yata-san?"

"What?! What is it?"

What was that line?

"I'm thinking about it. What's wrong with you?"

"Hmmm, nothing!"

Yata shook his head with the feeling that it was all "yes".

When that happened, she was irritated.

When she looks at Yata, she smiled.

"Well then. What are we going to do at Christmas?"

"What?! I don't understand! I don't know anything!"

"Yes. I agree. So, tell us what you were thinking now."

"Nothing!"

"Yes. I understand that. That's why I'm translating ..."

"Konohana-san, please forgive me in that area..."

Kamamoto sighed and put his hand on her shoulder.

And in that moment...

"Check it out..."

A secret voice crept into her ears.

She suddenly stopped and looked around her as if that voice invited her.

Down the hall. The boys who were listening shook their shoulders and ran off the moment their gazes met.

".....?"

When he turned his neck, Kamamoto coughed, "Now..."

"Do you know them?"

"A little. It's bad. I remembered what I was doing."

"Eh?"

Kamamoto took out the PDA.

"Yata-san. I'll be back first."

"Eh?"

"Konohana-san. See you later."

"Huh? Oh, yeah. See you later."

When she waved her hand, Kamamoto also turned around and ran back the way he came from.

She turned her eyebrows and looked back at Yata.

"What happened?"

"Let's go."

Yata turned around.

"Mainly, I'll find it."

Some days after. She checks it out when she to see Totsuka at the Purchasing Department at noon. So after all, it looked like there would be a Christmas party at the Red club this year too.

"There is also Konohana-san. There is no reason not to."

"Uh, I'm happy! Great!"

When she laughed and clapped her hands, Totsuka patted her head and said "Okay."

"At that time, I think I can give you good news. I look forward to it."

(Good news? What will it be? And did he say it now?), she thought, but interpreted it as a small Christmas present.

With excitement in her chest, she gave Totsuka a big smile again.

"Yes! I'm looking forward to it!"

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Bar "HOMRA".

The interior, which was always elegant and calm, was decorated in Christmas colors and was very beautiful.

The Christmas lily, which was large enough to look up, was pure white. The hanging ornaments were all white. However, only the large tied ribbon was crimson. It was terribly vivid to the eyes.

The lively Christmas song was playing in the store.

Kusanagi made a lot of English-style Christmas cookies, and they all got together.

This was her first time, but unlike Japanese cookies, English cookies had decoration on both sides. And the one with the middle cylinder was the winner. He had a paper crown, various items, and a sheet of paper with Christmas cards and jokes.

They played with it while saying something, enjoying the Christmas food from Kusanagi's hands, they played, talked, laughed and talked more.

Of course, no one was out of place with a red dot.

The Red club always tries its best to play. She thought they all worked hard to play.

She felt that he was appreciating the time he could spend with her friends and she liked seeing them all like this. She was glad to be a part of it.

What was a bit concerning is that Yata was a bit quiet. He was always at the center of the confusion.

He seemed like he was not eating well.

But when she said that to Kamamoto, he said, "Okay. Don't worry. No, pretend you don't know. He's nervous."

"Saya-chan, are you eating?"

"Yes! I ate a lot! The meatloaf was too tasty! Kusanagi-san's food is too tasty. I can't doubt it. Oh, I'm getting fat..."

"Yes. We're going to get a little fat."

"What the heck! I absolutely hate it!"

"Ah! Do you want to go home for the New Year's holidays? Are you coming to eat osechi and ozoni? The store itself is closed, but hey, these guys are definitely coming."

"Of course. I will come."

"It doesn't matter what you cry. Do it right."

Kusanagi laughed and hit her with a pop.

"What? Are you making Konohana-san cry, Kusanagi-san?"

Totsuka smiled and sat down next to her.

"That is correct. It is a tremendous temptation."

"Eh? Don't be bad. Kusanagi-san."

"As a man, it is natural to persuade a pretty girl. There is no reason to complain."

Kusanagi laughed like a bad boy and left.

After saying goodbye with a smile, Totsuka squeezed his face.

"You know what? Konohana-san. About that matter..."

"That matter?"

"You were harassed before the school festival. You were trapped in the warehouse, right? We found the criminal."

"Eh?!"

She gasped at the unexpected words that she didn't expect.

She yelled a bit and looked at Totsuka seriously.

"Eh? The criminal?"

"Yes. Kamamoto noticed and contacted me. So, with the help of Fushimi, the email they sent you was rescued from the broken PDA at a later date. We also found out that it was sent from a PC."

".....!"

"I questioned the boy and confirmed everyone involved in the mischief."

"Ah..."

"Who was he?"

But before he answered that question, Totsuka put his index finger to his lips and sealed them. When he opened his eyes, Totsuka smiled and shook his head.

"I'll come back to that later. At the moment, you got a lot of attention from the Red club."

"....."

"For that? It's a reason."

Totsuka smiled like he was in a little trouble.

"Because it's a red dot in the red part."

"Eh?!"

The unexpected words surprised her.

The only red dot of the Red club, then?

"You said you wanted to join the club, but you couldn't. You didn't choose. You were very sad, you wanted to join a club, you wanted to get closer to the members, but that didn't come true. You didn't. We didn't have a female member, so he was convinced you couldn't get in because you were a woman until spring. But you got in. The first female member of all time. Surrounded by longing and sheltered people. He was jealous, frustrated, so, he talks to his friends, and it seems like they were getting excited."

"....."

"He didn't mean to hurt you. He wanted to annoy you a bit. That's all. He was shocked when an ambulance came. He said he was sorry. But he was jealous."

"Actually..."

"Kamamoto remembered. Last year, the boy wanted to join the Red club in addition to himself. So the other day when I saw the boy's eyes on Konohana-san, I thought maybe that was it."

"So you were correct?"

"Yes. I also saw his face and remembered. It is true that he wanted to join the club last year, but he couldn't take King's hand."

".....!"

In the spring, Totsuka said it was a rite of passage.

She remembered the hand he showed her, shining Homura's flame.

"Is that all? He thought it was unreasonable. He seemed to interpret that he was rejected because he was pointed out that he could not do it. So I thought, 'he was not chosen'. But

no, we do not do that. Kamamoto also said to the boy: 'But Konohana-san didn't even doubt it'."

Totsuka laughed.

"Yes. That was the decisive thing that differentiated Konohana-san from him. It didn't matter if Konohana-san was a Strain or something. Konohana-san trusted us. That made the difference."

"Senpai..."

"You will finally ask a question."

After Totsuka looked at her, he softened his eyes from her.

"Do you want to know about that child? If you want to know, I will tell you the class and the name. Will he also be punished? If Konohana-san wants, he will be punished."

"What punishment?"

When she took a breath at the harsh words, Totsuka simply said, "It's natural."

"He hurt you."

"But!"

"At least I think Konohana-san and Fushimi have the right to punish him."

"....."

But that was...

Reflectively, she shook her head.

No, it wasn't right. She understood that what Totsuka said was also correct, but...

"It bothers you?"

"Yes!"

Totsuka's words were very important.

"I don't like it. It's not about having rights or anything like that."

"You don't want to punish him? Did you have that goal?"

"Yes, but..."

She really understood that person's feeling of envy.

Totsuka smiled at the words.

"I think I can do anything if you don't want to lose this place. No. I can do it."

That was why this was an irreplaceable place for her.

"This place is the 'best' to spend time with my friends."

Thus, she could understand the feelings that he painfully yearned for.

With a pong, one hand rested on her head.

Looking back, Kusanagi's mischievous smile was there.

Everyone laughed as she looked around her.

Suoh was also looking at her sideways.

And the moment her eyes met, Yata showed an awkward smile.

His dedicated, straight line of sight was unbreakable.

Her chest warmed.

That was all. She had a "miracle". She couldn't help but be a little jealous. Rather it could be natural. Because actually, this place is the "best" to spend time with friends.

She smiled a little and looked back at Totsuka.

"I don't have to know the class or the name. I don't want any punishment. If he won't do it anymore, that's fine. That's enough."

"Yes, then I will tell him."

Totsuka laughed softly.

She, too, smiled back at him with a warm feeling.

Outside the window, pure white snow flew in the indigo sky.

"It's okay?"

"It's okay!"

Yata replied with a loud voice that made the volume adjustment stupid.

She instinctively looked at the choked attitude he had when he was on the red side.

A night road with white snow.

As expected, Christmas had arrived. The illuminations were gorgeous and there was still no sign of sleeping in the city.

The way home from the party. Two people were walking down the path to the bedroom.

"Eh? Kamamoto-kun? Oh, Kamamoto-kun stayed at the bar because he helped clean it up."

"He told you to help him too, right? There, he was forced to chase you, saying, "It's okay because it's okay"."

After leaving the store, Yata kept quiet and looked more serious than during the party, and when she was worried about it she asked, "Are you okay?"

Well, if he could make such a strong voice, it would be really fine.

(But what happened? He was really weird today, right? Is there something that worries him? Oh, but Kamamoto-kun said he was nervous, right? Something... Oh! Maybe's the new headmaster of the red club? Will Totsuka announce it at the beginning of the year? Is that it?), thinking about that, she was walking at the time.

Yata stopped suddenly.

When he looked back, wondering, Yata looked at her for a moment and then fell silent, then opened his mouth as if he had decided something.

"I'll only say it once!"

"Eh? Oh, yeah."

She wondered what it was.

As she bowed his head, she was still searching and obediently waiting for Yata's words. This was also the "only time" that he did not come easily.

He could make his face turn bright red and scratch his head, or he could swim his eyes blazing, or suddenly pass out in agony. Just do that or nothing.

(Oh, Yata-kun? Is it snowing? It's really cold though.), she thought.

But somehow she couldn't say "make it faster" so she silently waited for the words.

How long should she wait? When it was colder and harder to stand silently, Yata finally looked directly at her. It was like a challenge.

His eyes with hot flames caught her.

"I like you...!"

"Ah...!"

A shaky and hazy voice seemed to have been desperately squeezed out.

But it pierced her heart more vividly than any word she had ever heard.

She involuntarily held her mouth with her hand.

She got those words from Yata, who was extremely shy... she got it... There was no question.

It was inspiring and so hot her chest ached. Of course, her face was almost on fire. She could no longer feel the cold. That margin had vanished somewhere.

"Ah...!"

The tears were overflowing.

And it was Yata who was scared. When he yelled, "Wow!", her eyes shed tears.

"Wow, too bad! I made you cry..."

"It's different. Not bad. I'm sorry..."

She had no more words.

She knew he was misunderstood, but she couldn't hold back the tears and covered her face with both hands.

"Ah!"

She was very happy.

It was a miracle to her, she was a "monster" a year ago.

The more painful it was, the hotter her chest became. The joy that filled her took her breath away. She was going to drown. She was so happy that it made her want to scream.

It's not that he was anxious, overprotective, and unreliable, but that he was compassionate, masculine, direct, big, and kind.

He always ran to her first, or he would walk away in shame.

Yata, who ran in front of everyone, was the coolest and most trusted. But he couldn't speak well to girls, and he would soon turn bright red and get embarrassed.

With Yata everything was fun, interesting, warm and very comfortable.

"Ah!"

His carefree smile was nice, but she also loved to see him laugh in a complicated and awkward way.

Since the spring, Yata was in everyone's memory of her.

(Oh, that's right. I can understand a little about the feeling of wanting to harass. If Yata-kun was stolen from me, I might even harass him. Because I don't want to leave him, or this place where everyone is.), she thought.

"Ah..."

"Well don't cry. Don't cry. I wonder..."

Yata's voice that seemed to be in trouble made her laugh.

"What? Hey..."

"Ah... it's true..."

He didn't even know why she was crying. She also liked that side of Yata.

She wiped away her tears, laughed and said it.

Just a few words, but they were important words.

"I like you too!"

".....!"

"I understand that I am so happy and crying..."

"Ah..."

At that moment, he hugged her so tightly that she couldn't breathe.

"Ah! I'm so happy, I will die of happiness...!"

"That's my line, Yata-kun."

She was too happy, she was scared, because she had more than a "miracle".

Was it really good? She could be happy.

She thought so, but she could no longer put that happiness aside.

She couldn't even imagine a life without Yata.

She silently felt Yata's body temperature, with great happiness.

However, for a time, he took such a bold action. Yata seemed to have returned to himself immediately, and the next moment, he screamed again and released her.

He apologized for a while saying "Wow, too bad!", but she didn't want him to apologize for that.

It was brief, which is why she found it disappointing.

Although she frowned, Yata's carefree and innocent smile couldn't be followed by a grumpy face, she relaxed and laughed.

"Hurrah!"

Yata held his fist with a bright smile before her.

"It was the best Christmas present!"

Yata's words suddenly exploded.

(But that's my line. A gift that's more than a "miracle", thank you!), she thought.

"First visit of the year to a shrine. Come on."

"Yes."

"Let's go to HOMRA to eat New Year's dishes."

"Yes."

"There are no special events in January, but let's play a lot with everyone."

"Yes."

Yata stepped forward holding her hand. The answer was short, she was nervous.

But that was enough to warm her heart.

She laughed and looked up at the indigo sky with white snow.

"If it stacks up, I want to have a snowball fight."

"Okay."

"Ok, let's go."

He takes out the PDA and check the time.

"I guess they got mad."

"Ah..."

Yata sighed.

The time for the bedroom curfew was past, Yata sighed, but he didn't seem to be in a hurry.

She was very happy about it. Because it was Christmas, and she still wanted to be with him.

When she laughed, she felt terribly happy and held Yata's hand.