

When I opened the cream-colored curtains, a flood of sunlight poured through the window glass into the room.

Narrowing his eyes against the glare, Akiharu opened the window.

The wind blew lightly through my hair, tickling the sleepiness that still lingered.

But I didn't sneeze because the sky was even clearer than yesterday, not a cloud in the sky.

It's almost June, and the weather keeps getting better.

There's still some time before the rainy season starts, but it's nice to have clear skies two days in a row.

I feel a sense of elation, as if everything is going to work out unconditionally.

I'm sure something good will happen today... "I wonder if will happen."

(alt: I'm sure there's something good today — "..... I wonder if it happened") I can't help but feel uneasy when I think about what happened yesterday.

Yes, it was a beautiful day yesterday.

But what happened yesterday? An unexpected reunion and some revelations.

After being hounded and called a molester, suspicious, and a sex offender, and then having my shameful past as a child revealed to me, I just want to bang my head against a rock and die.

I'll just pretend I got rid of it yesterday.

Yes, yesterday was just the preparation stage.

The real first day of transfer starts today, Monday, when classes are in session.

You can think of it as having been purified in one day yesterday.

Today is the start of my second life.

So, from today onwards, things will definitely, definitely, definitely work out... "Let's go for it!

Once I got into the swing of things, I decided to get dressed.

I can't be late today.

Not by the teachers, but by myself.

It was a memorable day, my first day of school after transferring to the private Hakureiryo Gakuin High School.

In order to leave the memory of yesterday's slapstick tragedy far behind, you should learn well from today and become a great butler as soon as possible.

Akiharu realized something very important.

"How does one become a good steward,?"

I decided to transfer on the spur of the moment, and things progressed very quickly, so I didn't hear about the curriculum.

In the first place, what is it?

I've never heard of a butler as a special kind of domestic help in Japan.

Although I transferred because the tuition and dormitory fees were free, and because it matched what I wanted to do, would I really find a job? The more I think about it, the more anxious I get. Well, they say that there is a supply because there is a demand, and the fact that there is a training institution means that there must be more than a few people who need it.

It is conceivable that the child-faced, brainless clerk-cum-chairman may have done it on a whim, but since the decision to start the project was made by the former chairperson, who is famous in the business world and has political power, I'm sure he'll be fine.

(alt: It is possible that the clerk and chairman of that baby-faced brain weather would have done it on his own initiative, but in the first place it must have been the former chairman who has the political power that is famous in the business world, so that should be okay. ..) maybe.

Anyway, good luck.

I said a short prayer that she would be okay, and threw my teeshirt on the bed.

The uniform that had been prepared for me was stored in a paper box as if it had just been tailored, and when I opened it and took it out, I could immediately feel the quality of the material.

I thought it was just a regular shirt or a cutter shirt, but it seems to be something a little different.

The first button is at the neck, and the collar stands up straight.

When I looked at the pants, I was a little relieved to see that they looked like regular black slacks, albeit with a luxurious feel.

I put them on for now, frowned at the tightness, took off my jacket, and said, "..... what the hell.

As I roll up my sleeves, I realize.

Apparently, it's not a blazer.

There is only one button, though it is slightly above the belly.

In addition, the hem is longer as it stretches from the front to the back, and the structure of this may be similar to the tailcoat that you have seen in magic shows on TV.

"Is this the uniform?"

Well, the girls in the education department wore maid uniforms, so in a way it makes sense that they weren't wearing regular collars or blazers. I'm not sure what this is about.

(alt: Well, the girls in the nursery school wore maid clothes, so it's understandable in a sense that they aren't ordinary stuffed collars or blazer ... but I'm not sure what this is.) When I think of butlers, I think of tuxedos, but this is a little different from a tuxedo.

In addition, "....., this is a tie from, right?"

It was a black fluttering object that looked like a scarf, but was probably a tie.

So, I guess I have to wear this tie. Is it okay to wear a normal tie? I'm not sure if I'd be able to do it if I was told to wear a normal necktie.

I put my jacket on the bed, taking care not to wrinkle it, and wrapped the tie around my neck.

She tied it like that, trying to remember the scene of her father fastening it, and moved in front of the built-in mirror next to the closet.

Looking at his reflection in the mirror, Akiharu nodded vigorously.

This is different.

I don't have the right diagram in my head, but this is definitely not it.

I can see that.

It's impossible to have such a limp thing hanging around.

What's with this cucurbit-like appearance where I can't feel any motivation at all?

It took me almost three minutes to finally get it off my neck, and by the time I succeeded, the new one was soiled.

Not a good start.

But we can't start until we do something about this.

Once again, after visualizing the finished product in his brain, Akiharu carefully turned the tie around his collar.

"Do you want it to go to? No, that would be here? Here, all at once...

A few minutes of trial and error, and a flash of inspiration.

When I stopped playing with it, I looked in the mirror and saw that it was
The shape was full of dynamism, as if it was an image of a Tyrannosaurus that had fully recovered from a hangover.

In a way, this is a miracle.

I don't think I could do it again, even if I was told to, because it has the weirdest balance, and it looks like it's about to walk out.

In a way, it was a great success.

But I'm afraid to go to class in this dinosaur-tailored tie.

Plus, it's a little embarrassing when people think you did it as a hobby.

The only way to solve it is to start over, but since I didn't mean to do anything wrong and this is what happened, I don't even know how to succeed... "..... ..hmm?"

As I was twisting my neck in front of the mirror, I heard the door open.

When Akiharu reflexively turned his head, he saw his roommate Kaoru Daichi closing the door.

It was still more than thirty minutes before school time, but I had already changed into my uniform.

I'm impressed that you're up so early, but isn't it too early? I've been out of the room when I woke up, so that means I've been out of the room for twenty minutes now.

Wearing a tuxedo-like uniform like that for a walk is well, yeah, it's not weird, but it's an eye-catching move.

..... Oh, no, wait, it's early in the morning, so not many people are out and about, so it's not noticeable.

In the event that you're not a fan of this kind of thing, then you're probably not going to be treated like a freak, Akiharu said, raising his hand in greeting.

(alt: I was convinced that I wouldn't be treated as a weirdo, and Akiharu raised his hand lightly and greeted him, though it was late.) Hey, you're early.

I called out to him and then remembered his curt attitude yesterday.

He was brusque, and he said, "Don't interfere with my life."

I felt like I was being told what to do.

So, as expected, no response.

In the event that you're not sure what to do, you can always ask for help.

(alt: Well, I don't care if I don't even say hello in the morning, so Akiharu returns to the mirror without worrying about it.) I knew the Thai was lively, but it was not good.

I'd like to tie the knot more tightly and neatly, but I don't have the slightest confidence in my ability to do so.

I was pretty confident before I finished the current one, too.

Akiharu looked at Daichi, who was heading for his desk, and wondered what to do.

He opened the bag on his desk and found a neatly tied tie around the bottom of Daichi's neck as he checked inside.

It's so well put together that I want to put it in a showcase as a sample, and it's nothing compared to the dinosaurs here.

I was so impressed that I couldn't help but let out a sigh of admiration.

The slightest sound seems to have reached his ears, and Daichi turns to him with a quick movement, squints his eyes in a disturbing manner, and says, "..... something?"

"No, no. Hey, hey."

While slurring his words, Akiharu looked at Tai, who was now clearly visible thanks to the fact that he was facing the front.

I was trying to figure out where and how to make it look like that, but I couldn't figure it out just by looking at it.

I guess I'll just have to ask him frankly at

My poor imagination can't even come up with an idea of what to do with my first tie.

There's no other way.

Akiharu scratched his cheek with his finger and spoke to his roommate, who was looking at him with a frown.

Hey, Earth.

..... I knew there was something there.

"Oh, hey. I've got this tie. How do I tie it?"

Haven't you heard of"?

You'll see."

Inwardly, Akiharu thought that he might end up being snickered at, given his attitude last night, but that didn't happen.

In the event that you have any kind of questions concerning where and how to use the internet, you can contact us at our own web site.

(alt: The earth gazed around Akiharu's chest with eyes that looked at something strange ... I exhaled a little and touched my tie.) "Watch me tie it and learn. I'll only do it once."

Oh, that's good. Thanks."

"Also, this is an ascot tie. It's a tie, of course, but there are different kinds."

I didn't know that.

I can understand if it's a bow tie or something, but do they have their own names?

A little impressed, Akiharu also untied his tie.

The knot was tied in a strange way, so I couldn't untie it right away, and it took me a while.

While I finally untied her and lightly stretched out her sagging tie, Daichi stood motionless, looking at me with no expression of annoyance.

Thank you, but that's a little scary.

I didn't want to take up too much of his time, so I quickly signaled him with my eyes, and he seemed to understand, and immediately started tying the tie.

If you're not sure what you want to do, you can always ask for help.

(alt: Seeing that he seems to care about this and slowly tying it so that it is easy to see, he imitates Akiharu and ties Thailand.) "Here, let's go to, and let's go under And here at, is that correct?"

After a little more than a minute of work, the finished shape somehow resembled the tie of the earth.

The knot was more complicated than I had expected, but I guess I just felt that way because I wasn't used to it.

The earth was easy to tie, and it was easier than the dinosaur knot.

But I'm not sure I could remember it all at once. Well, I succeeded once, so I guess I can handle it.

(alt: However, I'm pretty worried if I could remember it all at once ... Well, I've succeeded once, so I wonder what will happen.) It's a good idea to have a good idea of what you're going to be doing.

(alt: I was satisfied with that, but Akiharu noticed that the earth was looking at me with a slight eyebrow.) When I was wondering if I had messed up in any way, Daichi suddenly stepped closer to me and said, "At the end, cross the ties and pin them in place, but before you do that..."

What's"?

Before I could even ask the question, Daichi's hand reached out and grabbed Tai.

Although he was a little surprised by the sudden action, Akiharu decided to leave it to him when he saw her begin to lightly pull the tie and shape it.

I didn't want to interrupt the service, so I didn't move and just stared at the finishing work being done on my chest.

And then, inevitably, you can see Daichi's face as well, and when you look at it up close like this, it's really beautiful.

She has a small face and very long eyelashes.

My eyebrows are thin and dignified.

His skin is so fine that it's hard to believe he's a man.

If I had a weak personality, I'd probably be adored by the ladies and forced to dress up as a woman.

Makeup was applied.

I imagine that is no good, it looks too good.



So maybe this guy's stinging attitude is like a bulwark... I guessed a little off, and then Daichi's work was done.

After pinning it up properly, Daichi took a few steps back and nodded at his finished work. His expression was still pale, but he looked slightly satisfied.

I may be mistaken, but I think he's meticulous, or perhaps he's more caring than I thought. When I think about it, my mouth drops open.

At his reaction, Daichi frowned and looked away.

Perhaps feeling a twinge of regret for what he'd done, he clicked his tongue lightly and said, "..... don't make this too much trouble."

"Mmm. Oh. I'm sorry."

(alt: "Hmm, oh. It's bad —") Before I could finish my apology and thank him, he quickly picked up his bag and walked out of the room.

Akiharu stared at the door for a while, then said, "..... He's a difficult guy in many ways."

I gave a short summary of my impressions and started to prepare myself for school.

I glanced in the mirror and saw that the tie had been finished in excellent shape.

That alone makes me feel a little better.

Hoping that something good would come out of this, even if it was something small, or something that would make him feel that way, Akiharu put on the jacket he had left on the bed.

I felt as if my hope that today would be the day would come true.

The premonition of the morning was just my imagination.

..... is a good place to start."

It was already lunchtime, and the cafeteria was quite crowded.

It's all so glittery, and I'm hearing "Do it for me" everywhere.

or "I'm going to a villa in Tahiti for the holidays."

"Oh, my God, you're such a..."

It was a very elegant conversation.

In the midst of all this, Akiharu muttered to himself as he spoke to the propped-up table, crossed his arms on the cold, hard wooden table, rested his chin on it and let out a sigh.

I came to school with the determination to do my best, and went to the staff room first.

So I headed to the 1-B classroom with the homeroom teacher to which I was assigned.

After introductions, we took our seats, and after a short SHR, the class began... World History.

We had a very normal class on Mesopotamian civilization, which ended while I was dumbfounded, and the next class was number A, and the one after that... In the end, we just had a normal class in the morning, and that was it.

".....Where the hell did the road to butler go?"

Come on, it seems so far away, doesn't it?

"Oh,?, is that you?"

I looked up to see Tomomi Saikyo sitting across from me.

Her shoulder-length, light-blue hair was flowing smoothly, indicating that she had just arrived here.

And yet, she smiled as if she could see through all my thoughts, her large almond-shaped eyes softly narrowed, and her small lips parted.

It's a look of understanding how people see you when you're beautiful.

It's kind of annoying to watch.

I slouched up and glared at her.

I know I'm not the kind of ball to be intimidated by that, but in my current mood, I can't help it.

As I expected, Tomomi smiled and looked at Akiharu with a smile on her face. That uniform looks rather good on you."

I'm not happy at all.

No, no, no, it really suits you. You look like a third-rate mobster's henchman, like you've just come out of a cheap film.

He sounded impressed, but definitely not complimentary.

But secretly, Akiharu was also thinking, "This guy said it so well.

I thought.

That's how on-point Tomomi's expression is.

She had faded brown hair, three vertical safety pins in her right ear, and a small scar above her left eyelid.

The uniform looked like a waiter's uniform from some restaurant, so it was a mismatch, and the result was very fishy.

I'd like to complain to the head of the department about why I have to wear these clothes, but it seems that the head of the department is that cold-blooded-looking teacher in the maid's uniform named Mikan.

I don't know what I'll get into if I complain to someone like that, who seems to talk about his murderous past as if it were last night's dinner menu.

(alt: I don't know what I'm going to face if I complain to someone who seems to say that the past that killed people is like mentioning the menu for dinner yesterday.) In the end, I had no choice but to keep quiet because I wanted to avoid any situation that would reduce my life span.

So I put my complaints about that on hold for now and tried to defeat the old enemy in front of me first.

If it's the number of complaints I want to say to her, Tomomi is by far the best.

"What do you want, plague god? Get the hell out of my sight and go away.

"Hmm, I don't like how you use the word 'Buddha' when you call him a plague god. Points deducted, Akiharu Hino, you bonkers butler cadet."

Are you trying to pick a fight with me?

"Oh, my God, you're the one who sold it to me. I'm a buyer, you know. I'm not a cheap woman."

Tell him to go to

He muttered to himself as if to throw up, turned away from Tomomi to keep her face out of his sight, and picked up the menu to look at it.

I hate to break it to you, but we were the ones who turned on you first.

The root of all evil, though, is the other side.

If it was a man, I'd beat him to death without question.

And why does he have such a twisted personality?

I could feel a burning sensation in my stomach, but I decided to ignore it, as my blood pressure would only rise if I had to deal with Tomomi any longer.

Let's pick a quick lunch, eat it quickly, and go back to class.

Otherwise, my blood pressure would rise and I wouldn't be able to make it to class in the afternoon.

Ignore it. Ignore it.

(alt: Ignore, ignore.) Tomomi's voice was light, as if she was mocking Akiharu for thinking so.

"In the morning, both upper and lower secondary education departments have regular classes together. If we don't do that, we won't be able to take the proper high school courses.

....."

That's true, if you ask me.

It didn't matter if it was a vocational school or not, Hakureiyo was a high school, albeit a private one, so there were bound to be regular subjects.

There are a lot of things out of bounds, but at least it's something.

But I'm too dumb to have noticed such a thing.

I'm not sure how much, but I notice.

(alt: No matter how much, Futa notices.) As much as I hate to admit it, I think I've been spinning out of control.

I was starting to hate myself for being an idiot, so I changed my mind to littering it.

Fortunately, there's one thing in front of me that I care about.

Akiharu turned his eyes to his childhood friend sitting across from him as if he were looking at a suspicious person covered in a hand towel, "Well, how did you know I was upset about that?

"Of course, you know. You can't help but be curious if you've been standing next to me all morning, making delicate faces and holding your head in your hands. So I was about to ask him about it when he muttered something, and it hit me.

That's ridiculous.

Normally, that wouldn't be enough to make sense.

I knew this woman was a demon, a demoness, a demon, a demon, or at any rate a member of a mysterious family.

That's probably why he makes a living playing with people.

Oh, yeah, that must be it.

I'm sure the shadows have tails, and they're laughing their asses off.

(alt: I'm sure the shadow has a tail and it's laughing.) We shouldn't get involved with such a twisted, evil witch.

You're either going to be a servant or you're going to be used as bait.

But Akiharu thought, "But how come you don't know the timetable? Didn't Mikan-sensei tell you? What about your roommate?"

Tomomi, unaware of my intentions, started to talk to me.

..... No, it's possible that he knows and is talking to you on purpose.

I thought about ignoring him, but I felt like that would only result in a rapid fire of irritating words.

Akiharu wrinkled his brow, propped his elbows on the table and turned away.

I can't do this with a straight face, but since I'm underage, in the academy, and it's only noon, I'll answer rationally, even though it's abhorrent.

..... The teacher in the maid's uniform told me to ask the incompetent clerk, but there was so much going on yesterday that I forgot to ask her - because of someone else."

Naturally, "Someone."

He glanced sideways at Tomomi.

But the thick-skinned, black-hearted Miss Thickface who exposed people's pasts changed her graceful smile to a faint lift of the corners of her mouth and said, "Oh, I thought the only person who could save you was the goddess who saved a suspicious man from being treated as a pervert?"

"Go ahead, you evil bastard. Anyway, I couldn't afford it yesterday. And I didn't get a chance to talk to him."

She bit her lip bitterly and pointed her thumb outward at the man on her right.

A small boy holding a silver tray, wearing the same school uniform as Akiharu.

She had a unique way of walking with a different kind of beauty from Tomomi's. She was very fast, but her movements were smooth, and her back was straight as if it had a peg in it, yet she didn't look stiff.

But he doesn't seem to have a very straightforward personality.

As usual, Daichi, who was performing his duty as a servant to the students of the Department of Education, had an expression on his face that was nowhere near as friendly as before.

There's an air of clericalism about it.

Well, it certainly doesn't sound like a very fun job, so I guess it can't be helped.

We take turns every week, so I have to do that one next week.

Imagine Yeah, I'm sure he's doing it with a look that makes the term "sales smile" seem hollow.

(alt: Imagine ... Yeah, the word "sales smile" seems to be empty.) He's Oh, so Daichi-kun is your roommate. That's nice, Akiharu. He's got a lot of fans in the Education Department, you know?"

"Do you think I'll be happy to hear that? I don't care if your face is normal, I'd be happier if you were in a room with someone more affable."

Are you really that cold?"

I tried to talk to him at recess, but he just ran away. I tried to talk to him at recess, but he knew and ran away."

It just so happened that my roommate, Daichi, belonged to the same 1-C group as me.

Well, since there are only three classes per grade, there is a high probability that we will be in the same class.

Tragically, Tomomi's guy is also a 1-C.

It's also the seat next to me.

That clerk must have had a funny mind, or some god must be harassing him.

In addition, there is another person who is also troublesome: "Hmmm, there is a fond upper education student who is talking to a poor and crude new student, and when I looked at who it was, it was Saikyo-san, it was you.

Just as I was thinking about it, the man himself showed up.

Two magnificent golden drills... no, not drills, but a high-flying woman with vertical rolled hair, white and blue eyes.

I don't know if she's half or quarter, but she clearly has Caucasian blood in her, and if it's just her looks, she's quite beautiful without question.

(alt: I don't know if it's half or quarter, but it obviously has white blood, and if it's just the appearance, it can be said that it's a pretty beautiful woman.) has a personality so difficult that I don't want to be actively involved with it, or would rather avoid it.

And yet, he's in the same class as me, so I guess God hates me.

This morning, Selnia-lori-Flameheart, who had glared at me as if I were an enemy of her parents when I introduced myself, was smiling behind Tomomi, her high-handed attitude lurking behind her thorns.

Tomomi, on the other hand, turned around in her seat and said, "Oh my. I looked up and saw that it was you, Mr. Flameheart. Since you left the classroom before I did, I thought you were already eating. I guess you've finished eating. You're not a hungry dog or horse, so I don't think you should eat too fast."

"Who said anything about dogs and horses? We haven't even started eating yet, and the food we ordered hasn't arrived yet!"

"Oh, so Mr. Flamehart was wandering around with a covetous look on his face like a child who is missing a meal? That's not very polite behavior, is it?"

He sounds like he's reciting poetry, but he's saying some pretty terrible things.

And it's a tongue for local warfare that can be pinpointed and annoying.

How could he say such a thing with a clear face and a smile?

Human beings are mysterious.

Well, it didn't help that the drill sergeant turned red with rage.

The only people who wouldn't be offended by that would be people of character who would be celebrated as saints.

I don't want to make enemies with people who have bad personalities.

I don't want to take sides, though.

And like yesterday, it's going to end up being tossed around in the worst possible way.

I wondered how the current target of the drill was reacting, his lips quivering and the corners of his eyes lifted up as if to say, "I don't know.

(alt: The reaction of the current targeted drill was that it shook its lips with a trap and lifted the edge of its eyes.) However, her blue eyes are still beautiful and she is still beautiful.

I think it's good to be a bystander, to not be so angry.

She clenched her fists tightly, desperately trying to control herself.

Maybe he was right in pointing out his unmannerly behavior of standing around before eating, so he couldn't argue with the momentum.

The expression on his face tells us that his wounded pride can't help but take out its anger on something.

I'm not sure what to make of this.

(alt: Somehow, a young lady is a difficult creature-yes, Akiharu, who thought she was a stranger.) Suddenly, I stopped thinking when Selnia's sharply narrowed eyes turned to me.

I tried to avert my eyes reflexively and said, "Hey, you stupid commoner!

..... It was late.

Akiharu cowered lightly, "It's"

"You, what are you doing standing idly by while I'm being slandered?"

No, that's not what I meant.

Shut up! You're acquainted with Saikyo-san, aren't you? Then you're jointly and severally liable."

Wow, you're so reckless.

(alt: "Wow, you're terribly unreasonable ...") It was some kind of a great rant.

It seems that this drill is made in a foreign country, so I wonder if this is a cultural difference. In the event that you are not able to keep up with such a solo run, you can watch it in a daze.

(alt: This drill seems to be made in a foreign country, so is this a cultural difference? I couldn't keep up with such a solo run, so when I was staring at it, Selnia shook her hair and squeezed

her hair.) She looked down at Akiharu with a hawk-like gaze and said, "I am not so careless as to be called you by a student of the Squire's Education Department! You can call me Selnia-sama!

"Oh, you're calling me "sir". I don't care how much of a lady you are, that's just too painful."

"What's so painful about me? And I just told you not to call me you, what's with that attitude!"

Uh, yeah, yeah,, that's a loud drill.

"Who said anything about drill? Let him tell you, he's a crude servant of"!

"..... Oh? Who's the servant?"

It was a little annoying to hear her say that.

Akiharu's eyes narrowed grimly, and he glared up at Cernea from his low, seated position.

I know that it must be powerful in its own way, from my experience of dealing with genuine delinquents on the streets.

Besides, I was knocked down by a few people yesterday, even though I didn't particularly threaten them.

It's just, you know, yesterday.

The drill woman in front of me was treating me like a suspicious person, and even attacked me.

It's not that I don't like it, it's that I don't like it.

A servant is a servant, and that's a very appropriate title for a follower, especially you. You should know your place as a follower who is being fed and educated with the huge amount of money that we, the upper classmen, are paying in donations. You should know your place.

At those words, Akiharu's expression didn't change, but he said inwardly, "I knew it.

I'm convinced.

Students in the education department can attend the academy for free, and even the dormitory fees are paid by Baili Ling.

Of course, I knew that the money would come from somewhere, and that it would probably be donations, but this confirmed it.

Thanks for helping me figure it out.

But, well... that's that, and that's that.

"Know your place," huh? Do you even know what you're talking about? It's not you personally who's paying the donation, it's your parents.

I didn't want to be misunderstood and made to grow up.

It is true that students in the education department can take classes and live in the dormitory for free, but in return, they are required to perform a number of service activities.

It may not be enough to pay them back by working, but it is still working to protect their rights.

The students in the upper education department pay tuition, dormitory fees, and even donations.

However, it is paid for by the parents, not by the student himself.

It is a fact that we have received donations.

So it's okay to give up your seat or to be a little flexible.

But I don't know if I'm ready to worship and honor and revere.

(alt: However, even if it is said to worship, praise, and respect, I feel like I can feel that way.) I don't know what the other students think, but I'm implying that I think this way.

(alt: I don't know what the other students think, but I imply that I think this way.) Selnia, on the other hand, stroked her voluminous vertical roll and said, "You're so clever.

He smiled fearlessly.

"So you're saying that the queen can be respected as the ruler of the land, but her son, the prince and princess, are treated like commoners? If they are not crowned, they are not eligible to be treated with respect until they are involved in state affairs? It's foolish.

....."

I'm not sure if you've ever heard of this, but I'm sure you've heard of it. In the event that you have any questions regarding where and how to use the site, please do not hesitate to contact us. That is the duty of a nobleman."

(alt: "This blood that flows through me, the Flameheart family is not as good as the royal family, but it is a blood family of British aristocrats who have a history-it is also a majestic prestigious family connected to the count family? According to the duty of blood, we will be tied to the lord who deserves the coat of arms of "Red Feather Waterbird" and devote ourselves to prosperity for the next generation and beyond. That is the duty of the aristocrats. ") It's like chanting.

She is beautiful, graceful, and her generous smile is disgustingly good.

People who rise to the top need talent and hard work that the common people don't need. If you are born differently, raised differently, and aim differently, it is natural that there is a gap, isn't it? Yes, it's true that I'm not the one paying for the donation, but my family is. But it is a necessary expense in order to raise people worthy of the Flameheart name. And it is because of me that this school has received a large amount of donations. At the same time, it's a suitable environment for a daughter of a famous family to be raised."

"..... Huh."

(alt: "..... Huh") I am, we are educated to be ladies who will not be ashamed to go anywhere. And the Department of Education is to be raised to be people who serve us. So it's only natural that you should serve me and bow down to me, right? It's outrageous to think that just because you're in the same class as me that you're my equal, and even more outrageous to point out that you're mistaken!

I'm sure you'll be pleased to know that I'm not the only one who's a bit of a jerk.

(alt: Selnia smiled with a satisfying smile on her mouth.) Akiharu, on the other hand, said,

"..... Indeed, yes."

He nodded in acknowledgement.

Selnia crossed her arms and puffed out her chest in triumph, "Hmph."

I laugh.

No, to be honest, I was surprised.

I thought she wasn't the eloquent type because she was so easily talked down by Tomomi, but apparently I need to change my perception.

I'm sure she's a true "daughter of a noble family."

(alt: This guy is surely a genuine "daughter of a noble family") I wonder what it is.

I'm proud of my home, of myself, and I'm educated enough to be unwavering.

That's why he can speak so eloquently.

I see, it makes sense that we were born and raised differently.

If I thought she was just an assertive and boisterous woman with a haircut that looked like a weapon, I was wrong.

..... No, I guess I must be an idiot.

To tell you the truth, I had a second look.

However, it's a little bit sweet.

"I see your point. You're right, it was a stupid poke at me."

"If you understand that, then say you're sorry as soon as possible. Get down on your knees and feel your own dwarfism all over again."

But you're missing the point.

"What's?"

"You're paying your donation to the school, not to me personally. It's true that I am able to attend the Department of Secondary Education thanks to the donations paid by your family, but nowhere in the Department's policy advertisement or student handbook does it say, 'Secondary Education students are to obey the Secondary Education students. And I don't remember being forced to do so. If it's an in-class drill, then I'll obey. But I don't need to be treated like a servant by you. If you want me to obey you, make me accept it."

"..... is now?"

Well, of course, Selnia's shoulders shake and her face flushes.

I'm sure you thought you had him beat, so that must be disgusting.

(alt: I guess I was going to defeat it, so I'm afraid.) I also said, "Wow, you're pretty smart."

But Akiharu didn't look at him.

I can tell by the voice who said it, and by the face, 'You're the one who started it.

I want to say.

However, there is already one woman in front of me who is killing me like a hungry beast, so I'll stop that for now.

"It's humiliating!"

In the event that you have any kind of questions concerning where and how to use the internet, you can call us at the web site.

(alt: Dadadan, and stepping on the floor strongly on the spot, Selnia stared at Akiharu with such a momentum that it would be like this if there was a fire-breathing dragon whose nest was devastated.) The students who were intrigued and paying attention to me were without exception freaked out.

The entire cafeteria buzzed with the infection.

It doesn't feel good to be in the middle of it all, but it's a lot easier to understand and a little more fun than dealing with your black-hearted childhood friend.

So Akiharu, feeling like a child playing a prank, stood up.

"Don't get upset, Osama. Some of us are eating. Don't make a mess of things.

"Shut up, you quibbling man! You've been defying me many times since yesterday, what are you doing?

I'd rather tell you what's wrong with your hair. "I'd rather tell you what's wrong with your hair.

This is not a construction site.

I can't allow you to do my hair again! I didn't forgive you for what you did yesterday! I'm not going to let you do that to my breasts!

As if remembering something else, Selnia grabbed her breasts in a fit of excitement.

There was a girl in a maid's uniform.

I was, or rather, I was slumped over.

The girl threw herself forward with both arms raised as if in a Hail Mary, and fell to the floor with a splat.

As she did so, her shin-length skirt rolled up, softly filled with air, and fell down her back. Then, the hidden legs, the white tights that cover the girlish rounded calf for the thinness, and the garter belt of the same color that sensationally colors the soft thighs are exposed in order — "..... Ah?"



After checking all the way to the end, Akiharu felt as if his heart was healed, and then he realized something.

In front of her, a panicked Selnia turned herself around, and the girls around her let out a scream.

The moment I realized that something was wrong - I finally noticed it.

The girl in the maid's uniform who fell down.

The way his arms and hands stretched out in front of her, it was as if they were supporting something.

—— what? Needless to say, it didn't take long to figure that out.

When I looked up with a bad feeling, I saw three shadows.

There was a curry pot that was about to be filled, a plate with two pieces of naan that looked like they were freshly cooked, and a glossy tray that looked like it was lacquered.

It was flying on a course that would hit him if he continued.

The curry roux that began to overflow in the air seemed somewhat watery.

By the way, Tomomi said, "We have Japanese-style curry.

I don't think it's the same as the Japanese style curry with stewed vegetables.

I'm not sure if it's Indian or Thai, but it looks like one or the other.

(alt: I don't know if it's Indian or Thai, but it's kind of like either.) Considering the fact that it has naan, it might be Indian curry.

I thought to myself, "This must be hard for you," and then I thought to myself, "No, it's not.

Because... there's no avoiding it.

When I looked up, the three shadows were already in front of me.

It was difficult to even look away, let alone jump back.

When I saw the curry and naan coming at me impossibly slowly, I suddenly realized.

I guess this is the kind of situation where time feels slow at the moment of a car accident.

The fact that it's not death that's imminent, but a hot meal, is subtle.

I thought it was kind of pathetic, and my mouth twisted into a half-smile - first, Nan landed on my face.

It's not much of a shock, just a puff on the face.

My nose and half-open mouth smelled the aroma of baked wheat, and I thought, 'Oh, maybe this won't be a big deal. Maybe this won't turn out to be a big deal?

I thought, "———?"

The next thing I know, I'm flipping my head back violently from the immense heat.

It's too foul to have the freshly baked hotness hit you in the face at different times.

The timing of the moment of relief is so well-timed that you react like you've been punched by a macho American comic book enemy.

The naan disappeared as if blown away by the force of the curry - and the curry rained down on my face in no time.

It's so light and watery, it's more than just Nan... ..

(alt: It's more dry and moist than Nan — "..... A") No, correction.

It's so much hotter than Nan's.

This can be ——— death.

It was so hot that I can't even put it into words, it was as hot as you would get if you were exposed to magma, and it was an overwhelming amount of heat that I've never experienced before. I was wondering what was going to happen to me... "ouch, ouch, ouch! ouch, ouch, ouch, ouch ouch?

After the scorching first impact, the next one was so painful that I thought my skin would burst, and the heat was still going on, stimulating my head so much that I thought it was reaching my brain through my pores.

The curry soaked into the freshly grated uniform was also very bad, and the shirt that had absorbed the curry and stuck to the skin was turning into a terrible weapon.

I struggled to take off the shirt, which was constantly trying to transmit extreme heat, but because it was buttoned all the way up to my neck, I couldn't do it easily, and even so, while rolling around on the floor like a victim about to be strangled, I stuck my fingers into the neck of the collar.

"Geez! Geez, my eyes, my eyes...

Worst of all, the curry ran down my skin and into my eyes.

My eyeball, or retina, or some other sensitive part of my body was irritated, and the torture of being hot, painful, and itchy made me rub the back of my hand around my eye as hard as I could.

But the pain didn't ease at all, on the contrary, I felt a pressure in my throat and lungs. Gah, gah, gah! Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

He coughed violently, as if the spit had gotten into his windpipe - some of the curry he had swallowed first flowed back up with his stomach juices.

The sour liquid that came up, scorching my esophagus and palate, was the last line of defense: "You're not supposed to do that as a human being.

I was trying to swallow it so that I wouldn't spit it out, just out of sheer determination, "

~~~~~?

I was only half successful - and the situation was rather bad.

I managed to hold back the vomiting and diarrhea in the fresh, luxurious, tea-scented space.

But in return, the acidic liquid that had lost its way in my mouth attacked my nasal cavity.

His mucous membranes, which are vulnerable to stimulation, were exposed to the powerful attack, causing intense pain. The shock was so great that Akiharu collapsed on the floor and convulsed with his eyes wide open.

The triple punch of hot, painful, and spicy is so strong that it doesn't seem to go down at all.

The wave of attacks grew in power, while the 'Give! It's a give-away!'

In addition, even if I wanted to pass out, the intense stimulation would not allow me to do so.

..... - Oh, no, I'm going to die. .... It wasn't long before I was suffering from algae and wishing that I could put an end to it sooner rather than later.

(alt: Even if I complained in my heart, it was not heard at all, and even if I wanted to faint, the vivid stimulus did not even allow it ... — Oh no, this is dying ... Algae scraping It didn't take long for me to stab the stop as soon as I was suffering. ) When was the last time you screamed at .....?

As he showered, Akiharu muttered to himself with a sigh.

After the fracas in the cafeteria, Tomomi took me to the men's locker room in the second school building, where I staggered to take a shower, but I finally calmed down.

The head of my nose tingled and ached.

It seemed to be a minor burn.

Well, it was probably a blessing in disguise that it was only this small.

At any rate, it was hot.

It was just so hot.

In addition, it seemed that she had hit her arms and legs on chairs and tables while rolling around, and some parts of her body were bruised.

I heard that water was immediately sprayed on her like a fire extinguisher, but she was wandering around in hell for about ten minutes.

It's not an exaggeration to say that the curry was hot enough, but I got it in my mouth and nose and my mucous membranes were in a mess.

I once lost a game and ate a baby puff full of spices, but that was still a loose punishment, ..... and it made me understand.

I didn't want to understand that.

Oh, ....., that's a terrible thing to have to go through."

The back of my nose is still burning and my voice is a little hoarse.

I'm not sure if I'll be able to heal by the end of the day.

(alt: I'm worried whether it will be cured by the end of today. ) But you have to put up with some pain and inconvenience.

I'm sure it's time for the doorbell to ring.

(alt: I'm sure it's about time the pre-bell rings. ) Then the afternoon classes - the obedience class - would begin.

Hakureiryo has a longer recess than most high schools, so lunch break is not over yet.

So for now, I'll be able to attend class without being late. .... But ..... "I don't have a change of clothes or a towel. .... What should I do?

Twist the cock and turn off the shower.

But as I muttered to myself, I couldn't find anything to wipe myself with.

Tomomi, who had disappeared somewhere after bringing me here, must have provided me with some kind of change of clothes.

He's a guy with a hell of a lot of bad taste, but he's not outrageous and he's not meddlesome.

I think I can buy that point.

However, we do not know how long it will take to prepare them.

I wish I had at least a towel, but I can't find one.

Shampoo, treatment, and body soap were always available, but there were no sponges or towels anywhere.

I had no choice but to dab some body soap on my palms, rub it with both hands to create a light lather, and wash my body as if I were applying it to my skin, so I was disappointed when it appeared now.

There were no other extra facilities in sight.

It's a small shower room with only ten shower stalls, five on each side, separated by a partition, so if there's something wrong, I'll know immediately.

However, the colors of Hakureiryo also abounded here.

For some reason, the faucet had a lion's face on it, the shower nozzle was gold, and there were pictures of some other country on the wall.

I think it was in Venice.

It's a famous city, I can figure it out, but this is a shower room, not a water city.

Rather, it is a place where men wash away their dirt, a place that is far from elegant.

In the meantime, the institute should reconsider the point of spending money.

You've made too many mistakes in earnest.

..... Well, I'm sure it's out there.

(alt: "... Well, it's over there." ) If you're in the connected locker room, I bet you have a towel or two.

I prayed that I wouldn't be unlucky enough to run into Tomomi, and quickly went over there to look for something... ".....

Just as I was about to leave my private space, which was covered with a board that served as a blindfold and partition, I heard the voice.

Akiharu, who was about to step out into the center aisle, hurriedly pulled his legs back and quickly covered his chest and crotch with his hands.

Then I remembered the blindfold board and felt like pouring water over my head in embarrassment.

What kind of raw girl would react that way?

As I felt my heart beating in my palms, I told myself to calm down, calm down first.

That's it. Relax.

It's not that I was doing anything wrong.

..... For now, the shower room is humid and the voices reverberate, but that's what the woman just said.

I understand that.

And it's not Tomomi's voice, it's someone else's.

It is possible that Tomomi is deliberately trying to have fun by changing her voice and watching us panic. .... There is no such thing.

(alt: ..... No, wait, there's a possibility that Tomomi intentionally changed her voice and was trying to enjoy watching this fluttering in a hurry. ) Oh, no, really calm down.

Be cool, self.

It's so mind-numbingly uncomfortable.

I'm sure it's due to the fact that I'm bare-chested, but I feel trapped and frustrated, even though I'm sure there's nothing wrong with me.

(alt: Maybe it's because I'm naked, but I don't think there's a single piece of dust in the hurry, but I feel like I've been cornered. ) I gingerly poked my head over the side of the divider and looked at the door leading to the locker room, wondering who it was that had put me in such a bind.

Sure enough, the door, which I had closed properly, was slightly ajar.

From there, a black head with a white headpiece peeked out in a reserved manner, just like this one.

..... Who is this?"

I could tell from the headpiece that she was a girl in the education department.

But I don't know any of the girls in the education department, and I have no idea who they are.

(alt: However, I don't know any girls in the nursery department, and I have no idea who they are. ) In the midst of increasing anxiety,....., he even came out from behind the door with his face.

She has slightly droopy eyes, but they are large.

She was not a small face, but with a slender outline, she was an ambiguous beauty that could be evaluated as beautiful or cute depending on the person.

I asked with a lot of suspicion when I saw a face I didn't recognize.

..... Who is this?"

"Um, I'm really, really sorry about earlier at ....."

The voice echoed in his ears, and Akiharu frowned as he thought.

What was that? I'm sorry? I've never seen him before, but he apologizes, and he's already made contact.

So... that's it.

Did you just spill curry all over me?

Yes, that's right. I'm Sanae Shikagami of the 1-A Education Department. I'm very sorry to hear about your loss. ....

(alt: "That's right. That's 1-A, I'm Sanae Shiki Kagami from the Department of Childcare. What do you say this time ... I'm sorry ..." ) "Oh, no, thank you very much, but no, that's mainly used at wakes and funerals!"

Perhaps it was because my heart was still jumping and I wasn't calm, but I felt like I was just going through the motions.

I feel like I've done something terribly embarrassing, and my wet body is sweating.

But what about that choice of words, just because I was lost for words?

If I'm not careful, people might think that I deliberately bombarded them with curry and naan.

I can understand why you're upset, but the way you're slumping and the conversation you're having,..... "Oh my God, I've made so many mistakes,..... and I've caused so much trouble for you guys, but I've been able to keep it to a minimum,..... with no human casualties,..... and now I've made this huge mistake,....." he said.

..... Don't be so pessimistic.

No, I've done something terrible to the new student ....., her hair has completely turned curry colored .....

No, no, no. This is from the beginning.

In the event that you're not sure what you're looking for, you'll be able to find a lot more information on the web. I thought it was because of the curry, I thought it was because of my screw-up that it turned out to be a vulgar color. ....

(alt: When Akiharu plunged into the law, the maid girl named Shiki Kagami had a surprised expression and said, "Well, was that so !? Because of my curry, it turned into a vulgar color. I just said it was done ... " ) "..... Hey."

(alt: ".....Oi" ) "Oh, .....? No, no, no! I think it's a great color! He said it's the perfect color for you, ....., as if to say that you're the perfect vulgarian for him!

"..... Hey."

(alt: ".....Oi" ) "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry."

I'm sure you'll be able to figure out what's going on.

(alt: Akiharu spits and shouts at the four seasons mirror, which says that it is out of focus. ) (alt: The four seasons mirror, which went out of control by itself, moaned with a furious momentum at the door. ) The door, by the way, was made of moisture-resistant stainless steel, and it sounded reasonably painful.

In the event that you have any questions concerning where and how to use the internet, you can contact us at our own web site.

(alt: By the way, there was a clear autumn sky in the direction of falling, and in front of it there was a partition plate that had a strong meaning of a blindfold, and Sanae Shikikyo plunged into it from her head, wondering what kind of star it was. ) (alt: Akiharu is convinced while staring at Sanae Shiki Kagami in a maid outfit whose door is opened by a head butt and she can see her whole body. ) Definitely.

She's one hell of a screw-up.

And it seems natural.

As he watched her crouch with her forehead under control, half admiring her picture-perfect screw-up, Shikagami noticed his gaze and hurriedly stood up.

He was still in tears, so he was still in a lot of pain.

I feel a little bit sorry for you, ..... Akiharu realized.

When I saw her eyes moistening, for some reason my heart felt restless as if it was being pricked with a needle.

I'm sure I didn't do anything wrong, but I thought, 'Huh? Could it be my fault?'

I feel guilty.

This could be quite tricky.

She is a different kind of demon than Tomomi.

In the event that you have any questions regarding where and how to use the internet, you can contact us at the following web site: .....

(alt: Akiharu turned her gaze away from her and groped her wet bangs, saying, "Well, what's that? So don't worry about that. " ) That's not true! That was entirely my fault, I was in such a hurry that I tripped over my own feet!"

Shikigami seemed to think it was his fault from the bottom of his heart, and he did his best to deny the convenient comment about letting bygones be bygones.

But I don't like it when they do that.

It's very annoying, and the psychic needle attacking my heart is upgraded from a latchkey needle to an ice pick.

Akiharu knew exactly what he was doing.

That was definitely her mistake.

That's for sure.

But Selnia, who was in front of me, managed to avoid it.

I'm not sure if you've heard of the typhoon that is Sanae Shikagami, but I'm sure you've heard of it.

(alt: The reaction was delayed because I didn't know the Dojikko typhoon called Sanae Shiki Kagami in advance. ) But - there's more to it than that.

If I were a normal person, I would have sensed the danger looming from the sky at the moment when Selnia took evasive action.

And although he was surprised, he could have avoided it - at the very least, he wouldn't have been hit directly.

And yet, in reality, the reason for the direct hit was that I was distracted by my skirt, the first time I saw a garter belt, the thighs that seemed to weave in and out of the gaps, and even ———, there is absolutely no way I could say that.

However, the perceptive Tomomi seemed to have noticed this, and after spraying her with water, she said in her ear, "You're a boy too, Akiharu.

He whispered to me in a cold voice.

I couldn't argue with him, of course.

As such, I don't want to make the excuse that I'm a healthy man and I have no choice but to look when my skirt is up.

The perpetrator may indeed be the mirror of the four seasons, but I am aware that if the truth were known, it would be unreasonably us who would be considered evil.

So, ..... such, "I'm sorry, deeper than the Mariana Trench.

(alt: So ... "I'm deeper than the Mariana Trench." ) It's a pain in my conscience when people look at me as if to say.

I'm not sure what to make of this. I think there is a theory that I was too stupid to avoid it. Well, it's over, I don't really care, and you've apologized to me. I'm sure you'll be able to figure out what's going on, but I'm not sure if you'll be able to.

(alt: Akiharu said, "No, I don't know, I don't know what to do now. I think I was stupid because I couldn't avoid it." Well, it's past, I don't care about it, and I'm apologizing in this way.

NS.....?" ) You can find a lot of people who have been in the business for a long time, but they don't know what to do with it.

This is the first time I've seen her properly, but something doesn't feel right.

The reddened forehead, the hair in pigtails, and the maid's uniform - well, a maid's uniform at school sounds pretty strange, but it's a uniform, so it's not strange at Hakureiyo.

Just as I was about to start pondering, "Then what?

After squirming and twisting, Shikigami opened her mouth.

..... I think it's important to get even. So I thought I'd at least try to make amends. ...."

"..... atonement?"

He tilted his head and wondered what she was talking about, but then he noticed that she was holding something in her hand - and Akiharu's cheeks tensed blatantly.

I finally understood the discomfort I felt when I saw Sanae in the mirror.

A few minutes ago, I had a perfect view of her fall.

No, not the white pants, the white garter belt and tights she was wearing.

But now, the legs peeking out from the long skirt are bare and bare feet.

And in his hand - a yellow sponge.

I'm careless and unskilled, and there's not much I can do about it. ....

(alt: "I'm afraid, I don't have any special skills, and there's almost nothing I can do ..." ) Why are you taking off your tights? What's with the sponge in your hand? In the midst of all the questions swirling around in Akiharu's brain, Sanae Shikagami's cheeks turned red as she spoke.

So I thought I'd at least wash your back!

"No, wait, that's not the way to land!"

I shouted, searching for words of persuasion, driven by frustration.

But before the answer could be found, Shiki Kagami in her maid's uniform walked into the shower room, looking embarrassed and downcast.

It's not good.

The sound of footsteps pattering and the situation of a rather beautiful classmate trying to wash her body in a maid's uniform accelerates the beating of my heart.

I don't have the guts to get up close and personal with a naked woman I've never met before, so I desperately defend my crotch with my hand.

He fumed like a cornered herbivore and said, "Hey, wait, calm down and think about it! I said I'm done with this, so why don't you just do it? In addition, you're going to wash my back, and you're going to wash my back in that kind of clothing, when there's no one around!

"I'm fine, I've washed my mother's and sister's bodies and been praised for it. I'm confident about it.

That's not what I'm worried about.

It was as if they couldn't understand each other, but the footsteps were close by.

Stamping his feet restlessly, Akiharu searched desperately for somewhere to escape.

The only way to get out of the shower room is through the door that connects to the changing room, and there is only one narrow pathway to get there, in the middle of the room, which is exactly where Sanae Shikagami is walking right now.

But still, as if struggling to find something or somewhere, he looked around for something or somewhere - and then he realized.

A divider to separate spaces.

It is only shoulder to knee high, perhaps as a blindfold.

If you can dodge the maid girl who seems to feel it's her mission to flush your back by ducking underneath it and moving to the next space or the one next to it, you can escape to the locker room.

In the process, you might see a lot of ..... butts and such, but it's still better if you can get away with that.

There are parts of me that I don't want to be seen more than that, and even more than that, I'd be in trouble if it turned out to be a real back flush.

Because if you're going to run your back, that means you're going to be touched, probably through a sponge, and you're going to be asked, "Does that feel good?"

Or, "Do you have an itchy spot?"

It is possible that he might ask you if you have any questions, and you might end up washing different parts of your body instead of just your back.

I'm embarrassed to say this, but ....., please give up!

I can't!

There was no more time for hesitation.

Akiharu bent down, looked down at the tiles, and said, "———."

He realizes something, and his face turns pale.

The tiles in the next space were not wet.

The only space that's wet from running water is this space where I used the shower.

The evidence of this is the sound of footsteps approaching, rounded but not watery.

If more than one person had used the shower, it might have been wet all over, but unfortunately I was the only one who used it.

What would happen to her when she fell down on the floor, even though she had been concentrating on the food she was holding, when she suddenly felt her soles change and the water made the floor slippery? Akiharu's brain unanimously came to the same conclusion.

In other words... "So you've given up."

In the short time that I was lost in my thoughts, Sanae Shikagami finally appeared in front of me.



She seemed to have misunderstood that I hadn't moved, and her cheeks and ears turned red, a little happily but exaggeratedly.

Tch. ...."

I didn't even have time to say no.

Her cheeks were red, but she stepped forward as if she was ready to go, "So, let's get to work \_\_\_\_\_!"

Brilliantly, I slipped.

Is that what it is?

Akiharu had predicted this turn of events, but he did not know what would happen next.

I thought to myself that if I were to slip and fall, it would be backwards, as if I were falling on my butt.

But for some reason, Shikagami fell forward.

In the event that you have any questions concerning where and how to use the internet, you can contact us at our own web site.

"What the hell?"

Akiharu's face tensed up at the stupid scream.

It's not the same as sympathy.

After all, the partition board that Shikigami hit with a powerful headbutt moved vigorously with its hinges as its fulcrum, "Ohhhh!"

He hit the side of Akiharu's head, who was sitting on the ground.

The speedy blow really hurt, and since I was in an inadequate position to take it, my body went limp.

By the time I realized that I was in trouble, my vision was already drifting upward rapidly, and my left foot was swimming in the air.

Unable to cope with the unexpected blow, my feet slipped in an exaggerated manner and I leaned backwards.

Still, in a last ditch effort to keep from collapsing, I reached out with my right hand and grabbed something that touched my palm.

He grabbed something thin and tried to use it as support to prevent himself from falling...

Finally, Akiharu saw what his hand had grabbed.

And instantly regret it.

What an unnecessary thing I've done, from the bottom of my heart.

In the event that you have any questions concerning where and how to use the internet, you can call us at the web site.

(alt: It was the left wrist of the four seasons mirror, which was also about to collapse, that I grabbed and pulled with force to regain my posture. ) "Whoa!"

I'm not sure if it's a good idea, but it's a good idea.

(alt: The four seasons mirror, which screamed and opened its eyes in astonishment, collapsed vigorously toward the autumn weather. ) I'm not sure what to do, but I'm going to do it.

(alt: Akiharu closes his eyes while cursing the world with the worst brute. ) And then, beautifully, they fell into an overlapping position.

The impact was lighter than I expected, but I still felt a numbing pain as I had hit my tailbone.

In addition, when Sanae Shiki Kagami's body was on top of me, the air was squeezed out of my lungs, causing me to let out a pathetic voice.

But the next thing you know, ".....?"

My mouth, or rather my entire face, was crushed by something soft and pliable.

I can't even breathe, let alone speak, because of some mysterious attack or phenomenon.

Just as I was wondering what was going on, I heard a voice from above me.

I just hit my ..... elbow and knee.

"~~~~~?"

The voice of the man who was somewhat out of it made Akiharu realize what was going on.

Find out what's blocking your breathing.

It was soft, and I could feel the heat and elasticity through the fabric, and I could picture the letters E and F in my head.

I don't know how big it is, but it's big and it smells good... but that's not the point, my nose and mouth are blocked, my breath is blocked...

(alt: I don't know how much it is, but anyway, it smells big and has a nice smell. ) "Oh, no, that tickles. ....? I'm sorry!

Perhaps it was a good thing that I made a desperate appeal by banging on the tiles, but Shikagami sat up.

I got some air, and it made heaven seem so far away.

I don't mean that in a bad way, but in a serious heavenly way.

..... I have to admit that I am a little disappointed, but I don't think it's okay to just die.

But it's too early to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Hey..."

"Yes? Am I heavy, by any chance?"

No, it's not that heavy. It's not ..... Just get out of the way.

Shikigami, who had raised her upper body, was still sitting on top of Akiharu.

And with her hips down around her lower abdomen.

The feeling in my abdominal muscles is not good.

Some of it is through the fabric, but around the thighs, it seems to be exposed, and the warmth of the flesh can be felt directly, and even through the fabric, if you know what the fabric is, it is not something that you can be calm about.

Visually, the skirt hides that part of the body, but because you can't see it, the feel of it makes your imagination run wild.

In terms of visuals, the sight of a classmate in a maid's uniform straddling you from below is bad enough.

It was too bad that her breasts were sticking to her skin as they absorbed the water from her wet body.

I mean, what size is that really?

In addition to being equipped with such a weapon, unlike yesterday's drill, you are looking at us with shyly dyed cheeks.

Sanae Shikagami's body temperature, which was transmitted from her abdomen to warm her wet body, felt unusually hot.

The feel of her thighs clasped tightly against her sides made her expression of shame seem lustrous.

The breath leaking from her thick lips stimulated my hearing to an unusual degree.

Her droopy brown eyes seem to be moist because of the humidity? All the elements seem to be trying to turn my brain and lower body to lust, and I'm spinning.

Akiharu is troubled by the conflicts that are circling around him at high speed, as if his brain is about to get a flat tire.

No matter how many times I tried to tell myself to calm down, my head, which was like a runaway motor with fried circuits, would not calm down at all.

Calm down. Calm down first.

Your thoughts are running too far in the wrong direction.

Really calm down.

I don't know what it is, but I'm still trying to hold it together, but on the other hand, I'm developing some weird fantasies.

(alt: Even now, I don't know what it is, but despite trying to endure it, on the other hand, a strange delusion is unfolding. ) We can't do this. We have to get out of here.

"Do I have to go to ....."

"No, ....., this is a bad idea."

"Wow, I think that ..... with you, I'll be able to keep ....."

What kind of selfish assumption is that?

Just because you're a screw-up, a natural, and have big breasts doesn't mean that reality is so sweet that it will turn out that way.

But on the other side of the brain, there is a vast amount of rebellion that is killing reason, as if to say, "Why don't we just go ahead and commit the typical youthful adolescent mistakes," or "Why don't we just let our lusts take over?"

There's something about the way it smells, the way it's all too real, the way it's all too fleshy, the way it's all too tantalizing, the way it's all too exciting, the way it's all too convenient.

I'm shaken.

How bad can a teenage adolescent's libido be?

With visions of angels and demons teaming up to tempt him in his mind, Akiharu tried his best to ignore the urges rising up from the depths of his body.

He then shouted at the mirror, apparently not understanding the urgency of the situation.

I'm sorry, but I can't help it. Close your eyes or cover them with your hands so that you don't have to look at them, please!

(alt: "Don't go from there for the time being! I'll ask you to close your eyes or hide it with your hands so that you don't see it!" ) What do you mean, don't look at me? What are you ..... doing? Also, there's something that's been hitting me in the butt..."

I told you to get out of the way because we're in local trouble.

You're right. In the event that you have any kind of questions concerning where and how to use the internet, you can call us at the web site.

(alt: "Well, that's right. But I ... I'm told by my sister, 'Once a woman takes a mount position, she shouldn't go down until she's fulfilling her purpose.' But I'm going to wash my back! " ) "As long as you're mounted, it'll never be possible!"

I'm sure you'll be able to figure out what's going on.

Why do the women of Baili Ling want to rush forward like this?

Are you going to ignore the efforts of those of us who are trying hard to brake?

Oh, for God's sake, I'll get down on my knees if that's what it takes, just get out of my way, I need to get off this happy tight rope as soon as possible, I swear... "What are you doing?"

It sounded like even a blizzard could cut through it.

Unsure of who was saying it, Akiharu leaned his head back and tried to identify the person behind Shikigami, but in his mind he was thinking, "If possible, this is an auditory hallucination caused by mental fatigue.

I prayed hard, hoping that it would all turn out to be a hoax anyway, wondering where I could find a reset button for my life, and other such nonsense... and then, with trepidation, I turned around, hoping that no one was there. ...I'll ask you again, what are you doing?"

It wasn't an auditory hallucination.

There was Kaoru Daichi in her school uniform, looking down at me with her arms folded.

His face was cold and stern, as if he were a machine.

But her face was so red that even her earlobes were stained with vermilion, and she was wearing bare feet to avoid getting wet, which was too disproportionate.

The fact that they are moving their arms around each other in a fidgety manner is a big difference from the past.



Such joyfulness of the earth is not funny to ..... the current Akiharu.

No, I would laugh if I could, but it's not a very funny situation.

"Ayako asked me to bring her a change of clothes and a towel, but the door to the shower room was open. Depending on your response, I will report you to the teacher."

The word "report" made Akiharu freeze.

Report? About this? In what way? No matter how it turns out, it's going to be a desperate situation.

I'm sure I didn't do anything wrong, just a bunch of bad luck, but that's too hard.

(alt: I shouldn't have done anything terrible, but it's just a combination of misfortunes, and it's too hard. ) "This is..."

No, I'm not asking Hino. I'm asking Shikigami. Explain ..... to me."

The moment I try to make a valid point, I'm interrupted by the earth.

Akiharu prayed and looked at Sanae Shikigami, whose eyes were fluttering in surprise at Daichi's appearance.

No need to follow up with an exaggeration.

If you just tell me what's going on, you won't be a suspect.

It would have been worse if he'd been pushed down, but he was being pushed down.

There is still hope.

Then the mirror said ..... in a faltering tone.

You see, I was trying to flush his back to apologize for all the trouble I caused him. .... And then he just... pulled me down.

(alt: "Oh, I'm annoying him, so I'm trying to apologize for my back ... and then I'm pulled down."

) "Don't leave out the important parts!"

Akiharu yelped and saw the contempt in Daichi's eyes.

Oh, no, that's a complete misunderstanding.

That's the way I look at someone I've judged to be beneath me as a person.

No, you're not! No, I'm not lying, but I was trying to save her from a fall.

That's right, it's not your fault, transfer student. I'm going to ..... tell you to close your eyes and move fast!

"So why do you keep misleading me? Is it on purpose? I can only assume it's on purpose, so it's on purpose, right?"

"Oh, no, I'm not .....! I'm sincerely trying to apologize to the new student, so that ..... I can serve you!"

"What makes you think I didn't do it on purpose when I said 'serve' in this situation? ——"

While protesting vehemently against the do-gooder maid with red eyes for reasons other than curry, Akiharu glanced at Daichi, curious about the jury's reaction, and before he knew it, he noticed a woman in a suit beside Daichi.

"..... how did you get ..... you're here ....."

When I asked her with a tearful smile on her face, she responded excitedly, her eyes shining like a housewife in the middle of watching a daytime drama.

The door was unlocked. The door was unlocked, so I came in to see what was going on..."

Not ....., okay?"

Then I saw Kaoru-san with her clothes still on, and her voice was clearly a girl's. I was very curious, so I approached her and..."

Because it's not ....., okay?"

I'm not sure what to make of it, but I'm sure it's a good idea.

(alt: "Then, then —Mr. Akiharu realized the delusion of youth with the female on top posture!" )

"I'm telling you it's not. ——?"

The shower room echoed with Akiharu's heartbroken cry of soul, as he was driven to the point of wanting to reset his life.

◆◇「.....the most evil"

As he lay on the bed with his face pressed against the pillow, Akiharu muttered to himself.

Worst of all - is there a more appropriate word?

I had no idea that today would be more troublesome than yesterday.

In the shower room, Shiki Kagami was found by Daichi and Kaede on horseback. After that, the situation became so pathetic that I don't want to remember .....

First, he tried to silence the excited and helpless Kaede.

But if she tried to stand up, she would be seen as she was, bareheaded, so she asked Daichi for a towel.

He didn't want to see a naked body of his own sex. With a face as pale as a ripe apple, Daichi silently brought me a bath towel and tossed it to me.

In addition, he gave me a look of 100% contempt.

In the end, it took a lot of time just to clear up the misunderstanding, and as punishment, I had to do 20 laps around the ground.

Moreover, the change of clothes Daichi had brought with him was a jersey, so I suspected that the whole thing had been orchestrated.

I can't say, "I have no right to be punished, I can't do this..." so I half-heartedly decided to run.

Incidentally, the ground was a track and field course with a circumference of eight hundred meters.

That's 16 kilometers for 20 laps.

It's a distance I can honestly die from.

I felt like I was going to collapse several times along the way, but I finished the race in a limp state. .... By that time, the sun had long since set.

(alt: I was about to fall down many times on the way, but I finished the race with shabby ... By that time, the sun had set. ) Of course, I couldn't attend class.

In addition, I missed dinner.

I couldn't even get lunch.

"..... hungry, but ..... don't feel like eating ....."

(alt: "..... I'm hungry, but ... I don't feel like eating ..." ) My stomach is churning, but if I eat now, I'm sure to throw up.

(alt: My stomach is stuffy, but if I eat it now, I will definitely vomit. ) It's no wonder I suddenly ran sixteen kilometers when I'm not a member of a track and field club that specializes in long distance.

It's a wonder I was able to finish the race, and I feel a strange sense of satisfaction.

"What's the use of feeling fulfilled by ....., me?"

His thrust at himself was weak.

My energy is squeezed to no end.

But the fact that the reason is because of the punishment is too vain.

Today was my first day at the new school, and it was to be my first class.

It should have been the first step to becoming a butler.

They say that even a journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step, but that doesn't mean you should run long distances.

I feel overwhelmed by memories that could make me depressed for that amount of time if I recall them.

"..... ah ..... what are you doing, seriously ..... this ..... for this ..... thing."

(alt: "... Ah ..... What are you doing, seriously ... this ... for this ..." ) I don't know if I was trying to vent at least a little or if I was just feeling weak, but I naturally blurted out.

(alt: Whether it was trying to diverge at least a little, or just being bearish, the murmur naturally leaked from my mouth. ) "..... yesterday was ....., that was ....., today is ....., this is ....."

(alt: "..... Yesterday ..... That ... Today, this ..." ) It's whining, it's unprofessional, and it doesn't make any sense.

"I don't know, it's not like I'm ..... unsuited for it, or ..... at that level, or ....."

(alt: "I don't know ... it's not suitable ..... it's not at that level ..." ) Still muttering, I somehow calmed down and said, "Shut up, you pervert. Shut up, you pervert."

Next door.

Through the curtains between the beds, I could hear Daichi's raspy voice, lisping.

Akiharu, thinking that he could not possibly do that to his injured roommate, said, "..... Excuse me."

Reflexively, I apologize without vigor.

I don't have a shred of energy left to argue, as usual.

I'm not sure if I'm going to be able to do this, but I'm going to have to.

(alt: Akiharu thought while holding the pillow with both arms while lying down. ) I mean, I understand.

This is what it means to be a loser. ....

(alt: A losing dog means something like this ... ) A hint of tears welled up in my eyes, and I closed my eyes, thinking that I should just cry myself to sleep.

The only place I can find peace of mind is in this bed... "You're going to sleep without bathing. I can't believe I have to live with this insolent, filthy, perverted man..."

"..... sorry, I'm going to take a bath. ...."

(alt: "..... I'm sorry I'm going to take a bath ....." ) Akiharu sat up, feeling like crying in earnest.

I realize now that there is no place for me to feel at home in this school.

I'm not sure what the hell I'm doing here... I think that's probably the last thing I should be thinking about right now, but in a slow motion Akiharu gets off the bed and walks to the bathhouse.

(alt: What on earth did I enter here? I think it's probably the most important thing to think about right now, but with a slow movement, Akiharu gets out of bed and goes to the public bath. Start walking. ) I'm going to take a bath, and then I'm going to sleep. .... I hope that when I wake up, this gloomy feeling will be completely gone.

(alt: Take a bath, then sleep slowly ... I hope that when I wake up, this gloomy feeling is gone. ) Also, I'm hoping that tomorrow I can learn a few things that will help me become a butler.

The next day, by the way.



That wish was to be fulfilled.  
However, Peaceful was still out of stock.