

やはり俺の 青春ラブコメは まちがっている。

My youth romantic comedy is
wrong as I expected.

渡 航【wataru watari】

illustration ぽんかん⑧

14.5

fourteen and
a half



一色いろは
iroha isshiki



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Contents:

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Cafe scene was translated by @Raul from Oregairu Discord.(https://mobile.twitter.com/Raul_RI98)

Chapter 1 - Hikigaya Komachi always wants a sister-in-law.

(Note: This is taking place after their shrine visit on New Year.)

It is evident that Ikkyu Sojun sang “New Year’s Day is a milestone on the road to the underworld”. Such wonderful wisdom. The name Ikkyu is already known.

(**Annotation:** Ikkyu Sojun(1394-1481) was an eccentric Zen monk, poet and musician.)

If I was Godaigo, I would call it a beautiful name.

(**Annotation** - Godaigo - A Japanese band in the 1970s and 1980s. In 1979, they released a song called “Every Child Has a Beautiful Name” in English).

It's not really limited to New Year's Day, but birthdays, graduations, and events where you hear "Congratulations!" are mostly events that accompany the passage of the year, so in reality, it's not particularly worth celebrating.

Ultimately, everything that is blessed in this world is only a foreshadowing of the end. Birthdays are the countdown of lifespan, and celebrating graduation is, in a sense, deportation. It is an era in which graduation is beautifully decorated and painted with pretentiousness. With that in mind, there's nothing to celebrate at all, and I'm happy and luck. 🍀 Lucky! This year too, I have to be normal!

With that feeling, like Ikkyu Sojun this New Year's Eve, don't panic, don't panic, take a good rest Take a good rest. The Japanese blood flowing in the city celebrates New Year's celebrations. I don't like it. I'm really Japanese to the bone... For knowing English words, the part where I can't speak English at all is completely Japanese.

As a result, I was drawn out by Komachi for year’s first shrine visit.

At Sengen Shrine, I was also joined by Yukinoshita and Yuigahama, drawing fortune cards and doing other things. We encountered Miura and others on the way, so Yuigahama went with them and Komachi forgot to buy the lucky charm, so she went back to shrine.

Even a few stations felt like a great time, but I still remember every detail. The weak force that suddenly held hem of jacket, or the small hand that waved at an awkward goodbye when we parted, cannot be easily forgotten.

So, my New Year's Eve has just come to an end.

Without being led by the flow of the crowds of worshipers, and without any problems, I finished this year's New Year's work safely, and I returned to my home where there was no one around.

My parents must have gone out somewhere together. While waiting for Komachi to return, I was rolling around while holding Kamakura in the kotatsu.

This is it..., this is the right way to spend New Year's Day...

Even so, there is no need to face a woman and make your heart pumped up from the beginning of the new year. I want to give Heart-san a rest for the year-end and New Year holidays too! If you rest, you will die....

XXX

(T/N: "older sister(onee-san)" is referred to as sister-in-law.)

I heard a crackling sound and opened my eyes.

It seems that I fell asleep in earnest as I was rolling around in the kotatsu. When I got up, there was a Komachi looking at me apathetically. One of the mugs on the table reached toward me.

"...Oh, thank you. ...Did you get the charm, you came quickly."

"That's what Komachi is saying..."

Suddenly, with a blank smile on her face, Komachi sipped her coffee and quickly leaned over the kotatsu and asked a question.

"...So, Onii-chan. How was it?"

"Nothing. It was normal."

I didn't know what she was asking, so when I gave an appropriate answer, Komachi waved her hand as if it wasn't.

"No, no, it's normal. I'm not even a middle school student in the rebellious period."

"Is that so..... That's not the point of a rebellious middle school student....."

Even though she is my younger sister, I thought that she was strangely indecisive, or that she had a housekeeper-like feeling, so Komachi leaned forward and started saying something like a relative or grandmother.

"You and Yukino-san went back together? Did you do something?"

"If there's something enough to go around together, it's conversely dangerous... Why do elementary school students these days think going to school in groups? They lack a sense of risk."

"Haaaaa~ That's what happened."

With a sigh that seemed to be genuinely annoying, Komachi turned to the TV New Year's broadcast as if she were ignoring me.

The New Year's broadcast, which doesn't change much every year, shows happy pictures that are perfect for the new year, such as couples who registered their marriage on the new year or babies born on the same day.

"I wanted to put it all together before the end of the year... but I think it's going to be too much this year..."

"What? You mean the cleanup?"

"Yeah, the story of Oregairu."

"The era is of eco-recycling, so it can't be sorted out so easily."

As soon as I responded appropriately, Komachi let out a terrifying mutter, like an environment girl from somewhere, like, "Well, say that...". I don't like it, it's really, really scary.... Are you twisted?

That way, while I was panicking, I looked at Komachi, and Komachi was lost in thought and contemplating something.

"Ah-..., but her older brother is Oregairu. Even if Komachi somehow rowed him until her marriage, he would soon be swept away, so if he came back crying, he would be in twice the trouble."

It's dangerous to think about her brother's marriage before my own, and she's a brocon. Otherwise, I am also worried about her marriage, and my dignity as an older brother is in danger. I feel like marrying brother is the most amicable solution in the current situation, but considering the

constitution of this country, it might be the most dangerous, so we may have to give up. Damn it! Democracy!

As I was burning in spirit of the revolution alone, Komachi was burning in something else.

"It is not that there is no candidate for her older sister"

"Could you just stop day dreaming? Please stop putting out such a private candidate without my permission, please?"

"After all, as a candidate for sister-in law, the strongest person is.... I want Yukino-san as my sister."

I didn't ask. If you strike back with such a reckless remark, you will ruin the long-awaited New Year's Eve. I turned to the TV to end the conversation. However, Komachi stabbed me in the side saying

"Komachi is serious, Onii-chan are you listening".

"If Yukino-san becomes my sister-in-law, Onii-chan can become stay-at-home husband. I think of it as my lifetime income"

"Stop arbitrarily declaring a cold defeat for lifelong annual income. Have a brighter outlook on your brother's future."

"Is it bright? But, it's so bright that you can't see anything, it's like solar system, there's nothing"

Somehow, it seems it's true.... Unknowingly, I was lowering my shoulders, so Komachi pumped her fists.

"And if Yukinoshita became your sister-in law, she will take good care of Komachi, so I'll do the housework instead of you! Good job, it's like a dream come true!"

"You don't need me already ... You two just have to get married... things will work out, I'm still stuck at our parents' house....."

Komachi suddenly smiled kindly. And she said in a soft voice.

"It's okay, Onii-chan. you can stay with your brother Ka-kun..."

What is that line of loving-kindness... It's completely pet-like, so I'm not happy at all... It might be better to get used to it while eating cans of cat food with Kamakura from tomorrow.

As I was having a fight for food with Kamakura. Stroking Kamakura, who was lying on her lap, Komachi said something terrifying.

"Well, from that point of view, Haruno-san almost met the conditions."

"Hey, that's scary. I'm afraid of you can assume that person as your older sister."

Even if I dream, I'm cannot try to imagine such a thing. You don't know this person very well.....

After sipping coffee, Komachi spread the wings of her imagination one more step.

"It would be good if Saki-neesan was Komachi's older sister."

"No, never."

"But, Saki-neesan's younger sister will come along with her. I've heard that she's really cute."

As Komachi laughed, she set one of the most powerful cards in the Kawasaki family's hand, Keika.

".....Let me think about it for a bit. It's dangerous-! You mean, that Taishi will also come with her. It's not necessary, too much. "

However, when I become the strongest duelist in my class, I am also sensitive to the existence of trap cards. I succeeded in evading this card. Kawa-something has never done anything personally, and as an older brother, I can't let Komachi and Taishi get close.

However, maybe it was because she saw that I was shaken by keika, Komachi frowned and crossed her arms, then pulled out the next card.

"That's right..... Onii-chan doesn't have a bad relationship with a younger person... Oh, then, how about Rumi-chan?"

"Rumi Rumi, that's right, you know she's my idol rather than being a candidate of sister-in-law, I want to do idol activities together I simply want to cheer her up."

"Um, I feel bad for your serious face..... The way you talk is so sincere..."

It was a serious explanation with sincerity, but Komachi seemed to have shattered it. However, as if she had given up, she let out a deep sigh.

"It's not too late..., then, change the direction..., Hiratsuka-sensei, or something?"

As soon as she said those words, I felt the air flowing between us slowly getting colder.

The conversation that had been exchanged like a joke until now has changed dramatically, and I have no choice but to assume a realistic responsibility. More than anything, there was something like "pressure" that shouldn't be touched lightly. Komachi must have sensed that too. she slowly lowered her head with a sad face.

"I'm sorry, Komachi touched something that she shouldn't have..."

"Yeah. Let's pretend it didn't happen. If it's Hiratsuka-sensei, she'll be able to get happiness someday. I'm not sure."

I looked into the distance and prayed. Quickly.....! Someone take her quickly! It's urgent! Otherwise, there's a chance I'll take a wrong step and take her away!

For a while, the sound of the TV echoed in the silent living. We sip coffee and sighed at the same time. After paying attention to the TV for a while, Komachi suddenly opened her mouth.

"Well, if Onii-chan is happy that's all that matters. Oh, that scored high in Komachi's points book."

At that smile, I gently pulled my chin to give an answer that didn't come out as a voice.

Chapter 2 - Nevertheless, Hikigaya Komachi does not give up on her older sister.

The season is still winter.

The freshly hung calendar had only passed one day's worth.

The day after I went to for my first shrine visit of the year, I finished my promise with Yuigahama to go buy Yukinoshita's birthday present and rushed home alone.

The reason that the exhaled breath seemed whiter than usual was maybe because I breathed heavy and deep.

Contrary to the rapid movement of the legs under the cold sky, I exhaled slowly.

It would have been just one breath, but it stretched out horizontally like cigarette smoke, swayed for a moment, and then disappeared in the wind.

At that moment, the setting sunset was dyed in red, and the glowing neon blue was sky was still lurking, and then it vanished into the darkness, as if the all sighs of today had been condensed there.

For example, the shopping time spent with Yuigahama, casual conversations, and the sudden closeness of the distance are very similar to the colour of the sunset. However, looking back, the strange tension of meeting Haruno and Hayama can be expressed in the ultramarine sky sleeping on the horizon. After that, when Yukinoshita and her mother came, what I felt was the darkness of the night.

As if looking for a ray of light beyond the veil, I looked up at the sky.

I don't know what lies ahead, but I never stopped walking, and I'm just advancing little by little to the place I need to go, the place I need to return to, and the answer I need to find.

I, we, walk through a year like that, and start a new year again.

With that in mind, it's still a bright new year, but for me it's a pretty good start.

Anyway, I was able to finish my shopping with Yuigahama, and I was able to deliver the present to Yukinoshita safely. You could call it mission complete. It was such a perfect mission complete, so it's not strange even if a junior comes up to me saying, "It's pretty good, senpai." It's good, that kind of junior...

But I'm not sure about my junior.

XXX

On the night after the New Year's family's celebration, only me, Komachi and Kamakura remain in the living room.

In Kotatsu, Komachi is drinking coffee after dinner. Komachi, who was grumbling at Kamakura, coughed as if to get my attention.

"...So, Onii-chan. How was it?"

I can see what Komachi is trying to ask. As for today's shopping, Komachi only followed along the way, and it was probably because I got out of the way because of unnecessary attention...

That means, you want to ask the story of what happened after that. It is the same pattern from yesterday's shrine visit.

If that's the case, it's perfectly natural for my answer to follow the same pattern again.

"Nothing. It was normal."

Having said that, Komachi let out a big sigh, "Haaaah~~~~~."

"Okay? Onii-chan. Yui-neesan is a top-class older sister in her older sister candidate list!? These days, there aren't that many people with such a high sister power?"

"No, so please stop. The list of sister candidates which completely ignores my will, quit. Dispose of it immediately. See and learn from the cherry blossom viewing gathering list .

(*Note - A case involving Prime Minister Abe. Hosting cherry blossom viewing using taxes, but the number of people who were in the list was shredded is undisclosed.)"

By adding social satire in that way, I am actively appealing to my interest in politics and aiming for the next Chiba prefecture governor. I want to make Chiba even better.....

However, Komachi didn't even want to listen to my governor election manifest, perhaps because he was still not interested in the prefectural government, and continued the story at will.

"When Yui-neesan becomes her sister-in law, Komachi thinks she'll make a good bride for her older brother."

"It's not like that. No matter who Yuigahama marries, she's sure to be a good bride. There's no need to limit the person to me. Therefore, there's no need to discuss the premise under the current conditions. ."

Without a break, there is no objection! Raising my hand and speaking with a confident face, Komachi made a face that seemed to really dislike it.

"Wow, Onii-chan..... Is that something like that?"

Even so, if I speak in a sincere tone, I have no choice but to bow my head and remain quiet, saying "Yes.....". Seeing myself reflecting on myself satisfactorily, Komachi continued the story.

"Let's see, then, then, the player who can to be selected for the second round....."

"Eh..., is that draft still going on?"

When I spoke with a feeling of being half awake, Komachi proudly puffed her chest.

"Of course! Komachi still has a handful of cards left!"

"Hey? Why don't you stop talking about my marriage? you can't send your brother to the graveyard and summon her a sister. The bride's summoning cost is very high, and there is a possibility of an immediate divorce."

This is the turn-end, with 3 cards "Divorce", "Property Division", and "Alimony" put on the board as it is this way. When the trap card "Discordance of Personality" is activated, all that is left is a tearful combo after divorce.

However, ignoring the combo, Komachi made the gesture of placing an invisible box and continued the story.

"Yeah, well, put that aside for now... Oh, then, how about Miura-san?"

"Isn't it too much?... No. No really. No way. It can't be. You mean Miura? No. No. Really no."

"No, Onii-chan, no matter how much you reject it... Something, conversely, you have become someone who likes Miurai-san so much..."

Well, I like the she is, she's is a good person, but even If I said it jokingly ... Komachi will take it as sign and attack me, so I'm terrified. I coughed and said.

"Well, before you talk about me, she hates me a lot."

"Yeah, I think people generally hate Onii-chan, so that's the second thing..."

"Hey? I'm already aware of it, so it's okay."

Komachi whispered something that could not be ignored, and then gestured to the invisible box. If left alone, the invisible boxes will gradually pile up.

"I mean, I have a feeling that Miura-san will be a good mother-."

"Yeah, that's right. So, the kid's hair looks like it's going to be really long. She dyes her hair, causing trouble at school."

"Ah-....., before she got married, she used to go to Don Quijote (general store) well, and after having her family, I feel like shww would go to Aeon (supermarket)... ..."

"No, that's the Kawasaki side. Miura is more glamorous, usually going to an outlet mall, and it feels like she goes to Isetan(department store) about once a year."

"I don't know the difference.... Then, I'll introduce the next candidate."

Haaaa~, Komachi sighed once, let her story flow, drank his coffee, and said as if he had just remembered.

"Oh, then, how about Ebina-san?"

An unexpected name came up, and I suddenly fell into a thought.

"Ah-...because we have zero interest in each other. If we don't interfere with each other's lives, it might not be at all. I feel like I can sign a contract if I have the advantage in my social life, assuming I don't have a family life."

As I spoke, Komachi gave a bitter expression.

"The way you talk is too much like a new generation couple... What do you mean by advantage?"

"It is said that it is easy to get a loan if you get married. And tax reduction etc. As a bonus, it can get windy for single person, so you can use them as a windshield."

As I was exhausting the knowledge I had heard from somewhere, Komachi's bewildered expression gradually changed to sadness, and eyes as if looking at something pitiful.

".....Onii-chan's view of marriage, isn't it too twisted?"

"No, it's just an example... Are you saying that such a progressive way of thinking is possible?"

Even if I look like this, I am a man aiming for the future governor of Chiba Prefecture. You need to show that you understand the past couple, as well as the innovative way.

As I spoke about the part of my Governor Election Manifest that I had just not finished, Komachi sobbed and began to think about something. Then, she nodded her head as if he understood something.

"Indeed... Well, in the worst case, Komachi will express her understanding even if his marriage partner becomes Hayama-san."

"No, no. There is no Hayama. Person's personality comes before gender."

I answered immediately. However, I did not forget the consideration for the government. In order not to get hit by a single PC stick with the strongest Noble Phantasm, I denied it on the grounds that Hayama and I did not match.

(T/N: Is PC Stick what I think its....)

Then, whether she understood or not, she announced the name of the next candidate.

"Ah, then, for example, Sai....."

"Okay."

I answered immediately. No reason this time. Regardless of the Chiba prefecture's governor, they will immediately enter the state affairs and amend the law. However, perhaps the momentum was too good, Komachi was overwhelmed.

"Fast, fast Onii-chan. I haven't said everything yet... I was going to say Tobe-san..."

"Ah, is that so..... Who the hell is Tobe?"

Having said that, Komachi took another deep breath. After a while, she suddenly smiled as if tired of it.

"Well, as long as you're happy, Komachi doesn't matter."

"Then, I have to make Komachi happy first. Because that's my happiness. Oh, that scored pretty high Hachiman's point book."

When I mimicked her, Komachi gave a blank expression. However, that was only for a moment. She smiled.

"I think we still have a long way to go."

Saying in a tone that was full of the feeling of giving up, Komachi reached out for her mug, and got up from the kotatsu and headed for the kitchen.

I saw the her back, and thought again.

I'm sorry for her future sister-in-law, but now I want to monopolize my little sister just a little bit longer.

XXX

While waiting for the water to boil in the kitchen, I was watching my brother being teased by Ka-kun in the kotatsu. There were a lot of things I wanted to say, but from a Komachi point of view, I'm not really worried that much. If you keep watching closely for 15 years, he is quite a piece of garbage, even if it's just that, the good things are still there, so I thought that maybe someone special might not even notice it.

Someone who pulls you from above, someone who pushes you up from below....or someone who gets involved in another way....

I don't know what form it will take, but Komachi has a foreboding that there must be someone who will hold hands in that way.

Until that day, Komachi continues to search for her older sister (tentative name).

Chapter 3 – And then the festival ends, and a new one begins.

Festival.

What do you think of when you hear the word?

In general interpretation, a festival refers to a rock festival, and it refers to a music festival where people gather and party, let alone staying up all night, and in other words, a festival of music that heats up over several days.

Head banging, moshu, diving with alcohol in one hand, fatigued, shoulder-to-shoulder or equestrian, or mikoshi (*ju-god kiln) (*ju-motegira) like Mirai Moriyama from popular period (motegi) (There is a scene in the movie where he rides a mikoshi), and even people he doesn't know get together in one music, and the atmosphere heats up, or shares an experience that could never have been... That's probably the image of the festival.

The image that I personally hold is such a feeling. I admit to being biased to a certain extent, and I'm still immersed in prejudice.

However, the image I have is not necessarily a bad impression.

It can be said that the fact that everyone gathers together and heats up as a result of music is actually enjoying it properly, and it can also be said to be an aspect of the significance of the festival's existence.

A festival is a festival. It is such a place.

An old man once said,

Chiba's specialties, festivals and dances. We're all fools, so let's dance and sing a song!

So, I don't deny the way I enjoy it.

If we look at the history of ancient and ancient times, festivals are in a sense a place where people can enjoy without upside down, and also a place where generosity is shown. Second to ancient times, since the Middle Ages, it is said that at the gathering after the end of the ritual as a shrine, regardless of status, everyone drinks the same until they vomit.awhile? You're not tolerant at all, are you? It is now called alcohol Harassment, and it is a small business of one step out of compliance.

However, in modern festivals, a new standard of tolerance is required.

That being said, it is the tolerance that everyone has their own way of enjoying.

Some people like to be warmed up together, while others prefer to bask in the sound of it alone.

Therefore, it is necessary to affirm that enjoying alone at the festival venue, quietly, without making a voice, and feeling the trembling that swells in your heart.

Of course, the positivity of each person's way of enjoying themselves across such various stages is not limited to festivals, and almost all contents - movies, music, anime, novels, cartoons, stage plays, musicals, and mucle dreams (*Note - for goods) (a kind of character developed as), etc. can also say the same thing.

However, among them, the festival should go one step further and receive that affirmation.

There is no noble character in content, and it is foolish to give superiority or superiority according to the type, but if you dare to distinguish the festival from other contents, in its instantaneous uniqueness, All I have to do is draw it.

Whether it's a movie or an anime, the content sold in soft form has some degree of reproducibility. If you want to see the same thing, it is a great advantage to be able to see it over and over again, but it may not reproduce the original experience and initial impulse.

Of course, festivals and live performances can also be made soft, and there is no choice but to nod the head very much to the editorial that the soft content can be enjoyed in a different way after the second time. It is perfectly natural to go to the same movie over and over again, be proud of how many times you watched the pepe (*week - a unit that counts how many times you watched the chimney village), and enjoy taking a mount in the community. I guess

However, there is no doubt about the incomparable overwhelming impact of the moment when you first encountered the work, and the overwhelming shock of entering a world you have not yet known.

In terms of the uniqueness that should be called a once-in-a-lifetime, the festival becomes the best experience.

Once in a lifetime, the audience's audience and the performers on the podium create the heat and atmosphere that can only be experienced at that moment.

You can reason for the joy of sharing it with your close friends, and it is understandable to send compliments. However, it can be said that it is also valuable to dare to participate in the war alone on the spot, and to ponder it within yourself.

In other words, when participating in a festival, each one works in a way that they enjoy the most.

In my personal opinion, I think the taste of the festival is also the moment when you participate alone without being disturbed by anyone, raise your voice as you wish, wave your light sticks, and become an emo on your way home and write a Poem-style post.

You can participate alone in the festival. Freedom is like that.

It's also a good idea to call everyone who lives nearby and join the party. It's okay to go in alone without telling anyone.

As long as you don't cause trouble to others, you'll be forgiven no matter how you enjoy it.

I mean, soon.

It means that festivals where the two of you and your sister participate in the war are also allowed.

XXX

Another spring has come.

Spring break is finally greeted by coaxing the irresponsible and reckless joint prom and spitting out slurs.

And soon, a new semester arrives.

In order to make the most of the remaining vacation, even a little, I have to spend it lazily while riding with all my might! I made up my mind to, but that wish was in vain, and I was drawn out by Komachi in the morning.

"Onii-chan, hurry up! The festival is starting!"

"Yes Yes....."

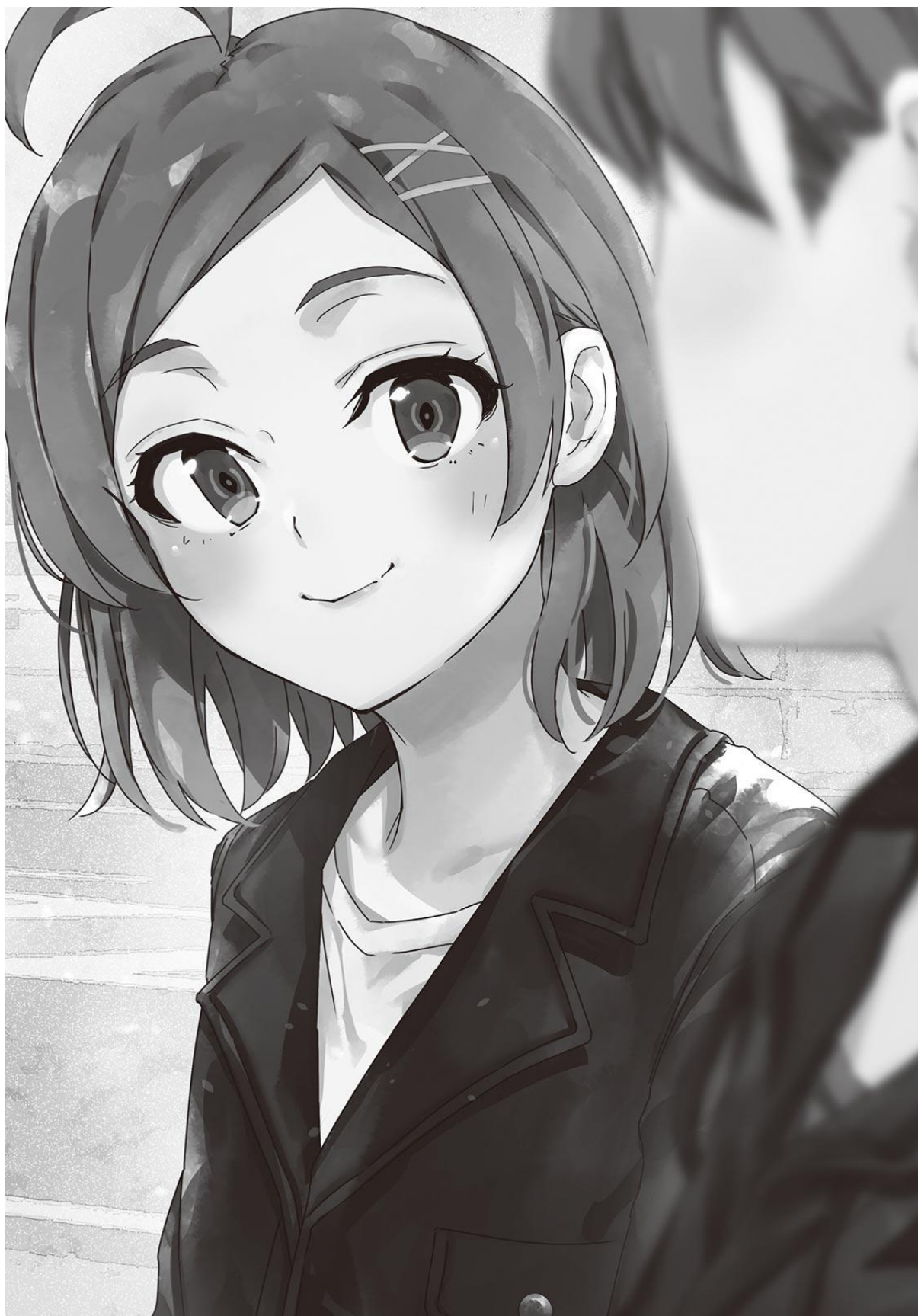
Pushing ourselves, we walked together on the road that led from the station.

The place I'm heading to is a certain music festival. Perhaps thanks to that, today's Komachi seemed to be quite energetic with a black leather jacket, a tattered T-shirt, and a punk girl outfit called damage jeans and boots.

Whatever the case, Chiba is a so-called festival mecca, where several famous music festivals are held, as has been called "Chiba's specialty, festivals and dances". It is one of those festivals that I will be participating in from now on.

I'm not sure about the details as I'm in a follow-up position, but according to Komachi's story, it seems like he's a pretty hot type.

As if to prove that word, on the road to the venue, even before the opening, there were people dressed in the same manner and seemed excited.



Indeed, this seems to have been the correct answer for what I followed.....

I heard rumours that there are not only fans who enjoy music at festivals, but there are also bullies who participate in the festival for the purpose of hunting.

There, if a young beautiful girl like Komachi participates alone, the audience hanging around the venue will naturally say, "Wei! Are you cute? Student? How old are you? Where do you live? Are you on LINE?". After that, "Do you have a dream? Do you know that it is royal income? Next time, we're going to have a barbecue, so why don't you come?" It is a level that will immediately recommend the multi-commercial method.

It's a big deal if Komachi falls into a scum's trap! I'll make sure to keep an eye out for the cutest sister in the world.

Burning with sense of duty, I slowly walked down the road.

There is still some time before the opening, but the audience is coming one after another, and a group of people wearing merch T-shirts and uniforms.

Somehow, it felt like a festival, but it is a scene that is often seen around Makuhari rather than Chiba.

In Makuharie, there is a large event hall, a baseball field, and a sandy beach, so it is an optimal location for events.

Also, today there are people who get off at Makuhari Station because they are deceived by the name of Makuhari Messe..... You either have to get off at Kaihin Makuhari Station or take a bus from Makuhari Bongo Station... (*Note - The closest station to Makuhari Messe is Kaihin Makuhari, about a 30-minute walk from Makuhari Station) While thinking like that, I reached the venue.

It was just past the opening hours, so the area around the entrance was full of people. There must be some people who have tasted the despair of Makuhari...

It goes without saying that it is the most crowded right after this kind of live opening.

However, after all, I have been to live shows quite a bit. When it comes to my class, I read in advance that the performance will be delayed by 5 minutes and enter the hall, and as a result, I sometimes

miss the opening act. That's not to be the case..... The evil otaku of the wrong type, it's easy to misread the progress with the look of the staff asking about income.

However, in view of this crowd, further congestion was expected within the venue. To be honest, I can't say that I'm very happy to wait for a long time to open.

If I were alone, I would go slowly while drinking a can of MAX Coffee, but this time I have a companion, Komachi. You should check your companion opinion here.

...Then, what do you want to do? do you want to go back? I looked at Komachi, and Komachi urged me by tapping my shoulder.

"Onii-chan, hurry up! Let's go!"

Komachi is quite active.

Ummm, is that still true? I'm here today to get drunk on the music.... Which means that I want to be in the back... It's all-standing, so if you're in the front, you'll get in the way of people in the back. I don't want to get involved in it....

I was thinking that, but once I looked into Komachi's twinkling eyes, I couldn't say such a thing.

"But, isn't that there? It's not even open yet? Don't we have a little more time?"

As a result, it has become quite ambiguous.

Then Komachi made a blunt face and waved her fingers as if I was wrong.

"What are you talking about. The festival is until you get home? That means, ...the festival has already started when you left the house!"

And, proudly, she proudly puffed her chest, clenched her fists saying, "Pabam." Without realizing it, I was able to understand the momentum.

"That's right. That's right! It was! ...Is that so?"

is it? really? I nodded without realizing it, but I feel like I've heard a lot of criticism like "If you play until you win, you won't lose!"? However, Komachi ignored his brother's suspicious face and left it to the momentum with even greater strength and prepared to break through.

"That's right! Now that's it, let's go! Otherwise, you'll miss the Kagenare before the performance begins!"

(Anotation: Kagenare an Idol group)

"Is that so... Well then, shall we go..."

Being able to taste the atmosphere before the start of the live is also something that can be done because it is a scene. After all, my sister has different eyes.

"Let's Go-!"

Komachi, who ran out with that powerful sound, I also ran with a small footstep.

XXX

The hall, which stretched all the way inside, was filled with crowd.

There was a whispering voice filled with anticipation, or a loud, excited voice, and then there was a shout that was completely out of tune.

Even in the dark with the lights turned off, I could tell that it was full of heat.

It was not long before the opening ceremony, and the enthusiasm of the venue was at its peak. In addition to the PVs of participating artists projected on the large screen, calls exploded and the penlights flickered.

Fans of participating artists and idols were occupied in the front, and naturally we camped in the rear.

However, it was clearly visible that the entire venue was heated because it was the rear. Surrounded by an all-standing audience, even me, no matter how uninterested, started getting excited.

Before long, the BGM in the venue slowly faded out, and the image on the screen disappeared. As if inversely proportional to that, the murmur filled with anticipation grew louder.

It will start slowly

If so, there is a caveat before that is the promised development of all live show. Depending on the live show, the taste of the content itself is reflected, such as the president or clerk giving an announcement to the producer.

Now, I listened to Kagenare, wondering what precautions this festival would bring.

Then, mixed with the hustle and bustle of the rear, something was heard. A mysterious voice was heard.

"This is today's festival venue....."

"If we don't go quickly, it'll start!"

"That's right! Let's go!"

I wondered if there was an unusually cold voice that seemed to be convinced and understood, followed by a lively voice that seemed to urge it, and then a clever but cute voice.

However, a cold voice overcame it.

"Wait a little bit. You can't run inside the venue. And... from now on, there will be warnings so listen carefully."

"Yeah-!"

I could hear an energetic reply and a feeling of waking up, followed by a light cough, followed by a calm voice.

"Announcer-During the performance, put your cell phone in silent mode or turn off the power. Also, taking pictures or video or recording is prohibited. We ask for your cooperation. Also, since we are filming the event, we ask for your understanding in advance..., everyone, do you understand?"

"Yeah-! Follow the rules and have a fun festival!"

A cold voice with an incredibly long notice. She answered with a bright voice, but there was a feeling that she did not understand something, a sigh of exhaustion flowed out slightly.

Do I know them? I tried remember where I heard this voice. I turned my upper body slightly, but surrounded by the crowds, I couldn't see anything.

However, even in the midst of the crowd, the clever but cute voice, the bright and cute laugh, and the calm but beautiful voice were exceptionally well-received.

"...Then, let's have some fun!"

"Yay-!"

"...Ah, I think it will start soon."

Attracted by that voice, looking ahead, smoke was flowing over the stage, and a spotlight was shining on it.

Finally, the festival begins...

XXX

From the very beginning, the big artists continued, and the festival became very hot.

The appearance of the headliner still remains, but the enthusiasm of the audience is great, and I was drawn to it. Komachi was also busy running around, and the time passed in an instant.

However, after spending a long time in the presence of so many people, I got tired, so I decided to take a break while going to the bathroom, following Komachi's guidance.

"Ha-ha, it's fun...."

The voice of Komachi, who whispered in a thick voice, was filled with satisfaction and pleasant fatigue. There, I nodded and nodded, leaving the floor behind.

A festival that has been running for quite some time seemed to have a small kiosk or a rest space that provided drinks.

While still staggering with the sensation of reverberation in my ears and the low-pitched sound echoing in my stomach, I headed to that resting space.

Then, there were a lot of people there, just like us, who were stocking up their strength for the second half. As it was a large-scale festival, the outside of the floor was also full of people.

Across the crowd, I gasped and exhaled in the corner of one wall.

Then, suddenly, a voice I had heard somewhere came from behind.

"Ha~, the festival is fun as expected~! It's really hot!"

"That's right! Still, it's too hot, so I'll have to rest for a while..."

"That's right... Ha ha..."

Is it because three female friends participated in the festival?

Perhaps there were children unfamiliar with such a place, a sigh mixed with unusually tiredness, and a voice that seemed worried about it could be heard, though a little.

"Ah, Yukinon, I'm pretty tired..."

Without realizing it, I turned around and looked at the side where the voice was coming from.

"Ah-! Yui-neesan, Yukino-neesan!"

Komachi seemed to notice as well. As Komachi spoke loudly, a lively voice returned from the other side as well.

"Komachi-chan, yahallo-! And, Hikki yahallo-!"

"Oh, Hikigaya-kun."

Of course, the person who is likely to be at the festival, and the person who is definitely not likely to be at festival. In other words, Yuigahama Yui waving vigorously and Yukino Yukino, who has a pale face and whispers softly. And next to her was Isshiki Iroha.

All three of them had a pretty funky look with oversized T-shirts and loose boots, probably because it was a festival, so they matched their outfits.

Yukinoshita, who usually has a strong, neat and girly impression, Yuigahama, who has a lot of pop and rough clothes, and Isshiki, who is warm and sweet and cute, had another charm today.

Meeting them by chance in a place like this was half surprising, and before the opening, the voices I heard before the opening were these guys.

"Oh, Senpai."

There, Isshiki also greeted me lightly, and after that, she gave Komachi next to me a suspicious look.

"...and, Okome-chan."

(**Annotation:** Reference to anime Okome-chan where Little Rice-chan (person the size of a bug) has fallen in love with a human boy who adores him and moved into his family's home.)

"... It's Komachi! Komachi's name is Komachi!"

Komachi was quite displeased with the extremely suspicious nickname, but then she jumped and said her name again.

I patted Komachi's head as if I was suppressing it, and Isshiki grinned.

"It's okay, isn't it a cute name? It's beneficial for junior characters to be hated a little☆."

"Wow-, you really have a good personality, this person..."

To Komachi, who was awake, for some reason Isshiki had a look as if she had just woken up.

"More than that, Senpai said it"

"Wow-, I must have said a lot..."

And, they both looked at me with contemptuous eyes. I didn't say it..... I said that...

However, in order to ease up the tension between the two of them. let's flip it over

Isshiki and Komachi had only met once at a joint prom, so they haven't met yet. In order to reconcile such two people, it would be quickest to use a common acquaintance as an excuse. Talking behind the scenes and having a sense of complicity is the secret to getting along!

Well, Komachi is Komachi, so I'm sure she'll do well in that regard.

Even though she is my younger sister, Komachi has great communication skills, and she can talk to each other in a very casual and very natural way, even if it's a first-person meeting or an older person. Even when she went to Chiba-mura during her summer vacation one day, she was communicating clearly even though everyone around her was older, and Kawasaki's sister, Kawasaki Keikawa and Komachi had a good conversation. Afterall, she is the best sister in the world.

Even now, Komachi left me alone and was talking with Yuigahama and the others.

She said, "I'm glad Komachi-chan also joined."

"No, no, I'm glad Komachi talked about it too!"

When Yuigahama waved her hand and smiled, Komachi also laughed and clapped.

hmmm. Indeed, I thought that it was a strange coincidence that we met by chance at such a big festival, but listening to these two, it seems that something was exchanged in the first place. After hearing that, it was Komachi who said that we should go outside to take a break, and that was an excuse, and the purpose of the gathering was to convince me.

"Wait, I didn't get an invitation."

"If we told you Hikki, you would have refused..."

"Well, but..."

Even if you've been telling me about it, it's clear that the fatal "I'll go if I can go" will be triggered. And even if I had the intention to go when I was invited, I am a human being who has an accident in which garbage often becomes an annoyance as the due date approaches. What do you call the phenomenon of becoming annoyed when you set a schedule in advance?

However, it is her younger sister, Komachi, who perfectly understands my personality.

"So, they contacted Komachi."

Komachi said as she made a double-piece with a hoot and dignified face. After all, the bottom line is amazing I understand the nature of my ability to refuse almost everything if I make a sudden breakthrough on the same day in the form of my sister's request. No, not only Komachi, but Yuigahama knew it well. That's why I took the method via Komachi.

No, really, I'm ashamed of something.... Really, my psychology is so well understood that it is subtle. Literally, this situation of being caught is even a little embarrassing.

As if trying to cover it up, I cough in vain. I tried to ventilate.

"Eh, but if you say that, isn't Yukinoshita the same? I don't think she'll come to something like this..."

Looking over there, Yukinoshita, who had become thin as if to prove that statement, was exuding an exuberant nobility in this festival. And, at the same time, the figure exuding a distinctiveness was exuding an unfamiliar feeling as it was.

Yukinoshita smiled softly and weakly, then put her hand to her forehead and nodded.

"Yeah, that's right. It's my first time here, but..., festivals, it's dangerous, eh, , it's too much, it's hard....."

"Yukino-neesan! It's the first step to becoming an otaku!"

She was like an otaku who muttered while retiring from the anime. .

"Anyway, I'm tired..."

As if to express that she was tired, Yukinoshita let out a deep sigh.

Well, it's because she doesn't have the stamina. It must be even more so for an unfamiliar festival venue. Surprisingly, it is quite difficult to stand up among so many people. When the tension rises, the audience pushes against each other, and there is a kind of strength that is similar to that of a commuter train.

"Are you okay, you need something to drink?....."

Isshiki cut off my voice after asking a question.

"Oh, that's fine. It'll come soon."

"Are you coming?"

what? What is the subject of the boldly omitted word rotation? Have you ever ordered something like Uber? Everything is convenient these days....

As I was thinking like that, a guy I had seen somewhere at the far end of the resting space came to me.

"yabbe-. The counter was very busy~. I mean you couldn't buy drinks at all? Festivals, that's cool-."

Boisterous Tobe with both his hands full of drinks came to me with a confident face.

"Wow, huh? It's Hikitani!"

Then, he noticed me, and while holding the drinks in his hands, he rushed towards me.

"Yeah, yes... I thought it was Tobe-senpai..."

Are you using the latest delivery service? And looking at Isshiki, Isshiki spit it out as if it was natural.

"It was practically free now, including fees."

"pay me the money..."

First of all, you're a senior, have some standards. The senior who was sent to buy drinks at a crowded counter is quite painful. He doesn't even get money, so that's exploitation. "If it's practically free, what should I care....." The cruelty that contains the nuance of feeling could not be fully expressed in words.

I mourned the scene of exploitation that I couldn't see with my own two eyes, which was done so simply, but the party itself didn't seem to care much.

Feeling familiar, Tobe started distributing the drink he had just bought.

"Thanks-."

"Thanks....."

When Yuigahama spoke with normal tension, Yukinoshita spoke with a hint of exhaustion.

"Thank you!"

Komachi was also receiving drinks as if it was natural with the flow. Isshiki said, "Thank you-." in a very small voice, yes.

Therefore, the four drinks that Tobe was holding were sold out safely. Ummm..., Tobe has run out of drinks...

"I'm sorry, Komachi is drinking, I don't..."

Even if Tobe-eats is a real free delivery service, with me and Komachi joining increased number of people.

"No, no, it doesn't matter. Leave it..."

When I spoke in a low voice, Tobe seemed not to mind, and gave a proper answer, not knowing where his dialect was from, he grinned and waved his hand.

As I think about it, he is a good guy..... Tobe seemed to have barely noticed Komachi's existence there. So, after noticing Komachi his movements became frantic, he started scratching back of his head and playing with his ring.

"More than that, you're Hikitani's younger sister! You're the best! You're Imotani-chan!? (Imouto = younger sister) It's been a while! What, what, what's going on, what's going on? What? Wow, I'm really missing something~. There's been a lot of accumulated stories-."

"Ah-! It's been a while-! It's been a really long time, so the accumulated stories please, please, please, please, really, then, never again!"

Komachi, on the other hand, looked angry and smiling, but in line with Tobe's movement as he took a step closer, he took a step back and spit out lines that were almost used for disbanding at a dinner party.

"It's a way to keep distance when you don't want to talk..."

"It's a thing a woman who doesn't get along well uses!"

At that brilliant counterattack, Yuigahama and I were awake.

Next time, never again. In this situation, next, and, and again, never come. I know well.

"More than that, why is Tobe here?"

The combination of Yukinoshita, Yuigahama, and Isshiki is easy to understand. However, I don't understand Tobe's participation there.

"I suggested Hayama-senpai, but instead of that, for some reason, this person did what he wanted."

"That's right. For some reason, as you please."

After listening, Isshiki answered with a tone of zero humidity, and, as a bonus, Yukinoshita followed with a tone of zero temperature. Hey, Yukinoshita-san, you've got your energy up! The momentum is back! Okay okay, just right here, just right!

On the other hand, Tobe, who was listening to something that was not strange even if his reason was cut off, was not broken at all. He was smiling bitterly at me, haha, as if he could cut me off and say he's a great guy.

"No, because Hayato-kun said that if there were only girls, he would be worried, so I came as the support."

"Hmm..."

"No? Me too? Is it a nuisance or hunting? You don't forgive that?"

No one in particular said anything, but Tobe swept up his bangs and started appealing to be a strangely good person. If I leave it alone like this, I might become an adult who makes it difficult for everyone to react, such as "I, who was like this DQN, when my younger brother threw an empty can on the street, I picked it up and threw it in the trash can nearby." I do not know. No, well, Tobe is a good guy, but...

(**Annotation:** Pronounced "dokyun," it is a derogatory internet slang term. Means dumb, idiot or delinquents.)

No one was able to respond here, so Isshiki let out a sigh.

"And I've had a lot of appeal..... Not when I went to the football club, but I was going to do it on a regular LINE....."

And, Isshiki gave Tobe an incredibly cold gaze.

"It's okay to appeal to a good person while sulking like that, it's not necessary. You really should stop doing that, right?"

"Yeah, yes..... seriously..."

Even as Tobe pulled the back of his head right away, he continued to say, "Yabee -..... Isshiki's tone of voice was a bit sloppy, but seeing how he reacted without failing to pass, I wondered if he was surprisingly gentle.

However, as it turned out, the general circumstances were understandable. Perhaps, when Isshiki showed her face in the soccer club, she spoke to Hayama with the story of the festival, and put into words something like, "I'm a little nervous if only girls were going..." Conversely, Hayama-senpai must have uttered the appropriate words, "When that happens, Tobe is quite dependable." Hell, that guy was good at that. As a result, Tobe who was there, his pride and self-confidence burned well, and he has come to this point..... In this world, good people are just being taken advantage of...

In that way, I felt deeply in my heart, so I wonder if Tobe was a little pitiful, Yuigahama went out to support.

"Well, what. If you say thank you, I'm grateful....."

That's what it is, but..."

When I tried to appease him with a very subtle tone, Isshiki nodded reluctantly. Ummm, Gahama-chan's tone is so subtle☆.

" That's it! Thank you! Yo! A man you can rely on! I'll have a good drink!"

However, from there, Komachi began to say and drink. No, surely your brother will pay for it, right? Anyway, you are sorry right?

And, since she was harboring a sense of guilt, Yukinoshita suddenly smiled as if she was tired of it.

"If someone had come honestly from the beginning, Tobe-kun wouldn't have had to suffer unnecessary injuries."

"You hurt me too, right?"

Did you forgot? Are you saying that you just treated me like a guy? Thanks to that, for some reason Yukinoshita started feeling like I had to apologize too?

I'm sorry, my child....., I thought of that, so I bowed my head slightly towards Tobe.

"Well, I'm sorry, I made you come with me."

"No, no, leave me alone! ...I like music and I love these kind of things "

He spoke with a very proud face.

"Ah, yes... well, then I'm glad..."

It felt like I lost money by apologizing, but for now, I will forgive that bold face and bubbly appeal. In fact, I enjoyed it during the prom, and it seemed like I really liked this kind of work.

"Well, I think Tobe will like it, something like this..."

And I didn't say, "But, other than that, you don't have that kind of feeling, do you?", Isshiki, who noticed it, answered right away.

"No, I'm thinking of using it as a reference for future events. It's because the scale is a little different, but I'd like to get some hints. Why, Chiba is a music festival, and it's pretty awesome."

"Ah- that's for sure. It's a really big event."

Just as Yuigahama said, nodding a few times in response. In fact, Chiba often hosts quite large-scale music live.

"Ah-..... That's it, and with that one again."

I nodded, listing the names of the most famous "big events" in Chiba's music history.

"... GLAY's 200,000 live live."

"It's very old!? How old is Hikki..." (*Note - 1999 Makuhari Messe performance)

Yuigahama seemed to have woken up. Are you stupid, It is said that the music transcends time. That is the reason that Chiba residents came to recognize the existence of a large-scale music event (investigation by myself)

In that way, I had been thinking about talking for a while, but Yuigahama was shrugging her shoulders as if she had given up before that.

"If it's Chiba's festival, it's Summer Sonic, usually. Or CDJ"

(Annotation: Countdown Japan Japan's largest New Year's Eve rock festival, sponsored by Makuhari Messe)

"Well, if you're not interested in that, I don't know..."

"Eh... Anyway, it's pretty famous, but what you don't know..."

Isshiki said as she just has woken up. There was actually even a feeling of pity in those awake eyes, so I responded quickly.

"No, I know. I do know... Well, I only know the name, but I've never been there. If you live close enough, you don't know the right time to go to the station. People who live in Tokyo don't go to the Tokyo tower, I feel the same way.

"Yeah, right."

When I spoke in moderation, Tobe was showing a nod of agreement with his arms crossed. As for everyone else, they've been generally sympathetic. As if to represent that, Yukinoshita asked with a suspicious face.

"Do you go to a festival in the first place?"

"Well, according to the festival's definition..."

Having said that, I thought for a moment. Among the events I've been to, the only thing that can be called a festival is the Bannam Festival. Is it included in Annie Summer or a festival? In a broad sense, it can be called that..... Is the Lantis Festival included in the festival? No, it's a festival. It's a festival. Concluding, I nodded loudly.

"I go there quite often."

Then, Yuigahama made a slightly startled face.

"Hey, I'm surprised. Where you go to Hikki?"

"It's been a while since I visited, 2DAYS at Tokyo Dome."

"2DAYS at Tokyo Dome..... hehe."

"He's a pretty amazing artist."

Both Yuigahama and Yukinoshita said in admiration.

That's right, Tokyo Dome is one of the biggest places that Japan is proud of. Those who can perform live in a place boasting a total of 55,000 people are the strongest artists.

I reminisced about that moment.

"Well, that's right. The second day was Aikatsu..."

(**Annotation:** Aikatsu is anime involving idols.)

It was really, really good....

Hey, I got goosebumps when I started with Aoi-chan's Kagenare from the beginning. So, from there, the Aikatsu system BGM comes out right? Also, from the beginning, we will make a big announcement. After that, I thought I was going to be massacred with "Echudo of Twinkle", but in a way, I was relieved and ascended to heaven, but "Start Dash Sensation" came and my knees were already shaking, so I sat down. In the first place, the second day was made with the concept of an idol festival, so I thought that it was a miracle that the common cast connected incredibly well and wonderfully. Jira, Emo, who felt like a glimpse of a new era of live entertainment that transcends our religious differences. Eh, jiyyyyyyyyyyyy
ee
eeeeeeeeeeeeee Emo

(**T/N:** whatever that was.)

I became an emoji bot who mumbled "Emo....., Emo... Eh, Emo..." in an experience that was so emo-emo. If I was flexible, it seemed that all the good things about the second day would be constantly spit out.

However, since it is a live report on Twitter, it can be written down, and if it is spoken verbally, the spinal cord, not the brain, will say that it is emo.

"Ignore the memories of my brother's Festival... Do you all go to festivals a lot?"

Komachi said.

"Well, it will be okay~."

"I am being led by other people."

"Yeah! That's it~."

"If it's a jazz concert... When I went cruise with my family in the past, there was a sea concert..."

"Ah-, people who do not evacuate until the end even if they sink."

"Yui-neesan knowledge of titanic is a bit..."

"But the feeling of a concert and a live show is subtly different."

"Yeah. So, I don't know how to enjoy live show."

"Oh, you know that side very well, right! Onii-chan."

"right."

Suddenly the ball flew and I nod sharply, immediately stopping the emo experience.

"Talk, were you listening!?"

"That's right. No matter what I'm doing anytime, anywhere, I don't miss Komachi's voice. In any case, I can't hear anything other than Komachi's voice."

After saying that, Komachi smiled happily.

"Wow, I feel bad ♪"

"I feel really bad..."

And without a single smile, Yukinoshita seemed to have woken up quite seriously. Ummm, this straight sale is pretty heartbreaking...but that feeling that you don't hide at all, it's not good.

Pulled back to reality in an instant, I turned the topic back on. I decided to teach how to set the mood and enjoy the live by coughing.

"...So, is it a live show? You don't have to think hard about a live show. At first, you can pretend to be Vega's boyfriend.

However, as soon as I spoke, Yukinoshita's expression twisted into embarrassment.

"Ve, ga.....? What? What is that?"

To Yukinoshita's question, I answered again.

"No, I mean, Vega's clerk's boyfriend."

"Even if you say that again, I don't know!"

Yuigahama exclaimed as she tugged and fiddled with her bun. As expected, it must have been a bit difficult for beginners.... I once again found a way of speaking that seems to work well.

"...Ah-, that would be easy to understand, pretending to be the old-fashioned man."

"I don't know! No, I understand the meaning of that word, but...I don't know what it means. Eh...why are you pretending to be boyfriend..."

It seemed that Yuigahama had begun to give up understanding. Next to the groaning and groaning, Isshiki was nodding loudly.

"But when you hear it like that, I'm interested in how much strength and satisfaction you give your face."

"Wow, this guy's way of talking is dangerous-. Well, I'm worried about Komachi too."

"That's right. Then, show me how it feels."

"No, it's not particularly difficult... Well, with this feeling..."

With that said, I gently folded my arms, stood at an angle, and set my gaze in the distance. Those eyes are not now, not here, but as an idol who is more than a metaphor.

Looking at the stage that only I can see, the shining side, I smiled quietly and nodded slowly.

I know, because I know, only me. About you. Really, only you and me....

In an instant, all sounds disappeared.

A total of five people's stinging silence fell, but I nodded my head one more step nonetheless.

And, towards an imaginary idol without a figure, I spoke from my heart.

.....is it. You've found a guy called "a place where you want to be"... ...more than that time. ...and it shines a lot more.

Realizing that the memories of me and the idol that didn't exist were already lost a long time ago, I sighed with a self-helpful smile and shook my head lightly.

Giving a distant glance to the front, with a bitter smile mixed with regret, "Ah, I'm sure I'm watching it from the back seat...", answering only from my mouth, I nodded my head.

However, Isshiki shook her head at a high speed, probably because she couldn't stand that kind of Vega clerk's boyfriend.

"A lot of a bunch."

In addition, Komachi and Yuigahama both shook their heads as if they didn't understand at all.

"It's hard, it's hard."

"I feel bad, I feel bad, I feel bad."

"moe moe moe."

(Note: moe is a term used in reference to idols or something)

However, it is clearly visible only to me. In order not to fall behind in the chorus of crowds, hardships and bad moods, I shouted emoy emoy. However, I was trying to see the invisible, so I was the only one taking drugs with Bump of Chicken. Yuigahama spoke screamed.

(**Annotation:** Bump of Chicken is Japanese band.)

"Where's moe!? "

"The one you are watching is okay because you are looking at it..

Yes, at festivals and live performances, the only thing that matters is whether you are emo or not.

When I appealed to her with sad memories, Yukinoshita asked, as if she was worried, rather than in trouble.

"...that, what's fun?"

A voice that seemed to care carefully, as if at the table dominated by silence, a tone that almost resembled the mother asking "...are you having fun at school?" If you ask with such an anxious face, I have no choice but to give a serious answer.

"Eh... It's fun. In the midst of all the hustle and bustle, it feels good that I'm the only one feeling different. Even when I was pretending to be a man in the old days, I feel like I'm already the protagonist of director Makoto Shinkai's work. Masayoshi Yamazaki is hanging in my head."

"Listen to the live songs rather than the songs in your brain..."

Yukinoshita put her hand on her temple as if her head hurts, and she sighed in exhaustion.

Ummm....., I guess you don't know.... Among the idiots who make a lot of noise at the live show, the feeling of looking down on it is incredibly pleasant.

I am a man who can feel a higher level of pleasure by differentiating myself from other fans in such a deep part.

However, it is quite difficult to understand difficult for me Yuigahama opened her mouth O, but she eventually whispered in her voice.

"I don't know... I feel bad..."

"I feel... over there."

Let's stop the serious tone? Just now, did you hear a nuance that seemed to come from her heart?

However, Yuigahama wasn't the only one with a serious tone. Yukinoshita asked, as if worried from the bottom of her heart.

"Are you always doing that? Are you okay? Are you taking your morning, lunch and dinner pills properly?"

"I don't need it, because watching live shows makes me happy with intracranial drugs."

"To be so happy is conversely unhappy..."

The eyes that Yukinoshita looked at me were kind to the end, and beyond what she looked at, she was accompanied by a lonely warmth as if she was nursing.

As if she had been spending the night at her funeral home, she sighed.

"Is there any way to enjoy it more easily?"

Her tone was very irritating, and it was as if he was saying that it was difficult for her to dig into it any further.

Even if you say it's a little easier to understand, for me, this is the easiest way to understand and enjoy the Moe Festival, but it's a request to focus on a more general sensibility.

"Once you get used to it, you can memorize it or cole it, so you can enjoy it quite normally."

"Cole?"

Perhaps it was an unfamiliar word, Yukinoshita tilted her head. There, Tobe nodded his head with a shudder, and it came forward with a blatant shame.

"Isn't that what Cole is? Vanilla, Vanilla, Vanilla, Fufu-! Something like that?" (*Note - A song from a job advertisement for a Japanese customs store)

"No."

No, it's mostly about rhythm and that, but if you say close, you're close, but it's completely different. Recently, there was a kid who was nodding, saying, "Oh, that's it," he said, because he doesn't drive Vanilla trucks very well.

"Cole is like Chuimsae."

(Note: Chuimsae is a form of exclamation during Korean traditional music to cheer, as it was translated from KOR to ENG.)

I said so, but I had a hard time explaining it slightly.

"Well, speaking of popular..., well, one or two! Ha-ha-this high-high-high!"

After a lot of thought, once the easiest example came out, Yuigahama and Isshiki nodded, "Oh~".

"Ah, I feel like I've heard something before..."

"I do it that way in live Idol show."

"Oh, Iroha-senpai, do you like idols?"

"It's not like I'm going to go see a live show... Well, I still like girls with nice faces."

"That tone is dangerous!"

In that way, while Komachi and Isshiki were exchanging eidolons, Yukinoshita was alone and was thinking about something.

"I came here to listen to the song, but it's a little strange to hear the voices of the audience."

"Well, it's because cheering has a lot of meaning. Of course, there are situations where it is okay to do it and there are situations where it is not, so you have to read the atmosphere carefully before making a decision..."

Each person has a different opinion of the role. There are people who think that it gets in the way of live performances, and on the other hand, there are people who, on the other hand, place importance on getting excited. Of course, there is a way of thinking that is different for each song, and handling it is a very sensitive part. As an added bonus, there are situations where the management clearly stipulates the rules, so it is recommended that you check the regulations when participating.

It's okay to talk for a while, but there is one thing that is more important than that.

"In theory, live show, as long as you don't cause trouble to other people, you can enjoy it in any way."

In the end, having an enjoyable and pleasant time for both the performer and the audience is a priority. It can be said that it is the only absolute iron rule.

There was a strange feeling in my voice, but it seemed that persuasiveness was created that much. Yukinoshita also blinked two or three times, seemingly stunned for a moment, but then quickly smiled.

"That's right. I'm not sure, but I understand."

Yukinoshita nodded after letting out a sigh of assent.

On the one hand, Isshiki breathed another sigh.

"Well, I think freedom is the most difficult thing... Haha, what should I really do about the event?"

Unexpectedly, at the whisper of a voice that seemed to be troubled, I frowned and thought about it.

They say that you can enjoy freely, but that is the mindset of the audience when they participate. Those who plan and operate must think from a different perspective. How you enjoy it is up to the audience! It's nice to hear, but that's just throwing it all away from the audience. You need to think about how you want them to be enjoyed, what parts you want them to enjoy, and how to make them have a pleasant time.

From the planning side, this large-scale festival must be a hint. For example, this resting space is one of the elements that I would like you to reflect on. It would be convenient if there was a rest area for the cultural system....., I think all class rest areas would be fine. Then, you won't have to do annoying things in class.

There are points that can be referred to in terms of such hospitality, but that is only after the content of the event is decided.

"More than that, what are you planning to do with that event?"

When asked that question, Isshiki brought her index finger to her lower jaw and spoke these words while thinking.

"I'd like to be able to hold an event to celebrate graduation or entrance ceremony hosted by the student council around the spring of next year. Wouldn't it be nice to have colourful music festival?"

"Wow, you're talking about something great. This person..., the reason for the project is so garbage..."

As if Komachi was awake for too many reasons, Isshiki bluntly stuck out her lips.

"It's okay-, we're public, and it's tax, so it's basically my money-."

"It's also our money..."

Yukinoshita spoke with a confused feeling, and Yuigahama was smiling bitterly. The only person, Tobe, was nodding with the feeling that he was also Irohasu. I'm used to it though.

Second, the timing of the event is quite difficult.

"Hmm... It's the end of spring... Well, if you do, wouldn't the timing of graduation be better?"

"Is that so?"

"Ah, freshman are a little bit..."

As I muffled my subtle words, Isshiki tilted her head.

"Is there something?"

"New students are pretty picky at times like that. So, they usually commit something. If you commit something soon after entering the school, it has a pretty big impact after that."

In particular, it is the naivest period when you have just started school. There's nothing more painful than tripping at the start. Since it is the time to enter the community, friendships that will be for life time have not yet been formed, and the attachment to the school itself is still weak. It could be a situation like a self-expulsion RTA (real-time attack), unable to withstand the shame of a moment. I know well.

"It's so convincing!"

Yuigahama was nodding heavily.

"Isn't that the same as self-introduction right after entering school? It's really dangerous if you slip there."

"That's very important! What do you say? How to take control when you just appeared at the festival as well. That, too, is very important."

Tobe pointed at me with his finger, and I was convinced.

Well, it takes a while to talk about the MCs of the big artists who are appearing at the festival and the self-introduction at the time of admission on the same line, but the importance of control is the same either way.

Speaking of that, the one with a slightly depressed face is Komachi, who is about to enter our school.

"Komachi is not confident..."

"Is that so? I don't think Komachi-chan will have a problem."

Yuigahama gave a look of surprise to Komachi, who showed an anxious expression.

Well, definitely. If you have the community ability as Komachi, self-introduction is not a big deal.... What are you worried about?

As I was looking at it in amazement, Komachi's eyes widened, and she hugged Yuigahama.

"No, I'm not confident, so here, once, set the example Yui-neesan! Like a festival! Just like an idol!"

"Eh."

Yuigahama was flustered by the sudden and unreasonable request.

Haha, you see, this is what Komachi is aiming for. It's a bad, drawn by the festival's heat... I was thinking about it, but Isshiki who saw it laughed too.

"Oh, that's good. Then, please introduce yourself."

"Yeah, I think Yuigahama-san would be good at that. Why don't you try it once?"

In addition, Yukinoshita put her hand on her lips and laughed softly, and jumped on board. As an added bonus, Tobe clapped his hands, creating an atmosphere that couldn't be refused no matter what.

"Eh....., uh, huh, okay... like a festival, just like an idol....."

And after Yuigahama furrowed her eyebrows and closed her eyes, groaning and moaning, she thought of something. Looking at her muttering lips, she seemed to be reminiscing about the self-introduction of the idol that had just appeared.

Eventually, as if the image had hardened, Yuigahama popped and opened her eyes, smiled like a twinkling star, and then gestured for it. She shouted in a high-pitched tone.

"Everyone-! Yahallo! everyone say! Yahallo!"

Then, she put the hand to her ear and waited for her response.

If you keep them waiting like that, we have no choice but to give you an answer. When the voice of "Yahallo-!" reached with certainty and clearly, Yuigahama nodded with satisfaction and waved her hand.

"Yes, thank you everyone-! Always cute, sometimes sexy, and the theme colour is pink! This is Yuinon in charge of greetings!"

She puts her hand on the cheek cutely, other hand on her waist sexyly, turns the hand around and salutes. It was a needlessly high-quality idol action.

"Oh~. It's dangerous-, this person is doing-, really."

No matter how she looked, Isshiki applauded with admiration. Then, a murky voice, applause, and strong support followed from somewhere.

"Excellent. Outstanding."

"Yuinon!"

"Right now, it seems that there are two otaku mixed together....."

The two otaku... Tobe and Komachi's reaction seemed to wake Isshiki. In particular, the eyes that looked at Komachi, who squeaked her face and gave out a thick voice, were close to contempt.

Aren't these guys dangerous? I looked back at me slightly with the same feeling, but I wasn't in that situation.

“.....Eh, eh, it's too much, it's too cute.....”

Without realizing it, I mumbled in a very low voice.

What is it? Isn't it too cute? She could become underground idol and be famous overnight.

In that way, Isshiki was looking at me as if whispering like a rapid-fire gun, as if she had seen something unpleasant.

"The third otaku..."

Isshiki gave up on us. Her gaze turned toward Yukinoshita as if seeking validation.

"It would be better to change Yahallo to something else."

“And next producer-.....”

However, Isshiki's expectations were fleeting, and Yukinoshita, as a producer with arms crossed, nodded and tried to lead her own production. Yuigahama was also listening to it seriously, like an idol.

"Um, but still, I like to say Yahallo....."

“Audience might not recognise it as a greeting, right? Those of us who have heard a lot will know, but other people might ask questions.”

"You were thinking that way!?"

"Oh, but of course I thought it was cute."

"I can't get enough support!"

Yukinoshita smiled, but as Yuigahama said, she really wasn't very good at supporting her.....

Isshiki shrugged as if it can't be helped.

"Well, it's Yukino-senpai's fault now. How about you try it now."

"Eh!?"

Yukinoshita stiffened at Isshiki's casual words and Isshiki showed a smug smile .

"Oh, yes Yukinon, clap clap clap."

"Clap clap clap."

With perplexed Yukinoshita beside her, Yuigahama and Komachi applauded as if saying "I've been waiting for you!" with a great combo play. Yukinoshita have also sung in past and just now she was acting like a producer. So, it was hard to refuse.

"Eh, eh, like a festival? ... like an idol?"

Yukinoshita mumbled, groaned and wrapped her head around.

There, there, it's kind of a bad. Please don't trouble Yukinoshita too much. Although I want to see it too.

Amid everyone's anticipation, Yukinoshita lowered her head as if in trouble, and lightly fixed her bangs. Then, as she gently closed her eyes, and exhaled soft, small breath, she cleared her mind little by little. Slowly, her cheeks were dyed red, and her eyes fluttered slightly open.

"Mo, everyone-! Hello, long black hair is proof of intelligence... Tehe, theme colour is blue. I'm you host Yukinon....."

In a tone that seemed to pay homage to the greeting that Yuigahama had done, Yukinoshita brushed her soft, shiny black hair, placed her hand gently on her chest, and gave a faint smile. For some reason, Passion was embedded in idol movements that were too cute to be called cool.

"Oh, oh..."

At Yukinoshita's self-introduction, whose face was second to none and her ears were blushing, the place quietly heated up.

Everyone was speechless and their gaze was taken away, and Yukinoshita couldn't stand the silence, perhaps accepting the silence as unresponsive, and her shoulders were shaking. And then, she looked at side with tears in her eyes resentfully, then lightly bit her lip and popped it out, sobbing helplessly.

"...I want to die."

Her whispers were barely audible. At that foolish ephemerality, everyone was shocked. By the time I got to it, I said, "I'm sorry," and my heart ached.

"No, it was good!"

"It's so cute! I love it!"

Tobe gave a huge round of applause, and Yuigahama hugged Yukinoshita tightly.

Embarrassed by her being hugged, Yukinoshita barely exhaled. With her relief, as her rigidity escaped from her expression, as she twisted her body at her embarrassment, she smiled shyly.

"She was really cute! That's right, Onii-chan!"

With her mouth shut, Komachi looked at me suspiciously.

".....Onii-chan?"

However, no one answered the call.



It was just that, she--chuwuk and there was only a corpse that said nothing. Komachi gently shook my shoulder.

No reaction I'm just a corpse

"Lord, he's dead..."

Hikigaya Hachiman. He was 17 years old.

The cause of death was Moe.

"Oh, Onii-chan-!"

Komachi shook my body with a bitter scream.

Thanks to her, I was able to somehow regain my consciousness.

It was dangerous, seeing something so noble, I almost died.

It's really dangerous, but if you die from these things, isn't just one life to short,

I sighed in relief and wiped the sweat from my forehead, acting as if nothing had happened.

"...So, what were you talking about?"

"It's about self-introduction when you enter the school."

Isshiki, seeing my extremely agitated figure, said as if she was tired.

I regained my consciousness, hummed and folded my arms.

"Ah, that's right. That kind of self-introduction shouldn't be long. Ideally, it should be as short as possible."

As I spoke arrogantly, Komachi nodded.

"Really, what does that mean?"

"The reason is very simple... ...the communication disorder people that makes the most noise is the most annoying."

Communication disorders don't just refer to people who don't talk. Generally speaking, we are talking about person with communication problems. Among them, there is also a communication disorder that talks unnecessarily and talks about things that are not even asked. There is a type of communication disorder that speaks, so there are some guys who simply talk useless because they can't read the atmosphere, there are gorillas who like to talk about themselves, so there are gorillas who are nervous and talk too much.

Compared to such a talking communal disorder, a radio where nothing is heard and almost completely broken is much better. ...More than that, if you don't hear anything, it's not already broken, isn't it?

In that way, when I said it, Yukinoshita nodded with a smirk and certain understanding, then gave a soft smile with a smirk.

"It's a pretty well-made self-introduction. I think it'd be better to name it first from now on."

"Thanks for your advice. Does anyone have a mirror? Could you please lend it to this girl?"

I looked and saw that Yuigahama were trying to support her with her troubled face.

"Hey, that's it! Yukinon is pretty good too!"

At Yuigahama's words, Yukinoshita seemed to be upset and embarrassed, but she shouldn't have such a cute face. Are you sure you regret it? In the first place, I also need to reflect on myself.

Because if I'm going to speak, I have to follow myself.

Otherwise, later when I become sober and look back, I want to die! Oh, it reminded me that I wanted to die.

Little by little, without realizing it, my gaze went down, and at the end of that view, Komachi made a sullen look on her face.

"Indeed... it's important to choose what you're talking about~. Even if you say that..., if you don't show concrete examples, you can say anything."

Komachi deliberately raised her voice slightly and looked at me. Pretending that I didn't hear it, I deliberately blew a whistle, but Komachi muttered a little bit more... and pulled my sleeve as a bonus.

"Onii-chan, try more. it's a bit awkward if only two do it."

"I mean, you did it..."

Even though I said that, Komachi just smiled as teehee☆ and hit her forehead in cute manner. Perhaps it may be that there is a sense of guilt that Yuigahama and Yukinoshita have done shameful things in the flow.

But, then, isn't that what I should be doing? But, when my sister asks for it, I almost does it all, this older brother. Really!

While I was thinking like that, there was an air that I had to do.

Yukinoshita crossed her arms as if to watch, Yuigahama clapped, Komachi gave her twinkling eyes, and Tobe was shivering. As if to sort it all out, Isshiki groaned and coughed in vain, and slightly extended her hand towards me.

"Then, please introduce yourself."

"Eh ... well then."

Because Yuigahama and Yukinoshita have already embarrassed themselves. I guess I'll have to do it now.

I'm almost in my 3rd year of high school now. Counting from the time of elementary school, I have had the opportunity to introduce myself 10 times in total during the new semester. Based on that experience, 80% of the failures in self-introduction are due to being pushed down.

The important thing is not to aim for something strange, but not to be too plain, that is, to say who you are.

Therefore, I started my self-introduction.

"My name is Hikigaya Hachiman..."

"It's kind of like a heroine-like self-introduction..."

When I called out my name, Isshiki had a suspicious face.

"I'm just an ordinary high school student."

"He's the main character..."

Yukinoshita furrowed her eyebrows at my words.

"Without anything special, I'm living a boring but peaceful life."

"He's the main character..."

Yuigahama smiles bitterly at my comment.

"...But, one day, I suddenly met a magical girl and started fighting the evil, let see what will happen next....."

"It was Pretty Cure!?"

(Annotation: Pretty Cure the anime.)

Yuigahama shouted with twice the amount of emotion in total, half astonished, half tired. Hey, that's how you introduce yourself at the beginning of each episode, right?

That way, without even having time to explain, I was waving in front of my chest.

"No, no, now, starting with the mysterious fairy part, you don't need it."

Yukinoshita continued with a sly smile.

"Rather than what will happen, what happened to you head."

"It's poignant!"

As Gahama-chan said, it was painful. Tobe also backed down by saying, "I'm sorry...." at those very poignant words.

On the other hand, as for Komachi, who had been pushing forcibly, she nodded, as if she had been satisfied.

"To be honest, my brother was quite like that, but whatever it was, it helped me! Komachi, I think I can do something about it even after I go to high school!"

Saying that, she quickly poses in a victory pose. eh? Are you serious? I am very worried about what and how my self-introduction will be helpful.

Putting my anxiety aside, Komachi was imagining a new start.

"Finally, Yukino-senpai and Yui-senpai are my seniors. I'm really looking forward to it~!"

"I'm looking forward to it too!"

"Yeah, I'll be waiting for you at school."

Isshiki mumbled and stared at the three of them gathered and chirping.

"hmmm....., my junior position is....."

Isshiki sharpening her teeth while worrying about a mystery in the distance. Tobe comforted Isshiki.

"Well, it's pretty good to have a junior. You can guide them and help them. I think it cute~"

As Tobe said with a proud face, that was the senior wind blowing. However, if you have senior as easy-going as Tobe, you can say that you are quite fortunate even as a junior. Surprisingly, he might be a really good senior.

That's what I was thinking, but I guess not! Isshiki cut it off in a low voice and cold eyes.

"Hey, well, why Tobe-senpai is looking down on me, and he's just being used as an errand man."

For a moment, Tobe's movements stopped suddenly.

"Beh? Really?"

"Reallyl."

"....."

At Isshiki's sharp truth, Tobe lost his words, and had no choice but to scratch the back of his head. Uh-huh, well, I think he's a good senior with that aspect as well... Otherwise, Irohasu wouldn't even say harsh words like that. Couldn't it be said that he has an open mind that much

I was hesitating whether to support him in that way, so suddenly Komachi turned around. And, facing Isshiki smiled cutely.

"Ehehe, please take care of me! Iroha-senpai♪"

Come on, Isshiki had a puzzled look on her face for a moment. She blinked her eyes, muttered and coughed a little.

"...well, it might not be bad to have a junior."

As she said that she looked away. Apparently, there was something unfamiliar about the sound of the word senpai. As if hiding her ears, she smiled bitterly as she gently fixed her hair.

"Therefore, if there is anything, please help her."

Unlike me, who is about to graduate next spring, Isshiki and Komachi would be together a year longer. A connection with such a senior woman is, by any means, quite reliable... and I nodded with my arms crossed.

Isshiki looked at it with suspicious eyes.

"Haha, even if you say that, there's really nothing I can do..."

And stopped talking if she noticed something. She stood up, move away from me waving her hands, spitting out words like a rapid-fire cannon.

"Huh! Are you trying to flirt with me right now? Naturally, a proposal using your younger sister as an excuse isn't bad, but if I think carefully I will have to refuse, sorry."

Isshiki said bluntly and neatly. I was satisfied with it, agreed and nodded.

"Yeah, that's right."

I have been rejected by her many times so I was not phased.

However, Isshiki seemed to be dissatisfied with that, puffing up her cheeks and sticking out her lips.

"Come out, this guy isn't listening...

In that way, Isshiki sighed as if she had given up.

"Well, yes..."

"Yes, yes, yes."

As they were joking around in that way, Komachi made a sound as if she was admiring something. Perhaps because of her mood, the eyes that looked at me and Isshiki were twinkling.

Then, Komachi slowly spoke to Isshiki.

"there....."

"Yes? What is it, Okome-chan?"

When Isshiki asked the question as if it was bothering her, Komachi clasped her hands tightly as if in prayer, and made a foolish voice with gleaming eyes.

"Can I still call you my sister? First of all, can I start with (tentative name)?"

"Why! I don't like it! That would be very annoying!"

Isshiki completely refused. However, Komachi ignored it.

"An old man said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, trash for garbage... In that regard, Iroha-senpai is the best. ."

"Ha? What are you talking about this person... More than anything, that doesn't feel like a compliment at all..."

Komachi, who spoke as if ecstatic and dreaming somewhere, Isshiki looked at her suspiciously. The corner of her mouth was contorted as if she didn't like it.

However, Komachi let even that go splendidly.

"Komachi usually don't need an older brother, but I thought it would be nice to have an older sister... As a result, it's also good for my older brother... and I'm concerned about my older brother, now that scored high in Komachi's point book!"

"Yeah? High? At the point where you say you don't need your brother, isn't it pretty low?"

The debt that was paid in advance is so large that it cannot be repaid in the second half? Would it be better to re-determine the point award rate? However, it seems that the point grant rate differs from person to person.

Suddenly, Yuigahama and Yukinoshita muttered quietly.

"Komachi-chan's little sister....., it might be good."

"If I'm the older sister... it won't be bad."

Noticing that the voices overlapped, the two faced each other.

"Hey?"

"Oh?"

Then, they crossed each other's eyes and looked at each other without saying a word. One smiled boldly, the other smiled disrespectfully.

The confrontation would have been only a short time, but it felt exceptionally long.

"Wow, these two are dangerous..."

A dangerous atmosphere came out, and Isshiki murmured in a low voice, and even Tobe was making an excuse for something, and scratching back of his head.

"Yabe... Ah! The artist I've been waiting for will come soon, so I'll go!"

As soon as he spoke, Tobe quickly ran away. Isshiki was angrily shouted.

"Ah, hey, what are you running away from!"

He left like MC of Hollywood movie who avoided being detected.

Isshiki took a deep breath and clapped her hands.

"Yeah! We'll talk about it next time! Let's end our rest soon, too!"

Speaking in an unusually energetic voice, Isshiki squeezed between Yukinoshita and Yuigahama. Gradually, the festival is also entering the second half. This would be just the right time to end the break.

For that reason, I am on board with all my might at Isshiki's suggestion.

"Yeah, that's right. Time is just right."

Having said that, Yuigahama and Yukinoshita glanced slightly at the clock. Then, looking at each other once again, they suddenly smiled warmly at each other.

The frozen air quickly relaxed, and Yuigahama continued her stretching, and she spoke cheerfully.

"That's right! If there's a festival, it'll climax!"

"...Then, shall we enjoy the second half?"

"Yay-!"

As Yukinoshita spoke with a quiet smile, Komachi raised her fists high.

With that signal, we left the rest area behind and started heading to the floor.

Whether it was because of the long rest or the excitement of the festival's climax, their steps were light.

As I was walking, a few steps ahead of me overlapping with the light from the floor, I narrowed my eyes involuntarily at the shadow.

The long shadows didn't gather in one place, but they swayed, spread faintly, and gradually softened, but they were definitely overlapping nonetheless.

The moment I saw it, my steps stopped. It's because I had presumptuous thoughts that I wanted to see it for even a little longer.

"Hikigaya-kun, what are you doing? We're leaving you."

"Hikki-, hurry up!"

As if it was strange for me to stand still, Yukinoshita looked back. Beside her, Yuigahama were waving her hand loudly.

"Senpai, We're late-"

"Onii-chan, let's go!"

Isshiki gave a piercing gaze, and Komachi jumped and beckoned to me.

Indeed, how many times will I be able to see them gathered together?

There is not much time left now. Someday, when the seasons turn and spring comes again, parting awaits.

The festival time will come to an end someday.

Someday it will end, so a festival can be called a festival.

Paradoxically, everything is a festival because it ends at some point.

If so-

Even the casual daily life is one of the festivals.

You could call it our festival.

Probably, it is the best experience with uniqueness that should be called once in a lifetime.

An old man said

"Chiba's specialties, festivals and dances. We're all fools, so let's dance and sing a song!"

I only smiled slightly.

"Ah, let's go now."

And, at the end of the festival where the headliner awaits.

To watch the best climax, I walked to the floor where they were waiting.

Chapter 4 - Casually and naturally, Isshiki Iroha thinks about the future.

In a corner of the courtyard garden, cherry blossom leaves are swirling.

It's only half way through April.

With the passage of time, the colours on the trees are also changing. Every time it is swayed by the gentle breeze, the green colours of the season also swayed.

Looking at the end of the cherry blossom branches already in bloom; I pressed the button on the vending machine.

Even if you do not intentionally pay attention to the fingertips, your fingers naturally wraps around the coffee can. In a bumpy and distant place, I slowly headed towards the bench in the school's garden.

For the time between class and a break of only 10 minutes, no one came out on purpose.

Right now, at this moment, the courtyard is my own, and Hikigaya Hachiman's private space. It's my own, I can make a mistake, I'm at a level where property tax will be imposed in the name of Hikigaya Hachiman. Seriously, the tax is too high, really...

In that way, by appealing my interest in politics and economy, I was aiming for the position of governor of Chiba Prefecture in the future, and I held on to MAX Coffee.

If life is bitter, at least coffee should be sweet...

After that, trembling with joy, I took my seat in the middle of the bench and entered Nirvana by myself.

It must have been that someone broke into my private space. I looked at them with a suspicious face, as if I was asking them to pay the fixed property tax.

In front of them, several female students were walking down the hallway connecting to the special building. Perhaps it was the way back from the special classroom, and they were going back to the main building, chatting very loudly.

Among them, the flax hair suddenly caught my attention.

The fluffy hair matched well with the cuticle, and when exposed to the sun, it twinkled, and the big, round eyes were cute like a small animal. The school uniform is also very slightly ruffled, and even if you get used to the gesture of carefully holding the long sleeves of the cardigan, you will think it is cute.

Well, it's not just the action, it's cute in the first place.

A girl named Isshiki Iroha.

I am used to her serious attitude in the club or in the student council room, so I often forget, but seeing her with her friends like this, I thought again.

To my surprise, she seems to be doing well in her new class. I'm glad I'm happy....

In that way, maybe it was because I felt like a relative or uncle, and I felt like I was staring at her too openly. The other side noticed my presence too, and our eyes met suddenly.

Isshiki didn't make a sound, and she opened her mouth to say "Ah"... No, maybe it was "Ugh".

However, it was only that moment that surprised her expression was mixed, and Isshiki smiled as if she was about to cover up her face, and her sleeves were long enough to show her fingers, just like a cardigan, and gently held her hand in front of her chest. These actions made me shy without realising it..

I couldn't decide what kind of reaction to make, so I had no choice but to bow so much that even a nod could not be interpreted. While I was confused, Isshiki ran away to chat with her friends, and she disappeared towards the teacher lounge.

As I saw it off, I let out a heavy sigh and looked up at the sky.

Now, how should I have reacted? Didn't it seem like something was ignored? Should I even wave my hand? No, that's bad too. casual greetings? Is it a casual greeting? If Isshiki was alone, that would have been one of the options, but if there were other people around, her behaviour would change a bit. Or should I have pretended to yawn and pretend I didn't see her? Either way, it's already a bad feeling when you become conscious!

In the courtyard that has been turned into my private space again, I close my eyelids and hold a self-reflection meeting for a while.

When MAX Coffee, which I was holding without drinking it, warmed up a little, there was a loud, thumping sound of stepping on the sand.

"Senpai."

She spoke to me lightly in a sweet voice, and raised her face toward me.

In an instant, a soft thing touched my cheek. Astonished, I got up, and Isshiki Iroha, who had just passed by, was standing right next to me. A plastic bottle of "green tea" in her hand, a playful smile. Haha, you see, is this person a campaign girl? How cute is this, what is this?

(T/N: Originally the drink she bought was something called "Irohas..." which I think is the same as her name. I could not find what it was so, I went with green tea.)

"That's right.... What is it, what's wrong?"

While suppressing the agitation, I indirectly asked if she had returned to the classroom. Then, Isshiki sat down on the bench and said nothing.

"I said I could not bear the student council room, so I left."

"Hmm..."

Contrary to what she said, it didn't feel like Isshiki was heading to the student council room. Instead, she put the plastic bottle she was holding to her forehead and sighed in relief.

"If you say you're going to the bathroom or buy something to drink, everyone will follow you."

Saying that, Isshiki shook the plastic bottle in her hand. Apparently, that "green tea" was bought as an excuse to break up with her friends.

"Well, it might be especially true in the new semester. Anything that becomes a collective action."



As I was arguing with each other, Isshiki answered and nodded again, and came closer to my side.

"That's right-. So, speaking of the student council, it's convenient, ... at times like this."

"Surely, that's a good excuse for that, right?"

In this school, the attribute of being the student council president is something that only Isshiki possesses. Therefore, she can take it out when she wants to be alone and leisurely. Really convenient.

Nodding, Isshiki glanced at me.

"Do you really understand?"

"Of course, I know. When I go back from a meeting, or when I go in the same direction as the person I'm meeting for the first time, I get so awkward, I lie and say, "Oh, there's something else I need to do"."

"Hey, it's totally different..."

With a look as if she was genuinely tired, Isshiki let out a light sigh. Lightly put her hand in front of her chest, leaning a little, looking into my face.

"It's not that..."

Isshiki put her lips to my ear as if telling a secret story, and whispered in a small voice.

"..." at a time like this."

Even though there was no one else, the unusually secretive and pitiful voice tingled my earlobe.

As if escaping from the floral scent and unfamiliarity, I leaned my upper body back, and Isshiki also leaned a bit more.

"It's not like there's anything in particular, but when I saw you looking at me, I thought you were asking me to come. You didn't even wave your hand."

"Isn't it unreasonable to have a reaction there? If I had come to you directly my friends would have started rumours..."

"Ha?"

At the time when she made a cute shy move like a sly fox in the past, Isshiki had a very serious face. Hmmm, it doesn't work because of different generations-.

I suddenly felt nostalgic for having had a conversation like this one day, and as I sighed with a smile, Irohasu let out a sigh of exhaustion.

"Well, that's it. A man who doesn't talk without work. Conversely, a man who tries to make an excuse and somehow gets involved in a conversation."

"Hey, stop, if there is an opportunity, there are guys who work hard, so stop."

I tried to stop her, but Isshiki didn't even pretend to listen.

"Even if someone asks about class related work, I think they can talk to some other student and if they try to LINE me, I'll pretend I'm asleep-"

"Stop, quit it. Stop stabbing the weak parts of male and female high school relationships that I have experienced. Small actions can change the world..., I believe that... "

Whatever it is A daily action can change the world. I want you to change the world.....

Isshiki looked at me with no interest looking at a distant place and muttering prayers in her heart, but she smiled bitterly that she couldn't help it for a while.

"Do you feel that way in the classroom? It must have just changed."

"Well, more than that, it's limited to me, but when we're in the 3rd grade, we're familiar to some degree, so there's no atmosphere to actively create new relationships. So, there's no need to talk to anyone else."

It was nothing more than an impression of watching from the side, but when I brought out my point of view, Isshiki nodded with a sigh.

"Really... well, you're already in third grade."

"That's right. It's a third year... ..so, another problem arises this time."

When I added the words in an unusually heavy tone, Isshiki tilted her head slightly. As she shook her head, her flax hair flew and showed the white nape of her neck. Isshiki asked without saying a word, while her fingers ruffled her hair that had touched her pink lips.

"There is a guy who says, "It's the end of high school," so that's a little bit..."

The annoying thing about this kind of statement is that it's not necessarily wrong. Certainly, even this moment can be said to be the last thing in high school life for me.

Unbeknownst to me, it seems that the nuance of irritation in my voice was quite strong. Isshiki, who was listening, added.

"Ah, it's like the anniversary of a couple just dating..."

"Yeah."

"It certainly takes a lot of work.... Even if you post something like that on social media, you have no choice but to press the like button thinking, 'I'm sorry- I'm not interested in that-.'"

"Yeah, yeah."

It was me who was arguing smoothly, but suddenly I was speechless. That's right, I hate Irohas on the inside, but I really like it! I have no plans to post on social media about my anniversary, but I also think that I should be careful not to offend others.

However, I am also a human child. It's not at all ignorant of the sense that anniversaries are important.

Everyone has one or two days they want to remember. An ordinary day without anything special is also an irreplaceable anniversary for anyone.

For example, your birthday is probably the most appropriate day for it.

As my thoughts reached that point, I reached out to MAX Coffee, who had left it on the bench next to me, and pushed it towards Isshiki.

"Would you like to drink this?"

"Ha? No, handing over a drink suddenly is a crime itself."

Isshiki slid all the way to the end of the bench, put her hands in front of her chest, and entered the full defense system.

"I haven't drank it yet... Look, this is not even opened."

Shaking the can as if it was evidence, I appealed my innocence. Then, perhaps Isshiki was also convinced, and she quickly returned to her original position. And, in fear, she reached out to get a MAX Coffee from me.

"Ha, well, thank you... Well then, I'll take it. I'm not sure if I'll drink it, but....."

She's incredibly honest.... But, I think it's good that she doesn't use people's generosity even though she is reluctant.

"Happy Birthday."

As I said with a bitter smile, I handed the MAX Coffee to Isshiki's hand.

However, there was no reaction from Isshiki, she just stared blankly at MAX Coffee pressed against her hands.

"....."

She blinked with a blank expression, and only silent breaths could be heard.

What's going on? And when she asked with only her gaze, Isshiki started to fiddle with her bangs.

"...Gee, you remember. I thought you forgot because you didn't say anything."

"No, I didn't have time to say it..."

When I thought to say it, her distance was too far away, and when she came to speak to me, I was surprised by her sudden attack.....

In the first place, there is no way that I could forget her Iroha's birthday. For a long time, whenever something happened, she had appealed to me about her birthday, in the past few days, in the service club, there was a lot of buzz about the topic. After school today, the members decided to celebrate with a surprise.

However, no matter how much a surprise is prepared, it is too unnatural not to talk about birthday-related topics, even when we meet by chance. When I became to my class, I immediately realized, "It's strange... It's my birthday today, but no one congratulates me... Haha, maybe they are planning a surprise?" , to the extent that the day ends with nothing happening.

Here, if you tell her congratulations one step ahead of her, Isshiki's consciousness will be freed from the expectation or concern of a surprise. If you do this, it is natural that the effect of the surprise will be doubled. A perfect tactic in my opinion....

In that way, since she was satisfied with herself, she quickly pulled up my sleeve. What happened? I looked up and saw Isshiki bit her lip and looked at the other side.

"I'm not a small kid who would fall for a can of coffee..."

In a stern tone, Isshiki murmured.

Of course, I know that. First of all, I prepared a present myself.... and swallowed the things I wanted to say because her birthday will be celebrated after school.

Even though she said she wasn't a cheap woman, Isshiki didn't look like she was going to give MAX Coffee back, and MAX Coffee was in the Blazer's pocket.

Instead, she came up with something else.

".....Hey, I'll give you this."

"Oh, thank you."

I'm sorry, I'll take good care of you..... And what I received as a reflexive greeting was the "green tea" that Isshiki had been holding before.

".....Eh, why?"

I looked up from the edge of my hand and looked at Isshiki. She was still looking at the other side, but she answered my question surprisingly honestly.

"Exchange.... for the Coffee

Indeed, I don't know. Why did you give me green tea? There's a reason I gave MAX Coffee for a birthday. However, I have no idea why I would receive this.

"Hey..."

It looks like it's a barter trade, I stared at the "green tea". And Isshiki coughed heavily.

Then, she pointed at me with her finger, and she was puffing up her bright red cheeks.

"...because it's an exchange! So, the gift you just gave me is invalid!"]

"Eh..."

Were there any rules for the gift? If I return with something else, does it cancel it? With embarrassment Isshiki continued the story.

"So, the present is going to be something else next time... How about this weekend? I have quite a bit free time-?"

"Eh, ah, no, I'm considering preparing a gift separately..."

I was going to give it to you after school. I want to say it, but since it's a surprise, it's a dilemma that I can't say for sure! It was muffled and I couldn't say anything, so I wonder how she had accepted it, Isshiki grinned and turned her body over from bench.

"Gifts are an excuse."

She placed a hand lightly on my shoulder, smiled. And with a voice that seemed to melt my brain, Isshiki Iroha brought her lips together and whispered.

Before I can ask what the excuse was, Isshiki pulled her body back and grinned as if nothing had happened.

My sighs were mixed with the bell signalling the end of break, and Isshiki stood up at the same time. Use that momentum, turn her heel and taking a few steps, her skirt fluttered>

"Then, I'll wait happily for the weekend-!"

As if she didn't even want to listen to this answer, she waved her hand softly, and Isshiki hurried to the class.

"Yeah, yes..."

Even though I knew my words would never reach her, I couldn't help but give a nod of embarrassment to the figure, which was moving away.

All of a sudden, the weekend plan was decided.

No, Irohasu.

I don't know how many times we've already had the same conversation as always. It was the same tone as before, but it felt a little more advanced. A little more cunning, cute and smart than before.

As if it was taken for granted, she piled it up as usual. That one action has definitely shaken my heart, and I think about the future ahead.

So, you too.

Irohasu, you are the best...

Chapter 5 - However, I'm sure they will keep making mistakes.

Spring has come to an end, and the scent of early summer has begun to flow.

Even the trees in the courtyard over the corridor are swaying with the refreshing breeze, with fresh green shoots blooming at the ends of their branches.

The pure white petals disappeared somewhere, and the green colour grew darker, and the atmosphere of the entrance ceremony finally calmed down.

At a time like this, the contrast will become clear, such as those who like to meet people by nature and have easy relationships with people, those who have successfully completed their high school debut, or those who are not well accustomed to, or those who have deliberately decided to go through hardships. It's time

In the first place, it is impossible to say in one word which side is bad.

For example, even if you have a person to talk to or a person to make a sports pair with, that doesn't mean you're happy.

Building a relationship with someone means reaching one end of the bondage that that person holds.

Friendships do not end with that friend alone, they do not have anything to do with wishing or receiving wishes, such as "friends of friends", "lovers of friends", or "people whom friends hate" it can only be related.

I can't deal with people who are good friends with my friends, and if my friend has a girlfriend, I'm even a little bit concerned, and it's hard to get along with someone my friend doesn't like.

Those who know such inconsistency may say that it is better to be alone.

And I, too, in the new class, are entangled and in the midst of being entangled.

Because of the seat assigned in such order, most of them are side by side with Hayama Hayato, which makes this difficult every time. As for the trouble, it's very difficult for Ebina-san, who talks with Hayama, to come close every now and then.

There is nothing more difficult to deal with than an ambiguous acquaintance.

No, Hayama grew up a little because he got used to it anyway.

Neither Hayama nor Ebina say what they want to say to each other, so there is no expectation that communication will be established. Since I didn't listen to the other person in the first place, I don't really care if the sudden silence falls.

In the end, I believe that I know what I want to know about the other person, so I only keep talking to myself, so conversation and silence are almost synonymous.

If you think that way, in a certain sense, talking with Hayama belongs to the more comfortable side.

...However, in a sudden moment, when Ebina-san and I were alone with him, it became extremely difficult.

Ebina-san has no idea where the red flags are, so when she suddenly raises one, she panics like "Eh, did I say something....." I mean, I gave up on it. Just like that, Hayama! come quickly to smooth over the matter.

Well, with regards to Hayama and Ebina-san, they also had experiences from their second year of high school, so they had a little idea of how to form a relationship.

The problem is how to deal with people other than Hayama.

It's not something I'm going to say right now, but Hayama gets attention no matter what he does, and he's the centre of attention in the class.

During his free time, of course, during classes, such as physical education, when he has free time, he often chats with someone.

As a result, even me, who sits close to him, is often included in the conversation.

Maybe it was because it was the new school year, so he gave me strength to get along, or maybe it was because all of my classmates had a good heart, and they care about me, who has been quiet for the rest of my life, and when I talk with Hayama, he brings back the topic to me as well.

To be honest, it's quite difficult to have a conversation when guys whose names and faces don't match well yet, but I'm also a human. It hurts to ignore the kindness of others.

So, whenever the conversation is turned this way, it's almost always "Well, how about it?" "I don't know." "It's amazing. It's hard to explain." "That's right." It's just that, making full use of conversational skills that anyone can do, and somehow passing it on.

When I do this, usually everyone makes troubled faces saying, so the conversation doesn't connect.

In any case, a silence like a blank space is created, starting with the conversation in the sense of my trash music game. It is Hayama and Ebina who make it spicy.

Thanks to them, a firm position of "the person being defended by Hayama and Ebina-san" has now been created in our class.

By the time I reached my third year of high school, my relationship with my classmates was not particularly promising.

I am in a state of giving up, resembling a kind of realization that everything in the world is peaceful and that if everything flows without any major problems, that is enough.

However, that is only the opinion of a person who has been worn out by the world to the end.

If so, what about the freshmen?

When I think about it that way, what suddenly comes to my mind is the new life of my younger sister, Hikigaya Komachi.

Komachi entered Sobu High School this spring and became my junior, but I do not know the whole story of her school life.

Of course, we meet in the club room, and we talk at home, of course, but I can't figure out how things are going in class.

On her spring break, she had quite a lot of fun wearing uniforms, doing fashion shows by herself, and Komachi, who went to school with me even after her entrance to school, but in recent years, the exhilarating footsteps have been an impression that has calmed down quite a bit.

No matter how new the days are, with each passing day, the freshness turns into a gentleness without realizing it.

In particular, like high school life, if put in one place, if you meet your classmates every day, you will vaguely remember the name, and you will be able to grasp the reproductive area of each person in the small part of the conversation unfolding or the range of actions during the break will be.

After a month or so, the superficial character and the position in the classroom are known a little bit, and the general human relationship begins to form.

As Komachi is definitely a highly communicative person, I don't worry too much about it, but the thing that worries me is her brother.

Now, Komachi, what kind of feeling is she going through her school life? Thinking about it, I headed to the service club.

I clasped my finger on the door knob of the club room, and rattled it open, and there was Komachi with her chin on her hand and staring blankly out the window.

Textbooks and notebooks were spread out on the desk, whether she was studying for a test for the next week's midterm exam or just to pass the time, but there was no mechanical pencil in her hand.

Looking back at the rattling sound of the door, Komachi straightened her sagging expression and smiled softly.

"Oh-, Onii-chan."

"Oh, you're early."

Having said that, I headed to my seat, which had been in the same position for some time.

"Well, if Komachi doesn't come, I won't be able to open the club room."

Komachi lightly shrugged her shoulders, exhaled her breath with a hoarse smile, then took the mechanical pencil into her hand, fluttered the notebook, and resumed her studies.

A month has passed since the service club started again.

Along with the position of the president, the key enforcement also became Komachi's role, but it can be said that Komachi is working on it without slacking. She's doing really well.

Come to think of it, Yukinoshita, the head of the previous generation, also came to the club sooner than anyone else, but it seemed that her serious personality in everything she did was definitely passed on to the next generation.

"Today, it seems that Yukinoshita and Yuigahama are not coming."

"Yeah, I heard."

When I spoke, Komachi raised her head from the textbook and answered.

"Oh yeah....."

Without even asking why the two of them were absent, Komachi is slowly moving the mechanical pencil.

No, it's good she didn't ask. It's difficult to explain.

Because the surprise would have been exposed.

About a month after Komachi took position as the president of the service club. Now that I am familiar with this new system to some extent, Yukinoshita and Yuigahama have been talking about giving her gift to congratulate her on becoming the president.

It's a celebration or a commemoration, so it should be a normal gift... However, since it is an ordinary day, the surprise may work more effectively.

I wonder if there's something about the timing when something changes. This is like the old man, who has reached retirement, is full of thoughts of receiving a bouquet of flowers.

That way, even Komachi wouldn't think that she would receive a gift at this time.

In order to make the most of the surprise attack, the most important thing is not to make Komachi suspicious of us. Even so, if all three of us go out together, she'll wonder if there's something there. I'm here to make an alibi so that Komachi don't get suspicious.

Therefore, it is quite welcome that she ignored the matter. Against Komachi, I don't feel like I'll be able to do well. Or, taking that into consideration, Yukinoshita and Yuigahama may have messaged her.

Anyway, because of work, Yukinoshita and Yuigahama took a break together, so today's it's just me and Komachi.

In the club room covered with silence, the sound of a mechanical pencil was particularly loud.

There are often only the two of us at home, and there are some secretive moments where we don't talk and just keep petting the cat.

Until now, it was probably because there weren't many situations where we were the only two in the club room. There is a strange tension there.

To be honest, it's kind of embarrassing.... Thanks to that, I usually don't do it at all, but I open a text book on my desk.

I wanted to follow the Komachi suit, so I knocked a mechanical pencil on my head and started writing down the answers from the problem book in my notebook.

I would say that I forgot or want to forget it, that I am also a student. In my spare time, I have to study for the exam little by little.

For a while, me and Komachi's mechanical pencils played a soft, yet fragile ensemble.

However, the hand stopped soon after.

Studying together with Komachi is something we don't do at home. In any case, the existence of sitting in front of the diagonal line bothers me.

I pretended to be thinking as I tapped the note with the tip of a mechanical pencil, and glanced at Komachi.

A blazer with a little bis sleeves, a blouse with the first button open at the neck, and a ribbon tying it lightly.

About a month had passed since I entered the school, and I slowly looked at the familiar shape of the school uniform.



hmm.....

Looking at her, this person looks pretty good in our school uniform. It's my little sister, and is hyper cute.

While the girlish innocence remained, there was a sense of magnificence with a hairpin that gathered her bangs, and a slightly dishevelled outfit was lively, expressing a bright and cheerful feeling without being awkward.

She is sure to be popular in her class as well. Perhaps in the class every boy would be like "Look, she is Hikigaya Komachi." "she is the most girl in the school." Ha? What, why are you looking at my sister like that? You want to get killed? (dark smile).

That way, while I was day-dreaming, Komachi was reading, nodding and waving the ahoge on the top of her head.

(Note: Ahoge- cow lick)

She hung her swaying hair over her ear, and she put a red pen over her ear and drew a line with a fluorescent marker. As if to confirm that, she tapped the marker to her cheek and tilted her head gently.

And, perhaps feeling my gaze, Komachi looked at me slightly. Then, she opened her mouth with a little distasteful reaction.

"what?"

"Nothing at all."

Saying that, I shook my head with only the tip of my chin. No, really, nothing. The button on the blouse is definitely something I want to point out, but if you nagging up to that point, you'll be hated...

At my answer, Komachi blew her nose excitedly and dissatisfied, then lowered her gaze back to the textbook.

After that, there was no conversation at all, and instead, all I could hear was the sound of squeezing markers, the sound of squeaking and circling with a red pen, and the sound of me moaning as I ran out of time.

In fact, when I see a komachi studying in uniform, it is the komachi in the classroom that really bothers me. Are you taking classes this way?

When I thought like that, the feeling of a father rose within me. I coughed in vain and opened the reference book.

"...how about school?"

To create a heavy atmosphere and bring it out, the words are too simple. I didn't know where the hoarse voice was going, and there was no eye contact.

This movement and tone were like a father figure someone of Showa era. Unfolding a newspaper at the table and talking to his adolescent son. ...Showa era, isn't the communication disorder too severe?

Even Komachi, who heard those words, couldn't help but be stunned. There, she smiled bitterly, as if she was tired of it.

"What's that. Dad? More than that, we're in the same school."

"No, no, that's not it, we only meet like this in the club room, but I don't know what it's like in the classroom?"

I am a little dissatisfied with being treated the same as my father, but the truth is, I want to ask more about things like "Have you made a friend?" or "Do you think you will have a boyfriend?"

However, whenever I am asked that kind of question by my parents, I feel like "I wish you could leave me alone...". I want to compliment myself for not crossing that line.

Maybe that worked, Komachi looked like she was seriously thinking about it with her arms crossed.

"Ummm... well, that's right."

She twisted her head, but eventually she popped her head up and answered with a very serious face.

"Normal."

"Is that so.....?"

Well, I have no choice but to answer that way. If my parents ask me, I will answer the same way.

It would be cumbersome to deliberately explain the friendship in detail starting with school, but I don't want to worry about it, and I'm a little embarrassed to face each other and talk like that with my parents.

As a result, the words used are limited to three of "what", "nothing special", and "normal".

But, I know, but I have no choice but to ask because I am still worried.

In the old days, "Listen!" "That's it, Komachi....." would've have worked, but Komachi has grown quite a bit at some point, and she says she's already in her puberty, so Komachi is serious. She waved her hands in front of her face.

"No, no, it's not like I am a rebel. It's really normal. I have normal friends, I usually follow classes, and I'm usually happy. So, it's normal."

When it comes to Komachi's expression that speaks like that, it's flat, literally ordinary. Her complexion and tone didn't feel like she was squeezing something, nor was she trying to falter at all.

She didn't have any particular complaints, or she didn't have any anxiety, and she was living peacefully every day. Because it is so calm, I may have no choice but to use the word "normal" to describe it. If that's the case, I can't help but agree.

"It's fine then," I said, and Komachi nodded.

"Yeah. More than anything, the only person who is rebellious is my brother. Komachi usually tells mom about what happened at school."

"Hmm... Dad?"

"Hehehe. Daddy's busy."

When asked that question, Komachi smiled cutely and frowned.

However, it cannot be said to be a completely false lie. In fact, our father is quite busy working overtime every day, and it is also true that the time zones do not overlap that much. On holidays, my father and I both sleep for a long time, so we only have time to see their faces when we eat. No, well, speaking of that, my mother is also quite busy, but both my parents have the "savage ☆☆☆" factor, so if it goes like this, it will be passed down to me as well.

That way, as I was shivering, Komachi coughed, pretended and pointed at me.

"More than that, you don't even talk to dad very often."

"Not at all. I always ask for money."

"Eh... That's worse than Komachi..."

When I puffed my chest and spoke confidently, Komachi broke it in a terrific way. However, as a student who can't even do a part-time job properly, there are some things that can't be helped.

Taking advantage of anything that costs money, buying a reference book, taking a mock exam, or getting pocket money for a suitable reason can be said to be my main source of income right now.

"But, there's nothing we can do about it, because that's the only topic that Dad and me has in common, right?"

"It's a lonely parent-child relationship... It's especially lonely that we have to find a common topic on purpose, even though they're parent and children..."

Komachi murmured as if sad, and looked at me with pitying eyes.

"No, I don't know if that's what the father and son are like, but I don't know. Talking about money, other than that, I can only talk about the evangelion".

"Ummm... We're a lot better off than Komachi thinks, this rich man..."

Komachi's expression, which had been filled with sorrow until now, had now changed to a bitter smile mixed with embarrassment. She looked like she was a little bit awake.

Well, if you're talking about school with your mom, second to your dad, then there shouldn't be a problem.

As Komachi herself said so, she was spending her school life normally, without major problems.

"...well, it's okay if there's no problem."

"Huh."

When I said that, Komachi nodded and started studying again with the textbook.

I looked at it blankly.

A pleasant breeze blew from the window that was left open.

From afar, I could hear the energetic shouts of the sports club coming from the playground, or the tone of a brass band that was out of tune.

Somehow, it seemed that a new member had arrived in any sub-activity. The after-school melody didn't fit as well as before, but it still felt livelier.

It may be just a cacophony now, but as time goes by, it will start to work together, and one day it will turn into a beautiful background music that evokes nostalgia.

Listening to the sound echoing outside the window, I turned my head to look at the club room.

A quiet room with only the sound of a sharp mechanical pencil running and the occasional page flipping sound.

Thinking that it was so spacious, and cherishing a feeling of nostalgia, I looked at Komachi sitting diagonally in front of me.

Just me and Komachi.

In the centre of insolvency where there was no one else, Komachi was silently reading textbooks, not paying attention to anything else.

A girl reading a book in the dark.

It was reminiscent of her.

If I had not been brought here on that day, she would still be reading a book alone in this insolvent room.

In that way, I had a meaningless imagination.

Time doesn't go back when thinking about what-if stories.

Even if we can do it again, we can't take this memory with us, so the result doesn't change.

In the end, I will have no choice but to be dragged into this insolvency.

So, this idea is meaningless.

However, if you dare to give it a meaning.

It can be said that the imagination suggests the appearance of Komachi will change someday.

The time left for me to be in this insolvency is now short.

In less than a year, I will be graduating.

Even after I've left, will she spend her after school time all alone like this?

Without us, in this club room without the scent of tea.

Thinking like that, my heart tightened without realizing it.

I must have known that it would happen someday, but I didn't realize it until I saw Komachi alone like this.

"Komachi."

Talking to her, Komachi raised her head with a swish. Without saying a word, she tilted her head.

"Should we recruit new members?"

Saying that without any premise, Komachi blinked blankly. Before long, her expression turned to surprise and perplexity.

"Why so suddenly..."

"No, freshmen came to service club. ...well, I thought it would be nice to have a junior too."

I couldn't say that because my heart ached at the thought I had just embraced, and I only spoke vaguely no matter how I looked at it.

For me, Komachi sent me a suspicious look with thin eyes.

"Onii-chan, were you such type of person? You treated Taishi-kun very rashly."

"Not at all. I don't hate the hierarchical relationship where I'm at the top."

"You're the worst senior..."

To me, who his chest proudly, Komachi seemed to have shattered it.

"More than that, Taishi is. Rather than calling him a junior, I feel like he's Kawa-something's younger brother or Keika's older brother."

Taishi is definitely my junior, but I knew him before he came to school, so I don't feel like he's my junior now.

That is, if you belong to the same club and see their face on a daily basis, the relationship value will be updated, and you can definitely recognize someone as a junior, but now he is stuck as image that he is a garbage worm in the vicinity of Komachi.

.....Well, no matter how you say it, Komachi will get annoyed again if you talk about the garbage bug, so let's refrain from talking about it.

Thinking that way, Komachi looked at me with an even more suspicious gaze, wondering if it wasn't good that I swallowed the words.

However, when the cheerful sound of a metal batting and a trumpet out of pitch were heard, her gaze turned to look out the window.

"Well, Komachi was also thinking about it..."

And, she let out a light sigh.

No need to worry, Komachi seems to have thought of that first. I'm glad... and for a moment, I was relieved, Komachi frowned and folded her arms, wrinkled her eyebrows, and made a serious face.

"Even if we are trying to recruit, it's hard to explain. This club."

"Ah-..... That's right."

There, I unconsciously nodded my head.

In fact, to most people this club will be full of riddles.

We are not engaged in volunteer activities, so-called volunteer activities, on the subject why we are called the service club. These days, the contents of the activities are being subcontracted to the student council related work. Occasionally, requests and consultations are only very private, so it is difficult to explain them to a third party.

There is no easy-to-understand explanation unlike football or track team.

"Even if it's a volunteer team, it doesn't feel like a team that really does something."

When I met Orimoto Kaori while preparing for a Christmas event in the past, I remembered how much laughter she had when I said I'm in service club.

"Ummm..... The contents of the activities are the same, but other than that, this and that..."

As Komachi spoke with a bitter smile, she agreed, nodded.

"Well, I'd say it's annoying or it's a special club, so I don't think there's any need to push it too hard. They'll quit it if it gets too hard. Just like my older brother's part-time job."

"That's right..... Well, that's right..."

The words of Komachi, who raised her index finger, and twirled round, had tremendous persuasive power thanks to actual example.

In the first place, even part-timers who can earn wages are rampant, so the free volunteering may not be appealing.

If so, you should not just vaguely recruit, but make an effort to keep them from quitting.

Seriously, these days, I've heard that even private companies are working hard so that new hires don't quit.... Even when training new employees, the Human Resources club tells them "Please don't be angry with the new hires" or something. or say Rather than that, is it the first thing to recalculate the working system and salary? If you have 3 days a week off and an annual salary of 100 million yen, you will never quit?

That way, I'm not in a situation where I'm thinking about my future.

Now we have to think about the future of the service club.

It is very uncertain whether a completely unrelated third party will be able to get used to this unknown club.

In that case, it is easiest to scout people who are familiar from the start, or who have room to get used to.

It's called headhunting.

"How about your friends? Is there anyone who can join the volunteer club?"

"Eh.....Komachi doesn't really want to volunteer..."

Komachi pursed her lips.

Coincidentally, I also don't have the slightest bit of a spirit of service. President and subordinates have zero interest in volunteering, and what is this club really doing?

I was thinking for a moment in that way, Komachi also frowned and put her hand on his chin, I thought.

"But, it's a little difficult for friends, too. The people we get along with are already in the club, or they've decided to be in the go-home club from the start."

"Hmm... Well, by this time, everyone must have already picked the club."

Having said that, Komachi smiled bitterly and shrugged her shoulders.

"It is what it is." (๖_๖)

About one month after admission.

The period of temporary enlistment is almost over, and only first-year students who are willing to do so will be entering the club they desire.

However, the volunteers have not appeared at all with the intention of making a temporary visit to the service club.

After the joint prom, I have been busy, and I have not done anything to prepare for the acquisition of new members. At first, I didn't even think that the service club would survive, so I didn't prepare myself.

As I was squeezing reeking my head to see if it would be better to do something from now on, Komachi herself was making a groaning sound.

"Well, there's no need to rush it, and it's enough for a while. I'll think about it later."

"okay?"

Is it really okay? Komachi nodded at my words, which contained a lot of sceptical nuances.

“Yeah...well, it wouldn't be bad for Komachi to monopolize this place.”

And then, she made a smug face.

"Oh.... to hear something like that makes me feel a little envious..."

"That's right. It's a private room at school, I am a VIP."

Afterwards, Komachi laughed and joked around as if she was in a good mood.

However, in my head, the imagination that just had grown up in my head, and I found a glimmer of loneliness in that smile.

I say so, but I don't know what Komachi is thinking in her heart.

However, it is Komachi who created this service club, and its management is on the shoulders of Komachi. In the next year or so, it may be that I, who is leaving, should not intervene in the middle.

Even so.

I unconsciously looked at the door.

If you can, just like that day. I want someone to appear who opens the door without knocking on it, without refusing to give up.

It is a very arbitrary wish.

However, the door suddenly shook slightly. Komachi, who noticed this, also looked, and the door slowly opened.

A refreshing breeze blew from the window into the hallway. Her flax hair swayed in the wind, and the ribbon on her chest fluttered softly.

It was Isshiki Iroha who entered the club room feeling familiar enough without asking permission.

"Good job-."

Isshiki shut the rattling door, raising two of her fingers and waving it.

Seeing that, Komachi burst out laughing as if she had lost all her strength.

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Isshiki Iroha is the student council president and president of the soccer club.

As a side note, she is not a member of the service club.

Still, why do you come here every time, you... No, well, it doesn't matter at all. Unless you bring the very annoying request.

Now, I wondered what her business was today, and Isshiki was sitting in the chair she had set for herself, looking around the room.

"...Hey-, what about Yukino-senpai and Yui-senpai? Are they not here today-?"

And Isshiki's vision turned to the vacant seats.

As usual, Yukinoshita and Yuigahama should have been sitting there, but unfortunately, they didn't come today.

"I feel like something is wrong, so they're taking a day off today."

"That's right, so, today, only Komachi and Onii-chan are in club."

As I answered, Komachi added, Isshiki put her hand to her chin.

"Is that so... it's difficult..."

"Eh, what... Is something wrong?"

I wondered if it was an unreasonable request from the student council again, so I asked it just in-case, Isshiki smiled and spoke out as if nothing had happened.

"so, who will make tea then?..."

"What do you think of Yukinoshita?"

This person, don't think of the service club as a cafe or anything like that..... As I said with a bitter face, Isshiki winked and smiled sticking out her tongue.

"I'm joking♪"

Nope, this kid is smart and cute~! In that way, I'm not the kind of person who would get swept away by such charms. No, it's cute. ...It's cute, but that's it, and you have to ask Isshiki's business. No, it's cute, right?

"Oh, then, Komachi will make tea today."

"Okome-chan, thank you~☆"

When Isshiki smiled happily, Komachi replied no, no, and stood up softly.

That aside, the nickname "Okome-chan" is a common thing... Shall I call her Rice-chan at home? But, our Rice-chan doesn't like that. (*Note -reference to chapter 3.)

While I was thinking like that, Rice-chan dexterously prepared tea.

However, it is also a bit like waiting vaguely for the car to come out in this way. I glanced at Isshiki, so, what's going on? and urged her to continue the conversation. I just mumbled it in a troublesome way, so I must have brought something more troublesome.

Accepting my gaze, Isshiki groaned and coughed in vain.

"First of all, when it comes to work, I came here for work. I had a little consultation..."

Isshiki raised her index finger to the tip of her chin, tilted her neck and sighed. From her tone and actions, I could tell that she was contemplating whether to speak or not.

And Isshiki's gaze was toward the vacant seats.

Hmm. I don't know what kind of consultation it is, but it seems like she'd like Yukinoshita and Yuigahama to hear her story as well.

If that's the case, I'd have no choice but to ask you to come back another day... and before I could say anything, Komachi rushed in.

"Hey, if it's a consultation."

Komachi's eyes twinkled, and her heart was overflowing.

Well, there are consultations and requests, so it's the service club. I could barely do the volunteer work, so it might have taken quite a bit of energy.

Komachi quickly finished preparing the tea, switched on the electric kettle, and hurriedly returned to her original position.

Then, leaning towards Isshiki, she gently flicked her hair back.

No, her hair isn't long enough to do it... As I was thinking, Komachi stroked her hair two or three times, and had an unusually calm smile.

"Then let's hear it, please."

Saying so in a rather calm voice, she pointed to Isshiki's place with her hand. There, Isshiki opened her mouth halfway and was perplexed.

"No, no, because I'm already sitting there. ...More than that, is that imitation of Yukino-senpai? Haha, you don't look alike... ... No, you look subtly similar."

As if trying to suppress Isshiki's teasing laugh, Komachi stroked her hair again and placed her hand to her lips.

"Komachi is only acting as a president. She's not really imitating Yukino-neesan."

"Yeah, that's what you say. You said "X" a lot."

(T/N: This(X) doesn't make any sense. She could be referring to how Yukino says "ka-sheera" or some other thing which makes her speech unique.)

In the imitation of Yukinoshita Yukino, which was exaggerated too much, Isshiki was pointing her finger while saying that.

Are you listening? Stop~? Because that's not good.

And I thought I was going to pay attention like a girl, but, well, in a place where there are no seniors or bosses, it is the juniors who get hot headed. I don't understand the meaning of stopping like a girl.

But, if you imitate someone they might get really upset.

In that way, even while I was thinking, the two of them started doing imitation of their seniors.

"Eh-. Then, should I practice "Yahallo-!"

"Oh-! I miss Iroha-senpai's all-time "Yahallo-!"

The two of them are talking like that, but, well, even if Isshiki greeted her with "Yahallo-!", Yuigahama wouldn't be angry or upset.

However, since Yuigahama and Isshiki have a trusting relationship, they can be forgiven. If someone with whom you don't get along that well, such as Zaimokuza or someone in the game club, does it, it's usually really scary. Saying "Stop it" in a very low tone with all sincerity! ...No, that's fine as it is, right? The serious anger mode that shows occasionally, will it become a bit of a habit? This person makes everything a habit.

In any case, it can be said that being teased in a place where you are not present is proof that you are loved. If it's wrong, it's easy to be treated as an excuse for gossip, but, in my opinion, I think it's within the category of just chatting.

Both Yukinoshita and Yuigahama are following along well.

Thinking that way, before long, the electric kettle sizzled, and the water began to boil.

With the kettle in her hand, Komachi hummed and poured the tea, and the familiar scent spread out with a faint and warm energy.

Komachi, who was about to pour the tea, put my tea cup and two paper cups on the table. Even in the absence of Yukinoshita and Yuigahama, there seemed to be no intention of using their cups.

Komachi poured the tea.

"Come on, drink."

"Oh, thanks."

I gratefully accepted the tea that was brought out, and took a sip.

Well, I'm sure today too, the tea is delicious.....

And I drank it normally, but Isshiki's reaction was sloppy. Taking each mouthful, Isshiki looked closely at the surface of the paper cup as if to confirm something.

"Hmm..."

"Many, subtle reactions. Is there something wrong with you?"

Komachi frowned at Isshiki's meaningful breath. There Isshiki gently waved her hand.

"No, it doesn't really matter... Yukino-senpai is actually very good at making tea."

"Ah..., no matter how much I compare myself to Yukino-san..."

Komachi let out a sigh similar to that of giving up, and nodded, as if she was convinced. However, I went beyond nodding and thought of a question as usual.

"Eh? Something tastes different?"

I tasted it one more time but all I could was black tea. If it turns into oolong tea or green tea, no matter what country you are, black tea is black tea no matter what.

Eh....., I have no idea.... Is it something else? I looked around and saw Komachi shrugging her shoulders and smiling bitterly.

"The tea leaves are the same, but..."

Then, she made a hmm sound, put her hand to her chin, and began to think.

"...I wonder if that's different."

"Hey, did you change something?"

When asked that question, Komachi gave an ambiguous smile.

"Why, cooking is like love. "

ugh! If that's the case, it sounds like there's no love in this tea! No, sure, although Komachi just poured the tea light and fast, in a sloppy way. I always cook, so I was thinking that I'm good at it~, but ... by any chance, I haven't had a love for it since I started cooking?

"No, it's usually just a difference in technique. Yukino-senpai, you're pretty meticulous."

Without realizing it, I started to doubt Komachi's love, but Isshiki denied it.

"Hmm, is that so....."

Hearing those words, I thought of Yukinoshita's tea pouring, but I couldn't remember the meticulousness. Well, I think the hand gestures are sincere, but Yukinoshita is not only good at pouring tea, but in the first place, I don't know why...

However, if the visible person sees it, the difference will be obvious.

Isshiki took her paper cup in her hand and took another sip.

"Yukino-senpai has a feeling of "Tea!", but when Okome-chan makes it. It feels like drinking at my parents' house."

"Isn't it just a pun... No, I think you know something."

I'm actually drinking Komachi's tea at home, so it literally feels like a parent's house. Well, to put it bluntly, you could say it's simple, but...

Since she wasn't clearly dissed, Komachi, who was the one who heard it, seemed to have a hard time reacting.

"More than that, it's a matter of perception..."

As Komachi spoke with a bitter smile, Isshiki nodded her head.

"Well, there is, too."

"Komachi is a child who can't do anything..."

Haha, Komachi said with a dry smile and a face that seems to have given up. She was shrugging his shoulders like a Tora-san, saying that it was over. (*Note - 'Man is Tough' aired in Japan in the 1970s and 1990s)

Well, since our house is a common household... It is inevitable that not only the taste, but also the actions and behaviours have the feeling of simplicity. It should not be compared to the Yukinoshita family, which lives in high society.

However, the charm of Komachi lies in that part of the housekeeping, which is why it can be said that she is the "best sister in the world".

In that way, without the need for me to paradoxically, the fact seemed to be understood by Isshiki as well. "That's right." She nodded her head.

However, as if she had thought of something, her head suddenly stopped moving.

Then, she turned her body to Komachi's side, gently flicked the hair on her shoulder with the back of her hand.

No, your hair isn't long enough to that either..... No, wait a minute? Is this deja vu? Thinking about it, Isshiki brushed her hair two or three times and put her hand on her temple. Then she sighed in relief and shook her head lightly.

"Ara, isn't it? Komachi-san, if you want, I'd be happy to teach you how to brew tea."

Isshiki smiled.

In an instant, me and Komachi gasped and spit out. Trying to hold back our laughter, a very strange sound came out.

In the end, Komachi couldn't stand it, and she burst into laughter, but after laughing out loud, she calmed down and praised Isshiki.

"Iroha-senpai, you're pretty good~! You look alike, you look alike!"

At that praise, Isshiki puffed her chest with a buoyant smirk.

"Is it? As expected, Yukino-senpai's feeling of pride is the point."

"Don't say that proudly..."

I wouldn't think like that.

I thought ..., but what about it? That person, there are times when she feels like she's saying something really fun. Well, it's not that I don't particularly like that proud feeling, it's something that even makes me smile, so there are parts that I want you to be proud of in the future. That proud feeling is also one of the reasons why she is loved by juniors.....

And, looking at the juniors, both of them are flicking their hair and holding their chins, trying master mimicry.

Eventually, the mimicry contest ended with Isshiki's victory, and Komachi applauded and nodded her head loudly as if saying, "You did a good job."

"Hey-, imitation is a bit malicious."

"There is no malice!"

In response to Komachi's remarks, Isshiki pounded the desk and protested fiercely. However, Komachi only had a blank face and tilted her head.

"Is that so?"

Komachi was sending innocent eyes as if on purpose. In those eyes, there was a cheerfulness that could not be hidden.

"That's right! What is this kid really thinking of me..."

Isshiki groaned and then looked at Komachi with narrowed eyes.

However, even that gaze, as if the wind had blown from somewhere, Komachi put her hand on her chin, and made a strangely sweet, droopy voice.

"Eh~, don't you think, Iroha-senpai doesn't always feel like that~? I my opinion you are quite malicious."

"That's, that's a malicious imitation. Senpai, this kid's logic is completely broken."

It was Isshiki who had been protesting, but she saw Komachi imitating her.

However, Komachi seemed to think it went pretty well, and she was smiling happily..... Now that I think about it, there's something about the conversation that warms my heart.....

"Yeah, if there's any malice, it's pretty similar!"

I thought it must have been an ordinary mass of evil! Komachi exhaled contentedly as if she had accomplished it.

"So, because we don't look alike....."

Isshiki let out a sigh of absurdity and abandonment.

And then, she looked at me slightly.

"Do we look alike?"

When I was asked that question, I answered with confidence.

"That's right. The cunning part is lacking."

"I'm not happy with the way you defend me..."

As I strongly asserted, Isshiki dropped her shoulder. No, I think it's pretty convincing to me, but...

"More than that, I'm not particularly cunning."

Saying that, Isshiki puffed out her cheeks, and quickly turned her head.

"No, isn't that cunning... This person is amazing... Maybe she's doing it unconsciously..."

Seeing Isshiki's actions, Komachi spoke with a voice of admiration, perhaps even a voice full of astonishment. However, such a view can be said to be a little shallow.

I groaned, placing your elbows on the desk, Gendo pose (*Note - Gendo from Evangelion), and then shouted in a low voice.

"Komachi, that's wrong."

Maybe my voice was too serious, Komachi and Isshiki both looked at me. There was even a sense of tension in that gaze. Accepting that, I took extra weight and followed after as if saying something important.

"Isshiki's cunningness is definitely conscious. But, it's not just cunning. It's based on cunning, but there is a point that comes out boldly in a certain sense..."

Once in the middle, after interrupting the conversation, and after making enough breaks, I said my final words.

"...so to speak, it's shrewd."

As I finished speaking with a sigh filled with a light smile, silence fell for a moment.

Then, Komachi raised her voice as if she had just woken up.

"Wow, this person is talking a lot... But I can't say that the commentary is completely stupid, so let's move on."

Komachi nodded loudly, as if she had understood.

"Is that right? What do you think are the charm points of Isshiki?"

"I think you know. Its cuteness with mix of cunningness."

"That's it."

Somehow, "Iroha Isshiki's Charm Point Presentation Contest" was held by me and Komachi.

Other than that, it's been a while! The good thing about Irohasu!

Now, which card are you going to play first? Needless to say about the appearance, I'm ashamed to say that in front of anyone, no matter what. I'm in a situation where I want to praise my mental side a little more. If so, that's it, a unique way to reduce the distance is good. I mean, completely ignoring people who aren't interested, and speaking to them from the other side when you get used to them, gives you the warm joy of getting acquainted.

I was in the midst of such a thing, but as if to block it, something tugged at my sleeve.

Looking over there, Isshiki was shaking her head with her head bowed.

"Hey, hey, please, stop it... I'm really ashamed of that... It's really unreasonable... .."

Isshiki cheeks were dyed in red and she spoke rapidly. She covered her face with her hand but bright red ears peeked through her flax hair.

Isshiki, who is genuinely shy after receiving compliments, is very precious... so I keep looking at her without realizing it.

It's the same with Komachi. Perhaps she was also staring at Isshiki, lying on the table trying to get a look at her face as if she was a spy.

As if trying to escape from that gaze, Isshiki turned her head a little more.

Then, Komachi began to laugh and chuckle.

"No, no, it's true. Iroha-senpai is amazing. No matter what the reaction you do, you're pretty good at sticking to your style.... Even. Hey, it's really cool..."

"Stop, stop, hey, stop, Okome."

Komachi closes her eyes and showered praise. Isshiki desperately ignored it. However, Komachi, who grabbed her shoulder and swayed back and forth, seemed unwilling to stop.

"The mentality that doesn't shake at all even if someone hates you! Someone who doesn't care what anyone says! That's cool!"

"...It doesn't seem like anything is wrong."

At the tension of Komachi who speaks vigorously, eh..., and Isshiki half-assured. However, not even paying attention to it, Komachi raised her fist and began to praise her more.

"The strength of not caring, even if there are rumours and gossips about you!"

"No, it's normal to be hated, isn't it? Rumors, gossip, and such are really debilitating?"

Isshiki waved her hand in front of her chest, and Komachi denied her words one by one. However, Komachi, who gently placed her hand on her chest and closed her eyes as if in an ecstatic dream, pretended not to see it and followed.

"Iroha-senpai, who perseveres even when hated by others, is always cool, and Komachi kept thinking about it....."

"Wait? Stop playing that character? Everyone, stop making me feel like it's okay to hate me?"

“Komachi respects Iroha-senpai for that.”

"Okome-chan, listen? I want you to like me, because I want to be loved. What is it, Okome-chan, do you hate me?"

When Isshiki asked the question as if she was displeased, Komachi tilted her head.

However, she immediately answered with a natural face.

"In a certain sense, it's quite sincere, I like that a lot."

Isshiki blinked two or three times, probably because she answered suddenly. However, after a while, she seemed to have barely realized its meaning.

She shut her mouth, which had been open for a long time, and spoke only in her mouth, and immediately began to fix her bangs.

"Heh, hey..., yes..."

Komachi kept looking at her figure with a smile

And then, whoops..... I look at the two of them with a dandy, bittersweet smile.

However, inside I was weeping and crying at the nobility. OMG, it's so good~. Seriously, Iroha-chan, who is usually good at pranks, is being bullied by Komachi-chan, who is also good at pranks.

Well, it could be said that Komachi was also making fun of her, but she didn't mean to just make fun of her. It cannot be said that what Komachi said was wrong. Clearly, Isshiki has the coolness to persevere no matter what the reaction around her is.

No way, if this continues, the 2nd "Iroha Isshiki's Charm Point Presentation Contest" will be held.
Next time I will win....

In that way, burning with revenge, Isshiki groaned and coughed in vain, as if trying to cover up her shame, and gently held out the paper cup.

".....Refill."

Isshiki muttered, the paper cup was already empty.

Contrary to what she said that it is commonplace and has a family-like feeling, Iroha seems to have drunk all the tea that Komachi poured.

Seeing this, Komachi smiled happily.

"Yeah-."

Then, hurriedly hands on the teapot, Komachi pours tea cheerfully, and Isshiki gives a small courtesy by saying "thank you".

Seeing that, I quickly began to think about organizing the 3rd "Iroha Isshiki's Charm Point Presentation Contest".

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I drank tea, ate snacks, and when I calmed down to a certain extent, I suddenly thought of it.

It turned into a huge mad tea party because of the service club mimicry contest or "Iroha Isshiki's charm point presentation contest", but in the first place, Isshiki came here because of something.

"Isshiki."

"What?"

When I talked to her, Isshiki was eating cookies with tea.

"Didn't you come here for something?"

Having said that, her hands just stopped.

"Ah."

"Ah."

Both Isshiki and Komachi had completely forgotten... Well, I completely forgot about it, so I don't feel reprimanded at all.

Isshiki put the cookie down and placed both of her hands on her thighs, straightened the pleats of her skirt, straightened her posture establishing the atmosphere to more serious one.

"First of all, when it comes to work, I came here for work. I had a little consultation..."

She put her index finger on her chin and put the exact same sentence she had said prior.

"Hey, let's hear it."

However, this time, Komachi did not imitate Yukinoshita, and pushed the story forward with a serious expression.

There, Isshiki nodded and answered, but as expected, that gaze was directed towards the seats of Yukinoshita and Yuigahama, who were absent today.

"Actually, it would have been better if there were Yukino-senpai and Yui-senpai..."

"Then, it doesn't matter if it's next, or the next month?"

When I looked at Komachi, Komachi was also nodding her head.

"...and, Onii-chan is full of procrastination, what will I do?"

"Hey? Won't you stop explaining my intentions accurately?"

Really! If you have a younger sister in the same workplace, it's difficult because the sneaky way of avoiding work doesn't work! If you talk like that in the first place, no matter what excuses one side makes, it's useless, right?

I was thinking about it, but Isshiki was waving her hand as if she didn't care at all and seemed annoyed.

"Ah-, it's okay. I knew."

Really! Excuses were useless from the start! Well, I've known Isshiki for quite a while, so I guess she knows what I'm going to say.

In fact, even now, Isshiki was smiling happily with a relaxed smile.

"Besides, I know how to deal with that."

Saying that, Isshiki groaned and coughed as if to check the condition of her throat, then adjusted her posture. Then, she rattled the chair, and looked in front of me.

"Senpai....."

She called me in a soft, faint trembling voice. Hot breath leaked from the cherry-colored lips that were shining, and the fleeting eyes looked up at me from below.

"...you will help me, right?"

She muttered and spoke, while her trembling fingers gripped the hem of the school uniform. Her voice and her expression were so desperate.

If you make a request like that, I can't say no.

And as I was staggering, Isshiki turned over and gave a rotten smile as if she was looking at an idiot.

"Look, that's how it's done."

"Oh."

It was Isshiki, who puffed her chest with pride, and Komachi applauded. However, I can only sime bitterly.

"No, it's not that you're being underestimated. You've already gotten used to it, haven't you?... You know what the truth is anyway."

Well, even if you get used to it, that doesn't mean you don't get nervous!

While hiding my feelings like that, I made a bitter face.

Then, Isshiki changed the smile that had been so happy up until now, narrowed those big eyes, and made a cold expression.

"Hey."

I said in a voice full of scepticism, and as if remembering something, she smiled seductively.

Then, she gently reached out, grabbed my sleeve, and pulled me in. She leaned her upper body and whispered softly in my ear.

"...Seriously, are you okay with me?"

Her secret voice was sticky and sweet, and my earlobes and back were trembling. Leaning away from her tickleness, looking at Isshiki's face, she put her finger on her glossy lips and softly smiled.

Shaking off those examining eyes, I shook my head slightly.

"Stop it, stop it, I'm afraid I'll listen to you, so stop it."

As I spoke quickly, as if she was satisfied with the embarrassment, Isshiki quickly took her hand off my sleeve, puffed her chest, and gave Komachi a proud smile as if she had won.

"Look."

"Onii-chan is so easy."

Komachi glared at me. No, that's not it. It's not like Isshiki at all, it's just the ears, right? My ears are a bit sensitive....

As if running away from Komachi's sight, I clenched my neck and shoulders and cried.

"What are you really here for, you?"

I cut it off as if there had been no conversation until just before, and when I asked, Isshiki folded her arms as if contemplating what to say.

"Well, I'll tell you the details when Yukino-senpai and Yui-senpai are here, but first, let me explain briefly."

"okay?"

It's a simple explanation, but I don't like it....

I still urged her to continue with my eyes.

"Actually, about the summer vacation."

"I'm not going to help you."

"Onii-chan, quick! Too fast! I'd have missed it if it wasn't for Komachi, a super quick rejection."

Komachi showed a reaction that seemed to be very relaxed.

No, it's because working during summer vacation is unreasonable..... There, first of all, I am also a student. It is not a situation to do anything else in the time called the summer of victory. Anyway, I'm not studying for the exam at all!

However, I wonder if Isshiki also understood my situation, and nodded as if it was natural.

"No, I don't really need a helping hand. Even so, I'm not stupid enough to pull out a third year student during summer vacation."

"Oh yeah....."

Isshiki was waving her hand in front of her chest as if it wasn't, but... Really? Isn't it pretty cute? And as I looked suspiciously at her, Isshiki was a little stingy.

"Really, I didn't even ask Vice president for help."

"Hmm....." If the vice president who can be said to be the head of the Victims' Association, was also exempted from labour, it would be okay to trust a little...

"So, what are you doing?"

"There is a school briefing session for prospective students. Well, the school itself does the briefing session, so the student council only helps a little."

"It's a school briefing..."

I was giggling and joking around, but, in fact, it didn't really hit me. I turned to Komachi to confirm.

"Did this school do anything like that?"

However, Komachi's reaction was dull. Huh? She tilted her head and looked up. Then, after thinking for a while, she shook her head.

"Well? Was there..."

"Eh... you were a middle school student until recently..."

"But, I didn't go to the briefing session... More than that, three years ago, Onii-chan was also a student."

"I can't remember those old days..."

It's summer vacation in middle school, so I have only fond memories of summer classes at the academy.

At school, I didn't pay much attention to it, so I took the exam for Soubu. There's no way I'm going to take a step to a hard event like a briefing session.

No, it's a different story if, like rumoured job hunting, participation in a briefing session is essential for entry, you have no choice but to go, or if there is a perk like an intern that will give you an advantage in the sentencing after that.

However, if it's an informative and formal explanation, no thanks.

In the first place, fewer people listen to the explanation properly.

Whether it's for home appliances or whatever, most people don't read the instruction manual properly.

Despite our very bad reaction, Isshiki shrugged her shoulders as if she had already made a prediction and gave up.

"Well, that's the way it is. I didn't go either. So, basically, it feels like it's for guardians..."

Isshiki let out a deep sigh and shrugged her shoulders as if she couldn't help it.

"But, first of all, middle school students also seem to be coming, so we need to prepare for that-."

"If you're ready. Did you do something about it?"

When Komachi asked, wriggling her eyes, Isshiki nodded as if it was bothersome.

"It's like saying, 'Our school does this, or what's next, like a tour that actually looks around the inside of the school.... After that, there's a Q&A?'"

As if the contents had not been decided yet, Isshiki placed a hand on her lower chin and spoke, thinking one by one.

As I listened to that, huh... and arguing moderately, I began to see the outline of the school briefing session, albeit vaguely.

Especially when you hear the word field trip, it is easy to imagine.

For a junior high school student, just entering the high school building would be a rather big event, so it would be normal to be happy.

Let's imagine for a moment. Let's Imagine.

-Summer Vacation.

A haze on the asphalt due to scorching heat.

The cheerful sound of a metal bat resounding from afar, and the loud cicadas sound.

On the other hand, the inside of the school building is quiet, rather cool.

A teacher who has lost sight of people. Dark hallway.

Loose summer uniforms, thin skirts.

A cute senior walking ahead.

During the field trip, when I get asked about why you are applying to this school, I replied, "It's the closest to my house," and I smiled absurdly,

But, when you break up from group.

The senior pulled up her sleeve slightly and touched my shoulder,

".....I will wait."

whispered, and smiled-.

.....Yes, that's good. Good. I guess I can't join the tour either.

I never said anything like that out of my mouth, and I made a sound as if I had been contemplating and meditating. Hey, it's good.... it's good.... umm, good....

"That's right. It feels like an open campus."

"Ah, that's how it feels."

Isshiki chuckled and held out her finger, which was resting on her lower jaw, to me.

Indeed. When I think of it as an open campus, I somehow imagined it.

Well, I don't think middle school students will listen, even if the teachers are enthusiastic and explain things on the podium of the gym or auditorium.

In the third year of middle school, that is, 15 years old, the age to ride a stolen bike or break a school window at night. If that's the case, the one who actually guides you through the school building and points you to the location of breakable windows will make our school more interesting.

As I was sceptical and convinced, Komachi, who was sitting diagonally, also clapped her hand.

"Oh! Open campus! By the way, I've heard of it....."

"You know, Okome-chan."

Isshiki glanced at Komachi, who slowly folded her arms and groaned and made a sound. There, Komachi nodded, and started flipping through the notebook on her fingertips.

"Yes. Open campus, that's the magic word that makes you open your notebook..."

"It's not that at all."

Immediately, Isshiki waved her hands with a serious expression on her face, and, as if responding coldly, Komachi said, "Yes."

"No, I do know vaguely. A little bit about it in detail."

Saying that, Komachi looked at me slightly. That gaze was asking for an explanation, "So what do you mean?"

"Open campus..., well, simply put, it is a school tour event of a university or a vocational school. Experience classes, how are there, how are students taught and looking around the campus.... something like that."

When I said that, Komachi applauded.

"Oh, as expected, a student."

"What is this?"

Although I did show a hoot and a nifty laugh, I didn't actually go there either.

However, once you are in your third year of high school, the topics around you will also be related to the entrance exam, so naturally, you will hear that kind of talk. I mean sometimes, "I heard that open campuses are good." Someone who tells me in unnecessary detail, like "I heard that commerce is fun this year" or "You, the legend of that university, do you know that?" Are you friends with the girls?

In that way, when I showed off the knowledge I had heard from somewhere, Isshiki responded,

"Well, as expected, mock classes would be unreasonable. In general, I was thinking of introducing field trips and side activities."

"Hmmm... would that be okay? I don't know."

Komachi said with a sullen expression, but there really is no other way to express it. In the first place, if you are an active person who intentionally comes to a hard event such as a school briefing session, you will definitely like it no matter what. As an added bonus, if a cute female senior would give you guidance or introductions, men would be very pleased and women would admire.

That said, I'm actually optimistic, but Isshiki had a face that said otherwise.

It bothered me, and when I looked at her asking what was going on, Isshiki let out a hesitant sigh and gave a slightly troubled expression.

"So, I need to create a reading material to introduce the clubs....."

She stopped talking once in the middle, and for a really moment, she glanced at Komachi's condition, and immediately Isshiki raised her head toward me.

"What should we write about the service club?"

"Even if you ask me what to do..."

Reflexively, I gave an ambiguous answer and froze.

Isshiki had a slightly bitter smile, but there was a desperate sincerity in those eyes. If I stare at it for a while, I can't help but think about what that question means.

Perhaps, it is not just a simple question.

Suddenly, today's club situation had when I arrived raised my head.

A girl reading a book in the midst of speculation.

Komachi was left alone in this insolvent room.

There's nothing wrong with appealing to freshmen if it's to prevent such fantasies from coming true.

However, it's a little different from what I was hoping for.

This club, this place was protected by Komachi. It was Komachi who continued what she had accepted that it was inevitable even if it was over.

I am only receiving that grace.

While harboring a bit of uneasiness, wondering if that would tie up Komachi.

"Ah... how about..."

Komachi was scratching her head in trouble.

"I haven't thought about it yet..."

And then, she glanced at me with a smirk, and said the same thing as when we just had a conversation alone. She didn't give a specific answer, but her vague tone was clearly tainted with negative nuances.

If Komachi wants to hold off for a while, I'll take it from there. Postponing is my specialty.

"Can we not mention the service club?"

When asked that question, Isshiki furrowed her eyebrows and groaned in thought.

"First of all, formally, it's an official club, so if I don't know. Maybe because the school will check it.

"Indeed....."

The materials distributed at the school briefing session can be checked by the school.

If it exists as a formal club but does not indicate it in the data, the possibility that an query will surely come.

If you don't add it, you probably need to add a reason for not adding it.

Because the service club's activities are ambiguous and suspicious.

If it stands out strangely, the school can only find it suspicious. Even me, a member of the club, is at a level where I think, "I don't know what the service club means." It is better not to give parts that can be tackled unnecessarily, even to avoid becoming a nuisance later.

Now, as I was thinking about how to avoid it by convincing her well, Isshiki let out a sigh.

"Well, it's not urgent, just think about it."

Having said that, Isshiki looked at the vacant seat. Komachi's gaze overlapped there.

"Okay. Komachi alone can't decide, so tomorrow, I'll talk with Yukino-neesan and Yui-san."

Komachi clenched her fists in front of her chest.

This will affect the way the service club will exist in the future. Yukinoshita and Yuigahama must have something to think about. I have it too. Whether you say it or not, there must be an opportunity to convey it.

If that's the case, then I'll skip the conclusion to tomorrow again...I was thinking about it, and I suddenly noticed it.

.....tomorrow?

"No, tomorrow is a bit difficult. Because I'll not be present."

When I said that, both of them gave a blank expression at the exact same timing, and immediately tilted their heads.

"Is that so?"

"Did something happen?"

"I'm going to a cram school to attend some classes."

I mean, I'm a student. Well, it was quite late to choose a cram school these days. And when I said it with a slightly proud feeling, both of them said hey or hara with a face that they were both interested.

"Ha, is that so? Then, we should go to someone place with Yukino-senapi and Yui-senpai."

"It will be a girls' day-out after a long time!"

In that way, the two of them are talking with excitement.

Here's a disappointing reminder.

"Ah... no, Yukinoshita won't come, too?"

As I said that, I quietly turned my gaze elsewhere.

There isn't really anything to be embarrassed about. ...But still I got embarrassed to the point of death came over me.

It must have looked so strange, Komachi and Isshiki started looking at me suspiciously.

"Ah, that..."

After a while, Komachi seemed to have noticed something right away, and nodded with a ho-ho and smiled warmly. On the other hand, Isshiki let out a huge sigh with a bitter face.

"Ha! Go on your garbage date disguised as a cram school visit."

"It's not garbage..."

I said bitterly, but whether it is a date or not is awaiting the verdict, so I am not yet able to pay close attention.

XXX

In this world, there are many free trials out there, but not all of them are offered with good intentions.

For example, take a subscription service claiming to have one month free of charge. Sometimes, if you read the terms and conditions, you might find things like – “The first month is free only if you continue for two months or longer”, as if it were no big deal or whatever. It may seem something like a free gift but when you go to cancel the service, you can’t seem to find the cancellation page your entire life and then continue to get charged. You may find other unexpected traps like that.

You can sign up to the service so easily online, but now you can’t cancel it unless you call them? Well, thanks to this we now have a lifetime supply of supplements, all just mixed in with each other, courtesy of my dad. We have turtle supplements, black vinegar supplements, so on, and so forth. Turtles, you’ll go extinct sooner or later for this.

An old man once said this –

“There’s no such thing as a free lunch.”

It’s a given that most free services will have a catch. Free services only exist because the profits exceed the losses in some way, and someone somewhere is the loser. In this case, I would say it’s the turtles who are the losers – being at risk of extinction and all.

That’s why, even if it’s just a simple cram school tour, or a trial lesson at that school, I didn’t spare any effort in reading the detailed regulations I had received. If anything, I read them more thoroughly than I read my textbooks or reference books.

If you look at the info pamphlets, it seems like due to the continually declining birth rate, cram schools across the country have to do this and that to attract new customers.

As well as the regular lectures, this cram school I visited today also looks like it has quite a few support systems in place, like online classes, archived lessons for those who missed sessions, study support linked to a phone app, and mentors assigned to every student.

I spent a lot of time checking each of these things over with the staff as well as asking a few of my own questions so by the time I left the prep school, the sun was already setting.

Shoot, if I don't hurry, I'm going to end up making her wait.

We both each had our own separate classes to attend. If you think about the time it takes for Q&A sessions and the like, we would end up leaving the prep school at different times so it should only be natural that we meet up somewhere else afterwards.

...So, it's not like we needed a specific conversation on whether or not it was possible for us to meet but in any case, we decided that we would meet at a cafe not far off from the station for starters.

I headed there in a light run.

Since it was the early evening, the rays of evening sun shone through the cracks in the blinds of the cafe, which were shut, making it impossible to see what was going on inside. Even though I couldn't see, I still had a little feeling that she was probably at the far end of the cafe, waiting for me whilst reading a book.

Clearly, my imagination wasn't wrong, as I entered the store and found Yukinoshita quietly turning the pages of her book in a secluded corner. Under the indirect lighting of the room, coupled with the rays of setting sun entering the shop, her figure stood out faintly, as if she had come straight out of a painting. Even though she was just sitting, reading a book, she looked picturesque.

This is the girl known as Yukinoshita Yukino.

In the past, I'd seen compositions very similar to the one I was seeing in front of me.

However, in this case, there was a major difference.

This time, the girl's lips were curling into a smile, and her gaze was tender as she followed the words on the page. At that moment, I felt as if I could not take another step forward, or I would ruin that beautiful scene.



In the end, I quickly ordered a cup of coffee at the counter and headed for my seat.

“Sorry for making you wait.”

As I called out to her, Yukinoshita, who was sitting in the seat across, suddenly looked up and smiled softly.

“Don’t worry, I just got here myself,” she said as she gently closed her book and put it back in her bag.

However, despite saying this, the tea in front of her was cold and seemed to have suspiciously little left. Having noticed me looking at the cup, Yukinoshita gave a small cough, as if to cover it up, then quickly picked up her tea and took a sip.

“My lesson finished a little late...What about you?”

“The lesson itself finished on time. But I had to check on things here and there, like the learning environment and the scholarship program.”

“I see...”

Yukinoshita let out an interesting sigh, then suddenly giggled. She looked like she was enjoying herself, but I wasn’t quite sure what part of our conversation she found funny?

“What’s up?” I asked and Yukinoshita shook her head slightly, then smiled joyfully.

“Oh, it’s nothing. I just thought it felt a little like a conversation between university students...”

“Really? How?”

Is this seriously your image of a university? Your only sample is her, so are you sure you haven't been deceived? That woman – does she even go to university?

As I looked at her inquisitively, Yukinoshita folded her arms and looked up, thinking.

"Well...this might just be my imagination but..." Yukinoshita prefaced her statement, speaking dreamily.

"It's kind of like meeting up after class, or something...Taking different lectures and then afterwards, eating together in the cafeteria...maybe. It feels a little like that..."

"Ahh...I get you."

Now that she's said it, it sorts of does seem like that. Though, in my imagination we're no longer wearing uniforms, nor do we have a set timetable. We wear the clothes we choose, attend the lectures we choose, and spend our free time in the cafeteria together. Maybe we'd look more mature than we do now, but even so I'm sure that undoubtedly, we would still be having the same old conversations.

I'd love to see something like that happen.

However, I'm not sure how much of it could come true.

"Still, if we were to go to the same university, we could do things like that. Not that it'll ever happen though," I said, with a dry chuckle.

"It's just my imagination, you know. You can really be such a realist at times, Hikigaya-kun," Yukinoshita grumbled.

No, I think instead, it's you who can sometimes be too much of a romantic...

I'm sure that if said that out loud she'd start pouting. Well, even though I didn't say it, Yukinoshita still pouted, and looked away, like she was sulking.

“Still, it hasn’t been decided yet. We could be applying to the same place after all,” I whispered, stammering slightly and Yukinoshita gazed up at me as if to say, “Really?”

Yukinoshita is looking to pursue humanities at a national university, while I’m looking to pursue humanities at a private university, so our aspirations are slightly different. From the start, I’d decided I didn’t want to study maths and sciences and I rejected the idea of applying to a national university. However, since Yukinoshita seems to be applying to more than one university, I’m sure she’ll apply to a private one as well so there’s a chance we could in fact go to the same place¹.

But well, in the end, this is all just hypothetical.

Unless I were to completely change my subject choices, I would never be able to get into a national university, and I doubt Yukinoshita would go through the trouble of picking a university that matches my level.

...She wouldn’t, would she?

If she were to go that far, I’m sure that my happiness levels would shoot through the roof, to the point where it might scare me. That said, if it ever were to happen, I’d do everything in my power to stop her.

...But then again, I won’t deny that the image of her waiting for me in the cafeteria really does make my heart skip a beat. Even today, my heart is a little restless seeing her. May as well stop resisting and let it skip a few beats.

“Well, doesn’t really make a difference either way. Even if we end up going to different universities, we’ll probably still meet up outside.”

I rubbed my chin as I spoke and pretended to think about it, hiding my loosening cheeks – trying to resist breaking into a smile.

I really have no clue where we’ll be next year, but even still, I’m sure we’ll still see each other often. That is my wish.

Yukinoshita silently gazed at me, as if she was trying to gauge my true intentions, though, in the end, she relaxed her pouting lips.

“You’re right...yes.”

She nodded in approval. Somehow, she seemed more innocent than usual, and gave off a much gentler impression.

However, before long, she started to giggle and those expressions were completely replaced by her winning smile.

“Well, that’s only if you don’t get rejected by every university!”

“Hey, could you not mention the thing I’m most worried about!?”

Umm, you really shouldn’t laugh at these things you know?

Saying that, it’s not really like I have a choice – what with my parents’ “No getting rejected. Only apply to universities that’ll accept you” policy. Because of this, I’ll have to dedicate every part of me to studying for the exam seriously.

But still, to have to crawl back up all the way from the bottom just because of one mistake...Japanese society really is terrifying.

As I shuddered at the thought of this frightening battle, Yukinoshita shrugged her shoulders, slightly fed up.

“You’re considering scholarships and you’re in a situation like that?”

“Well, it’s an important way of saving money for me,” I said, and Yukinoshita gave a small nod, sighing.

“Yes, you did mention something like that before.”

There are some cram schools that offer partial bursaries through scholarships to students with good grades. Therefore, if I get this scholarship, I can pocket whatever money's left over from what my parents give me to pay the fees.

This is indeed the birth of a small-time money-making magician – instead of the Fullmetal Alchemist, you can call me the Scrap Metal Alchemist.

Well, getting the scholarship in the first place is going to be a tricky hurdle to clear, since we're in our third year of high school and other people also seem to be studying hard.

And so, as I was making a painful expression, grinding my teeth slightly, Yukinoshita asked me whilst arching her eyebrows, concerned,

“Are you really that pressed for money?”

With her moist eyes, and her worried expression, she looked as if she were about to take out her wallet at any moment. If she actually did end up doing that, I think I may or may not have felt like an utterly shitty man who sponges off his woman.

Hey, that might not be so bad- Wait, no, that's a big no. Both for my comfort and for my reputation.

I cleared my throat, and tried to cover up these uncomfortable feelings.

“Not at all,” I responded. “If I need to, I can always borrow from my parents. Worst case scenario, I could get a part-time job. If it's only for a day or so, I think I'll be fine.”

Upon hearing my completely noncommittal remarks, Yukinoshita let out a sigh, with a mixture of relief and exasperation, as she lightly pressed her temples.

“Working is the worst case scenario, huh...”

And then, suddenly, she looked up as if struck with a wonderful idea,

“...Why don't you work for us? I'd imagine it'd be better than a regular part-time job.”

“Ha ha ha. Definitely not.”

I’ve heard Yukinoshita’s family runs a construction company, so when I’m being told that I can work there, the hell am I going to be signed up to do? Would I just be a regular blue-collar worker?

No, no, in the first place, this is the Yukinoshita family. It’s not about what I’m going to be signed up to do, but instead whatever on earth they’re going to force me to do.

I’m not sure what’s going on at the top of the system, but in any case, isn’t it that Mamanon is basically the head? This already just seems like I’ll receive some power harassment...

On top of that, I really don’t think Papanon will be that nice to me either. I’ve still yet to meet him but I’m sure he’d be repulsed by any man who gets this close to his cute daughter. Well, I know that if I were Yukinoshita’s father, I can say with confidence that I’d kill any man who’d dare come near her.

So with all that being said, I politely declined the offer. Yukinoshita however, was not offended by it, and simply stroked her chin, as if thinking about something.

“I see...But I thought it was just about time...”

Huh? About time? I was a tiny bit scared to ask, so I tried to change the subject.

“Anyways, it’s not like I’m reliant on a scholarship or anything so it’s all good, you know? I was also looking into other potential issues in the cram school – the location, facilities, support system, and things like that,” I mumbled, and Yukinoshita, who had previously been lost in thought, perked up.

“Oh, are you considering another cram school? But I thought the one today was pretty good...”

“Mm, it’s not that I necessarily have any complaints about the one today. I just want to compare it with some others. Well, saying that, it’s not like I can honestly judge the quality of teaching until I’ve taken a whole year of classes, so I just had to compare everything else,” I said, and Yukinoshita tilted her head to the side.

“Everything else? Like the size of the rooms? Or the quality of the reference materials?”

“Hmm, there’s that too...” I responded, thinking.

The size of the room and the number of seats are certainly important. If I’m coming to the cram school with the intention of seriously studying, I’ll never be able to concentrate if it’s too congested and I can’t get a seat. On top of that, the lending of reference books, past papers and the like is a great help.

But, with all things considered, this is only relevant if you actually diligently attend the cram school. For example, if it’s too far, you won’t feel like going – or if it’s near an arcade and the like, you’ll be lured away. So in the end, it’s better to avoid locations like that. When all is said and done, your success in studying for an exam ultimately depends on how many “excuses” you can crush. Therefore, with that in mind, it is best to choose a cram school with a location where you can easily keep your motivation in check. If you think about it like that, you can naturally decide what to prioritise.

“The most important thing...is that there’s a good restaurant nearby.”

As the ancients once said, “No army can fight on an empty stomach.” Good food leads to good motivation. Conversely, if the food is terrible, your motivation will be too.

Indeed, this is exactly how it is...I was convinced myself but Yukinoshita, who heard this, let out a deep sigh.

“I really don’t think a cram school should be picked for that reason...”

“No, no, it’s an important part of managing your motivation. Think about the summer courses, for example. You’re going to have maybe two or three classes, and are stuck in that study room all day long, right? Obviously then we’ll have to eat at a place nearby, and so the meal will not only be for our pleasure, but also our nourishment.

There’s nothing better than choosing a place with good restaurants nearby.

I held back the urge to say something like “Good restaurants are our saviours!” (our Meal-ssiahs even) because I knew with something as silly as that, she’d totally get fed up with me.

"It's so annoying how oddly persuasive your stupid arguments are..." Yukinoshita said as she pressed her temples with her fingertips, like she was trying to fight off a headache, with tightening cheeks that expressed a look of disbelief. Soon after though, her cheeks started to relax, and she let out a gentle sigh filled with astoundment and resignation.

"...I'll give you that, I certainly wouldn't have thought of something this absurd."

"Right?"

In the end though, the problem is that if you want a cram school with good food nearby, it needs to be ramen restaurants. While we're at it, it would be nice to have a sauna nearby as well, but that might be pushing it a bit. At this point, I don't know if I'm going there to study or to get in shape...

As I thought about these impossible wishes, the Yukinoshita across from me nodded her head in approval.

"Then, which cram school should we go and see next?"

"Eh? You're going to see another one?" I asked, and Yukinoshita tilted her head slightly with a puzzled look on her face.

"And you're not?"

"No, I am but..."

I'm planning to go look at other cram schools but...Does Yukinoshita need to do so as well? We don't particularly need to go together, right? I thought you liked the place we went to today, did you not?

These thoughts must've been evidence in my voice that trailed off, the puzzled look in my eyes, and my knitted eyebrows. When Yukinoshita realised this, she gasped, and put her hand to her mouth, which gradually rose up to cover both her cheeks. Then, gently averting her eyes, she murmured,

"I thought...we'd be going together."

As she said this sentence in pieces, stammering a little, Yukinoshita's cheeks suddenly went completely red. Nevertheless, I couldn't bring myself to say anything back. After all, I was aware that my own cheeks were getting extremely hot.

"W-well, I don't mind going together but... I think it's better to, how do I say it, consider what you like first or whether it suits you or not, right? But who am I to say anyways?"

Yukinoshita listened to these flustered remarks and nodded along. She seemed to have cooled down somewhat. Yukinoshita reseated herself, adjusting the hem of her skirt. Then, she ran her fingers through the hair over her shoulders, and sat up straight.

"But... it's not like I haven't thought about it..." she prefaced, then took a short breath in, and started to rapidly speak,

"This is all for the sake of managing motivation – as I felt that Hikigaya-kun's opinions on the importance of the environment were quite right. Because of this, I am also going to consider the environment as well."

"O-oh, is that so?..."

What's with the overly polite speech? Somehow, I ended up responding in kind as well.

"So, about the environment..."

The Yukinoshita who, up till then, had been speaking kind of coherently, was now at a complete loss for words. What's wrong? I stole a glance at her, and Yukinoshita simply shook her head slightly, murmuring, "Um..." as if she was struggling to push out her words, whilst continuing to fix her bangs.

"About the environment...um...I think we'll do our best when we're together..." she said, giggling and smiling a little shyly and repeatedly combing her fingers through her hair. Seeing such a smile, more innocent and casual than usual, I was really at a loss for words.

Now is there any other option but to go to the same cram school? Nope, obviously not. Can't think of any reason to say no, after all. Saying that, there may be one thing I'm a little worried about and that's the fact that I don't think I'll be able to concentrate on my studying at all! Still, in the end, I'll

still probably end up wondering, “Oh, what’s she getting up to right now?” during sessions so I don’t think it’ll make that much of a difference either way. In fact, if you consider that I won’t have to needlessly worry about her, going to the same cram school might even be constructive. Alright, no more excuses!

If I wasn’t careful at that moment, I could start grinning like an idiot so I fought back the urge and instead made a solemn expression, nodding in approval.

“Well, you know, after we’ve compared them all, I think there’s a good chance we’ll end up going to the same cram school. Or well, I say it’d probably happen. No, it’ll happen without a doubt!”

However, as I said that, the calm front that I’d been trying to keep up had begun to peel away. Maybe it was because of what I’d said before, or maybe it was because of the oddly polite tone of the end of my line, but it seemed to have influenced Yukinoshita, who nodded her head in a similarly polite fashion.

“Y-yes...That is right,” she said as we both, in embarrassment, fidgeted and let our gazes wander all over the place.

Doing my best to keep my composure, I blew on my coffee, which had long since gone cold. On the other hand, Yukinoshita, having nothing else to do, pretended to search for something in her bag. During this time, our conversation had grown to a halt but occasionally, our eyes would meet by accident – to which we just nodded at each other with a grimace, and a little embarrassment mixed in.

What’s with this...? This is super embarrassing...I suddenly feel like dropping dead...

Okay, I’m going to change this mood using a different topic! With this in mind, I gulped down my coffee, making me feel and look refreshed.

“Oh yeah, thanks for yesterday. Going to buy Komachi’s present, that is,” I said, as if I had just remembered it, and Yukinoshita quickly turned to face me. Then, she gave a small shake of her head and smiled sweetly.

“No, it’s fine – we wanted to get something for her after all. Thank you too. Sorry for leaving the club activities to you yesterday.”

Now it was my turn to lightly shake my head.

I was in charge of the club activities but I didn't really do anything much. We didn't get any consultations or requests so it was like watching the house, chatting idly with Komachi and Isshiki.

Though, there was one thing that worried me, I thought, while wondering if that thought was showing on my face. Yukinoshita tilted her head slightly.

"Did something happen?"

"Ah, nothing...Well, there might be something..."

I gave an incomprehensible reply, whilst struggling to find the words to explain what I was thinking. The topic Isshiki brought up yesterday could hardly be called a problem⁴. Rather, it's only something that needs to be checked. You could say I'm just trying to find problems with it. So to begin with, I should simply tell her the facts, without my own subjectivity.

"Isshiki told me there would be a school briefing session soon. So, you know those leaflets that introduce club activities? They seem like they're being made, but we were discussing whether or not our club should be included," I said, frankly and Yukinoshita gently placed her finger on her chin, thinking for a short while.

"That problem's going to affect the Service Club from next year onwards, hm? Since our club activities are going to become official, it's going to be hard to avoid including us..."

That was pretty much the same worry I had held.

"Well, if they're not going to be recruiting new members, then they can just write whatever and call it a day, right?"

An "mhm" from Yukinoshita led me to believe that she felt the same as I did. However, at the end of the day, there's still one question to be asked.

What do they want to do with the Service Club from next year onwards?

“What did Komachi-san say?”

“She didn’t seem too keen about the idea.”

“Ah...” Yukinoshita said, and then held her tongue. She had no choice but to. I was the same.

I’m allowed to have an opinion on the matter, but I cannot influence the decision. No, actually, that’d still be unfair of me. I shouldn’t even be having an opinion after all.

If I said I wanted the Service Club to stay untouched, I’m sure that Komachi would follow that wish, regardless of what she personally wanted. I’m afraid that she’ll end up giving in and distorting her wishes like that.

“The club room – it’s surprisingly big, isn’t it? I didn’t even notice that last year...” Yukinoshita muttered suddenly to herself. Her voice had a lonely ring to it, as if she was worried about Komachi. Yukinoshita was well aware of how it felt to be all alone in that club room.

Komachi would have to spend her time like that too. If I were to tell her about my opinions, she’d be left behind in that club room. Maybe its spaciousness is why it would feel even more lonely.

As I was thinking back to the time when I was alone in the clubroom with Komachi, I heard a cheerful voice breaking through.

“...But I think that the bigger it is, the more people it can hold.”

I suddenly looked up to see Yukinoshita’s lips curling upwards, and breaking into a tender smile. I couldn’t quite understand what she just said so without thinking, I tilted my head – asking her what she meant with just my gaze.

To this, Yukinoshita proudly puffed out her small chest with a determined and victorious look on her face.

“I can’t believe I’m saying this but – even though I was the president, people still started to come to the club room, you know? Even Yuigahama-san joined. And if Komachi-san were to be the president, I’m sure there’d be thousands more applicants.”

“So I can’t argue with her...Especially since I’m the club president.”

I gave a dry chuckle, to which Yukinoshita unintentionally smiled back.

“Don’t you agree? I’m sure she’ll have some very special encounters...just like us.”

She said this jokingly, but her voice had a sincere warmth to it. Her eyes looked peaceful, as she reminisced about the past year, and she slightly narrowed them in embarrassment as she said that last part.

“I see...You’re right.”

Finally, I had come to understand.

I may have been worrying too much about the relationship between us.

No, I think it would be more accurate to say I saw it as sacred.

Deep down, I must have thought that the way things are in the Service Club right now – that is to say, the Service Club with Komachi included, was the greatest, the best and the most complete.

Otherwise, I wouldn’t be using phrases like “left behind” when talking about Komachi.

Without realising it, I had given far too much importance to the environment around us, and harboured some misplaced sentimentality based on my own self-centred wishes.

Such selfishness. Such arrogance. I was being nothing but short-sighted and narrow-minded. How stupidly carried away I was getting. I’m an idiot. I feel like telling myself to go die – not just for an hour, but for ten years.

Was there a time where our relationship was ever perfect?

No, absolutely not.

Always strained in some aspects, tearing apart, sometimes petering out, but in spite of that – still thinly hanging on. Even now, our relationship was something that would keep growing, while we continued to make mistakes.

I'm sure Komachi felt the same. From now on, she'll have many encounters, some of which could even lead to her forming irreplaceable relationships. It was so obvious, but I had overlooked it due to my own sentimentality.

I shouldn't be avoiding responsibility by telling Komachi things like "Do what you want" or "Decide by yourself", or even giving her spoiled and stingy wishes like "Keep the Service Club as it is". What I needed to tell her was something else.

Having made up my mind, I let out a long and deep sigh. At last, I felt as if I got rid of all my worries like I would get rid of a small fish bone.

"Thanks," I muttered, from the corner of my mouth, and Yukinoshita brushed away her hair and smiled.

"You're welcome. But I don't know what you're thanking me for."

I couldn't tell whether she genuinely didn't know or not, but if she's just going to feign ignorance then I guess I'll do the same.

"Oh, about the gift earlier. I guess now we can celebrate in peace."

"Ah. That's good then."

With a calm smile, Yukinoshita had some of her royal milk tea. I did the same and sipped on my coffee, which had long since gone cold.

However, that peaceful moment only lasted for a second.

Gradually, Yukinoshita began to fidget and was avoiding my gaze. Then, nodding as if she had made up her mind, she reached for the bag she had been rummaging through earlier.

“So...speaking about celebrations...”

Yukinoshita coughed and cleared her throat, as if it were an introduction, and took out some cellophane wrapping. She bowed her head and gently offered it to me, as carefully as if she were feeding a lion.

“This...” she murmured, with both her voice and arms trembling. It was hard to see because of the wrapping, but inside the package seemed to be something like homemade cookies.

When I nervously accepted the bag, I saw that inside there were checkered patterns, star shapes, heart symbols, and all sorts of different shapes.

“You could say it’s a celebration...or I guess a commemoration...But it’s not really a big deal, so I guessed it’d be wrong to get something too expensive, so I thought about it a lot...”

“Ah...”

Even though she was talking so quickly, there was unexpectedly little information given. What’s going on? All I knew was that it wasn’t a sample tasting or anything like that, and it felt oddly meaningful....

It’s not like today’s my birthday, Halloween, Christmas or Valentine’s day. There doesn’t seem to be any particular reason for me to be getting cookies...

Eh? Why? As I gazed at Yukinoshita, she quietly looked away, brushed her bangs with her fingertips, and continued to speak gently, in broken phrases.

“It’s a little late but...it’s been a month...Our anniversary...” she said, peeping and sending glances to me now and then.

“I see,” I immediately replied with a straight face, but in reality, my brain was spinning at full speed.

What? What anniversary?? That's something I can't ask...No, it's something I shouldn't ask...

The only celebrations I know going on right now are Arima and Takarakuza, however, the keyword 'one month' should point me in the right direction.

I thought about it as I stared at Yukinoshita with a 'hmm', trying to search for the answer.

...You're so cute when you're embarrassed like that...

But as soon as I realised it, my thoughts were completely blown away. In an instant, I felt the blood drain quickly from my heart.

Looking back on the past month, between me and Yukinoshita, there haven't been many things that happened that we could celebrate. That's why, only because there aren't many, it just points to one thing.

If you connect the words 'one month' to that one thing, the answer is only natural.

This is what the world calls the "One Month Anniversary".

Oh my god...

This girl's really the type to care about these things, isn't she? Tell me sooner! Forgetting about these kinds of things is totally going to get you into a fight. It's the kind of fight where you have to go run away to a pachinko parlor⁵, kill some time, calm down, and then go apologise with the cosmetics that you've won!

"...But I haven't prepared anything special."

Since I'm bad at lying, I would've been found out anyway so I decided just to be honest. Yukinoshita shook her head.

"It's just something I decided to do myself, you know."

“Ah, got it...No, but that’s also...”

It’s the norm of reciprocity, right? I feel like I have to do my part now too, right? As I looked confused, Yukinoshita let out a teasing giggle.

“You really don’t have to worry. And, well, you’ll get your chance one day.”

“One day...Ah, yeah, one day, huh. One day....”

As I kept incoherently muttering that to myself, I suddenly realised something.

“What comes after a month? What’s the right timing?”

I have absolutely no clue about these things...Can I Google it? Or maybe it’d be quicker to search up the anniversary hashtag on Instagram or something? Well, on there, you’d probably find cheesy lines every day as if they came from some poetry collection or something⁶.

As I thought about this, Yukinoshita also seemed to be at a bit of a loss.

“Huh, I wonder...I think it’s fine at any point...But if we’re going to do it, then how about a one year anniversary?”

“One year...”

Oi oi, I’m totally not imagining this, right? She really did say that, but it didn’t feel at all real.

In a year we’ll have graduated high school and be in the midst of our new life but it still hasn’t hit me. I mean, I wonder if I’ll even be in college then. If I fail, I feel like the future me will come to kill me at any moment.

I was absolutely stunned and at a loss for words at how vast the future was. Yukinoshita, mistaking this silence for a rejection, hurriedly added,

“T-too soon? Then...te-ten years?”

“Te...”

I stumbled over my words at the exact same point Yukinoshita had.

No, ten years...That’s a contract so large you don’t even hear it among professional baseball players!

Certainly, even Yukinoshita began to think it was way too much as she was speaking and quickly corrected herself.

“You really can just do it any time...Don’t worry too much about it...”

And then, she held her cheeks, completely flushed red and peeped at me through the gaps between her fingers with moist eyes.

The moment our eyes met, I covered cheeks as well, completely done for.

Hey, really...Seriously, this girl...Go easy on me, for real...I don’t think I’ll be able to forget this in ten years, if not decades...

Are you ok? You still working, Brain? Hello? Brain? Hellooo??

XXX

Well, it's not something I really care about.....

I'm not a member or anything, and I know that even if he comes today, the conversations we talked about yesterday aren't going to be resolved.

However, when I see the Senpai and Okome-chan alone in this spacious room, I feel like I have to go because there is nothing I can do about it.

Well, in the first place, I was thinking about showing my face as much as possible while the seniors were there, so it doesn't really matter.

Therefore, today as it is today, I came to the service club.

Me and Yui-senpai and Okome-chan.

The three-person room seemed empty, just like yesterday.

If possible, I wanted to clear up what we talked about yesterday... I don't know if it's a garbage date called a preschool tour, but I'm pretty busy before summer. ' I thought, staring intently at one of the two empty seats side by side.

"More than that, Yui-senpai, was it okay if you didn't go to cram school?"

"Hey?"

When I suddenly spoke up, Yui-senpai, who had been munching on sweets and sipping tea normally until now, patted her back, and muttered.

And then, over there..., while thinking about it, she murmured, gulping with tea, stroking her bun and smiling as if in trouble.

"Hey, I was thinking, what should I do..."

Seeing Yui-senpai smileahaha and pretending, I whispered to Okome-chan, who was sitting next to me.

"This person is on defense."

"Isn't this a deliberately step back strategy... I've heard that it's not good to always attack."

Okome-chan said something suspicious and nodded with a face as if there was something.

What are you talking about? I thought and looked at her sideways, and Yui-senpai seemed to have heard and she put out a resolute objection.

"No, it's not like that. I thought I could go to the same place by asking Hikki."

Then, this time, Okome-chan brought her face and talked.

"Isn't this an attack?"

"Certainly....."

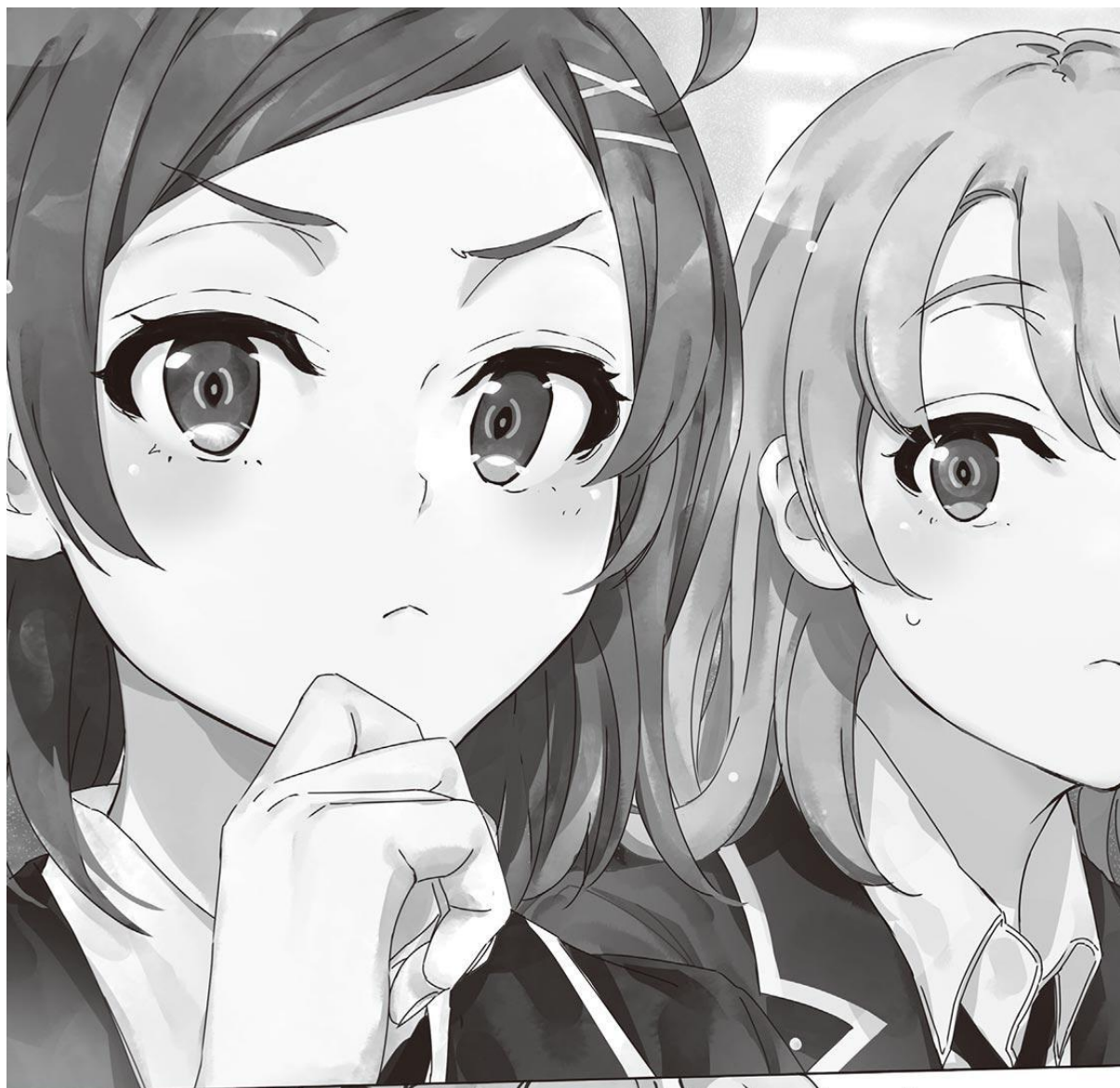
...well, when this person asks for information, help, rescue, etc., he grumbles and usually does something about it. After all, Yui-senpai, know his relationship as well. Saying that, while admiring, Yui-senpai waved her hand in a hurry.

"Because it's not! It's not like that at all! I'm going to apply to the same place, so I'm going to use it as a reference!"

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. Since it's a private college, well, it's probably almost the same?"

Oh Okome-chan snorted at her ho- and opened her mouth, and she tilted her head. Yui-senpai, who gave her answer, nodded, and she tilted her head slightly, showing that she was on her own path for some reason.



I frowned and tilted my head slightly and thought.

"That's right. Yui-senpai is also taking the exam."

"Of course I am!?"

It popped out without me knowing, but at my words, Yui-senpai responded with great momentum. And, she had a face that looked like she was going to cry.

"Eh... Iroha-chan, you think I'm pretty stupid, right?"

"No, no, it's not like that. I knew you were taking her exam, of course I knew. I just said you thought that way..."

I hurriedly added that, averting my eyes slightly.

And, in front of me, there were two vacant seats.

Perhaps, not just avoiding my gaze, I think I saw it unconsciously.

Yesterday and today, I came to the club room with no seniors, saw Okome-chan being quieter than usual, and heard the story of the future that became more concrete such as cram school and entrance exams, and I once again felt.

Really, I think you're leaving.

"Ah, yes... ..so, by the summer, I'll be going."

Yui-senpai's gentle voice may not have been an answer to my hasty excuses, but rather towards the place I was slowly watching.

Stacked desks, a swaying curtain, a wall clock that is a little behind, a Christmas remnant in the corner, a blackboard with faint text, a table with a tea set, or vacant seats side by side.

Yui-senpai looked at each one, lovingly narrowing her eyes a little. And, her glossy lips, a little bit, made an arc.

Looking at that grown-up smile, I was exhaling a moist breath without realizing it.

Dangerous. I might cry

I haven't graduated or retired yet, but it seems like a strange switch is going on. It would be a waste to cry at a time when I don't know what this means, so instead, I sighed heavily. I felt very annoyed, stuffy, and exhausted.

"Is it summer~. Then, it feels like the school briefing session is barely able to fit."

I turned the topic around a bit too much.

Yui-senpai tilts her head as if she doesn't understand, is there something? ' she asked with big eyes.

"No, we have an information session for middle school students who are taking the entrance exam. So, it's like a school tour or an introduction to extra activities."

"He-."

Yui-senpai, who had had such a beautiful and mature smile until recently, was now nodding with her mouth open. Thanks to this, my troubled eyes were dried in seconds.

Ah, let's ask Yui-senpai.

This is an issue that needs to be decided before it is too late, when there are seniors. Otherwise, I will be bound by the present time, and soon be caught up in the past, and neither I nor this kid will go anywhere.

I sighed, folded my arms and proceeded.

“So, I had to make a material for the introduction of the club, and I talked about whether or not to include the service club.”

Turning the story aside, Okome-chan groaned just like me, folded her arms and tilted her head.

"Okay-. What should I do?"

The answer came back with no value at all. Well, I didn't even think that Okome-chan's answer would change in one day, so it doesn't matter. Yui-senpai, what do you think? ', when I looked at it, the answer came back with a force to devour it.

"Okay, let's add it. Let's recruit a lot of new members."

At that time, Yui-senpai naturally put the words in her mouth that her seniors had not been able to say.

Obviously, Yui-senpai thought so.

She is a person who clearly knows that he and Yukino-senpai don't say things they think.

To that, Okome-chan grunted as if worried, and answered with a bitter laugh.

"As for Komachi, well, for a while, I've been thinking, maybe that's okay... I'm already busy enough just to take care of my brother."

"Ah-. Well, well, because it's Hikki."

Said Yui-senpai kindly and gave a bitter smile as if she was tired of it. I didn't feel like laughing at all.

Well, Okome-chan would be like that. she had thought She said it jokingly, but she's probably a pretty serious guy. Really, at this time, she can't even think about new members, and it's also true that she cares about seniors.

So, perhaps, what Okome-chan wants to cherish is not the service club itself, but the members. What this child wants to protect is the place and time where the seniors are. It is very similar to what I thought, for a moment, that if the Volunteer Club disappeared, it would become a student council.

..... No, Okome-chan is actually right, I don't know what she thinks.

All I know is about me. So, I can only imagine from my standards.

At least, that's what I used to think. I don't want to put this molecule, including me, there. Now, I don't think about it at all, and I feel like I don't know what to do.

However, I unknowingly reacted to the words Yui-senpai muttered.

"Um, but, sooner or later, someone will come in..."

"Eh, is that so?"

"Who's coming in?"

"Eh, no, I'm sorry, I don't know at all, but I was just saying something."

When Okome-chan and I dig into it, Yui-senpai quickly apologized with a feeling of being pulled back a little. What did you say in moderation? You reacted with the force of being eaten...." I looked at

Yui-senpai with a smirk and sullenness. Then, Yui-senpai got through, slapped her palm, and defended herself.

"Ah, but why, you don't know what's going to happen in the future? It's not just the freshman, who's going to come in normally.

"I think so...."

Okome-chan said it as if she was convinced, but I, who didn't know about the past, had a reaction like hey, is that so? I've never heard of anything like that. When I came to the service club, all three of them were already there, so, I thought it would continue.

And Yui-senpai stopped and nodded loudly, and she smiled as if nothing happened.

"So, maybe that's what it feels like... .. just like us."

And Yui-senpai says it's nothing.

"No, even if you say you're like the seniors, it's honestly quite difficult."

"Komach is not even a little confident..."

I waved her hand in front of her chest saying no with a straight face, and Okome-chan dropped her shoulder and chuckled bitterly.

"Eh... I thought it was pretty good..."

Yui-senpai tilted her head as if saying it was strange, but it's only natural.

Just like the seniors, it is impossible to create a relationship that is troublesome to death, twisted to the end, and only wrong. No matter how much you are deliberately sarcastic like this, you build a much better and normal relationship than your seniors.

However, I'm probably doing something wrong somewhere.

Obviously, there may be times when I, too, will get this mourning and such a relationship.

With that thought in mind, I glanced slightly to the side, and our eyes met.

We shrugged, sighed, and chuckled a little.

XXX

After school the next day.

A warm air was flowing in the club room where all the volunteers had gathered after two days, including myself.

From the window that was left open, the melody was transmitted after school with a warm breeze that felt like early summer.

No matter how many days, nothing will change, but nevertheless, for some reason, the tone of the brass band and the sound of the running team seemed to match somehow.

Although it is very small, everyday life is always changing.

The service club is no exception.

The distance between each other's chairs, the length of their skirts, the number of words exchanged, and the speed at which the pages are turned. This and that too, if it were numerically, it would be only a subtle difference, but nonetheless, it is definitely changing.

Of course, things that cannot be expressed in numbers change.

For example, the brightness of Komachi's expression as she hums and use her smartphone is absolutely superb. To me, I looked much more refreshed than I did after school two days ago.

However, that is not something that can be expressed with Flux, Candela, or Lumen.

(Annotation: Units to measure the quantity of light.)

It's just that I feel something like that.

However, when it comes to change, it is Yukinoshita who has had the biggest change in this club, right now.

Yukinoshita, who would normally have already finished preparing tea, is not making any preparations today.

Not to mention, from now on, this girl has been looking at Komachi for a while, then turning her gaze toward Yuigahama, bowing her head or shaking her head.

It's all about finding the right time to hand out a surprise gift to Komachi.

That feeling is understandable. I understand, but I want you to calm down a little. Because Isshiki is making a suspicious face for that suspicious action.

Even now, at the point where Isshiki would ask, "what are you doing?", Yuigahama nodded her head and sighed. There, as if Yukinoshita told her to leave it to her, she smiled proudly and flicked her hair hanging from her shoulder.

Then, Yukinoshita got up from her seat and prepared to serve tea. Without leaving a chance, Yuigahama started distracting.

"Komachi-chan, did you change your hairpin? It's the first time I've seen it."

Saying that, Yuigahama caught Komachi's attention.

"Oh? Is it? It's been a while since I did it."

"Show me, show me. Can I touch your hair?"

"Please."

As Yuigahama held out her hand, Komachi held out her face, like a cat smashing Nyaang's face. Upon noticing, Komachi's vision was clearly blocked by Yuigahama.

Whoa, you're pretty...

Even while admiring her in that way, Yukinoshita was really good at making the tea.

Soon, as the water in the kettle boiled, she started pouring out tea with edgy gestures. A familiar scent spreads, and a warm energy spread.

Teacups, mugs, paper cups, and teapots were arranged, and a little stylish box was gently placed next to them. Isshiki seeing the box open carefully, 'is it?' she said in a small voice, and saw Komachi meowing for a moment.

"Isshiki..."

When I called in a low voice, Isshiki looked at me slightly. And, yes, that's it, I nodded a little, and I slightly put my index finger to my lips.

Perhaps she fully understood the movement, or Isshiki nodded slowly without making a sound. Isshiki gently hung her fluttering hair around her ear, but still, she held up her slender fingers, pressed her softly gleaming lips, and forgot to close one of his eyes. Yeah, no, it's okay because it works without any problems just by nodding.....

Yukinoshita finished preparing tea and poured it into their respective cups.

"Here."

"Ah, thank you."

A tea cup is placed in front of me, a paper cup for Isshiki. Then, tea was handed in the order of Yuigahama's mugs, and finally, to Komachi.

"Komachi-san, please drink."

When Yukinoshita spoke to her, Komachi became perplexed.

"Oh, huh? Eh! Oh? Huh?"

Then, Komachi looked at the tea set in front of him twice, three times, and made a stupid voice.

"Hey, this..."

In front of Komachi, who looked embarrassed, pointed with her finger, there was a mug decorated with a wild strawberry pattern based on white and pastel green.

Yukinoshita nodded to Komachi, who was fidgeting with her hand as if wondering if she could touch it.

"It's a little late, but congratulations on becoming the president of the service club."

"And, again, in return for establishing the service club again. Thank you."

As Yuigahama smiled a little embarrassedly, Komachi looked at the two of them in turn, and exhaled a breath that could be accepted with admiration or hesitation.

"Wait, are you okay?"

"Yeah. It won't be cool if club's president uses the paper cup."

"Yeah, it's also a proof that you are a member of this club."

As the two of them hurriedly spoke, Komachi gently touched the mug as if trying to check the heat she could feel on her palm. And then, carefully, as if precious, she grabbed it with both hands.

"Thank you so much....."

The face of Komachi, who bowed her head in gratitude and nodded, did not come up for a while, and there was just a sound of excitement.

Seeing this, Yukinoshita and Yuigahama looked at each other and smiled kindly. Isshiki also hold her chin, but those eyes that were nodding in response were soft.

I slightly adjusted my posture and sat down towards Komachi.

"Komachi."

When I called again in a calm voice, Komachi slowly lifted her head and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. The corners of her eyes were gleaming, but those eyes were looking straight ahead.

There are a lot of things I want to say to Komachi, and there are many things I want to convey.

Congratulations, thanks, apologies, etc.

There are handovers, or precautions. Anxiety, worries, points of concern, I can't count all the things I want to convey.

Because the Service Club is frankly quite annoying, and usually it's a tricky side activity where twisted persons bring annoying things. After we graduate, Komachi may suffer quite a bit. She may feel lonely at times. There will be times when she will want to give up. If possible, I'd like her to have a good time, but obviously she won't.

But, because I think of the service club doing all the good things, the bad things, the hard things, the bitter things, the regrets, and the sad things.

But it is a feeling that you don't want to forget.

I thought it would be unreasonable to have a club with a person like that, but somehow, I was drawn to it.

It is not known to anyone else, but it is an impression that only one person knows.

I don't know what kind of club I choose, what kind of friends I time spend with it, I don't know if I got somewhere, but that's all I know, so I don't know how to convey it differently.

So, at least, I want you to hold all of them in your hands.

Because I can't say it all in one word anyway, I don't feel like I can convey it in words, because I'm too shy to say it in front of everyone.

I grinned at the tip of my mouth, adjusted my posture, mixed exaggerated gestures, and tilted my outstretched back to 45 degrees.

"Once again, President Hikigaya. Thank you."

I was staring blankly at the steam from the tea, and I laughed ahaha.

"Um! Thank you!"

Komachi puffed her chest proudly and acted as loudly as possible, as if formally.

Looking at it, Yuigahama nodded in agreement, and Yukinoshita let out a satisfied sigh. Isshiki, who was holding her chin, smiled as if tired.

"Ah, that's right. What's wrong with saying it in return?"

Then, I glanced at Isshiki and spoke these words. As a signal, Yuigahama rummaged through her bag and pulled out a slightly stylish box.

"Also Iroha-chan. Thank you."

"Ha, ha, thank you... no, thank you?"

While contemplating what to answer, Isshiki accepted the present.

"...can I open it?"

"Please."

At Yukinoshita's urging, Isshiki cleverly unwrapped the package and then opened the lid with a bang. Looking at the contents, a small voice came out.

"Ha?"

With an expression full of absurdity and surprise, Isshiki took out the contents of the box, put it on the table, and looked at it for a while. In front of her gaze was a mug decorated with a wild strawberry pattern based on white and pastel pink. Comparing it to Komachi's mugs, it was immediately apparent that they were the same design, only the colour was different.

"Eh, hey, I'm not a member of club... Is that okay?"

Isshiki asked with mix of embarrassment, and Yuigahama whispered in a whisper.

"It is..."

"That's right, for some reason you often come here"

Yuigahama whispered, and Yukinoshita let out a sigh of relief and shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, it's a new thing. Besides, it's uneconomical to use paper cups for a single person."

Oh, I heard that somewhere. If I tell the student council president that tone is blasphemous☆, I will be beaten in the midst of it, so I will keep quiet.

Instead, I bowed my head to Isshiki.

"Well, if anything, please accept it."

Isshiki accepted that and blinked her eyes, but eventually, she puffed her chest.

"Yes, thank you. ...Isn't something very light? Compared to Okome-chan, the greeting to me is a little lighter, isn't it?"

On the way, she noticed something, and Isshiki was furious.

No, it's not light at all. Rather, I spoke moderately about the reputation of being a useless weight-bearing man, and while I was about to show it in person, Komachi poked at Isshiki's side and showed her face, and pulled up her sleeve.

"Iroha-senpai, Iroha-senpai."

"Yes? What?"

When Isshiki replied with annoyance, Komachi straightened her blazer, fixing the creases of her skirt, and stood with her hands on her knees, said.

"I think I will cause trouble in many ways, but please take care of me in the future."

"Hey, well, okay."

Suddenly, she politely greeted, and Isshiki spoke in a bewildered way, but through the gap in the embarrassment, Komachi smirked and dig deeper.

"And that aside, please make it feel pretty good! From a Komachi perspective, I feel like it would be okay to write it down☆"

"It's light..., sloppy... Eh, I was seriously thinking about it..."

She spoke with Kyaa☆, and Isshiki had a face that looked like she was about to die. There, Komachi raised her nostrils vigorously, clasped her hands, and spoke vigorously.

"It's because Iroha-senpai seriously thought about it. Oh, this is real."

"Ah, yes... Now it's done... Senpai, this kid's logic is completely broken."

Pulling my sleeve quickly, Isshiki protested fiercely. I shivered away from that hand, and for the first time went out to defend my sister.

"No, it's like Komachi's way of hiding her shame..."

Having said that, Yukinoshita nodded humbly and curiously, and placed her hand on her lower chin.

"That's not that different from Hikigaya-kun, isn't it?"

"But, Hikki isn't cute..."

When Yuigahama said something like that with a bitter smile, Isshiki laughed hotly and snorted.

"Okome-chan isn't particularly cute either."

"Muh. Ah, but Komachi seems to think she is, so that was low in Komachi's point book..."

"Really, what are you talking about?"

So, we looked at Komachi and Isshiki, who were arguing again, with the ease of being the seniors. Yeah, I'm really glad they're getting along....

All of a sudden, Yukinoshita looked at each of their cups slightly, and stood up without a word. Noticing this, Yuigahama reached out to her bag and rummaged through it, and spread out an additional snack on a plate. As usual, I read halfway through, but turned the pages of the paperback.

"Ah, Komachi will help with the tea!"

"Yeah? Then, shall we do it together?"

I, who was listening to such a conversation from the side, suddenly turned my head and looked at the club room.

The sun, which began to set, intensified its red colour, colouring the steam, and for a very short time, this warm sunny atmosphere in this club.

Yuigahama eating the sweets, Isshiki lying on her desk with a tired expression on her face, Yukinoshita instructing her on how to brew tea in detail, and Komachi who seems to be a little awake by the instruction.

A familiar tea cup and a mug with a dog printed on the desk. A tea bell in his hand, and a mug that has just been fitted.

One day, the number of cups will change, the shape will change, and even the picture of this club room will change.

I can imagine it after half a year, but I can't figure it out after a year. In two years, three years, or even 10 years after much more time passes, there will be no trace of us being here.

But-.

And as I thought about it, a soft fragrant smell rose.

When I glanced at the source of the fragrance, I saw Komachi pouring tea under Yukinoshita's supervision.

Yukinoshita had her arms crossed, her eyes squinted, and was closely observing Komachi's every move. Komachi was slowly pouring the tea with a nervous but sincere hand, trembling slightly at the gaze.

One day this sight will be lost, and everything in this room will change.

But, nevertheless, obviously.

Obviously, the aroma of this tea will not change.

END

For updates, queries and feedback visit my channel (YashuC)

<https://www.youtube.com/c/YashuC> ツ