

By then, the girls' battle had already begun.

"Pads."

"These are not pads."

In the oppressive heat, Mikoto spoke like a zombie while lying on a beach chair and Index bit the straw of her cold drink and turned away in a huff.

Was she using her cuteness as chaff? Well, it would not be that easy for her.

"I'm pretty sure you didn't have curves like that before! And I'm sick of hearing fourth-dimensional excuses about looking smaller while fully clothed!"

"Yeah, well, I have my doubts about you too, Short Hair. Are you challenging my perfect memory to a game of 'spot the differences'? Is that jiggling from air? Or are they oil balloons?"

"...!!"

"...!?"

After glaring at each other for a bit, they realized this was not the time to be attacking each other.

"So what do you think? We have a party to get to tonight."

"I-i-it should be fine. I don't think anyone will notice."

Index looked down past her neck and Mikoto did the same. They both looked at the silver-haired girl's bikini top.

They were going to a party. A swimsuit party. Everyone would be there.

"Then again, the ones who take it a little too far are more like volleyballs. In size, I mean! So I'm not even going to try to be number one, but I'm going to show off a little bit! Don't underestimate Academy City tech!!"

"The average. If we go for the average, I think we win."

After all, this was Dengeki. You could find plenty of girls who were flatter than them, but there were also plenty who were much, much bigger. In fact, just one giant pair was enough to shift the average value up quite a bit. It just was not fair. No one could blame them for calling it an act of aggression. They could not let their guard down because the battle had already begun! ...Of course, they already kind of felt like they had lost from the moment they were relying on silicone or balloons and there was bound to be some tactless

person who would say they were awfully small even after using such things, but they wanted to be more than just girls here. They wanted to be the stars.

Yes, they wanted to wear a different hairstyle, add a bunch of accessories, and wear a fancy dress with an open back, the low-cut chest, and a slit at the thighs. Then they would be the real flowers of the party!!

“Ohhh! I’m done being the one who finishes off all the party food. The summer can change a girl. Yes, I’ll transform from a plain old dandelion into a toxic pitcher-plant!!”

“That is admittedly a flower, but it’s the most gluttonous kind you could possibly...actually, never mind. Your determination is good enough for me! All right, let’s go scout out the competition. It’s time for the opening round.”

“Wait, Short Hair! Before we start, we need to avoid the ones with nicknames like ‘cow’ or titles like ‘beautiful student council president’! Not to mention the occasional mother types!!”

“Roger that. Oh, how about this? I hear some people talking about a Zashiki Warashi over there.”

“And there’s apparently a little sister over there. Her name’s Frolaytia!”

“A Zashiki Warashi and a little sister? Heh heh. I almost feel sorry for them.”

“Now, now. It’s only polite to fight with everything you have no matter who your opponent is.”

The two of them laughed loudly as they approached the dojo(?) to test their strength.

What happened next will be omitted to preserve those girls’ dignity, but try to imagine the scene with the next two lines:

Volleyball-sized?

Hmm, I’m not sure.