

GO FOR IT, MORRI-CHAN!

Story and Art made
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Book 3: Heartstorm – Powers of Love

Cherry blossom petals whipped through the courtyard like a storm. Hearts pounded. The air vibrated with tension so thick it seemed to bend reality itself. “Morri-chan... I won’t let anyone hurt you!” Jonasito-kun shouted, palms glowing with an intense pink aura. From him shot Love Beams, streams of raw emotion capable of shattering stone and hearts alike.

Jaurio-kun’s crimson aura flared, Passion Wings erupting behind him, feathers of fire spreading into the sky. “You think your love will beat me? I will protect her with everything I have!”

The beams collided. Explosion after explosion rocked the courtyard. Windows rattled. Birds scattered. The ground cracked beneath their feet.

From the sidelines, a group of students watched, hearts in their throats. Among them, Aresi held Marin tightly. Marin trembled violently, eyes wide at the blinding beams of pink and crimson energy.

“A-Aresi... it’s... so... intense...” Marin stammered, shivering.

Aresi wrapped his arms around Marin, lifting him slightly to steady him. “I’ve got you,” he murmured. “Just breathe. We’ll be okay.”

A few steps away, Jerina and Hira clung to each other, watching the battle erupt in chaos. Hira’s hands shook as he tried to hold back tears. Jerina gently lifted him, resting him against her shoulder, whispering, “I’m right here, Hira. Everything’s going to be fine.”

Even as the battle raged — Love Beams and Passion Wings tearing through the courtyard — the couples’ quiet moments of comfort highlighted the human heart behind the chaos.

Morri-chan gasped as she ducked behind a fallen pillar. “This... this is insane...” “Stay behind me!” Jonasito-kun shouted, deflecting a crimson arc of Passion Wings that scorched the ground where Marin had been standing moments ago.

The courtyard shook with every collision, petals swirling like a hurricane. The spectators’ hearts raced — torn between fear and awe, watching love and rivalry collide in a spectacle unlike anything they’d ever seen.

And above it all, tiny particles of Osmanito’s earlier interventions shimmered faintly in the background, hinting at the chaos yet to come...

Chapter 2: Osmanito Intervenes... disastrously

Suddenly, a panicked voice cut through the chaos.

"Stop this madness! You're going to destroy—"

It was Osmanito, diving in between the boys. But before he could even finish, a ricochet from Jonasitokun's Love Beams struck him square in the chest.

"AAAAAAH!" Osmanito screamed as he shattered into glittering pink particles, his body obliterated by the sheer force of pure love energy.

The battlefield fell silent for a heartbeat. Then, a tiny squeaky voice piped up.

"...mf... hey... I'm... still here..."

Everyone turned to see Osmanito — now in miniature form, barely half a meter tall — wobbling on trembling legs. He glared up at the chaos with all the fury of a full-grown man trapped in a doll's body.

From behind the fray, Bexha appeared, a bottle in hand, smirking. With a flick of his wrist, the bottle shot toward tiny Osmanito — the impact magically stabilizing him in miniature form, though he squealed in indignation.

"Bexha... why?!" Osmanito squeaked, glaring at the giant.

"Chaos makes life fun," Bexha said simply, leaning against a tree, casually sipping soda as the two boys' battle raged around him.

Chapter 3: Powers Unleashed – Maximum

Jonasito-kun took a deep breath, eyes glowing brighter than ever. Love Beams intensified, now swirling around him like a tornado of pink light, sparkling with tiny heart-shaped motes.

Jaurio-kun countered, Flame Wings erupting into phoenix fire, streaking across the courtyard, setting petals ablaze as he screamed, “I won’t lose to you! Not now, not ever!”

Beams collided. The courtyard exploded into a blinding storm of love and passion, ripping the roof off nearby classrooms. Sparks, petals, and sheer energy cascaded in waves.

Tiny Osmanito squeaked from a flower pot, dodging stray energy bolts. “I... I did not sign up for this!” Morri-chan’s chest ached with emotion. “I... I love both of you... but this... this is too much...”

Her tears ignited into a Radiant Heart Wave, streaming across the battlefield. Jonasito-kun and Jaurio-kun froze mid-attack, stunned by her overwhelming emotion.

Chapter 4: Emotional Overload

The two boys staggered, hearts pounding so hard it hurt. Even the cherry blossoms seemed to pause mid-air, trembling under the sheer energy.

Morri-chan stepped forward, trembling but fierce. “Stop! Both of you! I... I want us... all together!”

Jonasito-kun’s aura flared brighter, Love Beams spiraling into a towering column of pink energy.

Jaurio-kun’s Passion Wings erupted into a flaming phoenix storm, colliding with Jonasito-kun’s attack in a cataclysm of light and sound.

Tiny Osmanito was caught in a miniature tornado of power, tumbling helplessly through the air, squealing, “I will grow back! And when I do... revenge will be mine!”

Bexha chuckled, watching the chaos. “Honestly, this is even better than I imagined...”

Chapter 5: Love Conquers All

The sun set in brilliant gold and pink, illuminating the battlefield wrecked by their powers. Jonasito-kun and Jaurio-kun, panting and battered, finally lowered their energy.

Morri-chan stepped between them, holding both their hands. “I... love you both. And I don’t want anyone left out.”

Jonasito-kun’s pink aura softened. “Together?”

Jaurio-kun’s crimson flames shrank into a soft glow. “Together.”

Tiny Osmanito, still miniaturized, waved his tiny fists.

“....I... guess I can live with this... for now...”

Bexha tossed the now-empty bottle into the air, catching it smoothly. “Perfect. Chaos resolved. For now.”

The petals fell around them like rain, their hearts bound by love, rivalry, and chaos — a love triangle for the ages, forged in beams of power and emotional storms.

Epilogue: Wedding of Hearts

A year later, the courtyard bloomed again, peaceful this time. Jonasito-kun, Morri-chan, and Jaurio-kun stood hand-in-hand beneath the cherry blossoms. Tiny Osmanito perched nearby, grumbling but smiling.

Bexha leaned casually against a tree, bottle in hand, smirking. “See? Everything worked out.” Three hearts, once torn by rivalry, now united. Love, chaos, and sheer intensity had forged the ultimate bond.

“...mf... no more fights,” Jonasito-kun said, laughing.

“Agreed... except for tiny Osmanito,” Morri-chan teased.

“HEY!” squeaked Osmanito, wagging his minuscule fists.

And so, their epic tale ended... for now.