





# **GAKUEN K: WONDERFUL SCHOOL DAYS**

**TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN**  
**RAWS: SKYFLYINGIN ACTION**

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## **PROLOGUE:**

The door closed in a faint pattern.

The man who saw the person leaving the room with a smile approached the window.

A wonderful light red band under his eyes. Students walking past a row of cherry blossoms and making an upbeat voice.

"... "Do not bother yourself"?"

Ichigen Miwa, the principal of this "super" high school, narrowed his kind eyes and repeated the words spoken by the student who had just left.

It was a soft voice. Very unreliable...

"What to say. It's a good job for kids to bother you. This is how people gain experience."

This is how you interact with people.

If you take one or two steps to avoid inconvenience, you will not be able to understand what is important. So like anything, everything will be beyond that.

And when she realized...

Her eyes were hurt. She seemed like she was afraid of something.

How painful it was to have a tight smile forced to float.

It must have been a terrible pain.

That is also inevitable. It is very natural to be afraid of someone who is different from you. Because she certainly is "foreign".

"Dance of the cherry blossoms, carried by the east wind, the voice of spring."

With a phrase and a soft smile on his lips, Miwa Ichigen looked at the students.

What part of their smiles and the future that awaits them, is dear?

"But this school exists to get rid of that fear."

She hoped that she would change her life at this school.

From the bottom of her heart, it was what she believed. No, she expected it. May her wounds heal quickly. She hoped she could laugh again from the bottom of her heart as soon as possible. She hoped to meet friends that she could trust. She hoped to enjoy her school life.

She hoped that she could recognize and love herself.

It all depends on her, Miwa Ichigen sent her a sentence.

"I pray that your school life is peaceful and wonderful."

## **CHAPTER 1: START**

A peaceful life. That is all she expected.

She didn't want to think like until now.

Fortunately, she received a recommendation from the "Ashinaka Super School" to move.

So she wouldn't make that mistake anymore. She simply disciplines herself so as not to disturb anyone, quietly and discreetly. She would keep quiet so as not to attract attention.

She was sure that she would find a place to stay. She thought she would be accepted.

After that, she would enjoy it. She would have fun. She would have a mediocre and peaceful life that would bore her.

She had already lost once what was precious to her.

"Nya! Shiro, it smells good from here!"

"Huh? Neko? What we're looking for isn't food... huh?"

"Oh! Find the transfer student! Let's do it! Wagahai-chan!"

Her heart leapt at the joyous voice that suddenly echoed from behind.

At the same time as she hurriedly looked back, a beautiful girl appeared.

"Kya!"

"Hey! Neko!"

"It smells delicious!"

The beautiful girl rubbed her face against her chest with a fascinating expression. She was a beautiful girl that couldn't be fooled.

Stunning strange blue and gold eyes on white skin. Long straight light red hair.

A boy with silver-white hair and tender eyes with sunrise color approached her, who was surprised and hardened, and apologized, clasping his hands in front of her face.

"I'm sorry. Stop it, Neko!"

Then that girl with sincere and kind eyes, stood in front of her and smiled at her in a friendly way.

"You're here! No... I searched here and there and finally found it~"

"Um...?"

When she tilted her head, she gave a stern look for a moment, but immediately smiled, "Oh, I'm sorry.", and pointed to her face.

"I haven't introduced myself yet! I'm Kukuri Yukizome, from the same sophomore group as you."

"Yukizome-san."

"Call me Kukuri. My teacher asked me to guide the transfer student to the school. They told me you should be in the school principal's office, but when I went, he said you had already left. I looked for you, but couldn't find you, so I finally got help from Shiro-kun and Wagahai-chan!"

"Eh...? Oh! I'm sorry. Sorry to bother you."

"You don't have to apologize. Oh, yeah. May I ask your name?"

"Ah. Sorry. I'll introduce myself. I'm Konohana Saya."

"Uh, Saya-chan. Yes, I remember. Nice to meet you, Saya-chan!"

"Uh, yeah, nice to meet you..."

She held the outstretched hand enthusiastically.

"He is Isana Shiro-kun. And she..."

"Wagahai, I'm Neko!"

When Kukuri presented her with her hand, the beautiful girl responded happily, staying close to her.

"Shiro-kun and Wagahai-chan are the same second group as us."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yeah, so you don't have to use "-kun" or "-san" for me or for Neko. It tickles. I hope you can feel free to call us "Neko" and "Shiro" and talk to us."

Shiro, a silver-white haired boy, smiled kindly.

"Oh, thank you. Nice to meet you."

In some ways it was a good self-introduction. Feeling happy that she could do that, she looked at Shiro and tilted my head away from him, saying, "Well then let's get started..."

"That... I'm really enjoying it... What?"

Neko was still glued to her.

"Eh? Ah... Stop it, Neko. She's not food."

"Nya, don't you know, Shiro? Gohan smells delicious!"

Shiro scolded Neko, but she held on even more.

(Yeah? Huh? Wait! Now Neko-chan, did you say "Gohan smells delicious"? Isn't that "Gohan smells delicious"?), she thought.

What did that mean?

"Eh? Maybe that 'Gohan' is me?"

"Yeah! Gohan smells like Gohan, I love it! That's why you're Gohan!"

Kukuri and Shiro laughed at Neko's cheerful response.

"Wagahai-chan... Gohan..."

"Ah, Konohana-san. Neko is not good at remembering people's names. She does not do it with bad intentions."

"Huh? Oh, it's fine."

Smell Gohan...? Did it mean she smelled strange?

She sorry about the situation, but she wasn't sure.

"Shiro! I'm hungry, let's go with Gohan! I want to go to the shopping department!"

Eh? Purchasing department?

"This is not good, Wagahai-chan. We have a class from now on."

"Hm..."

Kukuri urged her to walk, Neko kept holding on.

"Then as I guide you to the classroom, first lesson. Don't forget your student ID card. Make sure you take it with you. You will need it to do anything, like walk through the front door, to borrow a book or buy juice, etc."

"Is it okay to use this PDA as a student ID card?"

Kukuri smirked when she took out the PDA with a big school emblem on it.

"Yes, it is. Don't forget it. Even outside of school. Always carry it with you."

"Out of the School?"

"Yes. I go in and out of school, in and out of the school island and I also use transportation. It is also proof of identity."

"School island..."

"Yes! Ashinaka, an integrated education school from kindergarten to university. This island centered around that school is called "Ashinaka Super School". Someday I will show you the city."

"Yes, I see. Thank you."

"But first of all, you have to remember the inside of this school. At the beginning of registration, everyone does it once."

"I get lost and I'm late for class. How many times has this happened to you, Saya-chan?"

Kukuri smiled as if she was joking.

"Uh... I'll have to. I'm not very good at that though."

"Well, it happens to me too, and I think it would be good if you were guided by the PDA at first."

Kukuri hit her on the back when she immediately fell into anxiety.

"It's late, where were they and what were they doing?"

As soon as she entered the classroom, a grumpy voice jumped at her ears. Reflectively, she leaned in and said, "Yes, I'm sorry!"

Right after that, there was a terrible voice that said, "What?"

When she raised her face, the boy in front of her with his beautiful black hair was mysteriously frowning.

"I didn't tell you. Who are you?"

"Well, I am Konohana Saya. I will be in this class from today."

"As of today... By the way, the transfer student that Shiro was talking about is you."

The boy was convinced and then bowed deeply.

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

(Wow. It's very difficult... no. Kind regards!), she thought.

In haste, she bowed firmly.

"Yes, thanks."

Yatogami spoke very firmly. The atmosphere was also mature.



"It's difficult. Kuro. It's not a classmate's greeting."

"You should pay the courtesy. Did you both do your homework well?"



Responding to Shiro's words with a serious face, Yatogami narrowed his eyes.



"I'm not going to do it. I'm going to show Kuro's homework."

"What are you saying? Try to do things yourself responsibly. I definitely won't show it to you!"

"Tsk, stingy Kuro."

"That's not the problem. If you have time to bark, does your homework."

Yatogami, who scolded him in a stifled manner, is forgiven with a "Yes, yes.", and Shiro urged Neko to gently walk towards her seat. Furthermore, his face was distorted again, and Yatogami followed them. It was kind of funny.

"Hey, Kukuri-chan. Is 'Kuro' a nickname for Yatogami-kun?"

"That's right. Shiro-kun, Kuro-kun, a black and white duo. He's a good friend with club activities. Now, Saya-chan, I'll introduce you to everyone. Here and there."

Kukuri motioned for her to come.

She headed forward, following her. No, she tries to continue.

"Kamamoto! What are you doing? Come quickly!"

Suddenly, a voice echoed with rough footsteps. Immediately after, the impact on her back.

"Gah!"

She couldn't stop myself from the momentum, she lost her balance and fell.

"Ah, Saya-chan! Are you okay?"

Kukuri's voice was amazing. Oh, it wasn't so good... maybe. It hurt a lot.

However, the person who rushed inside was also worried, and as tears welled up from the pain in her back, hands, and knees, she managed to lift her upper body and look back.

"It hurts... hey... Who is this guy standing in the doorway?!"

There was a boy there, who seemed to have struck like her, lying on the ground.

He had the front of the black school uniform open, the shirt with two buttons unbuttoned, and the hem out. Also, a dark blue hat and the usual auburn hair that twisted in any direction.

The boy, who didn't seem to be polite, looked at her as he rubbed the area around his waist in excruciating pain and cursed.

"Ah..."

His wild and warlike eyes stared directly at the opponent.

It was a terrible, gaudy flame, and she couldn't help but lose her words.



The boy looked at her too and his eyes widened, astonishing for some reason.

"No, Yata-san, it's early. We still have time until class... That? Yata-san. Why are you sitting on the floor?"

A big boy who came running in with a plaintive voice, bowed his head when he saw him sitting on the ground, and looked at each other.

As the words surprised him, the boy named Yata shook himself and looked at the boy who was looking at them.

"Silly! I'm not sitting! This is... an accident!"

"Accident? Ah... I don't know, but why don't you get up for now?"

"No, you don't have to tell me! Hey, Kamamoto... do it."

"Yes?"

A big boy named Kamamoto bowed his head and asked again at Yata's small voice. Oh, but he thought he couldn't be helped. It was a very small voice.

However, he maybe didn't like him, and when Yata suddenly stood up, he gave Kamamoto a blow to the head. She was surprised.

"Eh?!"

"Why do you hit me?"

"I cannot hear you!"

No, she didn't think he didn't hear him, did he really not hear it?

(Huh? What? This "Yata" is extremely unreasonable.), she thought.

"That's right. I couldn't hear it, so it can't be helped."

When stunned, Kamamoto made a very natural counterargument. Yes, she understood that feeling very well.

"Uh, loud. Well, that... helps the woman..."

"Woman? Ah! Is that what you mean?"

Kamamoto laughed as if he were convinced, and walked over to her, knelt on the ground, and held out his hand.

"Yata-san pushed you. Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?"

"Ah... I'm fine."

She wanted to say, maybe it was worse. She was standing in front of the door. She apologized and bowed, and looked at the black sunglasses.



"Oh, you are..."

"Hmm? Oh, this is Rikio Kamamoto from the second year group. This is Misaki Yata, who is also in the same group."

Kamamoto laughed as he gently helped her.

"Ah! Hey, Kamamoto! Silly, don't introduce me without permission!"

Yata yelled at Kamamoto, who was gentle and kind regardless of his appearance. There was no reason to be angry about that presentation.

"Because you are Yata-san, it seems unlikely that you will introduce yourself."

"That's... sorry."

She was confused.

"But don't sell my name at a bargain price."

"It's the first time I've seen you, are you a girl from another class?"

Kamamoto finally ignored Yata, who was still screaming. Apparently he was fine.

When she said, "No, I'm not.", unsurprisingly, Yata yelled, "Damn, listen to me!". That was to be expected.

"Excuse me!"

"Oh! Don't look here and there!"

She hastily apologized, but this time Yata, who turned his face bright red and turned around, yelled again.

"Eh? Oh, sorry! I see..."

"No, don't apologize! Oh, you're ... wow, not bad..."

(Huh? Is that so? Not bad?), she thought.

When she looked at Kamamoto because she couldn't understand why, Kamamoto shrugged and shook his head.

"Ah, don't worry. Yata-san is not good with girls."

(Is that so?), she thought.

He was not good with girls. Still, it was the first time she had seen a person overreact.

"Then?"

"Ah! Konohana Saya, I'll stay in this class. Well, it's nice to meet you. May I call you Kamamoto-kun?"

"Thanks. I don't care. Call me what you want."

She was relieved to hear a friendly response.

"Yes. Yata-kun too."

"Eh? Me too?"

"Yes, I hope you get along well."

"Eh? Who is that? Who are you talking about!"

At that moment, Yata blushed again and turned to the other side. He didn't have the ability to learn, so he kept having the conversation in front of the entrance. So of course he would get in the way of people trying to enter the classroom.

The person who walked in pushed his back away, and Yata looked back with a grumpy voice, "Oh?"

"Misaki. Don't occupy the entrance of the classroom for one person, even a little."

"Saru, damn it!"

(Saru? Is this person's nickname?), she thought.

His clean eyebrows were unpleasantly distorted and his black eyes were very thoughtful.

Black hair in habit and black-rimmed glasses. A pure white school uniform with a slightly loose chest. He had a mark on his arm, she wondered what the blue bracelet meant.

".....!"

And a saber with a blue scabbard at his waist.

She didn't think it was necessary for school life and widened her eyes in amazement.

(Huh? What? That... why is he wearing such a thing?), she thought.

Involuntarily he looked at her seriously, the next moment, she quickly bowed her head.

"Ah, I am Konohana Saya, a transfer student. Thank you!"

What came back was complete silence.

"That..."

When she lifted her face, an icy look shot through her.

"Stop doing that, it's annoying."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

She strongly apologized and got out of the way.



That person just tried to slide past her.



"Hey, wait, Saru. You must introduce yourself."

Yata threw a harsh voice behind him.

The man, named Saru, shook his shoulders and looked back in amazement.

"What? Did you introduce yourself?"

He frowned repeatedly as if he didn't understand why.

"Don't send nonsense things. Misaki."

"It's not meaningless. We are her new partners. It's normal to introduce himself."

Long ago, he said that he wouldn't show up either.

She really wanted to know, but she was scared, so she shut her mouth.

"Or you can't even introduce yourself. Hmm, you're a boy."

When he decided to stand idly by, it was a terrible word that came out of Yata's mouth.

(Huh?! Wait. It's not about forcing him to fight, is it?!), she thought.

Saru clicked his tongue as the story seemed to roll in an unexpected direction.

And when he sighed like a deaf person, he echoed and coughed.

"Fushimi Saruhiko."

"Hmm...! Yes. Thank you, Fushimi-san."

He left before she finished saying it. He made her feel uncomfortable.

"Geez. Monkey bastard, you can just say your name so honestly."

Yata was upset and amazed. Why would be?

"Even Yata-san was mad at me when I introduced myself, wasn't he?"

Before she said more, Kamamoto stabbed a sickle firmly. "That's it! That's it!"

"Oh, that's it... You can say it after getting permission!"

He made a painful excuse and said, "Kamamoto, let's go quickly."

After that, Kamamoto ran and followed him.

"Eh?"

It was as if a storm had passed.

After dismissing Yata and other young men, she looked at Kukuri and took control powerlessly.

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"Rice! Rice! Kurosuke's homemade rice! Shiro! Let's eat rice!"

"Yes. Let's go out because the weather is good today."

"Hurrah!"

"Don't rock your lunch! The contents will fall apart!"

It was noon. Around the same time the bell rang, Neko stood up, and Shiro and Yatogami left the classroom following her. As she smiled and said goodbye, Kukuri reached over and touched her desk.

"Shall we go to the coffee shop? You didn't bring any food, did you?"

"Yeah. Oh, but it's okay to be alone. That's Kukuri-chan's lunch box, right? I think I can get to the coffee shop if I have a navigation system."

"Yes! But let me go with you. I also want to tell you the location of the shopping department. And if I get lost early on the first day, my name as a guide will be spoiled, right?"

"Okay, then, I'll be attentive to your words. Thank you."

"No! What? Then let's go together!"

Kukuri started walking with a joyous cry. She got up and followed her.

"There are several ways to get to the coffee shop, but the best is through the courtyard."

"Courtyard?"

"Yes. Therefore, I would not recommend going down these stairs immediately, on a limited menu day. Because the purchase is established in several places."

(Huh? Limited menu?), she thought.

She got out a word she didn't expect, and instinctively looked at Kukuri.

"Eh? Did you buy it now?"

"Yes, it is a strategy to expel the rivals. Lunch is one of the joys for the students, so everyone is desperate."

No, that was correct. She thought it was the same in all schools, but what did it mean to expel rivals?

(She said it's natural, but that? It's weird, I don't understand. Well, that shouldn't be the case, right?), she thought.

As she twisted her neck, she went downstairs with Kukuri and pushed open the glass door that led down the hall to the courtyard.

There was a neat flowerbed with colorful flowers in every corner. The fresh green of the plantation was also nice.

Light pink petals fluttered from the beautiful and splendid cherry blossoms. The white garden table and chairs underneath were fascinating. It would be great to enjoy her lunch there.

Kukuri, who was leading the way through the large and beautiful courtyard where such garbage had not fallen, stopped and shrugged, "Oh, no. Sorry. I can't go through here."

"Eh? Why?"

Kukuri pointed to the front, saying "That.". For the first time, she realized that there were many people gathered there, since she was looking at other things before.

And, well... it didn't seem like a good atmosphere. Yes. It was extremely unsettling.

A group in black school uniforms and a group in white school uniforms staring at each other.

People wearing black school uniforms didn't seem polite. On the other hand, many people who wore white school uniforms had the impression of looking tight. They felt like honor students.

But after all, there was a blue scabbard saber at the waist. What was that?

"Kukuri-chan? They seem to be staring at each other, but what the hell are they doing?"

"It's a conflict!"

"Eh?"

Too simple an answer that made her doubt her ears.

(Huh? Did she say a conflict?), she thought.

"Conflict... is that a fight?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"Well why are the students fighting?"

"Fufu, I haven't seen a person react this way in a long time. It's okay. You'll be surprised at first, but you'll get used to it. It's the usual thing."



(Is it okay to get used to it?), she thought.

Also, as usual, she thought conflict was something that shouldn't become a daily routine. No, nothing was becoming a daily routine, first of all, there was a conflict within the school.

She was confused by the images and words that were far from common sense.

However, when she looked around, there were people who were looking far away, but no one was surprised or made noise, so Kukuri's reaction was correct.

(Hmm. Common sense in this school is a bit strange.) she thought.

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

"Uh... that? Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun are there too? Besides, Fushimi-kun."

"That's right. Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun are in the Red club, and Fushimi-kun is in the Blue club."

"Eh? Red club and Blue club? What's that?"

Kukuri laughed and explained with good humor.

"It is a special activity of the club. It is one of the characteristics of this school."

"Special club activities?"

"That's right. There are seven special club activities at this school in addition to the regular club activities. Two of them are from the Red and Blue club. Special club activities, because when you join the club, you can use special abilities. It's very popular with students, because the word "special ability" is great, right? But only the "chosen ones" recognized by each director can join the club."

The word "special ability" surprised her.

"Only the chosen ones...?"

"Yes. Not everyone can get in. In that sense, it's "special". The Red club wears that black school uniform. Most of the Red club members are bad. However, "it's not that way" bad, so it is accepted by students in general."

Eh? Were they bad, but not evil? She didn't understand anything.

"But it's not all bad things. How to put it? I think those people are not good at keeping up with everyone. People who go their own way are the best. Maybe it's close. The director is Mikoto Suoh, a student third year. He's also the head of the Red club and he's very strong. You see, that red-haired person next to Yata-kun."

Kukuri pointed at the person in the middle of the black group with her finger.

His red eyes were eerily sharp. Tense and sad cheeks.

Did she say he was older? Charismatic? Regardless, his presence was astonishing.

"The Blue club wear a white school uniform. Excellent grades, good behavior. Most of the members are super elite groups that also serve as officers of student organizations and members of the disciplinary committee. The activities are the maintenance of discipline, the orientation of the students, it feels like they are always leading the students in a disciplined way, like leading events at school, so it seems like they are not on good terms with the Red club from one point of view."

Even though she said, "That's correct.", she frowned at the explanation.

(Good behavior... Eh? I'm sure I'm the only one who thinks that carrying a gun to kill people around your waist doesn't mean being good.), she thought.

"The director of the Azul club is Reisi Munakata, a third year student. The director of the Student Organization Within the School, the whereabouts of the Great Myojin!"

The central figure in the white group that Kukuri continued to display was, yes, like "Shinsei Seidai Myojin".

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

"That's why I can't go through here. I'm just looking at it now, but it seems to be getting a little warm, and it is."

"Monkey! Bastard, say it again!"

A loud voice echoed across the courtyard as if to block Kukuri's words. It was Yata's voice.

When he breathes and look back, Fushimi, who looked away, laughed vividly.

"Oh, I'll tell you many times. Your power is below mine. Mi-Sa-Ki."

Delighted, terribly happy, growling and despising people. His smile gave her chills.

(What? That look.), she thought.

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

Yata jumped, dyeing his eyes with fierce fury.

"Wow. It's started. That's it for the special part. I'm hungry, can we go quickly?"

Kukuri wanted to leave in a hurry, but she couldn't answer.

She was fascinated by the flames, which had arisen from Yata's hands.

"Saya-chan?"

The shape was slightly different, but all the people in the Red club could easily create a flame and target the Blue club. Those of the Blue club also took out their sabers one after another to defend themselves. There was a blue light on the blade.

Involuntarily, she looks at her hands.

(That's a special ability. So my thing is...), she thought.

"Saya-chan!"

Her shoulders shook and she suddenly came back to herself.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Because it's dangerous here. Shall we go?"

"Yes."

At that moment, Kukuri urged her on and looked back quickly.

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

"Ah...!"

When she looked back, the first thing she saw was a knife with a red lotus flame approaching them. And that last moment, she didn't have time to think about anything.

"Kukuri-chan, it's dangerous!"

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

Light was pouring out of her limbs and she couldn't open her eyes.

"Ah...!"

At the same time, there was a tremendous destructive sound.

But that was only a moment, and soon... the light disappeared like a lie.

The knife that should have flown there was also annihilated.

"Kukuri-chan, are you hurt?"

"No. I'm fine. It's nothing, but..."

Kukuri was in her arms and responded with a confused look.

"Hey. The light is coming out of your body, Saya-chan, but..."

The words surprised her. She quickly released Kukuri and looked at her hands.



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

A cold thing crept up her back.

(This is the same as before...!), she thought.

When she looked around her in a hurry, the stone pavement was severely broken and only around her. It was as if it had been crushed by a heavy machine.

It appeared that there was no damage to the school building. The surrounding students were also safe. Just around her and Kukuri, the stone pavement was broken, scraped, and tiled as if a circle had been drawn around her.

"Ah...!"

The blood suddenly disappeared. She shook back and hugged herself.

(What do I have to do! In this school, I decided to be careful not to be like this! I don't want to think like that again. Therefore, I controlled myself so as not to disturb anyone, only in a discreet and silent way. Quiet so as not to make waves. I thought she was calm!), she thought.

"What's that?"

Kukuri's question brought her back to herself.

"This is..."

"You are a 'Strain', aren't you?"

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

When she took a breath and looked around her, the person who was there was Reisi Munakata, the director of the Blue club and the director of the Student Organization within the school.

In his hand was a sword that glowed pale.

"A 'Strain'...?"

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

With that said, he placed the saber in the scabbard and pulled up his goggles.

"The power of a 'Strain' sometimes hurts people."

A painful memory crossed her mind.

Munakata stared at her with a distorted face, a smile on his lips.

"It is also our role to take strong measures to prevent this from happening. The day before yesterday, there was a report that a 'Strain' had entered the island, but are you the transfer student?"

With a rattling noise, Munakata took a step closer to her. She turned and took a step back.

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

"Ah, that, I..."

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

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

However, there was a sharp, dignified light in his eyes behind his glasses, and she was frightened by the power of it.

Taking a step back, Munakata narrowed his eyes slightly and held out his hand.

"Come here."

"Oh, I..."

At that moment, a flame struck behind Munakata.

At the moment of shouting, Munakata drew his saber and turned around to block the flame.

"She didn't do anything wrong, that's why she shouldn't give up."

Suoh pointed his flaming hand towards Munakata.

"I reject you, I keep the woman."

"Well, it's rare that you are interested in others."

"Yes. If you think so, give it to me."

Munakata responded to Suoh's fearless smile with a graceful and gentle smile.

"No. If you're interested, I can't quit."

Then, he turned the saber, which was reflecting the sunlight, directly towards Suoh.

"She is an irregular person and I want her to be within my grasp."

"If so, can I get it by force?"

"You are still a barbarian. If so, here too. All members, get ready!"

A sharp command. The people from the Blue club, a group in white school uniforms, responded immediately.

The fight started again. Ahead of her, Munakata looked back and reached out quickly.

"This time. Come with me."

"Oh, I..."

(What do I have to do?), she thought.





"I won't let you do that."

At that moment, she shook his throat and took another step back. It was unexpected. A voice was heard from above.



It was around the same time that she was surprised to look up at the sky and Munakata flew back quickly and brilliantly.

Immediately afterwards, someone fell to the place where Munakata was.

Black hair blowing in the wind. A Japanese sword that pierced the sky gleamed in the sunlight.

"No, Yatogami-kun!"

Yatogami stood up with her on her back. At the same time, behind the scenes, "Kukuri, are you okay?"

Looking back, she wondered when Shiro and Neko would arrive.

"This girl's security is in charge of the 'Silver Club'."

"Huh? What was that?"

"Don't get me wrong. It's temporary. I'm not trying to force you into anything. The Silver club is different from the Blue club."

Holding a Japanese sword, Yatogami looked at Suoh.

With a pon, Shiro tapped his shoulder, staring at the two people who were abruptly facing each other.

"Shiro-kun... that, I..."

"Yes. You were scared. It's okay. Leave it to me."

She wrinkled her head and was relieved by his soft hands.

"I'll give you a lot of explanations later. Let's escape for the moment. Kuro!"

"Yes."

"Huh?"

Yatogami, who had great strength, put his Japanese sword in the sheath and picked them both up.

She was surprised by the sudden movement and blushed shaking her limbs. But that was not the end.

Yatogami suddenly made a gesture like throwing something at the school building. A kind of power. They then took off from the ground at tremendous speed, dragged by invisible forces.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

Involuntarily clinging to Yatogami, she closed her eyes tightly.

(What the hell is going on ?!), she thought.

A terrible wind violently shook her hair.

As it was, she and Yatogami were thrown into the sky.

"Are you okay?"

When she opened her eyes slightly to his voice, in front of her was a bowl of rice and canned juice.

She was lying in her bedroom, and when she wobbled her upper body, she wrapped the juice in her hands and exhaled the air into her lungs in one go.

She had terrible eyes...

He jumps from the courtyard to the roof of the school building. From there, he jumped to another building, and then jumped from the height at which she would normally die. She didn't want to experience it again. Bungee without lifeline.

he ran further and brought her to an empty classroom in a building she had not yet entered.

That classroom was generally locked and used only for special occasions.

Yatogami, who opened the key easily, lowered her gently on the chair and went somewhere to buy that.

"The whites should be here soon. Drink it first and calm down."

"Yes, thanks."

She lifted the lid and hydrated her throat with the cold juice.

Her fingers were still trembling. Oh, but the sweetness of her made her feel relaxed. The moment she took a breath, the door opened and Shiro's cheerful voice echoed through the room.

"Kuro, thank you for your hard work! Konohana-san, are you okay?"

"Yes. Somehow... Thanks for your help."

When she thanked him, Shiro smiled and sat down on his seat next to her.

"It was nothing. It was a disaster from the first day of move-in."

"That's right. Up to that point, it's not as good as it is."

"Hmmm, not enough!"

Shiro smiled bitterly, Yatogami was serious and Neko replied cheerfully. It was no different from when they had a conversation that morning.

On the contrary, it seemed strange in her eyes and she frowned inadvertently.

"Are all three scared?"

Maybe it didn't make sense, everyone went through trouble because of it.

"What is scary? The Red club and the Blue club?"

"No, that's not it. It's about me."

"Monster," she remembers the shock when they told her that.

Her heart was anxious. Her throat screeched and she squeezed her breast with her hand.

"I have a power that ordinary people don't have. That caused a lot of trouble around me and I couldn't stay at the old school."

No. It was a nuisance. It wasn't pretty at all.

Like Munakata said, she hurts people.

"I was thinking of living like an ordinary person in this school. I decided to hide my abilities. I would never let my abilities skyrocket."

A string of light. A terrible destructive sound. A knife that disappeared like dust. The ground that had been crushed. A stone pavement that broke and turned into pieces. Remembering that, she involuntarily hugged herself.

"I didn't know I had this power. It was sudden. When I realized it, the school building was a mess."

She will never forget it, it was unforgettable. The scene at that time would be for life.

Whether in a major earthquake or bombing, a part of the school building was ruined and turned to rubble.

Students fleeing. A bloodstained towel. And...

"Then my friends became hostile and no one looked at me."

A mixed look of surprise and fear towards her. It quickly turned into disgust.

Neither her friends, her classmates nor her superiors were looking at her. They didn't try to get involved. Even the teacher looked away from her.

Even her family was scared and she started looking at her all the time. If she was in a bad mood, that house would be destroyed next. Her parents thought they might be attacked.

She lost everything that was important at the time.

That's why she was thinking that she had done it again. Also, on the first day of transfer.

Here she too had become a "monster".

"Oh... I have to find a new school again..."

"Eh? You don't have to. You'll be fine here."

"Why? I can't stay here anymore!"

"So? You run away every time you use your power? What the hell? Isn't that stupid?"

"Ah...!"

Suddenly, the classroom door opened and a grumpy voice echoed, interrupting her words.

When she looked around her, he was standing there, Fushimi, who had a distorted face that looked annoyed.

"Fuwah! What are you doing? I don't like you, Glasses!"

Neko looked threatening, and Fushimi said, "I have no business with you. My purpose is that woman."

"Huh? I?"

His eyes without heat surprised her. At his waist, the saber made a loud noise.

"If you try to carry out the principal's order, it's a disaster. Wow. This is the collapse of the school building."

(Did the school building collapse?), she thought.

"Guh..."

"Up to that point, even a fool like Domyoji can do it."

"What did you say?"

"He's a member of the Blue club. Of course, I can do it too. It's easy. I just don't do it because it's hard to clean."

(Is it easy...?), she thought.

"That's right."

"Believe it or not, it's up to you. If you want to do it, run away. If there is another school where people can easily tear down the school building."

"Eh...?"

(What does that mean...? Is he trying to reassure me? I don't understand the meaning and his eyes are scary.), she thought.



With a particularly gentle smile, Shiro yelled.

"Yes. As Fushimi says. Konohana-san doesn't have to run away from this school at all. Rather, it's the opposite."

"Quite the opposite?"

"Yes, I think it's right for you. Ashinaka Super School is a school where talented people gather."

"Eh...? Talented?"

"Huh? Special club activities. Didn't you ask someone? Red club, Blue club, etc."

"Well, I heard that from Kukuri-chan."

But that was a story that when you enter a special club, you will be able to use special abilities, isn't it that people with abilities will gather in this school?

When she said that, Fushimi clicked his tongue.

"Eh? That..."

"Well, it's a relationship. Is it that important if the ability is innate or acquired? It's the same in terms of ability."

"Hmm...! Same thing? With me?"

"Did you say that? It's not unusual for a talented person. Because all the guys who belong to the special club are talented people. So, in this school, no one discriminates against talented people. You'll run away from here, where will you go?"

"Ah! No one discriminates?"

"That's right. Well, it seems that Strains are rarely born outside of Gakuenjima, and I think you're different in that sense, but I don't care because all talented people are weird in the first place. Maybe everyone doesn't care either. You can live normally here. No, I should say that here. You think so too, right Yata-kun?"

"Eh?"

When she was surprised by Shiro's words and ran her eyes towards the door, Yata with a bitter face appeared with a smile on his cheek.

"Don't hide and listen, come out."

"It is urgent."

"Yata-kun..."

"Did you come worried? Or did Suoh tell you to come see what happened? Well, anyway... Konohana-san. Everyone here has special abilities."

"Eh? And Shiro-kun? Neko-chan?"

"Yes. Because we are the Silver club. Fushimi-kun is from the Blue club. Yata-kun is from the Red club. We are all a special department. And Neko is also a Strain. You know what that means, right?"

Words like dreams invaded her.

Was it serious? Wasn't it a lie? Was it really the case?

"Don't I have to run away?"

Wasn't it a dream or an illusion?

"I can stay here?"

Fushimi responded to the words, as he groaned.

"You should like it, right? You're not the only one with a skill anyway."

"Ah!"

She was not alone.

She takes a breath and stare at Fushimi.

She wasn't the only one who had an "ability", he said, but he probably just stated objective facts, but why? She felt that she could get closer to that person. She thought that he could understand the loneliness that had been in her heart since that day.

Suddenly, the tears overflowed.

When she clasped her hands, she hid her teary eyes from him.

It was unbelievable. Because that day she changed her life completely. She had experienced it. She was hurt and suffered. She was still in her mind very clearly that vivid memory.

(Oh, but! However, I'm not alone!), she thought.

"Ah!"

Great tears were shed. She covered her mouth with both hands and looked up. She was not alone.

"Ah...!"

The truth is that she did not want to run away. She wanted a place to stay.

(I don't want to be a "monster". I'm so scared of myself! I don't want to be left alone in the dark without anyone understanding me!), she thought.

"Huh... uh..."

She was not alone. She could stay there.

His words made her tremble. Her heart was full and she couldn't say anything else.

Like a little girl crying.

The opening bell rang on the way, but everyone was there without saying anything.

Fushimi, who should always be a member of the Blue club guiding the students in a disciplined manner, remained silent.

"Still, I wonder what Konohana-san's ability is. She disintegrates the knife."

Seeing that she had calmed down a bit, Shiro said that and looked at Yatogami.

"Konohana-san, you don't understand it too, do you?"

"Yes. When I tried to help Kukuri-chan, it turned out to be like that. Anyway, I'm scared of myself."

"Are you a Strain who does not know your own strength and cannot control it? You are an object of observation that the Blue club seems to like."

He shook his head and looked at her to explain, Yatogami really did say what he was thinking.

The disturbing sound of his words made her shiver.

"Object of observation?"

"Mmm, Kuro. Don't scare her."

"But it's true. The Blue club will not give up on this. It will take aim again."

With that said, Yatogami looked at Fushimi.

"It sounds good for the order of the school, but the Blue club does not choose the means."

"Good. I will definitely come again. But I think that will be only if she doesn't belong to any club. If Konohana-san joins the special club herself, I'm sure it will be a different story."

"It's true?"

"Yes. The director and members will protect you as companions, I'm sure they will find out what your abilities are, and I think they will teach you how to manipulate your abilities properly. No one wants you to escape. You may have been afraid of suddenly giving up,

but Munakata-senpai didn't try to hurt you. The ability is really difficult to handle. Apparently, you didn't seem to be able to control your abilities, right? So Munakata-senpai and Suoh-senpai tried to protect you no matter how they did it."

"Eh? Protect me?"

"Yes. Protected by the club. Before it affects the school and the general public. Only talented people can repress talented people."

"So if you join the special club and learn to know and control your skills alongside people who understand you..."

"The Blue club will not attack you. You will no longer be a 'dangerous Strain whose abilities are out of control', do you understand? Do you want to be part of the Silver club? Me and Kuro will protect you, and we slowly elucidate your abilities."

"Join the Silver club?"

Fushimi, who had been listening to the story silently until then, clicked his tongue and looked at Shiro. Yata looked at him too. Scared by both of them, Shiro shrugged and said, "How scary."

"Well, it seems that both the Red club and the Blue club want to protect you, but, anyway, if you join the special club, your situation will improve in various ways."

"Kuro-kun..."

"Think carefully. Konohana-san, you must decide your future school life."

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"I'm smart!"

"Wow! Yes! Sorry!"

As soon as she opened the bedroom door, she was scolded and apologized.

Eh? But, wait? Why did she have to open the door to her room and apologize?

"Oh, that's right. You?"

She raised her face and sighed at the robot that was sitting there.

It was one of the robots that cleaned the entire school island, as well as the school building and dormitory. The samurai tone was quite cute. When she stepped aside, he left the room and said, "I'm tall!"

She looked at him, she closed the door and got into bed.

"Oh! I'm tired!"



After skipping class for an hour, she returned to the classroom, but she stopped in front of the door as she was scared. What would she do if they looked at you strangely?

But, in conclusion, she didn't have to worry about it at all.

Kukuri, who found her writhing in front of the door, came out to pick her up.

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

Kukuri told her that and laughed.

When she asked her: "Am I not disgusting?", Kukuri responded by beating her chest: "I don't think so at all. You were like an ally of justice and it was cute. You are a life saver; you should not feel bad. Tell me if there is someone who annoys you! I'm not good with violence, but I will persuade him.". Oh, that really made her happy.

The look and attitudes of the other colleagues did not change, but made her shine, saying: "You are incredible." The exact opposite of the previous school. But it may be that she used to hurt people with her abilities, and this time she protected people with her abilities.

She finally she was relieved to hear everyone's reaction.

Then she cries again.

Kukuri hugged her, "Don't cry." She patted her head and hit her on the shoulder.

She was so happy to see everyone's comfort and she was so excited that she cried even more.

"Special club activities, huh?"

She holding the cushion she lay on her back. She looked at the ceiling and coughed.

They all accepted her as she displayed her abilities. It was soft and warm.

She was really happy. If she took it easy, she might inadvertently shed tears.

But her power could hurt others. What would she do if she lost control again? She wanted to protect everyone from herself. So she had to know her ability and how to control it.

"Shiro-kun's Silver club."

She looked at the ceiling thoughtfully as if to confirm it.

"The Red club with Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun."

She got up gently.

She watched the terrifying red sunset shining through the window and clenched her fist tightly.

"Fushimi-kun is in the Blue club."

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"I am Reisi Munakata. I am the director of the Azul club and director of the Student Organization at this school."

"I am Konohana Saya. Thanks again!"

Munakata introduced himself again. She was nervous and bowed deeply.

After school, the next day. She was in front of the Blue club room building, commonly known as "Scepter 4".

A majestic building that looked like a palace. A solid and wide entrance. The thick columns were lined up on both sides and the top was a large balcony with a large sliding window. And there are perfectly symmetrical wings left and right, centered on the part of the triangular roof that it had.

Was this the Blue club building? Were they using this whole building for the club? A member of the Blue club, who was completely overwhelmed and found her wandering the oversized open space in front of the building, led her to the principal's office. He explained to her that it was a relocation of an old western style building in a foreign French Renaissance style.

She maybe thought it was good, but it was completely counterproductive. "This is not a good place to be!". She was scared, and about to turn around and run. Managed to stop herself.

The member of the Blue club knocked on the door.

She was sure that at Shiro's Silver club she could have a relaxing time. That is exactly what she originally wanted, a quiet and peaceful place.

Yesterday after school, Totsuka Tatara, who was a third year student in the Red club, came to the classroom and gave her a dessert made by Izumo Kusanagi, a manager in the Red club. She apologized. And the dessert was really delicious.

So she was sure that he could take good care of her, and she would have a good time.

But yes. That is why she decided to go to the Blue club.

While everyone was nice to her, only Munakata told her clearly.

"The power of a Strain sometimes hurts people."

"You are a Strain and I want to have you within my grasp."

About the danger of her ability. On the need for follow-up. Only that person told her.

She was scared at the time, but now she wanted to be an "object of observation" so that she could discover her abilities and learn to control them.

"Konohana Saya-san. Originally, you are a Strain, you must be monitored and protected to maintain order in this school."

In the headmaster's room, staring at her standing in front of a heavy desk, Munakata smiled and crossed his fingers.

His smile was sweet and gentle. However, his eyes were closed and there was no mercy.

So she could be safe there, she could trust him.

This person would not only protect her, he would also protect everyone from her.

"So, I'm glad you visited me. Welcome to the Blue club, Konohana Saya-san."

"Yes, thanks."

Again, she bowed deeply.

"Director."

Around the same time, the sound of banging echoed through the room. Then the sound of the door opening. She turned around to see.

"You calls me?"

It was Fushimi who entered. Noticing her, he clicked his tongue in the middle of the words and opened his eyes slightly.

"Oh, Fushimi-kun. I've been waiting for you. Here's Konohana-san."

"Huh? Oh, yes!"

"You were in the same class as her, right?"

Munakata smiled as he looked at her, she quickly returned her gaze to Munakata.

"Oh, yes. That's correct."

"That's right. Then I'll order Fushimi-kun to be an educator for Konohana-san."

"Eh?!"

"Eh?!"

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun?"

It seems like it was an unexpected word not only for her but also for Fushimi, who was shocked, and a click of the tongue was heard from behind.

However, should keep calling Munakata, director? The director did not seem particularly concerned about his reaction and continued his words with a smile.

"Please support her."

"Because I?"

"We need someone who is always close to her, who educates her to be suitable for the Blue club and able to deal quickly when her power gets out of control. You are the best in the same class."

He wondered if he couldn't argue with that, and after a while, he sighed and replied, "Ok."

Looking back, he really hated having to do it.

"So Konohana-san. I'm going to talk to Fushimi-kun. Thank you for your continued support."

"Ah, yes! Thank you very much!"

She bowed firmly to the director, thanked him, and turned her back on Fushimi as he walked out of the director's office.

"Um, sorry."

It didn't seem like Fushimi would agree to that task, so she didn't look back and apologized to Fushimi, who was walking steadily.

Then he replied, "It's not your fault. Besides, I will obey the director's decision."

His voice was a little soft, but he sounded very grumpy. She thought that Fushimi was really angry. But if she said something, would he ever get mad at her again?

She walked over to Fushimi, thought for a moment and leaned in, saying, "Well, okay then."

"Thanks."

The answer to that was his usual irony.

## **CHAPTER 2: SPRING**

"Hey, it's time for lunch!"

At the same time as the teacher left the room, Yata stood up energetically.

He felt like a fish that received water and pulled Kamamoto out of the classroom.

After that, Shiro and his companions as well. Yatogami loudly whispered to Neko not to balance her lunch as usual.



When she said goodbye with a smile and suddenly looked around the classroom... (Ah, that? Hmm, isn't Fushimi-kun there?), she thought. She got up in a hurry and left the classroom.

(Where is he? He doesn't look like he's carrying a lunch box; will he be in the dining room? Or maybe he went shopping? Ah, but there are food courts, gyudon shops, and burger joints, so all in all... Wow... I was off guard! I thought it was lunch.), she thought.

With a sigh, running down the stairs, she crossed the playground and headed for the dining room.

The dining room was very large, but while the general students in light blue jackets overflowed, the Blue club members in white school uniforms are very notable. She confirms if could see him, but it didn't seem to happen. She sighed and took out the PDA.

"Let's go to the shopping department. Or should I go to the food court?"

She still didn't know if it was on the right or on the left. She needed a navigation system to walk at school.

Especially when it comes to the Blue club. She did not know anything about the special activities of the club or the skills that can be obtained.

So she thought that he could tell her even a little...

Despite observing the situation since the morning, Fushimi was not captured at all. When it's time for a break, he suddenly disappears. Even now.

"It's also a distraction to ask Shiro-kun about the Blue club..."

Although she chose the Blue club, it was too convenient to trust Shiro due to anxiety.

While she was browsing with the PDA, this time she headed to the food court.

(Is it annoying to ask about club activities during breaks and lunch breaks? But I want to know.), she thought.

"Mmm..."

She was wondering what to do, she stopped and looked up. At that moment, flapping footsteps were heard and a person in a white school uniform caught up with her.

When she looked back, another person was there.

"Oh, yesterday! Um... Akiyama senpai!"

"Oh, you are..."

The person who guided her to the club manager's office yesterday was Himori Akiyama. He stopped and looked at her.

Then after asking "Are you alone?", he suddenly looked at the PDA in her hand and narrowed his eyes slightly.

"You are lost?"

"Well, no, I can figure it out. Still."

"Okay. Where are you going?"

"Well, I'm actually looking for Fushimi-kun..."

To be honest, she thought Akiyama was surprised because he said "Oh."

"By the way, your educator is..."

"Yes, I have many things I wanted to ask him, but I lost sight of him."

"Well, let's have a proper lunch."

Eh? Would he answer her questions now?

"Huh? Um, that..."

"Actually, there was a ruckus in the purchasing department earlier. I think I'm on the scene to suppress the situation and investigate the cause of the ruckus. I'm heading there now. So I'm wondering if it's impossible to answer a question."

"What? Is that so?"

(Excuse me! I didn't mean to bother you!), she thought.

"I'm sorry! Then I'll go back and have lunch, so please continue on your way."

"Are you really lost?"

"No, I'm fine."

When she shook her head, Akiyama turned around and said, "If so, then I'm going."

Seeing his back, she shrugged and waved back.

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"Oh, Konohana-san. Are you alone?"

"Eh?"

As she walked while she was looking at the PDA, she heard a voice echoing from behind. Because she was concentrating on the navigation system, she couldn't understand whose voice it was for a moment, and when she looked back, she saw Director Munakata.

"But walking around looking at the PDA is dangerous."

"Forgive me! The path is uncertain."

Quickly, she corrected her posture and lowered her head.

"Oya? Didn't you get the guide in Scepter 4 yesterday?"

"Eh? No. I was just guided to the manager's room."

"But did Fushimi-kun leave you behind?"

That was true.

"Ah, no, I got lost..."

She made an excuse to keep Fushimi out of the picture, but that was painful, somehow.

Sure enough, Munakata sighed worriedly.

"You can't just let her go. You can't do it, Fushimi-kun."

She felt that she had told him.

As he shrugged, Munakata breathed in again and touched her shoulder.

"Well that's fine because I just wanted to talk to you. Could you come to the club manager's room as you are?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

She walked behind Munakata, who walked past her.

"Have you changed anything today? Mainly due to your abilities."

"Ah! I don't know if it's related, but I broke six feet of grip strength."

"Eh?"

In response, Munakata stopped and looked back in amazement.

"You broke?"

"Yes. I had a physical fitness test in the afternoon, but... just holding it lightly surprised me. The second time I intended to hold it more gently, but it also broke."

"I'll check it again, but maybe the grip is damaged?"

"Yes. No question. The needle shook and the part I grabbed broke."

"I'll confirm it further, but I didn't have tremendous grip strength before the ability appeared..."

(What kind of girl are you?), Munakata wondered.

"I'm not a girl anymore, I'm a gorilla."

"I checked it just in case, but now I get it."

Munakata laughed and started walking again. She opened her eyes when he saw his back as he walked proudly and retroactively. (Eh? No way.), she thought.

"Did you understand my ability?"

"Yes."

Before her surprised eyes, Munakata smiled as he opened the door to the Blue Club administrator's room.

(Really, this person is amazing!), she thought.

He already figured it out, it was stupid to think that.

"Your ability is that of a gorilla."

Is she a gorilla after all?

Munakata's smile made her feel weak.

(Sorry. Pick the time, place, case, and person to make a joke. In terms of skills, I'm in a hurry, I'm pretty negative, or I'm narrow-minded.), she thought.

She followed Munakata, who entered the room with a giggle, and distorted his face.

"Is it a gorilla dusting a knife? That's scary."

"That's right. Let's be more thorough in the follow-up."

What was she doing?

"I wonder if it's okay. Maybe I could crush Headmaster Munakata's skull with my bare hands."

When she said that with careless sentiment, Munakata approached the desk with a laugh, "Fufu. Just kidding. Don't be so mad."

"Other than that?"

"Well after that, Fushimi-kun had a dispute with Yata-kun, who burned a sense of opposition to Fushimi-kun, but Professor Awashima-kun left the recording board for me to stop it. But I also broke it."

"I see. It doesn't work anymore."

She clears her throat and don't let him say it. Enough of the jokes.

"But that was it. First of all, I got through this morning normally without breaking anything, and in the afternoon nothing else. I also held the PDA normally."

"Is there a condition to activate it? What are you thinking about?"

"No, nothing."

When she shook her head, Munakata crossed his fingers and spoke his mind.

"I didn't feel in danger or try to help someone like I did in the courtyard the day before yesterday. But I just grabbed it without thinking about anything, normally. At the time of the recording board, surely Fushimi-kun and the others were fighting, but that is all."

"I see."

"The story is a little different, but Fushimi-kun and Yata-kun, Misaki Yata-kun from the Red club... Is there something between them? It's not just that they are on bad terms."

Even in today's physical fitness test, how to burn and hit, Yata was a bit unusual, and even in the courtyard case from yesterday,

Fushimi's way of provoking Yata was a bit unusual. if it weren't. Her back went cold.

"That's not what I'm talking about."

Munakata narrowed his eyes and said that. That was it, but there was something.

(But the fact that Director Munakata is confused is a delicate problem, isn't it? Surely. So I wonder if it's better not to touch the subject unnecessarily.), she thought.

But she was worried. Looking at that situation, she wondered if she could really get close to Fushimi. Because she was afraid. She didn't know if she could understand him.

(Well, it might not be understandable in a single day.), she thought.

When she thought that, the sound of a bang echoed across the room. Then the door opened with a voice saying "Excuse me."

"Are you busy? I'll be back again."

"No, it doesn't matter. What is Fushimi-kun's requirement?"

Munakata stopped Fushimi, who saw her standing in front of his desk and tried to back away from her.

Fushimi took a deep breath, corrected his posture, and looked at the documents in his hand.

"This is a report on the confusion that occurred during the lunch break."

"Oh, that's the case. Please give me the details."



"Yes. Today at 12:35 PM. When a general student contacted me and told me that there was a commotion in the purchasing department, I immediately went to the site to suppress the situation and confirmed the cause of the commotion."

He cut off the words and leaf through the document.

"It seems that too many people gathered in search of 'Pom pom bread', which is a limited quantity menu for purchases."

"Ah. 'Pom pom bread'?"

She wondered what the "pompom bread" was, it had a very cute name.

"It seems that there was a skirmish between the students who tried to buy it. By the way, there were no injuries, but it seems that the Red club members used their abilities, so the noise got louder. Details are summarized in the report, so check it out."

"Thanks. It seems better to have the Purchasing Department on call on Limited Menu Day."

"Maybe. Especially the Red club people can't be held back by ordinary students."

With a sigh, he walked over to the desk and Fushimi presented the documents.

When he received it, Munakata was satisfied with it, and then all of a sudden, "By the way, Fushimi-kun.", Munakata raised his face.

"Yes, what is it?"

"It's about that 'Pom Pom Bread', find out when the next installment will be."

(I want to eat one.), she thought.

"Hmm... I get it."

"Don't you mind, Konohana-san?"

"Eh? Ah, yeah. That's right. Although it's very popular now, it'll calm down later after all."

She couldn't imagine what kind of bread it was from the name.

"Then let's buy some when they arrive. What about that, Fushimi-kun?"

"I don't need it. I'm not interested. So, with that I'm done reporting."

"Fushimi-kun. Please wait. I have another story for you."

Munakata stopped Fushimi, who tried to flee quickly after cutting off the invitation, with a smile.

"Yes?"

"What did I ask you yesterday? Konohana-san was lost in the building."

(Huh? Well, I didn't get lost! I was certainly wandering.), she thought.

Fushimi clicked his tongue and turned around with an annoying smell.

"Konohana-san, no, she's already a member of the Blue club, so let's call her Konohana-kun. Her first exam will start soon."

Glancing at Fushimi, Munakata said that and looked at her.

Surprised by the sudden change in topic, she dutifully shook her head.

"Ah, yes. I heard from the school principal that the skill test will take place immediately after the start of the first semester, so I'm ready for now..."

"It's a good idea. Members of the Azul club are retired unless the average is 90 points or more."

(Huh?!), she thought.

"Well, is that so?"

Well, she hears it's an elite group, but over 90 points?!

"The minimum line required is 90 points... The Blue club is scary..."

"I've never heard of a rule like this."

Annoyed, Fushimi looked at her as if he was suspicious and turned his gaze back to Munakata.

(Huh? I've never heard of it?), she thought.

"Yes, I did a while ago."

(Huh? Long time? Wait. It's a lie. Are you kidding me?), she thought.

"But Konohana-kun just moved in. She also joined the Blue club recently. In view of that..."

She wondered if it was something serious or a joke, and she had fear and a bad feeling. Looking at Fushimi, who had wrinkles between his brows, Munakata smiled and raised his index finger from him.

"Let's combine the average scores of the two and pass the exam with a score of 180 or higher. If it is less than that, we will ask both of you to withdraw."

(Huh?! What?!), she thought.

"Hey, would we both get retired?"

(That means that even if Fushimi-kun's average score is 100 points, if my average score is 79 points, Fushimi-kun will also be retired... right? Yes! That's bad!), she thought.

"Well, please wait! Well, you don't seem to have taken that into account!"

(Quite the contrary! It's so bad for me to hurt someone other than me!), she thought.

In response to her complaint, Munakata smiled: "Yes, it is a collective responsibility.". Eh? This was not the time to be joking.

"Naturally. Fushimi-kun is Konohana-kun's educator."

(However, I think it is the teacher's job to increase academic ability, not the role of the Blue club educator!), she thought.

However, it didn't matter if she complained, it seemed to be a decision, and Munakata just smiled and then said...

"Please do your best together."

+++++

More than 180 points?! That's it..."

Shiro and Kukuri looked at each other.

"Hey, it's no good being irrational. Uh. I'm in trouble."

"Saya-chan, how are you studying?"

"I don't think it's bad. But there is no average of 90 points. No, no. Impossible."

Shiro and Kukuri looked at her again, holding their heads.

"The range of the skill test is extremely wide. It doesn't matter if it's in the middle or the end of the period."

"Hey! Oh! Wait! Fushimi-kun!"

She noticed Fushimi, who quickly walked past her and hastily stopped him.

Fushimi took a deep breath, looked at her, and coughed, "What?"

"Well why don't we study together in the library today after school?"

"Rejected.", he replied quickly.

"Don't say that. That..."

"Are you sure you will get points?"

"Not at all. Especially math. So if you want, I'd like Fushimi-kun to teach me."

"In such a situation, I need to get a high score. Then I don't have time to answer your questions. Another boy can teach you."

His logic was reasonable.

Certainly the average score will go a long way, and if he helps her study, Fushimi's burden may be too great.

"Ah, I get it."

"Your quota is 85 points. Don't get less than that."

She reflexively he was trying to say "I can't!", but she managed not to say that. Because in that case, Fushimi's quota is 95 points. Not really, but she couldn't say that. Rather, get five points. This is where she should cry and give thanks.

"Yes, I'll do my best..."

Even though she coughed softly, Fushimi left without waiting for an answer.

She sighed a little and went back to her desk.

"It's hard..."

But time would not wait. There was no time to be depressed or mourn the status quo.

She had been in this school for a short time, but did not want to leave it.

As she desperately studied, she left the library crying when the library was closed. It was difficult.

"By the way, I forgot something in the classroom."

She sighed and went to the door, but she remembered that there was something in the classroom and she changed her destiny. Leaning down the hall where the orange light was shining, she hurried to the classroom, which was not closed yet.

Finally she arrived at the classroom guided by the PDA that showed her the way.

She opened the door with force thinking that it was about time and there would be no one, and in a corner of the classroom someone screamed a little and moved a lot.

"Huh? Wow! I'm sorry! Huh? Yata-kun?"

It was Yata who was there. Also, a person. She did not see Kamamoto who was always with him.

"Yata-kun, why are you here? Kamamoto-kun?"

"Well that's... I mean, I'm asking you the same thing."

"I came to pick up what I have forgotten. I forgot to put the necessary reference books in my bag. What about you, Yata-kun?"

"I'm on a supplementary lesson... from Anna-sensei."

(Oh, that's right. They told her during class to stay today.), she thought.

"I really fell behind."

"I tried to escape, but I was caught in a two-stage trap... until now."

(Trap? It refers to Kukuri-chan's comment, and is it natural for people in this school to set up a trap?), she thought.

When she went to him, his face flushed as he could see her against the sun, and Yata tore his eyes away from her.

"But it's time to quit school, right?"

"They told me I won't go home until this is over. When I get home, a lot will happen."

With a terribly broken and unnatural demeanor and a bitter smile at the traumatic words, she moved to the seat next to Yata and bowed her neck.

"Terrible thing?"

"Anna-sensei says that the stones in my room will collide with each other in a timely manner."

What? It was a threatening claim that he had forgotten its authenticity somewhere.

"I wonder if it's done. I'll finish it!"

Oh, just like he thought it was. It was unbelievable!

"So I don't have time to talk to you! When you're done, go."

Yata kept his eyes away from her and waved his hand away.

It certainly seemed like this was not the time to speak. The pile of notes in front of Yata was quite thick.

She thought for a bit and sat down next to Yata.

"Well, Yata-kun, if you want, can I help you with your homework?"

"Now...! I don't need it! Compassion is useless! Man rots!"

(Eh? It will rot him? Isn't that obsolete? Oh, but is it something similar?), she thought.

"But my friends are in trouble."



"Friend...?"

"Huh? Uh, yeah. Um... you said you wanted to get along, right?"

"Hmm...! No, but I can't get along with someone from the Blue club!"

That was an unexpected response and she shook her head.

"Eh...? Why? Is the Blue club bad?"

"Why... I can't tell you why!"

"Why do you belong to the Red club?"

"That's right! I'm the captain of the Red club and..."

"Eh...? Um... is that related?"

When asked, it seemed like an unexpected answer, and this time it was Yata's turn.

"What? Why...?"

"Eh? Because... I think it's strange to judge people just because they are from the Blue club or the Red club. The fact that they consider enemies, bad guys, they don't get along. It's weird. I can't respect one person like that, right?"

".....!"

"Is it Suoh-senpai, the headmaster, who does it? Don't talk to the Blue club people, don't get involved, don't get along. The guy who did that is that red-haired person?"

"Mmm...! That's it! Mikoto-san!"

"That's right, he's not such a small person, right?"

She felt a bit relieved at Yata, who shook his head violently, relentlessly denying it.

"I knew it just by looking at the conflict in the yard. That's why you yearn for it, right? It's the same for everyone at the Red club."

"That is to say..."

"Even in the Red club regulations, they don't say that you shouldn't talk to the Blue club people or get along with them, right?"

"Nevertheless..."

"Kukuri-chan said that the Red club does things his way."

Bad things that are accepted by ordinary students.

She never said "bad people" or "don't get involved".

Also about the Red club, the content of the activity is a mystery. Most of the members are bad or drop out of school. They are said to do whatever they want freely, regardless of school rules, but that's about it. Kukuri did not show any disgust, contempt, or disdain.

"That's why? I understand that the people of the Red club are very free."

".....!"

"The Blue club is the same. I think it is wonderful to maintain the discipline of the students and the spirit of the school, but I do not think that the Red club is not an ally of justice, right? You do not think that the people of the club Blue are wonderful people with a sense of justice?"

She stared at Yata, who had a poker face, and smiled.

She leaned in hastily, tightening her skirt.

(What happened? Somehow, I made a big self-assertion.), she thought.

It was really easy for her to talk to Yata.

"Oh, is it true? Is that why? I've lost everything once. I hate being hated. Well, I don't think anyone likes to be hated."

Still, if he had a problem and it bothered him, she thought it couldn't be helped.

But if it's not his problem, she doesn't like that.

Her words shook his eyes as if Yata was confused.

"Well, that's it. Yata-kun, it's very easy to talk to you. It's strangely comforting to be with you. So..."

"Eh...?"

Yata, who showed a poppy expression for one moment, turned his face bright red the next moment and jerked away from her.

"What are you talking about?! You! You're weird!"

"Is that so? But it's true. It's very easy to talk to you. It's been a while since I've asserted myself so firmly. I wonder if it's because the other party is Yata-kun."

At that moment, she laughed even more at Yata, who turned bright red and was fluttering.

"Hey."

A terribly cold voice echoed through the classroom.

When she looked around, she found Fushimi at the door.

"It's a good thing. Are you thinking of letting me score points and make it easier?"

"Eh...?"

The moment their eyes met, she was struck and surprised by the unexpected words, and the chilling coldness in that voice. She was stunned, opened her mouth and got up in a hurry.

"Oh, yeah! I don't think so. I just talked a little..."

"Are you not saying you can do it? Is this your moment?"

(Well, that's...), she thought.

"I'm not sorry."

"Hey, monkey! You..."

"Shut up, idiot."

She couldn't see him looking down. Yata yelled in protest, but Fushimi screamed softly without saying anything until the end.

"Now you!"

"Oh, sorry! Yata-kun, it's okay. This is really bad for me."

Really, she wasn't in a situation where she could waste her time. Given the burden on Fushimi, it was only natural.

To calm Yata, who seemed to stand up and jump at any moment, she stood up and quickly shoved the reference book into her bag.

"Sorry, Yata-kun. Good luck!"

"Oh, oh... are you okay? You..."

She was worried about Fushimi. To Yata, who did not know about the test, Fushimi's attitude seemed incomprehensible and unreasonable.

She clasped her hands in front of her face and said, "Sorry! Sorry for not helping you!", and she left the classroom following Fushimi, who had already disappeared.

(Oh, oh, I'm ahead of you!), she thought.

"Oh, sorry. I don't think it's convincing, but did you study well? I'm not thinking of leaving it up to Fushimi-kun to make it easier, okay?"

"....."

"Oh, but it's true that my quota is in jeopardy and I skipped even for a bit, so I'm really sorry!"

She managed to run and reach his back, and she apologized firmly as they walked side by side.

Then Fushimi stopped and hit her head, which was hanging and stopped, with something quite hard.

"Oh, it hurts..."

"You don't have to follow me. If you have time to apologize, study."

What hit her was pressed against her forehead, and when she received it, Fushimi began to walk silently.

(Huh? Wait! Even if you tell me not to apologize...!), she thought.

"Eh, Fushimi-kun? We're in Blue club and..."

"Okay. First, study."

"Eh? But..."

"Anyway, the day after tomorrow, we will enter the test preparation period and there will be no club activities after school. There is nothing special to do now for those who joined the club. Study more."

He clicked his tongue and left quickly.

She sighed and looked at the thing in her hands.

"Eh? Reference book?"

(Huh? But I should have put this in my bag a little while ago.), she thought.

When she hurriedly searched her bag, she found the same thing.

She tilted her head and opened it. It was unbelievable! Good writing was distributed on almost every page. With a colored pen, it was extremely easy to understand and the main points were outlined. It even contained test prep tips and a "Make sure you remember this."

She could see how much the reference book had been used just by flipping through it.

"Fushimi-kun is a hard worker..."

(I mean, you can lend me this, right? I just have to do my best with this, right?), she thought.

Involuntarily, she looked in the direction Fushimi went. She no longer had time to waste. The setting sun shining in the hallway was turning redder.

"I have my own test..."

Rather, she would have to get a much better score than she had before.

Her chest warmed slowly.

She put the reference book in her bag, clenched her hands tightly, and recovered her spirits.

"Good! I'll make it!"

+++++

Unlike the midterm and final exams, the duration of the ability test is short. It lasts a short time and you finish in a short time.

"Yes, oh! The test is over!"

Yata cheered when the teacher came out. They all followed.

She pulled the air rushing into her lungs and sank down on her desk.

She was done, but it was difficult.

"Yes, yes! Now that the test of hell is over, the next event is the long-awaited athletic festival. From now on, we will deliver a hard copy of the event list! We will decide the registered event of the athletic festival!"

Kukuri clapping her hands, she called out to everyone who was full of liberation.

"If you have any questions, let me know!"

A sports festival? It didn't seem so painful.

She looked at the prints that appeared and thought about it.

At that moment, he hit her head and she looked back.

"Oh, Fushimi-kun."

"I wonder if it was possible."

"What, somehow?"

When she laughed, she sighed. She felt it. She couldn't say "I'm done! It's okay!" with trust.

"Eh, Fushimi-kun?"

"....."

"Sorry. It was a stupid question."

Like a blizzard, she couldn't look into his cold eyes that seemed to burst.



"Once you've decided on the event, put on your gym clothes and come to Blue club. Don't go home yet."

"Huh? Yeah. Okay. But gym clothes? What are we going to do?"

"Because the club's activities will resume."

(Oh, the Blue club activity?), she thought.

If she didn't take it firmly, he would disappear.

(Will they return the answer sheet tomorrow? The day after tomorrow?), she thought.

But for the moment, the test was over. The feeling of liberation was tremendous after studying a lot.

As she listened to Kukuri's cheerful voice, she sank down on the desk again and gently closed her eyes.

(After the event has been decided...), she thought.

When she put on her gym clothes and went to the Blue club, there were people dressed in blue gym clothes.

(Wow. Blue club is different from ordinary students not only in uniforms but also in gym clothes.), she thought.

It was a bit unusual and she was looking at him, and Fushimi, who gave them the impressions and some instructions, looked back.

"Oh, did you come? I'll lend you some work gloves and a shovel for now."

"Oh, thank you. What are you doing with this?"

"It's weeding."

"Eh? Is that the Blue club's job?"

"No. It's the job of the disciplinary committee. But most of the disciplinary committee members belong to the Blue club, so it's the same."

(Huh? I'm a member of the disciplinary committee?), she thought.

"Eh, Fushimi-kun? Am I a member of the disciplinary committee...?"

"I think this is also part of the activities of the Blue club, so work."

(Is this the activity of the Blue club at the moment?), she thought.

"We're in the back of the playground. Let's go."

He didn't give her a chance to refuse. It was a mandatory participation. She had understood.

With a sigh, she followed Fushimi, who started walking quickly.

(But was it really helpful in the test? Let's do our best.), she thought and followed.

Then she came to a ridiculously large place.

"Ah, it's wide!"

"In the first place, there's no way the disciplinary committee alone could clean up this fucking big place."

(No, it's not an assignment, right? First of all, it's unreasonable to let the disciplinary committee do this. Let's go on strike! It's up to the robot to do the cleaning!), she thought.

That didn't change anything when she appeals to Fushimi. She swallowed her words and sighed softly in her place.

(Well, if you want to cultivate the spirit of service activities, I think it is also necessary.), she thought.

"I'll do it from here, so you can do it from that corner."

"Okay, I understand."

She obediently agreed, she put on his work gloves for weeding.

She grabbed the grass, shoved the shovel into the root, and removed it.

"It is done several times a month. It is a cleaning activity."

"Huh? Why are you telling me that?"

"....."

(Is it quiet there? Wait! Will I be forced to participate every month?), she thought.

"I am in a position to educate them."

"Fushimi-kun, you are an educator in the Blue club, so let me do the Blue club activities."

"....."

(Yes, don't ignore me! It's a bit unreasonable, isn't it? Fushimi-san!), she thought.

"This time it is still spring, it is before the rainy season and it is easy."

"Ah, am I not understanding you?"

"I don't think you understand."

(What? Why?), she thought.

"Are you forced to do unreasonable work?"

"I have no idea about it."

(What? That stylistic comment from the devil.), she thought.

"Before that, if you don't get the average odds on the test, you are out of the game. Therefore, it is a good idea to experience the activities of the Blue club."

"I told you that this is not the activity of the Blue club."

"....."

(Oh, that's how he ignores me again! Don't be fooled by fashion!), she thought.

She tore at the grass hard as she moved her mouth. Maybe it was the first time that she spoke to Fushimi like this. He made her feel happy when she thought they would get along a little bit.

"Hey, don't skimp."

"Yes. This is quite powerful."

"You can afford it. Because your grip strength is over 100 kilograms."

"It would be useful if I didn't use it too much."

(I mean, weeding probably has nothing to do with grip strength. I'm sure gorillas aren't good at weeding!), she thought.

"Stop... Hey, put the whole zone over here."

"Discipline president, don't bother me. Besides, my skill is not very suitable."

The words froze deep in her throat. With her face raised, she looks at the view in front of her.

"Eh, Fushimi-kun? The grass is growing all the time."

"What? What are you talking about? What a stupid thing."

Fushimi looked back with a sigh and took a deep breath.

"Now...! This kind of grass grows... I didn't notice!"

"No! Look closely! It's been growing since I came here!"

The level was the size of a small meadow.

"Well, an hour passed, a lot of grass that I pulled out. However, there is no trace of it being uprooted!"

"Tsk... Isn't this a replay?"

(No, the problem is not there. Fushimi-san.), she thought.

Even if she pulled it out again, it was an infinite loop that grew each time.

"More than that, I have to do something with this growth..."

"Somehow..."

The moment Fushimi coughed in a confused state. The weeds that Fushimi had just uprooted all bloomed at once.

When you say that it blooms, it is not an herb that originally blooms, right? Even if she cut it, there was no shadow or shape right before.

In front of them who were cutting them, it was as if they were laughing at them. The flowers opened one after another, and became a bouquet. There was no choice but to do that again.

(What? What? What the hell is going on?), she thought.

Fushimi, who had a bouquet of flowers and was completely disappointed, looked a bit cute, but that was not the situation. But looking a little cute, that made her laugh.

When she covered her forehead and shook, she wondered if he had noticed that she was laughing, Fushimi said in a very grumpy voice, "What did you do?"

"Eh? I'm not doing anything. The grass that should have been uprooted grew for some reason the way it was."

In words, it seemed to be an idiotic explanation. But it was a fact, so it couldn't be helped.

"But isn't this your ability?"

"Well, is that so?"

"I'm not sure, but you're the only one, because I didn't."

(Huh?! That's why?), she thought.

"Fushimi-kun, you think it's me, right? It seems a bit difficult to use the elimination method."

"You could have something to do with this, because the weeds and flowers have grown since we arrived and started weeding."

(Oh, that's right. Until then, it was normal.), she thought.

"What is the ability to act on plants? Is it different from breaking the grip force meter?"

"The reason I dusted the knife in the yard..."

"Is that the case? Well, that means having multiple abilities."

"I haven't heard of it, but it's not an impossible story just because the number of Strains is so small that it hasn't been confirmed until now. Plus, you're unique because you were born off the island."

Fushimi casually dropped the bouquet and shrugged, "Maybe I need to take it seriously.". Saying that, she looked at her hands.

(My ability may not be one. Only when I hear that do I realize that I have never thought of the possibility.), she thought.

Even if she could break the stereotype that she was working on unknowingly, it would be a step forward, right?

She was happy, she looked at Fushimi and smiled.

"Thank you, Fushimi-kun."

"Eh? What are you thanking me for? I don't know what it means."

"You don't have to know. I only said it because I wanted to say it."

"Take a closer look. That is not the case."

She thought it was okay to say thanks, but immediately after that, she sighed at the reality that Fushimi showed. That was true.

"I have to do this, right? Everything..."

"Tsk... Weeding is a hideously incompatible skill."

(I haven't decided yet that it's my fault... oh! But that's right! It's not Fushimi-kun! Maybe it's me!), she thought.

"I'm on the way! You shouldn't help!"

That said, she turned around quickly, but she was able to move her neck firmly.

"Do you think you can escape just by doing it?"

"No, no! But the reality is, if I were here, would it be a game of cat and mouse?"

"Don't be silly. I won't be back until you're done. Control your body so your abilities don't activate."

"How do I do that?!"



"Somehow."

(If I can do something about it, I don't think it was for nothing to move to this school in the first place!), she thought.

"No, don't joke..."

"Do it reasonably. I repeat, you won't go home until you're done."

+++++

"Saya-chan, are you tired?"

"Yesterday I had a horrible day... I have terrible muscle pain in my arms and legs..."

"Huh? What the hell did you do yesterday?"

"Weeding."

It must have been a surprising response. She could hear Kukuri's surprised voice saying, "Huh?".

She managed to lift her head and looked at Kukuri.

"I've been weeding and have muscle aches. It was really hard!"

She was happy that there was something she could do. She was happy that they entrusted her with something. Because that's proof that her whereabouts are here.

She was glad that she didn't come home until the end and adopted a relaxed demeanor. Evidence that the distance between their hearts had drawn closer.

(But it was difficult! It was hard enough dreaming of turning a meadow that grows hundreds or thousands of times faster than usual into a desert!), she thought.

Kukuri tilted her head towards her, who emphasized as she raised her nails on her desk.

"Then it doesn't matter. I wonder if the test was bad."

"....."

"You have returned all the answer sheets, right? There are still a few days until the rankings come out, but you have already calculated the average, how was it?"

"Yes! That! Do you want to go to the report, Fushimi-kun?!"

Kukuri, Shiro, Yatogami, and Neko all pointed to the door as they stood up vigorously. Before Fushimi's back, that he was about to leave.

Although she said, "It hurts, it hurts.", she quickly put her things away from her desk and ran out with her bag.

"Sorry! Everyone, see you tomorrow! Oh, the quota is clear! Thanks for everything!"

When she raised her hand, everyone smiled and waved.

"Fushimi-kun!"

Chasing after him as she endured the pain, she lined up next to him.

"Fushimi-kun, about that...?"

"How was it? Result."

Fushimi coughed, looking at her.

"Average is 86 points! I managed to get the quota! Fushimi-kun?"

"....."

"Sorry. It was a stupid question."

She honestly apologized to the cold eyes of "Who are you talking to?".

"So, you can stay at the Blue club."

"There is no such rule in the first place."

Now that she thought about it, in other words, this was for Fushimi to function properly as an educator. She wondered if it was to shorten the distance between her and Fushimi.

"Is the manager satisfied with this result?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, that's right. Fushimi-kun. That reference book..."

At that moment, she saw the vending machine in the yard, so she headed in that direction.

However, the entrance was not in that direction, so she was confused and hopefully, Fushimi came back after buying juice.

The moment she realized that he had two bottles of juice in his hand and opened her eyes, Fushimi gave it to her.

"Wow! What? Will you give it to me?"

"If you don't need it, throw it away."

(No way! I need it!), she thought.

"Oh, thanks. I'm glad."

He did not respond to that. Fushimi basically ignored the thanks.

Maybe he was thirsty, she saw Fushimi drinking juice as he walked, she was happy and laughed. Because she had made it, right? She did the best.

At first she thought that Fushimi was a scary person, but that was not the case at all. On the contrary, he is extremely smooth. Because his attitude is complicated, it is difficult to understand.

(So, did you lend me a reference book? I didn't realize it because he was angry at the time, but when I think about it, it's amazing.), she thought.

Because she said she would study at the library. In fact, she was there until she left school.

And at that time, Fushimi was supposed to be in the Blue club. He normally shouldn't be in school anymore. However, he appeared there, and went to the classroom unexpectedly.

(In other words? Fushimi-kun, you looked for me. Maybe here and there. Because I said I'm not good at math. To lend me your own reference book, right? Eh? That's amazing, right?), she thought.

"Thanks for the reference book. I'll give it back to you later. Thanks to that, I got a lot of points for my weak math. It was the best of the five subjects."

"Whatever. I don't use it, so taking it home was boring."

When she smiled and thanked him, Fushimi responded with an uninteresting look as he looked away. That was not true.

The uncomfortable tenderness and sweetness of the juice softens it.

She thought that Fushimi might have been good as an educator.

Even if her hands and feet were screaming due to myalgia.

+++++

A sunny day for the PE festival. The blue sky was clear. Cheerful enough to break a sweat even if you weren't moving.

"Wow! The best!"

Yata yelled with the flag with the "1" in his hand. The competition was the same 100 meters as hers. What a perfect first place, it was amazing. First place, how many did he have?

(Physical education... I mean, it seems he loves to move his body, Yata-kun has participated in quite a few competitions. And he is constantly getting the number one place.), she thought.

Obstacle courses across the playground. Suoh burned one obstacle, destroyed another, and walked calmly. Suoh was surreal.

"Thank you for your hard work. You are fast."

When she was looking at the back of the teachers running with a fire extinguisher, he suddenly called out behind her. She was surprised and looked back.

"Director Munakata, did you see it?"

"Yes, I try to see all the competitions of the Blue club members."

(Well, he could see it.), she thought.

"I'm a bit disappointed because I was almost number one."

"On the contrary, it is important to have the aspiration to reach even higher. Yes. Did you see Fushimi-kun? I'm looking for him."

"Eh? Was he in...?"

She looked around her. By the way, maybe she hadn't seen him a while ago?

"Are you looking for him to ask him something?"

"Yes. Actually, the member who is going to play the extreme etiquette got injured in the previous competition. There was a vacancy, so I want Fushimi-kun to participate in his place."

"Extreme etiquette?"

(What is that?), she thought.

When she checked the progress chart in her pocket, it was the last race of the afternoon. It seems to be done against the special activities of the club.

"The afternoon session has just started, so I have some time, but I want to tell you early. Due to the prestige of the Blue club, I cannot lose here."

"Oh, yeah. I see. I'll look it up too. If I ask Kukuri-chan, she can see what competition Fushimi-kun is in."

"Thanks."

She leaned in and went to Kukuri.

"Kukuri-chan, have you seen Fushimi-kun?"

"Eh? Why?"

"Fushimi-kun, what kind of competition is he in? What's next?"

"Wait a minute. Well, let's see."

With that said, she pulled out a report from the bag next to her.

"Eh? Fushimi-kun, it seems like all of his competitions are over."

"What? Is that so?"

Looking at the report from the side... (Oh. All competitions are in the morning. This is intentional, right? Absolutely.), she thought.

"Oh, Shiro-kun. Have you seen Fushimi-kun?"

Kukuri called out to Shiro, who had just wiped off his sweat, and returned.

"Eh? I don't know... I was in the competition until a little while ago. Kuro?"

"No, by the way, I haven't seen him in a while."

In response to Shiro's words, Yatogami also raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, what about you, Neko?"

She also asked Neko, who jumped on Shiro's back, saying "Shiro!" in good mood.

"Didn't you see Fushimi-kun?"

"The guy with glasses? I think he was around."

Neko frowned and pointed at the school building.

"Before returning to the playground after finishing the game, he was on the playground."

"Oh, maybe I saw it."

"Oh, sure. He was lying in the shade of a tree."

Shiro and Yatogami also supported Neko's words. Kukuri looked at them.

(Huh? That was the last time they saw him?), she thought.

"I finish all the competitions in the morning and jump into the yard in the afternoon, maybe?"

"Well, no way. Fushimi-kun is a member of the Blue club, and the president of the discipline, right? He wouldn't do such a thing."

It seemed unbelievable.

After looking at everyone silently, she breathes softly.

"I hope not, but I'll take a look."

"Well maybe you should do that."

She thanked everyone and ran to the school building.

(I hope you don't.). While she was thinking that, rushed to the courtyard. (No, I have to find Fushimi-kun because I have to give a message, but do I not want him to be in the courtyard? I do not want to see the president of the discipline loiter?), she thought.

"Fushimi-kun?"

She opened the glass door and stepped into the empty courtyard.

(They said he was in the shade of a tree. So is it the place of that big tree?), she thought.

A large tree in the center of the courtyard. There is a small space of grass around it. There are other large cherry trees, but underneath there are stone pavements.

(Well, I don't think so. It wouldn't be nice if he was there. I really don't want him to.), she thought.

But, well, this was a supposed flag, and the more she asked for it, the more he would be there. She knew it.

She sighed in front of Fushimi, who was sleeping well in the shade of a tree.

"Fushimi-kun."

It was not good that he was in that place.

Amazed, she knelt beside him. Maybe he was sleeping very well since his eyelids didn't feel sharp. (You look nervous, right? You say you're sensitive to people's signs? But even if I get that close, it doesn't seem to happen at all.), she thought.

The defenseless appearance was somewhat unusual, and she looked at Fushimi's sleeping face.

An innocent sleeping face that she couldn't even imagine.

Looking at him like this, she thought that Fushimi had a beautiful face.

"Healthy, long hair."

He seemed small lying in that place.

(Are you tired? After simultaneously serving as a discipline president and a Student Organization officer within the school, there is a picture that Director Munakata was also telling him something about the Blue club. I wonder if it's because of so much competition. Besides that, recently, apart from club activities, has been almost always with me. Perhaps he was disciplined by the test, I will no longer leave him alone. He taught me a lot and did the chores that were entrusted to me.), she thought.

"When you think about it, you're busy. Fushimi-kun..."

She didn't start skipping homework again, but maybe she needed that break time.



"There's still time, so maybe he should get some more sleep."

She coughed a little and placed her head on her lap.

The shade of the trees was cool and the wind was pleasant. The hum of the trees and the faint sleep that overlapped each other invited her to sleep.

She closed her eyes gently.

(If you do that, what kind of results await you? It was clearer than seeing a fire.), she thought.

"We will both be punished at a later date. Please reflect on this time."

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The harsh voice of Director Munakata.

A few hours later, they were firmly scolded by Director Munakata.

She fell asleep as she was, and the two skipped the athletic festival, and the extreme etiquette was an overwhelming victory for the Red club. Because Fushimi, who had been registered as a supplemental staff member, did not appear, that is, because the number of people was small, it appears that Office Manager Munakata "missed the winning game."

"Have more awareness as members of the Blue club. Understood?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

She bowed deeply and walked out with Fushimi, from the Blue Club manager's room.

When she gave a big sigh, Fushimi turned around and said a word.

"That was useless."

"Ah..."

She was sorry, but she thought it was unreasonable, so she didn't make any rumbling sounds. Because that, surely, was useless. She couldn't find anyone or send a message.

(So I won't argue. I won't. In the first place, this wouldn't have happened if Fushimi-kun hadn't skipped! I'll never tell. I won't tell him! Besides, do you call it light talk? Bad talk! Anyway, I'm glad I could rest without hesitation! I hadn't done that in a while!), she thought.

That's why she didn't say anything.

She dropped her shoulders and covered her face with both hands.

"Shut up. The root of all evil..."

"What do you say..."

At a later date, as punishment, they were ordered to weed "every place that the disciplinary committee could not reach on its own."

As you know, her compatibility with weeding was extremely bad.

As could be seen from the plant growth log, she anyway, she was forced to wage a tremendous battle to the death against weeds growing at unusual speed.

### **CHAPTER 3: SUMMER**

First day of change of clothes.

The Blue club's summer outfit was refreshingly cool with a light blue shirt, white pants, and a light blue armband.

She was still wearing the summer clothes of a regular student, but she thought it was good. She really admired the Blue club uniform, which had an innocent image.

"It's getting hot."

She walked out the door, down the stairs and toward the Blue club building, looking up at the still high sun and narrowing her eyes.

Her words were thrown at Fushimi who was walking beside her, but she didn't ask for an answer. She didn't care if he ignored her.

Even if she didn't get an answer, Fushimi wasn't angry or upset. In that case, he had no objection, so she felt his silence was like an affirmation.

She thought that she had become a little more familiar with Fushimi in the last two months.

The days were getting longer. It would be even longer from now. Summer is just around the corner.

"Ah?"

Suddenly, Fushimi, who was walking beside her, raised his eyebrows and stopped.

"Hmm? What?"

She took a few steps forward and looked back. Fushimi was looking at the flower bed a little further away.

"What's wrong with you?"

"That side flower bed should have been planted today."

"What, today?"

She rolled his eyes. She walked over to Fushimi and looked at his profile.

"Oh. The flower bed around that area will be a field of sunflowers in the summer."

"Is that so? Ah, but by the way, Awashima-san asked me a week ago to collect the rubbish and pebbles from the flower beds and clean the ground. The spring flowers that had been planted until then, I moved all at once. I see. It was to plant sunflowers. Huh? But wait..."

No matter how she looked at that flower bed, the one that had been planted (although it turned out to be a sunflower) was right up there with her.

She looked at the hordes of greens stretching straight into the sky and then looked back at Fushimi.

"Did you say today?"

"Oh, certainly. Today. This morning."

"It's weird. Everything seems to be high."

"That would be strange. Sunflowers aren't the flowers that bloom in early June in the first place."

Involuntarily they looked at each other.

Certainly strange. Even if today is Fushimi's memory error (although that wouldn't be possible for him alone), he confirms that that flower bed was empty a week ago. Even if she was sowing seeds right after that, it was unusual for it to grow there, she started walking out of nowhere and headed to the front of the flower bed.

It wasn't a mistake, and the sunflowers were catching up with her.

"Is it for you again?"

Perhaps he remembered the harvest. Fushimi looked at her suspiciously.

She shook her head obediently.

"Wow, I don't know, but I just hit the ground a week ago, right?"

"It's early June. So when the flowers bloom, how many meters will it be? 4 meters or 5 meters?"

That scared her.

She imagines a horde of sunflowers, 4 meters and 5 meters long, and her back got sick.

"Well, no way. I think it's growing fast, it won't be huge, maybe."

"Hopefully."

If they had the power to reach 4 or 5 meters, the height would be normal, so she wanted them to flourish more and go in the right direction. Really, the vastness alone was too terrifying.

When she thought that, Fushimi said, "Then include that in your power." It wasn't impossible. Like he said when they weeded, her abilities aren't something she can control. She had not yet reached that stage. To begin with, "What is my ability?", she thought to herself. Was she there to do a test to find out?

She tried to argue for a moment, but she was free to try, and she thought it would be okay to try as much as she could, so she gently touched the sunflower and coughed a little.

"It's fine to be a normal size, so I hope it blooms longer."

As expected, her words would come true.

She was looking forward to summer, although she was a little scared.

+++++

The next day. Yesterday she was so worried about the sunflowers that she woke up early in the morning.

A decent breakfast, she got ready and went to school. She was still relatively fresh at the time.

But she will be hot again during the day. Looking up at the high blue sky as if she was passing by, she was able to enjoy it.

".....!"

And then, she found a figure walking from the men's dormitory and stopped.

(Is that...? Fushimi-kun!), she thought.

When she waved her hand, he seemed to notice it, but of course he didn't look back. Well, Fushimi didn't move his hand that way either.

"Good morning."

Waiting for Fushimi, who was walking slowly, he looked at her. There was no answer. But in his case, that was the default.

She started walking side by side without caring about it.

"Perhaps, Fushimi-kun, you are also worried about the sunflowers?"

"No, I always come at this time."

"Huh? Isn't it early?"

"I have a lot to do."

(Ah, in addition to being a student organization officer such as discipline club president, there are also Blue club activities, right, Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

Is it because he was a boring child? He had a weak image in the morning, but that was not the case.

"Ah?"

"What...?"

Suddenly, Fushimi stopped.

She looked at Fushimi, who had a grim expression, and followed the line of sight with her eyes.

And she looked into his eyes too.

"What?"

Far ahead, a golden band could be clearly seen.

(Uh, a lie. No way?), she thought.

"....."

"....."

She looked at his face and they exchanged glances. Then she started running out of nowhere and headed to the front of the flower bed. All the sunflowers were in full bloom.

The height she was worried about was just under 3 meters, which was normal. They heard her request?

"Is it still June...?"

"And they just planted them yesterday, right?"

But they were in full bloom, like a lie. It was amazing! She may never have seen such a beautiful and blooming sunflower.

"That hears?"

Fushimi, who was looking at the sunflowers, furrowed his eyebrows.

"This is the south, right?"

"Huh? Oh!"

That's it. Sunflowers face east in the morning, don't they? Then, as the sun moves, they turn west in the afternoon.

But the sunflowers in front of them were completely in front of them. It was strange.

"Hey, Fushimi-kun, don't you feel like they're looking down?"

"They definitely look down, without having to confirm."

(That's right!), she thought.

"Sunflowers should be facing the sun except on rainy days and at night, right?"

"That should be... Hey."

Fushimi suddenly grabbed her hand and pulled on it.

"Huh? Oh!"

A bigger hand than she expected. The warm body temperature she felt for the first time made her heart jump. A squeeze so bittersweet that she was immediately impressed.

"Eh, yes?!"

As Fushimi pulled her away, he began to walk through the flower beds. Along with that, the sunflowers and the face... no, the flowers had moved!

Whether they went to the west of the flower bed or to the north, which was the exact opposite of where they were just before, the sunflowers followed them.

All of them! There were no flowers facing the sun, as they were in the books.

Yes, the sun was being ignored?

A horde of sunflowers, more than two meters, looked at them. They were looking down. There was no surrealism in that image.

"This is..."

She wanted to ask a policeman for help without realizing it, whether she was mentally cornered or she felt like she was being hit with a sword, she was scared.

No, it was better than being able to reach 4 or 5 meters, but she was very happy that they had put their efforts to make it bloom as she asked, but it was also because the ecology of sunflowers was ignored. That was scary. Even so, they flourished beautifully.

She was reluctant to say, "Don't look this way." But she was a little scared, and when she looked at the sunflowers in the blue sky, Fushimi let go of her hand.

Then he hid his mouth with his lightly gripped fist and looked away from her.

"Fu..."

"Uh...!"



The laughter that leaked out and she killed lightly made her heart jump several times faster than before.

When she looked at Fushimi in a hurry, he was shaking his shoulders with his face turned away. The smile that spilled through the hollows of his hands and hair was incredibly soft and innocent.

It seemed unbelievable, but Fushimi was laughing.

Bright surprise turned into unexpected joy and spread in her heart.

She wondered that she made him happy. What happened to make him happy?

(Because Fushimi-kun's smile is absolutely gorgeous. Maybe not everyone has seen it!), she thought.

"This is my fault, isn't it?"

When she said that excitedly, Fushimi looked up and looked at her.

And he had a bitter smile that made her feel embarrassed or amazed.

"There is no other."

"Uh...!"

That was a shock.

At the moment, the inside of her head turned pure white.

And with a particularly strong heartbeat, that smile instantly burned into her heart.

She takes a deep breath, eyes wide, watching the slightly awkward smile.

Somehow she was in trouble or shocked, she thought she should do it. However, the smile was so soft that it made her want to cry.

For the first time, she was glad she had that ability. She thanked loudly from the bottom of her heart.

(Because I could see Fushimi-kun's smile like that! Ah! I'm happy! I'm glad I had this skill! It really is for the best!), she thought.

"Oh! You did it!"

When she screwed up her face and laughed, she looked at Fushimi and showed him a gutsy pose.

"It's amazing for me to make you laugh, Fushimi-kun!"

"Huh? What are you saying?"

"No. I think this is quite amazing. Maybe even Director Munakata-san can't do it easily! I did it! Saya-san, you did a good deed!"

Fushimi opened his mouth as if in astonishment, and frowned as if he couldn't understand.

"You are a strange girl."

+++++

As the heat increased and the holidays approached, more and more people felt encouraged.

As Fushimi said, both the disciplinary committee activities and the Blue club activities became busier as the heat increased and the holidays approached.

Even though she was allowed to join the Blue club, her Blue club's ability didn't appear at all, she couldn't help much, and she was doing all the housework. She was still busy.

She was a bit worried that the burden on Fushimi was heavy because he was capable, but he didn't seem to be suffering as much, and did more than her assigned job. Also, she was able to complete the wall.

It was already July. Immediately after the final test.

"No. Everyone is beautiful today too!"

She went to the sunflower field early in the morning and she gave them a lot of water while she watched them.

She had become a habit of hers for some reason since the day the sunflowers bloomed. She thought they would die sooner because they bloomed earlier, so she watered them and she went to check on them every morning, and it was natural.

After more than a month, she became a minor celebrity as a kind of specialty, or expert sunflower woman. To the point that the elders of the garden club would bow their heads with plants that were not energetic.

"Ah, good morning. Fushimi-kun."

Fushimi came when she finished watering. That was every day too.

He didn't answer, but he stopped and waited for her. That was also usual.

"I'm cleaning the hose now."

She waved the sunflowers around her and gathered the hoses into a plastic bag to return to the janitor's room.

When she returned to Fushimi, an unknown boy who seemed to be walking from the men's dorm slid past Fushimi as he yawned. So, he didn't really care about that, did he?

But that boy laughed, "Oh, hi.", and was surprised.

Because he was a stranger at all. And he seemed great, didn't he? Wow!

He was natural. Beautiful silky blonde hair and brown skin. His eyes, which had a wistful feeling and the corners of the eyes were slightly lowered, were a beautiful sepia color.

(The toned face, generously exposed collarbone, slim yet powerful shoulders and upper arms are wonderful!), she thought.

She didn't understand why, and as she screamed, he leaned over and said, "Huh? Oh, good morning, you're here."

"Who are you...?"

The boy had a refreshing smile.

"Who am I?"

Hey? Had she ever seen him? Oh, but just meeting once or twice doesn't mean "meet him", does it? They would have to meet daily.

(Hmm? Do I know this handsome guy?), she thought.

As she filled her head with question marks, the handsome boy walked towards the school building. After dismissing him in confusion, she turned her gaze to Fushimi.

"Fushimi-kun, do you know that boy?"

"He's the fat guy next to Misaki."

Eh? He wasn't fat.

"His style is outstanding, isn't it?"

"Summer did."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

Fushimi sighed as she lowered her eyebrows because she didn't understand why.

"He is Kamamoto."

"Huh, Kamamoto-kun?"

Eh? He was the exact opposite of Kamamoto's body shape.

"Fushimi-kun. I'm glad you made a joke, but it's not good enough."

She couldn't be impressed if credibility didn't exist. (Hey? Let's do our best.), she thought.

Saying that, Fushimi fell silent.

+++++

After going to the classroom and leaving the bag, she went to the shopping department alone.

When she bought what she needed and returned to the classroom, there was a crowd of people.

When she wondered what was going on, the boy and Yatogami were at the center of it all.

"Trust me, I can't."

Yatogami was coughing, and Shiro and Kukuri were smiling around him. (Hmm? What the hell is that?), she thought.

As she was intrigued and approached, Kukuri noticed her and greeted "Oh, hi!"

"Oh, that's right. It's my first time seeing Saya-chan, right?"

"Let me see."

"Ah! Kamamoto-kun, summer version!"

Shiro and Kukuri showed the handsome boy with both hands and a smile.

(Ehhhhhhh?!), she thought.

"Really? Is it Kamamoto-kun?!"

(Uh, bullshit, wasn't that a joke?!), she thought.

To her, who was shocked, the handsome boy said, "Oh, you didn't recognize me? That's why I received a strange reply."

(Eh...? Wait. Is it really Kamamoto-kun?), she thought.

"Well, wait! You were big yesterday, weren't you?!"

"I agree. I lost my appetite in the midday heat yesterday. So, I woke up like this in the morning."

(No! It's strange that you lose half your weight in one night!), she thought.

"Well, what about your hairstyle? Kamamoto-kun, you had a very short hairstyle."

"It grows fast in summer."

(It couldn't grow more than 10 centimeters overnight because of that.), she thought.

"It's the first time for Kuro and Konohana. That's amazing."

"But this is kind of a summer tradition. When Kamamoto goes flat, summer has come."

At Shiro and Kukuri's words, Yatogami was stunned.

"No, how can you compare this super change to a 'summer tradition'?"

When she said that, Shiro and Kukuri looked at each other.

"Huh? Is it weird that lore is a paranormal phenomenon? Ghosts and ghost stories are summer lore, right?"

"No, that's right..."

Certainly, that change was at the level of a ghost story.

It means, it was true. She thought it was a joke. No, it was absolutely impossible to believe that on the spot.

When she looked at Fushimi, who was sitting in his seat, looking at her sideways as he drank some juice, she was sorry.

She hurriedly clasped her hands together in front of her face and quickly returned to Kamamoto.

"Anyway, it's a bit lonely that the sense of stability around here has disappeared."

Showing his stomach with her hand, Kukuri said, "That? Is Saya-chan from that system?"

"What is that system?"

"Well, Kamamoto-kun is so popular during the summer. He may even have a fan club. When he comes back in the fall, will disband."

How about that too? It means, he was lonely.

"Hmm. I think it's cool, but I don't think I particularly like summer Kamamoto. I like summer Kamamoto and non-summer Kamamoto. Because Kamamoto-kun is Kamamoto-kun. If I dare say, Kamamoto-kun in summer could be a little worried?"

(Because it's a huge change... less than half overnight, right? Is this really okay for his body? Isn't it painful?), she thought.

"You won't break your body, will you?"

"Hey, be careful."

When she said that, Kamamoto laughed a little happily and smiled.

Shiro and Kukuri, who saw it, looked at each other.

"Hey, Konohana, you're pretty natural, aren't you?"

"Hmm?"

"And he's completely oblivious, huh."

"What?"

Kukuri's mischievous voice at Shiro's stunned laugh. (What? Did I say something strange? You didn't say that, did you?), she thought.

When she turned her gaze to Fushimi while she was confused, Fushimi got frustrated and turned the other way. (Oh, that?), she thought.

When she moved her gaze from him to Yata to seek her salvation, Yata was terribly sulky and distorted his face, staring at her. (Ah, but when I met him, he was wrong too. Huh, huh...?), she thought.

She didn't know why, and twisted her neck.

(No. Did I do something strange?), she thought.

+++++

After school.

After finishing the Blue club activities and forgetting something in the classroom, she parted ways with Fushimi on the spot and went to the school building alone.

Somehow the clouds looked suspicious. If she didn't go home early, she would get caught in the rain.

As she ran up the stairs, she heard Kamamoto's voice, "Yata-san...", from a great distance.

When she suddenly stopped at the landing of the stairs to be invited, she heard a violent footstep immediately after that.

The moment she turned to look, Yata appeared from under the stairs. She thought he would run up the stairs as he was, but he slammed his foot down deep and immediately stepped on them.

"Oh!"

Just as he was, he vigorously jumped up and kicked the side of the wall. Then, he landed on the railing of the stairs that landed on the opposite side of the wall. Furthermore, with that momentum, the entire body was used as a spring to jump. He kicked the wall at the top of the stairs and climbed to the top right away. He touched the cleaning robot that was there and made a complete turn. He fled as he was.

A momentary event. She was surprised and thrilled at his amazing run as an action star. It had to be said that it was exciting.



"Unbelievable... What? Now..."

(Only four steps up the stairs... that? Is it okay to say four steps? He never touches the stairs themselves. He uses only walls and railings.), she thought.

But it was amazing. She knew he was light, but that was it.

She could hear Kamamoto's slightly pathetic voice, "Yata-san.". But Kamamoto still hadn't appeared under the stairs.

Speaking of Yata, she couldn't even hear his footsteps anymore.

"...! Oh, that's not the case..."

Although she was poking around for a while, she remembered her original purpose and started running.

She hurriedly finished the errands in the classroom, picked up the bag and Kamamoto appeared, breathing on his shoulders. When he looked around the classroom and found that she was the only one, Kamamoto furrowed his brows and tilted his head, "Yata-san, what?"

"He came up the stairs, but he wasn't here? I didn't run into him; did he go to a different place?"

"No, that should be... I should have come to pick up my bag..."

Suddenly, Kamamoto cut off his words. Then he looked out the window and sighed.

"Jump..."

"Eh?"

When she looked at the window in a hurry, one was indeed open. But what about jumping?

"What, jump?!"

(He jumped out of there?!), she thought.

"It's probably raining. As expected, there's a plantation below this, so it's dangerous to jump..."

"Uh, it's dangerous to jump."

"Yata-san is fine. Well, jumping from here means the course is..."

He put his hand to his chin and coughed at what he was calculating.

And when he said "Ok!", he grabbed his bag and turned around.

"So. Konohana! Be careful and go home!"

"Ah, uh! Kamamoto-kun! See you tomorrow!"

When she said it behind his back, he looked towards the door, smiled and left.

She walked over to the window, leaned forward and looked up.

There was no special scaffolding. Actually, there was only one gutter in the wall. Jump from there?

That thought made her shake her back unintentionally.

Immediately, a drop hit her forehead.

"Wow, it's raining already!"

She hastily closed the window and locked it. She grabbed her bag and ran to the door.

When she got to the door... (What? Yata-kun?), she thought.

She found Yata's back looking up at the sky and bowed her head.

"Yata-kun. What's wrong?"

"Wow, ah! What, what! You!"

When she walked up to him and hit him on the back, he seemed very surprised. Yata jumped and turned around, looking back.

"What happened?"

"What happened? I'm about to go home. Oh, it's raining a lot."

She lined up next to Yata and looked up at the sky. The raindrops were quite strong.

"And it's raining."

"At the moment, the weather forecast said it would rain tonight. Oh, I wanted to go home before then."

"Well, the weather forecast... I don't know what to do..."

"Do you want to go home with me? I have an umbrella."

"What?!"

Yata looked big and raised a crazy voice. (Huh? Are you so surprised?), she thought.

"It's not a big umbrella, so you might get a little wet, but I think it's better than going home with nothing."

"Don't be stupid, I'm not that picky!"

"No, but..."

"Sorry!"

He made his face bright red and yelled again. She thought that he would accept, but it was very difficult for Yata to walk next to a girl, she knew that.

(But, you know? Yata-kun. I've already learned what to do in these cases.), she thought.

She lowers her eyebrows and look at Yata.

"But it's hard for me to go home. I'm worried. The forecast said it would rain until noon tomorrow. Even if I go home forcefully, I'll always think if Yata-kun will be okay. Hey? Do you want to help me and go to home with me?"

That was a scratchy word. Yata refused for himself, but he couldn't refuse for people, because he is very kind.

Sure enough, he said, "This is the only time.", his face bright red and his back turned.

(Fufufu. Yata-kun, he's a bit shy! He's very kind!), she thought.

When she took out the umbrella from the bag and opened it, Yata winced for a moment, "It's pink!", but he only said two words. She took the umbrella and opened it.

When she lined up next to him, he began to walk slowly, feeling uncomfortable.

"It's raining, isn't it?"

"....."

"I can't wait for the end of the rainy season. Yata-kun, do you like summer?"

"....."

"Yata-kun, are you listening?"

When she turned to see, he was able to move his eyes as if Yata was impatient.

"I'm listening! So don't look this way!"

"If you're listening, you won't hit the drumstick even if you hit it like an aizuchi, right?"

"No, no... I was just thinking about that."

"Thinking?"

When she looked at Yata, Yata turned away from her saying, "Then, look...".

"I feel like I've forgotten..."

"Huh? Forgot? Is it okay? Are you going back to the classroom?"

(Isn't it hard if it's Anna-sensei's homework? If you skip Anna-sensei's homework, you'll get a ridiculous amount of extra lessons, right?), she thought.

"Are you going back?"

"No, no. I don't think it's a problem. I confirmed it."

That was true. He didn't want to experience that again.

"So, if you remember it on the way, don't hesitate to tell me."

He replied "Yes." with a very small voice.

It was weird somehow, and she laughed.

Yata is very bad with girls. For him to be in front of a girl under a borrowed umbrella, that was already great progress. Was nice.

"That's right! Hey, did you just use the walls and railings to shorten the stairs? That was great!"

".....!"

"I knew you were light, but that was awesome! Oh, yeah. I heard in the classroom that you went out the window and jumped, but didn't you?"

Is it because she praised him? Yata's ears, which were still looking away, turned redder and redder as he spoke.

However, even with a small voice, he spoke up and he said, "Yes, it's parkour.", while he struggled with his shyness. She was glad of that.

(Yes. Yata-kun isn't good with girls, but he never makes me vulnerable. He doesn't dislike me. He'll do his best and face it. That's why I feel comfortable around Yata-kun.), she thought.

"Parkour?"

"Yes. Well, it's a sport whose purpose is to move to the destination efficiently without interrupting movement. Kusanagi-san recommended me to do it. It's good for training your body. It suits me, that's why I'm practicing now."

It was probably the same explanation he heard from Kusanagi. He looked up and managed to explain as he remembered.

"Is that so?"

"Flying, running, climbing, keeping balance. Physical skills and strength are of course necessary, but that's not enough. A momentary misjudgment can lead to serious injury, so I use my head a lot."

Ah, she understood that. It's dangerous if you're wrong.

(That's it. In other words, parkour aims to reach the destination in the shortest possible time by performing smooth movements such as "fly, run, climb, balance" and requires flexible muscular strength and skill, judgment and power for that purpose, right?), she thought.

"I'm a person who doesn't think much, so Kusanagi-san said it's better that I get into the habit of thinking and moving."

"Is that so?"

"Kicking a wall, flying, or moving is called a wall run, and landing on the railing is a precision."

"Accuracy? Well, accurate?"

"Yes. The technique of landing exactly where you expected."

"Hey! It's great!"

"Climbing, sliding, jumping. The moment you land, you make a revolution and kill the impact of landing. If you improve, it looks like you can jump off the third floor."

"What?!"

(From the third floor?!), she thought.

"Well, are you okay?"

"Who do you think I am? I can't do it yet, but I'll get it right away."

Is it because she was impressed by the story? The words that followed became softer and softer, and the gruff attitude became very natural. As if he relaxed and showed her a smile.

(How cute. It looks like the distance between the two of them is getting closer.), she thought.

"Didn't you get hurt? When I heard it was raining and went upstairs, I was scared. I wonder if that physical strength is alright. But Yata-kun, it looks awkward and scary."

"Okay, summer is near. I don't want to get hurt."

"I hope so. Oh, that's right. Yata-kun. What happened to Kamamoto-kun? He was desperately chasing you..."

When she remembered Kamamoto in the parkour story and asked him like that, Yata looked at her and widened his eyes. It's like he just remembered. (Huh? Maybe?), she thought.

"Huh? Wow, have you remembered yet?"

"Wow, I forgot. Or maybe! I forgot, which I was curious about..."

He maybe he remembered his embarrassment when he looked at her, and Yata coughed as he looked away from her.

He looked like he was completely beside himself, and though she felt sorry for Kamamoto, she suddenly snapped.

"No...! I feel sorry for Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun."

"Oh, it's too bad it's slow."

"Hahaha. I shouldn't laugh, but... Haha. What is Kamamoto-kun doing now?"

(Are you looking for Yata-kun? No, poor boy.), she thought.

She shouldn't be laughing, but she couldn't stop laughing. When she shrugged, Yata looked a little happy, but he had a goofy, worried smile.

"Well, he'll notice soon enough. You're not in the school building anymore."

"It will take a long time to notice, right? What a great thing!"

"He'll still find out at night."

"Before that, let's contact him with the PDA. I feel sorry."

"My hands are cold."

Certainly she had an umbrella in one hand and a bag in the other, so she was blocked.

(No, you could hold the umbrella while I contact him, right?), she thought.

Then he said, "How troublesome."

(What? I'm sorry you're afraid to contact him.), she thought.

It was weird, and at the same time she wanted to make fun of it, and when she said, "That's right. We're alone. I don't want to be disturbed."

When she said that, Yata-kun was already brightly red eggplant, and yelled, "Don't say weird things!"

It was fun to tease him.

For a while, she couldn't stop laughing until the fork in the bedroom.

+++++

Summer crackdown. The great activity of the Blue club at the end of the first semester.



The test was over and unannounced at a time when summer vacations tended to be slow. Mainly clothing control and inspection of belongings.

After school, everything started at once in various places. It was in front of the school building.

"First year group, attendance number 2... Tomoji Aikawa. Tobacco."

They matched the student's information on the PDA and wrote the infraction on the list.

"Yes. I think the disposition will be dictated by the homeroom teacher tomorrow. You can go home."

He put the confiscated cigarettes in a cardboard box, then clicked his tongue and left.

"Is it a cigarette right now? It just needs an extra lesson."

"Smoking is a supplementary lesson? It will be rustic for a day or two."

"Think about it?"

"It's natural. Hey. There. I'll check the inside of the bag."

Fushimi stopped the passing student. She picked up the cardboard and followed him.

However, they all had a lot of stuff. Comic books, DVDs, game consoles. tobacco. Props that violated school rules. There were also many magazines. More than half of them were travel magazines. It's probably because they were planning for the summer, but that was also a violation of school rules.

She placed the cardboard, which was quite heavy, under it and received the cartoon that came out of the girl's bag. She sighed inwardly and said, "The PDA.", and the girl reluctantly offered it to her.

"It's always awesome! Whatever we do after school, that's our business!"

Yata's voice echoed from behind as she collected the student's information.

Looking back, Yata and Kamamoto were caught by Akiyama in front of the stairs.

"No. I can't do that. That skateboard is a good violation too. Give it to me."

(Oh, that's right. That's rape, too, isn't it? He always carries it with him, so he feels paralyzed.), she thought.

"Oh, crap. You're not kidding."

"That's right. If you don't obey..."

"Wait. I'll be this guy's opponent."

Fushimi grabbed Akiyama's shoulder and said that in a low voice.

"Fushimi-san!"

(Oh, that? Fushimi-kun, even though he was by my side. Are you there now?!), she thought.

While she was surprised by his speed, she filled in the offender's data on the list and returned the usual lines. "I think the disposition will be dictated by the homeroom teacher tomorrow. You can go home."

"Hey...monkey? Okay! I'll pay the debt I owe!"

Yata made his eyes murmur in a warlike manner and he smiled fiercely.

(Oh, by the way, the day that opened the pool. Did Yata-kun lose to Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

She waved the girl off in a bored way and went back to his side with the cardboard.

"Wow!"

At the same time, a collision between the Blue club and other members of the Red club broke out nearby. She avoided the flying flame and inadvertently ducked.

"Oh...! Oh, oh! Oh, it's dangerous! You better back off!"

Yata, who noticed it, toyed with Fushimi's saber with flames and called out to him. No, but even if she was told to back off, there were already so-called "conflicts" here and there.

(What should I do? Even if I try to evacuate, it seems dangerous if I move badly. Oh, but I'm sure it's annoying if I'm here.), she thought.

"You say that! You're still a virgin, Misaki."

"Bastard! Shut up!"

"Konohana-san. Come here."

Akiyama, who drew his saber, called out to her from a distance.

"I am sorry, thanks."

She stood up, picked up the cardboard box, and took a cautious step.

"Oh!"

"Hey. Didn't you pay the debt? Hey, Mi-Sa-Ki?"

"That's it!"

Backstage, Fushimi attacked while Yata screamed.

Then, red and blue flames flowing from somewhere broke between her and Akiyama.

"Hey!"

In response to that bow, she the next moment staggered a few steps to the left. Her left foot lost support.

Eh?

A swinging view. She could hear Akiyama's sharp voice, "Konohana-san!"

Fushimi and Yata with surprised expressions reflected for a moment in the corner of the tilted field of vision.

"Konohana-san!"

Who did the scream belong to?

The moment she understood that, her body was blown up with the cardboard. She was braced for the blow and she squeezed her eyes shut.

".....?"

But the next moment, something firmly held her body, and the shock and pain she expected didn't hit her body. She opened her eyes.

"She was close, right?"

Close... yes. Yata's voice echoed as close to her as she could touch.

When she opened her eyes with a jerk, Yata's face was actually in front of her and it was impressive. She was held back by Yata.

Yata usually looks very small when he mixes with everyone. On top of that, he looks even more prominent due to the slight movements.

But his arms that embraced her were very strong, slow and her heart was beating fast.

"Eh, eh?"

She was surprised by her own warmth, but when she looked around her for an explanation of what had happened, there was a staircase in front of her. Above that were Fushimi and Akiyama.

(That's where I was until a little while ago. So after all, I was falling? But Yata-kun should have been there too?!), she thought.

"No, Yata-kun...?"

"Hold on tight!"

She didn't know why, so she did as Yata said.



However, almost at the same time, Yata cried out loudly.



Then, when he made a complete turn with the skateboard under his feet, he kicked the ground just as he was.

"What?!"

He radiated a red flame from the skateboard and quickly accelerated. A strong wind moved her hair.

(Oh, this caught me falling down the stairs and looked for me.), she thought.

She thought about it for a moment. The rest was not so much.

"Misaki!"

The last thing she saw as she clung to Yata was Fushimi's face, which was severely distorted with anger and regret.

However, he too grew smaller and disappeared after a moment.

Thirty minutes later. Safe Place = When she was brought to the front of the girls' dorm and finally returned to the scene, it was all over.

She talked to a member of the Blue club who was holding a box and trying to pick it up, and asked him if he had seen Fushimi, but he said no.

"He is working somewhere else?"

"That's right. He's on a job at the Blue club."

Preliminary, the seized items will be classified in the Blue club room, and the list will be compiled into a list and sent to each classroom teacher and grade head. Would he be in a classroom? Or has he headed to the Blue club a little earlier?

(If he hasn't gone to the classroom, I'll grab my bag and hurry to the Blue club.), she thought.

She thanked him and turned around, quickly going to the classroom.

When she opened the door, she could see Fushimi sitting at a desk and fanning a PET bottle at the back of the classroom.

"....."

One look and his eyes caught her. Speaking of that sharpness, that just showed that Fushimi was in a very bad mood. (Uh, I've done it again.), she thought.

"Um... that's... sorry."

She went in front of Fushimi and bowed obediently.

"Again, I pulled my legs up grandly, and that..."

"....."

(Oh, he's very quiet. Does he seem angry?), she thought.



"My Blue club ability isn't showing yet, so it's really unfortunate that I can only do chores, but I can't be satisfied with that either. At the very least, I want to be able to do that alone. As a member of the Blue club, I want to be a member "useful not to bother too much"..."

"....."

"Oh, but even if I just have the ambition, you really shouldn't bother. I'm really sorry. I'll be careful not to do it after that."

Lowering her head further, she heard a large tongue click above her head.

"Misaki has helped you."

"Huh? Yata-kun? Oh, that's right. After all, Yata-kun's bag couldn't be inspected, right? I couldn't tell Yata-kun to show me the inside of the bag before help me, so I collapsed..."

Not just the bag, but also that skateboard. When he was asked to drop her off in front of the girls' dorm, she thought that he should show the inside of the bag and that she should pick up the skateboard as well. Did she think she was okay? But without it, he might not have been able to reach her when she fell down the stairs.

In other words, without it, she would be injured. So she couldn't confiscate it, she could only thank him.

In other words, she ended up "missing him her way"...

"Oh, I really interrupted the Blue club's activities. I'm sorry. Oh, yeah. I'll apologize to everyone and director Munakata-san later so that the evaluation of Fushimi-kun, the educator, won't go down. I'm really sorry."

"Does not mean that."

Fushimi clicked his tongue again, to whom she bowed her head many times.

And when she shrugged and raised her face, a hot look pierced her.

"I knew it! You're like Misaki..."

"Eh...?"

"No, no, no."

When she frowned in confusion, he immediately spoke as if he was surprised and bitterly distorted his face.

He then coughed as if he was going to throw it away and turned to the side.

She could only stare at the passionate blue flame that burned in his eyes for a moment, then suddenly cooled and disappeared.

(What was that?), she thought.

"Um... I couldn't do it this time, but I'll try not to make a sweet face even for Yata-kun. As a member of the Blue club, I'll try not to embarrass you."

"That's right. There's also a training camp during the summer break. So you should be a little stronger. Situational judgment. So you don't have to go back and forth at that time."

He still had his back turned, but it was different from before, and he had a very calm voice.

She felt relieved and she took a deep breath.

"Yes, understood. I'll do my best. I'm very sorry."

+++++

School day during summer vacation.

"Long time not see you!"

The moment she entered the classroom, Kukuri jumped up with a bright smile.

"Hey, Saya-chan, didn't you go home? How was your first summer vacation in Gakuenjima? Have you tried various things?"

"Well, various things? Kusanagi-san from the Red club invited me to go to his store. I found Awashima-san there. Then I went to a nearby store with Awashima-san."

Kukuri's eyes were stunned by her words.

"Huh? Is that all?"

"Oh, on the way back, I went to see the university Kusanagi-san attends."

"Huh? Summer vacation, more than half over, is that it? What were you doing?"

"It was rewarding. It was full of club activities. Ah, so I went to the Blue club training ground. Did you go to the sea? I swam a long distance to a small island, drowned a bit, and finally got there and fell asleep I was late for the meeting time. Director Munakata-san smiled at me with Fushimi-kun."

"Did he smile?"

"Yes, he smiled. Munakata-san isn't scary when he smiles."

With a smile, Kukuri made a dissatisfied voice, "Yes?"

After cooling her feelings with the repression before the closing ceremony, she had been working hard to not upset Fushimi and become a useful member for the Blue club. Well, still, she did it once, she was frustrated but director Munakata smiled.



However, apart from that, in the training camp, she works hard in silence in basic training and thoroughly clean the inside of the school during the summer break. She was also able to look around outside the school. She wondered if she could put on her wings and go in and out of strange places. Oh, that was the first time she visited Kusanagi's shop, which was a Red Club hangout. Then they invited her to lunch and she went out a second time.

She couldn't do much to deal with the problems students had outside of school, but she was doing her best to help them.

Of course, she also studied to improve her academic ability. On the ability test in the second semester, her goal was to average 90 points per person. By the way, the range is narrow between the middle and the end of the period, so she averaged 90 points or more. She was great though, she seemed like a natural at Blue club.

At the explanation, Kukuri seemed to be dissatisfied for the third time, "Huh?"

"You weren't playing at all. Let's make summer memories properly!"

"Oh, yeah. I'm sure I'm not messing around too much, but I didn't hate it, because I wanted to do that."

(After all, I was able to "get into club activities" again. That's amazing to me! I'm busy, but I'm so happy!), she thought.

"That's how it is."

Kukuri boosted her confidence with dissatisfaction.

"School activities are interesting, aren't they? There are not only five schools from kindergarten to university, but there are many more."

"Looks like it. Kusanagi-san told me to play more."

"That's right. You won't be able to play next year even if you want to play. Oh, yeah! Well then, let's go to the festival today! Wear a yukata!"

Kukuri clapped her hands and smiled.

"Festival? Is there a festival?"

"It's here. It's a shrine near the school, so you can get back to curfew properly."

"Mmm."

"Eh, right? Oh, maybe you don't have a yukata? In that case, yukata underwear can be bought, but could you rent it from the drama club?"

"Oh, no, that's not it. I want to go, but I have a club activity today. Sorry."

"Huh? Let's play for a while, Saya-chan."

(Ahaha. Yes. I would like to play too. However, I decided to become a worthy member of the Blue club as soon as possible. I won't bother Fushimi-kun anymore.), she thought.

Even so, she did it once in the training camp, moreover, the two of them were scolded by the director.

(Well, Fushimi-kun was also bad at the time, so it was still good, right? It wasn't just that I caused a lot of trouble. But that's why I knew he was still there. It's good to play, but I want to do it after that I can do what I must do.), she thought.

Again, in school, in the club, as a student, as a member, there was something she had to do. That was a great pleasure for her.

So she wanted to do her best. She wanted to be a full-fledged person as soon as possible so as not to disturb.

(So, I want to enjoy a more satisfying "school life"!), she thought.

"Thanks for inviting me. I'm sorry."

Another time she would play again. She wanted to do it after she could make some more progress.

Kukuri laughed at her smile, "I can't help it."

+++++

He wondered if she was listening.

"Hey..."

".....! What? Oh, yeah!"

A school trip in the fall. At the time, she was helping create the bookmarks and writing handwritten notes on a document on her computer. A voice called from behind and she turned her back.

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun? You surprised me."

"Didn't you notice the sound coming?"

"No, I was concentrated."

Looking around the room, it was just the two of them. It was getting dark outside.

"No, before I know it... I'm sorry! I'll get rid of this soon."

"Undo? What is that?"

Fushimi placed the paper bag in his hand on the desk.

"What?"

"Put it on."

It was not the answer she expected from Fushimi.

"Eh?"

"Okay, make it quick."

"Yes, understood."

At the moment, without knowing the reason, she took a look inside the paper bag and found a pale blue yukata. When she was surprised and raised her face, Fushimi sighed and said, "Can you put it on yourself?".

"I'm not sure... I mean, um, why?"

"I borrowed it from the drama club. The underwear was bought by Yukizome. So when you put on the underwear and yukata, call me."

Saying that, Fushimi quickly left the room.

She looked at the yukata and shifted her gaze to the new underwear in the paper bag.

Well, she was going to ask, "Why did you prepare the yukata?" instead of "How did you prepare the yukata?".

(Maybe Fushimi-kun... Did you hear the conversation this morning? So, did you prepared it because of that?), she thought.

"Yes!"

Her heart beat hard.

She quickly ripped open the package of underwear and put it on.

She folded the uniform, she put on the yukata and called out to Fushimi.

"Spread your hands horizontally."

As she was instructed, she spread her hands horizontally over her shoulders, checked the line behind her and Fushimi checked the collar of the yukata and adjusted it.

"Oh..."

She felt Fushimi's breath very close to her and her face turned red.

She opened the front wide once and adjusted the hem to fit. Her face turned red as her hands slipped into her waist. (What should I do? It's embarrassing.), she thought.

"Hey, keep it down here."

"Oh, yeah!"

As he told her that in a serious voice, she took heed.

Although for a moment it seemed a suspicious face, Fushimi immediately put the thread in his mouth, knelt down and turned his hands behind her as if he was hugging her waist. (Wow!), she thought.

Her face grew hotter and hotter. It was embarrassing to know that he was tying a strap around her waist.

"Stay still."

"Oh, yeah!"

He tied the rope, lifted and trimmed the sash, smoothed out the entire wrinkle, trimmed the collar, and straightened it.

"Stay like that."

"Yes..."

She forgot the embarrassment and looked at him with a fluid hand without stagnation or hesitation. After all, it was embarrassing. It is true that she had already seen it, but the emotion did not diminish at all.

Fushimi's body temperature and breathing were so close that she was embarrassed. And somehow she was happy.

"The obi is a soldier's obi, because it's easy."

Fushimi said, "Turn around.", taking out a soft pale pink obi with a feeling of transparency from the paper bag. When she obediently turned her back on him, Fushimi's arms swung forward, as if he was embracing her again.

Just the sound of fabric brushing filled the room.

Although she was worried, she could hear the sound of her heartbeat.

"Fine. Sit down."

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

As she sat down on a chair, the obi swayed gently as she moved.

"Get your feet out."

"Hey! Oh, can I do it alone?"

"Just do it."

"Yes."

When she spread her legs, Fushimi's big hands reluctantly held her legs.

Fushimi put her in low-heeled mules with a beautiful Japanese pattern, as she couldn't bear her embarrassment and her face lit up so much that she got hot flashes.

She thought it was a geta, and tilted her neck and looked at Fushimi.

"It's not a geta."

"It's close, because if you walk, it's a reasonable distance. If you're not used to walking, your legs will hurt."

"Uh..."

(Was this also borrowed from the drama club?), she thought.

"I'm done, so grab your bag and go outside. I'll be right over."

"Ah, yes. I understand."

When she stood up, she placed her uniform in a paper bag and turned around with a bag.

"Do not fall."

Even the forceful attention was bouncing off.

+++++

After a while, with Fushimi, who came out of the room wearing a very elegant yukata with a pale green stripe on an almost black green area, she went through the bedroom and dropped off her luggage before heading to the festival.

She was excited about the Ion light festival. Most of all, she was glad that Fushimi took her.

"It's lively!"

Although there were too many people.

"Oh, there's apple candy and strawberry candy. Fushimi-kun."

"I don't want that sticky thing."

"Huh? Yeah? It's delicious. What about the chocolate bananas?"

Fushimi looked at the food stall as if he was intrigued. (Do you want it?), she thought.

"Hey, let's eat together. I'm going to get some chopsticks."

"As you like."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

She asked the vendor at the concession stand for two chocolate bananas.

"Which would you like, black, white or pink?"

"Milk chocolate, white chocolate, and strawberry chocolate? Then black and white."

"Thanks!"

When she received the skewers and presented them in front of Fushimi, "Which one do you want?". He picked up the black one without hesitation.

"This kind of thing at the time of the festival feels really delicious..."

Her shoulder hit a person coming from the front and she staggered.

Looking back, Fushimi clicked his tongue at her and grabbed her hand.

"I'm fluttering."

"No."

Fushimi's big hand. She was excited by the hot body temperature.

(Why? My little hand, which is completely wrapped, this is strangely embarrassing. What should I do? My heart is pounding and I don't even know the taste of chocolate bananas.), she thought.

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun. There's a goldfish shovel."

It seemed strange to be silent, and it was a bit awkward, so she really didn't want to do it, but she pointed to the stall with the banana she was about to eat and looked at Fushimi.

"The breeding of animals is strictly prohibited in the bedroom."

"Oh, that's right. Goldfish is useless?"

"Why do you like that cat?"

"Cat...? Someone has a cat... Oh! You mean Neko?"

That's how it is. He was referring to Neko.

"Neko can't count as 'raising animals,' right?"

"Why? Not only the name but also the intelligence is like a cat, isn't it?"

That's why she calls him nasty glasses.

"Neko is a human. By the way, she's a beautiful girl. Oh! So what? Fushimi-kun. Wait... what? Can you throw a shuriken?"

Fushimi also often stops when he is interested in something.

"Eh...? In shooting, if you shoot a gun and defeat that box, you'll get a prize, right?"

"If you throw a shuriken, it looks like you can get a prize by throwing it three times and getting the full score for the part where the target is stuck."

(Hey! I'm seeing it for the first time!), she thought.

"I want to try it!"

"Do what you want."

Suddenly, Fushimi let go of her hand.

He helped her mentally, but when he looked away, she felt alone. She thought she was selfish. But finally, her heart was able to calm down a bit.

She took a deep breath and she walked over to the concession stand.

"Please."

"Yes. Pick three shurikens you like."

The vendor smiled and showed what was on the table.

Many shurikens were lined up in a row. When she held it, it felt heavy.

"Practice once, you have three chances! Come on!"

"Yes!"

She chose a typical shuriken with four blades and threw it.

"Eh?"

Although she hit the target, she didn't hit it. It didn't fall.

"If the blade doesn't hit the target vertically, it won't work. You can't bend it one bit. It's vertical."

"Huh? It's hard. Oh, is this the end of practice?"

"Yes! That's it. Come on, try it!"

The vendor showed her the target with a big smile.

After all, she threw it three times, but only managed to hit it once. Also, in the outermost part of the target. That was a point.

She got the participation prize candies and returned from her with Fushimi, who was watching behind her.

"Uh... it's hard. I wanted those thirty points."

"What? Thirty points... Isn't it impossible if you don't hit the center?"



"Because, see? Those penguins that have flown away."

She pointed a finger at the shelf where the prizes were lined up at the back of the booth. At the top was a stuffed penguin with a somewhat fluffy face.

"Oh, I really do."

"That?"

"Yeah, he's cute, isn't he? That penguin."

"Is that so? He's so ugly I'm dying."

"Let's try it again."

"I can't do that with this arm. Do you want to try it?"

Fushimi sighed a little.

"Then, I'll take it, so wait here too."

"Huh? Oh!"

(Will you take it?), she thought.

Fushimi, who approached the vendor, was invited in a hurry.

"Oh, young lady. What? Will your boyfriend try this time?"

"He is not my boyfriend."

"Um, I'm not his boyfriend."

(So to speak, he is my boss.), she thought.

"Yes. Pick three of your favorite shurikens. Practice once and get three chances! Come on..."

"I don't need practice."

Obstructing the vendor's words, he selected three wooden shurikens that were relatively similar in shape to a knife and turned his back to the stall.

"Please stand down."

"Huh? Oh, what?"

"Huh? Hey, Fushimi-kun?"

She and the vendor were surprised at Fushimi, who started to walk backwards as he was.

"Oh, what? Do you want to cast it from such a distant place...?"

It was just as the vender said. It took about twice the distance from where she originally threw it and made a complete turn. Launching it in one go using centrifugal force just as he was.

"Oh!"

The stick shuriken that flew sharply was deep in the center of the target. Cheers rose from the surroundings.

He turns the shuriken stick in his hand as it was, and then turn his body once or twice.

Gracefully without disturbing the hem of the yukata. At the foot of the stream, as if he were dancing.

"Oh!"

(Incredible! Incredible! Incredible!), she thought.

It was all in a moment. As she was mesmerized by the stunning and beautiful movements, all the released shurikens were drawn to the center of the target as if inhaled.

Not only her but everyone who was watching was very excited by the shuriken throwing that was too splendid. A loud voice and applause were heard.

"Hey, Fushimi-kun!"

"It is normal."

But where normal was, that was not the case.

"Wow, that's amazing! It's really amazing!"

"There's a lot of noise. Here, that ugly thing, I guess you wanted it."

"Oh, yes! Sir! First prize please!"

The vendor was disappointed when he saw that the shuriken was so deeply embedded in the center, but he couldn't complain.

He gave her the stuffed animal as he said "I lost."

She hugged it tightly and laughed at Fushimi.

"Thank you. I'll take good care of it!"

The answer was the usual irony. Her slightly shy profile made her happy.

"It's not good to have such a bad eye. It's a bad hobby."

"Because he doesn't look like Fushimi-kun?"

"Eh?"

"It's similar. You see poorly and wear glasses. At first glance, I thought it was similar. That's right! The name is Saruhiko. It's cute!"

"Enough. It's irritating somehow."

Fushimi raised his eyebrows and shaded them like he was suffocating, but she felt it. It was a rejection.

"I'm so happy I came to the festival and got this! Thank you!"

(Best memories!), she thought.

Hugging the stuffed animal and turning a smile like no other.

Doing that, he clicks my tongue as usual and turn the other way. But quietly, he said, "Well, you... did the best you could in the summer."

Involuntarily, she gasped. (Did he bring me here for that? Lie... If so, I'm not happy about it!), she thought.

Inspiring and trembling.

Her tears were about to spill, and she hurriedly covered her face with the stuffed animal.

"Come on. The fireworks are starting."

Whether or not he knew her thoughts, Fushimi took her hand again.

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Fireworks were launched signaling the end of the festival.

A large flower bloomed in the night sky with a loud noise.

It brightly illuminated them and dispersed in an instant.

The beautiful, dreamy glow sank into her heart.

The hands tied so as not to get lost in the crowd still transmitted the body temperature of each one.

The warmth, the kindness of Fushimi and the brightness that colored the night sky.

#### **CHAPTER 4: AUTUMN**

"Tsukimi?"

"Oh. It's an annual event at the Blue club."

Fushimi coughed as if he was upset.

Right after the skill test at the beginning of the second half of the new year. When she arrived at the Blue club after resuming club activities, Director Munakata gave her an invitation to see the moon.

She didn't know that there was a Japanese garden on the roof of the Blue club building, and it seemed like it was held every year with seats.

She wasn't suited for hard work, so she went shopping with Fushimi and made Tsukimi dumplings. The other members were busy setting up umbrellas and sun loungers at the time.

"In a way, it may be the first time I've done such a playful activity. It was about crackdowns, patrols, cleaning, homework assigned by the teacher, etc."

"Because that's the main thing. This is the director's hobby."

"Oh, is that so?"

"It seems that he didn't exist before he became director."

It was like that. Now that she thought about it, he also made tea under the cherry trees in the spring.

"Well then, the tea room in the headmaster's room..."

"That person did it as a hobby."

(Well, he can do that...), she thought.

"Tsukimi dumplings vary from region to region, but how was last year?"

"Normal."

(Huh? Well, I ask because that "ordinary" varies from region to region.), she thought.

"For example? It's common to make dumplings with your own dumpling or joshinko powder, but there seem to be some places where you can put anko inside, so it looks like you used to make it with taro, right? I'll stack the dumplings on three sides, right? It looks like the top is yellow. It's mixed with pumpkin."

When she said that, Fushimi looked up a bit and made a gesture that reminded him of something.

"Maybe it's the first time. There was no anko in it. It shouldn't have been yellow."

"Huh, was it hot? Fushimi-kun, you have an excellent memory."

"I wasn't interested."

While she was talking about it, she took the monorail, crossed the connecting bridge and then changed to the city train.

The train was quite crowded and cramped. When someone pushed him, Fushimi would frown and click his tongue, pushing her a bit roughly into the space created between them and the door.

".....!"

(Wow...!), she thought.

A mighty hand on the door. A very close distance.

(Is this the one called "Kabedon"? Go shy!), she thought.

Fushimi's breathing and the sexy Adam's apple bobbing up and down in front of her made her heart jump.

Her face suddenly turned red, and she hurried downstairs.

Although he moved her to see him in civilian clothes, something she rarely saw.

"Well, that... Oh! And the drinks?"

"...? Oh, is it moon watching? The director will offer tea. After that, each favorite drink."

"Well, what will the preparation team prepare as an offering?"

"Was it chestnut, pear and potato? The rest is Japanese pampas grass, Hagi and Kikyo."

"Oh, what do you eat apart from the offering?"

"That's the Tsukimi dumpling. Make a lot, offer a little and eat the rest."

"What else?"

"That was the only thing last year. But there's no designation that it has to be that much. If so, I'd eat it. Because the director hates things that break the flavor."

"Do you have freedom as long as you don't break the taste?"

"Maybe."

She asked questions in quick succession to hide her bright red face and disguise her pounding heart.

She wondered if she could fool him, but he answered normally. She was so happy that she got excited again.

(What's going on? Why are you so self-aware? Is it weird somehow? Oh, no, what? It's a story about what it's like to be a girl to a guy who slams her into a wall and doesn't respond at all, isn't it natural to be aware of it? Hmm?), she thought.

She thought about it as her eyes swam, and then suddenly she looked at Fushimi, and Fushimi looked at her with a suspicious frown, and she turned quickly.

"Oh, sweet little things aren't enough? Are you ever hungry?"

"Sometimes."

(Isn't it because Fushimi-kun eats an unbalanced diet? He knows, right? Many times you just need calories like rice.), she thought.

"Is it okay to do something else? It doesn't cost much material."

"If it's not something troublesome."

"Okay. It's easier than meatballs."

"I can't help you. If it's okay, do what you like."

Fushimi sighed. She said, "I'm not going to increase my work and help Fushimi-kun.", but she knew it. In such a case, she will definitely help him.

+++++++

"No, this is great."

Director Munakata smiled at the tray she presented to him.

At night, the Japanese garden was illuminated. It was still early for fall leaves but the crape myrtle was beautiful and the murmur of the creek made you feel the atmosphere.

A chaise longue with many standing umbrellas. There were many vegetables and fruits harvested in the fall on the offering table. Also, fall flowers like Japanese pampas grass, Hagi, and Kikyo.

And the Tsukimi and miki dumplings that they made on all three sides.

The big round moon was a member. The silver light illuminated them silently.

The wind was cool and the chorus of insects was comfortable.

"It was good. What should I do if he gets mad?"

"No way! He couldn't get mad at something so cute. After all, it's different from having a woman. Or is it the result of Fushimi-kun's upbringing?"

"Yes, they always help me."

Fushimi, who was next to her, clicked his tongue as she smiled.

She made a small ball of rice in the shape of a rabbit. Two types, white and pink.

The white was ordinary rice. In other words, musubi salt. She also used a small amount of mayonnaise to glue on the cheese ears and seaweed eyes.

The pink one was rice mixed with umezu. The ears of ham and the eyes also of seaweed.

It was also served with lightly pickled carrots, which were cut into the shape of autumn leaves and then pickled.

The onigiri was easy, that filled the stomach moderately, and she thought it would be nice to be stuck on the moon if it was shaped like a rabbit, but it was good. A great success.

"Thank you both. Enjoy the moon."

Relieved by Munakata's smile, she bowed her head and left her seat.

It seemed to have a good reputation, and disappeared like a flight.

She breathed a sigh of relief and then followed Fushimi to the Obon for just two people.

She sitting next to Fushimi, who sat down on a deckchair and presented a tray. Fushimi had no fall leaf pickles. He doesn't like dark vegetables; she already knew that.

"How is it?"

"Well, is not bad."

When she asks Fushimi, who ordered the pink rabbit, she received a rather crude and casual answer.

But she already knew it was a great compliment.

She was happy and a little proud, and her face naturally flushed.

The silver moon she looked at was calm.

Seeing it side by side with Fushimi, she thought it was exceptional.

+++++

Speaking of big fall events, the sophomores were on a field trip. The destination was Okinawa.

Last year she never thought that she would be able to go on a school trip with that feeling, so she was very happy.

The sky was blue and high. A cloudy white cloud. The landscape with a tropical atmosphere was exciting.

Group action on the first day. After visiting the local village (museum) and the botanical garden, she went to the famous aquarium.

"Wow...!"



"Wow, that's amazing, Saya-chan."

She was fascinated by the overwhelming blue world.

The mysterious and magnificent sea of Okinawa. She was overwhelmed by the power of the calmly swimming shark.

It was a huge aquarium several tens of meters long. It was natural, but the existence of himself seemed to be tenuous.

(Oh, but that's not a bad thing, it's a good thing. I'm still afraid of my ability. I'm afraid of hurting someone or breaking something. If I'm a small person, I think it's insignificant in the desert, but it also saves me. It's very comfortable being surrounded by big things that I can't reach.), she thought.

"It's splendid."

(I wish I could melt into this "blue" as it is.), she thought.

Bright and deep, it seemed to be cold at first glance, but the blue of the ocean that had goodness enveloped everything.

She believed that it was not strange because the sea is the mother of all living beings.

"Hey?"

With that in mind, when she was sitting on a chair in the aquarium space up to the ceiling of the aquatic room and looking at the fish in an amazing way, Fushimi's voice came from behind.

"Are you okay? Neko pulled Yukizome."

"Hmm? Yes. I'm fine. I wonder if she wants to see this aquarium some more?"

She narrowed her eyes, looking at the manta ray slowly swimming above her.

"It's beautiful... What a deep blue."

Fushimi looked up as she coughed looking at the fish.

He didn't say anything. Quiet time flowed.

+++++

How lazy were the two of them? After a while, Kukuri came looking for them. Pulled by Kukuri, sorry to move. She couldn't be helped. It was a group action and the time was fixed.

"Hey, take a look. The store here is so cute!"

Original aquarium products lined up on both sides. Certainly the display was elaborate and very cute.

Kukuri holding a large manatee stuffed animal said "This is cute!".

"This looks delicious!" Neko pointed at a small stuffed whale shark.

"I know it's cute, but does it look delicious? Whale shark?"

"Huh? Gohan, don't you know?"

(I don't know. Because I don't eat shark.), she thought.

"It's a good size for a pillow. I want it. But if you buy it here, it'll be luggage."

Kukuri frowned as she held the manatees.

"But I don't know if you can buy aquarium-only products elsewhere. Unless there is a specialty store at the airport. If you want, buy it. Don't regret it later."

"That's right! If it's luggage, Kurosuke will carry it."

"You can't say that. However, Yukizome. If you just don't want a piece of luggage, will you take it?"

"Really? But... what should I do?! I'm lost! Saya-chan? Would you like to have a stuffed animal like this?"

"That's right, but I have one from Saruhiko."

"Oh!"

Everyone around her widened their eyes at once at the words she casually said.

(Huh? What?), she thought.

That also made her eyes widen, around the crowded place.

"Eh, what?"

"Well, what happens now?"

"No, forget it. That's all."

Shiro, whose eyes sparkled with curiosity, and Yatogami, who had a terribly rough face, grabbed her shoulder.

Along with the two, Kukuri also turned red and ran towards her.

"Well, Saya-chan! What kind of place was that? There, in detail!"

"Huh? That's why I already have Saruhiko in my bed, so the stuffed animal is..."

Once again, the setting was chilling. Shiro and Yatogami widened their eyes. Kukuri turned bright red.

She surprised and her eyes were rounded. Fushimi, who was a bit far away, also looked at that with a frightened look.

"Oh!"

(Oh, that's right! That was...!), she thought.

Only when she saw Fushimi's face did she realize how her words sounded to everyone.

She immediately reddened her face and shook her hands violently in front of her face in a hurry.

"No! No! No! Saruhiko isn't Fushimi-kun...! No! No, it's true that Fushimi-kun has nothing to do with it. But it's different! Um? Saruhiko is my stuffed animal. It's very, very important..."

(Ouch, what should I do?! I'm impatient and words don't come to me!), she thought.

Because her excuses were fierce and poor, everyone had a uniformly mysterious face. The mystery deepened.

"Well, Saya-chan? Doesn't that mean Fushimi-kun is important after all?"

"Well, it's different! No, it's not different! Is Fushimi-kun important? I owe him, but isn't. Well..."

(Oh, I feel like I'm addicted to mud! What should I say? Oh, but since I gave the stuffed animal the name Fushimi-kun, I feel like it's useless to say anything!), she thought.

At that time, she had an inner mind. A good hit to the top of her head with a tongue click.

The moment she actually held her head, "Oh, it hurts!", Fushimi, who was next to her, yelled at her, "You're crazy, hey!"

"Huh? Wait a minute! I'm shopping..."

"Don't be silly. Come on!"

Fushimi's reaction was probably weird because he was the norm in the class (except when he fights Yata), he always seemed to be quietly bored in the corner.

Everyone waved goodbye to her as she was dragged before their eyes.

+++++

"I see. It's a stuffed penguin similar to Fushimi-kun, which was taken by Fushimi-kun. That's why the name is Saruhiko."

"Yeah. Uh. It hurt. I couldn't buy anything."

She was finally able to explain it when she was taking a bath. Until then, it was terrible.

"No, I thought something. I saw Fushimi-kun, who got angry with red cheeks for the first time. That was something to see. I wonder if someone took a picture."

(Oh, don't be amused. Kukuri-chan.), she thought.

"Fushimi-kun and Saruhiko are completely different things to me. I didn't think it would cause such a misunderstanding."

"Uh-huh. It was a disaster. Well, Saya-chan, you weren't saying it right."

"That's right... But I don't make it clear for dinner. Yatogami-kun scolded me saying, 'Students, the relationship with the opposite sex is pure and correct!'."

Kukuri smiled as she put down the hair dryer and breathed gently.

"Gohan! Let's go fast! Milk! Milk!"

Neko jumped out of the public bath.

"Yes, yes. Wait.", Kukuri stood up and put a wet towel in the basket.

"You mean, normal milk? After the bath, it's group milk."

"Huh? Saya-chan, is that? It's fruit milk."

"Huh? White milk is fine!"

She made up his mind wonderfully.

She entered the store and opened the refrigerator box where the milk was lined up.

"Oh, you're going to drink here, right?"

"The bottle collection box is here. It's a hassle to go back to the room one by one, right?"

Meanwhile, they were both fine. Well, she knew it.

She took a cold bottle and moved to the corridor in front of the store with the other people.

It was cold and sweet, first silently, then innocently.

And at the same time, three people were breathing. "Oh, it's delicious!"

"Why is milk so delicious after a bath?"

"Actually, I even think I'm alive for this."

While fully enjoying such a fascinating taste, she placed her hand on the railing and looked down, where there was a colonnade.

"Huh? Fushimi-kun."

There was a hall and a lounge, and she could see Fushimi talking to Awashima with a towel in one hand. She couldn't hear what they were talking about.

When Fushimi moved his shoulder, Awashima moved away tapping his shoulder. Fushimi was looking at the print as he was and thinking about something.

(Fushimi-kun, haven't you taken a bath yet? It's the same as usual.), she thought.

"....."

She wondered if it was okay to see that. She wondered if she could still see Fushimi from there.

Did he feel that line of sight when she looked at him while she was thinking about it? Fushimi suddenly raised his face.

".....!"

The moment their line of sight intertwined, her heart made a loud noise.

He had noticed. She somehow got happy and waved her hand.

She knew that Fushimi wouldn't turn around, and she wasn't asking for a reaction either... What?! Fushimi shrugged and raised his right hand slightly.

".....!"

(Oh? Lies! Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

She was surprised by the unexpected reaction. At the same time, she was and her face turned red involuntarily.

(I'm happy! Well, then maybe you can answer something else.), she thought.

She was so happy that she tried to make more contacts.

If she got any closer, could she make more contact? She wanted to try it.

(Well, then, "What were you talking about? I might ask. Or is it brilliant to make a strong voice in such a place, and if it's a conversation with gestures, it's easier to convey what's your impression?"), she thought.

When she pointed to his left hand and bowed her head, Fushimi looked at the imprint on his left hand. Then he looked up and moved his mouth.

"Mi-ma-wa-ri."

".....!"

He told her that, and she was happy. It was impressive.

Holding her fist and shaking it, "Do your best." She raised her right hand again.

Fushimi went somewhere as he was, but somehow the inside of her body was warm.

"Gohan. Do you look happy?"

"Yes, I agree."

Neko with a white stubble on her upper lip and tilting her head, she smiled sheepishly.

+++++

"It's thirty minutes before lights out. You can't leave the room from now on," Kukuri said, clapping her hands.

"Huh? I was thinking of going to see Shiro!"

"No. You'll have to be patient until tomorrow morning."

"Well, haven't you been away from Shiro for a long time?"

(Eh? That should be it...), she thought.

"Wait? When classes are over, they should be apart, right? They can't go into each other's dorm. So it's the same as always..."

"Shiro's room is a club room!"

"Oh, it's true."

So it was. The club room of the Silver club was Shiro's room in the dorm. Neko from the silver club was exceptionally allowed to enter the men's dorm.

(Huh? But wait? Still, if I go back to the girls' dorm before curfew, I think I'll be gone for a long time... Because the dorm curfew is pretty quick, right? Rather, it was a long time to be together today, right? Huh? Wait a minute? Maybe...), she thought.

It was at that moment that she inadvertently saw Kukuri face to face.

"Ah! I can't take it anymore! I want to see Shiro!"

"Well, Neko?!"

Neko stood up vigorously and jumped out of the room as she was.

"What are you doing...?!"

"Kukuri-chan! I haven't put on my pajamas yet and I'll bring her back! If the teacher comes, trick him!"

"What, but!"

"For me, in the worst case as a member of the Blue club, it will work!"

Kukuri took a breath and said, "Please!" She raised her hand and jumped out of the room.

Looking around... (Ah! It's over there.), she thought.

She ran around the front of the store, managed to catch her, but Neko yelled, "Hey, Gohan!", and shook her hand.

At that moment, the sound of a bell is heard and the surrounding scenery changes drastically.

"What?!"

She looked around her, but it wasn't the hallway she was in.

(What is this? Maybe Neko's ability?), she thought.

"No, no. What should I do?"

As she looked around, she heard the sound of a bell again and the scenery returned to its original state.

"Oh, that?"

When she took out his PDA and confirmed it, it was definitely the way to the building where the boys were staying.

"A hallucination? Or..."

It was different, but that wasn't very important. It didn't matter what her abilities were at the moment. The important thing is that she couldn't see Neko anymore. What should she do? She lost sight of her.

"I can't go to where the boys are staying, what should I do?"

(Give up and come back? It'll go out soon. But...), she thought.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

She couldn't decide what to do, and when she was standing, she heard a voice echoing from behind.

She bounced and looked back, scared.

"Hmmm... Fushimi-kun..."

"It's not time to leave the room. It's right before the lights go out. What are you doing?"

"Well, huh. Actually, Neko is..."

After briefly explaining the process, Fushimi clicked his tongue.



"That idiot cat!"

"Why are you here, Fushimi-kun?"

"Ah? What do you say? I'm looking around. We guys from the Blue club also have to keep an eye on the others."

"Oh, that's right. It's because of the skill."

(I see. For girls, Awashima-sensei is enough, but for boys, that's not the case.), she thought.

That's it. What he was doing in the lobby at the moment was that meeting.

"Neko came in here, but..."

"Oh, I'll do something about it. For now, you can go back to your room. The members of the Blue club..."

He maybe he was trying to say something like "don't break the rules". But it froze at the back of Fushimi's throat, not being cast, because he heard footsteps.

".....!"

Lie!

It was around the same time that she was afraid to look in the direction of the footsteps, and Fushimi clicked his tongue and shoved her down the stairs, behind the lined up vending machines.

As it was, Fushimi's body pressed her against the wall.

"Ah! Fushimi-kun..."

"Shut up!"

Fushimi closed her mouth, which she was surprised by their joined body and reflexively raised her voice, with one hand.

"Oh!"

She knew the reason why they were both hiding, but she couldn't help it. She didn't mean anything bad, but her heart made an impossible sound.

Hot body. Strong arm. The strength of power to hold her. There was also a narrow line of sight going around her.

All of this made her heartbeat quicken.

The size of her hand, the close sigh, and the bobbing Adam's apple.

Probably because he took a bath, even his hair was a bit messier than usual.





"Oh!"

(No! My face is hot! I'm suffocating! My heart is about to break!), she thought.

The footsteps coming down the stairs headed for the shop without noticing that they held their breath.



As she struggled to get rid of the bright red face and too loud heartbeat, Fushimi took a deep breath because he couldn't hear the footsteps entirely.

(Eh? It seems to be far away already!), she thought.

Fushimi looked around him and pulled her out of the vending machine, but she couldn't even lift her face anymore. (What should I do? It seems absolutely strange!), she thought.

"Can you go back alone? Don't find him."

She could only control herself a little at that secret voice.

"Well, yes, huh? About Neko, please."

"Oh, make it quick."

Face down, she took control, quickly returned the salute, and began to run. (Oh, my heart is loud!), she thought.

She just wished she could get back to the room without anyone seeing her, because she couldn't afford to worry about her surroundings anymore. She just desperately ran straight.

When she entered the room, Kukuri ran towards her saying:

"I'm glad you're okay...! I was worried. It's time to turn off the lights... Saya-chan?"

Kukuri noticed that something was wrong with her and tilted her head.

"What's wrong? Is your face bright red? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I lost sight of Neko, but I asked to find her."

"Eh? Who? What happened?"

".....! Nothing!"

She came out a stronger denial than she expected, and she surprised herself.

She quickly shook her head and told Kukuri, "Nothing. It's fine.", and she managed a smile.

"Perhaps Neko will return soon without the teacher finding her."

"Oh, she's fine. Oh, it's already off. Can I turn off the electricity?"

The girls in the same room responded to her voice with a pop.

She took control, too, and when she quickly changed into her pajamas, she snuck onto the futon.

"....."

She still heard the sound of her heartbeat. The violent movement did not yield.

She pursed her lips and squeezed her eyes shut.

+++++++

The next day. Free action. As she looked at Awashima explaining the precautions, Kukuri, who was next to her, lightly touched her arm.

"Saya-chan. Look. Fushimi-kun, he looks very tired."

Looking towards the Kukuri's point, Fushimi was indeed yawning.

"Hey, that's a pattern of killing time somewhere. Also, alone."

"That may very well be correct."

"Saya-chan, why don't you invite him to go with you?"

"Eh?!"

(Go together...), she thought.

"Oh, together? Are you talking about inviting Fushimi-kun?"

"That's right. Naturally, Fushimi-kun and Saya-chan usually talk."

"Huh? Because, Kukuri-chan..."

"That's right. I'm telling you to go together. But is it okay? Is it a special school trip? Do you want to make memories?"

"What?!"

(Yes?), she thought.

"No!"

She suddenly made a crazy voice, and teacher Awashima said, "What? Konohana."

She denied saying it was nothing. In a hurry, she bowed to Awashima and elbowed Kukuri.

"Enough! You say weird things."

"Eh? Isn't it? Saya-chan's attitude seems to be clear."

"Well, is it wrong? Is it a treat?"

"Huh? Is it hot?"

She felt it.

"Well, I don't know. Well, sometimes I feel overwhelmed by Fushimi-kun's words and actions, but I think it's because Fushimi-kun is a bit involved in my upbringing..."

"Eh?"

"If you ask me which one I like, Fushimi-kun or Kukuri-chan, I think it's Kukuri-chan."

"No. What? That man's comment. I'm going to fall in love."

"Certainly, I'm excited, but..."

(But I don't think it's because he's Fushimi-kun, but because he's a boy.), she thought.

For example, even if the opponent was Kamamoto, she would still be excited.

Kukuri tilted her neck as she watched her silently.

"Okay? You were with us in the group action yesterday and you'll be in the group action tomorrow too, right? Don't you regret not making memories with Fushimi-kun?"

"....."

"Why don't you invite him? Could you be unexpectedly happy?"

(Mmm.), she thought.

"So, I'll ask a bit."

"Yes, keep going like this."

Professor Awashima's story was over and they disbanded.

She took a deep breath and ran over to Fushimi, who looked bored.

"Ah, that? Fushimi-kun."

It had happened yesterday, and Kukuri had said something strange, so he was aware of that.

Fushimi coughed a bit, "What's wrong?"

"Well, do you know where to go?"

"I'm going to kill time with that."

It was as Kukuri said.

"That's right. Well, if you want, why don't you hang out with me?"

"Do I have to hang out with other girls?"

"Oh, yes. Is it okay?"

No way, she couldn't say she was sent to spend time with her favorite person.

Fushimi narrowed his eyes a bit as the words were vaguely muddy.

However, she immediately took a deep breath and said, "We can go separately."

(Ah... I'm glad it's so good...), she thought.

When she looked at Kukuri, she wondered if she could guess from that alone: "Do your best!" She held her fist and turned a big smile.

Despite feeling a bit awkward, she waved a bit.

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"Where are you going first? Have you decided what to buy as a souvenir?"

"Don't buy souvenirs before that."

"Is that so? It's bad to go looking for my souvenirs, so tell me where you want to go."qa

A place called "a miracle mile" because of the remarkable reconstruction of the burned fields after Kokusai-dori.

Today, it is a famous tourist spot with many shops like Okinawa.

"Oh. What are you planning to buy?"

"I'm definitely going to have red sweet potato and chinsuko. I wonder if I can have the Ryukyu glass. Also Awamori."

"What? Will you buy that much? And Awamori."

"Yeah. Um...I'm going to send it to my parents' house."

".....!"

Everyone knew how she moved to that school and besides, neither in Golden Week, summer vacations nor SW she come home. Fushimi opened the day a bit unexpectedly.

"To your parents' house?"

"Yes. I don't have the courage to go home yet, but I thought I'd send a souvenir with the letter."

"....."

"Oh! Letters come from time to time. There was also a visitor during the summer. Email is... maybe because it's too close? I'm not going. I'll be in trouble if I go, right? I don't know how to get back."

(Now, I think the feeling of distance like a letter is the best.), she thought.

"Is that okay? You shouldn't exaggerate."

"Yes. So, I wish I could start from this point. Oh, this shop looks like a baked pastry shop with lots of tastings."

Fushimi took a breath as she pointed to the store next to him.

"Brown sugar, red potato, shikuwasa...? Mangrove flavor?"

"Mangrop is a tree that grows from that sea, isn't it? Is it something to eat?"

"I have a bad feeling, it's weird. I've never seen such a dark green food."

(Candy in the window... By the way, a tremendous green color. But when I say that, red potatoes are also a fabulous purple color.), she thought.

Intrigued, she takes Fushimi to the store.

"Hey... The more you look, the more amazing the color is."

"Is it a wood-flavored baked treat? Oh, but it's this color, leaves? Did mangroves grow?"

"I don't know. Hey, are you going to buy it?"

"Because it says that it is a very popular product, maybe it is unexpectedly delicious?"

"Isn't it popular like the story?"

"Then, as a story, I'll tell Principal Munakata."

"You have the courage..."

She believed that Munakata would be a person who would understand history.

+++++

At noon, she enjoys Soki Soba and browses various shops again.

While choosing Shell Access, Fushimi went to another store saying, "Wait a minute.", and only then did she do another action, but the rest went with Fushimi.

She had been with Fushimi for a long time at the Blue club training ground, but when it came to playing, it was the second time since the summer festival. But unlike last time, which was only an hour or two, this time it was more than half a day. It was the first time she had played with Fushimi for so long, and she found it a bit strange.

But the conversation was not interrupted or awkward, it did not seem strange to her, and, on the contrary, it was very funny, and time passed in a short time.

"It's weird to be walking in Okinawa with Fushimi-kun like this. It's fun to go on a school trip."



"I was brought by force. School events like this are just a nuisance."

As he said that, he kept walking with her. That's why she was happy.

"I'm thirsty..."

"Oh, that's right. Do you want to slow down a bit? You were walking fast."

(I feel like eating something sweet...), she thought.

It was at that moment that she pulled out the PDA, wondering if there was a good store nearby.

"Ah, ah! The Blue club...!"

A boy fluttering out of the back alley found them and raised his voice.

His face was pale, his breathing was turbulent, and it was obvious that something had happened.

"What happened?"

"Well, I'm caught up in the bad stuff of the gala."

"If you're in trouble, the Blue club will intervene."

"But I just got into a fight. I contacted the teacher..."

Said the boy.

"Okay. Guide me. Hey, don't move from here."

Fushimi told the boy the former, and her the latter.

"Yes, it's fine, but now the saber is..."

During the school trip, there was no saber on his waist. Of course. It was a normal violation of the Law on Firearms and Swords.

"You can use your skills without a saber. It's a problem if the guys from the Blue club use their skills for the general public. Is that okay? Will it work?"

"No."

Fushimi quickly went to the alley with the boy.

As she leaned toward the building, she picked up a paper bag containing bags and souvenirs, and looked around her. Her eyes met the men looking at her, and she quickly turned her face down.

As a compliment, the gala did not look good. Well, she knew that she shouldn't judge people by their appearance, but she believed that they were probably what they seemed.

On the other side, across the street, those sitting in front of the convenience store stood up.

(What should I do! They're coming this way...), she thought.

She looked around her in a hurry, but she couldn't find anyone in the same uniform.

(Is it rude to run away without doing anything? No, but it's too late after something happens. Ah, but he told me not to move from here.), she thought.

A little excursion. She was lost. Meanwhile, the men crossed the street and went in front of her.

"Hey. What's up? Did you get caught with your boyfriend?"

And they called her.

"Let's play with the older brothers."

"Oh, don't worry..."

She shook her head limply, but she couldn't do much.

The next moment, one of them grabbed her wrist and pulled her.

"Oh!"

At that moment, it was the fear of herself that hit her.

"Uh...!"

In the summer, she crushes the clams that she collected on the beach. She broke the record plate in the spring. She had destroyed the grip strength meter. The knife she flew was covered in dust.

All this went through her mind at a tremendous speed.

And last year, the school was half destroyed.

"No, I hate it!"

She cried out involuntarily and she jerked her hand away roughly.

"Eh?"

But, of course, the other person did not understand that the act was not out of disgust but out of fear of herself. She distorted her face as if he were covered and looked at her.

"What? That attitude..."

"Isn't that a bit unpleasant?"

"If you reject me like that, you might get hurt."

"Oh!"

When she held her luggage, she brushed past him and ran off.

"Hey, wait!"

(Well, I can't wait!), she thought.

She was wrong. She didn't like it, she was afraid. In front of those guys, she was afraid to do something when she felt the danger.

(Because I can't control my abilities!), she thought.

Even when she had nothing to think about, she broke the clams and the dynamometer. She broke the table of records. It was also the case that the school was half destroyed.

(So what if I hated the other person? What if I have strong negative emotions? That's not what happens!), she thought.

And now, there was one person who could stop her from running away, but... (Fushimi-kun isn't by my side!), she thought.

"No, no! No, I hate it...!"

As she desperately ran in a place she didn't know, she hugged the luggage and wished for him.

(Please! Don't show up! Don't run away!), she thought.

"Hey, wait!"

"Oh!"

She wondered how far she ran. When she gasped and her back was drenched in sweat, they finally reached her and grabbed her shoulders.

"Yes...! I hate it!"

"Hey. You hate me too much when I'm not doing anything. Isn't that rude?"

(It's different! It's not that!), she thought.

"Please! Let go of me!"

"Okay. I'll take you to a good place!"

(I hate it! I hate him! Please! I don't want to hurt anyone! Please!), she thought.

"Let go of me!"

As she hugged the bag, she closed her eyes and cried out.

At that moment...

"What are you doing?!"

A sharp voice echoed around her.

"Oh!"

It looks very familiar to her.

The moment she raised her face, her wrist was grabbed and pulled, contrary to men.

"Uh...!"

She spun around and clutched at the back that came between her and the men.

"Yata-kun!"

"Uh-oh! Don't get too close!"

At that, she shook her head.

No more words or actions. She just put her strength into her hand that grabbed his clothes.

That was why she sensed the anomaly from her. As it was, Yata looked at the men.

"Oh. What did you do to this guy?"

"Are they friends? What's up?"

"It was us who did something. That girl was super rude."

"Oh, yeah. We were just trying to claim the prize."

Did they despise little Yata? Laughing out loud like they were fools.

"I do not care about you."

"Oh. yeah. If you don't want to get hurt, disappears."

As they laughed like that, one of the men smoked a cigarette.

And the moment he lit the fire from the lighter, the small fire instantly turned into a terrible pillar of fire.

"Huh?! Aaaaah?"

"Oh!"

"What did you do to this guy?"

The lighter thrown by the man in surprise fell to the ground as it was.

However, only the flame wove itself like a living being and attacked the men.

"What?!"

"Gah!"

"No, Yata-kun!"

(No! Don't use your skills!), she thought.

"No! Yata-kun!"

In a hurry, she grabbed his arm and shook him, and Yata clicked his tongue and blew out the flame.

The men did not seem to understand what had happened. All of them were rude, but they quickly fled. When she shook his arm again, Yata quickly took her hand.

"Let's go!"

At that voice, one of the boys looked as if he was surprised.

"Don't fall down. Run!"

"Yes!"

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She ran as she was, away from the place, they reached a small park, and finally Yata stopped.

As she took a deep breath on her shoulder and collapsed onto the bench, Yata, who looked around him, bought her a cold juice from the vending machine.

"Oh, thank you..."

"Are you alone? Was someone with you?"

"Um, I was with Fushimi-kun..."

When told how Fushimi went to referee the fight, Yata said, "It can't be helped."

(No, Fushimi-kun isn't bad.), she thought.

"Oh, that's right. I have to contact Fushimi-kun... I'm worried."

"Do you care about the monkey?"

"Yes, I am. I can't help but do it."

"I don't care about the others. That guy..."

(Well, that's not the case.), she thought.

She shook her head and dialed the PDA, answering immediately with the first call.

"Hey! You're moving...!"

"I'm sorry!"

At the shout in response, she reflexively bowed her head.

(I can't believe it from Fushimi-kun!), she thought.

"Where are you now?!"

"Well, that's it?"

She briefly explained that the bad guys entangled her and chased her.

"I managed to escape, but it seems like I've come a long way. The meeting time is coming up, so I'll search with the PDA and head straight back to the meeting place. So, Fushimi-kun too..."

"He's fine. Come back. Are you okay?"

"Yes. I'm sorry to worry you."

After the call ended, she felt relieved. She was fine. He wasn't that angry.

When she took a sip of juice, she looked at Yata and smiled.

"Thanks for your help again."

"No, no... that's..."

Blushing, Yata turned the other way.

"Kamamoto-kun? Aren't they together?"

"I had something I wanted to buy, and now I'm alone."

"It was good. Yata-kun, you were there. Thank you very much."

"Don't say thank you. I will always help you. Oh, I got help too."

"Huh? Did I ever help Yata-kun?"

(I don't remember that. I think it's just me getting help?), she thought.

"Oh, there was. Your first day of transfer."

"Yes?"

(First day of transfer? I talked a bit when I met him at the door of the classroom, and I witnessed a conflict in the courtyard, right?), she thought.

When she thought that, Yata coughed with "That."

"That's it. The battle in the courtyard was amazing."

"Well, I'm sorry. I don't know. Did I help Yata-kun?"

(It must have been because of Kukuri-chan that she helped.), she thought.

"You did. That knife was what I played with."

".....! Yata-kun?"

"Oh. I touched the knife that the monkey threw. That was towards you..."

Yata distorted his face in an awkward way.

"I was about to break the rule, 'Don't hurt ordinary students with your skills', because I was the incision captain in the Red club. It was going to lead to disaster. You did that and prevented it."

Yata looked directly at her.

Eyes with hot flames that reached the heart of the other party. Wild and warlike, yet kind and warm.

(Yata-kun has a worried, shy and awkward smile at me, it's impressive.), she thought.

"You stopped me."

"Yata-kun..."

"Thanks to you. I'm grateful. So..."

Her cheeks turned a little red, and when he looked away from her, he timidly squirted the juice.

"Help always."

It was forceful, but the kind words warmed her heart.

"Thanks."

"That's why I don't need an invoice. I think this is a refund."

She felt that the amount returned was obviously higher.

"Still, thank you. I'm very happy."



"Hmm...! Well, the meeting time is coming up. Oh, I'm fine, but are you in trouble if you're late? There's a position."

When she smiled, Yata stood up, hiding the red cheeks from her.

And with her right hand facing away, he extended his right hand in front of her.

"I will run!"

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"Saya-chan! What are you doing?!"

Before dinner. When she was wandering around looking for Fushimi, Kukuri's slightly angry voice suddenly echoed from behind.

As she turned around, Kukuri grabbed her arm.

"Kukuri-chan? Hey, Shiro-kun. What's wrong?!"

"Ok, let's go!"

"Well, wait. I'm looking for Fushimi-kun. I just want to apologize."

She rushed to the meeting place with Yata at the last minute of the designated time.

She looked around for Fushimi to apologize for worrying him, and she found him next to Awashima. She tried to run immediately, but, for some reason, at that moment, terrible eyes looked at her.

Fushimi turned his back on her at one point, when she saw a sharp line of sight as if he were a father.

She tried to chase after him, but he started the roll call and she couldn't do it.

(He didn't seem that angry on the phone. Oh, but after all, he was really worried. I annoyed him.). When she thought that, she couldn't bear it, even though he was there. Unfortunately, it was a school trip. She couldn't do whatever he wanted during group activities.

So now was her chance. She wanted to apologize in that little free time before dinner. (I'm so sorry! Kukuri-chan, I must now...), she thought.

Kukuri said, "That's Fushimi-kun!"

"Huh? Fushimi-kun?"

"Saya-chan, come on! Hurry up!"

"Huh? Hmm about that..."

"Okay. Go."

Shiro pushed her back, which she didn't understand why.

They then led her behind a large pillar in the corner of the lobby hall, placing their index fingers to their lips and pointing at the hall with their other hands.

There, Fushimi, had an endlessly upset face, at a girl whose face was bright red in front of him.

(Huh?), she thought.

"That..."

"It's a statement. It's an event. It's natural. Is Fushimi-kun actually quite popular? Even before yesterday's bath, another girl called out to him."

"What? Is that so?"

Her heart made a disturbing sound.

"Hmm. Saya-chan was very careful. Because she's a lazy person. Don't you don't know if he's been taken?"

"No, I really mean Fushimi-kun..."

It is not a relationship.

But the word froze in the back of her throat and she couldn't say it.

The tough-talking girl with the red face made her chest crack.

"Oh, but it seems like he's constantly being invited to another place, but I don't think he'll go."

"What about the attitude of just saying, 'It's annoying'?"

Beside her, Shiro and Kukuri were talking about secret stories. But she couldn't take her eyes off Fushimi.

She wants it without knowing it: Don't accept, don't follow that girl. Don't laugh with that girl.

".....!"

She bit her lips with the feelings smeared on her.

(No. Why am I praying for this? It's like wishing that girl's misfortune.), she thought.

She held both hands tightly.

At the end of that line of sight, Fushimi grunted and backed away from the girl.

"Oh, it looks like he didn't answer her call. He turned his back on her."

"Huh? Far from refusing, why didn't he even answer the confession?"

"Oh!"

Fushimi turned his back on the girl and them. He walks fast without looking back.

Her chest and her back ached.

She was relieved that Fushimi didn't answer the call, but was happy that Fushimi didn't laugh with the girl.

(But why? My chest hurts.), she thought.

"Oh... that girl, she cried."

Kukuri coughed painfully.

Far from not receiving it, "thoughts" that she was not even allowed to convey.

The unreliable appearance of slumping her shoulders and wiping away her tears was very painful.

She held her throbbing and aching breast with both hands.

(Why? A few seconds ago, I wished I didn't follow you.), she thought.

".....!"

She bit her lip and forcibly moved away from the girl who was standing.

But, she was surprised that Fushimi hadn't heard her words at all.

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After dinner, she lost sight of Fushimi and was unable to speak.

Shortly before taking a bath, she desperately searched for Fushimi and finally found him.

"Fushimi-kun!"

If she ran and called, he would stop and look back.

But his gaze was terribly cold and emotionless, and she shivered.

"Oh, I am sorry!"

She leaned in and explained the situation again.

Immediately after parting ways with Fushimi, she got tangled up with the bad guys. Fearing her abilities, she shook the man's hand roughly and, as a result, she was chased. And when they finally caught her, Yata, who was there, helped her. Thanks to Yata, she was able to escape from those people.

"There, I finally got in touch with Fushimi-kun... I'm really sorry."

"And the others?"

"Eh?"

Fushimi said something at her explanation. But his voice was too low to hear. When she asked him again, Fushimi clicked his tongue and waved his hand in annoyance.

"And that?"

"What?"

Fushimi echoed, she was confused.

His line of sight was terrifyingly sharp and cold.

"No matter."

"Oh!"

(Doesn't matter?), she thought.

It wasn't the first time that word had come out of Fushimi's mouth. No, he seemed like he said it often. She had heard it over and over again.

But now, for some reason, she was stuck in her chest.

"....."

She was trying to say something at once... but she couldn't speak.

However, his cold words made her heart tremble.

No matter. No matter.

That alone repressed itself in her head, and she felt depressed and bloodied.

As a guest for that, her tears wanted to come out.

".....!"

She was surprised. She thought it was like the obi thing. Fushimi narrowed his eyes.

At the same time, the appearance of that girl who was talking to Fushimi shook her mind.

That girl who dropped her shoulders, trembled and cried.

Oh, would she be kicked out like this?

"Sorry..."

If she cried, she would cause more trouble. She made him uncomfortable. She hastily wiped away her tears, but they spilled out later. She couldn't stop for some reason.

And then. Fushimi clicked his tongue at her as if he had noticed something.

Right after, Kamamoto's voice: "Konohana-san...?"

".....!"

She turned around and looked back reflexively. She knew what would happen if she did that in that situation.

".....! Hey..."

At the corner of the corridor, she could see Kamamoto and Yata, who were probably going to take a bath. The moment they saw her tears, they took a breath and opened their eyes.

And as expected, a fierce anger burned in Yata's eyes.

"Why is she crying?! Monkey!"

The voice of anger resounded in the hallway. With that momentum, Yata grabbed Fushimi.

He seemed amused and happy teasing Yata. To hit each other's skills, fight, compete and enjoy collisions. But only that day was different.

Fushimi clicked his tongue at her, and when he shook his hand roughly, he pushed Yata away and said, "Do you know why?"

"It's ridiculous! She's crying! I don't know!"

"Well, no! Really! Yata-kun, that's wrong!"

In a hurry, she grabbed Yata's arm, who was extremely high at the ruthless words, and stopped him.

(It's different! Really different! It wasn't Fushimi-kun's fault that I cried! I just...), she thought.

"Please! Stop! Yata-kun! Please!"

"But..."

Yata looked at her anxiously.

"No. Really. I'm sorry. Fushimi-kun, I..."

(I cried in a place like this. I'm bad in the first place. They didn't tell me anything terrible.), she thought.

However, Fushimi coughed and swollen back without hearing her apology until the end.

"Hmm...! What's that attitude?! Hey!"

"Yata-kun! I'm really bad!"

(I was wrong...), she thought.

She looked around her and bit her lip.

(What should I do? Fushimi-kun has become like a bad boy.), she thought.

"Konohana-san, are you alright? Hey, someone! Call Yukizome!"

Kamamoto rubbed her back and looked around him.

She covered her face with both hands, her lips pressed together tightly.

(What should I do? Not only did I annoy him and make him angry, but I also cried weirdly and made him a bad guy. If I chase after him and sincerely apologize, will he forgive me? Or does he already hate me...?), she thought.

"....."

She remembered the sharp, cold eyes that actually held no emotion.

Did he already hate her?

"Uh..."

Her chest ached from the throbbing. It was disconcerting. She couldn't stop the tears.

(They didn't tell me anything terrible, why? What was so shocking? What makes my chest so tight? Why can't my tears stop? I don't understand.), she thought.

She couldn't even raise her face at Yata's pitiful words, "Don't cry. Damn! Monkey! I would never make you cry."

Thinking of that, she could only cry without being able to organize anything.

"Saya-chan?!"

A little further away, she can hear Kukuri's surprised voice.

After a moment, she hugged the small, slender body that had come with all her might.

She did not understand or know. But the only thing that was clear was that she didn't want Fushimi to hate her.

She was terribly afraid of it.

## **CHAPTER 5: WINTER**

"Well, do you have a little time tomorrow? Huh, why don't we go out for lunch?"

It was yesterday, Saturday, that Yata invited her with a red and desperate face.

And today before noon. Yata, who is not good with girls, came to pick her up in front of the girls' dormitory.

It the Kusanagi's bar where he took her for a ride.

"Here..."

"Have you been here before?"

"Yeah. Huh? You knew that."

"I asked Kusanagi-san."

Saying that, he opened the red door for her.

"Welcome. Oh, Yata-chan. Do you have a girlfriend?"

Kusanagi, who was polishing the crystals at the back of the counter, laughed mischievously at them.

"Shut up! Don't say anything weird! Kusanagi-san!"

"Yes, yes. Yata-chan is cute because he turns red for a moment. Welcome to Honma."

"Kusanagi-san!"

Kusanagi turned his gaze from him to her and smiled gently, avoiding Yata, who turned bright red and was just biting.

"What? No, it's fine."

"Huh? Uh..."

"Well, sit down. Lunch today is ratatouille pasta with prosciutto and fried cheese. Dessert is a light cheesecake with drained yogurt."

Suggesting a seat for her, Kusanagi gently placed a brightly polished glass on the rear shelf.

Then, he echoed a look at Yata, and gave him a laugh with a bit of innuendo.

"But I don't seem to be feeling well, so why don't you give Saya the special menu?"

"Special menu?"



"That. Originally, only people from the Red club can eat it. Special fried rice made by Yatagarasu."

(Huh? Yatagarasu?), she thought.

"Is it Yata-kun?"

"That's pretty good. I can only do that."

When she was intrigued and looked at Yata, Yata-kun raised his eyebrows and looked at Kusanagi.

"It's like taking money, isn't it?"

"If you don't want to take that kind of stuff, you can't. Anyway, you can use white rice and as many vegetables as you like. It doesn't change if you eat or treat Saya-chan. The amount of money is deducted exactly from the expenses of the club. Do not worry about it."

"What will you do?"

Yata stared at her.

She turned around a bit and said, "Then, I'd like Yata-kun's fried rice. I want to eat it. It seems like this is a rare opportunity."

"Don't expect too much. Kusanagi-san's rice usually tastes better."

"It's natural. I'm a professional even if I bend here and there."

Kusanagi shrugged as if he was surprised by Yata's words.

He laughed and shook his head at her.

"I know, but I wonder if I want to eat something that Yata-kun makes with all his heart, instead of any delicious food."

"Wow, I understand. Then wait a minute."

Yata leaned his skateboard against the wall and entered the counter.

Kusanagi, glancing at the situation, poured ice water in front of her and laughed, "Oh, it's a natural thing that's fun to listen to."

"Eh...?"

"Hey, this story. Well, Yata-chan prepares lunch, so there's free time. Saya-chan, what happened? You can't smile at all. Last time you came, you had a cute smile on your face."

".....!"

"If there is a reason, I would like to ask you as an older brother."

"Nothing happens..."

"I'm worried. Even though you say that, your mouth is stiff. Well, if Saya-chan doesn't want to talk, I can't force you."

It's not that she didn't want to talk to Kusanagi or she couldn't trust him, but she was too personal and she felt like she couldn't talk.

She bit her lips and turned her gaze to Yata.

(It's a dangerous kitchen knife and has all-purpose chopped onions. Eggs, ham, and chicken broth on the table... mayonnaise?), she thought.

"Mayonnaise, do you use it?"

She was shocked and unintentionally said that. It meant that she had ignored Kusanagi's kind offer.

When she noticed him and gave a quick bow, "Oh, sorry." Kusanagi smiled and shook his head.

"Saya-chan. That's a trick."

(Yata put rice, mayonnaise, and soup base in a bowl and mix well. Then the green onions and ham went into the bowl. Huh? Do you already mix it with rice at this stage?), She thought.

He put a fairly small amount of oil in a frying pan to make fried rice, heated it well, and put in the eggs. After lightly mixing, he added the rice and shook the pan vigorously.

"Since each grain of rice is coated with oil, it's a bit fluffy without being fried rice. But if you try to do it all in one pan, there's a little trick."

"Oh, that's right. Mayonnaise is oily too."

"That. If you mix it with rice first for seasoning, it's easy."

"Uh..."

(That's why a small amount of oil is enough to make a difference. That's all. Let's try it in the bedroom next time.), she thought.

She watched the slight movement of Yata's pot and clasped both hands on her knees.

"I think I was hated."

And when she looks at the counter, she coughs.

"Yes?"

"I've caused a lot of anxiety and discomfort. I think they've finally hated me."

(Ever since my school trip, Fushimi-kun has been gruff. Fushimi-kun has become less talkative than when he first met me, and his attitude is somewhat cold. Ah, so it's like that. He's become more prone to acting alone.), she thought.

When she first met him, she didn't know left or right, so she needed Fushimi's help to do anything, and inevitably she always acted in pairs. That was Director Munakata's order too, right?

(Oh, I'm not saying that I've never been left alone. However, after Headmaster Munakata's irrationality in that skill test, it really stayed with me. But now that I'm used to the Blue club, I've learned a lot and can do a lot of things on my own. So, in other words, I'm out of the situation where I can't do anything without Fushimi-kun always by my side.), she thought.

Also, after seeing the moon, the Blue club is changing to a new system focused on two years like other general club activities. Fushimi is now in a position to manage the entire Blue club as the next director.

(I know it's wrong to feel abandoned. However, the humble feeling that "he doesn't feel like acting with me" never goes away.), she thought.

"That person was the one in charge of my education in the Blue club..."

"Is it the monkey? After all, something did to you at that time."

Along with that word, he served her some very tasty fried rice in front of her.

She quickly raised her face and shook her head.

"It was during a school trip. But it's really something different that I cried about. I'm not hiding, Fushimi-kun isn't that bad."

"But since then, you're not well."

"That's because Fushimi-kun seems to hate me. Due to various factors, I haven't been able to speak properly since then, and we haven't acted together. That's why I'm wrong. Fushimi-kun didn't do anything."

"Hmm. I can't see the story. In other words, what happened?"

Kusanagi looked at Yata as he recommended the fried rice.

She put her hands together and took the spoon.

"What I do know is that this guy is intertwined with the boys."

As she listened to Yata explaining to Kusanagi, she brought the fried rice to her mouth.

It was delicious. The rice was crispy, smelled like soy sauce, and was really delicious.

Fried rice made with all his heart. First of all, he was brave and he invited her there because he was worried about her, that she had no energy.

She was very happy for that feeling. And the fried rice was also very good.

But she was sorry and she was sorry she wasn't excited. She was happy, but she couldn't show it.

"I see. Is that all?"

"Seriously, that guy has a different attitude!"

He seemed annoyed at remembering it, Yata crossed his arms.

"Hmm. Why was Saya-chan so sad?"

".....!"

"He do not forgive you?"

"Hmm..."

He didn't seem to have forgiven her. Although she apologized, he did not understand. He told her, "It doesn't matter."

That voice, that look and that word. Just remembering it made her heart tremble.

"According to Yata-chan, he didn't seem that angry when he called, but what happened? Saya-chan didn't seem that depressed at the time."

"Huh? Yes. At that time, it was just my impression. It was certainly such an impression, so I didn't get depressed at that time either. But when I returned to the meeting place with Yata-kun, he was angry because he looked at me with terrible eyes."

"....."

"Now, I regret being insensitive. I feel bad when I see that I was calm because he didn't seem angry."

(I think it's certainly different that you don't reflect if you don't get angry. Even if Fushimi-kun didn't get angry, I should feel a lot of remorse and apologize for the anxiety and inconvenience.), she thought.

It wasn't good if she was relieved that he wasn't angry.

"The word 'never mind' is stuck in my chest..."

Tears floated slowly to the corners of her eyes. She hurriedly rubbed her eyes roughly with her hands.

"Maybe I wanted him to be mad. Maybe he wanted me to get stuck. I didn't want him to just say 'It doesn't matter.' I didn't want to be abandoned. I didn't want to be hated."

"Saya-chan..."

"Ever since then, I've been nervous about Fushimi-kun. It's frustrating. It's painful. But I don't know what to do anymore."

"That's it..."

Kusanagi smiled apologetically.

"Looks like there's no place for Yata-chan to go in."

"Eh...?"

"Kusanagi-san!"

Yata looked at Kusanagi as if he was in a hurry.

"Eh...?"

"Well, it doesn't matter. Rather, eat it well. I don't know what to do, so what should I do if it's rotten? Isn't that something that has changed?"

".....!"

She widened her eyes at the words.

"Yata-kun..."

"If the monkey gets upset over something so small, you should send it flying, right? Well, that's why I dislike it. That's a bit depressing."

(I don't think I should send him flying, I'm the one who was wrong. And if I'm unlucky and my ability activates, Fushimi-kun might die.), she thought.

However, the words he gave her while he was sulking struck her heart.

"Even if you waste time, doesn't it change...?"

"That's right. Don't worry about the monkey! Instead, eats well and stays well."

"Yata-chan. The other party is a girl, right? You behave differently than you usually do in front of them. Do you know that?"

In response to Kusanagi's mocking voice, Yata argued with a bright red face and said, "Wah! Shut up!"

Kusanagi's smile, which he laughed at Yata, was ridiculously gentle, and she caught it.

She laughed and screamed.

"Thank you. Eat and cheer up. The fried rice is really delicious."

"Ah! Yes, it's alright, I'll always make it."

"You finally laughed. Saya-chan is better than that."

Kusanagi walked over and hit her head lightly with a pong.

His kindness almost brought tears to her eyes, and she hastily lowered her head.

"Uh, Yata-chan. Actually, the milk has run out. Can you buy it at the convenience store?"

"Huh? Oh, sorry."

"I put it to you. I'll prepare a delicious coffee ice cream for both of you."

After receiving the money from Kusanagi, she told him, "You should eat.", and Yata jumped. Kusanagi waved it off and shrugged with a bitter smile.

"That boy is also greedy and jealous."

"Eh?"

(What boy?), she thought.

"You mean Yata-kun?"

"Eh? No, I mean the idiot who is bothering Saya-chan."

(Huh? That's...), she thought.

"Kusanagi-san, Fushimi-kun...?"

"Hmm. Actually, I know. That boy was originally a member of the Red club."

"Yes?!"

(Fushimi-kun was a member of the Red club?), she thought.

When she first hears the story, she instinctively looks at him.

"Well, I've never heard of such a story."

"Well, it's a touchy problem. Saya-chan, you shouldn't touch it anymore."

"....."

"He went to the Blue club, partly because he didn't like Yata-chan's intoxication from the Red club. I think there were other reasons, but it's the biggest one. That's definitely it."

(Even now, when I asked if there was something between Yata-kun and Fushimi-kun, I remember that even Munakata-kun was confused.), she thought.

"Yata-kun...?"

"Yes. He doesn't like people who go to other places."

(So, is that why when he fights Yata-kun, does Fushimi-kun look so happy? Even if it's out of hostility, is it because Yata-kun goes straight to Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

"I don't know, I'm a bit distracted when I say something."

Kusanagi prolonged that and smiled even more.

"Is he really mad about Saya-chan's mistake? But he wasn't that mad when you first called, right? If so, maybe it's something else he didn't like?"

"Another thing?"

"For example when..."

".....!"

It was something she had never thought about before, and she looked at Kusanagi in confusion.

"Because I went back to the meeting place with Yata-kun...?"

"Saya-chan, did you tell him you were with Yata-chan on the phone?"

".....! No, I didn't say that."

(That's right!), she thought.

"I mean, he got mad that Yata-kun and I went back hand in hand?!"

"Wow! Did you go there? What?! You guys held hands?"

"Eh? Yes. Yata-kun pulled me and ran, so I managed to make it in time for the meeting time."

"He was angry about it."

Kusanagi sighed as if he was amazed.

"Oh, is that true? Oh, I don't know! I wonder if Fushimi-kun and Yata-kun aren't on good terms...! It's different. That's right. Fushimi-kun and Yata-kun are important."

"Eh... Hmm. Is that so?"

"Yata-kun is a friend, but I shouldn't make a good appeal in front of Fushimi-kun, right?"

"I think Yata-chan has gone terribly blank. Well, yes. If Saya-chan gets better."

Kusanagi sighed again and hit her with a pong.



"In my opinion, I don't think Saya-chan doesn't like him."

".....!"

"Try again."

"Yes!"

The suppressed feelings that occupied her chest, took a bigger place.

There was a faucet and a slight ringing sound.

Looking back, Yata entered the restaurant and said, "Are you eating well?"

She smiled and nodded even more.

"Yes, I'm eating. It's delicious!"

(That's it. I'll speak properly. That's exactly what Yata-kun says, Kusanagi-san. I'm down, but it's not too late, even after hitting everything.), she thought.

"Thank you, Yata-kun."

She chewed the fried rice full of tenderness and got potency.

+++++

It was fine to make that decision, but tryout week started at the wrong time and club activities were closed.

When she thought it was finally over, the Blue club was busy every day preparing for the Christmas party where all the students gather, to be held in the Himmelreich, a blimp owned by the school.

As the next headmaster, Fushimi was busy managing the Blue club, and she was busy with various tasks with the freshmen. She didn't have time to speak properly.

In doing so, the closing ceremony.

She entered during winter break, so she prepared for the New Year by cleaning the width and length of "Scepter 4". Also, cleaning the women's dorm.

(Oh, I think people used to say "December" in the old days!), she thought.

So, as she was, on New Year's Eve in the meantime, she was too busy to confirm if Fushimi had returned home. She was depressed.

(Ah. Fushimi-kun, where and what are you doing now?), she thought.

"I wanted to apologize at least this year."

It was almost new year.

If she went to the living room from the bedroom, she could see red and white watching TV, but most people went home during the New Year's Eve and New Year's holidays, so she was quiet and lonely.

She wondered if she was already going to sleep. She managed to do the best she could since Yata encouraged her, but when she thought that the new year would start without being able to repair various things, she became distraught.

It was then that she sighed deeply and lay down on the bed.

The PDA made a tingling noise. She grabs it slowly. However, the next moment she suddenly stood up.

"Huh? Huh, lie!"

The name that was displayed on the LCD screen was indeed "Fushimi-kun", and she quickly swiped her finger away.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Shut up. I could hear it the first time you said it."

It sounded like a PDA thud, but it was certainly Fushimi's voice, and her heart warmed.

"Why?!"

"What are you doing now?"

"Hey, was I mourning the impermanence of the world in my room?!"

As she sat up and screamed, Fushimi coughed like a ghost.

"You have free time?"

"Well, if you put it all together, you can't say that. Fushimi-kun."

"Let's walk outside."

Again, with a rough answer.

"At this time of day?"

"Because it's such a time. Are you planning to go to Hatsumode?"

(Ah, for the first time? Huh? Is it your first visit?! Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

"No, no, I didn't think about it at all."

"Huh? Why? Should you ask God and others for various things? There are many things that are too late for you to do on your own."

He spoke, but she wasn't there mentally. Her head was full of thoughts, mainly about Fushimi.

(I mean, I'm so happy that I'm talking normally now. I'm so happy. What should I do?! My chest tightened, my eyes got hot, and I'm so happy I could cry. I'm smiling!), she thought.

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun isn't the type to trust God that much. I'm going to go to Hatsumode. Oh, it doesn't mean anything weird. It's okay to go separately. I'm a little surprised."

As she struggled to get rid of malfunctioning muscles by rubbing her face, Fushimi said, "I can't go normally.", when she thought she should fix things.

(Huh? But you're going today?), she thought.

"Eh...?"

"I have arrived. Look down from the window. Don't make a loud voice."

(What?), she thought.

Surprised, she looks out the window.

She ran out onto the balcony, and saw Fushimi below.

"Ah... Fushimi-kun!"

Fushimi, who frowned, put his index finger to his lips and twitched his mouth.

When she held her mouth with both hands, Fushimi breathed as if he was relieved, and whispered through the PDA.

(Yes, I'm ready...), she thought.

"However, curfew is past. The door is locked."

"What? I know. I'm a dorm student. Can you get out of there?"

(Here...), she thought.

"Is this here? But is it up here?"

"You should jump down."

(Oh, don't say it easily!), she thought.

"I don't feel like I can land safely."

"Okay. I'll catch you."

".....!"

"So get ready soon. You can do it."

"Wow, I see. Wait!"

She closed the windows and curtains at once, and quickly got ready.

She wrapped the scarf tightly, put on the boots she brought from the front door, and stepped out onto the balcony again. Oh, of course she turns off the lights in the room.

"Slowly cross the fence."

Fushimi looked at her and gave her instructions in a low voice.

Honestly, Fushimi hung up and spread his hands under her, saying, "Slowly lower your feet."

She attended, put the PDA in her coat pocket and slowly jumped into the air.

With a slight noise, his strong arms hugged her body tightly and hummed.

"Uh..."

"It will be bad if they find us. Let's go."

"Yes."

Fushimi's big hand held and pulled at her hand.

As they began to run together, she covered her mouth with her other hand.

She was happy, and his smile naturally overflowed. However, the back of her nose was very hot and tears seemed to overflow at any moment.

She was sure that she had a terrible face at that moment.

+++++

"Fine. It's fine if you come here."

Shortly after leaving the school grounds, Fushimi finally stopped.

She took a deep breath and looked back the way they had come.

"The window is unlocked, isn't that okay?"

"It's this time. I don't walk through the bedroom. Even if you walk, you notice from outside that the windows are unlocked."

"I hope... I've never broken curfew or sneaked out after curfew, so I'm a little nervous."

"That's how it is."

"Fushimi-kun, you haven't done it before, right? From a point of view..."

"....."

(Huh?), she thought.

"Huh? I feel like I can't shut up."

"....."

"Isn't it useless? The room manager is next door."

Fushimi clicked his tongue when she laughed unintentionally.

The situation was completely before the school trip, she bit her lip and bowed her head.

"I'm sorry!"

"Eh?"

"What happened on the school trip..."

"It was a few months ago. It's over now."

Fushimi clicked his tongue at her again.

She was scared for a moment, but she thought that she shouldn't leave it like that, and she apologized for crying.

"I'm so sorry I cried at the inn. I made Fushimi-kun a bad boy..."

"Were you really hurt?"

"Oh, no! It was because I caused a lot of trouble. You were worried. It's natural for Fushimi-kun to be angry. I wasn't angry or hurt!"

"....."

"Really, I thought I was wrong. I reflected on it too. So no matter how closely you compare it, it won't hurt. That's not the case, is it?"

Before that, Fushimi was honestly peeking into the confession.

"Fushimi-kun... You didn't even ask me to confess, let alone deny it. The figure of the girl who was crying because she wasn't even allowed to say it, let alone receive my feelings, burned inside me, in my eyes. I don't blame you, I think it's Fushimi-kun's freedom, but... I felt it. Was I being abandoned?"

Perhaps it was an unexpected word, Fushimi looked at her with round eyes.

She pursed her lips and looked down at her feet.

"That's why, it's almost paranoid that I cried. If I'm just doing this kind of nuisance, I'm afraid that one day I'll be abandoned. I felt hurt."

"So that was it."

"That's right. That's why I hate myself so much. I apologize for the fact that I was busy after the school trip and felt like it was happening to me. Then, I had negative thoughts again. Oh, they hated me. I just thought about it."

"....."

"I missed the time to apologize and I'm addicted to the swamp. I was revived before the final test, but I was too busy to apologize."

"I see."

"Eh?"

Fushimi coughed in a small voice.

It was so small that she couldn't hear him, she didn't, and Fushimi shrugged.

"I thought I hurt you."

".....!"

"I was frustrated at the time."

"Fushimi-kun..."

"Yeah, it wasn't good."

She let go of her expression as if she was a little relieved.

She shook her head violently and clutched the sleeves of Fushimi's jacket.

"Fushimi-kun's words didn't hurt me. Fushimi-kun isn't bad. I'm really sorry about everything."

"I'm saying it's fine."

Fushimi took a breath and removed her hand from his sleeve.

He then squeezed her hand again, and Fushimi started walking.

"Instead, do that. You're different from that woman, right?"

".....!"

She widened her eyes at the unexpected words and looked at Fushimi.

"....."

Wide... it was the back of a boy. There was no longer any cold air there to ward her off.

Fushimi's hair swayed at the tip of her relieved look at him.

The white breath melted into the soundless indigo landscape.

Fushimi's hands were big and he gripped her tight.

Although it was bitterly cold, her heart was getting hotter and hotter.

(What's different?), she thought.

She wanted to ask, but of course she couldn't. She didn't have that courage.

But now, with joy, she bit that word. She felt sorry for that girl.

There was the whereabouts of her next to Fushimi. She was happy and irresistible.

She was happy, her face was burning.

"Thank you for coming to the invitation for the first visit."

(Thanks to you, it's been a great New Year's Eve.), she thought.

She held his large hand firmly behind him.

There was no response, but Fushimi's hands were full of power.

"Oh!"

At that moment, those "feelings" pushed up to her chest.

She thought she liked him.

From the bottom of his heart, she liked him.

Finally, she was clearly aware of it.

(Oh, I like Fushimi-kun. I wonder when it started. I don't know. Feelings that were blooming before I knew it.), she thought.

She held her chest firmly.

"....."

She looked up at the night sky where the white breath of two people melted.

The clean air of winter brought all the light from the stars.

The moment he said it was okay, her heart skipped a beat.

(I like you.), she thought.

It still wasn't a word.

However, that feeling was now as bright as any star.



+++++

(Can I be with Fushimi-kun?), she thought.

The wish that she was able to offer to God in the sanctuary was very small.

She still didn't have the courage to wish for something like "I want to be with him".

(Isn't it a problem for God to make such an abstract wish? But now, Fushimi-kun has just invited me to visit it for the first time, and I'm happy to make it up to him, and I even feel like I'll hit a drumstick if I want more.), she thought.

She had just secretly bought a lucky charm for the marriage.

She put it in her pocket and went home.

She had a happy moment that made she want to cry.

+++++

"Nya! What a lot!"

Neko cheered at the chocolates lined up on the table.

"Can I eat? Gohan!"

"Huh? Cats shouldn't eat chocolate, because it's addictive."

"Wow, Wagahai is a cat, but not a cat!"

Neko puffed out her cheeks.

Even if she realized that she had a crush on Fushimi, her daily life didn't change drastically all of a sudden, and she was a bit nervous when she was by Fushimi's side.

Fushimi, the next office manager, hadn't been able to give her a decent job and hadn't had much time to spend with her in January.

Then February without any particular progress. After the final exam, she made Valentine chocolate with Kukuri in her dorm room. Neko appeared guided by the scent.

"It's amazing. It's amazing. It looks delicious!"

"Hey, that's amazing! This much! Saya-chan, when did your favorite change from Fushimi-kun to Kamamoto-kun? You have to say that."

"Eh?! No! Hmm, Fushimi-kun, right?"

"Oh. You admit it correctly. It's okay, progress. You said you didn't understand before, but when did your feelings change?"

(Hey...), she thought.

"But I don't think Fushimi-kun can eat this much."

"That's right. I mean, if you give him this amount as a gift, Fushimi-kun will reject it."

That wasn't something she could give to just one person.

"To Director Munakata, everyone at the Blue club, Yata-kun, right? Kamamoto-kun. I owed him the other day, so Kusanagi-san. I hope everyone can pick it up. Also, Yatogami-kun and Shiro "kun, right? Haha. I'll do my best."

"I am forever in your debt. Thank you for this opportunity."

She poured the marshmallows into the milk heated in a pot and mixed well.

When the marshmallows melted, she added the chopped chocolate. She mix more and dissolved.

She divided it into glasses and removed the air bubbles.

"How about a set of three strawberries, chocolate and vanilla macaroons?"

"For everyone in the Blue club."

"Who is decorating that macaron?"

"To Director Munakata."

"How about a set of Chocolate Pecan Brownies and White Chocolate Raisin Brownies?"

"Yata-kun, Kamamoto-kun, Kusanagi-san."

"Is this lot of chocolate chip cookies on the red side?"

"Yes. This chocolate cake is for Yatogami-kun and Shiro-kun. Cut it off at the silver part and eat it. Give Neko a piece."

"Hurrah!"

Neko was happy.

"Eh? So, Fushimi-kun is the cupcake that seems to be the most excited? Good. Youth. It's bittersweet."

The words that included Kukuri's laugh pretended to be inaudible.

"I'll give a marshmallow chocolate mousse to Kukuri-chan who helped me."

"Hmm. Don't worry. Good luck. I'm waiting for a report."

(Huh? Do I have to report it?), she thought.

"I'm not trying to confess."

"Well, will you do something like that?"

"That's right! It's not that I don't want to convey my feelings. I accidentally did something like that! But I don't want to break up my current relationship."

(I'm afraid to break up our current relationship. Because I'm so happy right now, right? For two months, I felt a little sick.), she thought.

When she said that as she pushed the glass into the fridge, Kukuri was so over the top that she gasped.

"I understand your feelings. I saw the time Saya-chan was sick. But don't you want to be with Fushimi-kun?"

"Well, that is..."

"If the third grader graduates in March, Fushimi-kun will become the director of the Blue club, right? So Saya-chan's educational staff will also be fired, right?"

"Yes. That should be the case."

"That means losing the cause of being by Fushimi-kun's side, right?"

She nodded.

"I know, but..."

"In other words, the relationship you have now is limited. It will definitely change shape in the next month. You can see how important it is and how scared you are of breaking it up. But what you know will change. I wonder if it really makes sense to protect it."

"Yes..."

"That's Saya-chan, and I don't think you going to say it anyway, but did you say you want to convey your feelings? That means you want to further the relationship. That's all. Then I guess all you need is courage."

"I think it's right..."

Kukuri smiled and hit her back with her fist.

"Oh!"

"I will always push you on your back and lend you my chest anytime! Good luck!"

"Kukuri-chan..."

She was blessed with friends. It was something that she did not expect before she moved.

She was glad they existed, she was grateful, and she was ticklishly encouraging.

When she looked at the cupcake, she smiled and took courage.

"Thanks."

+++++

It was snowing since the morning of that day.

By the time she got out of school, she was already a silver world.

That's why it was hard to move, but at the end of the class, she go back to the dormitory and take the chocolate to Yata.

She gave it to Yata and Kamamoto, leaving Kusanagi's share and everyone's share in the Red club.

Yata looked a bit surprised, but when she laughed, "I really want to work with you.", he even gave her that awkward smile.

Then the Blue club. With a feeling of gratitude, she handed it to each person as she thanked them.

Of course, even Director Munakata, bowing firmly. Third-year students were already free to go to school, but Director Munakata often went to school. He also appeared in Scepter 4.

Asked about the recent situation, it seems that her abilities are of three types. Two of them are superhuman strength and the one that acts on plants. And reported that she was trying various things under Fushimi's supervision.

"I'm shaking with fear to know and use my abilities. But I'm doing the best I can. I want to move forward step by step, slowly. And I wish I could overcome the trauma one by one. I'm not home yet, but I'm thinking of calling to my parents during spring break. It's a small thing, very small."

There wasn't much progress, but it was still very impressive that Director Munakata laughed softly.

And when she came out of the ward manager's room, she ran into Fushimi.

With all the courage in her, she said, "Well, I have a story on the way home!"

Fushimi made a suspicious look for a moment, but said, "I understand."

That alone was about to break her heart.

After that, her heart was in the state of Rio's carnival.

If the work went on for another 30 minutes, her chest might have exploded.

"Wow...! It's cold!"

The area was already tinted indigo, and the whiteness of the snow illuminated by the exterior lights was striking.

As she rewound the muffler and pressed the request with her gloves, Fushimi, who had finished closing all the doors, approached her as he yawned.

As it was, the two of them lined up next to each other as usual and headed home.

She walks in silence for a while. It was at this time that she was impatient and worried about how to break the silence. Fushimi breathed softly and said, "So?"

She felt a strong impact as if her chest was hit from the inside. She was about to throw away the paper bag she had for Fushimi.

Her heart was beating like a bell and her face turned red.

(Oh, I'm so embarrassed that I could die before saying a word!), she thought.

"Um, hey..."

"What's the matter?"

"That..."

Nervously, she raised both trembling hands to her face.

"This is...!"

She said it in a loud voice that the volume turned stupid, but not hard. Deep in her throat, the words froze.

She was silent for a while and clenched her back teeth.

Just one word, "I like you", was far away.

It was very difficult to say.

And terrifying. After all, it was scary. Even if she knew it was going to change shape next month, at that point she was too comfortable.

She thought that a confession of love was something normal for everyone.

But for her, that was not all. She was afraid that people would hate her. She didn't want to be hated by anyone.

(And it's so easy to break something and lose something you care about! Once everything she loved was broken and lost.), she thought.

"Oh, I...!"

For her, breaking up a relationship was very painful and made her body tremble.

She couldn't even lift her face from it anymore, so she kept hiding it in a paper bag and repeating meaningless words.

"I..."

"....."

But she decided. She wanted to go one step further and for that she had to say it correctly.

Even if the current relationship was broken, she would say it correctly.

"I...!"

It was then that she closed her eyes tightly and tightened her voice and courage.

A big, warm, soft, powerful thing wrapped around her body gently.

The scent of Fushimi, who had become the norm to be by her side, filled her.

".....!"

Hands circled around her back. Fingers intertwined in her hair. She widened her eyes at Fushimi's heartbeat.

"Tsk. Give it to me quick. It's annoying."

".....!"

Really annoying, boring, forceful words.

But she knew exactly what the word meant.

Because Fushimi did not accept letters or gifts. Letters and calls that were on the desk. He would quickly throw these things away without looking at the content.

He did not accept a face-to-face confession.

To her knowledge, he hadn't accepted any Valentine's Day chocolates. He refused to take everything, and either through what was in his shoe locker or on his desk, or gave it to Neko.

But, Fushimi accepted the gift from her.

She could understand the meaning.

"Uh..."

Tears overflowed.

Heat immediately slid down her cheeks.

(Oh, oh, I'm happy, I'm happy, I'm about to die of happiness!), she thought.





"Eh?"

Suddenly, Fushimi trembled as if he was surprised and seemed to look up.



When she moved after being invited by him, something fluttered in front of her.

(Huh?), she thought.

"What's going on?!"

She raised her voice with a red face, and also looked up at the sky.

There was a cherry blossom in full bloom there.

It wasn't just one. Impressive was a row of trees.

"Uh..."

The light red petals rose in the cold winter breeze.

The light red danced and danced in the indigo sky and on the silver earth.

Gently flapping. Leaving a faint fragrance in the wind and drawing spring on a snow-white canvas.

Crazy bloom. Yes, that was exactly.

In the dead of winter, on a snowy night, the cherry blossom trees suddenly burst open like crazy.

It was supposed to be a terribly mysterious sight, but it was easy to accept with her eyes, and maybe Fushimi's. That captured her heart.

"....."

The two looked at the petals that danced as if they were singing.

Suddenly, she remembered.

The first day of transfer. A row of cherry blossom trees that she passed while she was suffering from anxiety.

It seemed that they had blessed it again without waiting for spring.

"Hmm..."

New tears overflowed.

Indeed, Natsume Gekiishi translated "I love you" as "The moon is beautiful".

She bumped her forehead against Fushimi's shoulder and made a soft noise.

"Sakuras are beautiful."

".....!"

He probably understood the meaning. Fushimi put a lot of effort into his arms hugging her.

And in her ear, it was small and sweet and loud.

"That's how it is."

## **FINAL CHAPTER: FIRST LOVE**

Graduation ceremony. Fushimi's message on behalf of current students.

Munakata's response to that, what emerged in that calm voice.

(Oh, no. No. What do I do if I cry? Generally, Director Munakata will go to the university in Gakuenjima as he is. He can meet us anytime.), she thought.

She told herself that desperately biting her lips, but the more she scolded herself, the more moistened her eyes became. She wanted to learn more from Director Munakata.

"It was a year before..."

She coughed a bit as she listened to "Tabidachi no Hi ni" sung by the third year boy.

+++++

Facing Scepter 4 with beautiful symmetry.

Standing in front of the members lined up with the mixes, Director Munakata narrowed his eyes.

"Fufu. Konohana-kun. I won't be able to graduate if you look like this."

"Uh, I'm holding it, right?"

When she just said that with a frown, Munakata, Akiyama and other laughed bitterly.

"Well, let's take control before Konohana-kun starts crying."

The bouquet she had in her hand was entrusted to Akiyama, and Director Munakata removed the saber from his waist.

"Because we have already moved to the new system after seeing the moon. As you know, the next director is Fushimi-kun. However, the authority itself has changed, and the Blue club is already moving around Fushimi-kun. However, the director's name, the director's office, and this saber will be taken from today. Fushimi-kun, go ahead."

Fushimi stepped in front of Director Munakata.

"The belief of the Blue club, don't forget it."

Director Munakata presented a saber, narrowing his eyes.

Fushimi's back, which silently received it with both hands, warmed her chest.

"Your saber."

She received Fushimi's saber in her place. And as it was, the director slipped past Fushimi and stood in front of her. (Huh?!), she thought.

"Oh, that?"

With a smile on her face, she was stunned and looked at Munakata.

"Well, wait, wait. I..."

"Konohana-kun is also a member of the Blue club. And from now on, you will be supporting the director as deputy director."

"Yes, I'll be the deputy director?!"

(It can't be! Because I didn't show the Blue club skill after all!), she thought.

"Well, something is wrong... because there are many more suitable..."

"Certainly, all the second-year students in the Blue club are excellent. Konohana-kun. This is not my dogma. All the third-year students unanimously applied for you."

"Hmm...!"

(Unanimous, applied?), she thought.

When she looked at Akiyama, she smiled at him.

(But I can't believe it. Me?), she thought.

"Control the sword with the sword. It is my belief in the Blue club. But you don't have to sift that. You don't even have to carry it. You are not the only sword, you are the only one, and keep the order of this school."

"Director Munakata..."

"That cherry blossom was wonderful. I think your skill is being kind to others."

"Mmm!"

(Wow!), she thought.

His unexpected words reddened her face.

(What cherry blossom?! Ah, when I confessed to Fushimi-kun?! Huh? Oh, does that mean you were watching that?), she thought.

"You saw it?!"

"Yes. It was perfect."

(Uhhhhhh! With a smile like that!), she thought.

Her face, which should have been so red there was nothing else, grew even hotter.

"Well... I'm sorry. It's embarrassing..."

"Fufu. Don't be ashamed of anything. It's great to love people."

(Ah... No, that's good. Please don't play with it.), she thought.

"Furthermore, your kindness, hard work, and integrity are a fine sword. It's not just about keeping up the hard pressure, your power will surely guide the students properly."

".....!"

"That sword has now become an indispensable part of the Blue club."

"Director Munakata..."

"However, there may be times when you need this as the deputy director. Like now."

Saying that, Director Munakata looked at Fushimi and abruptly laughed.

Fushimi breathed softly and looked at the members.

"Everybody, batto!"

According to the command, everyone drew their sword one after another and raised it up.

A greeting that seemed to show the center of the body, the core of oneself.

"Come on, Konohana-kun."

"....."

Swallowing hard, she picked up the saber he offered her.

It was long and heavy. It was as if they were preparing her to have that.

She took a deep breath and slowly drew the sword responsibly.

"Konohana, batto!"

Then, she placed it vertically in front of her body.

A sharp and beautiful Blue club belief that never breaks or bends. With pride.

When she first saw it, she wanted it.

Stick to herself to maintain order. The greeting of the Blue club as if she embodied it.

"Fushimi, batto."

Fushimi also drew the saber.

There was no turbulence, no chance for a minute. Swords moaning in the sun.

The blue flame was softer on the surface than the red or orange, but it was actually much hotter.

It didn't sway, it just burned quietly.

Everyone kept the heat over 1000 degrees inside.

Looking around, Munakata smirked.

"Control the sword with a sword. Respect order and be the cornerstone of the school."

+++++++

"Fushimi-kun was my educator and I was talking about acting as a couple for a year, but even after three years, the director and deputy director are still a couple."

When she opened the door to the director's room and said that, Fushimi frowned for some reason.

"Deputy Director... I didn't expect it. Fushimi-kun, did you hear from Director Munakata?"

"Eh?"

"Fushimi-kun, who did you think would be your deputy director?"

"I thought it was you."

She widened her eyes at the unexpected words.

"Huh? Why?"

"Why am I unpopular? Thinking normally, your support will be loved by everyone."

"Huh? Fushimi-kun isn't unpopular."

(If there was no hope, there would be no way he could be the director in the first place.), she thought.

Fushimi looked at her suspiciously, and she shook her head slightly.

"Eh?"

"It's similar to having a good relationship with everyone, but it's different. Even Director Munakata was respected by everyone, but it's not like he wanted to get along with everyone, right?"

"....."

"Even if I get along with everyone, if I was made director, I think everyone would have called a protest strike."

"That was convincing."

(I see, Fushimi-kun is in control. Huh. I wonder why? To say the least, this unsettling feeling. Well, that's fine.), she thought.

What she found most troubling was being the deputy director.

She looked at the saber in her arm and then looked at Fushimi.

"Deputy Director, do you have a job for me?"

"I don't know."

"Huh? Well, even if it's a lie, it's fine, just press the button."

"You're lying?"

"Sorry. I agree."

She felt it.

"From today on, the director here will be Fushimi-kun."

She looked around the club director's room again.

"Why does the scenery look different today even though I've been here dozens of times?"

"First of all, it's because of the elimination of that wasted tea room space."

"What?! Will you remove it?! Let's leave it!"

"I don't have a tea set."

"Well, you don't have to point it out. Oh! I remember."

"I don't like matcha in the first place."

Fushimi had an unbalanced diet, probably because he had a picky tongue.

"But don't you feel alone?"

When he said that she didn't want to leave it, that got her attention.

(Hmmm, are you really going to crush this space? I have to stop this at all costs.), she thought.

"Well, let's leave it for now. Instead, I'm looking for new members in April and I have to prepare for that now. Tomorrow is the first day of the new system, and there will be new greetings, right?"

"That's how it is."

"Then, I have to think about that. What should I talk about? Have you made up your mind, Fushimi-kun?"

"Maybe."

"Huh? Is that so? Oh. What should I do? Oh, that's right. Fushimi-kun. This saber, but where..."

She thought to stop there, since the words did not work.

She suddenly grabbed her chin, lifted her up and blocked her mouth.

"What?!"

At that time, the inside of her head was dyed pure white.

And the warmth of the overlapping lips and the sigh she felt froze her as she was.

The saber fell to the ground with a loud crash.

"What?!"

(Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh?!), she thought.

Her face heated up right away, and she was dyed red.

From a close distance, she saw directly how he was looking at her, and Fushimi coughed as if he was slightly angry.

"We'll be together from now on, and are you trying to appreciate what Director Munakata left behind?"

"Huh? Because..."

Fushimi's hand tangled in her hair and tugged on her a bit wildly.

"I wonder how much you like that person. I hate that that person's poster won't go away."

"That's why... what..."

"And the pair isn't just for next year, is it?"

"Uh...!"



"I'll be with you forever."

".....!"

She couldn't say anything else. She could only press her mouth shut with her face bright red, her thoughts holding.

Her surprise, happiness and embarrassment made her think that she would die.

(Oh why, Fushimi-kun, you're always like this!), she thought.

"Oh!"

She involuntarily covered her eyes and covered her face with both hands.

(He will take over my heart!), she thought.

"If there are so many opportunities, I doubt it will work properly."

Was that the story of a lover? Or was it the story of the deputy director?

A view tinted black. But the voice was very close. The heart rate jumped to the sigh on the forehead, the fingers around the hair and the arms around the waist.

"Hmm..."

"I'm not nice. Get ready."

Which one? The story of a lover? The story of the deputy director?

(Oh, but maybe they're both the same. Because I only have one word to say.), she thought.

"Hey, I'm not a flirtatious person, but, thanks..."

She managed to remove her hands from her face, looked at Fushimi and coughed softly.

"You won't say that in your new greeting, right?"

Fushimi reminded her after blushing slightly and clicking his tongue.

"Never say those things to anyone other than me. I'll kill you."

The words were harsh, but his arms that embraced her were very kind.

She turned her trembling hand over its broad back and squeezed it a little.

## **EPILOGUE:**

Nice to meet you. Or has it been a long time? No. Nice to meet you at White Heart. My name is Lucia Misono.

A sincere thank you to everyone who purchased this work. I hope you enjoy.

When I heard about the "Gakuen K" novelization, I was so shocked that I was stuck in front of my PC.

No way. It's not a dream? Isn't that impressive? Isn't it April Fools' Day that's late?! I had all kinds of doubts.

When I found out it was likely, I was nervous and terrified with the thought "Why me?!". Even now that I've done all the work, it's not resolved.

Not to mention the novelization of the game, the job of "writing something with the original" was a first for me.

At first, I was afraid to move people... and popular characters. No, not at the beginning. I'm still scared (?).

Because the characters of "K" are all unique and attractive characters! Wow, can I play with it? It's fine? I just thought about that...

In addition, the anime "K" and "Gakuen K" have very different settings and stages, and they are attractive. I was nervous because this book, which is a novelization of the game, must be interesting!

Really, it was always a series of "Is it okay?! Is it okay?!"

Still, I hope you enjoy this book, which I desperately wrote with all the power I have (a small amount).

The person in charge who kindly guided and supported me, who was completely groped and surprised in various ways! Thanks for all the help you've given me! I really appreciate it!

And I would like to express my sincere thanks to the entire editorial team and everyone involved in this book.

Also, I would like to thank my family and friends for their support. For my husband who always pushes my back, generous and infinite love!

And I would like to express my sincere thanks to you who read it.

November 2014, Lucia Misono.

## **EXTRA SPECIAL EDITION: SUMMER LOVE**

Clear sunlight pierced her skin. The suffocating voice made it even more unbearable.

Looking up at the sky as he watered a horde of sunflowers that ignored the sun.

"It's hot."

A clear blue sky that was high enough to pass. The season that had come again.

Last summer in high school.

+++++

"That's it for the report."

The director's room of Scepter 4, which became Fushimi's from the spring.

The light from the window was already strong and stringy and hot, though it had already slanted west and was tinted orange.

After finishing the report, she looked up and Fushimi looked at her with a heavy and classic desk made of mahogany with a magic wand.

"Mmm."

"Furthermore, regarding the crackdown before the holidays, which is also a summer tradition, the assignment of the place in charge has been completed. Will it be confirmed?"

"Yes."

"So, this is the assignment table. Oh, and about the training camp schedule."

She hands Fushimi a paper sheet, then bow her head slightly.

"I did it with reference to last year. Last year, the time for interaction between former director Munakata and the members was included in the schedule. Also, there are quite a few of them. Once in the morning. After lunch, before dinner and after dinner, before bed..."

"Oh, it's tea time, chess, paper crafts, isn't it?"

(Huh? Is that so?), she thought.

"Ah... sorry. I didn't mean that. Instead, if I omit everything, the schedule would be like wondering where the monk is. So why not do something? I'm going to make a suggestion."

Fushimi's eyes widened at the words.

"Huh? Are you kidding me?"

"I know I'm not good at that kind of thing. So I don't think it's okay for everyone to do something. Hmm... For example, a game. prizes... Well, in other words, it's not "exchange" but "serious competition". That's why everyone can enjoy it."

Fushimi frowned, perhaps because it was a surprising word.

"Because the director is the goal of the members. He was able to stand side by side even once. I won. I think it's a great pleasure. So why not do it?"

"....."

"Oh, of course, it's hard to deal with everyone, so why not divide it into several groups? I agree. I made a group of 3 to 5 people, and I felt like the fourth manager of that group. Two games each one after lunch and one after dinner. There are no first and last days. A total of twelve games in three days in between."

When she smacked her hand and smiled, Fushimi waved his wand again and clicked his tongue.

"So, think."

(Good!), she thought.

"Then put it on and make a touch."

She got the results she wanted and bowed with a big smile.

After finishing all the work, she turned around a bit and looked at Fushimi again.

"Well, Director... isn't it? Fushimi-kun?"

He may have noticed that it wasn't a "deputy director" story because of the loose tone. Fushimi, who was looking at the assignment table, raised his face.

At the moment, the eyes in the back of the black-rimmed glasses turned a bit kind.

"What's the matter?"

"Was that after training camp? Around Obon. I was thinking of going home..."

"What? Will you return home? Huh? But you..."

"Yes. I have a major, so I'll go home once. Even if I go to the university department as it is, I can't go without any consultation. Besides that, are there many other things? Well... honestly If I said I'm not afraid, I'd be lying."

As she said that, she instinctively clenched both hands together.

(Yes. It's not that I'm not afraid. Rather, it's terribly scary. It's too cozy and nice here... That's why, if I turn my eyes "to see the monsters" again. As if repaired, as if looking at the state of cheer up, it can turn into a smirk. I think it will finally make a deep wound in the healed wound.), she thought.

When she thought that, she got very scared. But...

"Still, I don't think it's okay to run away."

(But now I laugh and live on this island because I have parents. That's for sure.), she thought.

She did not assume that she had financial support.

So she thought that she too had something to talk about and a line to cross.

"Did you decide that? Then you'll be fine."

Fushimi quickly replied to her, to whom she was concerned.

He was forceful, but she knew it was for the best after taking her thoughts firmly.

(Fushimi-kun, I really like it... I love it...), she thought.

"Thanks."

"Thank you for what? I don't know what it means."

After saying that, he clicked his tongue and turned the other way.

She laughed and then gently brought her hands together in front of her chest.

"Is that so? I have a request for Fushimi-kun about that..."

"A request? What? Water the sunflowers?"

"No. It's not that. Um... if you want, can you follow me?"

"Eh?!"

It seemed like a completely unexpected word, Fushimi shook his back, and that made her day.

She didn't think he was that surprised, but she also shrugged her shoulders and looked at Fushimi.

"Well... That? Did I say something so surprising? Well, I feel like it can't be helped to have a talisman during summer vacation."

"Eh?"

"Sorry, you're going to have a complete personal affair. And in terms of distance, are you definitely staying the night? I apologize for that."

"Huh? No, that's not true..."

"But? I still can't control my abilities. I haven't been able to elucidate my abilities halfway yet... So I'm thinking if I'm a fugitive... I'm afraid that there aren't people around me who can stop me. Like this please. Fushimi-kun. Please follow me."

Fushimi sighed as she clasped her hands together.

And when she put her hand on her forehead, he pushed her other hand out.

"Wait. You don't understand."

(Huh? What?), she thought.

Bowing his head, he sighed even more deeply.

"Eh...?"

"Will it be okay for your parents?"

(Parents? Okay...), she thought.

"As parents, I think it would be safer to have a plug...?"

"No! Idiot. It doesn't mean that."

"What? Then what...?"

"Her daughter is coming home with a man, that will be important to your parents."

"Eh?!"

"How are you going to introduce me?"

(How...? Normally? A classmate, a person who has the ability and can stop my escape, at the top of the Blue club, I'm his partner... Even in private, Fushimi-kun is mine.), she thought.

"Oh!"

(Yes, that's right!), she thought.

Finally, she noticed what Fushimi was trying to say, and suddenly she blushed.

(Oh, don't say it's late! My head was so full about going home! No excuses, but to me this is something I can't think about at all, right? Oh! Yeah! I will inevitably! I'm going to introduce Fushimi-kun to my parents as my boyfriend!), she thought.

Fushimi clicked his tongue, and she blushed in an instant.

"Did you finally understand? Idiot."

"Well, yes, I understand..."

Fushimi sighed a third time as she nodded her head vertically. (Uh. Sorry.), she thought.

Fushimi glanced at her diagonally sideways, and after patrolling somehow for a while, he shrugged gently.

"I don't mind following you. Besides going home, introducing your lover to your parents, isn't that a pretty high hurdle? Is that okay with you?"

"Oh, me? My parents...?"

"You too? Not only for your parents, but also for you, right?"

"Ah! Yes. That's right..."

Certainly was it. As soon as she was aware of it, she didn't know how to act.

(Is he my favorite person? Are you an important person? Wah! I'm embarrassed!), she thought.

"Oh! Indeed, the hurdles are high! What is that? Let's get hot just from delusions..."

(I'm terribly suspicious if I can't have a normal conversation, but I'd like to introduce you to my boyfriend! Just thinking about it now makes my earlier problem ridiculous. My heart seems to "pop out" of my mouth.), she thought.

"Huh, look. Going home requires a lot of brainpower. What should I do to raise the bar even higher?"

That was exactly how it was.

"But..."

"Why don't you ask the Silver club, or the mascot and Yukizome?"

"What? The pet, you mean Neko-chan?"

"If you can use your skills, you can introduce your friends, besides, if a woman is included, you don't have to worry about it, right?"

".....!"

It was as Fushimi said. So, she certainly could concentrate on just her parents.

"If it's a plug, it doesn't have to be me."

The words involuntarily dropped her gaze below her feet.



(It looks like it sticks out, but it doesn't. This is a suggestion that puts me first. Now I'm just breaking my heart to repair my relationship with my parents. I should do that.), she thought.

"....."

She bit her lips and slowly lifted her face.

(Oh, Fushimi-kun is very kind... But am I sorry? That's why I don't want to accept that proposal.), she thought.

"Sorry. Fushimi-kun, you're good."

She shook her head and said it flatly.

"Eh?"

"I appreciate and trust Kukuri-chan and everyone in the Silver club. If you follow me, I could meet my parents with ease. But I don't like it. Fushimi-kun, you are good and I want you to come with me."

(I'm glad you thought of me... No. Because he thought of me first. That's right Fushimi-kun.), she thought.

"You..."

She smiled at Fushimi, who's eyes widened in surprise.

"Fushimi-kun, if it's okay with you, let me introduce you to my parents."

(Let me tell my parents: "Now I'm happy."), she thought.

"....."

Perhaps she took her determination from the words that did not stall. Fushimi had nothing more to say.

However, he was looking at her as she was looking at him, but he finally narrowed his eyes a bit.

".....!"

At this moment, her heart made a loud noise.

Really a slight change. If she looked away, maybe she'd miss it.

But his eyes were ridiculously gentle. Her chest ached.

Fushimi gave her a kind, soft and sweet smile.

(He's modest, but he makes me very happy. Because it's rare to see him smile like that!), she thought.

"You could accompany me?"

"Yes. It will be my pleasure."

Her heart clenched at the words that were blunt yet thoughtful.

(I'm so happy... Oh, I'm dying! Oh! I love Fushimi-kun! I like him so much that I can't take it anymore, but I still like him day after day.), she thought.

She covered her bright red face with both hands again.

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And that moment. There was a sound of the door being opened somewhere with a bang, and then the members ran down the hall.

The disturbed footsteps made her turn around, and Fushimi lifted his hips from his chair.

In conclusion, she didn't have to do that at all.

"The flowers are one after another on the foliage plants in Scepter 4!"

"Stupid! Do you understand the meaning of foliage plants?"

"The coniferous trees behind the building are also in full bloom for some reason!"

"Hey! Check right away if something's going on here!"

"Hey, please forgive me!"

"Hey, you did something to the deputy director!"

"Hey, please don't fill the back during business hours!"

The members' cries, "See you later!", left with frantic footsteps.

"....."

(Was this... Was me, have I done it again...?), she thought.

When she looked back at Fushimi, the smile she had just seen was gone. There was a deep, solid crease between his brows, and she laughed as if to repair it, looking away.

"You..."

"I'm sorry..."