

学園 IK

★ ★ ★ -Wonderful School Days - ★ ★ ★

わたしの大切な赤

Lucia Misono

御園るしあ

white
heart



GAKUEN K: MY PRECIOUS RED

**TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN
RAWS: SKYFLYINGINACTION**

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PROLOGUE:

Why did this happen?

What she wanted was "normal" and "peaceful".

But that was it.

Since she received a recommendation to move into "Ashinaka Junior High School", she tried to follow through.

She already imagined it.

And yet, oh, why...

"Guh..."

She fell and coughed.

It was painful. The air was not getting into her lungs well.

A glow in front of her. No, not just in front of her. Side and back, everything. The flames surrounding her were a fiery column of fire that also burned the heavens.

It burned the earth, the sky, while the flames protected her and prevented other invasions.

No, it can be the other way around. Maybe to protect everyone from her. She maybe she was trapped in a fire ship so as not to harm her surroundings again.

That's. The witch must be burned at the stake. So the price to pay is fixed. She is not a good common person.

"Cough..."

She coughed again.

Heat burned her skin.

But even that pain disappeared with her awareness.

Oh, why did this happen?

What she expected was modest.

Or was peace a great wish for the witch?

CHAPTER 1: START

Suddenly she raises her face to the sound of something rolling.

It looked like it was a dolly.

The morning dew turned everything milky white.

The light red of cherry blossoms stretched over her and the world turned pink.

A school route that shouldn't be there yet.

The refreshing air that touched the surroundings was cold, humid, and heavy.

The cool green was also wet with dew and reflected the morning sun softened by mist.

There was still a little time left before the morning dew cleared, the air warmed with the breath of the students going to school, and spring felt warm and joyful.

"Super Ashinaka High School, huh."

From today she will attend classes here.

Her new uniform was a bit embarrassing.

A mixture of anxiety and tension, she could barely sleep last night. She should be weak in the morning, but she woke up at 5 in the morning.

She was told that she had to go to the school principal's office in front of the classroom to register and receive various explanations from her teacher in the staff room. So she left early, but it may have been a little too early.

She walked alone before a row of cherry blossoms full of morning dew.

Being alone in a world that melts into light red made her uncomfortable.

She decided to move to this school because she no longer wanted to be alone. But after all, she had the unpleasant feeling that she here she too would be alone.

Thinking it too much, she wondered what to do with everything from the first day of moving, but she kept thinking.

".....!"

When she was desperately trying to get rid of the anxiety that was born when she moved out, she heard a jerky sound again.

"Ah?"

Was there anyone? At this time of day?

Suffering from loneliness and anxiety, she was scared and ran away. She continued to the plaza in front of the school building.

In the gradually fading milky-white morning dew, she gasped as she encountered a figure that seemed drawn in light ink.

Along with the sound she heard earlier, the shadow made strange movements.

She was a little scared, but at the same time, her curiosity grew.

Beyond the miserable line of sight, there was a boy.

A boy in a black school uniform.

Navy blue hat. Peculiar auburn hair that bounced.

The open-chested shirt was hemmed at the pants and was a bit baggy.

She instinctively looked at the bright sky blue jacket he was wearing.

A school uniform? Hey? What? Student from another school?

But here on the school grounds? But the uniform here was...

".....?"

She didn't know why, but she tilted her head.

However, when she suddenly saw his feet, she was convinced of only one thing. Ah, she already understood it. That shaking sound was the sound of a skateboard.

The boy, who seemed unaware of her existence, was skating and skating, whether he was playing or practicing.

She thought he was jumping energetically. He turned the skateboard under his feet a few laps and got back on the skateboard. He spun on impulse, lifted the skateboard with one foot, and mounted again.

Although he was gliding at considerable speed, he avoided obstacles like nothing.

A series of light techniques that made him feel like the skateboard was part of his body.

Crack...

Involuntarily, she likes it.

She wondered if she could do it, or she would fall terribly.

How will he balance it? Why does that skateboard stick to his feet even if he jumps? It was strange...

It was like playing with the wind. It was like the wind itself.



Light, fast, refreshing and unpredictable. Freedom anywhere.

There was nothing to bind or trap him now.

His appearance was carefree and he didn't seem to have anything to do with worries and problems.

Integrating with the wind as he wanted.

It was at that moment that she became curious and was watching every move he made.

"Ah?"

The boy with the skateboard got on the railing of the stairs and went down.

"What?"

In an instant he was gone and involuntarily screamed.

Hey? Uh, it can't be! He fell?!

Before thinking, her feet moved forward. She was running out of breath.

She immediately reached the stairs and stood on them. Looking down with her heart pounding, he seemed to skid over the railing, landing brilliantly at the bottom. He slid down as he was and leapt to the top.

Did he hear her when he inadvertently held her chest with both hands and took a relieved breath?

Her shoulders shook and she quickly looked up at him.

".....!"

He had amazing eyes. Sharp, fierce, warlike, and savage. Hot and strong. It was like a flame.

She took a breath and opened her eyes. He looked at her too.

At that moment, he suddenly turned bright red and hurriedly turned around.

As he was, he kicked the ground several times and accelerated. Without stopping, he left her behind.

"Wait."

She swallowed the words that rose to her throat, surprised that the words were coming out of her throat.

She rambled a bit and lowered her hand, which reflexively pursued his back.

She felt that she wanted to see a more splendid technique, but it was a bit disappointing, but was it enough to stop him?

She turned her head and turned around.

The morning dew was quite sunny and the petals of the cherry blossoms fluttered happily in the blue sky.

"I am Konohana Saya. Thanks."

The letters "Konohana Saya" written on the board. When she bowed her head, she received crackles and scant applause.

Super high school "Ashinaka", 2nd grade group.

Ashinaka Junior High School, an integrated education school from kindergarten through college. This island centered around the school is called "Super Ashinaka Gakuenjima".

The economy is established only on the island and it feels like another country other than Japan. In fact, it seems that few people come to the island, even if they are not related to the school.

Until recently, she didn't even know such a school existed. She found out about it from a letter of recommendation to move suddenly.

But she believed that this was exactly like a ship for migration.

At the time, she was in a situation where she had to transfer to another school and hopefully she would stay away from her parents and the environment around her.

So, she came to this school, which has a dormitory on this island far from her parents' house, and they recommended that she move.

Suppressing her nervous, throbbing chest, she looked around her at all who will be her classmates.

".....!"

And then, she gasped when she saw the boy with a bat on the window seat.

Eh? Was he the boy from this morning?

Was that boy from this school? Was he wearing a black school uniform?

Behind him... a big blond boy with sunglasses, he was wearing the same school clothes.

Why just those guys?

The moment she turned her neck, she realized she was wrong.

She was wrong. Not just those guys.

On the side of the hall, she glanced at the boy who was looking away.

The boy with glasses was wearing a pure white school uniform.

She did not believe that the uniform was free choice. She had not seen such a guide.

Then why?

When she was filling her head with question marks, the master said, "Then, Yukizome-san. Please take care of her.", and he walked around the main room.

In the classroom, where there was a lot of noise when the teacher left, she was a little anxious and looked around her. A girl with sincere and friendly eyes ran up to her and smiled at her a friendly smile.

"Yes. Transfer student. Nice to meet you. I'm Kukuri Yukizome."

"Yukizome-san."

"Call me Kukuri. I'll call you Saya-chan too."

She was relieved that she had a carefree smile.

"So, Kukuri-chan."

"Hehehe. If you have any questions, ask me anything! I'll show you around the school today after classes, but trust me for whatever you need."

"So what comes first?"

Kukuri begins by explaining the PDA, which is a student ID card.

Ah... the uniform. She had wasted the time to ask.

She wanted to know about the boy she saw in the morning, but at that moment Kukuri's explanation was more important. She couldn't be rude to overlook her kindness.

She regains her mind and look directly at Kukuri.

After all, that question solved itself after lunch.

"It looks delicious!"

Around the same time that the teacher left the classroom, she looked for a place to sit for lunch, and suddenly they hugged her from behind her.

"Kyaa!"

"Oh, I'm hungry! It smells good!"

When she hurriedly glanced back over her shoulder, she met stunning strange eyes, blue and gold, and her eyes widened.

She was a beautiful girl. Literally, truly, a beautiful girl.

White skin and cherry cheeks. Long straight light red hair.

A boy with silver-white hair and tender eyes came towards her, who was stunned and hardened, and clasped his hands in a hurry.

"Sorry. Hey, Neko!"

"Shiro! That gohan smells delicious! This class was really difficult!"

Hmm? Is it a delicious gohan smell?

Eh? Isn't that the delicious smell of gohan?

Kukuri smiles bitterly beside her like a poker.

"Wagahai-chan, Saya-chan = Gohan, right?"

"Yes!"

"Yes!" She said cheerfully.

"Sorry. Neko isn't good at remembering people's names. She's not malicious."

"Eh? Oh, it's fine. I don't feel uncomfortable. I was surprised."

Um... when she looked at the boy, she thought he realized the meaning of that line of sight. The boy smiled and bowed quickly.

"I'm Yashiro Isana. Everyone calls me Shiro. So I'm glad you call me that too. That girl is Neko. Shiro and Neko."

"Shiro-kun."

"Yes. And this is Kuro."

A boy approached before she knew it. He had beautiful black hair and straight black eyes.

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

"Huh? Oh, yeah! This is it!"

Unexpectedly, she bowed at the harsh self-introduction. She was shocked. By no means, when she introduced herself, have they thanked her for any support.

"Shiro~. I'm hungry~."

"So, let's make a lunch box. Konohana-san, we'll let you go then. Konohana-san has to have lunch too."

"Bento!"

Neko suddenly let go of her and looked at Yatogami-kun's heavy weight with her eyes shining.

"Hmm. Okay. Then Saya-chan, let's go. I'll show you the school cafeteria and tell you the location of the shopping department."

"Eh? But..."

Kukuri's hand seemed to have a lunch box.

"If it's a cafeteria, I think I can go alone with the navigation system. That's Kukuri-chan's lunch box, right?"

"That's right, let me go with you. Oh! I'm not just a guide am I? I want to eat lunch with Saya-chan."

"Eh? Ah..."

She said those words softly to her. She was so happy that she was going to cry.

"So, I take your word. Thank you."

"You don't have to thank, because I want to talk a lot and get to know you well, Saya-chan. Let's go!"

Kukuri called out to her and smiled.

She wanted to meet her. Those words were a bit shocking, but she was still happy. It was amazing that she wanted to be her friend.

They greeted Shiro and left the room together.

"Oh, it's true."

They were probably boys from another class. She remembered the uniform when she saw the boy in the black school uniform fluttering around and came forward.

"Hey, Kukuri-chan.", she told her as she showed her the back of the boy who was walking away from her.

"Why do some guys have different uniforms?"

"Oh, that boy belongs to a special club."

"Special club?"

"Yes. Special club activities. It is one of the characteristics of this school. There are seven special club activities at this school in addition to the regular club activities. Club members will be able to use special skills when they join the club. They are popular among students, because the word "special ability" is great, isn't it? 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 enter. In that sense, it is 'special'. The one wearing that black school uniform is from the red club."

"Red club... There were two people in the class, right?"

"Yes. Yata-kun and Kamamoto-kun. Yata-kun has auburn hair and a hat. Misaki Yata. The boy with the big sunglasses is Rikio Kamamoto."

"Yata-kun. I see. His name is Yata-kun...", she thought.

"Some boys wore white school uniforms, right? That boy was from the blue club. Fushimi Saruhiko-kun."

"Blue. So all seven of them have different uniforms?"

"No. There is also a regular uniform section. For example, the silver part. There is also a club that wears a rabbit mask and wears a ninja costume only during club activities."

"Eh?"

Ninja costume?

Did she wonder why? Was she the only one to whom all this was really suspicious?

"In this school, the special club activities are something special. Well, I think you will know right away. Oh, Saya-chan. There are several ways to get to the cafeteria and the shopping department, but the shortest route is to through this courtyard."

"Courtyard?"

"Yes."

Saya pushed open the glass door that led to the courtyard.

"Wow..."

She involuntarily screamed into the courtyard, which was much bigger than she expected.

The well-kept flowerbed had colorful spring flowers. The fresh green of the plantation was also visible.

The lush grass. No trash had fallen on the cobblestones. Light pink petals fluttered from the beautiful and splendid cherry blossoms. The white garden table and chairs below were very fascinating. It would be very nice to deliver her lunch there.

"Ah, but it's better to stop by on limited menu day. I think it's best to tour the school building. There are plenty of places to shop."

What?

"Eh? Did you buy it now? I heard it well?"

Eh? A joke? Would they laugh?

Kukuri just laughed kindly, "Yes. Is that true?"

"As Miwa-san says, it is a tactic. It is a strategy to expel the rivals. Most of the students cross the courtyard, so the courtyard is inevitably the most dangerous place."

She said it naturally, didn't she? Waiting? Was it weird that she didn't understand?

"I set up a purchase to get a limited menu... I haven't had any experience with that."

"Oh, is that true? It's interesting once you get used to it."

So it was.

But surely it would be fun to think of getting a limited menu through the differences? Should she think of it as a game?

That was when she thought about it.

"Sorry. I can't come here."

Kukuri sighed and looked back.

"Eh? Why?"

When she tilted her head, Kukuri pointed at something, saying "That." She was just looking around her and, for the first time, she realized that there were a lot of people gathered there and she opened her eyes.

Also, the atmosphere was not good for compliments. It was terribly upsetting and she felt bad.

A group of black school uniforms and a group of white school uniforms staring at each other. Was it a special club activity?

People who wore black school uniforms had a slightly mischievous impression. In contrast, many of the people wearing white school uniforms appeared to have a tight look. She felt like they were honor students.

However, all white school uniforms with his honors wore sabers at the waist.

So those sabers were weapons that can kill people. What was that?

"Kukuri-chan? They seem to be looking at each other, but what the hell are they doing? And what they have around their hips is a saber, right?"

"It's a conflict. What they wear on their waists is a saber."

"What?"

The answer is so simple that she doubts the ears of her.

"Conflict... is that a fight?"

"Of course it is."

"Eh? Are they fighting? Students?"

"Oh. It's a good reaction. Fresh and cool. Okay. You'll be surprised at first, but you'll get used to it. It's the usual thing."

What was that reaction?! It was really weird.

She realized that she was used to conflict.

However, when she looked around her, there were people looking away, but no one was surprised or made noise, and it seemed that Kukuri's reaction was correct there. She said it was a statement of fight, maybe the common sense of this school was a little strange?

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

"Oh, Yata-kun..."

"Yes. I told you that he is a member of the red club and wears a black school uniform. There is also Kamamoto-kun."

Kukuri pointed a finger at that big blond boy with sunglasses.

"Most of the red club members are bad. Oh, but that's fine, you'll be sure. We don't take the word 'bad' as a bad thing, so they are accepted by the students in general."

Eh? What kind of place was this? She didn't understand anything.

"Isn't it bad?"

"Hmm. It may be wrong to use the word 'bad', it doesn't mean they are bad people. How to say it? I think it's like people who aren't good to keep up with everyone. People who live their own way can be the closest ones. The principal is Mikoto Suoh, a third-year student. He is also one of the heads of this school, it is said that he has a lot of fights. You see, it's that red-haired person next to Yata-kun."

Kukuri points to the person in the middle of the black group.

Chillingly sharp red eyes. Tense and delicate cheeks.

Was he really older? He seemed charismatic. Regardless, his presence was astonishing.

"The blue club are wearing the white school uniform. They have excellent grades and good behavior. Most of the members of the group are super elite who also serve as student organizers and members of the disciplinary committee. The activities are the maintenance

of discipline, student orientation, activities such as leading students at a school event, etc."

Discipline, right? Eh? So... what about sabers? Isn't it a violation of the law to use weapons and swords?

"That's why they don't seem to get along with the blues from one point of view. The director of the blue club is Reisi Munakata, a third year student. He is the director of the Student Organization within the School, the example! of exemplary behavior!"

That's right, the central figure of the white group that Kukuri later showed was like the "exemplary student".

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.

"You saw the one next to him in the hall, right? That's Fushimi Saruhiko-kun."

"Fushimi-kun."

"That's why I can't come through here. It's hard to get involved."

Well, could they involve her?

She was scared and just wanted to get out of there immediately.

"Hey, Monkey! Bastard, say it again!"

However, at that moment, a strong voice rang out from the courtyard.

She turned around and looked at the group again.

"Oh, I'll tell you a few times. Your power is below mine. MI SA KI."

Fushimi laughed vividly. Delighted, as if he was intoxicated with something.

He was creepy.

What was that look?

Furthermore, Misaki really looked angry.

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

Yata jumped up, fierce fury fading into his eyes. That's it... Misaki is Yata's name.

Suddenly, his classmates began to move.

"Wow. It's started. This is the end of the story for the special part. We have to move fast."

Kukuri came out in a hurry.

But she couldn't answer.

She was fascinated by the fiery bat metal that rose from Yata's hands.

What? It was certainly a flame.

Born from empty space, grew up in the blink of an eye and covered Yata's hands.

She was stunned by the fist that burned like a torch.

"What?"

"Saya-chan?"

The shape was slightly different, but everyone in it was able to easily create a flame and target the blue club. The members of the blue club also drew sabers one after another and defended themselves.

It wasn't just a saber, there was a blue light on the blade.

Is that a special ability?

It's like the magic that appears in the story... Wasn't it a dream?

Well then, what about her...?

"Saya-chan!"

Her shoulders were shaking and she suddenly returned to herself.

"Ah... sorry. Kukuri-chan..."

"Okay. It's dangerous here. Let's go now."

"Yes."

At that moment, Kukuri urged her to move quickly.

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

"Ah!"

Looking back, the first thing she saw was a knife with a red lotus flame approaching them.

And that was the last thing. 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.

In the bright light she was unable to open her eyes, and a tremendous destructive sound was heard.

"Tsu!"

However, it was only a moment, and soon the light disappeared like a lie.

However, the numb ears remained as they were, and the sound of the world that was lost immediately after the destructive sound had not yet returned, leaving only a high-pitched beep.

She thoughtfully held her ears with her hands and shook her head to shake her eyes and limbs from her.

A vague hum came from a distance, and she suddenly lowered her eyes over Kukuri in her arms.

"Ah...! Kukuri-chan, are you hurt?"

"No. I'm fine. Nothing happened to me, but... Saya-chan..."

"Eh?"

"Well, the light is coming out of Saya-chan's body, but..."

"Ah!"

She was surprised by the words. She quickly released Kukuri and looked at her hands.

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

When she looked around her hastily, the stone pavement was severely broken and scraped only around her. It was like they had excavated with heavy equipment or something.

The knife... strangely, it pierced the stone pavement with the flame burning.

The knife turned to stone. It was also deep. That should not be the case.

"Ah!"

Many of the impossible visions piled up and the blood rose again. Reflectively she hug her.

Oh! She again...

"Saya-chan. What's wrong?"

Kukuri's question chilled her back.

When she stood up, she took a step back and walked away from Kukuri.

"Saya-chan...?"

Kukuri's astonished face stared at her back.

What did she have to do? What was she to answer?

She didn't even know what that was.

It was at that time...

"A 'skill', right?"

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

When she shook her shoulders and raised her face, the person standing there was Reisi Munakata, who was the head of the blue clan and the Student Organization within the school.

In his hand was a sword that glowed pale.

It was horrible, but... no, more than that.

"Skill...?"

She was amazed at the words she heard for the first time.

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

With that said, Reisi Munakata put the saber in the scabbard and pulled up his glasses with his fingers.

"The power of a Strain sometimes hurts people."

A painful memory crossed her mind at that moment.

She instinctively she pursed her lips.

"It is also our job to prevent that from happening. The other day, there was a report that a Strain had entered the island, but are you a transfer student?"

With a rattling noise, Munakata took a step closer. He turned and took a step back.

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

"Oh, 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 to you. Surrender quietly and quickly."

Surrender.

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

However, there was a dignified and sharp light in the eyes behind the glasses, showing that the words weren't a joke.

"Here we go."

Reisi Munakata approached her.

She knew she must accept. She should quietly surrender.

But what would happen as a result of the surrender? She already knew what to do after that.

She didn't want to think like that again!

A trauma revived in the back of her eyes.

She shook her head violently and took a step back. And when she held her head, she screamed.

"I do not like it!"

"....."

At that moment, the flame worn by the knife driven into the stone pavement on the rocky shore swayed and suddenly turned into a terrible glow.

Munakata was shocked and flew away.

At the same time, a column of fire that was burning the heavens unnaturally swelled and surrounded her.

"Eh?"

The heat increased and the view was surrounded by flames.

Although she glanced around her hastily, it was a flame on one side. A flame surrounded her.

What?! What was happening?!

No way, this was her too?!

"What...?"

She thought about it for a moment. Suddenly feeling congested, she looked at her limbs.

She got worse and worse and she knelt on the spot.

"What?"

The field of view was blurry. The smoke soaked her and tears came out, she spilled and got wet, she was fed by the heat and she dried herself quickly

Her head was shaking and she fell.

"Evacuate!"

Was it Munakata senpai? A sharp voice rang out.

Beyond the flames she was terribly crowded, with countless footsteps flapping.

"....."

Why did this happen?

The earth was burned, the sky, while the flames protected it and prevented other invasions.

No, it could be the other way around. Maybe to protect everyone from her. She maybe she was trapped in a fire ship so as not to harm her surroundings again.

That's. The witch must be burned at the stake. So the price to pay is fixed. She is not a good common person.

"Cough..."

She fell and coughed.

It was painful. The air was not getting well into her lungs.

Severe pain ran down her left hand.

It was a stabbing pain, but she could no longer move her body.

She tried to stand up, but she couldn't even see anymore.

However, as if she were hazy, her consciousness blurred and vanished.

(Oh really. Why did this happen?), she thought.

She wanted peace. But that was it. It must have been terribly modest.

It was at that time.

"Reject."

Lowly, a voice echoed out.

When she opened her eyes slightly at being invited by that voice, a black figure appeared in the fire in front of her. She seemed to rush there without hesitation.

No way, because such a burning flame. She couldn't just touch him and be sure.

It sure was a hallucination. It was a convenient illusion, because no one would come to her like this.

The moment she thought that, she felt something put on her head.

She was surprised by the feeling. Her vague awareness woke up and she opened her eyes.

Immediately afterwards, she had the sensation that her body was floating gently.

She didn't scream (she couldn't), but she was in awe.

When she hurriedly raised her face, it was red that was occupying her field of vision.

His red hair swayed from the heat and his red eyes stared directly at her.

Certainly, Suoh. He was the head of the red clan.

She gently touched what she had on her head.

Something with sleeves and black, maybe the school uniform?

Suoh said "Let's go.", while he held her, but did not understand the situation (it was not a hug like holding a princess, but a hug where she felt his arm. As parents do with small children).

Go where? How?

However, she still couldn't say those words.

And it seemed that he did not ask for her consent, and Suoh began to walk with her in his arms without waiting for her response, towards the flame.

It was no longer a scary story, and she reflexively tightened Suoh's shirt and supported her face to cling to his shoulders, but strangely it was no longer hot. The flame that had burned her skin a while ago was completely gone.

On the contrary, the cooling breeze immediately caressed her feet and her hair, and she widened her eyes in amazement.

"Hey! Transfer student!"

At the same time, a strong voice echoed out from the vicinity.

The voice was the same that started the fight, she shook her shoulders and raised her face from him.

His fierce eyes were now terribly anxious, painful, and distorted.

Yata.

Nor did her voice come out.

"You, your hands..."

Yata's expression, who seemed to be terribly surprised, slowly looked at her left hand. Both her blazer and shirt were charred and the back of her hand was swollen red.



Looking around her, the pillar of fire was still there. Behind Suoh and her.

How did they get out of it? What the hell happened?

As he held her in a self-defeating state, Suoh looked around him.

When she turned her gaze from her to him as if she was invited, she saw Munakata and Fushimi holding a saber.

Behind them, people in white uniforms were still busy moving.

Suoh stared at them, raised the edge of his lips and laughed lightly.

"This girl is mine."

Saying that he began to walk calmly.

She had a lot to say, but she couldn't get it right, she couldn't speak, and she closed her eyes softly, clinging to his neck.

"It's a clubroom, but... sorry I rarely use it. It's dirty."

Silky light brown hair. A good man with tender eyes offered her a can of juice and smiled.

"I am Totsuka Tatara. I am a third year student from the red club."

"Totsuka-senpai."

"Yes. You burned yourself, are you okay? How about the infirmary?"

After that, Suoh took her straight to the infirmary.

Her wound was a burn on her left hand. A slight low-temperature burn on her right knee. When she fell, she hurt her left knee a bit. It looked like her left hand was a bit awful.

She let the burns cool, then applied an ointment, covered with a bandage, insured and strap up.

All she had to do is wash, disinfect, and apply an ointment.

The time was about fifteen minutes, but during that period, the members of the red club stayed in front of the infirmary and nobody could get close, so it became a bit of a scandal.

So the nurse told her to rest, but she rejected that and immediately left the infirmary.

At the time, she was surrounded by a group of black school uniforms and in the meantime, she was led into a somewhat crowded empty classroom.

Several desks and chairs were stacked in one corner, and an old black leather couch was placed in the shape of three triangles. Juice cans and bottles were placed on the central floor, and it was really like a "gathering place".

Oh, Suoh? Suoh left her with the nurse and left immediately, but where did he go? He wasn't there either.

He had helped her and she wanted to thank him.

Sitting on one of the couches, Totsuka, who was sitting next to her, offered her some juice and looked at her left hand, which was bandaged.

"The burn on your left hand seems to be a bit terrible. You should go to the hospital after school."

At her words, Yata, who was near the door, made his shoulders explode.

"Yes. I am concerned. I hope there are no marks left."

Scars?

"Scars, what..."

That didn't matter to her.

When she smiled and shook her head, Totsuka frowned.

"Um...?"

"I have to find a new school again."

"Eh...?"

When Totsuka was surprised, his eyes rounded.

That was a bit strange.

She was sure that this person was also in the yard. It was very strange to see that and not think "why?"

She smiled selfishly and slowly spread her hands.

"I have a power that ordinary people don't have. Did you see it? A while ago, in the courtyard. I did that in the previous school. I broke the school building in half, injuring a lot of people. That made me incapable of stay at the old school."

"....."

"That is exactly what Munakata-senpai said. I hurt a lot of people with my abilities. I have done something irreparable."

People from the red club were looking at her.

"Living as a 'normal person' in this school. Hide the ability. Never let my abilities go crazy. Do not disturb anyone, just control myself, do not stand out anyway and live calmly. That's what I imagined."

But it does not work. No way, and it all happened on the first day.

Oh, no matter how she fixed it, she was a "monster".

"Guh!"

She couldn't do anything else.

It went dark in front of her.

That show that never went away while kept burning in her mind.

Perhaps even a big earthquake happened, a part of the school building was ruined and turned into ruins.

Students who were at that time. A blue sheet placed in the schoolyard. The groan that filled the place. A bloodstained towel. And...

Involuntarily, she clenched her back teeth tightly.

She was unharmed. It was as if she was protected by the light emitted from her body.

A mixed look of amazement and fear towards her. It soon turned into disgust. Neither her friends, her classmates nor her eldest looked at her. They didn't try to get involved. Even the teacher looked away from her.

Even her family was scared and they always tried to be in a good mood. If they were in a bad mood, that house would be destroyed next. Her parents believed they could be attacked.

She lost everything that was important at the time.

She didn't want to repeat that feeling.

"No, wait. Um, Konohana-san, right? You don't have to do that. Konohana-san, you can stay here. Rather, I think you should be in this school. The "Ashinaka Super High School" is a school. where talented people meet."

"Eh? Are you gathering talented people?"

"That's right. Did you ask anyone about extracurricular activities?"

"That is..."

She had heard it.

But it was a story where you could use special abilities when you entered a special club, wasn't it a story that people with abilities met in this school?

At her words, Totsuka understood easily.

"That's right. That's true for most, but some people have the ability before joining the club, like you."

"Ah... Before joining?"

"Yes. It is training. But that is not what I mean. The important thing is that there are many talented people in this school. The skills are both congenital and acquired. That is this. It is the 'normal' of the school. You understand It is not "abnormal"."

"It is normal..."

"Yes, no one discriminates against talented people."

Discriminate?

"But... that person, Munakata-senpai said that I should give up..."

"That's because your ability is a mystery. I think I wanted to have it on hand before the hardships happened. It seems that Strains are rarely born outside of the school island."

Does that mean that she was a "foreigner" among talented people?

"You are so different from other talented people that he wanted to keep you close and monitor you."

She involuntarily clenched her back teeth and squeezed her skirt tightly.

Her burned left hand ached, prompting tears.

Why? Why did he have that ability?

The overflowing sound slid gently down her cheeks, and the voice of Totsuka and the members of the red club breathing in the room echoed out.

She didn't need something like that. That is why she lost everything. On top of that, he said it was different in another way and will likely be a target in the future. Until she surrenders, until she's under his control.

She didn't want to be a talented person. She wanted to be normal.

All she wanted was "peace". That was all.

Normally, she just wanted to enjoy school life every day. Why wasn't even that allowed?

"Usually I want to enjoy school life. I don't need any skills..."

"Uh..."

That's when she told him to leave her and roughly wiped her tears away.

"That was wrong!"

Yata, who had been standing in front of the door until then, suddenly threw himself in front of her and sat on the ground. Then, with a loud voice echoing through the room, he screamed, "It was wrong!", and rubbed his forehead against the floor.

"Eh? Ah..."

"That knife, I threw it at you!"

".....!"

"I threw the knife thrown by the monkey! Well, that's why I was the one who created the opportunity for you to use your skills!"

So it was like that.

But beyond that, she didn't know what to say.

She may have misinterpreted him as angry. Yata looked up and stared at her, then leaned down to slam his forehead hard against the ground again.

"The knife flame was probably me too! I hurt you...!"

But it was probably she who created the pillar of fire, and it was Yata who was injured.

She shook her head and wanted to say it. No, she was trying to say it.

But before that, Yata raised his head again, stared at her and yelled, "I won't let you do that!"

His eyes pierced her and held burning flames.

Dedicated to it, he gasped.

"Yata-kun..."

"Thanks to you, I didn't hurt the average student! And yet my benefactor saved you... Let me make it up to you!"

"Huh? But the wound is..."

"I will never let them monitor and control you! I will not let you do that!"

She involuntarily lost her words at the powerful scream.

"I won't let the blue club do anything! I promise to take care of other departments too!"

There was no hesitation in his hot eyes.

It was a trustworthy word that she could understand from the bottom of her heart and made her heart warm.

"I'll protect you!"

"Ah..."

"It has nothing to do with talented people or Strain! You are you! Enjoying normal school life, it is not allowed to do anything to you! Absolutely!"

"Yata-kun..."

"Like I said, you'll be fine! So... uh, uh, don't cry, uh... that face..."

Yata lowered his eyebrows as if he was in trouble.

But still, Yata did not take his eyes off her.

"Guh..."

The tears overflowed again.

"What?! Did I say something strange?! Or did your wound hurt?"

Yata fluttered hastily and looked at her.

He was wrong. That was not. What should he do? She was happy.

She was a "monster" and there were people who wanted to "protect" her.

She could have hope and "peace", be "normal". That was forgiven.

She never thought that she would get a word like that.

Oh what should she do? She was happy!

When she brought her hands together, she squeezed her eyes tight.

Yata's worried voice, "Hey, Konohana..." made her heart flutter.

"Ah..."

She was glad. Her heart was full and she couldn't say anything more.

She could not believe it. From that day on, her life was going to change completely. She had experienced it. They hurt her and she suffered. It was still in her, too vivid a memory.

Talented people weren't special. She could stay at this school. She should calm down. Although she was happy with just that word, they would protect her.

She now she was normal.

She could enjoy her school life in peace and safety.

Will she be forgiven? Such thing. Furthermore, she, who caused such an incident...

(Oh, but I don't want to be a "monster" anymore! I'm so scared of myself! I want to recover "every day".), she thought.

"Hmm..."

Nobody said anything anymore.

Yata didn't even say, "Don't cry."

They were all there, silent.

A bell rang on the way to announce the start of classes, but no one seemed to mind that.

He was kind and gentle and surrounded her.

"Konohana?"

Kamamoto looked at her.

After skipping class for an hour, she returned to the classroom with Yata and Kamamoto, but she was scared and she stopped in front of the door.

Kamamoto breathed as she clasped her hands, holding her breath.

"Are you afraid?"

"....."

"Okay. There's Yata-san. I'm also."

"It's true, but..."

"Okay. Maybe there's nothing Konohana should be worried about."

Was that so?

Was it really possible that they saw her with the same eyes as this morning when she knew nothing happened?

"Okay. Come in."

But she couldn't escape.

She couldn't say that she couldn't get into the classroom if she was going to stay at that school.

She took a deep breath and desperately suppressed the tremors in her body.

When she looked up, Yata looked at her and opened the door.

Kamamoto patted him on the back.

She takes a breath and half shaking she enter the classroom.

".....!"

Immediately afterwards, the classroom, which had been noisy until then, quieted down.

At that moment, something cold ran down her back.

Ah! Ah! After all, she couldn't lift her face and closed her eyes. Was when...

"Hey, Saya-chan!"

It was Kukuri's strong voice.

Then there were turbulent steps and they grabbed her by the shoulders.

When she opened her eyes in amazement, Kukuri's crying face appeared right in front of her.

"I was worried! Oh, bandages! You're hurt! Oh, your legs! Do you hurt? Are you okay? I was worried because you didn't come back soon."

Shiro and his friends also run towards her with other classmates.

Was this a reality?

"Kukuri-chan..."

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

That said, Kukuri hugged her.

The warmth of her finally made her realize that this was not a dream.

Her back back of her nose hurt, and at the same time, her chest.

"Kukuri-chan... Am I not unpleasant?"

"Hey, why?"

Kukuri looked into her eyes as if she didn't really understand her meaning.

"Because, this ability..."

"Yeah?! I don't believe that at all. You were great as an ally of justice, right?"

"Ah..."

"Because you are a lifesaver, I don't think I could feel uncomfortable. Tell me if there is anyone who thinks otherwise! I will preach for about three hours! Hey?"

At Kukuri's words, Shiro and Yatogami took control.

"Ah..."

Oh, she already understood... what should she do? She was happy.

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. Still, it's the same thing

that was destroyed here and there with the non-human ability. However, by no means, would it be accepted like this!

"Eh? Saya-chan? Why are you crying?"

"Gohan~? What's wrong? Does it hurt?"

Both of her hands caressed it gently.

That invited more tears.

When she suddenly looked for Yata, he was already moving by the window.

When Yata looked into her eyes, he turned red and turned away from her. That was not the case a little while ago. Kamamoto gave him a small blow.

Finally, she was relieved.

She took a deep breath and put her hand on Kukuri's back.

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"Yata-san! I'm here!"

Around the same time that the teacher was leaving the main room, the members of the red club entered and greeted Yata.

"Oh, come in."

"Understood."

"Wow, Saya-chan."

"Eh?"

Wow, she?

As she prepared to go home while glancing at him, she was shocked when she was suddenly called by her name. Surprised, she looked at the boy who was looking at her with a smiling face.

"What?"

"Oh, hi. I'm Chitose Yo. This guy next to me is Dewa. We're sophomores and members of the red club."

"Chitose-san and Dewa-san?"

"Yeah. The blonde over there is Eric. It was a bit noisy to get into the room, I wonder if it would have been better later. Let's go first."

Eh? Where?

"This is your bag."

"Eh?"

"Yes. Princess. Please give me your hand. Right hand. Take your left hand, don't you?"

"Eh?"

What? What was happening?

When she looked at Yata with a feeling of confusion, for no apparent reason, he turned red and turned around. Kamamoto who was next to her raised his hand and said: "Okay."

But that was it. She did not understand the meaning.

As she filled her head with question marks, they gently lifted her up and carried her out of the classroom.

(What? Well, wait. Where are we really going?), she thought.

"Ah, that? Where are we going?"

"Let's go to the red club room."

"Eh? Let's have lunch, that?"

"Oh, no. Not there. It's where we usually hang out."

Eh? Oh, that's right, Totsuka said, "We rarely use the place for lunch."

"Yes. That's right. I'll show you, so follow me."

He asked Dewa to please give him her bag, while Chitose tugged at his hand.

A boy in sunglasses and a hoodie under his school uniform pushed his back.

Behind it was a slim blond boy. Next to them, a boy who seemed to be serious, although his hair was standing on end, seemed to be calm. There were many others.

Yata was the first to walk. Kamamoto followed him diagonally behind.

Kamamoto suddenly turned around and raised his hand saying, "Okay."

Really? No, she didn't think Yata and his friends would do something to her.

But was she worried after all? Because she didn't understand the meaning or the intention.

Why were they trying to take her to the red club?

The appearance of walking surrounded by the members in black school uniforms of the red club seemed strange, and all the students who passed by had round eyes.

"It's unreasonable, it's not good."

Anna Kushina. A mysterious Japanese teacher, a beautiful girl with long straight hair and big red eyes, looked like a girl.

It was Chitose, not Yata, who replied with a smile: "I understand."

Anna nods and passes without stopping.

She looked back over her shoulder and saw Dewa.

"Huh? What happens now?"

"Anna-sensei. Doesn't she know?"

"No, I know. I know."

"Oh, Anna-sensei, the red club advisor."

After thinking about the meaning of her question for a moment, Dewa convinced her. It was true, that's why she couldn't resist.

"We got to the living room. Yes, let's go."

"Ok. You can change clothes yourself!"

Chitose, who tried to be fragile, is hastily stopped and their shoes are changed.

Oh, she's already seen it! She can look at it with a sense of interest!

However, apart from her, they march around her began again, probably because they didn't mind the direct gaze of other students.

She was embarrassed and lightly clasped her hands in front of her chest and denied.

"Oh, should I go to the girls' dorm? I'm out of school, but something..."

Eh?!

"Is this outside of school? Even though it's a clubroom?!"

"I wonder if it is a clubroom or a place that replaces the clubroom."

"Yeah? Well that's..."

"By the way, do you think Anna-sensei and other teachers will get mad when they find out I'm going in there?"

Would they be offended?

When she asked them all of a sudden, not all of them showed a congested expression, they just looked at each other and said, "Okay."

"Yes. It's fine during the day."

She got more anxious.

It was like that, they walked a bit. She went to a bar where they took her.

The name of the store is "HOMRA".

"Homura?"

"Yes. Homura. The common name of the red club."

It was strange. Was the red club commonly known as Homura?

Retro look and nice British flair. The deep, calm red was very impressive. The gold lettering "BAR", the lights and the exterior menu board were very atmospheric and liquorous.

The tenant on the first floor... but the building itself was made of brick and the window frame was dark green. It felt like you were on an English street that you see in the movies.

She knew it was prejudice, but it wasn't a "bad hangout."

"Oh, I see. It's fine during the day because it's a bar."

"Yes, please!"

Chitose opened the door with a smile.

A bright caramel colored wooden counter that can be seen as antique. A wooden floor that squeaked when you stepped on it. A classic that flowed smoothly. Various traditional and elegant interiors. The spacious couch seats looked very comfortable.

At the back of the counter, there were many bottles of liquor.

One person was polishing glasses, had shiny auburn hair and purple glasses. She wondered if he was the age of a college student. He was like an older brother with a big smile.

"Oh, that boy?"

The boy smiled as he watched her enter.

"Then Kusanagi-san, do something sweet."

Perhaps he arrived a little earlier, Totsuka, who came out the back, beckoned her to come.

"Yes, sit there on the couch."

"Eh? Ah, that..."

"Saya-chan, right? You don't like it?"

"Huh? Oh, I can't drink alcohol."

When she answered that while she was sitting on the couch, they looked at her like everyone was shocked for a moment.

Eh?

"Ah, that?"

"Well, did you think they'd be drunk? Well, it's definitely a bar here, right? But it's not good for minors. It's a waste."

She smiled and waved her hand.

She believed that it was different for not drinking because it is not good...

Oh, but that's not what she just said.

She shook her head, looked at Totsuka and then looked back at the young man.

"I thought they were drunk, but it was about making sweets. I'm not good at cakes made with western liquor, nor compotes boiled in alcohol, although I skipped the alcohol and the rum raisins. I mean, sorry. I think I am. I said many words."

"Oh, that's how it is."

"Wow, did you think it was going to be bad?"

"Saya-chan."

She felt bad. In a hurry, he waved his hands and apologized, and put the glass he had polished on the shelf and laughed mischievously.

"If you forgive a man too much, he will eat you, don't you think?"

Eh?!

"Hmm, wait a minute. Look, you guys are scaring the princess, don't you think?"

"Ah, that?"

Eh?! Princess?!

She was surprised to hear that, but the boy started to prepare.

When she looked at Kamamoto, who was standing next to him, Kamamoto said "Oh." and he point to the young man with his hand.

"Izumo Kusanagi. He is a college student at OB and from the red club. He is the same age as Mikoto. He is the owner of this bar."

What should she be surprised about?

Is he the same age as Suoh? Does that mean Suoh was repeating a year? So he was a college student and a business owner? College student?!

"Kusanagi-san, what about Mikoto-san?"

"He comes in the afternoon, now he is sleeping."

Kusanagi responds without stopping to Yata's question.

"Oh, upstairs? The second floor is also a store?"

"He has nothing to do with the store. He's using the empty room on the second floor as a nap spot. He's the King."

"King..."

"Mikoto-san..."

At Kamamoto's complementary explanation, she looked ahead.

Late? So after that he came there? What? And the lessons?

"The basement is the storeroom for the store and it feels like our gathering place."

"I'll tell you. Even though I'm immersed in this all year, it's never been quiet in the basement and they've interrupted my business."

At Chitose's words, involuntarily, she chuckled softly.

"Oh, now you have a nice smile."

Then Totsuka laughed, gestured with his thumb and forefinger, and looked at her.

"You brought her in because you wanted to see her smile, right? Yata."

"Eh?"

When she looks at Yata sitting on the counter, Yata turned his bright red face and turned around, saying, "Ah, that's not it!" She's been thinking about it since noon, but maybe Yata was really shy?

"Yata-kun, really?"

"Ah...! But I said you would have fun in your school life!"

When asked, Yata yelled as he looked away. His profile was tinted red, and surprisingly the red was turning redder.

He somehow embarrassed her and her cheeks heated up.

"That's right. That's why Saya-chan..."

Chitose knelt on the ground and reached out in front of her.

"Plays with us."

".....!"

"Oh, I said it, it's not because Saya-chan is a Strain. I'm sure she created that pillar of fire. I'm glad she protected the students in general. No, I'm really grateful. I think she is. It does worst thing to do to injure a student in general."

When she shook her shoulders, Chitose rushed to shake her hands and said, "Oh! I don't blame Saya-chan!"

"We want you to join this special club, we have skills too. It's different from you that you didn't even know you had the skills. We got them because we wanted it. I think there is a great responsibility there."

Totsuka looked at her and said calmly.

"That's right. It's like Chitose said."

"Everyone in the red club is grateful to Saya-chan."

"Really...?"

(Wow, thankful to me? Um... why did I do that?), she thought.

She was confused and denied, but everyone was smiling at her.

"Yes. Thank you. Oh, and we're sorry that your hand got hurt, Saya-chan. I'm not saying that because I feel responsible, only Yata got hurt."

"Eh?"

"The rest is fine. Because the red club has a reputation for being bad. It's great that you didn't see us with that kind of eyes, but, above all, seeing those tears and doing nothing would make a man leave."

"Chitose-san..."

"We're having fun. Maximize that out now. I want Konohana-san to have fun. So I thought. That's why you came to this school, right?"

"Totsuka-senpai..."

But, she was a different "Strain".

(I'm happy, but...! But it can be a hassle!), she thought.

However, no one seemed to care about that. Why?

On the contrary, everyone was very happy.

"I'm happy. The first female member! It's the first time I've seen it of all generations, isn't it? Kusanagi-san!"

"Saya-chan. It certainly is. There has never been a female member in the red club. I hope you join the club."

Kusanagi, who came out of the counter, said that and placed a fruit-filled parfait in front of her. It was cute and it looked delicious.

"Yes, here you go."

"Oh, thanks! It looks delicious..."

Well, everything was getting really good. It would be good?

The moment she received the spoon that was offered to her while thinking about it, the floor creaked.

They all looked back in surprise. Kusanagi also laughed and stood up slowly.

"Good morning, Mikoto."

Suoh, who came down from the second floor, yawning sleepily.

No one said anything, and naturally everyone turned away. There was nothing to block his red eyes staring at her.

Great charisma. A bottomless flame.

She shrugged reflectively.

That wasn't horror, it was amazement... she felt a bit shocking.

"....."

Looking at her like this, Suoh scratched his head.

Then he took a little breath and walked over to her silently and sat down casually next to her.

"Hey."

"Oh, yeah!"

"If you feel like it, join."

The hand that reached out in front of her, made her eyes open inadvertently.

She was instantly engulfed in flames, and she gasped.

"Eh?"



"Okay, it's like a rite of passage."

Totsuka told her gently, and she turned to look at him.

"A rite of passage?"

"Yes. Sorry, but it is absolutely necessary to join the red club. There are many people who cannot take that hand and stop joining, but trust."

Totsuka wiped the smile on his lips and looked directly at her.

"Trust me. We, the red club, will never hurt you."

"....."

Looking at Yata, there were some members who seemed a bit concerned, but his gaze was very sincere, determined, direct, and fiery.

She was relieved, it should be fine. She had just met them, but she could believe it. There were no lies in those words. They would protect her. She looked at everyone around her.

They were all staring at her.

She swallowed her breath and looked at him.

That's why? There was no wonder or anxiety.

Without anxiety, she had no reason to be surprised.

This is where her words wanted to come out of her throat.

When she pursed her lips, in the hand that held the flame, she placed her hand.

CHAPTER 2: SPRING

"Oh! It's over!"

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

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

"Guh! It hurts!"

"Misaki. Class is not over yet."

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

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

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

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

"Tsk. Sit down quickly."

"What? Monkey!"

"Misaki."

"I understand."

Yata clicked his tongue and sat up savagely.

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

"Wow! This time it's over!"

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

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

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

"Oh, it's true."

Oh, so is that why Yata was so tense?

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, is today the fitness test?"

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

"Yes, it's correct."

"Is Saya-chan good at exercising?"

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

"Oh, basketball or volleyball?"

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

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

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

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

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

It was exciting to her.

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

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

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

"Us first, what was that?"

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

Kukuri sighed.

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

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

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

She suddenly looked back at Claudia's voice.

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

"Kukuri..."

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh? Is that so?"

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

Hey? Was it really like that?

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

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

Little by little, her chest grew warm.

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

And he said that he would "protect" her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I think it's okay..."

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

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

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

As she indicated, she squeezed the grip strength gauge.

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

"Eh?"

"Eeeeeeh?!"

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

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

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

"I wonder if it is old."

"Sensei. It's painful."

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

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

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

"Is it because of my ability?"

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

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

Reports from whom?

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

"Let's try again for now."

"Eh? Is that okay?"

"Things can be firmly measured this time."

"But I could break it again, right?"

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

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

"Wow..."

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

"That's right. Konohana-san."

"Oh, yeah."

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

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

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

"Sorry! Sorry!"

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

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

"I can't measure it, please!"

This was only the result of the skill activation.

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

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

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

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

(Ah, wait!), She thought.

He immediately mistook her for such an atmosphere.

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

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

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

"Kya, kyaa, ah!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Eh?!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Rang the doorbell.

Once she stepped inside, the wooden floor squeaked.

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

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

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

Yata blushed a little.

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

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

"Why do you say..."

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

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

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

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

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

Is that so?

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

Kusanagi widened his eyes in amazement.

"Break up? Why...?"

"Because she could crush him."

"What?! Crush it?!"

"Yes."

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

"Yes?!"

Kamamoto's words surprised everyone, not just Kusanagi.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kusanagi tilted his head as he set the kettle.

"Here we go..."

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

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

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

"And that's Yata's flame."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eh?

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

"Ah, is that unusual?"

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

"Truly?"

When she looked around, everyone shook their heads evenly.

"Is that so."

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

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

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

"Oh, yeah!"

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

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

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

"Not good."

"Eh?"

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

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

That boy? Who was he?

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

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

The identity of "that boy" was immediately revealed.

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

"Hey."

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

She turned around and looked back quickly.

"Ah, Fushimi-kun?"

"Are you really going in there?"

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

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

"What place is that?"

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

"Why..."

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

The words surprised her.

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

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

"Oh, that..."

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

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

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

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

She shook her shoulders and lifted her face from him.

"That..."

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

She thought he was correct.

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

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

Under surveillance...

The words bit her lips involuntarily.

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

But...

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

But nobody in the red club said that.

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

Then Fushimi kept talking.

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

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

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

It was at that moment that...

"Stop it!"

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

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

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

"Don't say what you want!"

Yata yelled as he stepped between her and Fushimi.

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

He said with a high-pitched cry without hesitation.

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

He was there to protect her.

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

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

However, she was excited, in a selfish way.

"Yata-kun..."

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

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

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

"Hmm...! What?"

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

"Shut up, bastard!"

Yata yelled at Fushimi's words.

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

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

Obstructing Yata's words, Fushimi took a breath.



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

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

"Bastard!"

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

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

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

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

And a bloody person lifted off the ground.

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

"Ah!"

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

"Konohana-san!"

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

Her whole body was trembling terribly.

It was an unmistakable horror.

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

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

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

"Are you okay? Konohana-san!"

"Kamamoto! Get away!"

Dark horror stained her eyes black.

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

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

"Ah!"

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

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

"Are you ok?!"

She was happy.

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

"Uya!"

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

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

Her profile was very sad.

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

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

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

Suddenly, consciousness arose from her.

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

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

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

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

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

Her smile makes her feel relieved for some reason.

"I..."

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

"Remember..."

Oh, it's true. That had happened.

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

"Eh?!"

Oh, was it over?

"Did I sleep that long?"

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

No, but...

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

"What? Pick me up?"

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

"Oh, you came."

The infirmary teacher looked at the door and beckoned.

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

"Are you ok?"

"Aren't you shaking anymore?"

Their voices made her feel very relieved.

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

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

"Oh, Yata-kun?"

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

"Shut up!"

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

"Huh? Hm?"

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

Kamamoto shrugged and put a bag on the bed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But the expression was dark. Really?"

Eh?

She involuntarily looks at the teacher.

"Is your body really okay?"

"My body is fine..."

Eh?

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

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

"Then, thank you."

Ready to go, she bowed to the nursing teacher.

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

"Yata-san..."

"Oh, give me the bag."

"Eh? I can carry it."

"I'm going to do it."

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

"Then, please."

"Oh. Then take out your PDA."

Eh? PDA?

"PDA? Why?"

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

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

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

"This..."

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

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

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

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

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

She tried to speak correctly.

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

Why? Why did he worry so much?

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

"If I call you, will you come?"

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

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

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

Simple words that can be clearly understood without lying.

She was so happy.

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

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

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

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

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

"Ok, that's fine."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But they are all themes, right?"

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

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

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

Kusanagi sighed and put the polished glass on the counter.

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

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

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

Yata's hand also stopped again.

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

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

Eh? Was that so?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Will the scars disappear?"

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

"Yeah I'm glad."

Totsuka smiled as if he was relieved.

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

Yata propped up the scissors and looked at her.

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

"It's okay."

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

Yata hit the couch, pointing at it.

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

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

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

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

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

She could hear them.

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

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

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

So she was very happy.

"How about the pain?"



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

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

"Yes."

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

"Shut up, Chitose."

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

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

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

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

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

"No! Go study! Even now!"

Yata sighed as he opened the cap on the lotion.

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

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

"Let's do our best."

+++++

"Are you studying correctly?"

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

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

She sat in the chair and enthusiastically opened the message.

"I was in Homura a while ago."

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

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

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

Today was certainly a study session at HOMRA.

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

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

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

At HOMRA, the red club was very warm.

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

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

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

The sweet, warm coffee made her heart feel warm.

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

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

The PDA shook to notify her of an incoming call.

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

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

She texted while she smiled.

He immediately responded with an "Ok."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She laughed and wrapped both hands around the PDA.

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

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

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

+++++

"If that is."

Awashima-sensei announced with the ringing of the doorbell.

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

"Turn over the answer sheet."

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

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

"Yes. Good work."

"Good luck! The test is over!"

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

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

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

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

She snapped her eyes open and woke up.

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

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

"Oh, maybe it's okay."

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

"What about, Yata-kun?"

"No! No, that..."

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

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

"Really?! So..."

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

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

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

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

That was irresistible and she warmed her chest.

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

".....!"

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

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

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

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

But that was a slightly confusing email.

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

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

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

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

"Email?"

Kamamoto tilted his head and looked at her.

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

"Well, well!"

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

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

What did that mean?

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

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

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

Oh, maybe that was it?

".....!"

Her heart made a loud noise.

Ah, she wished it were so.

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

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

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

She clenched her hands tightly and looked at Yata.

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

".....!"

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

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

She ducked involuntarily, hugging her knees.

"What?! Konohana-san?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But no. If so, okay?"

"Huh? Hey, Konohana-san."

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

"Yes?"

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

Yata invited her, she wanted to keep that impression.

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

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

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

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

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"Hey, how about the crepe shop?"

"It was delicious!"

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

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

"Of course. You know that, right?"

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

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

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

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

Everyone was motivated to beat the blue club this year.

"Saya-chan, will you participate?"

"Eh?"

Suddenly, Kusanagi said that to her and looked back.

".....?"

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

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

"Eh, what?"

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

"Yes, yes, refrain!"

"Eh? Why? Do it!"

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

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

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

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

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

Yata's little cough made her eyes widen.

"It did not matter?"

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

She really couldn't tell him anything.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Join..."

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

"Ah..."

A word spoken without hesitation.

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

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

The masculine side of him was great.

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

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

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

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

With expectations, she looks directly at him.

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

"Leave it to me."

+++++

Sports festival. Joyful cheers filled the playground.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, come here, Konohana-san."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Eh?"

What did that mean?

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

"Hey..."

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

"I see. Well, maybe."

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

Sensing what she meant, Totsuka smiled.

That's right, uh...?

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

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

Eh? Was that so?

"Oh, hey, does it start?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kamamoto and Chitose followed.

Suoh didn't move.

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

"Ah. okay!"

Everyone around him raised their fists and shouted loudly.

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

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

"....."

She was fascinated with him.

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

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

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

His appearance was very stringy.

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

She intensely yearned for him.

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

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

The announcement heated the place even more.

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

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

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

Five beautiful leaves that roared in the sunlight.

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

"Yata-kun!"

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

".....!"

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

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

"Ah! Wah?!"

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

"The winner is the red club."

Big applause in the hall at the exciting announcement.

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

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

"Yes! You won!"

Everyone clapped and rejoiced.

"Yata-kun! Great!"

"You did it! Yata!"

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

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

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

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

"I see."

CHAPTER 3: SUMMER

"Maybe he knew of your ability."

Totsuka said that one day after the athletic festival. It was a few days after she changed her clothes.

Kusanagi stopped polishing the glass and Yata's eyes widened and he looked at her.

Bar "HOMRA".

An elegant interior. Looking at one of them, at the vintage jukebox, he takes a breath and doubt Totsuka.

"Eh?!"

"You were talking to King, right? Maybe, I think there is no question."

"That's right?!"

"Yes. I haven't been able to find out everything. That's why..."

Totsuka looked at Kusanagi with a serious look.

"Well, I want to experiment. Kusanagi-san."

"Do it outside."

Totsuka laughed saying "Okay."

"Kusanagi-san? Won't you see?"

"I have to tend the store. I'm just waiting for the results report."

"Well then everyone, a big place where we don't bother anyone, oh let's go to the riverbank where we played baseball last time."

Everyone takes control and immediately stands up. Also, she was a bit surprised.

Oh, that? Will they all come? Is it my personal cause?

When she wondered and looked at everyone, Yata looked back, "Hey."

"What are you doing? Come on."

"Yata-kun, will you come too? Is it about my ability?"

"Eh?"

Yata grimaced, bowed his head and said, "What are you talking about?"

"Is it because of your ability?"

"Eh? But..."

"Does that mean it's a red club problem?"

".....!"

Involuntarily, her eyes rounded. At the same time, Kusanagi laughed in the background.

Looking back, Kusanagi laughed and shook her hand, saying "Go quickly."

"Don't keep your teammates waiting."

Companions... Those words warmed her heart.

She raised her forehead and followed Yata.

It is enough to walk slowly from the bar "HOMRA". A riverbank where weeds could grow as much as they wanted, except for a small grassy baseball field.

In terms of time, the boys were quiet, perhaps after getting home, with only a few people walking their dogs.

"Now..."

Totsuka looked around him against the setting sun.

He then he said, "So, let's review first.", and he raised his index finger.

"One. When she touched King's flames, she didn't have the ability to manipulate them. She was able to resist Homura's flames, right?"

They all looked at her. She shook her head vertically.

"Yes. It's not hot to touch the flames that everyone creates. But I can't put out the flames. I've been told this several times and I've tried."

Really, many times. She was afraid that other abilities would be activated, so it was a bit dangerous.

When she said that, Totsuka smiled, "That's enough."

"There are strong and weak abilities, but once you've completed the rite of passage, activating the abilities isn't really that difficult. It seems that some people have a hard time controlling flames. You can probably think that you don't have the ability itself."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. But actually, Konohana-san created a great column of fire in the courtyard. The fire was Yata's flame. That's the second. And the third, it happened even at the athletic festival."

"Eh...?"

Sports festival, but...?

"That's..."

"Finally, that flame that burned the red club's diadem. That wasn't just because of Yata. Yata, you felt that way too, didn't you?"

Everyone's eyes focused on Yata.

Yata made a slightly complicated expression and shook his head.

"That happened right after she called Yata. She didn't realize that her ability had been activated because Yata pounced on the enemy at the right time, right?"

"Yes, not at all."

When she answered him, Totsuka smiled.

"So is. She acted on the flame twice, even though she didn't have the ability to manipulate it. So, I thought. What is the conclusion I came to?"

Totsuka cut his words off there and raised his index finger again.

And he pushed her hand fully towards her.

"Konohana-san."

"Yes."

A small flame ignited on his index finger.

A small flame that was very appropriate to say "light" was like the flame of a candle.

"Please be aware of this flame."

"Eh? Take it into account?"

"Yes. It "enlarges", "burns" and is "strong". Anyway, let this flame grow. Please think about it."

What does the flame grow?

As they told him, she put her hands together and looked at the flame.

"Increase in size. Make it big?"

She coughed, but nothing happened.

It means, before that, if everyone's eyes were worried, if she looked at him too much, she alone would be worried about it... no, she wouldn't worry about it.

When she thought about it, Suoh, who was sitting alone on the bench, stood up and relaxed in front of her.

The moment she raised her face, his big hand blocked her view.

"Eh? Ah..."

"Don't watch it. Focus on it."

A low voice commanded in her ear.

She took a breath and her eyes widened.

"Do you remember how Totsuka makes the flame? That's what you saw earlier. Remember it. Draw it in your heart."

She closed her eyes as directed, and she remembered that little flame.

"If you can do that, think about it. Imagine it. Light the flame. Can you do it?"

A small flame came to her mind. It was as modest as a candle flame, and quiet.

She tries to make it big strongly. Violently, beautifully. Redder, brighter, and burning.

Like Suoh, was worthy enough to tremble.

Like Yata, flashed so hard she yearned for him.

"Mmm!"

At that moment, there was a scream.

"You can do it."

She hears Suoh's satisfied voice.

At the same time, his hands moved away from her eyes.

"Ah!"

She turned her gaze to Totsuka and took a deep breath.

The flame, which was as small as that of a candle, was now a glow that burned the heavens.

Big, strong, intense and beautiful. A burning flame that glowed red.

Homura's flame like a blazing fire.

"I don't have the power to create a flame like that. Everyone knows it, right?"

Looking delightedly at the pillar of fire, Totsuka smiled.

"This is because Konohana-san made my flame bigger. In other words..."

Totsuka looked around looking at the flames.

"Your ability is the second, the 'amplification'."

"What is the second for Homura?"

Kusanagi put iced tea in front of her and looked at Totsuka.

Since then...

Probably because it was a great column of fire. The people who witnessed the flames rushed forward one after another, and they hurriedly left on the spot. They divided into small groups so that they did not stand out and returned to HOMRA by different routes.

She saw that everyone in the red club at that time, withdrew and moved gently. She was shocked.

She still had a bad idea about that area. If Yata had not retired with her, she was sure that she would have been left alone.

He gently pointed to her right wrist.

He was unscrupulous, but a lot of fun at times like that.

She wondered like Yata, that he's not good with girls, he spoke to her normally and got her out of there.

"Yes. I think the first one is 'superhuman strength'. That's why I broke the grip strength meter."

Totsuka smiled as he made ice cream.

Looking at Totsuka, Kusanagi frowned, "Hmm."

"No. Maybe it's just one? Maybe you're just 'amplifying' your own strength."

Kusanagi's words involuntarily stopped her hand from reaching for the stainless steel cup.

Oh, it's true. There is such a possibility, right?

When she saw Totsuka, he looked up and put his finger on his chin.

"Well, I think it's a different thing. Well, I absolutely can't say."

"Because it's different?"

"That is correct. There are two reasons."

Totsuka held up two fingers.

"One is the difference in the activation conditions."

"Activation conditions?"

"Yes. When the 'amplification' was activated, there was a strong emotion in Konohanasan. She was afraid of Munakata and she cared about Yata. Did you activate it all of a sudden even if you didn't think of anything when you broke the grip strength meter?"

"Uh, surely."

"The other is that there is too much range in 'superhuman strength'."

"Too much range?"

Um, what did that mean?

"I think it's great to break the grip strength meter. You can also break the recording board. I can't do it. But obviously, destroying half the school building or sandwiching the cobblestones in the courtyard is a different level, is it? Don't you think?"

"Of course."

"I thought the former was the activation of the 'superhuman strength' ability. The latter may be the result of 'amplifying' the 'superhuman strength' ability."

".....!"

She widened her eyes at the unexpected words.

"Amplified", "superhuman strength"?"

"That's..."

"It is possible that touching a knife or pinching a stone pavement is another ability, but your body was glowing. But when only "superhuman strength" is activated, "superhuman strength" and "amplification" can be activated together, so I think that there is such a difference in how skills appear."

"I see."

Kusanagi thought that too.

"I think I realized that at the athletic festival. With your power, even I, who only have weak power, can create a column of fire that causes confusion."

She wondered if it was okay for her to be there.

"Konohana-san."

"Yeah... I feel like it's a bit crazy. Your abilities are beyond the person's ability. It's definitely very dangerous because you can't control it right now."

Things that exceed the person's capacity and cause the ability to flee.

Those words surprised her.

It was the same even if there was no talented person around. She revealed another ability of oneself by multiplying it without permission. So what happened at the previous school was an accident.

She realized the danger again and her body trembled.

"Konohana-san."

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

The moment she hugged tightly, Totsuka called out to her carefully.

He lifted her face as if were turned away and tried to reassure her. Totsuka smiled softly,
"Okay. Don't tremble."

"Because I am here..."

"....."

"Hey, Yata?"

Totsuka looked back over his shoulder.

Yata, who was sitting in a chair near the couch, noticed and looked at Totsuka, and then looked at her.

"I was telling Konohana-san that we're not afraid of her being here. Yata, you think so too, right?"

"Of course."

Without hesitation, Yata had no problem answering.

"It should be OK."

And his hot eyes went straight through her

"Absolutely, I will protect you."

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It was sudden.

"Ha! Kamamoto-kun, summer version!"

The moment she entered the classroom, she was caught by Kukuri, who had been waiting for her, and she was dragged in front of a handsome boy she had never seen.

Brown leather. A soft, lustrous and bright blonde. His eyes, which were melancholy and with slightly sunken corners, were a beautiful sepia color. His nose was smooth, sweet, and well-shaped.

Slim, standout style. The strong confidence, generously exposed collarbone, slim but powerful shoulders and upper arms were very nice.

Who was he?

Before her who was stunned and stiff, Kukuri and Shiro got together and showed his beauty and that line.

She opened her mouth and looked at the handsome boy.

"Kamamoto-kun?! Huh? Hey, really?"

Wait! Because yesterday he was big and now he was normal?

"No matter how much, overnight..."

"Well, I've lost my appetite for the heat since noon yesterday. So when I woke up in the morning..."

(No, no, no, you don't convince me! You can't do it, Kamamoto-kun! It's strange that you lose half your weight in just one night!), she thought.

"Well, what happened to the hairstyle? Kamamoto-kun, you had very short hair."

"Grows fast in summer."

Well again, while it was weird the fact that grew more than 4 inches overnight for that reason, it was absolutely amusing.

"This is the first time for Kuro and Konohana-san. That is amazing."

"Eh? Oh, that's right. Yatogami-kun..."

"But this is already a kind of summer tradition. When Kamamoto loses weight, it means that summer has come."

At Shiro and Kukuri's slow words, she instinctively looked at Yatogami.

No, how about ditching such a great change with "summer tradition"?

Well, ghosts and ghost stories are a summer tradition, and that sentiment may not be wrong.

It means, wasn't everyone worried about it? She was very anxious.

"Hm, Kamamoto-kun. Is your body okay? Aren't you sick?"

"I'm constitutional. It's okay. I don't feel bad; I'm just losing my appetite."

(If this happens even if he can't eat for a day, Kamamoto-kun will disappear if the days when he has no appetite continue.), she thought.

"If so, that's fine, but I'm a little worried."

"Haha, it's fine."

"You won't do anything, right?"

Just in case, she suddenly turned her gaze to Yata, who was sitting by the window.

Yata, who was looking at her with a frustrated appearance, for some reason clicked his tongue at her and turned away from her when he realized that she was looking at him.

"I wonder what I did."

She waved her hand and turned to Kukuri, who left the classroom and involuntarily parted alone.

Yata had been in a bad mood since this morning so he didn't like this, and after all, he could talk about it all day.

Even now, as soon as class ended, he left the classroom with Kamamoto... Should she go home alone? Should she wait as usual?

However, she had no guarantee that Yata would return (on the contrary, he may have already gone), but she stood up with her bag.

With a soft sigh, she left the classroom.

It was a bit strange because they came home together every day.

(What's really going on? Have I done something?), she thought.

If so, it would be difficult to go to HOMRA. She wondered if she should go straight back to the women's dorm today. Or should she go to the library for the final exam?

At that moment when she was wondering and walking alone...

"Konohana-san."

A low, sweet, and very familiar voice echoed down the hall.

She opened her eyes and looked back quickly.

"Can you give me some of your time?"

"Munakata-senpai..."

A pale and refreshing shirt. Light blue bracelet. A shiny and dull saber.

The director of the blue club, Reisi Munakata himself was there, followed by Fushimi and another person behind him.

"I was about to visit the classroom, but I'm glad I didn't get it wrong."

"....."

With a soft smile, but feeling the endless fear, she took a step back.

Then, Fushimi, who saw her, clicked his tongue at her and sighed.

"Hey. I don't know what the red club are telling you..."

"Fushimi-kun."

Munakata stopped Fushimi's words on the way.

And when she looked at him again, he smiled.

"I just want to talk."

She couldn't believe it and shook her head.

"I'm in a hurry, I must go.", she said lying and backed away further.

"Don't say that. I really want to talk. I just want to know what you know about your abilities. That's it. I want to know to handle it quickly when something happens. This is not to put you in danger, much less average students. I promise that I won't force you to do anything."

"....."

"Oh, yeah. What I did was out of order. I should have apologized for it first."

When she quietly returned, Munakata coughed as if he had just realized it and then leaned in slightly.

Naturally, without any ill intention.

She didn't expect him to do that, so she opened her mouth and looked at Munakata in a daze.

"Eh?"

"On the first day of move-in, I apologize for the high pressure attitude in the yard. I'm sorry I told you that you should surrender, as you protected the students in general."

"....."

"I apologize for the fact that Fushimi ran to you at a later date. He acted after thinking about school and you, but as a result, I have given you unnecessary fear. We are so sorry."

Munakatai leaned in even more.

His action was sincere. Suddenly, the fear she felt was relieved.

"Munakata-senpai..."

"If you're busy, let's start over another day. So please let me know."

Perhaps she had an excessive sense of weakness in her initial attitude?

Later when Fushimi spoke to her, she fell, so she thought she was scared.

At that moment, the words were certainly bad, but Fushimi didn't say anything bad. He was only saying the right thing.

Even now. Munakata also said only the right thing.

"Yeah... I feel like it's a bit crazy. Your abilities are beyond the person's ability. It's definitely very dangerous because you can't control it right now."

The words Totsuka said when she elucidated her abilities in that river.

(That's right. My ability is very dangerous.), she thought.

She believed that she definitely should know the school to protect the students.

It was definitely not a mistake.

That's how it is. Not that she wasn't afraid, but she wouldn't run away. She knows, preventable accidents can be harmful.

Taking a deep breath, she took a deep breath and slowly parted her lips.

Suddenly...

"Saya!"

"Ah!"

The window in the adjoining corridor opened with a loud noise.

The moment she rolled her eyes, Yata jumped up and grabbed her hand.

At the same time, he threw her towards him with considerable force.

"Huh? What? Yata-kun?"

But where had he come from? Why was he there?

She was stunned when she started running, as he dragged her away.

"No, Yata-kun!"

"Don't talk! Run!"

"Well, wait! They haven't done anything..."

"Shut up! Run quietly!"

(Huh? Well, wait! They haven't really done anything. I mean, did they just apologize?), she thought.

Lying as she was, she ran down the hall, down the stairs and into the entrance.

Yata finally stopped in front of the shoebox and looked back.

"Come after me... it seems like..."

"Yata-kun..."

"That's it! You're not handling it properly! They don't know what to do!"

"Actually no..."

They were just apologizing to her.

Oh, but she was so happy that he had come for her.

It was warm and happy that someone cared for her and protected her.

She shouldn't be happy. She wondered if she didn't have that qualification... she shouldn't hurt him and make him protect her. Well, she hurt people in her previous school. But the danger of the same thing happening was quite possible, as Munakata said. She was sorry she had escaped from Munakata.

"No, Yata-kun, have you come back...?"

"What? Aren't you going home?"

"Eh? But shortly after class ended..."

"Anna-sensei called me, right? She told me to come after school."

"Ah..."

By the way, she hears him were told that.

"Kamamoto-kun? About that Yata-kun, did you just go to the staff room?"

"Yes."

"So what about Kamamoto-kun?"

As if he had just noticed her words, Yata looked behind her.

"No, leave it."

"Eh? Where? I mean, Yata-kun, where did you come from?"

"As I left the staff room and back to the classroom, I saw you with the blue club."

"ERh?"

It was that?

She looks at Yata confused.

Then, Yata heard that she meets Munakata in the hallway as she left the classroom, and he ran from the staff room to where they were.

When she thought about it, Yata was the one confused this time.

"You did that?"

"That?"

What's that? Did he jump out the window, and he came straight into the hall by jumping out the window?

Wait! The staff lounge and the hall she was in are on the second floor, right?

However, her question seemed unfamiliar to Yata, and he shook his head asking, "What is that?"

"Why..."

"It's parkour. I'm remembering it right now."

"What is parkour?"

"Well, it's a kind of sport. The purpose is 'to reach the destination efficiently without interrupting any movement anywhere', Kusanagi-san said."

Was that explanation exactly what he heard from Kusanagi?

"Is it difficult to explain...? Well, it's like flying, running, climbing, balancing and using it effectively to make paths that are not paths."

"Do you want to make a path that is not a path?"

What was that? It sounded interesting.

"So you jump out the window?"

"Yes. Even if you jump off the second floor, you can make a revolution on landing to kill the impact of the landing, and if you think about the angle and kick the wall, you can get to the second floor window as soon as possible. That is my form."

(So literally, you didn't doubt it, you just ran for me? In a place that was a path? To protect me?), she thought.

As a result, Munakata was not trying to hurt her, so it became an excessive defense.

Her face suddenly turned red.

Still, she was happy. She was sorry for Munakata.

But that didn't matter. She was simply impressed. Yata hurried to make his way, for her.

It would be a lie if she said she didn't like that.

"Ah...!"

(Oh, I'm dying of happiness! Yata-kun! I'm so happy I don't know what to do!), she thought.

Perhaps Yata remembered his embarrassment when he turned bright red, blushing and suddenly looking away from her.

And when he rubbed his face roughly, he coughed in embarrassment.

"I'm going home."

+++++

A clear blue sky that was high enough to get through.

The clouds were white enough to clump together, the sun was still shining, and the ocean! It was the sea! The great blue sea! Reflecting light on the surface of the water.

Looking at the beautiful mother of life, she was scared because she felt like a tiny person and almost forgot her abilities.

Oh, she couldn't play. Clarifying and controlling her abilities was an urgent task.

But the sea! It was the sea!

Before the end of the term, Kusanagi said: "The guy who got the red dot is excluded from HOMRA. If everyone does the best they can and does not take extra lessons, I will take them to the sea."

The red club was strong when there was a reward! There were no supplementary lessons for everyone. How, even Suoh?

He was talking about "I'll take you to the sea." So she thought it was a day trip, but Kusanagi seemed to be coming to a guest house he knew, so they decided to camp out at sea early in the summer vacation.

When Kukuri heard the story, she was worried, "Will you be okay? You're the only girl.". When she first heard that she would stay, she was a bit surprised.

However, Kusanagi knew about that and said that she had taken her room separately, and everyone was paying careful attention from the planning stage.

As a result, she was excited and happy today.

"That bastard Kamamoto..."

Chitose clicked his tongue when he saw Kamamoto being hit by a reverse wave and flying off.

However, Kamamoto was not the only one who stood out.

"....."

When he frowned, he looked at the white waves that were crashing.

Yata, who usually controls skateboards freely, seemed to be good at surfing, catching waves, and riding horses.

Seeing that figure, several women made a squeaky voice for a while and wondered, "Is it good, right?" "Yes. Good. Let's talk to him."

That... was not very interesting.

That in her way, she didn't care, but it was truly amazing.

"Saya-chan?"

Kusanagi, who had approached her before she was aware, looked at her face in a mischievous way.

"Eh? Ah! Yes?"

"Youth."

"Eh...?"

"Hm, do you want to split a watermelon?"

Kusanagi offered her a blindfold and said, "Saya-chan, let's do it."

"Eh, I?"

"Girls do it while wobbling, it's cute."

When she looked around, Chitose and Dewa were excited.

She thought for a moment, tightened the blindfold and got up.

"So, are you prepared to be defeated by my power?"

Maybe she didn't think so much, they all had a terrifying look at his words.

"It would be nice if the watermelon also kept its shape... Sorry if I squash it. It can be like a small piece of meat and a blood clot. I still can't control it."

They have probably figured it out. They all fluttered like a chill.

"Hey, smash..."

"Now, a piece of meat..."

"Ah... Saya-chan. Maybe you should be guided by the voice?"

"I think that would be better too. Even with a bamboo stick, if my ability was activated, the watermelon could be turned into fine powder. I don't think it's that difficult to turn a watermelon into fine powder."

When she said that, Kusanagi put a blindfold on her.

"And I think the seaside guesthouse is the best setting for a suspense drama. I'm sure accidents can easily happen."

"Well Saya-chan. Are you in a bad mood?"

"Eh? Isn't that the case?"

When she smiled, Kusanagi laughed palely.

"I am scared..."

+++++

"It is night."

Totsuka sat upright with a flashlight in one hand.

A great big room where everyone but her sleeps. After that the futon was well placed and they enjoyed throwing pillows.

Sitting on the messy futon, everyone looks at Totsuka with a mysterious look.

"So, let's start a hundred stories."

The lights were off. An impressive sound rang out.

He lit a candle and the story began.

"This is a story from the Taisho era."

(I don't know. After this, I'll have to sleep alone.), she thought.

Actually, she wasn't very good with ghosts and ghost stories.

While she tried not to imagine too much, she listened to Totsuka's story, regretting it.

"Well that's the end."

Totsuka blew out the candles.

The room went dark and he shrugged.

But soon, he turned on the flashlight and Totsuka laughed.

"How was it? Yata."

"Hehehehe, it's fine! No, not at all!"

Yata's voice had a volume setting that's a bit strange. The intonation was strange too. She snapped her eyes open and looked back to her side.

Maybe Yata was also not good with these kinds of stories?

"Oh. I'll do my best this year. Yata."

"I can afford!"

"Because of that, there were a lot of 'uh', right?"

Totsuka laughed and lit a candle.

And when he said, "So next time...", he clicks the flashlight off.

At that moment, her hand was clenched tightly and she was in awe.

(Kya, kyaaaah!), she screams internally.

When she hurriedly looked to her side with a shock that her heart was about to leap out of her mouth, Yata, who turned pale, was holding her hand.

But perhaps unconsciously, the line of sight did not move from Totsuka. He kept looking at him like he was paralyzed.

"....."

His hands trembled slightly, but they were hot and powerful.

He was always nice, but maybe he couldn't help it, he was squeezing her hand so hard it hurt.

She bit her lip and closed her eyes.

She was no longer afraid. That was another emotion.

She would enjoy quietly. Just for her, this time.

And how many times have she been through a scary story? Totsuka suddenly coughed, "Eh? Can you hear me?"

"You can't hold a hand like that!"

"Oh, no, I'm not trying to scare you. Is someone sleeping, snoring?" He said tilting his head.

When everyone spoke, he could hear it for sure.

They all looked at them in amazement.

"Eh? This is..."

"Hm. Maybe..."

Kusanagi stood up silently and clicked on the lights.

The room lit up. For a moment, she looked his narrowed eyes.

"Oh, after all..."

"King... Don't make history a lullaby."

Kusanagi and Totsuka sighed.

Suoh, he was sleeping peacefully with an innocent face like a child.

"Eh? Wasn't that scary? Yata didn't give up either."

"I don't think that's the case. Yata did his best because Saya-chan was there."

Kusanagi looked at her as he said it.

Then he cut the words unnaturally, staring at her hand for a second, two seconds, three seconds.

It seems like he wasn't the only one wondering about it, and they all turned their heads from her and looked at her one after another. Of course, Yata too.

"Uh, aaaaaaaaah!"

At that moment, Yata, who finally noticed that he was squeezing her hand, turned his face bright red and screamed, raising both hands.

"Gyaaaaaaaaah!"

"Oh, he screams more today."

Kusanagi laughed.

When she looked at Kusanagi with a bit of disappointment, Kusanagi looked at her and laughed jokingly.

"Konohana-san, second round, shall we?"

"Second round?"

Kamamoto bowed his head.

"Is night yet to come? There is a cave behind this guesthouse."

Kusanagi smiled and looked at Yata, who turned pale.

"Try your luck, let's do it."

+++++

The sound of the waves coming and going. A chorus that was always played.

Unlike the day, the sea lit by the silver moon was surprisingly quiet and mysterious.

The boundary between the sky, the sea and the darkness of night that covered the world was warm, and if you take it easy, you will be absorbed.

"This cave is actually quite a famous psychic place. If there is an accident around here, the corpse will surely flow here due to the tidal flow."

She couldn't understand why he was saying that, but Totsuka seemed to have fun saying it.

"They're not just humans. Big cats, birds, whatever. That's why there's always a soul hanging around here."

"That's why I left 'something' in the back of the cave during the day, so I'd like you to get it in pairs."

"A couple? Won't it take time?"

"Okay. It's not deep. If you rush when it's bright, it's less than five minutes round trip."

Kusanagi laughed looking at them.

However, Yata had a haunted face. Well, so does she.

He may have noticed. Kusanagi smiled and slapped her on the shoulder.

"That?!"

"Yata-chan, I'll forgive you if you cry. If you don't go, why don't you cry?"

"Who will cry?! Okay! This is over here!"

Yata yelled at Kusanagi's bad words.

Oh, he was distraught, but now he seemed to be fired up.

"Homura, group together quickly."

"Saya-chan."

At the same time that Kusanagi said that, Chitose came running with a smile towards her.

"Eh?"

"Oh! Hey! Chitose-san!"

"They're loud! Is it fun with guys? I like that."

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Chitose!"

They all parted and spread their hands evenly.

"Eh?!"

"Oh, that..."

"Well that's the way it is."

Kusanagi shrugged and laughed at her surprised eyes.

"Yes, Saya-chan, you must choose, who should be the knight that ventures with you?"

"Eh? But..."

"Guys! Even if you are not chosen, don't hold a grudge!"

Everyone happily responded to Kusanagi's words. Was that really good?

Well, if that was the case...

Along with Kusanagi, she saw Yata, who was fed up with what he didn't like.

"Well then... Yata-kun..."

"Eh?"

Yata looked at her as if he was surprised by her words.

At the same time, the boos that came out from everyone were out of control.

"Eh?! Why am I not a candidate?!"

"Well, you weren't there because she didn't pick the guys who ran."

Kusanagi laughed and patted her on the head.

"I said don't be resentful! Well, that's too many to be a pair!"

At those words, everyone scattered as they said "Tsk."

She looked around and at Kusanagi.

"Hm, was that wrong?"

"What happen?"

"Well, should I have chosen from among the candidates?"

"No. As I said before, there was no such condition."

Kusanagi shook his head and patted her head again.

"This is your night; you can choose your companion. If you think it's Yata-chan, it's fine."

Involuntarily, she looked back at Yata.

The moment their eyes met, Yata turned bright red and turned around as if he was in a hurry.

(Wow...), she thought.

At that moment, she felt so embarrassed that she turned around to hide her cheeks from him.

"Then I'll go first!"

It seemed that the combination had been decided, and Chitose and Dewa waved their hands and entered the cave.

After waiting a while talking about it, two people soon came out.

When they handed what they were holding to Kusanagi, Kusanagi said, "Hmm. Okay."

They were both so light that when he asked, "How was it?", they replied, "It wasn't a big deal. Actually, it's just a normal dark cave."

She was afraid of it.

"I found it useless."

"What? Seriously, it's just a cave with nothing."

(That's why I'm scared of that dark empty cave!), she thought.

She was not afraid of a well-kept, artificially lit cave. But in that case it would no longer be a cave.

However, it seemed that she (and one other person) were the only ones who thought so, and everyone was able to clear the task without problems. Some people even said it was boring.

And finally it was her turn and Yata's.

"Yes, please go."

Yata didn't cry, so she couldn't help it, and he reluctantly walked into the cave while he was kicked out by everyone who smiled.

The flashlight also slightly illuminated her feet. A step forward is a state of darkness.

Only the sound of calm waves and the sound of dripping somewhere resounded.

(Ah! I don't like it! Let's go!), she thought.

"Ah, Yata-kun..."

If she called him in vain, Yata would shake his back.

"....."

"What's wrong?! Don't call me when I have no use!"

"Uh..."

Yes, it was useless.

She just called him, but she couldn't say: "Because I'm afraid, hold my hand.". It was embarrassing!

She wanted to be able to say that kind of thing without calling on the phone.

"Come and see, Yata-kun.". Hmm, she really couldn't do that.

However, her prince was extremely insensitive in that area, and in the end he never took her by the hands, and while she trembled, she walked slowly as she looked around her.

As Kusanagi said, they soon reached the innermost part of the cave.

When she circled the lantern light, she saw a bright red object on a large stone.

When she looked and got closer, she found a bright red marble.

"It is this?"

"That's how it is."

For the moment, she looked around again, confirmed that there was nothing else like that, and he answered yes, and Yata squeezed one of the marbles and it swelled again.

"Then I'm going home!"

"Ah! Wait! No, Yata-kun!"

It was then that she reached out as she was caught by a slippery stone.

Suddenly, the lantern light went out.

"Eh...?"

Suddenly, the field of vision turned black. Even Yata's appearance, who should have been next to her, seemed vague.

"Why?"

She could hear Yata clicking the switch on the flashlight.

That was...

"Ah..."

"Gah!"

Obviously, a voice other than theirs was in the immediate vicinity.

Horror rushed through her back in amazement.

"Ah..."

There was a scream.

No. To be precise, she tried to avoid it. But faster than that, his hot hands tightened on her.

"Let's go out!"

At the same time, Yata's voice echoed. Just as she was, he pulled her tight.

"Ah!"

She wondered how many times Yata pulled her like that and ran.

At times like this, Yata never let go of her, will happen what have to happen.

She already knew. That was why she was no longer afraid.

Yet her heart was beating.

She was excited by the warmth of the hand, the grip and pulling force.

She couldn't see him at the moment, but the reliability of his back running forward had helped her many times.

Although he wasn't good with ghosts, no matter how rushed or scared he was, he couldn't escape on his own. He did not abandon her.

Yata's "shielding" is a reliable practice. He would never betray her.

"Oh, we go out."

"If you run, it's a very short distance. In the blink of an eye, you'll be in the moonlight."

Totsuka was waiting and greeted them with a smile.

"Did you run? Oh, you brought the marbles correctly. Great."

Totsuka received them while Yata was out of breath.

"Well, more than that, a flashlight..."

"Eh?"

"Maybe the battery is dead, it's gone..."

"Huh? It's weird. I just changed the batteries yesterday... Yes. Okay. Then take this flashlight. Replace the batteries again and give it to the last group."

To that end, Yata shook his head.

Totsuka opened his eyes asking, "What?", but he seemed to understand everything when he saw Yata holding a marble in his right hand and holding her hand in his left hand. He reacted and hit Yata's shoulder.

"Wow, I see. Okay. Hey. If the next group can get through, they'll pick up the lantern you dropped."

"Understood."

Kamamoto, who was about to enter, waved as he smiled.

"But they brought the marbles, so the Yata-Saya couple made it too."

"This year's Yata-chan will do his best. Besides, now you can walk hand in hand with a girl in a cave. You have grown up."

As he smiled, Kusanagi patted Yata's head.

"And you are still connected."

Yata reddened his face and released her hand.

"Ah!"

"That's..."

"One step up the stairs from an adult~"

"Oh, that's not why!"

"Well, you guys has been together almost since the first semester, so I'll get used to anything. Do your best in this condition, Yata-chan. That's right. It's not enough to get excited about the backstory next summer."

"Yes, I will be very careful!"

Yata said that to Kusanagi, who smiled.

As he listened to him, she suddenly lowered her eyes to her right hand.

The wind took away the heat she felt.

She wishes the cave was a little longer.

She hated scary things, but if that cave was a little longer.

Then she was enjoying a happy moment that was a bit longer and could forget about everything.

She was able to hold hands with Yata.

CHAPTER 4: AUTUMN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No. It's lonely."

Involuntarily, she put those words into her mouth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was at that moment that she sighed several times.

"I can't help saying that."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kamamoto smiled and shook his head.

"No, do not worry."

"But..."

"Yata-san is a great person."

"Eh?"

Eh? Were they talking about the same topic?

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

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

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

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

".....?"

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

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

The day was quite heavy.

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

"The sun is setting faster."

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

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

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

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

She stretched out and suddenly looked at Yata.

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

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

"Huh? Ah!"

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

".....!"

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

She looked at Yata and Kamamoto, and smile.

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

"Seriously?"

"That's how it is."

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

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

"Eh?"

"Then, you should put it on."

"Eh?"

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

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

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

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

Well, it certainly wasn't that cold yet.

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

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

"Eh?"

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

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

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

"Ah?!"

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

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

"Eh?"

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

Oh, that?

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

"Ah, it's true!"

When she accidentally coughed, she said...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Eh? Wow, is that so?"

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

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

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

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

She was happy.

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

"You're laughing!"

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

She grabbed Kamamoto's arm and laughed.

She was happy. Finally, she was having fun.

Then she didn't notice.

There were people who looked at her and exchanged words.

+++++

"Well, at the red club?"

"Yes, in the red club."

Totsuka smiled kindly.

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

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

So the next big event is the school festival!

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

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

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

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

"Yes, that is true."

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

Eh? Well, why?

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

"But..."

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

".....!"

At Totsuka's words, they breathed involuntarily.

"Totsuka-senpai...?"

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

"That's it..."

"Because we are together."

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

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

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

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

"It's okay, Konohana-san."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wow, I..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Unlike..."

Bravely, she looked around her and parted her lips.

"I want to participate."

".....!"

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

"It's okay!"

"I will do that!"

Everyone was talking and clapping.

"Well, I made up my mind."

Totsuka's smile made her heart warm.

She squeezed her chest tightly with both hands.

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

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

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

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

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

She was sure that feeling hadn't changed.

But wasn't it really the opposite?

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

"Let's have fun!"

"Yes!"

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

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

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

Everyone screamed at Chitose's words.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Something that collects in my stomach."

"Something that looks good."

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

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

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

There was silence.

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

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

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

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

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

"Meat roll, hot dogs."

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

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

At one point, everyone clapped and cheered.

The memory that she had become distant pierced her chest.

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

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

"Rice ball wrapped in meat?"

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

They all look at each other.

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

"Oh, okay! That!"

Chitose was the first to shine and scream.

Then they all did it one after another and smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

Totsuka coughed and smiled.

"How nice!"

"Yes!"

In a word, she almost cried.

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

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

But she could start over and take a new step.

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

She was so happy it was painful.

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

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

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

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

In front of her, after all, was Totsuka.

She was relieved to see the soft smile.

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

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

"Red club?"

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

Oh, it was true.

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

"Eh?!"

(Suoh-senpai?!), she thought.

"Why Suoh-senpai in person?"

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

"Okay, what is...?"

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

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

"Well, okay. Maybe."

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

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

"Hey, King."

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

Kamamoto looked at Totsuka, who shook Suoh.

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

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

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

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

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

"A classmate?"

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

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

A red star was drawn at one point.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes!"

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

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

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

"Welcome."

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

"Wow, it's pretty far."

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

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

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

Yes. she should have noticed it there.

"Oh, that?"

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

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

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

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

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

However, it should be here.

".....?"

She tilted her head and looked back at the PDA.

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

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

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

Yes. It was exactly there.

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

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

"Eh?!"

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

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

"Eh?"

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

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

However, only a few things appeared.

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

"Eh...?"

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

"Hey!"

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

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

Maybe in the toolbox?

"Hey, hey!"

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

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

"Well, wait!"

They were about to leave while laughing.

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

"Wait! Hey!"

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

The malice of them.

"Wait!"

She already knew that yelling was useless.

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

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

"The PDA...!"

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

Then who? Was that email really from Kukuri?

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

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

She involuntarily clenched her back teeth.

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

But who was they then?

She thought long and hard and shook her head.

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

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

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

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

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

"What should she do?!"

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

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

"Ah!"

She looked back with eyes used to the dark.

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

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

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

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

Then...!

"Huh! Please!"

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

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

".....!"

Activated!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then the sound of a hard object hitting the ground.

"Eh?"

What was that?!

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

"What's that?!"

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

She reverberated in vain and grew impatient.

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

"Please! Someone!"

She screamed as much as she could.

It was at that moment that...

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

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

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

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

"Hmm, Fushimi-kun! Open up!"

"Ah?"

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

"Please! Help! I'm trapped!"

Along with her scream, a strange noise resounded.

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

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

"It's just a little!"

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

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

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

"Come on!"

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

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

"Konohana!"

A powerful hand held her head.

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

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

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

Miserable, distorted and blurred vision.

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

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

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

Eh?

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

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

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

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

"Ah!"

"Be patient!"

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

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

"Vomit. It will be easier."

In front of Fushimi, that was it.

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

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

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

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

"Ah!"

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

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

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

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

"Thanks."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ah, this...?"

"Ah..."

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

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

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

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

"Of course."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That, Fushimi-kun..."

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

He didn't care.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is the data inside messed up?"

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

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

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

"Eh...?"

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

"Oh, it's true."

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

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

"A person has been contacted."

Fushimi said that and quickly stood up and turned around.

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

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

"Are you okay?!"

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

"Ya-..."

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

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

"Eh? You don't know?"

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

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

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

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

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

Kamamoto worriedly distorted his face.

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

"Konohana! Still..."

"Alright! Fushimi-kun!"

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

"Oh, thanks!"

"It is not a big thing."

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

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

"....."

"Thank you very much for your help."

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

"I will inform the director."

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

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

"Are you okay?"

"What happened?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yata-kun?"

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

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

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

"Yata-kun?"

"What were you doing with the monkey here?"

His cold voice took her breath away.

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

"That...?"

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

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

The blood faded.

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

Oh, after all, that was not good.

"Hey, Yata?"

"What are you talking about? Yata..."

Everyone tended to get confused and gave up on Yata.

But it seems that it was counterproductive. Yata distorted his face as if he was screaming, and screamed more.

"I'm asking you what you were doing with the monkey, you lied to me!"

"No, Yata-kun...?"

"You are a traitor too!"

Those incredible words got through her.

CHAPTER 5: WINTER

In the end, the feeling of discomfort was unexpectedly terrible and she was unable to recover to the point where she could walk home. Although Fushimi's hands had helped

her, she was so shocked that she was forced to undergo an examination and she went to the hospital that day.

The next day, after a medical examination, she returned to the girls' dormitory.

(Oh, just, because everyone is taking classes.), she thought.

However, although there should have been no abnormalities at the time of the exam, she had a fever at noon and she stopped going to school that day.

She knew what the reason was, probably from Yata's words.

She believed it was because those words were stuck in her chest and she was worried. In other words, it was something spiritual.

Because it was the first time Yata had yelled at her like that.

She was surprised by the word "betrayal" and that Yata thought that of her.

She didn't know why, of course he was hurt, and maybe he was angry. Because, Yata, he just said that and left the hospital room without hearing her excuse.

But at the same time, Yata's face at that moment couldn't get out of her head.

More than that, she didn't understand why. She thought he was hurt.

His face burned at the back of her eyes and it was very painful.

Actually, it was the opposite, but she still felt that she had hurt Yata.

Is it because he was worried and distraught? By the time Kukuri came to visit her at the end of school, her fever had risen higher and exceeded 38 degrees. Even the next morning, she did not come down. She apparently caught a cold since she was weak.

She had no choice but to go to the hospital the next day while she fluttered about.

She got a drip and a Chinese herbal medicine for the fever.

Anyway, she was bored alone in the room that day and tried to sleep. She had a hard time eating the yogurt that Kukuri bought for her and she took the medicine.

But the next morning, after all, the fever didn't go down.

(Oh, it's the third day. I want to go to school soon.), she thought.

She was impatient, but her body couldn't bear it.

"It doesn't work; it doesn't work..."

She coughed, looked at the ceiling and sighed.

Her body was hot and heavy. It was difficult to even turn around.

She couldn't go to school in that situation. She knew that going there would only cause annoyance and worry.

"Ah..."

She looked up at the ceiling and pursed her lips tightly.

She hated herself as a person.

Being alone in a quiet room reminded her of all the extra things.

This also happened last year, she was alone in the room.

Scared of herself as a "monster", she locked herself in her room. Other than that, she didn't know what to do.

She hugged herself trembling and stared at the wall. Also in the morning, even during the day and at night.

"....."

She wanted to go to school and laugh with Kukuri and Neko.

She also wanted to go to the "HOMRA" bar, and play with everyone in the red club.

She was alone, and she did not like being alone.

"Yata-kun..."

She coughed out the name on her chest. She wanted to see Yata.

She hurt the back of her nose.

Even if she said that, she still remembered what Yata said. She wanted to see him, but she knew he was upset.

Why? He was hurt, he was sad and angry, but she wanted to see him.

She didn't know why, but Yata doubted her.

Was she "betraying" Yata? Why? Why didn't she think that was never the case?

For Yata, how long have you been together since spring?

Did he join her with a sense of duty because of the injury he caused?

She gently clenched her back teeth and covered her eyes with both hands.

Even if she knew it was different, she thought so herself.

Because if not, do you think it is a "betrayal"? Although they are friends!

(Yata-kun, you said that even I was your friend, right?), she thought.

Or was it not good for her like that?

"....."

Thinking that, she shook her head.

She did not doubt him. She just wanted to say, why was she thinking only of Yata?

There were many other things to think about. For example, who locked her up in that place? What was the purpose of it?

Was she also an object of disgust and fear? Because she was as strange a Strain as she was in the previous school?

"Ah...!"

It was disconcerting and sad. Even if she knew she couldn't be helped, it hurt.

But why? After all, the thought immediately returned to Yata.

She thought of various things and she wanted to see him after all.

(Oh, I want to see Yata-kun and talk.), she thought she.

Even now, she wanted to see Yata above all else.

It was at that moment that she heard a clear pounding sound. That surprised her and she opened her eyes.

Looking at the alarm clock next to the bed, it was almost 12 o'clock.

Yes. In other words, it was definitely the time when both students and teachers were in school.

Eh? Who would it be at that time?

".....?"

The moment she wondered and looked around her, called her a second time.

Involuntarily it was impressive.

After all, the sound of knocking was not coming from the door.

When she struggled to get up, she moved to the window, dragging her heavy body.

Then when she moved the curtains and looked out onto the balcony,

".....?!"

Eh?

What she saw from the window was a black school uniform and a boy with auburn hair.

She opened her mouth in amazement, and hurriedly opened the window curtains.

"Yes, Yata-kun?"

It was Yata who was crouched on the balcony to avoid the gaze of the public.

Without a doubt, Yata.

"Uh..."

"Why are you here?! What happened to the school?"

"You have decided to skip it, right?"

Yata blushed and walked away.

"Well, if you think about it, it's true... Isn't that a lie?! Really, Yata-kun?"

"....."

It was too much, she did not immediately accept the reality that she had in front of her and she was confused.

She couldn't believe it, Yata went to the girls' dorm.

"I can enter?"

For her, that she had no choice but to be just a flower, the illusion came carefully.

She took a deep breath and said, "Okay, come in.", and opened the window wider.

"You were in bed."

"But..."

"You have a fever, right?"

Yata kicked off his shoes and walked in, saying that bluntly.

"Yes, I heard."

"Whose?"

"Kamamoto... and Yukizome."

"I see."

She wanted to see him, but she was still hurt and frustrated, so she couldn't speak well.

When she closed her mouth, Yata was also uncomfortable, and as he looked away from her, he coughed, "Would you like to go back to bed?"

"Mmm..."



She thought it was not a place to be stubborn, so she went to bed quietly, Yata sat cross-legged next to her and looked at her anxiously.

Her favorite, Yata's eyes.

Straightforward, hot, and unwavering, but kind.

"Are you okay?"

With that one word, her heart warmed enough that it was painful.

Oh, Yata. Anxious and overprotective. He always rushed first and protected her. The usual Yata.

Yata was next to her. She was so happy that she was about to burst into tears.

Oh, no. It wasn't just that. That was not the norm.

Finally, she realized. Being by his side was already an irreplaceable miracle, but for that it was painful.

Because he said that?

She bit her back teeth and looked at Yata.

"It is bad!"

Then Yata gritted his teeth, painfully distorted her face, and the next moment he sat on the ground. This was the second time for Yata.

Yata's strong voice echoed. She was concerned that they could hear it from outside.

It was the same as that time.

The first day of transfer. Just like Yata, who sat across from her.

He hit his forehead and screamed more.

"You can hit me until you feel like it!"

Eh?!

"Well, I won't do that."

She was surprised by the words, she hastily got up and shook her head.

"Oh, get up and you will fall!"

"Then stop doing that."

"Okay, but...!"

"They haven't asked you to do that, right?"

Perhaps Yata was surprised, he raised his head vigorously.

His eyes that pierced her harbored burning flames.

There was something she came up with with devotion.

Oh, how many times had those eyes saved her?

She liked her, she loved Yata's eyes.

"I want to hear the story, but they haven't asked me to sit down, much less hit me. Ok?"

"But..."

"If you stop, I'll lie down quietly."

"....."

When she said "Hey?", he thought it was not a place to be stubborn. Yata reluctantly crossed his legs. She was relieved and she went back to bed.

"It is bad..."

"You were in the hospital, right?"

"Ah..."

"Let me know..."

Yata painfully distorted his face and looked down.

After being silent for a while, he said, "I'm not going to make an excuse.", and slowly parted his lips.

"Saru was my best friend from high school."

".....!"

She gasped at the unexpected words.

She widened her eyes and looked at Yata, who was still face down.

Was Fushimi-kun his best friend?

There was no reason for him to lie. Yata couldn't lie.

But now they didn't see each other as friends.

"Are you a traitor too?"

Yata's piercing scream echoed through the hospital.

Finally, she was surprised at the unnaturalness of the words.

That was all. At that moment, Yata said "you too", "traitor", for the second time.

It was a word that would never come out unless someone had betrayed him in the past.

"Obviously, he was by my side. It was natural to be by my side. He was a partner and an ally. Truly, always, always together."

"Yata-kun..."

"Since then, I've been longing for Mikoto-san. Both Kusanagi-san and Totsuka-san. I wanted to go to his side and get closer. When I went to high school, I would definitely enter Homura. Both..."

Yata clenched his fist tightly.

"That's right, I entered high school, I entered Homura, but when the summer break was over, he left the club without permission and went straight to the blue club..."

"....."

"It was an unprecedented story in the red club and the blue club, and a big uproar. I didn't understand, and I rushed inside. But the monkey...! He couldn't even speak about the reason!"

He hit the ground with his fist. He shrugged.

"He just laughed to look down, nothing more..."

"....."

"I still don't understand the meaning. I don't understand it and that's why I'm angry..."

"Yata-kun..."

"Why did you betray me? I was far away. But is he your partner? The best is... Homura!"

He felt sad that he couldn't finish his thoughts with every word.

"It's important... I feel like everything was denied..."

"Yata-kun..."

"I heard that you should have gone to help with the class preparations, but you were with the Monkey in that place, and then you were taken away in an ambulance. I thought..."

Yata raised his head and looked at her painfully distorting his face.

"It's bad. You and the Monkey are different..."

He shook his head in a voice that squeezed the wound.

Yata hadn't figured it out at all, which was why he felt frustrated and dejected.

She felt that she could understand that frustrating feeling.

And she understood well the fear of suddenly losing something important.

Once suddenly she lost everything that was important to her.

"....."

(I see. That's Yata-kun's trauma.), she thought.

Perhaps he was very worried, that is why he lacked calm.

At the time, even Fushimi, who contacted her, didn't know what had happened. So they all were told only two things: "she was with Fushimi in an unpopular place" and "she got injured in an accident there."

Then it was impossible not to be suspicious. Especially if there was a trauma.

She could understand words with that feeling.

Finally, when she understood everything, she was relieved to breathe.

(I see. Oh, that was good. That was it.), she thought.

Yata did not doubt her or hate her.

"I said a terrible word and left the hospital room, but I immediately regretted it. Kusanagi-san scolded me. They all did. I thought I would apologize soon, but you had a fever and you were resting..."

Yata began to babble again.

"I thought I would wait until you were okay, but yesterday and today you were the same, so... in other words..."

"I made you worry..."

"That is not a good story."

Still, Yata went to the women's dormitory.

Not just to apologize. Perhaps he was very concerned about her body.

The gentle and eager Yata. Even in the case of a burn, he protected her in an overprotective way.

She smiled when she saw her left hand, which had been completely healed.

"Well, I think it's a story."

"Eh...?"

Yes. That was a good story.

Because at that moment, Yata remembered him at the hospital, right? The sadness when Fushimi left. Anger and suffering. The feeling of loss.

That's why he took it out on her.

So, huh? Why did she remind him of that? Isn't it because she thought she was like Fushimi?

It was natural to be by his side. It was very important. She didn't want to lose him.

That is why she was terrified and distraught.

She hears that.

Was that a convenient interpretation for her? Excessive shyness?

No. She could take a hundred steps and it would still be fine. Still, she was happy!

(I'm happy, Yata-kun. I'm glad I can feel relieved from the bottom of my heart.), she thought.

Because he didn't suspect her. She was not untrustworthy. He did not dislike her.

Yata was still the kind and dear Yata.

"Ah..."

(That's what makes me happy!), she thought.

When she took her hands off the futon, she picked up Yata's clothes.

"Uh..."

"Forgive me. I'm not angry. It was sad and it hurt, but most of all, I didn't understand the meaning. I'm glad you spoke..."

"I..."

"So, huh? Yata-kun... If I recover, will we play again...?"

Yata raised his face.

"Eh...?"

"Ah, play?"

"Of course. But that's..."

Yata got confused and shook his head.

She knew what he meant, because it was about Yata.

That was not compensation. Did he mean that?

But Yata, once again, they haven't asked him to pay, right?

Nothing has been done.

"Yata-kun. I will not leave, I will not betray you, because I no longer want to lose someone important to me. Remember that. I also lost everything once."

"That is to say..."

"Is it okay to be by my side? I want to be by your side... will you let me stay?"

"Ah..."

Yata's face was distorted as if he was crying.

Is it because he didn't want her to see him that way? Yata quickly grabbed the hat and lowered it to hide his eyes from her.

"Obviously...!"

She pretended not to know that the little voice was shaking.

How long had it been? For a long time, they were silent.

She fell silent and they remained together, almost motionless.

Oddly, the silence didn't bother her. However, the time passed peacefully.

She thought that the moment when nothing happened was very important.

She reached for Yata's clothes again, drowsy from the warm light.

"About Fushimi-kun..."

When she put on her clothes, Yata rolled his shoulders.

The line of sight that followed seemed terribly awkward. With confidence, just with that, she could see how much that case affected Yata's heart.

She hoped it would be resolved one day, anyway.

She thought that the important thing was not there. It was not necessary for him to understand. He didn't have to go back to normal. She thought it would be fine. Well, Yata's ideal might be to go back to the old relationship.

However, he was still trapped alone not knowing anything. She wishes he could get out of that situation. She thought that only that was different. That alone would be enough to save Yata.

"Do not give up."

".....!"

Speak clearly. She couldn't say anything more and fell silent.

As if Yata always did that, so did she.

"Don't give up, it's not good."

(Don't stop understanding each other. Even if it's painful, never give up.), she thought.

Kamamoto, Suoh, Kusanagi, Totsuka, and they were all next to him.

The moment it surrenders, it will break. It will never be like before.

She gave up and escaped earlier.

"Please don't make my mistake, Yata-kun."

"Ah!"

At her words, Yata distorted his face and moved his mouth as if he was about to start crying.

But no words came out.

The way he was, he bit down on his back teeth and lowered his head again.

"Stop saying that."

A terribly small voice. When she twisted her neck, Yata stared at her.

Her eyes were warm without fluctuation, and her heart made a loud noise.

"I'll tell you appropriately..."

"Yata-kun?"

"Get well soon."

Yata's soft words, which reddened her face, struck her gently.

"Did you eat at noon?"

After that, she was silent for a while and thought about each one of them, but suddenly Yata looked at the clock on the wall and said that.

"Oh, by the way... I haven't eaten..."

"Are you hungry? Should I do something?"

"I want to eat fried rice."

"Eh?"

When he remembered that he did it earlier, Yata opened his eyes.

"It's good for when you feel bad."

"The one you made earlier was delicious."

"I'll do it if you can eat it... But what about the ingredients?"

"Oh, it might not be possible."

She meant, what was in the fridge? For the past two days, she had only eaten yogurt and jelly, which Kukuri brought for her.

When she said that, Yata moved to the front of the refrigerator and looked at it.

"Seriously, there is almost nothing. Yogurt, jam and fruit. And eggs and cold rice?"

Having said that, when he took off his school uniform, Yata looked at her and gave his usual awkward smile.

"Turn it into egg porridge. I'll go back to making fried rice when you're okay."

His words made it even more painful. The hot feelings seemed to push her chest up.

The hot egg porridge made by Yata was delicious.

She had no appetite until a little while ago, but it seemed to be written on her stomach.

She was happy, and her smile naturally overflowed.

"Thank you, I am happy."

"I will do it anytime."

When she thanked him while she smiled, Yata blushed.

"Get well soon."

"Yes, of course."

Yata gave her an awkward smile.

It was like a miracle.

She realized that happiness was such a thing.

She smiled back and chewed on the wonderful "every day."

The next day, she was completely relieved and she went to school for the first time in a long time.

"Saya-chan! You finally came!"

Kukuri-chan! Sorry for worrying you! Thanks for everything!"

She jumped onto Kukuri's chest with both hands spread.

"Konohana-san, are you okay?"

"Isn't it better to rest still?"

"Gohan. Are you okay?"

"Shiro-kun, Yatogami-kun, Neko-chan! I'm fine! Sorry for worrying you!"

When she smiled, everyone breathed like they were relieved.

"I heard this year's cold is bad."

"But I feel like I hear that every year, with a fever."

In pollen season, you hear every year how many times more pollen flies than last year, right?

"But this is credible, because my man from the festival is resting."

(Huh? Festival man?), she thought.

They all point to the window at the same time.

Kamamoto was sitting there alone. Eh? That person?!

When she told everyone, "I'm sorry.", she ran over to Kamamoto.

"Good morning, Kamamoto-kun!"

"Oh, yeah. Is your body okay?"

"Yes. Sorry to worry you. What about Yata-kun?"

"He has a fever and is resting. He caught a cold."

Well, that was... too many thoughts went through her head and she suddenly screamed.

"Oh, that's right. I got infected and infected him."

She looked up and blocked for a moment, then looked at Kamamoto, who seemed bored alone, and tilted her head.

"I want to go see him after school, can you help me sneak into the men's dorm?"

"What? Good, but... Yata-san, he will jump."

"Eh? He will jump and he will be happy?"

"Does not mean that."

She wondered if she was being impatient and going too fast. She wondered if he would turn bright red and flutter.

She knew the way of him to act.

She smiled and clenched her fist.

"No problem, I like that side of Yata-kun!"

Also, she was very happy with yesterday's visit, and she was relieved to understand the situation for which he apologized, but because of that she felt that she wanted to give back because they hurt him in vain.

"I will gladly take you, Konohana-san."

"Thanks!"

So, at night, with the help of Kamamoto, she unknowingly visited Yata's room.

Yata, who screamed, closed the door saying, "Wait two minutes, wait a minute!", but she couldn't wait quietly in the hallway of the men's dorm, they might discover her in the first place.

If he had a fever and was trying to get rid of her, it was outrageous. It wasn't a joke, so she pushes the door aside...

Then, the "superhuman strength" activated well, and when she opened the door, she pushed Yata, who stood with a bright red face, into the room and it was worth taking care of him.

The school festival was only two weeks away.

In order to enjoy the preparation together, they had to be cured as soon as possible.

+++++

"What? Christmas party?"

"Yes. I wonder if the red club will do anything for Christmas."

Yata and Kamamoto looked at each other when she said that while closing their PDA.

The school festival was the most enjoyable, including the preparation period. It was too much fun.

Preparing for a class show and preparing a position at the red club. She was very busy at the same time, she wasn't saying she wasn't in trouble, but even now, she remembered having fun. Not only her, everyone smiled and had fun.

Yes, she smiled herself, although the case of being trapped in the warehouse was not solved.

She was afraid to think that malicious intent was hidden somewhere. She couldn't help but be afraid, but Yata was there.

She was sometimes too busy to find the criminal, but thank you all, she thought it was not so much.

When it came to festivals, the red part was still going strong. The post was a great success. On the first day, the prepared quantity ran out early. She significantly increased the number from the next day, but they were all sold out.

After the school festival, it was grandly opened at the "HOMRA" bar.

It was fun.

However, after having fun, the "student book" always arrives.

The scope of the final test had been announced and the preparation period began.

As usual, if they got a red point, they would be banned, so this time too, the red club will work as one to pass the test. By the way, they were heading to the library.

"Let's go quickly, Konohana-san."

"Eh? Yes? I heard from Kukuri-chan that the Christmas party is organized by the Silver Club, right?"

"Oh, that's right. Is that what they're doing at the Himmelreich?"

"Yes. That's right. Would you like to go with me? You were surprised. The Silver club has an airship. Every year, we have a Christmas party in that airship."

"Oh. At the moment, the organizer is supposed to be the Silver club that owns Himmelreich, but the student council and the Blue club are really in charge. The participants are the Silver club and the Blue club, the student council, students. generals invited by its members and general students who won the lottery. Some teachers. It's a lot of people and it seems to be great every year. The food is amazing and luxurious."

Perhaps Kamamoto's interest was at the end, because he was so strong.

"Last year we had a Christmas party."

"Oh, after all? That's true. You said you had a Halloween party too."

"I see. Then let's reject it.", she thought. It was a bit disappointing, but she would like to participate in the Red club area.

When she said that, Kamamoto frowned, "Okay?"

".....? It's okay?"

"You can't do it with the intention of participating, I think you'd be an ant going there, right?"

"Eh? Aren't you exaggerating? I haven't decided yet or something. Okay, but I'd like to participate with the Red club."

"That would be nice. I see. It's Christmas. We'll be there. So, I should avoid the red dot anyway. I can't be a hub."

"That's right. Good luck. Christmas without you would be boring."

"That's right. Let's do our best, Yata-san."

Kamamoto looked at Yata.

But Yata didn't answer that... that is, didn't he ask? While he was thinking of something, he coughed, "Yes. Christmas. Let's do that at Christmas."

She and Kamamoto looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

"Yata-kun?"

"Yata-san?"

"What?! What is it?"

What was that line?

"I'm thinking about it. What's wrong with you?"

"Hmmm, nothing!"

Yata shook his head with the feeling that it was all "yes".

When that happened, she was irritated.

When she looks at Yata, she smiled.

"Well then. What are we going to do at Christmas?"

"What?! I don't understand! I don't know anything!"

"Yes. I agree. So, tell us what you were thinking now."

"Nothing!"

"Yes. I understand that. That's why I'm translating ..."

"Konohana-san, please forgive me in that area..."

Kamamoto sighed and put his hand on her shoulder.

And in that moment...

"Check it out..."

A secret voice crept into her ears.

She suddenly stopped and looked around her as if that voice invited her.

Down the hall. The boys who were listening shook their shoulders and ran off the moment their gazes met.

".....?"

When he turned his neck, Kamamoto coughed, "Now...".

"Do you know them?"

"A little. It's bad. I remembered what I was doing."

"Eh?"

Kamamoto took out the PDA.

"Yata-san. I'll be back first."

"Eh?"

"Konohana-san. See you later."

"Huh? Oh, yeah. See you later."

When she waved her hand, Kamamoto also turned around and ran back the way he came from.

She turned her eyebrows and looked back at Yata.

"What happened?"

"Let's go."

Yata turned around.

"Mainly, I'll find it."

Some days after. She checks it out when she to see Totsuka at the Purchasing Department at noon. So after all, it looked like there would be a Christmas party at the Red club this year too.

"There is also Konohana-san. There is no reason not to."

"Uh, I'm happy! Great!"

When she laughed and clapped her hands, Totsuka patted her head and said "Okay."

"At that time, I think I can give you good news. I look forward to it."

(Good news? What will it be? And did he say it now?), she thought, but interpreted it as a small Christmas present.

With excitement in her chest, she gave Totsuka a big smile again.

"Yes! I'm looking forward to it!"

+++++

Bar "HOMRA".

The interior, which was always elegant and calm, was decorated in Christmas colors and was very beautiful.

The Christmas lily, which was large enough to look up, was pure white. The hanging ornaments were all white. However, only the large tied ribbon was crimson. It was terribly vivid to the eyes.

The lively Christmas song was playing in the store.

Kusanagi made a lot of English-style Christmas cookies, and they all got together.

This was her first time, but unlike Japanese cookies, English cookies had decoration on both sides. And the one with the middle cylinder was the winner. He had a paper crown, various items, and a sheet of paper with Christmas cards and jokes.

They played with it while saying something, enjoying the Christmas food from Kusanagi's hands, they played, talked, laughed and talked more.

Of course, no one was out of place with a red dot.

The Red club always tries its best to play. She thought they all worked hard to play.

She felt that he was appreciating the time he could spend with her friends and she liked seeing them all like this. She was glad to be a part of it.

What was a bit concerning is that Yata was a bit quiet. He was always at the center of the confusion.

He seemed like he was not eating well.

But when she said that to Kamamoto, he said, "Okay. Don't worry. No, pretend you don't know. He's nervous."

"Saya-chan, are you eating?"

"Yes! I ate a lot! The meatloaf was too tasty! Kusanagi-san's food is too tasty. I can't doubt it. Oh, I'm getting fat..."

"Yes. We're going to get a little fat."

"What the heck! I absolutely hate it!"

"Ah! Do you want to go home for the New Year's holidays? Are you coming to eat osechi and ozoni? The store itself is closed, but hey, these guys are definitely coming."

"Of course. I will come."

"It doesn't matter what you cry. Do it right."

Kusanagi laughed and hit her with a pop.

"What? Are you making Konohana-san cry, Kusanagi-san?"

Totsuka smiled and sat down next to her.

"That is correct. It is a tremendous temptation."

"Eh? Don't be bad. Kusanagi-san."

"As a man, it is natural to persuade a pretty girl. There is no reason to complain."

Kusanagi laughed like a bad boy and left.

After saying goodbye with a smile, Totsuka squeezed his face.

"You know what? Konohana-san. About that matter..."

"That matter?"

"You were harassed before the school festival. You were trapped in the warehouse, right? We found the criminal."

"Eh?!"

She gasped at the unexpected words that she didn't expect.

She yelled a bit and looked at Totsuka seriously.

"Eh? The criminal?"

"Yes. Kamamoto noticed and contacted me. So, with the help of Fushimi, the email they sent you was rescued from the broken PDA at a later date. We also found out that it was sent from a PC."

".....!"

"I questioned the boy and confirmed everyone involved in the mischief."

"Ah..."

"Who was he?"

But before he answered that question, Totsuka put his index finger to his lips and sealed them. When he opened his eyes, Totsuka smiled and shook his head.

"I'll come back to that later. At the moment, you got a lot of attention from the Red club."

"....."

"For that? It's a reason."

Totsuka smiled like he was in a little trouble.

"Because it's a red dot in the red part."

"Eh?!"

The unexpected words surprised her.

The only red dot of the Red club, then?

"You said you wanted to join the club, but you couldn't. You didn't choose. You were very sad, you wanted to join a club, you wanted to get closer to the members, but that didn't come true. You didn't. We didn't have a female member, so he was convinced you couldn't get in because you were a woman until spring. But you got in. The first female member of all time. Surrounded by longing and sheltered people. He was jealous, frustrated, so, he talks to his friends, and it seems like they were getting excited."

"....."

"He didn't mean to hurt you. He wanted to annoy you a bit. That's all. He was shocked when an ambulance came. He said he was sorry. But he was jealous."

"Actually..."

"Kamamoto remembered. Last year, the boy wanted to join the Red club in addition to himself. So the other day when I saw the boy's eyes on Konohana-san, I thought maybe that was it."

"So you were correct?"

"Yes. I also saw his face and remembered. It is true that he wanted to join the club last year, but he couldn't take King's hand."

".....!"

In the spring, Totsuka said it was a rite of passage.

She remembered the hand he showed her, shining Homura's flame.

"Is that all? He thought it was unreasonable. He seemed to interpret that he was rejected because he was pointed out that he could not do it. So I thought, 'he was not chosen'. But

no, we do not do that. Kamamoto also said to the boy: 'But Konohana-san didn't even doubt it'."

Totsuka laughed.

"Yes. That was the decisive thing that differentiated Konohana-san from him. It didn't matter if Konohana-san was a Strain or something. Konohana-san trusted us. That made the difference."

"Senpai..."

"You will finally ask a question."

After Totsuka looked at her, he softened his eyes from her.

"Do you want to know about that child? If you want to know, I will tell you the class and the name. Will he also be punished? If Konohana-san wants, he will be punished."

"What punishment?"

When she took a breath at the harsh words, Totsuka simply said, "It's natural."

"He hurt you."

"But!"

"At least I think Konohana-san and Fushimi have the right to punish him."

"....."

But that was...

Reflectively, she shook her head.

No, it wasn't right. She understood that what Totsuka said was also correct, but...

"It bothers you?"

"Yes!"

Totsuka's words were very important.

"I don't like it. It's not about having rights or anything like that."

"You don't want to punish him? Did you have that goal?"

"Yes, but..."

She really understood that person's feeling of envy.

Totsuka smiled at the words.

"I think I can do anything if you don't want to lose this place. No. I can do it."

That was why this was an irreplaceable place for her.

"This place is the 'best' to spend time with my friends."

Thus, she could understand the feelings that he painfully yearned for.

With a pong, one hand rested on her head.

Looking back, Kusanagi's mischievous smile was there.

Everyone laughed as she looked around her.

Suoh was also looking at her sideways.

And the moment her eyes met, Yata showed an awkward smile.

His dedicated, straight line of sight was unbreakable.

Her chest warmed.

That was all. She had a "miracle". She couldn't help but be a little jealous. Rather it could be natural. Because actually, this place is the "best" to spend time with friends.

She smiled a little and looked back at Totsuka.

"I don't have to know the class or the name. I don't want any punishment. If he won't do it anymore, that's fine. That's enough."

"Yes, then I will tell him."

Totsuka laughed softly.

She, too, smiled back at him with a warm feeling.

Outside the window, pure white snow flew in the indigo sky.

"It's okay?"

"It's okay!"

Yata replied with a loud voice that made the volume adjustment stupid.

She instinctively looked at the choked attitude he had when he was on the red side.

A night road with white snow.

As expected, Christmas had arrived. The illuminations were gorgeous and there was still no sign of sleeping in the city.

The way home from the party. Two people were walking down the path to the bedroom.

"Eh? Kamamoto-kun? Oh, Kamamoto-kun stayed at the bar because he helped clean it up."

"He told you to help him too, right? There, he was forced to chase you, saying, "It's okay because it's okay"."

After leaving the store, Yata kept quiet and looked more serious than during the party, and when she was worried about it she asked, "Are you okay?"

Well, if he could make such a strong voice, it would be really fine.

(But what happened? He was really weird today, right? Is there something that worries him? Oh, but Kamamoto-kun said he was nervous, right? Something... Oh! Maybe's the new headmaster of the red club? Will Totsuka announce it at the beginning of the year? Is that it?), thinking about that, she was walking at the time.

Yata stopped suddenly.

When he looked back, wondering, Yata looked at her for a moment and then fell silent, then opened his mouth as if he had decided something.

"I'll only say it once!"

"Eh? Oh, yeah."

She wondered what it was.

As she bowed his head, she was still searching and obediently waiting for Yata's words. This was also the "only time" that he did not come easily.

He could make his face turn bright red and scratch his head, or he could swim his eyes blazing, or suddenly pass out in agony. Just do that or nothing.

(Oh, Yata-kun? Is it snowing? It's really cold though.), she thought.

But somehow she couldn't say "make it faster" so she silently waited for the words.

How long should she wait? When it was colder and harder to stand silently, Yata finally looked directly at her. It was like a challenge.

His eyes with hot flames caught her.

"I like you...!"

"Ah...!"

A shaky and hazy voice seemed to have been desperately squeezed out.

But it pierced her heart more vividly than any word she had ever heard.

She involuntarily held her mouth with her hand.

She got those words from Yata, who was extremely shy... she got it... There was no question.

It was inspiring and so hot her chest ached. Of course, her face was almost on fire. She could no longer feel the cold. That margin had vanished somewhere.

"Ah...!"

The tears were overflowing.

And it was Yata who was scared. When he yelled, "Wow!", her eyes shed tears.

"Wow, too bad! I made you cry..."

"It's different. Not bad. I'm sorry..."

She had no more words.

She knew he was misunderstood, but she couldn't hold back the tears and covered her face with both hands.

"Ah!"

She was very happy.

It was a miracle to her, she was a "monster" a year ago.

The more painful it was, the hotter her chest became. The joy that filled her took her breath away. She was going to drown. She was so happy that it made her want to scream.

It's not that he was anxious, overprotective, and unreliable, but that he was compassionate, masculine, direct, big, and kind.

He always ran to her first, or he would walk away in shame.

Yata, who ran in front of everyone, was the coolest and most trusted. But he couldn't speak well to girls, and he would soon turn bright red and get embarrassed.

With Yata everything was fun, interesting, warm and very comfortable.

"Ah!"

His carefree smile was nice, but she also loved to see him laugh in a complicated and awkward way.

Since the spring, Yata was in everyone's memory of her.

(Oh, that's right. I can understand a little about the feeling of wanting to harass. If Yata-kun was stolen from me, I might even harass him. Because I don't want to leave him, or this place where everyone is.), she thought.

"Ah..."

"Well don't cry. Don't cry. I wonder..."

Yata's voice that seemed to be in trouble made her laugh.

"What? Hey..."

"Ah... it's true..."

He didn't even know why she was crying. She also liked that side of Yata.

She wiped away her tears, laughed and said it.

Just a few words, but they were important words.

"I like you too!"

".....!"

"I understand that I am so happy and crying..."

"Ah..."

At that moment, he hugged her so tightly that she couldn't breathe.

"Ah! I'm so happy, I will die of happiness...!"

"That's my line, Yata-kun."

She was too happy, she was scared, because she had more than a "miracle".

Was it really good? She could be happy.

She thought so, but she could no longer put that happiness aside.

She couldn't even imagine a life without Yata.

She silently felt Yata's body temperature, with great happiness.

However, for a time, he took such a bold action. Yata seemed to have returned to himself immediately, and the next moment, he screamed again and released her.

He apologized for a while saying "Wow, too bad!", but she didn't want him to apologize for that.

It was brief, which is why she found it disappointing.

Although she frowned, Yata's carefree and innocent smile couldn't be followed by a grumpy face, she relaxed and laughed.

"Hurrah!"

Yata held his fist with a bright smile before her.

"It was the best Christmas present!"

Yata's words suddenly exploded.

(But that's my line. A gift that's more than a "miracle", thank you!), she thought.

"First visit of the year to a shrine. Come on."

"Yes."

"Let's go to HOMRA to eat New Year's dishes."

"Yes."

"There are no special events in January, but let's play a lot with everyone."

"Yes."

Yata stepped forward holding her hand. The answer was short, she was nervous.

But that was enough to warm her heart.

She laughed and looked up at the indigo sky with white snow.

"If it stacks up, I want to have a snowball fight."

"Okay."

"Ok, let's go."

He takes out the PDA and check the time.

"I guess they got mad."

"Ah..."

Yata sighed.

The time for the bedroom curfew was past, Yata sighed, but he didn't seem to be in a hurry.

She was very happy about it. Because it was Christmas, and she still wanted to be with him.

When she laughed, she felt terribly happy and held Yata's hand.

FINAL CHAPTER: FIRST LOVE

In February, the end of the year test was successfully completed and Valentine's Day arrived.

Even though class was over, Yata was vaguely looking out the window without preparing for his return. He put a toothpick on his desk and didn't move.

Perhaps because he no longer had to worry about testing, Yata's goal of avoiding the red spots was getting weaker by the day.

She knew the cause. In just two weeks, Suoh and Totsuka will graduate.

Suoh was still immersed in HOMRA, so she saw him almost every day, but she thought it was possible that she couldn't meet for a while because he would be a graduate.

She could see how important they were to Yata.

It was already dark outside. The snow was flashing and she thought it best to go home early.

"Konohana. I'll buy some drink."

Kamamoto heard him.

Looking up, Kamamoto pointed at her bag mischievously, "Is it there?"

"Eh? Ah...!"

She tilted her head for a moment, but soon realized the meaning and her face turned red.

That was correct. Was he attentive?

Kamamoto was really too observant at times.

"Thank you. Ah... Can I order some hot milk tea?"

"Yes."

"Oh, and that..."

She was embarrassed and coughed softly.

"Well, is that..."

Before answering, his big hand hit her back with a pop.

"Ok, good luck."

"Oh, thanks..."

She graciously greeted Kamamoto, who came out of the classroom, and took a small box out of the bag and went to Yata.

She sat silently on the seat across from Yata, who looked vaguely.

"Uh, Yata-kun?"

No matter how many times Kamamoto had called him, his vaguely turned eyes were immediately reflected.

She was a bit proud, but embarrassed, when she thought that that was the difference between her and Kamamoto.

Oh, but after all, the expression was darker than usual. Even if it was Valentine's Day.

When she took a breath, she put a lot of effort into her stomach and moved the box in front of Yata with her fingers.

"Ah!"

"I know how you feel, that's why I can't help but feel depressed. Yata-kun, you're the new headmaster, so you have to be firm. You can't tell everyone, right?"

"Yes, it's correct..."

"They can meet at HOMRA. Well, I don't think they can do it every day like they used to. But if you feel like it, you can always meet."

"That's it..."

"If you don't go to the same school, if you don't meet every day, it's not something so fragile that it breaks, right? The Red club is strong."

"That's correct, but..."

He was coughing as if Yata was under pressure from something unprecedented.

(Yes. I get it.), she thought.

She knew what Yata was like. Still, he felt lonely. However, that was it. It didn't matter what the reason was.

She understood. She would also feel lonely not hearing Totsuka's soft laugh for a while.

(But you know? Yata-kun. It's about the Red club, the air like a wake doesn't suit you.), she thought.

He didn't want Suoh and Totsuka to leave, he didn't want to celebrate their graduation.

Yata should be in the center.

"It's hard for me to have such a dark face, because today is Valentine's..."

Yata turned her back and widened her eyes.

"Eh?"

"Wow, did you forget?!"

(Ah, I was the only one who was excited about it since morning!), she thought.

"Honestly, I'll give you my favorite chocolate, huh, it's my first time..."

".....!"

"No, Yata-kun, I'm not very good at sweets, but I did my best. I asked Kukuri-chan to try it many times, so she got a little fat and got angry. But Neko-chan just says that almost everything is "delicious"."

"Eh...?"

"Well, that... then do you accept it?"

She looks at Yata with a shy look and hand him the package.

"Wow, cheer up, okay? Eat it."

When she handed him the red wrap package, Yata reddened his face.

"Because Yata-kun will definitely be a good manager. That's why Suoh-senpai entrusted the Red club to Yata-kun. That thought, you can't betray him, right?"

"Mikoto-san thinks that?"

"Eh?"

"Do you think I can be like Mikoto-san?"

Yata looked at her directly.

His eyes looked so serious that they weren't suitable for receiving Valentine's chocolate from her lover, and it was impressive.

So, she understood that it wasn't just because Suoh and Totsuka were graduating that he wasn't feeling well these days.

(I see. Yata-kun felt very pressured.), she thought.

She agreed. Suoh is a great person. She could understand it, but she sorry that Yata was under pressure to become like Suoh, she had never thought of it that way.

She finally smiled and looked directly at Yata.

"You can be. I guarantee it. But you are not "like Suoh-senpai" but "different from Suoh-senpai", right?"

"Hey?"

"Yata-kun, you are not under Suoh-senpai's shadow. You are not inferior. You are just different. There is something that Suoh-senpai doesn't have."

".....!"

"Yata-kun certainly doesn't have the charisma that Suoh-senpai has. There are many other things that Suoh-senpai has and Yata-kun doesn't have. But at the same time, Suoh-senpai doesn't have many things that Yata-kun has."

That's why she thought he would be fine.

"Now I can laugh because Yata-kun was there. It wasn't because of Suoh-senpai."

".....!"

That was what Suoh couldn't do.

It was always Yata who took her hand and protected her.

Thanks to Yata's support, she was able to fully enjoy her normal school life.

"I think you can become a better manager because you are different from Suoh-senpai. I mean, let's do that! Suoh-senpai entrusted you with the Red club. You have to keep your head up."

"If that is..."

"That's right. Let's do our best. We have friends..."

She was so embarrassed to say that, and when she said "friends", Yata stared at her.

And when he smiled his usual awkward smile, she was embarrassed and sheepishly said, "That's right."

"You are here."

"Ah...!"

Well, her face immediately turned red.

Oh, after all, she liked that side of Yata. Even though she said "we have friends", he said "you are here".

That action was irresistible.

(Oh, yeah! I love it!), she thought.

When she got up, she touched his desk and leaned forward. Then she kissed him on the cheek.

"Ah...?"

Immediately, Yata turned over his body as if it had been doused with boiling water.

He let the chair rattle and jumped out of the way, looking at her with an embarrassed expression, he froze.

She opened her mouth for ten seconds, twenty seconds.

Only after more than a minute did she understand what had happened. Yata suddenly turned into an eggplant.

Perhaps the big blush was embarrassing. The next moment, Yata grabbed his hat with both hands in terrible panic and slammed it down, hiding his eyes from her and more than half of his face.

(Oh, of course, it's still a bright red face, isn't it?), she thought.

Even though she was sassy and had a bright red face, she still felt embarrassed.

Well, she had been thinking about it for a long time, giving Yata a kiss.

"Yata-kun, you are cute."

"Shut up! Don't look!"

EPILOGUE:

Nice to meet you. Or has it been a long time? I am Misono Lucia.

A big thank you to everyone who bought this novel. I hope you enjoyed it.

This is the second novelization of "Gakuen K". Thanks! I didn't think I could write a second novel!

If there was a second novel, I decided that the hero was Yata-kun. In the first installment, I was in a half-hearted position, so I thought, "Next time, I'll make Yata-kun happy!", but I was very happy to have the opportunity.

However, like last time, it was always a series of "will it be okay?"

Because I love Yata-kun! He is manly, hot, direct, a little low-key but compassionate, awkward but terribly gentle. I just want to make Yata-kun happy, that he's so cool!

But he is vulnerable to girls and pure! It's hard to develop love with Saya-chan!

As a result of trial and error, the number of original developments had increased significantly over the previous time.

Still, I hope you enjoyed this book, which I desperately wrote with all the power I have (a small amount).

After this "postscript", I wrote a little story. About a year after the end of the main story. You can take a look at the main character right before he becomes a college student. It's actually a relief from a part of the cut scene in the main part, but I'm happy to be able to deliver it to everyone this way. It really is a little bit, but I hope you enjoy it.

By the way, even though it's the second novel, the person in charge who kindly guided and supported me, who was worried about this and that, is the one from the first novel! Thanks for all the help you have given me! I really appreciate you!

And I would like to express my sincere thanks to all the editorial staff and everyone involved in this book.

Also, I thank my family and friends for their support. To my husband who always encourages me, generous and endless love!

And I would like to express my sincere thanks to everyone who read it.

April 2015, Misono Lucia.

EXTRA CHAPTER: MEMORIES

"Thanks to you guys for turning it into a hangout, the sales are terrible."

Kusanagi, who had a serious face, pounded his fist on the counter.

"I don't care if it continues like this, but I can't make any money..."

"Oh, it is very difficult."

Kamamoto said that while he was dipping a taiyaki.

"How forgiving. It's mainly your fault. You could cooperate as well."

"I told you I'd cooperate... Should I pick up a girl and take her away?"

"That's what I'm doing. Stupid."

After cutting off Chitose's words with a single sentence, Kusanagi raised his index finger.

"It's only one month until the end of October. At HOMRA, we decided to have a special Halloween lunch and candy. During the day, you guys will earn money!"

When does Kusanagi go to college? It's a mystery.

"You will help us promote so that as many people as possible can come."

"Oh, then, after all, we will retake..."

"That's what I'm saying. Stupid. Don't give your dark image to the store. At times like this, put it in a bag with two candies and distribute it down the street. I'm doing a Halloween fair. If you dress up, you'll see better."

(That's it. In other words, do something like hand out tissues.), she thought.

"I'm going to dress up and give it in the city... Do you have a costume?"

When she bowed her head, Totsuka stood up and descended into the underground warehouse.

"Of course. The costume I wore to the Halloween party last year."

"Ah!"

"Mikoto was a vampire, Totsuka was a mummy man, and Kamamoto played Frankenstein. And later..."

She wanted to see it. Suoh's Dracula? He would be absolutely powerful. Anyway, that hair, those eyes. She means, he would disguise himself, that would be surprising, but he wondered if almost everything was already "done".

"Yata-chan was a werewolf?"

"Who should I threaten to get the photos?!"

When she accidentally clasped her hands and said that, Kusanagi smiled a bitter smile, "Saya-chan, your ideas have been colored."

"Even if you threatened someone, there must be a video taken by Totsuka in the basement. The photo is surely there."

"Oh, let's enjoy it later! Thanks!"

"Saya-chan has quite an interesting thinking circuit. Well, he knew it."

Was that so? But it's not something she could ignore. She absolutely had to see it.

"There was! I got stuck in a box searching, so I had to do a bit of checking."

Then, Totsuka came back and put a large cardboard box on the ground.

When he opened the box, that was true. Everything was messy.

"Konohana-san, could you disguise yourself as a witch?"

"Eh? Until now, there were no female members, but do you have girl costumes?"

"Last year, there was a guy who was dressed as a woman in a punishment game."

At Kamamoto's words, Eric turned his back on her. That said it all.

"It's easy to understand because it's an advertisement and it's easy to move because it's used outside, hmm."

"That's right. Is it easy to put on and take off with a cape or gown?"

She rescues the vampire cape from the box. She would have to wash and iron it.

With that in mind, her eyes caught something lower.

"Oh, cat ears Katyusha..."

She takes out the Katyusha with big black triangular ears.

"....."

Somehow it was badly ordered.

"Oh, that's good. It would be nice if Konohana-san put it on."

"Because I?"

"Eh? You didn't see it because you wanted to wear it?"

No, she definitely wanted to put it on, but that wasn't the story.

She put her index finger to her lips and turned back.

Totsuka got it and made a face saying "I see." and he laughed.

She got up quietly so as not to make a noise and went to Yata who was looking at the brochure.

Then she quickly removed his hat and put Katyusha cat ears on his head.

"Eh?"

He might not know what happened because of his sudden outrage, but for a moment, Yata looked back vigorously and rolled his eyes.

That expression was cute!

When he suddenly struck a gutsy pose, Yata, who opened his mouth, casually tugged at the cat ears and pulled them off. Then he looked at her and blushed, "Oh...".

"What are you doing?! Give me back my hat!"

"I'm sorry! I can't control my desires... But I think you're cute!"

"Hey, what are you saying?! Wait! What's this about me being cute?!"

But even if they told him what to do...

"Well, I'm happy, because I wanted to see the cute Yata-kun... Oh! I will record it firmly on my retina. Thank you."

When she bowed deeply, Yata looks even further. At the same time, the store burst into laughter.

"Eh? Hey, guys! Don't laugh!"

Yata stood up and looked at everyone who was laughing.

His face was bright red, and they all laughed to mock him.

When she thought about it, she already liked Yata for no reason. She wanted to see various facets of Yata. She wanted to fill up on Yata.

She laughed and caught the photo of Yata with cat ears and a shocked expression.

After all, the cat ears would be worn at the Red club's Halloween party at a later date, by Yata, who lost in the punishment game. Eric also went back to dressing up as a woman, so he was in a bad mood the entire time during the party.

"Saya, have you finished cleaning?"

She hears Yata's voice. An irreplaceable person and whom she loved too much.

From now on, they will live together in the future.

When she closed the photo album, she responded cheerfully and stood up.