

*This short story was bundled with New Testament 18 exclusively to the Gamers! stores.*

“It’s finally begun: the First Never-Leaving-the-Kotatsu Championship.”

The spiky-haired idiot (←That’s enough to uniquely identify him) said that with a straight face.

Index naturally gave him a puzzled look from within the same kotatsu.

She lay on her stomach with only her head sticking out from the opposite side.

“Touma, we’ve already been in here for more than three hours, so isn’t it a little late for that?”

“Index-san, thanks to your perfect memory, you will have to carry this awful vision with you for the rest of your life. But I’ll forget all about it before long, so I can take it. Besides, it’s way too cold outside, the windows and doors are frozen shut, and the air conditioner is being overpowered! What is going on!? I don’t want to even think about doing housework right now!!”

That was what this was about.

The lock on the wall (which was half frosted over even inside) said it would be 11 AM soon. Even if school was canceled for this abnormal situation, he still had to prepare for lunch soon. And what about cleaning and laundry? There were all sorts of things a human had to deal with to survive.

And in this challenge(?), whoever left the kotatsu first would lose. It was doubtful that lazy nun could cook, clean, or do laundry, but it would be over nonetheless! If he showed her kindness even once—just once!—he was certain he would be forced to freeze his butt off doing all the work!!

But trouble soon arrived for him.

“Sphinx, go!”

“What’s the kitten supposed to do? Don’t think Kamijou-san is going to give in just because you meow that you want the door opened, that you’re hungry, or that you want to play!”

“But there is a fifteen-centimeter former god over there.”

“O-O-Othinus!?”

Was this what a heroine should be doing? The cat would seem like a man-eating tiger to the blonde eyepatch girl (who was not a pirate) and he had to go save her, but he could not afford to leave the kotatsu!!

Kamijou's eyes widened intensely as he grabbed an orange from atop the kotatsu and rolled it toward the others.

"I know that cats hate the smell of lemons and oranges!! Take this...!!"

"Tch. You win this round."

"And I'm kind of okay with that new character of yours."

Not leaving the kotatsu might seem simple since it was so comfortable inside...but there was a trap there too.

"Heh heh heh," laughed Index. "It's quite cold today. And the kotatsu still isn't at full power."

"Kh. The switch on the power cable is on your side? That means you can switch it on and off all you want. What was that switch called...!?"

"Heh heh heh heh heh heh. I also have the water pitcher and a cup, so I don't have to worry about anything. Ahh, this cold water is so delicious. It doesn't matter to me how hot it gets."

"Oh, no. I should be at room temperature, but I only have two half-frozen oranges. I can't fight a long-term battle like this!"

They could have worked together, but these two were fighting over the plank floating in the ocean.

"But if you're going to play the sun, Kamijou-san will have to play the north wind."

"Heh. You're choosing the losing side."

"Blanket flip!"

"Collld!?"

Index screamed deeper than a heroine should.

"You fool! No matter how much you mess with that switch, I too have the right to set the temperature!"

"Touma, that's a self-destructive strategy!"

“Don’t be so sure! Flip, flip.”

“Gwaoh!!”

They fought back and forth, raising and lowering the temperature, for a while. At first glance, it looked like a never-ending battle, but a definite change arrived.

Index’s body shuddered with only her head poking out from the kotatsu.

And Kamijou spoke coldly as if it was none of his concern.

“Oh? What’s the matter, Index-san? It’s only a temperature difference.”

“T-Touma. Don’t tell me this was your cruel plan...”

“By the way, Index, this is just how our bodies work, so you don’t have to feel embarrassed. Yes, boys and girls have the same capacity. And your tank has to be full up after pouring all that water from the pitcher and drinking it from—!?”

“...!!”

The spiky-haired idiot was hit by a powerful kick and came rolling out of the kotatsu.