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Anyway, Yui Yuigahama echoed.

A piece of cherry blossom petals that didn't know where it came from fluttered gently, and fell onto the parasol in the outdoor seating. Looking around, I couldn't see the cherry blossoms in full bloom, but the petals floated over like a forgotten thing, like an unforgettable memory.

That's why I thought it was over.

I can't help thinking, it's over.

The end of this season. The end of this time.

Even if I didn't specifically confirm it, I should have known it a long time ago, and summer is coming soon.

But I just want to enjoy this warm time for a while. This idea may be very headstrong.

No matter how I prayed, time passed by minute by minute, and my position gradually changed.

Therefore, our relationship has gradually changed.

I don't think I am used to these changes yet.

In the new class, I unintentionally accompany others. In the club room, I hesitate every day where I want to sit. After the club is over, I feel nervous about how to spend my time.

But once these times passed, I was finally able to calm down.

Iroha-chan and I, and Komachi-chan.

I can catch my breath when the three of us are together.

I don't know if it is to let the flow go, or the atmosphere, or the result of our observation and observation, in short, we often stay together recently.

Therefore, I am more and more familiar with nearby coffee shops and places. This kind of space for the three of us has become another new place for me.

For example, like today.

We watched the atmosphere, watched our words and actions, and watched him and her leave in unison.

I stay in a new place that fits my own style.

He and she left first, and the rest of us also left the club room and went to the coffee shop we talked about earlier. This coffee shop, for the time being, is where I live today.

This coffee shop recommended by Iroha-chan is indeed very fashionable, giving people a sense of keeping up with the trend.

But because the store is not located on the side of the busy road, the store is filled with a calm atmosphere. There are not many customers, there should be many people who don't know the existence of this store. It is a place where people can enjoy quiet time leisurely.

The wooden style decor inside and outside the shop gives a warm feeling and is very suitable for small talk after school.

And now the season is between spring and summer, and there will be wind blowing through the open area from time to time, which is really pleasant.

The seats in the open-air area are not all ordinary chairs, there are also cloth chairs for camping...I don't know what the technical term is, anyway, it is the camping chair! People who feel like outdoor activities will love this store. In the corner of the wooden wind open-air area, there is firewood for bonfire, which feels very like that. Speaking of it.

Although he doesn't like outdoor activities at all, I think he shouldn't hate things like bonfires and camping. After all, he piled up the wood for bonfires before (In Chiba Mura Camp during summer vacation). He shouldn't hate fireworks either, as long as it's not a crowded place, he should be fine. He looked very happy last summer.

...I don't know how he will spend this summer.

While I was thinking about these things, Iroha-chan, who was sitting diagonally across from me, took out the straw from her mouth, placed her face in her hand with a bored expression and said:

"I went to say hello to my parents. It seems that the outer moat was filled in smoothly!" [T/N Don't know what moat she is talking about. Well a moat is a hole I guess.]

She fiddled with the straw with her fingertips and turned it around in the cup. This behaviour also stirred my heart.

I took a sip of blackcurrant orange vanilla tea. My mouth was sour and astringent, and my voice became quiet and vague.

"Yes, is that so... he and my mother have also met each other..."

After I said this, Isshiki's expression became distorted. She squinted dissatisfiedly, as if staring at him who was not here.

"Ah? Really? He is really capable..."

"If the outer moat is filled, he will immediately start digging the inner moat. My brother is such a person."

After Iroha-chan spoke with an upset tone, Komachi-chan sitting next to her replied nonchalantly. I know that Komachi is helping her speak, so I can't do anything but give a wry smile.

Maybe it was Komachi's words that worked, and Isshiki nodded in understanding.

"Ah, it's just human trash."

"It's scum!"

They leaned forward, pointed their fingers and said happily. Because it seemed so funny, I couldn't help but laugh.

Obviously said people are not here, but they appear in the topic, they really like him. Of course, I was the same, so I started to chat unconsciously.

"Well, yes, what a scumbag..."

Thinking back to this year, before that and the last month, I mumbled quietly. This sentence sounded deeper than I thought, so I laughed again.

At this moment, Komachi turned his head to my side and leaned forward more than before.

"Right! He is obviously having a communication disorder, but his mouth feels like it is oiled when making excuses. He is a taciturn literary bastard!"

Komachi-chan gasped and said in excitement, Iroha-chan and I were overwhelmed by her aura and couldn't help laughing.

"I didn't talk about this..."

"No, Rice-person, you seem to be very happy..."

Yes, Komachi looks really happy at this time...

I feel a little relieved, which means she likes him so much. But Iroha-chan seemed to be really shocked by her.

She half-opened her mouth and narrowed her eyes.

Then she nodded again, and whispered, "I'm a senior after all." Then she cleared her throat and turned to me. Unlike just now, her expression was quite serious.

"Yui-senpai, it's better to think of a way."

Hearing her say so, my face couldn't help showing the wry smile that I had been showing recently.

"Um...but it's not easy. hee-hee."

I was vague, and touched my hair bun.

I use this to fool the past.

But Iroha-chan not only didn't look away, she became more serious.

As if to see through my heart, her usual round and lovely eyes narrowed. Then, she pursed her rosy lips in dissatisfaction and sighed.

"Furthermore, didn't you also return to the club after you were enlightened."

She waved her finger and said to me like an enlightenment.

Her voice was more serious than I thought, and it was like an older sister's tone, which made me lower my head in frustration as I listened.

"Well, yes, that's right, it's like this...it is true."

What you said is extremely...I originally planned that, really...

As I said that, I curled up my shoulders and slumped on the table listlessly.

"But once in front of them, I will be at a loss~!"

I scratched my hair and asked myself again with the things I had been thinking about recently.

Is there any way, because I don't know what to do.

I like that person, like her, like that place.

So, I want to stay there forever.

This matter is obviously so simple, yet so difficult.

I was lying on the table like a shortbread when I went out for a walk-in midsummer. I looked up and found that Iroha-chan was looking down at me with a cold gaze.

Obviously, her mouth hardly moved, but I felt her ruddy lips say, "This person is really troublesome...", so I was scared to sit up. Iroha-chan can be terrible sometimes... how to put it, I feel that she is not interested in anything, so mature...

She was taken aback when she saw me, and seemed to have noticed that her current expression was very bad.

She cleared her throat immediately and concealed it. She put on a cute expression on her face, touched her chin with her fingers, tilted her head and said,

"Isn't she more motivated to see them crooked in front of her eyes? Only by snatching it from someone else can you feel that it belongs to you?"

"Scary! This person is terrible!"

Scared me! She put on a lovely expression and said something very incredible! Even though I was so frightened, Iroha-chan didn't care, she started grinning. This is even more terrifying!

Although it is terrifying, it is also very Iroha's style, which makes me admire from the bottom of my heart. Well, I was shocked at the same time...

It seemed that I was not the only one who thought so, but Komachi-chan sitting next to her also looked at Isshiki with beaming eyes.

"Oh~ As expected, Iroha-senpai, scumbag~"

Komachi-chan clapped her hands lightly and whispered happily...This kid is a bit weird indeed...

I really deserve to be brothers and sisters, thinking so, my whole body relaxed a little.

Probably because of this, I couldn't help asking "what do you think as a younger sister" things that I have always wanted to ask but haven't asked.

"What do you think, Komachi-chan? Your brother is so entangled, wouldn't you be unwilling?"

I also know that this is very cunning to ask, but I still pay attention to the wording, and ask her in the same way as when I talked about it in a chat.

So Komachi-chan tilted her head and looked at me, then immediately smiled confidently, thrusting her fists in a victory pose.

"Because it is not directly related to Komachi, I am very welcome! Let each other compete and choose the best one in the end!"

"This kid is terrible!"

Scared me! She also put on a proud face, as if she had said something very remarkable!

Just when I was shocked, Komachi-chan gave me a handsome smile and gave me a thumbs up. No no! You didn't say anything great! What you said is terrible!

Just when I was about to speak, Iroha-chan first made a disgusting voice.

"Wow, rice-person is really scumbag... even I can't stand it..."

Hey... Are you embarrassed to say...? I think you two are very unbearable...

I cast a cold gaze at the two of them, and they looked at each other.

"just kidding."

"Yes, it's a joke♪"

Iroha-chan showed a small smile and shrugged, but Komachi nodded with a smile. Then the two of them tilted their heads in different directions, and looked up at me with soft eyes.

—'So, what are you going to do?'

Their smiles said so.

I lowered my head, a tired, wry smile appeared on my face.

"Please don't test me like this..."

I sighed deeply tired, Iroha and Komachi looked at each other again and smiled happily.

I have a headache.

I may be being teased by school girls.

But not only that, they may also be very worried about me and cheer for me.

Just because I know this in my heart, I can't get angry or blame.

Mostly, there is no way to give up.

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So, what can I do?

Maybe nothing can be done.

I was thinking about these things while chatting with them, unconsciously, the sunlight shining on the outdoor seats gradually tilted.

At dusk, the wind direction of the coastal street changes, and the wind blowing has a slight smell of sea water. But now it still has a sweet aroma.

On the table are savoury Amish pastoral cakes, berry cakes, and classic chocolate cakes.

I, Iroha-chan, and Komachi-chan ordered different cakes and shared them with each other to supplement the sugar.

As a result, my head and heart that had been thinking gradually calmed down.

However, not only the sweetness, the taste of nuts, the sourness of berries, the bitterness of cocoa beans, and various flavours have always been in my heart.

The taste and mood are very complicated, and I might show it directly on my face.

Iroha-chan glanced at me, took out the fork from her mouth, waved it around like a baton, and then talked about the topic just now.

"In my experience, if you worry too much, it will only create distance, but it will make the relationship alienated. You are obviously worried about being friendly. If you are alienated, won't the cart be before the horse.

"Um... you are right."

I took a bite of the cake, took a sip of vanilla tea and swallowed all my moods, then nodded frankly.

This year, I have been deeply moved by this incident.

I think we probably have always been like this.

Delicate and sensitive.

It is because it is important that I don't want to hurt it, and it is because it is so precious that it will be cherished like a treasure.

That's why something is wrong.

If one party has concerns, the other party will interpret the true meaning behind this behaviour without authorization, draw conclusions without authorization, and choose a course that will not hurt each other.

You will mistakenly think that the other person does not touch yourself because you don't want to be touched, and gentleness becomes futile.

As I knew this, I couldn't help but tighten my lips.

Seeing my quiet consent, Iroha-chan nodded greatly. Then she leaned forward slightly, supporting her face with her hand and looking up at me.

"Right?"

She smiled and squinted her eyes with a trace of triumph, and they shone in the setting sun. She gently stroked her lips with her fingertips, that gesture was full of confidence, and I could not help but sit up straight, waiting for her next word.

Then, Iroha-chan smiled.

"So, attack even more when embarrassing."

Then she blinked slightly.

Her handsome, fearless, cute and clever smiling face made me fascinated by her.

Ah, ah, really powerful ah I wanted to say, issued a silent sigh.

Not just me, but Komachi-chan felt so, let alone sighing, she even started to clap her hands.

"Oh, you deserve to be a love master! Didn't get dumped by Hayama-san in vain! Oh!"

Komachi-chan yelled, and praised Iroha-chan. The praised Iroha-chan raised her hair with her hands and puffed her chest proudly.

"That's...Huh?"

But she immediately noticed something was wrong, and stared at Komachi-chan instead.

"Hey, why does Rice-person know? Senpai? Is it Senpai? Did the Senpai tell you? Or I kill him."

"No, no, it's not what my brother said. It was mentioned by the head of the class when chatting with me! That person, likes to talk about things that no one asks~"

"I will kill him."

"Kill it, kill it."

Unlike Komachi-chan, whose voice is full of energy, Iroha-chan's voice is very cold.

I nodded in agreement, but my mind was completely on other things.

Whenever I nodded my head, my eyes would drop and fall to the plate in front of my eyes on the table.

Half-eaten Amish pastoral cakes are out of shape everywhere. Maybe it is because it is roasted so fragrant that it will deform so easily.

It should have been a whole circle when it was baked, but when it was delivered to me, it was a beautiful isosceles triangle.

Now it has become a twisted trapezoid.

The original triangle is completely out of shape.

I can't see the straight lines, no matter which side I trace from, it's crooked, and it breaks in the middle, and it can't become the shape I painted in my heart.

I tried hard to repair it, but when I touched it with a fork, the pieces would fall and I couldn't get it back.

"Do you want to attack even more when you are embarrassed..."

I muttered to myself in an almost inaudible voice.

There is neither way to leave nor to give up.

I can't do anything, so what can I do?

I kept thinking, my stomach became hungry and I started craving for sweets.

I picked up the fork and randomly divided the twisted trapezoid into two large pieces.

Then put one of them into your mouth.

Chapter 4: Several reasons why she wants to have a cat but can't.

After getting off the monorail, Yukinoshita and I strolled around Chiba Station in the evening. There is still a long time before rush hour, and many students and women can be seen on the road. Soon, white-collar office workers in suits will overwhelm this area.

If it was some time ago, that is, a few weeks ago, you could still see college students who just enrolled to attend the orientation meeting dragging a long line, holding a simple sign made of cardboard suitcases for the great ethnic migration, but now spring is already at its end, the season is approaching early summer, and such a scene will not be seen.

So, under the snow half a step away from me, I walked ahead unimpeded. Because she has been to that store many times, there is no trace of confusion in her footsteps.

We walked along the main road of the station. When we just passed the five-way intersection, Yukinoshita suddenly stopped.

"What's wrong? Lost?"

"How could it be possible....."

I spoke to her, but she squinted and stared over. She lifted the bangs that hung in front of her eyebrows, showing a troubled smile.

"Arrive earlier than I thought, I'm thinking about what to do..."

"Is that so...it's rare for you to make such a mistake."

Regarding the specific time and place of the dinner, I completely left it to her without asking, but when she said that, I only noticed that it was only evening, and it was a bit early for dinner. As usual, Yukinoshita will arrange the time properly to ensure that we arrive at the destination on time or a few minutes in advance. For the thoughtful Yukinoshita, this mistake is really too low.

Isn't she a bit nervous too... Oh my god, this is in contrast to the usual, too cute?

I arbitrarily explained in my heart, and nodded there alone, but the facts are not like this.

Yukinoshita cast a cold glance at me and said:

"It's not a mistake... I'm afraid that if I don't do this, someone will run away."

I heard a hint of resentment and dissatisfaction in her tone, so I gave a dry laugh. Oh my God, she is really thoughtful!

"It's good to have a little more time. About how much time is there?"

Yukinoshita heard my question and glanced at the time of the phone.

"Almost an hour."

"So, what should I do? How about going home?"

I almost unconsciously gave advice to go home, but to a surprise, Yukinoshita smiled and nodded.

"Okay. Can I trouble you to send me home? By the way, stay for dinner before leaving? But mother and sister will be together."

"Oh, oh..."

Even if I make a joke, she will immediately counterattack...I have nothing to do! No matter how many times I did it again, I can only see the future of having dinner with Yukinoshita-san and her daughter! Oh my God, Yukinoshita Yukino is really thoughtful... It seems that I can't escape, although I have known it a long time ago.

"Just find a place to pass the time..."

"Well, just do that."

As we said, we began to look around.

At this time, I met with the eyes of Yukinoshita.

"What, what? Where are you going?"

"You can go anywhere..."

I asked Yukinoshita hesitantly, and she raised her eyebrows in embarrassment.

Then, we fell silent...

We starred with big eyes and small eyes, unable to think of what to say, and sighed with a smile.

Wait a minute, can this be the legendary thing? When you ask where you want to go, you can reply with one sentence to go anywhere, so as to test the classic routine of the man's taste.

No, Yukinoshita would not do such troublesome things... But thinking about it carefully, this person is already troublesome!

In this way, I can only mobilize all my wisdom to derive the most perfect answer.

Okay, ask a question to Yawata. Where do girls usually choose to pass the time?

I thought about it for a while, but an ultra-high-performance AI of my level, of course, can only come up with answers such as "Desperately looking for a good boy in Tabelog when I go out with a girl. It's really overwhelming." . (Note: Tabelog "食べログ" is Japan's largest food review site) Do you think you are playing "Renmen Fish SEAMAN"? Is this AI called Yawata actually short for "self-righteous fool"? (Note: The Roman sound of "self-righteous fool" in Japanese can be abbreviated to AI)

If I'm alone, I can go anywhere to kill the time. For example, go to a nearby ramen shop to fill my stomach, hang around in a bookstore, or play with a mobile phone in the rest area of a convenience store, but now it's considering two people, I don't want to be too casual.

What do men and women in the world do at this time? I can do it without making the atmosphere too tense and killing time with a relaxed feeling, but it is too difficult for me to pick a more fashionable place.

Starbucks? To Starbucks? Is it all right to go to Starbucks? However, if you order something wrong at Starbucks, don't you think it's super inferior? But at my level, my mental quality is extremely strong, and I dare to order a medium cup of iced coffee at Starbucks, so I will definitely not lose face.

However, I usually despise those "jerk creative workers who are sitting next to the Starbucks window and knocking on the MacBook, exuding a remote office atmosphere". If I choose Starbucks at this time, I feel like I have lost. But if you want to say that, you lose when you think Starbucks is fashionable... fashionable people don't think Starbucks is fashionable. This is common knowledge.

It took me about 0.2 seconds to start thinking at a super high speed that even a baseball comic batsman would be surprised. A man nodded vocally. At this moment, Yukinoshita tilted her head with an incredible look.

"what happened?"

"No... Where I am going..."

"You can go anywhere..."

When I said this, I actually wanted to leave it to her to make a decision, but she smiled embarrassed again and repeated what she had just said. I know she meant to leave it to me to decide, but now the problem lies.

"That's what I said, but it doesn't feel good to choose a place according to my hobbies... It's better to choose a more suitable place? Don't you think?"

Hearing what I said, Yukinoshita was stunned. After blinking two or three times, she suddenly laughed, and then she covered her mouth and turned her back.

Hey, what's wrong, what's going on, did I say something funny? I messed up again? I looked at Yukinoshita anxiously and found her shoulders trembling non-stop.

"...That, Yukinoshita-san?"

Did she poke her weird smile again? I thought so, and spoke to Yukinoshita, only to see her exhale a little, holding back her smile and turning back. It seemed to be really funny to her, she wiped the corners of her eyes and smiled with a smile on her mouth.

"So, you will consider these things too."

"No, it's not what you think... It's just that I think I have to find a place to rest anyway..."

She was really ashamed to be pointed out like this.

In order to cover up the shame on my face, I scratched my cheek and chatted, so Yukinoshita smiled softly.

"Sorry, it really works anywhere."

"Is this... that's good. In other words, is it really okay? Are you not testing me? I take it seriously?"

"How could I be testing you? What can I test through this kind of thing?"

Yukinoshita heard my uneasy question and replied with some speechlessness.

No, there is such a person in the world, through this kind of thing to test the man's taste. I'm referring to the world's most lovely scum girl named Isshiki Iroha.

My thoughts may have appeared on my face, Yukinoshita played with the black hair that hung down to her chest, and whispered as if defensively:

"I'm not testing you... It's just that I haven't done anything like passing the time. I don't know what to do... Well, if you say anything strange, I will be embarrassed."

After speaking in a low voice, she raised her eyes to look at me as if she was spying on my expression.

Her tone was different from usual, full of childishness, and her affectionate attitude was also very cute. The corners of my mouth couldn't help but began to rise, so I hurriedly covered my mouth in order to get confused.

I am afraid that Yukinoshita and I have very little experience in this area. So even things that I didn't take much to my heart before, now I am very concerned about it.

For example, it will be good for face, and it will be strong. Or maybe they choose to be silent because they are worried about saying the wrong thing.

This change may be the proof that the relationship has changed. Thinking about it this way, I can't help feeling that these subtle discords are also pretty good.

Now it's useless to be cool anymore.

The unpromising appearance was seen as early as this year, and even if he wanted to restore his image, sooner or later he would show his feet.

And I know very well that Yukinoshita is actually quite useless.

So, it's easier and more casual.

"Then go to that Mita." (Note: Coffee shop name)

I said in a relaxed tone, pointing to a sign that came into my sight. So Yukinoshita also looked over and made a sound similar to sigh.

"KouMeiDa... This is my first time..."

"Oh, really. Kumita tastes quite good. The snack beans that come with the drink are delicious, and the portion of the dishes is very large, giving people a very affordable feeling. The actual ice and fire are more than the photos. A big circle, in turn, can be considered a menu fraud. Would you like to order one?" (Note: "Ice and Fire" is Kumita's signature dessert)

"Didn't I tell you not to eat anything"

After I finished speaking with a smug look, Yukinoshita, who had originally shining eyes, glared over.

"Hahaha, don't worry. When I think about what happened after this, my stomach hurts to death. Even if I like Kumata, I can't eat it..."

I let out a dry laugh and unknowingly rubbed my stomach. Seeing this, Yukinoshita said in a low voice:

"You really can't help it."

Then she smiled slightly.

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Just as the fragrant aroma of coffee swept over the tip of his nose, his mood was incredibly high.

This is certainly not because of the refreshing effect of caffeine in the aroma of coffee. Like Pavlov's dog, the habit of drinking a drink to cheer himself up before work automatically stimulates the energy in the body. (Note: Pavlov, the founder of the classical conditioning theory)

I seem to have heard that in recent years, American universities have conducted such experiments.

As if to prove the conclusion of this experiment, Yukinoshita looked a little excited after entering Kumita.

The clerk took us to the booth. As soon as I sat down, Yukinoshita started to look around, making small sighs.

I sat in the seat opposite her, looked at her with a smile, opened the menu quickly and placed it in front of her.

"There are so many kinds."

Yukinoshita leaned out happily to look at the menu, then turned over with joy.

This is what happens when I go to a certain store for the first time. I don't care, just watch it... I can order later, otherwise I just order a medium iced coffee, you don't need to care about me...

I held my cheek and cast a warm gaze at Yukinoshita, like an uncle, when she noticed my gaze and rotated the menu by ninety degrees to make it easier for me to see it.

"What are you going to order?"

"Coffee."

Upon hearing my straightforward answer, Yukinoshita smiled abruptly.

"I know, but even coffee has many types."

"Right. I have to struggle for a long time every time. It is better to say that I am now. After all, this is a coffee shop. Ah, drinks other than coffee are on this page."

With that, I turned the menu to the next page. After all, Yukinoshita likes tea more than coffee... For example, this one called Ise and black tea is pretty good, I show her my finger.

"But this is a coffee shop."

Yukinoshita tilted her head, pressed her index finger to her mouth, and then turned the menu back to the coffee page, but not long after she turned it over, she immediately turned back to the black tea page, and then frowned.

She kept scrolling through the menus and comparing them back and forth. After struggling for a while, her hand suddenly stopped.

"That one....."

"Ok?"

What's up? Have you decided yet? I asked with my eyesight, but Yukinoshita gave me a peek and said timidly:

"...I, it is not convenient for me, can I go to your side?... It is not convenient for me."

what? How could it be inconvenient... Why do you have to say it twice? Besides, isn't the menu right in front of us, and now you're alone, there's no need to sit next to me. What is this person talking about, how cute is it, and can it just be enough?

By the way, can we not speak so politely all of a sudden? You make the atmosphere so serious, and I feel nervous.

Can't you speak more naturally? How embarrassing ...

"...Ah, yes, if you don't mind, please."

As a result, I was too bad myself! Because of her, I even started to speak politely.

I replied quickly and in a panic, and Yukinoshita's expression softened. She stood up quietly, and then came to me next to me with small stiff steps.

I moved my body and sat in the seat, so Yukinoshita sat down in the place I had left.

Then, a moment of silence struck us both.

Obviously, we are closer than before, but the number of conversations is less than before, so the subtle breathing sounds clearer. Although most of them are mine.

While worrying about whether I was sweating or whether there was a strange smell on my body, I took a peek at Yukinoshita and found that she seemed to be checking comfort. She was squeezing the sofa and stool under her, which looked like a check. The cat in his bed.

After the inspection, she reached for the menu and put it between us in order to make it easy for me to read it.

"This makes it easier to see..."

She exhaled, whispered, and then cast a glance at me seeking approval.

does it? Do you really think so? Hmm... I think it's a bit subtle... I don't even bother to look at the menu anymore, so I don't think it has become more convenient. It's better to look at it as just now...

But I can't keep turning my body in the opposite direction under the snow. I have to get used to this unexpected distance.

After quietly exhaling a breath on my shoulders, I sat upright little by little.

"Have you decided?"

Hearing my voice, Yukinoshita raised her head looking at the menu and smiled happily.

"I want Sakura no Azuki Komachi... the name is cute." [Name of a tea probably.]

"Yeah, it's cute, really cute, super cute."

Seeing her blushing and adding in a low voice, I nodded vigorously in agreement. Well, very cute and cute. The name, appearance, and reason for choosing are all lovely.

I agreed with all my strength and kept saying cute, so Yukinoshita seemed a little embarrassed, she closed her mouth and twisted her body uncomfortably. Then she cleared her throat and turned the topic to me.

"Which one would you like?"

"Kumida special black coffee. The name is very cute."

After I said with a smug look, Yukinoshita frowned for some reason, and said in surprise:

".....lovely?"

"Isn't it cute... Do you think it looks like an igloo? Since it looks like my cat, it must be cute." (Note: "Kumida Black Coffee" and "Igloo" are pronounced Close, komekuro and kamakura respectively)

To be honest, Kamakura is not a beautiful cat. It always looks defiant. Because it is a male American shorthair cat, it has a very strong physique. When he lies on my lap, he's too heavy to move. He is still old. He only kissed Komachi and not me. When I touched him, he would show an expression of unpleasantness. It's actually not that cute, but these are not cute. The place makes people feel cute, so it is really cute.

Seeing me panting hard and insisting so strongly, Yukinoshita's stern eyes softened.

"Listen to you, it's really cute."

She closed her eyes and nodded gently. Hey... Is your judgment standard too casual? Just look through the cat filter and everything is cute, right? How cute are you.

It's really a human-shaped cat food that likes cats the most... Just when I thought about it, this human-shaped cat food was a little closer to me.

"Hey, do you have photos?"

"Yes, but you can wait a moment, I will order things first."

Yukinoshita asked with an expression of excitement that couldn't be restrained, and the tone was more casual than usual. I gently stopped her and pressed the summoning bell for the waiter.

Then I quickly told the waiter who came over the important things.

"Sakura's red bean Komachi and Kumida special black coffee."

"Okay, please sit down for a while."

The waiter answered with a hearty smile, and left after recording the order. Okay, then next is the cat time that people look forward to!

"Here."

I turned on my phone, clicked on the album, and placed the phone in front of the Yukinoshita.

"Thank you."

She thanked, and immediately picked up the phone and started scrolling.

It's great for you to be so happy to watch, but my technique for taking photos of cats is as bad as Komachi. You take it so seriously that I feel a little embarrassed.

But Yukinoshita still seemed to be very satisfied. She stared at the photos closely, as if she was about to plunge her head into the phone. From time to time, she nodded slightly and said, "That's it...". No, what is so... what is so so...

Time passed by minute by minute, until the order of drink was delivered, Yukinoshita finally looked up from the phone.

She happily looked at Adzuki Komachi in front of her, and hurriedly took out her phone and took a picture. Well, I haven't forgotten this time. When I drank bubble tea before, I drank it before filming.

I looked at this scene with a smile on my face, and I was very pleased with her growth. At this moment, Yukinoshita suddenly glanced at me.

Then, she sat up a little bit, leaned her body to my side, and then stretched out her left hand holding the phone and pressed the camera button in the selfie mode.

what? What is this woman doing... Why did she take pictures without authorization... Then why should she show a shy smile on her face...

It seems that she has to say one thing well.

I pretended to have a headache and held my forehead with my hand, and then covered my expression like this, while hiding my hot face, I sighed deeply.

"I said, you are giving me a headache..."

"Eh?"

I secretly looked out from the gap between my fingers and saw Yukinoshita was tilting her head in a daze.

"You shoot me like this, how do you say it, it makes my head hurt..."

"Yes, I'm sorry. I think this should be shot together...so just, that..."

Seeing her hurried appearance, I understood.

I'm afraid I often take pictures together when I go out with Yuigahama and Isshiki. After all, those two people like to take selfies at every turn.

If you think about it seriously, photos are generally taken with others.

My photos are usually landscapes, cats, and ramen. I gradually forget that this thing is to be taken with others. It is said that the strength of a person's relationship can be clearly seen from the phone album.

In this case, I should also carry out consciousness reforms in the future. You can't keep saying that "photographing will take people's soul away."

I will gradually become familiar with this sense of distance in the future. Moreover, seeing her taking pictures so happy, I don't want to stop her.

"No, it's okay to take pictures, but remember to tell me before you take pictures..."

"Ok....."

After I told Yukinoshita softly, she lowered her head and made a depressed voice. Before the change, it was impossible for her to see this expression now. Because her reaction is quite fresh, and it doesn't feel bad, but I don't want her to think too much, I didn't intend to be so serious.

"Also, remember to send me a copy later."

I cleared my throat deliberately and quickly added a sentence, so Yukinoshita raised her head, tilted her head to show a puzzled expression, and then she blinked a few times, and then seemed to finally understand what I was trying to say, and smiled.

"Ok."

With a smile on her face, she hummed a small tune while operating the phone. However, her fingers suddenly stopped, seeming to be aware of something, and she opened her mouth with a small "ah".

Oh, did you find out... Actually, we still don't know how to contact each other...

"So, that, that's what, contact information..."

Because it was too embarrassing to ask for the contact information until now, I stubbornly said, Yukinoshita nodded when I heard it.

I only asked about the contact information now, the order is really strange.

But if you don't take advantage of this opportunity or find an excuse, you will always be confused about the timing of the exchange of contact information. From the result, it is OK if there is no problem.

"My phone number and email address are this."

"Ah, well, thank you..."

I showed Yukinoshita the screen with the contact information, so she started to input information into her mobile phone in a panic. Seeing her saying and typing a word, I felt a little sorry for her,

In the old days of clamshell machines, you could exchange contact information with one key through the infrared function. Now, you can scan the QR code through chat apps like LINE. It should be easier to exchange contact information.

But my phone does not have that kind of function and APP. No, it may actually be there, but I don't know it, at least I am not very skilled.

There are only so few people in contact with me so far, so it's no problem to rely on emails and text messages.

However, considering the future, such as after entering university, it is still necessary to install such basic communication tools.

I heard that there are more people contacting each other through private messages on chat apps and social networking sites. In this environment, if one person has different means of contact, the pressure on costs will be great. Because what can be done by sending it to the LINE group chat has to be reposted specifically.

"Sure enough, LINE is more convenient?"

It seems that it's finally time for me to introduce LINE... Can I use the emojis of "Guangmei" and "Ouhuo" to bombard me... Why has the emoji of "Sweet Dream Cat" not come out yet... ...[Chinese things maybe.]

With a tragic consciousness, I asked casually.

"If it's a short conversation or notification of something, LINE is very convenient..."

Yukinoshita put her hand to her mouth, thinking while talking, but suddenly stopped halfway through the conversation, revealing a quiet smile.

"...But I like taking the time to write the email slowly and the time waiting for the reply."

".....is it."

I think her answer is really pleasing. Not annoying, pure, smart and straightforward beauty, very suitable for her.

But it would be a little embarrassing if she knew that I was thinking about these things, so I pretended to yawn.

"Then use it separately depending on the situation."

I replied casually, and Yukinoshita nodded.

"Why don't you create an account first?"

"Well, let's create it now."

In fact, it's certainly true that LINE is more convenient. Especially emoticons are extremely convenient. When you don't know how to reply, just send an inexplicable emoticon package, which will not only leave the fact that you have replied, but also stop the conversation. The emoji is a good thing...it is the essence of the culture that breeds communication barriers...

I created the account while happily thinking about what emoji to add.

After creating it, I showed the picture to Yukinoshita, and we immediately added friends to each other through the QR code.

"Then you try to post some news. For example, a photo of a cat."

"okay."

Haha I understand, this is the purpose of this person. But it's better not to say it. I randomly selected a picture of Kamakura and pressed the button of the paper airplane, so the word "read" appeared next to the message.

Did it go smoothly? I glanced aside to confirm, but found that Yukinoshita-san was happily staring at her phone screen. This person, obsessed with cat photos, didn't notice my sight, right?

So, is this the famous "I can't read it back"?

Unexpectedly, I was completely uneasy and didn't feel hurt at all. Maybe it's because I'm used to my words not being able to convey to others...

I was thinking about these things. At this moment, the phone rang a beep.

I looked at the phone and found that Yukinoshita had posted the photo just now, with the sentence "For Kamakura-san's photo, thank you."

"Kamakura-san...? you are so respectful that you are scary... It should be said that it is terrifying to be too respectful."

"Very, weird? How to call it...I don't know how to call someone else's cat respectfully."

Yukinoshita showed a slightly shocked expression, then pursed her lips,

"Isn't it enough to just call by the name...or the nickname like Ka-kun."

Although I never call an cat as Ka-kun, my parents and Komachi both call it that, so this is the official nickname for our family. Since there are more people called Ka-kun, it would be better to change the official name to Kaa-kun.

While I was thinking about these things, Ka-kun faction seemed to add another person...

"Yuki-kun... Yuki-kun..."

Yukinoshita looked at the photo of the Kamakura and kept thinking. Then she gave a happy smile.

This is no longer the cat's favorite joy, but the cat's favorite Monpetit... It feels like she will start to carry her with her. (Note: Xiyue and Monpetit are both cat food brands under the same company, but Monpetit is positioned to be more upscale and more expensive. Chulu is the brand name of snacks (ie cat strips) for cats. The full Chinese name is Yi Nabao Miao good tweeting)

"By the way, why don't you just raise one..."

Since she like cats so much, it's okay to have one to live with... I asked the doubts I had been holding in my heart. As a result, Yukinoshita, who had a happy face, put away her smile.

"It's not easy to raise it if you live alone. If possible, I want to start raising kittens, but kittens must be taken care of, so I have to ask for leave from school..."

"Hey... ask for leave... are you too exaggerated..."

"This is a major event related to their lives. Did you think of raising cats too easily? Can you sing the "Mow White Manifesto" completely?" (Note: "Mow White Manifesto" is adapted from Sada Yazhi's famous song "Guan Bai Manifesto", the lyrics changed the husband's request to his wife to the cat's request to the owner)

"Your hobby is heavy... Your ideas are amazing and admirable... 'Miaobai Manifesto' I can sing..."

She cast a stern look at me and began to talk about the truth. Although her tone was too serious and made me a little scared, what she said was not wrong.

However, great principles are for speaking, not for listening.

They went in through my one ear and came out of other, so I can change the subject!

"In other words, don't you live with your family now, then there is nothing to worry about."

Yukinoshita touched her temple as if she was suffering from a headache, and sighed deeply. Then, she said in an extremely solemn and genuine voice:

"...Do you think those people can take good care of children?"

"It's heavy...no, it's really convincing."

I said I have a clue about this. The mother's way of raising children gives people the feeling that "the lion will push his son into the deep valley to kill him." It must be terrifying to cats. Let alone cats, even I am afraid of humans. Do you really want to eat with those people after this? (Note: The correct proverb is "the lion will push his son into the deep valley")

Just when I was shaking with fear, Yukinoshita suddenly took off the strength of her shoulders and quietly looked into the distance.

"And... I should move out soon."

"Ah, so too. Then I will go to university."

"Yes, this is indeed the reason..."

what? "This is indeed true"? Is there any other reason? —I wanted to ask, but I couldn't ask.

Because Yukinoshita's eyes were moist, she lowered her head.

Her long eyelashes fell gently like petals wet by the morning dew, her teeth biting her full and gorgeous lips, and she exhaled softly as if she was holding her mouth without crying.

Her profile looks illusory and distressing. At this time, Yukinoshita wiped away the teardrops from the corners of his eyes with her slender fingers, then covered her mouth with her hands and sniffed.

"If you want to move out, you will be separated from the cat. It's absolutely sad...so, there is no way to raise it at home..."

"This, this..."

This person just imagined the scene of being separated from the cat that I had not started raising, and she made such a tragic look... Even in the expressions I have seen so far, the degree of sadness is definitely one of the best.

At this time, in fact, just ask her to come to my house to watch the cat, but this is really embarrassing.

And using the cat as an excuse to invite her to her home, inexplicably feels like a scumbag. For example, "I'm keeping a cat. Do you want to see the photos?" "Hey, it's cute!" "Yeah? Oh, don't you want to see the cat at my house?" It sounds like an ulterior motive. Like a frivolous man.

I hope that Yukinoshita Yukino will not be fooled by such boring tricks.

...No, I'm getting more and more worried about her. So, I made a firm vow in my heart, and exchanged contact information anyway, and I will send her some cat photos regularly in the future.

Chapter 5: Dear Sirs, the restaurant is full of questions and silence.

In the space based on white, the sound of piano faintly sounded.

The warm-coloured lights illuminating the room are dim, and because of this, the candle lights placed on the tables are more prominent.

After spending some time in Kumida, I was led by Yukinoshita to the place of dinner today—a high-end Italian restaurant.

I glanced around, and the men in suits or jackets came into view, and the female customers were also slightly formal. But if you want to say whether it will be very gorgeous, it will not, it is better to say that it gives people an elegant impression.

Quiet and elegant.

It is indeed a restaurant with a high-end Italian cuisine signature. Just taking a peek inside from the entrance, I feel a calming atmosphere.

However, in contrast to this, my heart could not calm down at all.

"I'm Yukinoshita who made an appointment before."

As I looked around restlessly, Yukinoshita quickly completed the acceptance. I don't know if it is because she often comes here, or because she is used to this kind of high-end store, she naturally speaks to the waiter and looks very mature, unlike when she was worried about the cat just now.

Then, under the leadership of the waiter, we came to the four-person table in the innermost corner.

Seasonal flowers are dotted with pure white tablecloths, and candlelight sways quietly in the centre of the table.

Two beauties sat under the faint lights. One is a beautiful woman in a kimono with her black hair curled up, and the other is a beautiful woman in a dress with her shoulders boldly exposed.

Needless to say, they are the targets of dinner today, Yukinoshita's mother and Haruno-san. [T/N I don't know what term or name 8man used here as it was not translated probably so, I went with "Haruno-san".]

"Hello!

"As if greeting us to the past, Haruno-san waved and greeted us gently. This greeting sounded very off-line and incompatible with this elegant shop.

On the other hand, at best, I would think she was starting to make things strange again, but seeing her doing some extraordinary actions in this serious atmosphere, on the contrary, I think she is very skilled and natural, which is really incredible.

"It's really early."

Yukinoshita looked at her watch and said, so Yukinoshita's mother opened her fan and smiled softly.

"Yeah, because I was looking forward to it, I went out early."

She squinted her eyes, smiled and moved her gaze from Yukinoshita to me. Being cast with such deep smile, I had to smile back with a faint bitter smile.

"I'm looking forward to it too, after all, it's been a long time since I had dinner with my family."

Haruno-san gently stroked her bare shoulders with her hand, and blinked.

uh, uh, there is an outsider here...but before I could retort, my mother and sister gave me a meaningful smile. Just like this, my stomach started to ache.

Even so, I responded with a wry smile and decided to sit down. Let me mention an irrelevant thing, because this kind of restaurant will have a waiter to help pull the chair, so it is easy to nod and bow.

So, in front of Yukimom, I can't help but nod and bow! When I sat down, I nodded and saluted her, so Yukinoshita's mother slapped away the fan and smiled gently.[T/N ya went with 'Yukimom']

"The evening is like prom, it's been a long time since I saw you."

"Hello, it's been a long time since I saw you..."

In fact, it is less than a month since we last met. If she hadn't seen it for a long time, it felt like the time span was a little short, but since she said that deliberately, she must have some intention.

I nodded, and at the same time I lowered my head slightly to look at Yukimom's expression, trying to find the answer. Therefore, the mother who felt her sight opened her lips and smiled meaningfully.

"You have a lot of things to be busy these days? I'm really embarrassed. I called you over because I was so busy because I always wanted to have a good chat with you."

Her tone was calm and her eyes were very gentle.

However, from the depths of her slightly narrowed eyes, I felt as if she was saying, "You kid, why have you rejected me so many times?" Too! After all, it has been a while since she invited me for the first time, and I have been trying my best to delay and escape!

Yukimom's sense of existence is already very strong, no matter how she hides, I can feel the silent pressure from her. Yukinoshita, who was sitting next to me, looked worried, and looked at me and Yukimom alternately. On the other side, Haruno-san, who was sitting opposite, lowered her head and smirked desperately. Hey hey, this bystander is too much, right?

But her mother and I have met several times and know how to get along with her. I sit upright, put my hands on my knees, and gently lower my head.

"Thanks for your concern, the new semester was a bit busy at the beginning, but it has finally stabilized recently. Thank you very much for your hospitality today."

It is the force majeure factor of this season that makes me so busy, and it is not my fault! But I have to thank you very much! It is the communication skills of an adult to state thank you with excuses like this, and deliberately not to mention what I am working on. This is an advanced technique. By using some blunt sentence patterns, you can maintain a polite attitude and also suggest that the other party does not want to talk about it anymore.

Of course, my mother must have seen through my superficial thoughts, rather, if she couldn't see through it, I would find it strange. [T/N I don't know if 8man really said "my mother" but let's just go with that.]

Unexpectedly, mother covered her mouth with a fan and nodded.

"Really. Okay, after all, you have spared time today."

Her remarks seemed to be saying, "Since you intend to implement such a polite attitude, let you go first today." So I nodded silently.

I glanced aside and found that Yukinoshita was stroking her chest with a calm expression on her face.

Hahaha, don't worry. I am best at such fixed-sentence dialogues and superficial greetings. Because just in this way can produce the feeling of being in conversation. So, don't hesitate to smooth your chest.

I also relaxed and exhaled from the closed mouth. At this moment, Haruno-san, who was sitting opposite, smiled softly.

Then, she leaned forward as if emphasizing her plump chest and looked at me.

"It turned out to be so busy in the new semester, is there anything wrong?"

Haruno-san asked with a smirk on her face. Haruno-san, you bastard, I cursed her secretly in my heart, but I didn't show it on my face. I smiled and replied:

"Yeah, there are many things...such as club activities and the selection of voluntary universities...and, there are also class gatherings, after all, it is the new semester."

Although I didn't make the choice of voluntary universities and class gatherings at all, I thought of it and said it directly, and at the same time repeated the magic word of the new semester.

Ah ha ha! Then you can't refute it! Because Japanese people have this kind of DNA inscribed on them, as long as they hear the words "new semester", "before the final accounts", and "Obon (year-end) rushing to work", they will think that the other party is busy! Not only that, the Japanese DNA is also engraved with a social and animal temperament, so that even if we hear the unclear and stern term "catch work before Golden Week", we can't help but reply, "That's it, this is terrible... I'll find a way to deal with it as soon as the consecutive rest breaks." Such a social animal, fire it. What do you think of deadlines?

Just when I was pulling a lot in my heart, Haruno-san nodded as if she had a deep understanding of something.

"Really. Now that the new semester has passed, there will be time next."

"what?"

What is this woman talking about? I was already too late when I thought about it. I was caught by her from a very tricky angle.

Haruno-san smiled happily, and then she threw her words under the snow.

"It's great, Yukino-chan, you can enjoy yourself."

"How can I enjoy all day? The exam will be coming soon, right?"

Faced with Haruno's teasing tone, Yukinoshita calmly responded, and tilted her head here, as if asking for my consent.

"Yes, yes... I have to take exams, maybe I don't have much time to play around..."

I let out a dry smile, when I heard the sound of the fan closing.

"That's right. You can't have meals like this before the exam is over."

Following the prestige, I saw my mother rubbing her cheek with her hand and said politely. No, no, no, I don't mean to have frequent dinners. What is this beautiful woman in kimono talking about.

Just when I looked stunned, Haruno-san, who was sitting next to Yukimom, nodded and continued:

"But it's nice to relax occasionally, right?"

This is not relaxing at all. What is this sexy beauty talking about. Isn't she trying to make dinner a regular event step by step? It doesn't feel good not to stop her... I made a look at Yukinoshita, suggesting that.

Yukinoshita nodded after receiving the hint.

"Well, once in a while..."

Then, she muttered to herself, her eyes dropped and she became coy. Hey! It's not right! I also count on you to subtly reject it! But her shy appearance is very rare, so it's totally OK!

But if the opposite party invites me again, I will find a way to postpone the postponement, get through the blunder, and wait for the psychological preparation before accepting the invitation... I definitely can't refuse directly... After all, once I behave too directly, Yukinoshita Will be particularly lost...

Thinking of the troubles in the future, my stomach ache, so I rubbed it with my hands. I don't know how my mother understood my behavior, she put her hand in front of her mouth and said:

"Ah, sorry, let's eat."

After she called the waiter, she seemed to think I was suggesting that I was hungry.

"Because it is a set meal, the dishes may not be enough, but when it is not enough, just order it. You don't have to be polite and let your stomach go." (Note: Western set meals have a certain order of serving, usually by head Serve in the order of plate→soup→side course→main course→salad→dessert→drink)

Actually, I just got a stomach ache, but I couldn't say anything when she stared at me with girlish eyes.

"Boys can all eat."

And after hearing her say that, it became even more difficult to speak. She looked at me without a trace of pressure in her eyes, they were pure and interesting eyes.

Her quiet but joyful look really resembles her... I compared her with Yukinoshita who was sitting next to her, and accidentally laughed. Mother seemed to think I had promised, and happily clapped her hands.

"Ah, why don't you look at the menu? You can order it now."

"No, I will finish the set meal first and then take a look."

I am afraid that I will have to eat it if I continue this way. When it is time to refuse, I must solemnly refuse, I smiled and said tactfully, so Yukinoshita's mother lowered her eyebrows and said:

"So..."

She looked very disappointed, too, which made people really can't bear to refuse... Just when I thought about it, Haruno-san who had been watching by the side suddenly laughed.

"Mom, you are too excited. I'm sorry, we don't have boys in our family, so I don't know how much you can usually eat."

Haruno-san laughed and said, so Yukinoshita's mother was a little upset, and she covered her mouth with a fan.

"There is no such thing. I still know that. Children at this age can eat well anyway."

"Really? You mean Hayato-kun? I don't think he will eat too much at this time."

Haruno-san heard the angry words of her mother, and said in wonder.

Speaking of it, the Yukinoshita family and the Hayama family are from generation to generation. They seem to go to dinner together during the first month, maybe they have seen Hayama eat at that time.

It's not easy for that guy...he has endured this kind of atmosphere. A sense of intimacy suddenly emerged, but at the same time a sense of boredom emerged in my heart. However, compared to the feeling of boredom, I still find it more difficult to have dinner with Yukinoshita's family, so I sympathize with him somewhat! Although it is still very annoying!

But just as Haruno-san said, the impression that Hayama Hayato would not have much appetite.

I remember that I saw him eating during the lunch break, and he ate very normal. It is better to say that it is too normal, so that no matter what he eats, it will be served with salad or smoothie, which is exactly Hayama's artificial eating habits. If it's a man, let me eat golden fried food.

When I was thinking about Hayama's dietary life in my heart, my mother gave me a somewhat embarrassed smile and gave me a worried look.

"...But Hayama and his family eat healthier."

Hahaha! Good guys! How can you say that. Our family eats very healthy too? Just as I was about to look resentful in my eyes, Yukinoshita on the side suddenly whispered happily:

"Big Valley-student, let me just say that the Ramen·Max Coffee·Salia cycle is not healthy? Have you eaten enough 30 kinds of food a day?" (Note: "Enough 30 kinds of food a day" It is the dietary goal advocated by the Japanese government in the healthy diet policy in 1985, which means that everyone has to eat 30 kinds of food every day to ensure a balanced nutritional intake, but it was secretly deleted in 2000)

"Don't worry, I still eat curry a lot recently. There are more than 30 kinds of spice curry easily. It is not an exaggeration to call curry a complete nutritious food."

"The condiments and spices are not counted..."

With a smug look on my face, Yukinoshita rubbed my temples as if to relieve my headache.

Seeing this scene, mother suddenly showed her eyes looking into the distance, with a nostalgic smile on her face.

"Your father was like this when he was young. He often played mahjong while eating curry, ramen and fried noodles, even in the middle of the night. He didn't care about that kind of smoky place. He could stay here..."

"In the middle of the night? Mahjong? Miasma?...Eh? Isn't that talking about Dad?"

Yukinoshita was concerned about the words she heard, and asked in surprise, so her mother nodded. This shocked both me and Yukinoshita.

What I said just now doesn't fit the image of the Yukinoshita family head in my mind, at least it has nothing to do with the Yukinoshita mother and daughter here.

"How is your father..."

I asked quietly, and Yukinoshita also shook her head in confusion. It seems that he is not that kind of person at least in the impression of his daughter.

Hey...not to understand...Just as I was wondering, Haruno-san blinked at me and calmly said:

"Don't care, don't care, you will see him sooner or later."

"I really don't want to ..."

This sentence was strangled by me without saying a word. If possible, I don't want to actively meet with my mother and sister...

However, when my mother talked about the father I had never met, a gentle smile appeared on her face, which was completely different from when she confronted her because of the prom. Seeing

such an expression, it is difficult to have a bad impression of her. No, it's better to say that it makes a good impression.

Perhaps the same is true of Yukinoshita.

"I was very worried at the time, and I also made lunch boxes for him. People really say that they change when they change."

"Bento...this, is this...hey..."

She was a little surprised. To her, the way her mother shyly talked about the past seemed quite fresh.

Yukinoshita's mother noticed our stunned gaze, coughed lightly, and smiled like a cover.

"So, don't care, just eat it."

It sounds like you are saying, "Sooner or later, you will be corrected, so don't care about it now."
Yeah...

Forget it, think about the rest of the matter later, and now let's concentrate on eating the feast payed by others.

...Well, I don't need to pay for this meal, right? Is that right?

x x x

With a leading signal, we gently touched the cups together.

Yukinoshita's mother and Haruno-san holding white wine in their hands, Yukinoshita and I have oolong tea. Due to the different shapes of the cups, the opposite thin glass cup made a crisp and cold sound.

There was no formal greeting, and we ended this brief and quiet toast. At this time, the appetizers just happened to be delivered.

Scallop meat and sweet shrimp should be placed compactly on the huge dinner plate. The high-quality marinated meat and the garnishing sauce complement each other, making the plate look like a painting.

Putting such a dinner plate in front of me, I couldn't help but swallow.

Because it aroused my strong appetite.

But it's not just because of this.

"I'm being tempted... I'm being tempted now..."

I murmured in my mouth unconsciously.

"Then let's start eating."

Yukinoshita's mother smiled and said so, but she showed no sign of moving. The same goes for Haruno-san sitting next to her.

Suddenly, a silence that seemed to have no intentions fell.

It would be strange to say that there was no attempt. Both Yukinoshita's mother and Haruno looked at my hand secretly and assumed a posture to observe my every move.

Three pairs of knives and forks were placed on both sides of the dinner plate in front of me. In addition, there is an extra spoon on the right side that seems to be squeezed out. There are also knives and forks on the dinner plate, and the knives and forks are placed in pairs in front of me like the treasure of the king. (Note: neta "Fate" Gilgamesh's treasure) Even the Avalokitesvara can't use so many utensils. Although Guanyin Bodhisattva should use chopsticks...

But I am not Avalokitesvara. Although there are Asura and Raksha in front of me, at least I am a human being. Therefore, I will use these tableware in order.

In other words, I am now undoubtedly undergoing the test of table manners.

However, I have mastered etiquette perfectly.

At this time, what we Japanese do is to observe our surroundings and imitate casually!

So, I glanced at the Yukino next to me.

So, Yukinoshita seemed to notice my gaze for help. She nodded lightly, and then stretched out her hand towards the knife and fork first.

Grateful. As expected of Yukinoshita, even the table manners are well understood, this can already be called under the wiki. I followed her actions and reached for the tableware.

But at this time.

"Ah, by the way, Yukino, how is your school recently?"

The mother talked to Yukinoshita as if she had just remembered.

"Huh?...Ah, it's so normal."

Yukinoshita replied in confusion.

By the way, this mother is, you educated your child very well. After Yukinoshita was called up, she stopped her movements and switched to listening mode.

Therefore, I don't have any reference now. This is the same as saying to newcomers in the company, "Don't ask people immediately, think about it for yourself."

My mother smiled again at me, who was confused.

"Ah, Hikigaya-san, don't care, please continue to eat."

"it is good....."

Although I responded, my psychological quality was not strong enough to dare to directly "Wow! Lucky! Then I will start." (Note: "Wow! So lucky!" neta "Idol Event Parade" Himeishi Raiki's mantra)

And I know it very well! At this time, if you really don't mind eating it, if you make a mistake, the other side will send you an irresistible "Are you not asking anything when you do something?" hit. Having said that, since I responded, it would not be appropriate to keep this motionless. I scanned all kinds of knives and forks back and forth.

...Which one? Where should I start?

"I'm gonna start now--"

At this moment, Haruno-san picked up the knife and fork on the inside without hesitation and frankly.

"Well-it's delicious."

Haruno ate a bite of the bacon and made a happy voice. I watched her smile carefully and pointed at the knife and fork she used to confirm. As long as you copy her completely, there should be no problem. "The people in front did the same, so it's okay!" The live cat in my heart also said the same. (Note: "Live Cat" is a network character born in "Futaba☆Channel".)

The same is true when burning incense at a funeral! Just imitate the person in front and throw the incense ash to the spiritual position. I understand, I understand, I know best. (Note: Neta Oda Nobunaga's unusual behavior at his father's funeral is usually done by pinching a handful of incense ash in front of my eyes with my fingers, and then putting it in the incense burner) Just after I understood everything, I was about to reach out. When I took the knife and fork, my thigh was suddenly patted. The soft touch and warm body temperature passed from her slender fingers, which made me straighten my back.

"Hikigaya-kun, the knife and fork must be from..."

Yukinoshita brought her lips up to whisper. Her voice and expression made me nod slightly in a panic. At this moment, Haruno-san who was opposite puffed up her cheek and said unhappily,

"Hey. Hey, wait for this kind of thing when mom and sister are away."

"Not even when we are away, Yukino, what do you think about this. Ah, eat faster, don't bother."

Her mother talked to me with a smile, and I had to smile back. The three of them put me on the side and continued to chat, but their eyes turned to me from time to time. So, in order to test me, did

you even start acting? Only Yukoshita looked at me worriedly while talking with her mother and sister. When the conversation stopped, she quickly whispered:

"It doesn't matter, right?"

"I don't have much confidence in the use of knives and forks. I have used one chopsticks so far."
"Chopsticks are used in pairs..."

I just want to. When she replied, Yukinoshita's expression turned uneasy. No, no, the so-called chopsticks is just that I am not accustomed to using the metaphor of a knife and fork. It doesn't matter—I smiled in response to Yukinoshita, and then reached out to the knife and fork. To be honest, I am not very impressed with table manners, only some hearsay knowledge. However, I have a certain understanding of this. In this way, the answer is obvious. I made up my mind and picked up the knife and fork from inside. Then, without making a sound, I brought the bacon into my mouth with a dignified manner. Well, it should be... it's delicious... To be honest, I can't taste the taste at all if I'm too nervous, but it should be delicious. As I was chewing the meat in my mouth, Haruno-san, who was also eating, glanced at me and suddenly laughed. Seeing her like this, Yukinoshita's mother said with a troubled look:

"Oh Haruno, you are very unruly like this. Cutlery should be used from the outside."

Haruno stuck out her tongue and said humorously. Hahaha, so risky. Sure enough, this is the case... Did this person set a trap when I guessed that I was going to imitate her? (T/N: Those who didn't understand cutlery should be picked from outside or something I don't know. I eat with my hands and Haruno as a joke picked it from inside and 8man followed suit) She is scary.

But it is Yukinoshita's mother who is more terrifying than her. It's not scary to test me at the expense of acting. No, this is quite terrifying, but the most terrifying thing is that she has no intention of concealing the fact that she is acting. Yukoshita's mother held her temple with her hand, squinted her big eyes, and looked at me from head to hand many times, estimating me.

"I have learned table etiquette better than my classmates."

"That's right..."

I have a certain understanding of Yukinoshita Yukino, and at the same time, to the same extent, I also have a certain understanding of Yukinoshita's mother. She wouldn't be satisfied just by mentioning a nasty table manners problem. In this way, she did not hesitate to act like this, there must be other attempts. I squeezed a dry smile from my throat and added:

"Maybe someone will be watching, just in case."

Mother Yukinoshita kept staring at me, motionless, her cold gaze seemed to see through everything, but after a while, her gorgeous lips slowly outline an arc.

"Yes."

Then, she opened the fan to cover the edge of her mouth, quietly nodded, her eyes softened, and she seemed to be smiling slightly on the other side of the fan. Suddenly the memory of when I confronted her about the prom appeared in my mind. The conversations between me and this person at that time did not have any practical meaning, and most of them were conversations on diplomatic etiquette. It is impossible to detect her true intentions if she is only based on these superficial things in her words and demeanor. Only by perceiving the attempt hidden in its depths

can the dialogue be truly established. Therefore, according to the interpretation of Yukinoshta's method, today's drama of table manners should be a piece of advice to me. This is implying that if I want to be related to the Yukinoshta family, I must maintain proper speech and behavior at all times. At the same time, this is also a warning that we will always look at you, and we will always test you. I'm afraid this is the style of the Yukinoshta family. Not through talkative words, but through actual feelings to convey and understand. It turns out that it is precisely because this person is like this that the two daughters have become so distorted...Just as Yukoshita said, it seems that it is really not good to have children. Could it be that the subject she is best at is imperial studies? I sighed slightly tiredly, but Yukinoshta's mother closed the fan with a contented face, and smiled happily.

"Unexpectedly, you are quite disciplined. It is because your parents are well educated."

"Hahaha, at least better than yours."

I immediately responded with a happy smile. I have fully understood the style of the Yukinoshta family. This time, let me show you the style of the Hikigaya family. After in-depth interpretation of other people's words, they pretended to be silly and ironic. This is the family tradition I inherited from my father. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. This is my motto! (Note: Neta's famous line of "Naoki Hansawa") I bit the bullet and giggled, so Yukoshita's mother showed a stiff expression. Suddenly, Haruno-san laughed loudly, her bare shoulders trembling constantly. After Yukinoshta's mother glared at her with a cold look, she stopped her smile for a while, but still couldn't hold it back, and laughed again. This pair of mother-daughter characters is really good enough...I watched this scene nonchalantly, but the other daughter seemed very upset. Yukinoshta reached out from the side and pinched my thigh. It hurts. It hurts. I looked to the side. Yukinoshta's face was dark and whispered:

"You, can't you speak carefully?"

She puffed her face, pursed her mouth angrily, and patted like an angry cat. My thighs. Although it is not painful at all, the polite way at this time is to behave painfully and apologize.

"Sorry, it's the same as usual if you're not careful. After all, you look a lot like you..."

I replied casually, and gently removed Yukoshita's hand. I have been itchy from just now... So Yukoshita groaned unhappily, finally patted my hand, and immediately turned her head to her mother.

"Well, that, mom. Don't look at him like this, he is still very serious when he is serious, and he is very serious when he works. Although he is quite useless at other times, his mouth, hands and feet are not clean, his personality and eyes are bad, but he's not a bad person. I say this because I'm afraid you will misunderstand him."

After that, Yukinoshta quickly said a lot in a panic, to make up for my gaffe. Others may not sound like a rounding off at all, but in fact, I have many shortcomings, but she did not say all of these shortcomings. From this point of view, she can barely call it a rounding off for me. Can it be called... Although what she said was messy, she still seemed to be able to convey what she wanted to express. Yukinoshta's mother watched her daughter's expression more and more excitedly with interest, and suddenly smiled. There was a familiar warmth from her expression.

"It's okay, I can relax a little bit like this."

Yukinoshta saw her gentle eyes, relieved with a sigh of relief. I also took off the strength of my shoulders, and now I can finally enjoy a free meal. I took a knife to cut the duck meat and French sauce with seasonal vegetables. At this time, a word sharper than a knife came.

"Really courageous..."

From the squinted eyes of Yukinoshita's mother, I could see a little joy. Behind the open fan was a smiling face, but her voice was cold and Shivering. I let out a dry laugh, sloppy, and desperately delivered the untasted French sauce or Pecorino into my mouth.

It's not good

x x x

Cold appetizers, hot appetizers, pasta using seasonal ingredients, superb fresh fish caught locally, and grilled wagyu beef as the main course—the course is proceeding in an orderly manner. It is said that red wine is most suitable for eating meat. I quietly glanced straight ahead and saw a male sommelier quietly approaching, pouring red wine into Yukinoshta's mother's glass. The gurgling, high-transparency red liquid gradually rises, and under the light of the candle on the dining table, it looks like a gem that has lost its outline.

"Sorry, only we are drinking."

"No, it's totally okay..."

She shook the wine glass and looked at the red wine glass that left a clear trail with satisfaction. From the look of her dress, she looked like this. The posture is like a medieval lady from the distant past. For example, it's like the prototype of the vampire legend-Elizabeth Bathory. (Note: Elizabeth Bartori, it is rumored that she killed more than 650 girls and bathed with their blood in order to maintain her youthful beauty) The daughter beside her was like her family, tilted with a red wine glass. She didn't drink continuously, but took time to sip slowly. The wine should be of good quality.

"People in our family are all able to drink, but Yukino is a bit like a father, so maybe she can't drink much."

Haruno-san let out a sigh of contentment and glanced at Yukino. She should have drunk a lot, but judging from her eyes and voice, she is still very awake. It's not bragging to boast of a good amount of alcohol. On the other hand, although Yukino, was not drinking, her cheeks were slightly red, and she pouted a little dissatisfiedly and said,

"Am I like a father...?"

But listening to her tone, it seemed that it was not out of disgust, but awkward or shy. I can't fully distinguish the specific feelings, but her sister seemed to understand immediately. She smiled in a teasing tone and said,

"Of course, like your troublesome personality."

"You are almost the same..."

Not only do you like mother and daughter, but sisters are also alike... It's really troublesome... I subconsciously whispered, so Haruno-san turned to me with a smirk.

"You are almost the same."

You are right. Sure enough, we are all brothers in the world. Since everyone is brothers, it's normal to look like. In other words, the troublesome character is the original sin of human beings, that is, "karma"... (Note: "karma", a Buddhist term) When I reached the realm of thorough enlightenment by myself, Yukinoshta's mother was very interested Nodded and said,

"Indeed, Yukino may be more like a father, such as a gentle side."

"Yes, is it..."

When the mother said with a loving smile, her daughter squeezed her eyes down shyly. Aha, with this reaction, it seems that this person likes Dad-san a lot. Severe sister-in-law and father-in-law control are really serious karma. Rather, she even has some Oedipus complex (**Oedipus complex**, in psychoanalytic theory, a desire for sexual involvement with the parent of the opposite sex and a concomitant sense of rivalry with the parent of the same sex.) From this point of view, Yukinoshta's house is really full of mines. But I have known this kind of thing a long time ago, and I also like my sister very much, and I am not qualified to talk about others. The so-called complex is simply love and hate. The deeper the feeling, the more distorted it is. Her family is all this virtue, and it's really not easy for her dad. I secretly sympathize with him, who I haven't met. However, since Dad-san is married to Mom-san, there must be something wrong with him... I thought about these very rude things without authorization, and I don't know if I was discovered, my mother smiled at me. I couldn't help but straighten up my back, she looked at me carefully.

"Does Hikigayan-san look like his mother or father?"

"Um... if you have to say so more like my father... Only my hair are like mother."

The headache is, whether I am internally or externally , Most of the traits are inherited from my father. Therefore, Komachi and I are not very similar... The only similarity between me and Komachi are the hair inherited from my mother... While I was talking nonsense in my heart, I fiddled with my hair. So Yukinoshta looked at the top of my head.

"Komachi-san's ahoge are inherited from the mother, right?"

"Well, yes. If you don't call my mother like that, it always feels weird."

Because I suddenly felt embarrassed, I touched Daomao's eyes. Turn away. However, Yukinoshta tilted her head, chasing my swaying ahoge with puzzled eyes.

"You mean your mother?"

"Yes, I'm not used to it, it's weird."

I know she is calling my mother respectfully, but I still feel a little embarrassed. Seeing the look of my mother at home, it made her mother feel very uncomfortable. Rather, I even felt a high-level ridicule similar to "Mother (laughs)". ...And, even though I feel disgusting when talking about this kind of thing, but when she calls my mother with this subtle name, some strange imaginations will come up in my mind, and I can't calm down. My face seemed to be covered with this kind of shame, so Tukinoshta noticed something, opened her mouth slightly, and suddenly turned her head to the other side. "Yes, is it... Mother, I think it's good." Hearing her whispering to herself, I pretended to comb my hair up and cover my face with my hands. Really! It's too shameful, don't be like this! Of course my wish didn't have any effect. From between my fingers, I accidentally saw warm smiles on

the faces of the two sitting across from each other. As soon as her eyes met me, Yukinoshita's mother smiled softly.

"What is Komachi?"

"My sister. The number one in the world."

Thanks to her for changing the subject for me, I snapped back. So, another person also interrupted in the middle and said,

"What a coincidence~ I also have a sister who is the number one in the world."

"Ne-san will you shut up, it's too embarrassing ." Yukinoshita also intervened to stop haruno. Only her mother is calm and composed, it is better to say that it is too calm. She opened the fan, covered her mouth, closed her eyes quietly, as if thinking about something.

"That's it, you are the eldest son?"

"Yes, yes." Then she said nothing again, so she was silent for a while. After the mysterious thinking time, mother opened her eyes.

"...Alright, there will always be a way."

"What do you mean?"

I couldn't help but ask, but she just smiled slightly. I wanted to ask what she meant, but I held back. I can only hold it back as the eldest son. But even if you ask, it's useless. Her graceful smile hinted to me that it was a waste of effort to continue to ask. Mother put the fan to her mouth and asked again with a constant smile:

"What do your parents do?"

"Both of them are engaged in publishing and advertising-related jobs... Hey, what is this, an interview?"

"It's just a mess. So you are also interested in this industry?"

"No, I plan to consider this after I go to college... Hey, this is really an interview?"

"It's just a conduct investigation. So you decided Which university do you really want to go to? What about your major?"

"No, I don't know. Hahaha, you say it's a character investigation yourself."

The wave of questions and answers continued, and the continuous sparring of words continued. . Yukino and Haruno are like tennis spectators, and their eyes move back and forth between my mother and me. On the other hand, I have difficulty breathing and become exhausted physically and mentally, as if being repeatedly questioned in a stressful interview. Only my mother is calm and composed, it is better to say that it is too calm. She opened the fan, covered her mouth, closed her eyes quietly, as if thinking about something. "So, you haven't decided yet..."

"Yes."

Then she didn't say anything again, and was silent with each other for a while. Boom boom boom boom, ding. After the mysterious thinking time, mother opened her eyes.

"...Alright, there will always be a way."

"So what do you mean?"

Although I knew that the question was for nothing, I resisted desperately. However, Yukinoshta's mother avoided my question with a smile, put her closed fan against her chin, and cast an eager gaze at me.

"...Speaking of which, do you know what our family does?"

"Opening a credit bureau."

Faced with the questions that were questioned again and again, I raised one cheek to answer sarcastically in order to understand. So Yukinoshta's mother suddenly squinted her eyes and stared at me with sharp eyes, but there was no trace of anger in her eyes, she seemed to just want to see through my true meaning. After a while, she smiled slightly, and then Haruno-san laughed sharply as if agreeing. The tension that lasted for a short moment immediately eased, and at this moment, my thigh was suddenly patted. Upon seeing it, Yukinoshta looked at me with a condemning gaze. It's the same as before, although it doesn't hurt at all, but since it was photographed, it should be very painful at this time to show politeness. I twisted my body and apologized to her with my eyes. So Yukino shook her head slightly and told me not to care. Oops, I'm really sorry. Originally, in order to make the other person like me, I should behave as neatly and politely as possible on this occasion. Unfortunately, I am not very good at this kind of thing. I can comprehend those rigid Mandarin, but the other party doesn't like it. The reason why I didn't behave well and politely was because I came to a brainless conclusion: Since I will show my feet in the end, it is better to break the jar from the beginning, so that it would be more honest. I know that this is playing tricks under the snow who is willing to tolerate me, but this is the only thing that I need to spend some time on. I had to get used to it a little bit... I realized that I had postponed many things as always, which would inflate my future debt, but I was relieved that I finally got through the difficulties. No, to be precise. Therefore, I didn't notice that Haruno-san, who was sitting opposite, was holding back her smile.

"Ah-that's interesting."

She let out a long breath and sat up as if stretching herself, rubbing the corners of her eyes with her fingertips. Then, she took a sip of the red wine to soothe her throat, lifted her chin and said,

"...so can I think you are in a relationship?"

She casually asked a question that no one has touched yet, just like asking tomorrow's weather casually. For an instant, both Yukinoshta and I stopped what we were doing. I know someone will ask this sooner or later. Isshiki and the others also asked similar questions before, and even if they didn't say it, there must be other people who would like to ask similar questions. But as for this time, why did you ask on this occasion. It's really you, Haruno. I just took care of her mother, and was completely careless. I was choked by the sudden question and fell into a long silence. I know I can't say anything at this time. It is impossible to fool the past or deny it. I didn't know what to say, so I looked sideways and found that Yukinoshta was also secretly looking at me. Her lips trembled in confusion, her cheeks flushed with shyness, and her eyes moved left and right because she didn't know how to answer. I should look like her now. After our eyes met, she immediately lowered her head and closed her mouth as if pouting. Then this question should be answered by me. While looking for the most correct, most appropriate, and most accurate answer, I slowly opened my

mouth. I made meaningless voices like "Ah--" and "Uh--" from my mouth, and finally squeezed out a word, but the voice was so low that even I felt useless.

"It should be... okay, right?"

"No, you ask me what I am doing."

It took me so long, but in the end I didn't answer anything, which made Haruno-san smile both speechless and confused. I couldn't help showing the same smile. The conversation was only left with a sigh of laughter, which was interrupted immediately. At this time, Yukinoshita-san, who had been drinking and watching, smiled generously and said,

"Yukino, you are too uninterested to ask such questions, right?"

"Yes..."

I sighed and smiled. I nodded and responded with a mosquito-like mumble. Yukoshita also showed an embarrassed expression and smiled at her mother.

"All right. Then it's almost time for dessert."

Harno-san shrugged, drank the wine in her glass, and then greeted the waiter. The last dish of the set meal was delivered, a sherbet ice cream platter made with seasonal fruits. Although I feel I can't eat it anymore, this cold sherbet ice cream can just cool my hot cheeks, so I dug a spoon into my mouth. "Ah, it's delicious."

"Right? Everything is delicious here, the sherbet ice cream alone is also very delicious, so delicious that people want to put aside the set meal and order an extra."

I inadvertently revealed. With a frank thought, Haruno-san said while waving the spoon.

"Really. How much does the sherbet ice cream cost? How about tens of thousands of yen for the meal today. I'm sorry I didn't bring that much money today to thank you for the hospitality."

"Your thanks are too early, right? ...I haven't finished eating yet. By the way, you just pretend to take out your wallet."

After Haruno-san said with a shocked expression, Yukinoshita chuckled lightly. Yukinoshta's mother also sighed speechlessly, but her eyes were particularly gentle.

"You don't need to care about these things. Finally, drink some black tea or coffee?"

"Sorry. Ah, I want coffee."

"I want black tea."

We chatted while eating sherbet ice cream. After a while, the aroma of black tea filled the entire table, and the dinner came to an end harmoniously. Time passed quietly and peacefully.

"Time is almost too..." Following the words of Yuknoshita's mother, we got up from our seats. When I left, I looked back at the dining table, the plates and cutlery were all removed, and the four tea cups were illuminated by the candle light. However, only one plate remained. The sherbet ice cream on the seat next to her which was not eaten before melted with her sigh.

INTERLUDE

I didn't turn on the light in my room, and went straight to the bed. I know the school uniform will wrinkle like this, but I am not in the mood to change it. Just to sigh greatly. Just for this, I took off the bow tie. I put it on my hand and squeezed it tightly, and found that the texture was similar to his tie, which made me very embarrassed. It's over. Messed up. Made a mistake. "Ahhh..." I didn't expect that I would make such a dull sound. Even if I knew that my family couldn't hear me, I still buried my face in the pillow. If you shout out as much as you want, your mood will be lighter. So I tried to shake my feet and squealed my face into the pillow a few times, but the irritation that was stuck in my heart showed no sign of dissipating. Therefore, I keep repeating the few words that entangled in my heart. It's over. Messed up. Made a mistake. I have failed many times and missed many things, but today is the most outrageous. I got everything wrong, and most importantly, I got the sense of distance wrong, whether it is physical or spiritual. It's okay in the club room. I still have the confidence to take a good measure, but it doesn't work on the monorail, not even the coffee shop. The more I recalled today's events, the more clearly the fact that I was very noisy was placed in front of me. Although there have been several times of self-loathing so far, this is the first time that I am so embarrassed. Just remembering what happened today, my face became hot. Then I couldn't help but screamed out, covering his forehead with his hand. "Excited, too much" I looked up at the pitch-black ceiling, and these words ran out of my mouth without knowing it. Only by appealing to words and giving shape to it will it eventually become a reality. This is me, this is me. When asked what it was, he couldn't answer a word. Obviously he gave the answer to her, but he felt disappointed because he didn't hear the answer he wanted. After that, he couldn't even speak, just kept laughing. In the final analysis, I am afraid of resorting to words, afraid of turning it into facts. It is not difficult to summarize it in one sentence. Anyone can name this relationship. However, I am really scared to do these things. Fear of putting correct and complete truth on words that are full of errors, thus ignoring the emotions overflowing from it. Because once you have neglected and failed, you can never get back to the original state. I think that because of this, we did not resort to words. Without confirming through words, I came to the present. He would definitely say that it is completely unnecessary. I also feel that it is completely unnecessary. but In this case, then what are we?

