

やはり俺の

青春ラブコメは

完

まちがってっしょ。

第 6 巻



TBS
Animation

我的青春
戀愛物語果然
有問題。

新 My youth romantic comedy
is wrong as I expected.

渡航 go psprt o i ni an

illustration / ponkan

6

six

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Chapter 1 - In this way, Hikigaya Hachiman's plan is postponed.

Fresh green leaves growing from the trees looking down from the window, and the smell of early summer began to mix with the warm breeze. Occasionally, the wind blowing from the open window swelled the loose curtains like sails, delivering fresh sunlight.

The grand holiday, the so-called Golden Week, is also approaching, making it the best season for events. At this time, even on the shores of the Tokyo Bay coast, you can see a lot of people coming out to catch clams. Or, there are probably many people who go hiking, outingking, or trekking to Mt. Nokogiri. Or, some people go on a small cruise on Niemon-jima Island.

(**Annotation:** An island with a circumference of 4 km in the southern part of Chiba)

Anyway, there are so many things to see in Chiba. If you want to enjoy everything, there is no choice as far as a large holiday. There should be at least 7 trillion holidays. More than that, they say it's a large holiday, but I hope you don't say it is a large holiday because the worst is 3 consecutive holidays, or 5 consecutive holidays at the longest. Please don't use words that look old, because you look weak.

In the first place, if we call a five-day holiday a large holiday, isn't working 5 consecutive days and 2 days off every week a large-scale shift? A working environment that shows no signs of reform, even though it is called job reform.

It was the same for this Service Club.

With my younger sister, Hikigaya Komachi as the president, it was a new service club that should have started with a new system, but still, as in the past, with two days off, there is no work or anything, but for some reason I am going to work.

It is like a microcosm of Japanese society that the constitution itself of the organization does not change immediately even if the top is changed. In the political world and in the business world, even if an old man is overthrown in one way or another, another old man immediately appears as his successor...

Still, that's not to say that it's good to change everything radically. In some cases, they are unable to adapt to changes in the environment that are too rapid. The so-called May Disease would be the most appropriate term.

(**Annotation:** A feeling that students and workers get around the time of May. Freed from entrance exams or the burden of finding a job, they start to express a feeling of let down or loss of purpose. It can be cured by showing them to appreciate what is in front of them.)

If that is the case, it might be just right for you to feel the passing of time slowly, as if you were watching the cherry blossoms turn into new leaves, grumbling in your heart, every day without change. Such minor changes also came to this insolvency.

For example, the temperature of lukewarm tea.

For example, handmade sweets that have been increased by one type.

For example, the colour of the hairpin that adorns the bangs.

For example, recently, for some reason, the student council president is not a member who comes every day. Huh! This hasn't changed! Really, why does he come to the office every day? work, are you okay? Hachiman, I'm very worried!

In any case, even in this insolvency, change is coming, albeit slowly.

Yukinoshita pours another cup of tea and measures the time to drink. Yuigahama hastily takes out sweets that smell good from a paper bag. An energetic Komachi who puts a hairpin on her bangs and exhales after taking in the fragrance. Isshiki gently fixes her bangs while gently using her smartphone while glancing at Komachi's forehead. It's such a small difference that you might miss it if you're not conscious of it.

It boasts a level of difficulty comparable to that of food illustration in Saize's children's menu, but, however, there was a definite change.

I, too, are changing, though insignificant indeed.

Just like last year, last month, or two days ago, just like yesterday, with my back and chin slouched, I am still staring down, but today, I am holding a pamphlet rather than a paperback.

The colourful and fantasy pamphlet, painted with dreams and magic, is from Destiny Land, which usually makes your heart pound just by looking at it. However, now I am feeling restless no matter what. Now, how do we get the clues from this pamphlet? As I fell into setback, I opened the pamphlet as if to look at it, and as I looked closely, flax hair suddenly popped in of my sight.

“My, this.”

Isshiki tilted her head, gently tucking the flowing hair on her ear, peering at my fingertips. And haha, I sighed with the same feeling.

“Outing, is it tomorrow?”

“...Yeah, so for now.”

I turned it over on the table, avoiding Isshiki who was peeking at the pamphlet, and answered appropriately. Seriously, what's the point? I said it, but it's really ridiculous. It was a very crude excuse, but I'm glad I didn't ask for it. Isshiki's consciousness is completely directed towards the pamphlet. Thank you for the magic of Destiny that fascinates the viewer!

“I envy you, Destiny Land.”

Isshiki glanced at the pamphlet, sighing in ecstasy or disappointment that could not be read.

“No, how long ago did you go...?”

You are saying that? and seeking consent. As if, I looked towards Yukinoshita and Yuigahama. Just recently, during the Christmas season, we, Isshiki, and Hayama and others went to Destiny Land to cover the event.

Yukinoshita and Yuigahama were both reading the brochure, but they noticed my question and looked up. However, their expression seemed a little perplexed.

“Yeah, well, about half a year ago...”

“It's subtle to say that it's recent...”

Yuigahama fiddled with her bun, while Yukinoshita put her hand on her temple and fell into thought. No, it's been about half a year, isn't it recent? is not it? It's really recent in my opinion. Some say that 7 or 8 years ago is recent. Well, that, that. They say that as you get older, a year goes by faster! I mean, I'm an adult too.

Every day that is nothing special is so precious. Adults say that, but it's me who has been touched by something that I haven't been able to reach. In that way, facing my own aging and making noises, Komachi, who sat in front of the diagonal line, was also making noises with resentment.

“Komachi wanted to go, too.....”

While muttering resentfully, Komachi raised her body forward and stared at the pamphlet as if she would chew it out. If you look like a boy looking at the trumpet displayed in the showcase, I have no choice but to hand over the pamphlet. Okay, so I'll give you this... I swiped the pamphlet and handed it to Komachi.

However, Isshiki reached out and snatched it away.

“I was looking at it.”

“That's right! I was! It's the past tense!”

Komachi clapped her hands and smiled broadly.

“Well, that's fine...”

Phew, I'm glad I can't help it, Komachi gently pulled the pamphlet toward her, as if beckoning her to a cat. Isshiki looked like she was awake.

“Ha? Really, what is this person.....”

Komachi smiled cunningly at Isshiki and slapped her shoulders.

“Oh, would you like to see it together?”

“I said I was reading it. I'll see it as well.”

Moving the chair, Komachi and Isshiki put their heads together, and they started to look at the pamphlet, pointing with their hands.

“By the way, a new attraction has been added~”

“Yeah. I also wanted to go-.”

The way they exchange conversations like that just seems like they're on good terms, and it makes me feel reassured both as an older brother and as a senior.... And I thought for a moment.

“Ah, because you don't have a friend to go with.”

“It's... no, it's not like that.”

Isshiki responded conditionally, but the words she added at the end were too small a voice. It was too thin, and there was a strange realism in the murmuring murmur. Perhaps Komachi felt a little

sorry too, so she lowered her eyebrows and lowered her shoulders, looking up at Isshiki as if worried.

“I'm sorry... are you okay? Are you sure you have friends?”

“Don't ask about useless things! There are for now!”

Isshiki answered immediately, but from the standpoint of listening, I can't help but worry about the first word ... This kid, it seems like there were a few things like this in class last year, and each of us stared at her with worried expression.

However, the party itself doesn't seem to pay that much attention, and Isshiki spoke with a bold, somehow bright face.

“More than that, is Rice-chan okay? Do you have any friends?”

No matter how I interpreted the tone, it only sounded like “You, you don't have any friends,” but Komachi put her hand on her waist and puffed her small chest.

“Komachi has a lot of friends! I can talk to everyone without any problem.”

Besides that, I, Yukinoshita and Yuigahama also nodded in response.

In fact, Komachi's communication ability is truly amazing, and even if it's her first meeting, she talks to each other in a frank, casual way.

During summer vacation, when we went to Chiba-mura, everyone around us was older, but she communicated with ease, and she had a good conversation with Kawasaki's younger sister, Kawasaki Keika. One more drink, I'm not afraid of Isshiki, a junior by one grade. It's not a level where you don't get scared, it's a level where you don't get scared. I don't know Komachi, but Isshiki-san, from my classmates, I'm hearing things like the queen of the night party... It's a misunderstanding! Because Isshiki is just the cutest scumbag girl in the world.

However, the cutest scumbag girl in the world doesn't call herself a scumbag girl for nothing. No, she doesn't call herself. Isshiki squinted her eyes and nodded with a sobbing expression on her face as if she knew something. Yukinoshita and Yuigahama nodded with smiles but there was some hint of sadness on their lips.

“Ah, so you are that type of girl.”

“Ahhh, your tone. You said something bad about me, didn't you?”

At Isshiki's words, Komachi groaned and raises her eyebrows, as if trying to dig out the truth as a bonus, and came closer to Isshiki.

As if to avoid the pressure, Isshiki waved her hand in the sky and shook her head lightly saying no.

“No, I didn't say anything bad.”

“Eh~ Really~? You've been saying a lot.”

Isshiki pushed Komachi's face, which was bluntly poking out her lips and digging deeper.

“No, because it was just difficult to explain.”

“Hoo, that means that.....”

Komachi lightly folded her arms, gently placed her hand on her chin, and posed for asking for an explanation. Her squinted eyes were persistent, and it didn't seem like she could convince her with a half-baked answer. Isshiki tried to hide the bothersome feeling, but after a while, she coughed and said with a troubled smile “tehehe”.

“No, what should I say? ...I'm loved by everyone, so on the other hand, it's hard to get into a close relationship with others. At school, even if we talk, we don't go out together, that kind of feeling?”

Isshiki smiles “hehehehe” and smirks and tilts her head cutely. However, no matter how cute you are, you cannot cover everything because content is content.

What the heck are you talking about... Our Komachi is the world's best imouto loved by everyone? I wanted to object in a loud voice, but Isshiki's comment on Komachi wasn't completely correct, but it wasn't wrong either, so I could only make a sound of pain in a slightly negative nuance, like uhm...

Komachi gets along with anyone, and she gets along well with gritty people. One can say she's good at keeping a good sense of distance. However, it also can be said when she reverses it, she doesn't make any effort to close her distance to become a deeper friend.

Isshiki, who also fought in the women's society. I am well aware of the trends living with Komachi that I have been vaguely grasping over the past 15 years. Or Isshiki herself may have had the same experience. Komachi is a shrewd child, so even if she stands from a slightly distorted point of view, as an older brother I am very grateful that she has an understanding.

I am truly grateful....

...But even so, isn't there a way of speaking? Isn't your opinion too distorted? If it's just that way of speaking, it's a negative impression no matter how you look at it...

In fact, Yukinoshita was putting her hand on her temple and shaking her head a little, while Yuigahama was letting out a small, wooowy voice.

When she heard the words, she stood firm and opened her mouth. However, when Komachi was hot and restarted, she reached out helplessly as if to grab a straw.

“... Wait a minute. Why are you suddenly talking about my personal life ? That's a bit serious.....”

Komachi, who purposely cried and collapsed saying “Oh yo...”, Isshiki was exasperated with excitement. Seeing that immaculate figure, Komachi blinked her eyes two or three times, and made a voice that seemed to admire.

“Hey-, this person is really amazing... After thinking about it... Iroha-senpai is amazing...”

With that feeling, Komachi sighed and exhaled a breath that could not be called a sigh.

A bitter laugh and a light sigh were superimposed on that breath. Looking from the side, Yuigahama smiled like her older sister while saying that she had nothing to do with it, and Yukinoshita was also half awake, but looked at her with pitiful eyes.

“Certainly, the way she spoke was cute...but only the way she spoke was cute...”

“If the content of a word is too poignant, no matter how cute it may seem on the outside, wouldn't it be impossible to ignore it...”

Hahaha! Same with Yukinoshita from the past! Far from being bitter, it's even vicious. With that said, I'm going to leave it because it's going to be a story of fortune that it looks cute. It's not like it's outward appearance or anything like that, but this person...

However, no matter how sharp and vicious the words are, there are some things that are passed on because they are unpretentious words. The conversation between Isshiki and Komachi might be like that. After all, Komachi also speaks harsh words!

Even now, the two of them continued to talk about this and that, using my pamphlet as a snack, while lightly accusing each other with disrespect. It is very welcome to see each other on good terms, but losing the brochure is a bit difficult. I can't help it..... It's too small and hard to see, but let's look at it with a smartphone..... And when I tried to pull my smartphone out of my pocket, someone tapped my shoulder.

Looking at my side, Yuigahama was holding her own pamphlet in her hand. All of the 3rd graders had been distributed in advance, but it seemed to be taken out of the bag on purpose.

“Oh, are you okay? Thank you.”

I said a full farewell and reached out to the pamphlet. However, Yuigahama gently avoided my hand. Eh...why...you won't lend to me...? And, without even having time to think about the question, Yuigahama jerkily moved the chair and sat next to me.

Then, unfolding the pamphlet on the desk, and gently placing it between me and Yuigahama, Yuigahama smiled buoyantly.

“I'll show you.”

“Yeah, yes... Thank you...”

If you look from the side-lines, it's like the state of someone who has forgotten his textbook.

The only thing that is different from when I forgot the textbook is that no one shows me the textbook...

It's not that..., it's this sense of distance.

I can't decide if it's a shampoo or a perfume, but the strong floral scent reached the tip of my nose, Yuigahama started peeking at the pamphlet.

With her bun swaying in front of my eyes, I involuntarily avoided it. As an added bonus, Yuigahama clasped her chin in the opposite direction to her bun, and as an added bonus, she slightly changed her seat and tried to make space, but nevertheless, her shoulder and my shoulder occasionally bumped into each other. That being said, it would be rude if the person who was borrowing and looking at it explicitly distanced himself.

Try to make the gap as natural as possible, brushing your hair up, or turning your shoulders, look at the pamphlet from a distance, for a moment...

In an unreasonable position where our upper body touched constantly, my spine was already stiff. Ummm... and straightening my back, I could see Yukinoshita's eyes narrowing at the end of her field of vision. With chills, my spine pinged and straightened.

Our eyes met for sure, but Yukinoshita didn't say anything. I just let out a short sigh of exhaustion, as if I was exhausted, and as if I had given up. Shrugging her shoulders as if she had no choice, Yukinoshita gently stood up.

I wondered if she was going to pick flowers... but there was no way to ask for sure. Yukinoshita didn't say anything, carefully lifted her chair, and, as it was, came my way with her gunshot steps.

And, as if nothing had happened, she placed her chair next to me. She swung her own bag and pulled out her brochure.

The way she gently unfolds a brochure on her desk may be a bit like reading a magazine at a beauty salon. It's like, it's been there from the beginning, it's the same naturalness.

However, the natural look is only because Yukinoshita's behavior is elegant, but the behaviour itself is unnatural.

“Eh, what, what's going on...”

When I asked in a small voice, Yukinoshita glanced at the other side, and pushed her pamphlet with a sigh. And then, she spoke loudly.

“...because it didn't seem like the contents were easily visible.”

“Ah, yes..... Thank you for that. Well, look.....”

After thinking about what to answer, when I gave such a banal answer, Yukinoshita continued to look in the distant direction and nodded her head in reply. Each time, her black hair swayed gently, revealing her vermilion-tinted ears. The moment I saw it, I felt as if my ears were also dyed red, and I raised my head without any meaning.

My unsteady behaviour, and Yukinoshita's sudden movement, must have been a very unnatural sight.

The moment Komachi saw this, she looked at this site with a blank face, Isshiki sighed with a mouth that looked like she had chewed a piece of silver foil, and Yuigahama shrugged his shoulders and held back the laughter.

(T/N: Silver foil means aluminium foil wrap. This metaphor seems out of place but since its literal translation it can't be helped.)

I'm unfamiliar with this type of situation, and I'm surrounded by Yukinoshita and Yuigahama, so I have no choice but to shrink my shoulders.

Don't turn to the side and keep looking forward, I'm just going to look at the pamphlet and focus on thinking about my plans for tomorrow.

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Chapter 2 - A silent witness reveals the abyss of the Yukinoshita family.

Tomorrow's plan.

In that way, I spoke out loud, but in fact, I don't have any great plans. Rather, it is really trivial, trivial, and trivial.

In the eyes of others, it's clear that it doesn't matter anyway. There's no way you'll be understood even if you say it, and I wouldn't even ask a question because I wasn't interested in it in the first place.

It is nothing more than a very personal plan, and its success is not of the kind that will affect others. The unchanging daily life continues whether it is achieved or not. It was such a small plan that had no direct connection to the world or society.

So even more so, this plan is difficult.

It's so personal, it's all up to me.

Speaking of extremes.

It may be more comfortable to engage in a mission that must be accomplished no matter what, whether it is the end of human history, the destruction of the world, or the danger of life. Or, as something that could happen closer, I think that if you are faced with a crisis of closure or bankruptcy, you can make a decision. If there is a reason for the persecution situation, I will be able to resolve myself by helping with a sense of duty, a sense of sympathy, and even a little bit of heroic intoxication.

However, that's not the case with tomorrow's plans.

If you think about procrastinating, you can postpone the schedule as much as you want, and in the worst case, it is so personal that no one will be in trouble even if you stop. As long as neither the environment nor the situation can be used as an excuse, I have no choice but to make a decision, think, and execute with my own will. Of course, there are risks too. If I make a mistake, I can take enough damage that I can't stand up again, but I'm still doing it. Tomorrow's plan, that's right-

A plan to go around Destiny Land with Yukinoshita Yukino.....

Seriously, I think it's a plan that doesn't matter much to other people, but for me, it's a big enough level like the songs of Miyuki Nakajima is.

(**Annotation:** Miyuki Nakajima is a popular Japanese singer know for songs in the 1980s and 1990s.)

This plan, if you say anything dangerous, is really dangerous. The point is that nothing concrete has been decided, the level where we didn't even make a promise to go around together in the first place.

No, I tried to tell that story over and over again. However, I couldn't think of a way to take it out naturally.

What do you want me to call you?... No, can you wait a minute? Of course, there will be others, and Yukinoshita gets a lot of attention, so if I tried to go around with her during the outing, they will notice us, and start rumouring.

If that's the case, all that's left is to make a decision and make a recommendation, but I'm not sure what Yukinoshita will think. If I were to recommend attractions for Destiny Land, what kind of face would she make? It's a bit painful to look around and look forward to your future activities. Eh, shut up, bunch. Finding a job is difficult.

In that way, while I was thinking about it, I dragged myself away again today.

However, the outing is tomorrow. Anyway, it's not good if I don't talk today. After all, I cannot make a move unless I create a situation of persecution myself. It doesn't look like I had grown much in that area, but since I have made a decision, I've made some progress.

That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind. Compared to this, landing on the moon wouldn't be a big deal at all. That's because it was actually filmed in a studio. I've read it on "red-radish" before.

(Note: Red-Radish is a website with articles ranging from tv/film news to food. But man, even you believe moon-landing was fake huh.. I'm disappointed or was it irony, apparently it was lost on me.)

In any case, the first thing to do is to bring up the story of Destiny Land. I just fluttered the pamphlet and tried to make it a topic, but I couldn't move forward at all. From now on, it would be better to create an atmosphere with a good feeling with a sensible talk, and then bring it out right away.

This is the "start strong, then with the flow, please" (*Note - Japanese social issue that became a hot topic in 2011. Decide only what to start and then set the flow after that)" operation!

Therefore, listen carefully, and measure the timing of entering the topic.

Everyone was looking at the pamphlet and talking about this and that Destiny Land, but eventually their eyes gathered at one point.

One point was tapped, and Yuigahama tapped it with her finger.

"It's new, I think a lot of people will go here."

Yuigahama is sick with groaning and wrinkling her eyebrows. What her finger is pointing at is a new attraction that just opened. Based on a fantasy and Marchen worldview, it has a European-style atmosphere, and it seems that you can experience as if you were in the world of a movie. The landmark, cute castle is also romantic, and it seems to be receiving favourable reviews mainly from female customers.

In fact, it seems that the women in the poor office are also paying attention. Isshiki and Komachi also looked at the brochure and nodded in response.

“Because brunch is still a special feature.”

Based on almost the same sources of information as I did, when Isshiki said something like that, Yukinoshita nodded in amazement.

“It's inevitable that it's a bit crowded. However, since it's a weekday, I think it'll be a little better. All students will be dispersed too.”

“Is that so?”

Yuigahama tilted her head slightly. Seeing this, Yukinoshita gently brushed her hair from her shoulder, and smiled confidently.

“Yes, boys will be going to more colourful attractions, won't they?”

After all, Yukinoshita, it is not for nothing that Yukinoshita has an annual pass. In any case, it is even Non-stop Yukipassu~. At that persuasive remark, Komachi also raised a voice and clapped.

(Annotation: Nyanpassu~ from Non Non Biyori.)

“That's right. I'm trying to ride it over and over again.”

Komachi glanced at me while nodding “hoo”~. She didn't mention it specifically, but from her demeanour, it seemed like she was openly rebuking me. However, that much has to be countered.

“Isn't that right... Most men go for the scream system. It's simple to feel the thrill or speed, that is, the “wind” ...”

I don't know what it's like for men who are serious about Destiny, but at least the to enjoy you only need vaguely remember Destiny's characters and works. There is only the knowledge of something that makes their voice louder.

By the way, if you ask me why I go to Destiny Land, it can be said that it is just to continue riding the screaming attraction.

It's a shame, but I said that on behalf of men all over the world, but that opinion seems to be a bit of a complaint for the women. There was an atmosphere like this, I don't know at all.

Yuigahama pursed her lips, Yukinoshita let out a deep, deep sigh, not even trying to hide her discouragement and Isshiki seemed annoyed.

In that way, it is not a situation to be defending my opinion. I had to somehow get the air flowing that had already cooled off, so I coughed.

“No, I have to say it's a general theory..... I'm just an ordinary person. I also have a view of Destiny and.”

I said so, but everyone's reaction was probably skeptical. Suddenly, their sharpened eyes were saying, “Eh~? Are you real~?” It's true, Kaoru-sama

(Annotation - Kaoru Kamiya Swordsman of the Wind)

I am Chiba. If it's about Chiba, I'm sure you know it to some extent. “tch...tch” I am not called “Chibanian Hachiman” for nothing. I looked confident and nodded with warm eyes.

Then, the female team leaned forward with only their upper body, gathered their heads, and went into deliberation.

“Does he really understand? Isn't it just nonsense like usual?”

“Uh, um... Yeah, Hikki, you have useless knowledge...”

“That's right. Actually, my brother knows a lot about Chiba, so as a result, he also knows about Destiny Land. But I have to say that his knowledge is a bit biased...”

“Especially towards Chiba...”

Prosecutor Isshiki questioned me with an annoyed face, and lawyer Yuigahama looked around and defended me with a troubled face. As an added bonus, Komachi stood on the witness stand, and finally, Judge Yukinoshita gave a sighing verdict.

“Well, let's say you can trust his information about Chiba... First of all, let's hear about his expertise.”

A metaphorical doctor's stick resounded, and with this, a final decision was made, and it was abolished. However, only Prosecutor Isshiki has a tired look and is still trying to appeal.

“...is it worth listening to?”

“It is. At least, it is more valuable than the posts written by smug guys on some shady forum.”

“I've lost my mind listening to these comparisons...”

Yukinoshita lowered her head in my defence. She may have been a little too humble. However, even the guy I have a knack for is by no means a good guy.

However, even if it was me, I didn't come here today without any measures.

In order to make it as natural and smart as possible, I have reinforced the knowledge I have researched with the experienced side so far, and carefully repeated simulations.

I started to give a glimpse, creating an atmosphere with coughing.

“What I value most in Destiny Land is that I can choose my own course. If I polish it up, I can enjoy new attractions and screams without any problems.”

When I spoke like that, everyone was ready to listen, nodding and hooting at first.

“Your own course, you say.”

Yukinoshita lightly folded her arms, putting a hand on her chin slightly, and said something quirky and interesting. I looked up and smiled with only one cheek raised.

“Yeah. Every man in Chiba has his own way of spinning...”

For many Chiba residents, Destiny Land is the pride of Chiba. I think that there is nothing else to be proud of, so it is not a joke to pour out your passion. Also, thanks to the geographical factor, there are more opportunities to go than other prefectural citizens. In the course of going over and over again, one day, naturally, your own course will be created. It is different from Saitama residents who are allowed to go only on November 14 every year.

(Annotation: 14/11 is Saitama Citizens Day T/N: I think it means Saitama prefecture residents can only enjoy on 14 Nov whereas 8man said in original volumes something like “every day is Chiba Day” idk.)

So, now, it's presentation time from here. Turning the pottery round and round, I followed.

“Efficiency is what you have to think about. If you take into account the movement route from the entrance and the waiting time for each attraction, the optimal solution will come out naturally. It is normal to attack the Pirate King first with the start dash at the time of opening. If this fits, 15 minutes wait, practically, you can get on without waiting. When you get off, go straight ahead and get a fast pass at Black Thunder, and then stand at Sprite Mountain. This is the one set, you can say it's a morning routine. After that, Black's Fast Pass We adjust the time to the jungle and railroad according to the schedule, and if we go around all that, we will hunt and aim for the Spam man. After that, we have to think according to the circumstances of the day, but, generally, this is how it is.”

Well, it's kind of like the way people line up is changing now, but... You do this and that with the app, right? Isn't it too future? Anyway, after finishing the whole story, I sighed, took a breath, and drank tea with a gulp. I quenched the thirst in my throat, and I put the cup down.

But the sound was exceptionally loud.

A room full of silence, as if not even a single coughing sound was allowed. Anxiety overwhelms the silence, and when we take a quick look at the situation, of course, everyone seems to be awake.

Yuigahama's mouth was contorted with uh, and Isshiki had extremely cold eyes.

“It's very much like a bullet...”

“I think you'll need something like a chariot.”

“Hey? Stop with your sarcastic remarks?”

As I bowed my head at Isshiki's unforgiving words, for some reason, Yukinoshita was also lowering her head.

“The direction of detail is different from what I expected... I'm sorry, I should have known that if I asked you this would happen...”

“Why apologize? It's better to put me down as worthless”

It hurts my heart to see her droopy, as if she has no face. As I said it, Yukinoshita raised her head, and she smiled in a good mood.

“No, this is what I was hoping for. You warned me first. It's just as pointless as the “club” of people who are influenced by shady forums.”

“I didn't say that, did I?.....”

Please don't put on a cheerful face and say something so outrageous, okay?

But I think that the post written by a smug layman and me are different, perhaps everyone has a different perception of which of the two is more unreliable. On the other hand, since the club is a voice transmission SNS, it is advantageous for intuitive conversation, but it is also too intuitive. In

addition, because the platform is invite-only, the stone invites too many stones, and as a result, it feels like being crushed under rubble.

But, well, my expert opinion is that the stone which is not even valuable, no decent person will listen to such an opinion.

I was thinking, but someone made a sound as if only one person admired it.

“Oh, I don't know for sure...”

Komachi patted the pamphlet gently with her finger as she thought about something. The trajectory of her fingertips was not different from what I had just told.

“Ah, that's right. Our family course was almost like this.”

Komachi, who quickly raised her head, nodded saying that she had noticed.

While the brother and sister grinned and smiled at each other in longing, Yukinoshita, Yuigahama, and Isshiki had extremely suspicious faces.

“It seems that every family has a different course to go around...”

“It's like your mother decided it...”

“I knew Senpai was like this, but Rice-chan is also disgusting...”

Isshiki was saying something very harsh. There, Komachi was also angry, “What!?” Of course, I am also very angry. It's strange.....it must have been the heart-warming family history of the Hikigaya family...

“My father and mother were people who liked those kinds of attractions. If you go there regularly, it naturally becomes that route, so I remembered it even if I didn't like it.”

“Yeah. It's not that Komachi is disgusting, it's just natural.”

As I supported her, Komachi snorted and puffed out her chest.

First of all, for Chiba residents, Destiny Land is the first amusement park they go to, and in most cases, they will go with their family. At least in our house it was.

An amusement park is a place that leaves a strong memory in the mind of a young child, but Destiny Land is its high end. As the level of perfection as a theme park is quite high, the original experience is exceptionally easy to remember. Once you reach out your hand, you can't give up, and it's completely legal that you naturally fall into addiction.

It was Komachi who was raging with anger, but that momentum suddenly died. Ehehehe added a bit of embarrassment.

“...So, conversely, I don't remember seeing a parade or anything like that.”

“Because I wasn't interested in that...”

As I spoke, Yuigahama gave a bitter smile.

“Oh, you are a boy after all.”

Yes, yes. I nodded and as I looked at Komachi, she also nodded.

However, it's not just me and guys same as the age of my dad aren't interested in the parade. Neither mother nor Komachi were really interested in it. I want to say. "I have the same face", but I shouldn't forget that this person is a woman who asks for money or white appliances for Christmas gifts. There is another person who possesses such a realistic tendency, but she says this.

"Still, isn't it just a parade? All you do is stare at it blankly, I know it's pretty cute and all but Iroha is the cutest, right?..... I feel the same way"

I thought she would do her usual foxy behaviour, but she finished like this with a super serious expression.

"Oh, oh... Iroha-senpai's family is amazing... No, Iroha-senpai is just amazing....."

With Komachi, who seemed to have woken up, next to her, I had no choice but to agree. like that-. That's how Iroha's sentiment was formed. I look forward to the day when Isshiki's parents will publish a book with the title "How to Raise the Cutest Scumbag Girl in the World".

In that way, I was able to convince myself, but Gahama-san seemed quite surprised.

"Eh....., my family too watched the parade.... We spread a mat and taking a break....."

"Ah-, I can imagine. It really feels like Yui-senpai's family. It feels the same as the whole family eating an Obento."

"Yeah, that's how it feels."

Looking at Yuigahama who nodded happily, the image of Gahamama who said "wow" and happily opened her lunch box was distorted in my mind. It feels like a really sincere living, and I yearn for it a little. In the first place, the Hikigaya family are miscellaneous no matter what they do, so it is hard to imagine them doing such family activity.

I've thought about it that way, but there are also assumptions that I can't imagine in any other way.

"Whole family together, indeed....."

With a timid, extremely low voice, I had no idea was the family on this side.

Yes, this is the Yukinoshita family.

"I went to see the parade with my family, I never had the impression of taking a seat because it was always arranged by my father."

"That's true too."

Before Yukinoshita could finish speaking, Isshiki interjected with force, and nodded. There, Yukinoshita turned her face sharply.

"There's something in that"

"No, it's like Yukino-senpai's family."

Isshiki, who was being stared at, immediately corrected her words. Although everyone didn't say it out loud, I think they all thought of the same thing

"Um, well, the percentage of women is high, so I don't know how it will be, I don't know!"

"There is also Haruno-san....."

Yuigahama gave full support, and Komachi gave a slightly bitter smile. I smiled the same bitter smile.

..... In addition to Harunon, there is also Mamanon. That person, I don't think she'll ever do anything like grab a place~! It seems like she'll call Hayama just to set up a place and send him back immediately. There were some differences in our tone of voice and facial expressions, but all of them felt a little hesitant about the power balance within the Yukinoshita family. The only thing is that even with the restrained words what she was trying to say was clearly conveyed. Yukinoshita let out a muffled cough, as if trying to hide it, and putting words like excuses into her mouth.

“Well, considering it is the result of a majority vote, it might be democratic.”

“It's just the tyranny of the majority... Would you call it democratic if there is a one-party dictatorship?”

Even so, it isn't a very nice thing to say... When I said that, Yukinoshita also thought, did I say a bit too much, and I was speechless.

“Well, even if my mother didn't say anything, my father always went to look for a place...”

“Oh, how considerate.”

“He's a good dad.”

When Yuigahama and Komachi applaud her, Yukinoshita also shrugged her shoulders with a light smile.

“I only went there occasionally, so we were very motivated.”

Even as she said that, her expression seemed a little bit happy. Complimenting her father may have been a little strange, but it didn't feel bad. It's a good story~, but it usually ends here. It's a good sign, she usually ends up in a hurry when the topic of her father comes up.

However, I do understand. I understand oh

I'm sure Papanon is a good father. I don't understand the idea of putting your lovely daughters first and puffing up your energy during a rare break.

However, it shouldn't be that simple. There should be more to that in this abyss

Thinking about that, Isshiki spit out something similar.

“Education is important...”

I nodded inwardly at the voice that seemed to be admiring.

Perhaps Papanon must have realized that it was useless to go against Mamanon through years of experience. In the end, he surrendered before being reprimanded, not to mention protesting and arguing. Scary, the Yukinoshita family is scary

I feel sympathy for Papanon, whom I have not yet met..... No, this emotion is even elevated and can be considered as respect.

“But it's convenient for people who like Destiny Land.”

As Yuigahama spoke as if holding back a smirk, Yukinoshita nodded slightly and loosened her cheeks.

“Even if they don't share the same interests, it might be easier for them to understand each other.”

“Ah, it's important.”

Komachi agreed, humming and shaking her head vertically.

However, Isshiki showed a dull reaction.

“I don't think that's necessarily the case.”

At the unusually cold voice, our eyes were drawn into Isshiki's face. The expression on her face looked like she didn't like it, and the sigh she let out seemed very bothersome.

Ho-oh, when she asked with only her eyes what that word meant, Isshiki dropped her shoulder as if she had no choice but to open her mouth as if annoyed.

“There are always such people, right - guys who show that they know a lot about Destiny land and other things that girls are interested in. In the first place, such a person especially praises her nails and tries to hold her hand-?”

Isshiki tilted her head slightly to Yuigahama as if trying get her consent.

“If you say so seems to be there!

“Stop, quit, men are desperately thinking too, please stop. Can you understand the feelings of men who try to close the distance as naturally as possible?”

In fact, a man who compliments a girl's nails to touch her is quite disgusting, and it's a little bit like an uncle who act to read people's palm at night-club, but still, it must be a secret technique that unpopular men thought and came up with. It is not surprising that it is a technique is popular dating-guide book from a long time ago. So I can understand the heart-warming effort involved.

Such empathy and sympathy, and a hint of self-pity are fully reflected in my voice. Isshiki let out a deep sigh, and she looked at me.

“I think it's better not to use this kind of scheme.”

It was a sincere sermon with a sincere tone. The eyes were sincere.

“...No, I haven't done that before.”

I had to stop my mouth with all might, I averted my eyes while trying to keep a straight face.

However, Yukinoshita averted her gaze, and Yuigahama moved further away. Both of them had eyes as they were looking at less than garbage. I don't like it, don't look at me like that...

As a result, my gaze fell on Komachi, and our eyes met. Save me... and the unspoken request was delivered clearly, Komachi smiled with a smirk and winked with a frown.

“Iroha-senpai's nails are pretty cute. Even if I'm not my older brother, I would like to touch them.”

Komachi clapped her hands together, rubbed her hands while praising them with a big smile. After all, Komachi is the world's best younger sister, she is good at flattering! However, it's okay not to say “even if I'm not my brother” (anger).

In addition to that, Komachi said, “Good!” “It's amazing!” She poured praise on Isshiki in the same way.

“After all, I spent a lot of money on this.

There, Isshiki puffed her chest putting her hands on her waist. I'm not sure how easy it is to handle this smug look.

Ummm, Chorohasu (*note - choroī = easy therefore, Irohasu+choroī=Chorohasu), isn't she too choroī?

However, as she said that it cost quite a bit, the nails were very cute. The surface of the painted nails glistened and looked like candy after being adorned with pink. The colour of the nails mirrored the white colour on the slender and long fingers, and the whole thing had a lollipop-like charm

When it comes to nails, I can only imagine Vega with poison red claws, but Isshiki's nails were an extension of her natural nails. The plump and shiny surface seemed very pleasant to the touch.

(Annotation: Vega is a Street Fighter character with poisonous claws)

As I stared at her hands stretched out in front of me.

"Would you like to touch them?"

"Eh."

My body flinched in surprise at the words that seemed to have pierced through. My body stiffened and I looked over to see Isshiki smiling alluringly. Why would you do? As if to make fun of me, every time she waved her finger in the air, her sparkling nails were reflecting a faint light.

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

I thought about it for a moment, but still, shouldn't I according to this flow? I solemnly shook my head slightly and refused.

"Is that so?"

Then, Isshiki suddenly seemed uninterested, and returned to the task of checking how her nails were again. It was dangerous, really.... I was exhaling so much that my shoulders shook slightly, and this time, a hand reached out from the opposite direction.

"I went a while ago-."

With a hehehe and a pleasant smile, Yuigahama stretched out her hand. Her pale peach-colored nails had a healthy colour, and she had a macaron-like loveliness. Her soft fingers were dancing in the air as if they were playing an out-of-tune piano, but suddenly their movements stopped. The slender, soft fingers gathered together, and Yuigahama tilted her head.

"Would you like to touch mine?"

"How can I touch them according to the conversation I just had"

"It doesn't really matter."

When I said that, Yuigahama smirked, but she didn't care..... I just heard a serious sermon.... Really! That's bad for the heart, it's really troublesome!

"This is not right."

As I was thinking so, I heard a cold voice that felt even worse in my heart. I barely moved my neck, and when I glanced sideways, Yukinoshita was smiling brightly. That warm smile was sent to Yuigahama and Isshiki, Yukinoshita followed.

"I think these types of nails are forbidden by school rules. Aren't they, Isshiki-san?"

"Are they?"

However, Isshiki smiled hehehe. She is the student council president who is supposed to be a model for the students, but this exaggerated way of pretending to be silly could not be done without some courage.. Komachi also admired for a while saying, "This person is really, really cool...".

"Well, that's fine. It's safe to this extent."

As Yuigahama flexed and spread her fingers, she said with a light touch. There she let out her brief sigh as if Yukinoshita had given up.

"..... However, it is really cute. I can also understand the feelings of people who want to touch them."

Saying that, Yukinoshita sticks out her body a little, Yuigahama and Isshiki looked at each other's hands. Then, Yuigahama and Isshiki stretched out their hands toward Yukinoshita as if they were encouraging her. When she touched finger, hesitatingly, as if handling a fragile object, Yukinoshita gave out a voice that seemed to exclaim with admiration. As their fingers got entangled, Yuigahama twisted her body with an embarrassed smile, whether it was tickling a little.

"It tickles."

"How long does this manicure last?"

"Ummm. About a month? The polish is a little short. It peels off quickly."

"Polish."

Yukinoshita followed her in the same way and spoke her words, but there was an innocent echo in her voice. It felt like she didn't know for sure. When I glanced at Yukinoshita's fingers, it was as if she had done absolutely nothing to her nails. Even so, her tiny nails were neatly trimmed with light cherry blossom colour, and she had a natural beauty like a seashell smoothed out by waves.

Isshiki glanced at that finger of her, and she gave a hesitant smile.

"...Is it natural-born cuteness? More than anything, it's nothing special, and its neatness is at a level that is a bit too weird."

"It doesn't matter. And I've had my nails properly manicured."

As Yukinoshita said stinging, she seemed to give her entangled fingers a little bit of force. But, well, I know very well what Yukinoshita's grip is like. Isshiki was not going to back down either, and pulled Yukinoshita's hand over more vigorously and examined it more closely.

"This person is so powerful."

"That's right. It's normal, but I really want to touch them."

Komachi, who was peeking from her side, said so, while fiddling with Yukinoshita's hand.

"You don't polish your nails, Komachi-san?"

"It's interesting, but still Komachi have to cook, right?"

Komachi smiles shyly. However, Isshiki and Yuigahama quickly reacted to that remark.

“...I can cook, too, right?”

“Uh, yeah. If it's a gel nail, I don't really care...”

Maybe it's because they circled around and accepted it as disrespect, Isshiki looked at Komachi with menacing eyes, and Yuigahama was wandering her eyes in a distant direction. As Yukinoshita said, “Gel nails, indeed.” And she nodded while saying something.

“There are quite a few kinds.”

Komachi was also nodding her head with a shudder, but after a while, as if she had remembered something, her movements just stopped. And, as if on purpose, she spoke in an exceptionally blunt manner.

“Eh~. Still, isn't it too expensive?”

“That's right.”

“Huh.”

Isshiki and Yuigahama immediately responded with reaction as someone who had done unnecessary shopping from Telemart channel. A high school student's desperate wallet situation was clearly visible from a fairly serious expression.

“Oh oh oh Your reaction is sincere.”

Komachi seemed to have woken up there. As if supporting it, Yuigahama relaxed her shoulders and smiled.

“You can do your own nail art, too.”

“If it's a manicure, you can start at a 100-yen shop.”

(Annotation: 100-yen shop, where every item cost's 100 yen T/N: ya ya ya no need to thank me.)

“Hey-.....”

The following Isshiki's words seemed to be casual, but because of that, she felt more like an older sister, and Komachi gave her eyes that resembled longing.

The dreamy girly reaction is a bit complicated for his older brother. In this way, little by little, you're becoming an adult... It's happy but also lonely...

Komachi putting the teary-eyed me aside and nodded her head, thinking about something.

“If it's a 100-yen shop, it might be okay...”

Saying that, Komachi glanced at me slightly. What do you think? ' she asked with just a glance.

I have been watching and hoping for my sister's growth until now. My answer is already set.

“Even if you don't do this kind of nail art, Komachi is cute. she's cute, cutest in the world.”

“Oh wow, there it is. This person is a Siscon.”

When Komachi spoke as if she didn't like it with a tired face, Yuigahama and Isshiki laughed bitterly.

No, I'm not really against it, and I think it's natural to be interested in fashionable things... Hmm, but isn't it a little early?

That way, while taking the troublesome guardian position, I heard a voice next to me that seemed to understand something.

“One hundred yen shop, indeed.”

..... It's too early for someone else to touch these?

Chapter 3 - As expected, Hikigaya Komachi is seeing through.

(T/N: This monologue does not make any sense so you can skip it.)

In the terminology of the industry, there is the term teppan.

The etymology is literally teppan (*note teppan=iron plate) (there are several theories about its origin). It is a word connected with the rigidity and solidity of the iron plate, and if you bring up that story, song, or topic, it will definitely work, and the atmosphere will heat up.

It's a word often used by comedians in the entertainment industry, especially, but these days, it's commonly used in everyday life, so you'll probably hear it in person on a regular basis too.

As a specific example, it is used when chatting at a dinner party, joint meeting, etc., when you see even the slightest laughter, immediately, "That story, isn't it an iron plate?" "That episode talk, because it's my iron plate." According to this usage example, no matter how funny a story is, it has a wonderful effect that it quickly turns out to be a self-gag of a college student who is just hilarious and uninteresting. It's ideal that the guy who talks about iron plates or episode talk in his usual conversations isn't interesting.

(T/N: Teppan is probably a Japanese metaphor.)

In the first place, there is no such thing as a topic of discussion, a song, a topic, or against anyone. Even if a beginner makes sure that Neta, who won the Gag Award race, does not make a single mistake, it cannot be guaranteed that it will be fun. Even if it's a song that heats up the atmosphere in a karaoke room, if an unfamiliar guy is singing it, you'll just smirk and clap. Even if it is a topic that anyone rushes to, if you face it for the first time, there will be no good reaction.

When you need to talk, to the person you need to talk to, tell the story you need to talk to.

The sense of being able to make that choice appropriately is connected with humor. For example, if an old man starts talking to an elderly person in the waiting room of a hospital, such as, "These days, yosanchi is the same~."

In other words, the true nature of the teppan can be said to be the sense of the speaker.

A person with that sense does not need to rely on fixed and established boilerplate words on purpose, and he gets excited just by having a normal conversation, so as a result, he can talk about all his communicative powers. What is that, a guy with no communication history is an outsider no matter what he says.

However, there are things you can do even if you lack sense or communication skills.

It takes a long time to create relationships as they are.

We look at each other's positions and the environment in which they are placed, find commonalities, and match the signs we put on each other. For classmates, study and talk about cats, for co-workers about work and cats, and for relatives, talk about old age or cats. Isn't the cat story so versatile?

In any case, if you have a certain degree of understanding about the person you are talking to, the selection of topics will be smoother, and it will heat you up quite a bit. Conversely, if a relationship has not yet been established, any iron-clad discussion will cool down.

Talking about Destiny Land can be said to be a hot topic on the iron plate in a sense for the people of Chiba Prefecture, but nevertheless, depending on the person talking to it, "That mouse has a high tone of voice..." "Well, really., the tone is high...", and the tension becomes as if staying up all night at the funeral home and missing the deceased.

With that in mind, the ongoing conversations in the poor service club can be said to be evidence that our relationship has been built up somewhat.

After talking for a while about Destiny Land, we had a tea break for a while.

As she exhaled with a sigh of satisfaction and was savouring the beautifully coloured black tea and sweet-smelling sweets, Isshiki, who was breathing in the same moment, murmured a little.

"You really know a lot about Destiny, Senpai."

"It's just a matter of experience, though."

It's not something to brag about, so I shrugged my shoulders slightly with that attitude.

Actually, I only know about theme parks and attractions, and I do not have knowledge of Destiny Land itself. It is knowledge that has been pulled out from the Chiba-related work and experience and then glued together as if it were connected to each other. I think I understand it at the level of common sense, but I don't know anything about core movies or characters, so if it's "99 people's wall" something to do.

(**Annotation:** 1vs99 Quiz Broadcast. One player competing against 99 others. The 1 earns prize money depending on how many other members he has eliminated from the game, but loses all winnings with an incorrect answer at any point)

As for the knowledge about Destiny Land as a content, Yukinoshita would be much richer. Thinking about it, I glanced at my side, and Yukinoshita grinned as she twirled the bang on her cheek with her fingers.

"It's not something to be demeaned so much. You're amazing when it comes to useless knowledge, Hikipedia-kun."

"Hahaha, that's right.....Yukikipedia generally doesn't seem to help much, it only helps when it comes to cats and Pan-san."

When I answered that with a dry smile, Yukinoshita grunted and pursed her lips bluntly.

"I don't want to hear from person who only knows about Chiba and anime."

"That's what Wikipedia is all about, isn't it? The number of times information about anime and manga is edited is at the top of the list."

It is even a tool for investigating information related to anime. Well, there are dozens of works going on, and they are updated every week, so it is natural for the number of edits to increase.

When I said that, Yuigahama sighed and said.

“Hey—that's it.

“There are many ways of saying it. In a nutshell, it's like this.”

“Most of the things Senpai say are general. It's too much to deal with”

As Komachi commented, Isshiki added useless comments to it, and Hikipedia's editorial battle was about to begin. No, I'm sure I always just say the right words.

“Really, he's full of useless knowledge...”

Yukinoshita placed her hand on her temple and took a deep breath. Then, she gently lowered her hand to the cheek, covering her side face, looking at the other side of her and muttering a little.

“..... However, the tour route mentioned earlier can still be used as a reference.”

“Uh, is that so.....”

The childish whisper was like a sudden attack. I couldn't help but think about the meaning of the sweet words, but as a result, I gave her a meaningless reply....is it..... now? Do you want to invite her now?

I'd like to say that I've already thrown out the topic of Destiny in order to invite her, so if I want to carry out the battle of "intervene strongly in the topic and then leave it to the topic," is now the opportunity?

I thought over and over again, and opened my mouth.

“Well, there are many ways to go around... Have you already decided roughly what to do?

Let's dig a little deeper. Yukinoshita probably was worried about how to respond, she pondered for a while.

“No... Specifically, ... for the time being, I have talked to my classmates about going shopping together.”

“That's right.”

I would like to compliment myself for nodding my head without thinking about it.

On the inside, yes-! Even if you think about it in a normal way, everything like a plan has already been talked about! That's because it's tomorrow! Beep! I made a mistake! Shouldn't you have said this sooner? Beep-!

In this way, I realized that I was excited like an idiot. I didn't check her arrangements beforehand and wishfully thought that things would go as I expected. How disgusting. I was a jubilant clown. I wanted to react calmly, but I messed it up. Therefore, my mind was filled with thoughts of how to I should invite her now, that it was irreversible, and that I should just go to hell.

The black tea I was sipping was so bitter as I tried to suppress my trembling hands.

However, I was able to calm down.

According to Yukinoshita, she doesn't seem to have made a decision yet. That said, there is still room for change. In other words, I still have a chance.

As I was sipping tea and thinking about my next move, Yuigahama suddenly smiled bitterly.

“Well, we are all going by bus. At first, I'll be with my class.”

Upon hearing this, Isshiki said, “Uh-huh,” and made a disapproving face.

“Ah... a troublesome situation.”

“Trouble? It's hard to say... I don't think people who are integrated into the class should say that...Sure enough, this person hasn't made friends in the class, right?”

“Yes, yes... I mean, since the opportunity is rare, I still want to go with someone I have a better relationship with. “

“It's strange... After all, this person doesn't have any friends in the class, right?”

Detective Komachi tilted her head at Isshiki's statement. Isshiki's friendship is also a concern, but lets it for now.

As Yuigahama says, as long as there is an aspect of the event called an outing, there are bound to be restrictions. If we were to meet at the destination, then we would be able to move freely from the beginning but if we were to leave together on a bus, we would decide on the members on the bus. It's a little bit difficult to say, “Well, I'll go that way” as soon as you arrive. The purpose of the excursion is not only to breathe a sigh of relief before the exam, but also as a place to strengthen friendship with the class. Friend part might be quite difficult.

In response to Isshiki's confession and Komachi's reasoning, I nodded my head and pretended to be listening, and in the same way, Yuigahama responded and nodded, making a slightly troubled face.

“It's not that it's bothersome, but we've just been in separate classes. I'm still thinking about hanging out with Yumiko after lunch.”

Hearing this, Iroha groaned and made an understandable face.

“I'm sure it's a good idea. However, since it's a rare opportunity, I want to go with a good friend.”

“It's strange... the conclusion hasn't changed... Does it mean that this person simply has no friends?”

Detective Komachi tilted her head at Isshiki's confession. Isshiki's friendship is also a concern, but let's leave it for now. Yeah, let's believe that both of them are just arguing like they're having fun.

However, indeed. In that way, it feels like there is no problem. I put the empty teacup on the table, and made a muffled sound.

“It's true. But wouldn't it be unreasonable to break away from the group in the middle of the outing.....”?

“That's right.....”

The voices that Yukinoshita and I were muttering overlapped. Looking at her with a slightly sideways glance, Yukinoshita was also looking at me. She was restless with her eyes wanting to say something.

..... right now? Do you want to make an invitation now?

Since the biggest issue is resolved, the difficulty of inviting has dropped, right? No, it won't work, will it? No, it won't work, will it? Not in this atmosphere, right? It's embarrassing to say such things in front of everyone, isn't it?

In fact, because our muttering voices were quite heavy, it strangely drew attention. It would be quite difficult to bring this up in this place. "...Well, let's think about it slowly."

As soon as it took the form of a muffled self-talk, Yukinoshita nodded.

Well, even if we talk about it later, I'm quite reluctant to talk in this strangely heavy atmosphere... but let's think slowly, including how to deal with it.

If possible, like when I went to eat ramen on the way home a while ago, I would like to be able to say in a light flow like "Is that so-. Then, shall we go together?". Especially now that I have a vague feeling of both of us going together, is it embarrassing or shameful to ask? My self-consciousness can't help but cry out.

With the above, the operation "intervene strongly in the topic and then leave it to the topic" is over.

However, in an environment without manuals or how-to guide, everything has to be found one by one, and it takes a lot of effort.

...well, it's not that I hate the effort.

XXX

In the first place, it was wrong for a sarcastic and troublesome human like me to be smart. If I had succeeded in doing a good job, a guy like me, who thinks afterwards, "Was this really smart enough? I don't have the slightest bit of resourcefulness, do I?"

If so, what should be done?

In this case, it is the turn of the smartphone. You don't have smarts yourself, so you can borrow smarts from the third part.

The best tool of this civilization! You can also convey things that are difficult to say directly. That's right, if it's a smartphone, it will work!

.....There was a time when I thought that way too.

In the embarrassing atmosphere of the club classroom, we dragged it to the end until we went home silently.

I was sunk in the sofa in the living room, in my school uniform and was lying on my back, and although I was staring dryly at my phone, I couldn't bring myself to turn on the screen, but there was no sign of the screen changing. I opened LINE, but the blue slash just blinked repeatedly.

What should I send...?

Just like before, I was stuck on the first move.

Having struggled with similar things not long ago, I couldn't help but feel that I had made no progress at all.

However, the situation is completely different from what it was before. Given our previous reflections, there is no guarantee that we can do the same.

In the end, there is no choice but to repeat trial and error.

In any case, nothing can be started without starting to do it, I whimpered and groaned as I tentatively started typing greetings, deleting and rewriting so and so and so and so, but still failed to fill in the spaces.

In the midst of this, Komachi, who had changed into her home clothes, returned to the living room. Kamakura following behind meowed. Just as Kamakura changed from winter fur to summer fur, Komachi's clothes changed from sweatshirts to long T-shirts and short pants.

Komachi went around to the kitchen and turned on the electric kettle while a humming song. While waiting for the water to boil, she poured cat food into Kamakura's bowl and instant coffee powder into a mug.

In the meantime, there was a loud, boiling sound, and the rich coffee aroma began to spread.

With mugs in her hands, Komachi came up to the front of the sofa on which I was lying around, and little by little, she squeezed her buttocks over and sat down half forcibly.

"Come on, you are disturbing me. Move out of the way."

"Huh-."

I kept my eyes on the smartphone and slowly got up despite the insincere answer. I reached for the cup on the table.

"Thanks."

"You're welcome."

Well, the timing is just right, so let's take a break.... I didn't even write a single word, but on the contrary, the timing is just right.

As I was sipping the freshly brewed while I blew on it, Komachi, who had been drinking the same motion, quickly lifted her head.

"Did you invite her?"

"To what."

I asked the question suddenly, but I did everything to play dumb. However, if I went too far, I couldn't answer the question with the vague subject-object-predicate sentence. Komachi had a serious look on her face and kept flapping her hands from side to side in denial.

“No, no, you can't fool around with that. It's unreasonable.”

“It's not that much, but...”

That's exactly like waiting for someone to ask you, “What's wrong?”

“What's going on?”

Komachi spoke quietly. Ummm, I can't object.... As a result of thinking about how to bring up the topic, I slightly wondered whether there was no one to ask me. If Isshiki hadn't taken it out by asking me, I might have continued to make wind and become a Royley Master.

(Annotation: making steam with a fan in a sauna)

“Iroha-senpai, who deliberately asked you, may she was being considerate...”

“Yeah, but Komachi who didn't ask even though she knew is a little too much...”

Komachi murmured with a difficult face, and her tone was clingy and sarcastic. However, Komachi slightly narrowed her eyes and shook her head quietly with an unusually warm smile. It's like an archaic smile like a high priest who has attained enlightenment.

“I didn't ask because I knew, this is also a form of kindness.”

“I'm sure it's only because you find it troublesome to ask.”

“Hehe☆”

Komachi put a hand on her forehead and smiled making teehee☆. I'm annoyed because it's cute....

However, it's not a good idea for me to whine when I'm worrying about others. Don't just rely on Komachi or Isshiki. The only person in the world I can rely on unconditionally is Google-sensei.

I quickly sipped the coffee and looked at the smartphone again. Then, I listed the words that came to mind, such as LINE, dating, solicitation, etc. in the search bar, and I was immediately taken care of by the Google-sensei.

As I started typing similar articles started to appear.

“How are you doing? I'm not sure if I'm going to Desntiny Land, but I'm going to go with my friends, but they cancelled the plan. If you do not go, then I will go alone” After I wrote it all down, whoa, this is a reassuring result... and as I exhaled, Komachi glanced at me. I looked around the whole place, and applause was sent with a little bit of energy.

“Oh, it's sharp. It's like putting a lock on your wallet.”

Komachi giggled and laughed for a while, but then the smile suddenly disappeared, and he came through and patted my shoulder.

“So, write carefully.”

“Yes, yes...”

No, I didn't mean to send this out seriously, so it's okay... It's embarrassing to think of a sincere sentence in front of my sister, so I blurted it out a bit without realizing it. Thanks to this, unnecessary stress was relieved from my shoulders, and I felt like I had returned to a neutral state.

“Well, I'm going to my room.

“Hmm.”

I stood up, Komachi nodded and gently waved her hand. As I was sent off with a slightly grown-up look, I left the living room behind.

Well then, what should I send?

I'm still not good at dealing with this kind of thing.

Perhaps many times in the future, perhaps for the rest of my life, I try to send it.

Interlude

Maybe I should have taken the initiative to speak out.

Lying on the bed, looking at the circular ceiling lamp, I reflect on what I have done before today.

However, no matter how many times I look back, how many times I reflect on it, or how long it takes, it does not get better.

I stopped and waited for him to speak.

It's my bad habit

I feel like I had plenty of time to speak up.

When the topic of outing came up in the club room, on the way home that day, when we sat next to each other on the train. It wouldn't matter if it was the next day or the next day. Or, you can simply send a message and then come to think of it...There is nothing physically difficult. I can do it right now.

I turned my body over, and when I was in a prone position, I reached out for my cell phone that had been thrown on the pillow. I touched the icon of the message app, and opened the chat box.

You can just say it as if nothing happened. All you have to do is ask him what to do tomorrow. It will only be conveyed. If possible, it would be nice if the conversation continued for a long time...

No, no. That kind of thinking is not good. I shook my head lightly and drove away the thoughts that had suddenly appeared in my mind.

First of all, send a sentence. If you're not careful, you'll write down ridiculously long sentences, so in the end, you'll always get sane along the way, and you'll end up erasing it.

In any case, let's just convey the important things first.

...but it was difficult to get it out, so I've reached this point.

And just talking about business is a bit boring...More than anything else, I feel a bit lonely.

Before getting into the main topic, prepare for it, so that the other party will feel easier to reply. The first thing you need to do is to send a message to about a book, a test, a cat, or something like that. However, I'm not sure why I'm sending this out of nowhere. In order not to make him feel strange, it might be better to put more groundwork... and I almost went into the usual pattern.

Ah, ha. Taking a deep breath, I buried my face in the pillow.

It must be conveyed more lightly.

Lightly, lightly...

Although I tried to murmur several times, each time, my heart just got heavier and heavier.

It's lighthearted, it's unreasonable.

My heart is getting heavier day by day, getting bigger and bigger and deeper.

There's no way I'm going to be lighthearted now.

So, stacking up a few sentences, stacking up words, and finally erasing them a few times.

I looked at the blank white chat box one more time, flicked the top and flicked the left.

I only wrote two letters.

Beside the two words that wouldn't be uttered anyway, the slash flicked and flicked.

XXX

In the eyes of outsiders, it will feel that I am just wasting time. I just roll around in bed, staring at my phone that doesn't ring.

After dinner, I was still holding my phone on the sofa in the living room. Putting my jaw on the cushion in front of my chest and thinking about what to do.

The sound of the TV that is left on, my sister who was in a good mood was pouring a glass of wine across the room in a happy mood, and the question of why this person is here are all outside of consciousness now. ... Seriously, why is this person here? I have clearly given up the apartment where I used to live, but these days, if she's bored, she comes back to my parents' house.

Although I knew that I would lose if I cared, because I was worried about my sister, it would be nice to return to my room at an earlier time..... But if I get up from the sofa now, I always feel like running away, which is also annoying.

As a result, I stretched out on the sofa, looked at my phone, and occasionally glanced over at my sister's condition.

It's not like we're really talking, but I don't feel like I really care, and my sister is spinning her wine glass. The pink cold liquid that quietly bubbled from the inside of her thin glass, and the colour of Nee-san's nails matched it, caught my eye for a moment.

It was cute and transparent, it looked very mature.

I think it suits my sister perfectly. To be more precise, I think it suits her older sister's looks. It's up to each individual to decide whether or not it suits her personality well.

As I was thinking about that, the phone I was holding suddenly vibrated.

I opened it in a panic, the message app showed an unadorned message.

“Can we go together tomorrow?”

Just by looking at it, I felt as if I could even hear his voice. The tone of voice that groans as if thinking, then opens his mouth as if hesitating, and exhales as if sighing.

So, before writing a letter, I nodded without knowing it. It was almost enough to make a voice out of it.

I suppressed my fluttering heart, but I rushed to reply. So, the answer became extra blunt and pretentious.

“ok.”

When I read those two letters again, it seemed that I could read it as if someone was angry. I thought for a moment, wondering if it would be weird if I didn't attach something more, but the answer came before I could send anything else.

“ok.”

His reply was also just two words.

Although the dialogue was completely unfounded, his voice could be played out through those words. I could see him holding his breath for a moment as if in bewilderment, then saying “Ah” first, then nodding his head very slightly. By the way, add an extra word like “No, it's not”, joking around lightly, and filling the gap. Then, in less than a few seconds, the scene just as I imagined followed.

“What time should we meet?” “You decide” “I'm free.”

Then, while breaking it down into small paragraphs, he added a series of messages, which is also very much like his style. I felt like I could breathe, and without realizing it, the corners of my mouth loosened. “Any time is fine. It doesn't matter if it's early.”

I'm a little sorry for my classmates, but let's get out of the way. It's called an outing to make friends, but because my class hasn't had a new face for three years, I'm sure everyone will understand.

... But what should I say if I want to leave? I don't want to say I'm going around with a friend. That said, being with someone from the same club seems to go too far. It would be okay to express it more clearly, but I don't think I can say it directly. It's really embarrassing.

Unknowingly, I put my hand on my chin, and as I was lost in thought, I noticed that his reply had been stopped. It has been a while since it was read.

I looked at the clock and it was still early to go to sleep. Maybe he asked something that was difficult to answer, or something that bothered him.

I got nervous, so I looked back at what I had sent, but it took a while for me to say, “Any time is time” Does he think I've left everything to him?

Something similar happened when we went out together in the past. When he asked if I would like to go to a cafe somewhere to pass the time, I left it up to him to choose a shop. Perhaps even now, he is still thinking, “Am I being tested...”, which I can't understand.

“Afternoon might be better. Shall we join after lunch?”

“That's good. Around 15 o'clock?”

When I made a somewhat specific suggestion, an answer came right away. Maybe it was because he kept staring at the screen and fell into his thoughts. He still has hazy eyes like a rotten fish, but he must have wrinkled his eyebrows lightly, hesitated, and clouded those eyes even more. Such a figure was drawn clearly, I couldn't help but smile.

To answer right away, I wrote “It's okay if it's a little early”, but halfway through typing, I deleted it in a panic.

It was as if I couldn't help but meet him soon. At least the sentences should be a little more subtle.

After realizing this, I felt my cheeks turn red with heat. I couldn't help but sink my face on the cushion.

Suddenly, I sighed quietly and lifted my face, and I saw my sister staring at me intently

“What, what is it...?”

When she asked this, Nee-san gave her a sinister smile.

“Are you on LINE with Hikigaya-kun? What are you talking about? Show me.”

Saying so, she took a seat next to me. Spying on my phone, pushing my shoulders with an unfair weight.

(Note: Unfair weight is probably those genes.)

“I’ll rather break the screen than to show it to you, Nee-san.”

Although I quickly hid the phone behind my back, she wasn't the kind of person who would give up that easily.

“What's wrong with that? I'm interested in what Hikigaya-kun have sent.”

She spoke in a petulant voice, and smirked.

To be honest, there is not much to see. If you look at the conversation, it has not yet departed from the realm of general business contact. You won't find any special meaning there.

—But.

“I hate to show it to you.”

I held the phone to my chest and turned my back to Nee-san. Then she put her face on my shoulder as if hugging me from behind.

“Oh, is this a desire for exclusivity?”

Suddenly, she whispered in my ear, and my face became hot. The scent of wine alone was intoxicating. It was enough to make you intoxicated. So, I couldn't even say no properly.

“It doesn't matter, so let me go.”

I pushed Nee-san's face, which seemed to bite me by the nape if I left it alone. However, Nee-san tried to put an even more unfair weight on me and tried to reach for my phone.

“Ne, Ne, let's call, call. That way I can hear it too.”

“Why do I have to turn on the speaker? I definitely don't want to. And if you want to send a message on LINE, just send it yourself. Well, only if you know his account.”

“Oh, what a nasty thing to say. It's not nice to have that kind of condescending attitude, don't you think? Do you think you're his girlfriend?”

“I don't think so.”

“Oh, then, it's fine as a girlfriend.”

The moment I heard those words, I was speechless. She must have a purpose to ask that question. No matter how I answered now, I would be forced to that conclusion.

Instead of waiting for the other person's words, you lure them into a trap.

It's a top tactic that my mother uses well. Really, how annoying these people are, including me.

"..... don't say things like that."

I somehow managed to fix it and continued talking, but there was no way my sister could miss the gap. Nee-san with a smile on her face that looked like she was genuinely happy.

"It's Yukino who doesn't talk like that-."

While arguing like that, nee-san and I quarrelled on the sofa for a while.

Then, with a squeaking sound, the door to the living room opened.

I stood up and looked over there, and my mother was standing there without a word. She put a fan to her lips as if to say it was dusty, and then she narrowed her eyes and looked down at us.

It was clear that nothing was said, but the atmosphere reminded us to stop the noise and quiet down.

At that gaze, my back was straightened, and even nee-san stopped her fuss, and she was making a face that was not fortune-telling. It was an almost reflexive action.

When we got quiet, mother had a smile that seemed to melt away, no, a smile that seemed to melt away captivatingly.

"It's good to look at, but only to a certain extent."

"Yeah-."

"Yes."

Nee-san raised her hand softly, gave a loose answer that showed no sign of her remorse, and I averted her gaze slightly and nodded a little.

Seeing that, the mother smiled as if she was tired of it for a moment and let out a sigh.

"... Shall I get you some tea?"

Having said that, my mother went into the kitchen and started preparing tea.

A long time ago, when I was a kid, I felt like something like this happened. It seems that vague memories came back to Nee-san as well.

Nee-san looked at me, and shrugged her shoulders, "I'm scolded," she whispered in a somewhat naive tone. Contrary to the young tone, the expression on her face was buoyant, uplifting and happy, as if she did not care at all about being scolded. Ah, this person has been like this for a long time, and a memory resembling it came to mind.

But, I'm sure I'm making the same expression right now.

We are the same except for the unfair part.

Nee-san reached out her hand to her wine glass, drank it in one go, and fanned it in her face. She fixed her messy hair with her long, slender fingers.

I was thinking that pink gold nails would go well with shiny black hair, and it suddenly occurred to me.

Really, we might actually look alike.

I quickly turned my head and looked into the kitchen. My mother seemed a little busy, perhaps preparing a light snack while serving tea.

In the meantime, I patted Nee-san's thighs and said in a muffled voice.

"Nee-san, are you free?"

"Huh?"

To her Nee-san's ear, who tilted her head slightly, I gently brought my mouth.

"Rather than discussing, I'd like to ask you"

So, I spoke first, then tapped, and made a very strange request.

Nee-san had a blank face for a moment, but she answered and nodded after a while.

"It's okay if it's at that level"

Saying so, Nee-san stretched her back, as if she had completely surrendered her body to the sofa. A completely upside-down view showed my mother standing in the kitchen.

After confirming it, Nee-san closed one eye and raised her index finger in front of her lips.

"Keep it a secret from mom."

And whispered in a small voice like a child playing pranks.

Chapter 4 - Come, in the land of dreams and magic, by his or her side.

The sea breeze was blowing from the sea.

The tapestry hanging from the street lamp fluttered, and a loud voice echoed from the attraction in the distance.

White's Castle, the symbol of Destiny Land.

In the large square in front of it, everyone passing by seemed to be enjoying a dreamlike moment with a smile on their face.

Of course, there are also students from our school among them. In school uniforms, wearing a headband that resembles animal ears, wearing a popcorn holder around their neck, or enjoying themselves with all their might, I could see them everywhere.

Well, the excitement is understandable.

Fortunately, today was blessed with a warm clear sky. The fresh sunlight of early summer seemed to be a good day to spend. There is also the fact that it is a weekday, and there are fewer people compared to the high season, so it was extremely comfortable. If that's the case, you'll be motivated to enjoy it with all your might.

Having said that, I also enjoyed the morning.

Using the single ride system, I rode each attraction with zero waiting time, and enjoyed Destiny Land alone... but I got tired of it in a relatively normal way.

Thanks to Otomi-chan, or Tomioka-san.

Immediately after getting here, Otomi-chan, who thought I was going to take a look around on my own, was suspicious of me, spoke to me, and naturally started walking around with my classmates.

It was quite chaotic with the composition of Hayama and Ebina-san, Otomi-chan and all of her friends, but I was able to get along without any major problems. It's good because the attraction itself is fun, Destiny Land.....

However, after lunch, as my meeting with Yukinoshita drew closer, I began to get a little restless.

We went through the attractions one by one, so where we would go next, we gathered and walked and passed in front of Baek-ah's castle.

This is the place we decided to meet.

At that point when I set foot on the square, I just stopped.

“...Ah-. Me, it's been a little bit since then, so at this point.”

When I spoke as if I had just remembered, my companions just stopped. Everyone was tilting their heads as if suspiciously, but among them there was a guy who looked at me suspiciously.

Of course it's Hayato Hayama. Hayama asked with an unpleasant and refreshing expression, as if he was paying attention on purpose. However, in those eyes, there was an indescribable amusement.

“Why? What's wrong?”

“...well, kind of.”

As I pulled the ball, I answered with a smirk. Don't deliberately ask questions about topics you know. I was staring at Hayama with narrow eyes, so Otomi-chan intervened.

“You're going back with Yukinoshita-san!”

Otomi-chan, she gently put her hand to her mouth, and pretended to tell her secret story. However, it's okay if you don't say anything on purpose...

As I smiled bitterly and nodded vaguely, Ebina-san came to me from the side as a gun and was making noises as if something was happening.

“Then then, let me leave this place for a while...”

Saying that, she looked slightly at Hayama. Hayama accepted that gaze and glanced at his watch.

“That's right.....”

Perhaps Ebina-san will join Yuigahama and Miura. Judging from the way he spoke, Hayama seemed to be the same. Does that mean Tobe will be with me? Cheer up, Tobe... As she was sending support, Ebina-san gently waved her hand.

“Well then, see you Otomi and Hikitani-kun... Even if I say ..., maybe we'll meet again soon.”

Ebina-san, who said jokingly. However, those words had a prophetic meaning. In any case, we are all in the same park, and we are likely to meet again somewhere.

It's really annoying..., I don't want to meet you... The same feeling came out on my face. Tomioka-san, who saw it, asked as if she had no qualms.

“Indeed. What would be better to do at a time like that, although I, for one, think we would definitely see each other.”

How should I answer that urgent question? As I was thinking, Hayama was answering me before me for some reason.

“A normal answer is fine, isn't it? It's annoying to be worried in a strange way, isn't it?”

Isn't it? And he asked me for consent just by looking at me, but that can't be the case. There will still be concerns. It's because I made a mistake with a smile, isn't Otomi-chan has the same expression on her face.

However, if you truly never want to meet, you have to reschedule another day, and I am the one who chose today. It is against the law to demand consideration from other guys. I grinned reluctantly and nodded in reply.

“Well, that kind of feeling. Then...”

Without denying or affirming, I slightly raised my hand and said goodbye. If you stay together like this, I will never be seen by Otomi-chan. I have declared

As I started to walk, waving my hand, everyone said goodbye and started heading to the next place. If possible, I don't want to see you again today. Well, let's go think about it when we meet. Pretend to yawn, pretend you didn't see it, and then turn your gaze away with all your might. I'm really good at that.

After breaking up with Hayama and the others, I sat down on the stairs at one end of the square.

Even though it is somewhat empty because it is a weekday, the front of the castle is a popular photography spot, so there are a lot of people coming and going.

I chose this place because it's easier to spot someone, but I think it would have been better to have an emptier place.....

In that way, I was worried, but it seems that I was completely wrong.

Even in the crowd, Yukinoshita Yukino was quickly found.

Flowing black hair, gracious movements, long slender legs, dignified gait, and above all, a white, slender face that is clearly visible from a distance.

Even if I think deeply, she is beautiful. Occasionally, many passersby turn around a little bit to see her beauty again.

Yukinoshita was walking with several girls from her class, but she suddenly saw me, and she stopped walking. Saying something to her friends, she waved her hand slightly and parted, and then she started coming this way with quick steps.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

"No, no, I just got here too."

I think it's a stupid conversation, but when she asks that, the answer is fixed. When I said that, Yukinoshita smiled softly and said,

"It's really early. I wanted to be there first"

Yukinoshita sat down next to me, and gently rolled up her sleeves. Her slender wrist was wrapped in a cute wrist watch. The pink dial on the golden strap and her fair skin matches very well.

Hmmm, it's rare to see a wristwatch like this these days...she doesn't wear it normally....

Yukinoshita her fists as if trying to confirm something, she repeats the action.

What, what's going on ... and, looking at her hand, I suddenly noticed.

"Ah, the fingernails."

Her nails, which looked like a mixture of pink and gold, gleamed and gleamed in the sunlight, giving them a delicate impression like a master craftsman. Her ephemeral beauty, like her words, suited her well.

"...Great. You've noticed it."

When she opens her mouth and looks at her with me twinkling eyes. Oh my God, to be looked at like that. I can't imagine being looked at like that. I whispered. But it was impossible to ignore. "I couldn't ignore such a loving gaze."

"That's right. I am good at brain quizzes"

In that way, when I answered appropriately, Yukinoshita seemed to be slightly sullen.

"I'm not happy at all."

Then, she punched my shoulder like a cat.

"Aww...it hurts"

It didn't hurt at all but I replied out of courtesy, Yukinoshita turned her face the other way.

"I worked pretty hard..."

She pouted a little awkwardly, lowered her eyes lightly, and stared at the outstretched fingers intently.

No, really, this person...did a manicure for me just because of yesterday's conversation. Even in that conversation, I definitely did not touch on a physical level. Even if it's so endearing, there must be a limit, right? You have to think about it from my point of view once in a while, right?

"Anyways, your nails are so cute. Would you mind me taking a look?"

I coughed very lightly, cleared my throat, tried to say this in a relaxed tone, and then I stretched out my hand.

Yukinoshita gave me a suspicious look, but after a while she stretched out her hand without saying a word.

I touched her finger lightly. I've touched it a few times, but there doesn't seem to be any sign of getting used to it.

"Heh-, ah, that's really cool-, so cute-. No, seriously... ...you did a pretty good job."

I want to finish speaking in a straightforward manner like a girl, without showing any embarrassment, but it was not at all, and as a result of pretending to be calm, I became like Nakajima Seinosuke. I ended up completely irrational.

(Annotation: an entertainer who appraises antiques.)

"It's a weird way of complimenting."

As Yukinoshita smiled tiredly, she carefully entangled our fingers together. With a very weak force, as if biting with a smirk, I grabbed it back with the same force.

"....."

"....."

We didn't say anything to each other, we just exchanged the heat of our fingers. It was so comfortable that I didn't feel any discomfort in the silence, and I wanted to spend the rest of my life here.

However, you cannot stay here all the time. No, it's okay to be there, but I came to Destiny Land with a lot of effort. Let's slowly decide where to go next.

“Should we go? Is there something you haven't been able to ride yet?”

When asked that question, Yukinoshita tilted her head and shifted her gaze upwards, thinking. And then, she smiled a little embarrassed.

“There are still a lot of great rides at

“Yes, indeed.”

I also laughed bitterly. It's already past lunch time, and it's probably after all the popular attractions have been ridden.

“For now, shall we go to the Pan-san's Bamboo Fight?”

“Is that okay?”

I nodded with a bitter smile at Yukinoshita, who had a radiant expression on her face.

“Yeah. It's pretty fun even the second time.”

The moment I said that, Yukinoshita glanced away.

“...Yes, you can enjoy it no matter how many times, whether it's the 4th or the 5th.”

Ummm, I'm sure you said you rode it 3 times...

Well, on the 4th or 5th, you can ride as much as you like. It's okay if there are only fans in Destiny Land. Freedom is like that.

So, shall we go? And when I asked with only my gaze, a full nod came back.

I immediately stood up, grabbed her hand, and walked forward.

XXX

The second most popular attraction in Destiny Land, “The Pan-san's Bamboo Fight”, is also enjoyable.

However, by the fourth time, it seems that you can feel a sense of euphoria and uplift without any pleasure. Yukinoshita, who administered Fan's OD (overdose), seemed to be in a fairly good mood, muttering “it's so good...” and nodding every time we rode it.

The next destination was the Pan-san merch store.

“Because I was with my classmates, I couldn't take my time to shop at my pace.....”

Yukinoshita said that with a bit of embarrassment. However, from this point of view, I can only say “Yes”. Pan-san power is scary.

As she entered the store, Yukinoshita's steps became lighter. She proceeded without hesitation. Well, well, feel free to take a look. I felt like watching my grandson, I leisurely decided to follow her from behind.

I followed Yukinoshita step by step for a while.

As she entered a corner where miscellaneous figures and items were placed, Yukinoshita's footsteps suddenly stopped.

“Oh, ears. Let's put on these ears.”

Yukinoshita, who seemed to be in quite a bit of tension, pointed her finger at the animal-eared headband who always said that they were excited kids. There were many different kinds of character headbands, but among them, Yukinoshita had in her hand, of course, the black bear ear with the name Pan-san, no they are panda ears because he's a panda..... What's that? It looks like it would be delicious if it was fried and then sprinkled with sugar, right?

Yukinoshita gave it to me with a soft smile.

“Come on, Hikigaya-kun, it's yours.”

“Eh... I've got my ears, so it's okay... And the price is quite...”

When I checked the price, it was pretty expensive. Hey, it can only be used in the Destiny land, isn't this price a bit inefficient for its use? No, it's good because it's a fan-oriented product. Anyway, I tried to quietly refuse because of the price.

However, Yukinoshita said with great determination.

“In that case, I will pay for it.”

“Hey, you're saying something very dangerous. Aren't you a little shy in general? I mean, why is this person so excited, aren't we together?”

“It's okay. Did't you come all the way here on purpose and you don't care what other people think, don't you? And no one is looking at you.”

Yukinoshita smiled a bit like a grown-up, slightly older sister. No, it's literally that. The way she speaks is a bit annoying. However, that logic had only one big problem.

“Usually. But, today is an outing. Many people know you here”

As soon as I said that, Yukinoshita, who had been so excited up until now, stopped moving.

Then, she glanced back at her school uniform. I also looked at my uniform. And staring at the panda ears in her hands, she put on an incredibly serious expression.

“It makes sense.”

After she breathed a sigh of relief, the coolness of those eyes returned. But, in the end, it was just an exercise in futility. Yukinoshita took the panda's ears and reluctantly turned to the mirror.

“I think it's fine...”

While muttering like that, Yukinoshita lightly tried on the panda ears. She looked in the mirror and smiled sadly as if she had suddenly given up.

Seeing that, this time my movements stopped abruptly.

Wait a minute.

.....Eh, isn't that good?

I was so shocked that the impulsive words came out of my mouth.

“Very good. It's perfect for you. You have to buy it.”

“Is that right?”

Yukinoshita half-turned to look back, brushing her hand through her hair that were draped over her shoulder and straightening her bangs with her fingertips. No, it's okay if you don't do that.

“I know what you wear suits you, so second of that, your uniform looks great with those ears.”

“Are you complimenting me...?”

Yukinoshita was embarrassed for a moment, but her eyes suddenly narrowed in suspicion, and the tone of her voice dropped an octave. I'm praising you. I'm praising you. As I nodded immediately. Hmm, arms crossed, mumble and continued thinking.

“It was a blind spot... There will be many opportunities to come to Destiny Land in the future, but this will probably be the last time we'll come in school uniform...”

In other words, Yukinoshita dressed like this, this is the last time. There will not be a second time, it is a moment much more precious than a total solar eclipse or a grand cross.

After drawing a conclusion, I raised my head slightly and spoke with a particularly heavy, serious face.

“Absolutely, I'll pay for it.”

“When you say it like that, I've lost the desire to buy it...”

However, it seemed that Yukinoshita was shattered, perhaps because I spoke in such a heavy tone. No, because you said the same thing just before... But my enthusiasm must have been conveyed. Suddenly, her lips loosened, and she pulled out another panda ear from the shelf.

“Well then. Here's yours.”

“No, I'm fine.”

She reached out, but I stopped it with my hand and shook my head.

Then, Yukinoshita exceptionally shrugged her shoulders and sighed heavily.

“That's a pity.”

Having said that, after putting it on the shelf, I even tried to take off the panda ears that I was wearing on my head. The first thing I did was to take off the panda ears I was wearing on my head.

“..... Wait a minute. Let's talk about it again. “

After much deliberation, my voice was shaking. On the other hand, Yukinoshita raised her voice.

“Come on, take it.”

I quietly accepted the panda ear handed to me with a smile, and the two of us headed to the counter.

After finishing paying and leaving the store, Yukinoshita immediately put on the panda ears. And then, she stared at me, and sending me silent pressure as if to wear it quickly.

Well, I've seen people using it at my school, so it's okay..... Even if I run into people I know, it won't do much damage now. Even if it did, I would think about it at least once every half a year, mutter, "...ah-. I did it. Whoa...", and suddenly it would end up making me want to die. If I don't die, it's practically no damage. Having made that decision, I also put on the panda ears.

"Can I take a picture?"

Yukinoshita, who had a smartphone in her hand with an excited face, asked, and I nodded without making a sound. What could be more embarrassing than this? It's just a photo, it's nothing.

I thought so, but when Yukinoshita stood next to me shoulder to shoulder, I felt overwhelmed by the proximity. As much as I am not shy, I am usually shy and my heart is pounding.

Yukinoshita grabbed her smartphone and pressed the shutter a few times. Every time she took a picture her grip strength increased.

After taking the picture, Yukinoshita said, "How is it?.....", shyly showing her smartphone. Without even needing to check it on purpose, Yukinoshita's panda ears were so cute that it made me smile, and mine was a very regrettable level of perfection.

"No, it's not for me."

Without realizing it, I said it myself. Then, Yukinoshita tilted her head slightly.

"Really? I think it's fine."

"Where?"

When asked that question, Yukinoshita grinned and put a hand on her chin, and started thinking.

Tick tock tock tock.Then, please announce the answer. I looked up, and Yukinoshita raised her head and smiled teasingly.

"Well it's fun."

"Ears don't matter."

"Ears are important. Just having them makes you feel like you are at Destiny Land."

"Well, I feel like I'm having fun..."

Even if it was the result of getting into the atmosphere on the spot, in a broad sense, it could be said that I like Destiny. The guy who hates it won't come here in the first place.

"By the way, this is a story I've heard somewhere..."

When Yukinoshita groaned and coughed a little, looking in the far direction, strangely hesitating something, he made a premise.

"I heard that the person who declared to me that he likes Destiny Land wants to touch my hand right away."

And then, she smiled as if she was trying to make fun of me. At the story she had heard somewhere, I smiled bitterly involuntarily. Then, this side also coughed once, and bounced back with a very light flow.

“Is it real, what is the source of this information? Is there such a great guy out there? It doesn't matter, but those nails are so cute. Can you show them to me?”

Instead of answering, Yukinoshita smiled happily and stretched out her hand. I straightened the collar of my blazer, wiped the sweat from my hand and gently touched her hand. Interlacing our fingers so that they are tight and cross each other. I grabbed it as gently as possible.

“So, what's next?”

“That's right.....”

Yukinoshita tilted her head slightly, waving our connected hand, thinking a little, then raised her index finger slightly.

“Would you like to ride it?”

The Blue eastern sky stretched to a long distance. Beneath it was Sprite Mountain, a gigantic mountain illuminated by the sunset.

(Note: Sprite Mountain is the same ride at which Yukino said to Hachiman “save me someday” in season 2.)

XXX

As I was just standing in line at Sprite Mountain, the reverberation of the western sky glowed red by the afterglow of the setting sun.

The waiting time in line was not great. There was no fast pass, probably thanks to the weekdays, but the queue quickly moved forward, and I was able to get on it surprisingly quickly. So far there have been no problems. But there was only one problem, Yukinoshita Yukino is afraid of heights.

The ride proceeded extremely slowly, and as the comical tagging story of Weasel and Ferret unfolded.

The course had a small drop in the middle, but it was generally flat, and the last drop was the only the biggest thrill.

However, Yukinoshita, who was sitting next to me, was holding her safety bar firmly with both hands from the beginning, as if bracing for an impact.

When she was in line, she said, "No problem." "Because I got used to it to some extent." "I want to take revenge." She waved her head and expressed her ease, but after riding the ride, she got into the state of scared cat.

I thought of something that would at least distract her and relax her, so I lowered my voice and talked to her.

"Are you scared?"

"No, nothing like that. It's the same as usual."

Yukinoshita spoke confidently, then smirked and nodded in response. However, it is not convincing at all because of her moving eyes, broken words, and stiff cheeks.

Well, as long as she could still smile, I can say that she is more relaxed than last Christmas. If the tension was released a little more, I think I would be able to ride surprisingly normally. With that thought in mind, I said.

"I also rode the monorail, and I'll be fine. It's even safer than the monorail."

"Hearing that, I'm afraid to ride the monorail..."

"Relax. Considering the safety of the Chiba City Monorail, it's running well enough. It's the best monorail in the world."

"Your tone of voice is full of consideration..."

Yukinoshita suddenly smiled as if tired of it, and shrugged her shoulders a little. The strength of her back, which had been stretched out, was lost, and the tense expression on her face seemed to have loosened to some extent.

The attractions are already over the middle of the course. While the group of frogs were singing while making splashes of water, a weasel ball and a ferret were running towards the goal. If you get out of here, all that's left is a climax, a thrilling big drop awaits.

"Well."

Yukinoshita released her grip on the safety rail and gently extended her hand towards me. Although there were no explicit words, the palm of her hand was directed toward me and seemed to be waiting for something.

What does this hand mean? Is it okay to hold it because I'm scared? Are you okay? Are you fine? Looking suspiciously at Yukinoshita's hand and face, I alternately looked at it.

However, Yukinoshita didn't say anything either. She was just sending a timid, anxious look.

...Well, that would be fine. After coming to a conclusion, I wiped my hand on my uniform and gently overlapped her hand.

Then, Yukinoshita laughed softly. Her previous anxious expression had disappeared, and she leaned her body forward a little bit and looked up at my face, she said teasingly.

"Is it okay if I don't compliment the nail now?"

“You don't need to praise nails anymore?”

Saying she was tired, Yukinoshita quietly shook her head.

“No, it's okay. It's better to hold hands without saying anything...”

As she finished her words, Yukinoshita gently turned her gaze away from me and looked in front of her. It's like she's deliberately trying not to look this way. However, on the other side of the shiny black hair hanging from her side face, the cheeks had a very slight vermilion tint, my face also turned red.

I sighed and relaxed, and instead applied a little more force to the intertwined fingers.

“That's right..... I'm glad all of my completing patterns have already run out.”

“You only had one pattern, right?”

With a sigh, Yukinoshita laughed.

Obviously, we're getting rid of excuses one by one in this way.

We go through an excuse-like process, turn around and compare them, and pull each other's words out little by little, giving them an outline.

Let it be conveyed without saying anything. Until that happens, I'll say it over and over again.

Before long, ride made its way down the dark course. It made a rattling noise, and began to slowly climb up. I saw her face in the night sky through the empty cave as I progressed.

“Ne, Hikigaya-kun.”

As we were about to reach the summit, Yukinoshita called me in a low voice. Turning to her side, she gently reclined and whispered as if telling a secret.

“.....I love you.”

Just three letters, she said.

The sweet breath that she exhaled nibbled on my earlobe, the woven fingers were weaving all the way to her chest. I spoke suddenly, and my voice was cut off.

Yukinoshita was embarrassed, but she never looked away. She looked up as if squinting, as if she was still waiting.

Just as the cart reached the top, before it fell, it stopped for a moment, and the eyes were filled with a jewel-like night light.

...Ah, I got hit. I've fallen into her trap completely. I didn't have to press hard, but I was already in it, I can't help but say something.

I gave strength to the connected hands and opened my mouth when we were about to fall.

I only whispered two or three letters from my mouth? Maybe five or eight letters.

Without even having time to count it, without even thinking about it, the voices and words disappeared with the night breeze.

It fell a long time ago, but it continued to fall further down.

Chapter 5 - That one irreplaceable moment, for a future that will be okay.

Pale orange lights were layered on top of each other, illuminating the roadside.

Using this light as a guide, we walked side by side. Next to me, Yukinoshita is waving a long and thin plastic bag that she had bought.

There is still some time until the night parade. Now, thinking about what to do, I looked to the side and met Yukinoshita's eyes.

Then, Yukinoshita's steps accelerated, she took a half step ahead of me, and looked into my face slightly.

“What did you just say now?”

When she smiled and looked at me with a teasing look, I shrugged.

“Did I say something? You misheard the sound of the wind, right?”

In that way, Yukinoshita was a little angry after me playing stupid. As if I was trying to fool her, I continued with the next sentence.

“How about the parade? Although I think it's easy to catch up.”

“Are you all right? You said it wasn't interesting?”

Yukinoshita said as if paying attention. She seems to have remembered what I said in the club room.

Actually, I'm not really interested in parades, and it's not that I'm not particularly interested in seeing them. I don't know anything about the characters, but it's pretty fun to watch the dazzling lights and flashy stage cars pass by.

More than anything else, when I came here before, I really wanted to see this guy... Thinking about that, there is no option not to go. The problem is the degree of sincerity.

“It's okay to just look at it. I'd like you to take a look at it, no matter how hard it is to find a place...”

“My father said he would get used to it quickly.”

“What you get used to doesn't mean it stays in place...”

Aren't you used to Hahanong's tack? No, I don't know much about Papanon. Perhaps never, perhaps, certainly (certainly).

“It's been a long time, so let's see it in a good place.”

Having said that, Yukinoshita gently stretched out her hand. She seemed to guide me to the recommended viewing point.

In order to hold that outstretched hand, neither excuses nor reasons are needed anymore. I still cared about the sweat on my hands by wiping on the blazer casually before I took her hand.

Without saying anything, she placed her palms on top of each other, interlacing her fingers. The night breeze on the beach was cool, and the body heat transmitted to the skin felt hot enough to melt even the bones.

We walked slowly to keep pace with each other's footsteps, sticking together so as not to fall.

When her shoulders suddenly met, Yukinoshita looked up at her with a smile as if she was in a good mood.

"Hey, what did you just say?"

"Eh... What is this *deja vu*? Didn't you just ask that?"

As I said, pulling back a little, Yukinoshita put a finger on her lower chin, tilted her head slightly, and opened her eyes and made a curious face.

"Did I say something? You misheard the sound of the wind, right?"

What? I thought it was somewhere, I heard the same way of acting stupid. She grabbed my hand and wrapped her arms around her. As I was shaken by the warmth coming through the uniform, Yukinoshita tapped my shoulder and brought her face to me and whispered softly.

"So? What did you say?"

"Infinite loop..... will I be asked this for the rest of your life if I don't answer?"

"It's a question that will be asked for the rest of my life."

Yukinoshita nodded affirmatively, happy about something, she said in a very childish voice that was more obvious and understandable than usual. Then, grunting proudly, she smiled....

As I stopped walking involuntarily in a sense of weakness, a deep sigh flowed out. Even a pathetic smile came out.

"...Then, ask me for the rest of my life. I'll probably answer it for the rest of my life."

If I spend a lifetime, I will be able to say it without hesitation.

If I spend a lifetime, I will be able to say all the thoughts that cannot be conveyed in a single word.

I don't think anything like that will be conveyed.

It is a very vague promise that nothing is certain.

Nevertheless.

"Yeah. I'll do it for the rest of my life."

She smiled as if it was natural, and held my arms tightly. Then, as if urging me, she started walking slowly.

We walked shoulder-to-shoulder along the long road.

The parade hasn't started yet, and it's still too early for the fireworks to be launched.

I didn't feel like waking up from my dream, and it's still too early for the magic to break.

Maybe it will go on like this forever.

That's it, for a lifetime.

As I was thinking like that, someone tugged my sleeve.

I looked up and saw that Yukinoshita had a smile that seemed to mean something.

“So? What did you say?”

“Nothing...”

I guess it's impossible to say it directly. As I said weak voice, Yukinoshita covered her mouth with her hand and smiled happily.

I'll probably be asked for the rest of my life.

So, no matter what time it is, my curtain call with her will never end.

(Note: Curtain call- an appearance by a performer (as after the final curtain of a play) in response to the applause of the audience.)

End

Announcement – With this over I think next, I will work on Volume 14.5.

For updates, queries and feedback visit my channel (YashuC)

<https://www.youtube.com/c/YashuC> ツ