



"BEFORE ZERO"

EXTRA: SHIKARABA, COMPANION CAPTURE FESTIVAL

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

He was surprised because her little body jumped three times more than he expected.

That was the first impression of her.

From the moment he met her, she was like a lot of surprises to him.

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The girl on the tennis court looked to be the age of a high school student.

When the relatives of the people involved came to visit the magnificent interuniversity circle, they were asked, "Would you like to try it out for a while?" Standing in a simple T-shirt and leggings reminded him of a high school or high school PE class. He said that was an absolute beginner in tennis and was the first to hold a racket.

The right to draw was correctly transferred and the girl lifted the draw. He didn't know how strong she was, obviously too strong.

Then...

The girl hit the ball. The flight time was long and it seemed that time had stopped in midair.

Both the height and the shape resembled volleyball spikes. It was a more powerful serve than the professional players you see on television, but with more momentum than necessary. That did not enter the service court.

Standing face to face was a senior in the circle. A tall and gregarious man, he was the central figure in the circle, but he also had a bad reputation for blatantly changing his attitude depending on the opponent.

Minato thought it was not good to judge people by rumors, but the other day he saw him leading a rookie who wanted to join the club with a high pressure game. After being shaken left and right, the girl, whose body was crushed, withdrew that day.

Laughing without fear.

"I'm qualifying to keep the circle level low. Misunderstandings are eliminated."

In fact, he was a disgusting person. Even now, on the court, he still had the same laugh and smile.

She hit the laughing face directly, "Senbetsu.", and fell backwards.

"What's up, get up?"

The girl pointed at "Senbetsu" with a racket.

"Is that all? If you don't say an answer, I'll issue another."

When she received a replacement ball at her feet, the students who were gathering around "Senbetsu" suddenly scattered.

"That's it, that's it."

Minato ran as he waved his hand and held the racket.

"Oh? What is it?"

The girl looked at Minato. Her big eyes gleamed on her angry flushed face.

"You don't need to chase."

After a while, "Senbetsu" weakly raised his hand. From the hollow of the other hand that held his face, blood was pouring out. It was a gesture of "surrender."

"Hmm, that's right... this is one."

The girl finally lowered her racket and proclaimed loudly towards "Senbetsu" that still couldn't stand up.

"I won, misunderstanding."

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When Minato changed his clothes and walked out of the playground, the girl he saw earlier was walking forward. She had a shirt hanging down and was carrying a gym bag. She looked like a high school student returning from club activities.

He was a little concerned, so he called her.

"Oh, are you leaving already?"

Due to the height difference, he became like talking to the girl's head, but she talked about simple circumstances along the way, she was willing to talk to Minato.

"He made my classmate cry. That guy is a college student."

"Hah."

(Was that guy a college student? So he would be as old as me. He doesn't look like that.), he thought.

"So, in revenge..."

"No, I came to win or lose."

"Success or failure."

It was a word that he only hears in historical drama.

"I'm going to become a man in town, and I show up here and there, but wherever I go, I have a hand. A smiling, unpleasant, or just plain disgusting guy. That kind of thing. Not as an existence."

"Hah..."

"That's why I'm going to go through a few more today. Follow me."

"Well, that... success or failure?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Minato also heard rumors that "a scary and fierce chibi was making noise in circles here and there". Sure enough, this girl was the rumored teacher?

"If you help fight, I won't.", Minato said.

"It's wrong. You're the one stopping me.", said the girl.

"You came to stop him a little while ago. Well, he was saved. That's hard to draw."

"No, that's..."

Minato explained, feeling a bit uncomfortable.

"For example, the son of a friend. Actually, when he was being bullied by his superior, I was there too, but the singing wall didn't help... So I thought about doing it this time. Well, this time I helped the opposite person."

"Take care of more people in that condition."

"Eh?"

"So if I'm about to overdo it, stop me from the side at the right time."

In the field the older brother of the family was in charge...

(So I think it's going to be an exaggeration now.), Minato thought.

"Well, don't force it."

Seeing Minato patrolling, the girl quickly started walking forward.

"If you don't come, come back quickly. See you."

"Oh, yeah."

He didn't want to go back. He was invited into the circle by one person, but the air didn't fit very well and he was planning to leave it anyway due to the older of him. He just greeted a few acquaintances and left.

However, he did not want to follow her silently. To say the least, this girl was either a troublesome girl or a troublemaker. It was better not to get involved.

He already imagined it.

"For now, why don't you try drinking tea around and calm down a bit?"

He may have been hit by her unexpectedly. Although he was a bit reluctant, it was a word that didn't come out of him on a daily basis.

"Eh?"

The girl stopped. Eyes widening, she looked back.

"Tea or coffee. Are you going to invite me?"

"Well that's not the case, but it's okay."

There were parks and vending machines in the neighborhood. At the moment, the bench was enough to sit on, but if she wanted to go to a restaurant somewhere, he wondered if he would be okay hanging out with her that long.

The girl looked around Minato's entire body with an unreserved look. From the top to the bottom, from the bottom to the top.

Perhaps the behavior of "nampa" touched the inverse scale of her.

Minato was stiff and on his feet.

"You are an ant."

The girl suddenly started bouncing. The destination was the park in front of him, no, the little building inside.

"What happened suddenly? Toilet?"

When Minato asked hastily, the girl shook her sports bag and pointed to the public restroom.

"Hey, I'll change my clothes there."

"Change your clothes?"

The girl stopped again as if she had suddenly been slowed down. The face he looked at again was flushed.

"Because... I don't want to date in a T-shirt."

"Eh?"

(Is it a date? Do you care about your clothes? That shy face?), he thought.

At that moment, a series of little surprises went through his head, but what surprised Minato the most was that she unexpectedly had a pretty face.

It was he who thought that way.

"Is different?"

Before the girl that he thought she was brave, he confirmed with his superior eyes.

"No, I wonder if it fits... maybe.", Minato replied.

"What is "maybe"?"

"Sorry, that's right. Correct answer."

He hurried up and rephrased the answer, making a friendly laugh.

"Okay."

The girl also laughed. It was a bright smile, as if the sun was suddenly shining around her.

She was the first person with countless brilliance that would color Minato's life beyond that point.

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After that, they continued to make the right decision together.

Her emotions were so rich that she overflowed from her small body, always angry, sad, laughing and acting faster than Minato.

He was surprised by her thousands and tens of thousands of times, and he was convinced each time.

In the end, that was always the correct answer.