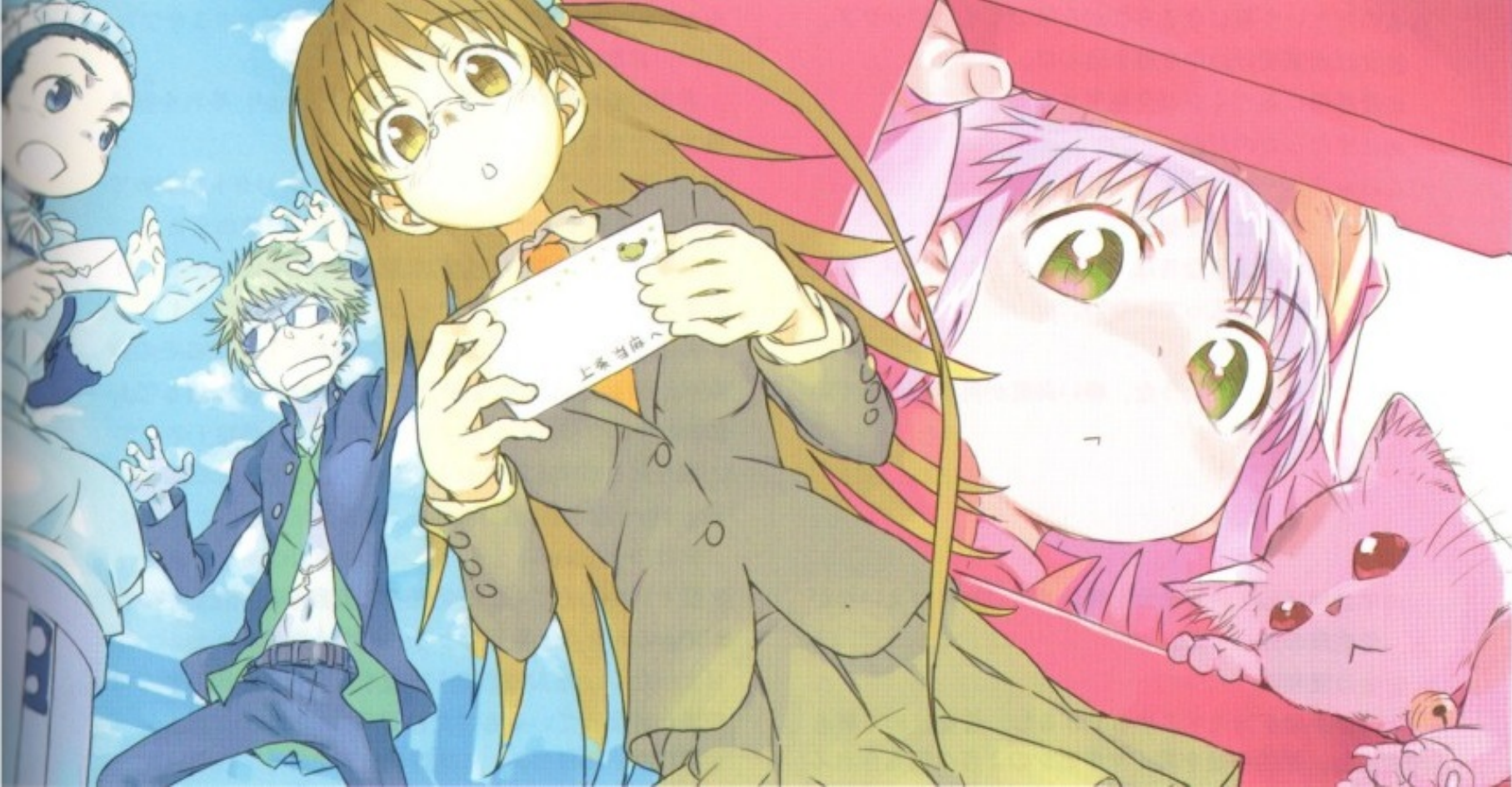


rainbow spectrum: colors

灰村キヨタカ画集







Love Letter SS

Part 1

“Kamijou.”

This was a time when autumn's changing to winter.

It was during a slightly more harmonious lunch break.

“I'm looking for Kamijou Touma.”

At the entrance of the classroom, there was a 'sempai' who really didn't look like one, peeping in from the front door. She had shoulder-length black hair, and her fringe is tied back. She's tall, busty, and was a beauty. The long-skirt of her sailor uniform looks like it had strong defenses. One could see her bellybutton in the gap between her blouse and skirt. She definitely looked smart, and was definitely athletic. Also, it seems like she didn't need to worry about money, only needing red tea to go along with cake. Though she's an adolescent, she could taste the difference between brandys, and even if she drove around in a red sports car, she won't look out of place. Of course, the latter descriptions were just an impression others would get when they look at all.

She's Kumokawa Seria.

Almost everyone in the school finds her to be a 'beauty sempai', and there's even a feeling that if they 'remove a layer of the exterior, they will find a smart robot'. Seeing that they can't get on with such a person, the students would just randomly say 'what?' 'beauty, she can fire beauty lasers' 'here we go again, she's looking for Kamijou'. They only know Kamijou's name.

There's still a group of students in the classroom who can ignore the beauty's presence. But the fact that the 'beauty sempai' is looking for that person has spread throughout the entire classroom.

"...Hm, seems like he's not around. Is he resting today?"

Kumokawa twitches her eyebrows as she 'can't find that person'.

Seems like she's somewhat unhappy.

Then, while looking like she's searching for a new toy.

"Oh well, let's ask someone else. Hm, who should I look for...that person with black hair, huge forehead and large breasts, the one imitating me."

"YOU'RE TOO NOISY, IDIOT!!!"

Kumokawa was looking for the one called the most anticipated freshman star, Fukiyose Seiri.

There's now a commotion of 'Ohh, she's looking for Fukiyose'.

On a side note, as for which part she's most anticipated for, it's most probably the part below the collarbone, the B of the BWH.

Fukiyose unhappily starts seething as she leaves her seat and quickly gets to Kumokawa.

"I had my hairstyle since 5 years old. Please stop making judgements based on your own standard!!"

"That's a coincidence, I had that hairstyle since 5 years old."

"ISN'T THAT AT THE SAME TIME?"

"But well, I'm your sempai. You're later than me by one year."

Uuu...Fukiyose hums unhappily as she closes in on Kumokawa and stares at her. Kumokawa finds it interesting as well, and plays along with Fukiyose by pushing her forehead around.

...With that, the most outstanding parts on their bodies that was obvious since kindergarten are pressing against each other, and those are the B parts underneath the collarbone. But it seems like they don't have time to notice this predicament.

Because of this, in a corner of the room, Aogami Pierce and Tsuchimikado Motoharu are lecherously staring at them and says,

"Heeh~~though this country has recession or tariffs or whatsoever, isn't that still ample..."

"And it's the place where it should be ample."

Beside them, dark lines start to appear heinously on the similar black haired Himegami Aisa (who's not large-breasted).

Fukiyose pushes her forehead over and says,

"Well, will the experienced sempai please tell us why you're here at this brats' clas?"

"Well, that's because...of this!"

Saying it quickly, Kumokawa quickly pulls out the white envelop like it's a key card and brushes it between their faces. Feeling the heat of the friction, Fukiyose shouts,

Love Letter SS

"HOT HOT...!?"

"Hm~seems like you still need training."

For some reason, Kumokawa's forehead is shining as she smiles casually. She then keeps her smile and passes the white envelop in her fingers to Fukiyose.

What's passed to her is,

"...Ah?"

"It's just a letter, what's so surprising about it?"

One can tell what that is, but just right at the tip of Fukiyose's nose, there's a cute lucky item that's sealed with a heart-shaped sticker. *Is 'that' thing inside?*

The female Kumokawa is passing a love letter to me, a woman? For a moment, Fukiyose was stunned, and then she recalls, Kumokawa was here to look for 'that person'.

In other words--

"It's a love letter. Seems like he's not around, so pass it to him for me."

For a moment,

Fukiyose Seiri's mind went blank.

The large-breasted sempai smiles at the large-breasted kouhai who hasn't recovered, and says,

"Oh, please let me state this, it's a violation if you read the secret contents inside. I advise you not to do anything silly and help me pass that to him."

"Ah..."

"LOVE!?"

"LOVE LETTER!?"

"AH? TO KAMIJOU!? NOT TO ME!?"

Everyone in the classroom start to cause a ruckus.

Facing the stunned Fukiyose, Kumokawa seemingly whispers to her,

"...Ah? Why do you look like you got a shock? Is there a reason why you can't pass that letter?"

"No-"

"If there's no problems, I'll leave it to you then. This is just like passing a note to a kid who's resting at home due to flu. Even elementary school kids can do that, isn't that simple?"

Then, Kumokawa casually waves her hand and says goodbye, and the beauty sempai leaves the classroom.

As for the stunned Fukiyose, she's holding the love letter she doesn't know how to deal with. And then, after taking in all her unhappiness, she explodes,

"WHAT---!?"

SOMETHING BIG HAPPENED!!

Part 2

That's a love letter.

"KAMIJOU..." "KAMIJOU THAT BASTARD...!" "HOW ARE WE GOING TO MAKE HIM BREAK UP WITH THAT BEAUTY!?" Chaos strikes the class that descended into a ruckus, and Fukiyose focuses on the letter in her hand.

Fukiyose wonders, *there's a sender and a receiver. I see, in terms of impact, if one use such an old-fashioned method like paper, the person may gain a huge advantage.*

Giving a bad example, it's like a transaction scam. Before the message is sent back, the receiver may have time to calmly think through to analyse and verify it. In contrast, the sender who wrote the letter directly will have the confidence that 'he will definitely not get rejected', and thus can forcefully let the other person accept it.

Even if the worst scenario occurs, words on a letter are still the best.

The 'sending' of the letter will show the intention of the sender. Also, the sender can force the receiver to respond before opening the envelop.

And especially to the people who aren't used to having love letters, once such a scenario occurs, the receiver will waver. Before the sender calms down, the other party may ask for an immediate reply. The moment the receiver calms down, even if he or she doesn't know what happened, everything's decided. Isn't that a skill in itself?

(No no no, is it because a sempai sent the letter that I'm so spaced out?)

"Is this the letter just now?"

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The classmate, Himegami Aisa, stares intently at Fukiyose.

Fukiyose fans the letter and says,

"I just got tasked with something really irritating. The boys' dorm is in a completely different direction from how we go to school."

"Now that you mentioned it, you're right."

"The boys dorm and girls dorm were deliberately separated, and now I have to go to the boys dorm. This just sounds like a penalty game. I'm going to be in grave danger."

"Oh...? I once accidentally went there..."

Facing Himegami, who said that, Fukiyose turns to focus on the envelop again.

How irritating. I don't want to be someone's messenger's, let alone that woman's. If I want to be her runner, I should at least check her character first. Got to let others do this. So what should I do?

"Oh, I got a great idea."

"?"

Part 3

Though it's after school, and there's no extra-curricular activities to take care of, anyone will be mistaken if they think that a High School teacher's life is easy!

Right now, the 135cm tall homeroom teacher Tsukuyomi Komoe is in the staff room fighting against the notepad computer, typing away all sorts of questions of a mini-test at the keyboard.

Sitting beside her and looking rather bored as she lets the chair spins around, the female teacher says,

“Eh, Komoe-sensei, you're a lot more hardworking than usual today-jan.”

“I want to finish it and then go off to get smashed. I want to finish off all the alcohol in that bar! That's why I came here by bus and didn't drive here. Even if I'm a school teacher, I can't call myself one if I get pressured by homework!”

So that's how it is.

At this moment, Fukiyose Seiri walks in,

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“Here, sensei, someone left it to me. Please pass it to Kamijou's house.”

“KYAH!”

While her routine got broken, Komoe-sensei lets out a shout that isn't really scary.

Fukiyose ignores her and continues on,

“I didn't hear her say when it should be sent, but most likely, it's going to be troublesome if this isn't sent today. Please help send over, sensei.”

“Bu, but, sensei here is as busy as how you see me. Normally speaking, would teachers act as a student's runner? There's also black stout waiting for me, and this isn't anything impo—what's this? LOVE LETTER!?”

Komoe-sensei's eyes land on the letter the student handed over, and jumped up in reflex,

Fukiyose sighs and says,

“It's crazy, isn't it? That weird girl who left this with me left after that. This shouldn't be anything that should be left over there, right?”

“...”

This is bad, Komoe-sensei thinks.

A boy-girl relationship between students is a super dangerous and sensitive area to teachers. Though they can just say 'a student's duty is to study! All impure intentions are forbidden!', at this age, young people may be hurt because of love! If she's not careful, the student may not come to school, or even worse, commit suicide!

Thus,

Uwah, this is really troublesome. Are you belittling this single teacher's ability to refuse? But if I refuse them unreasonably, I may end up causing bad things in a student's future and ruin a young person's life, and I won't feel good about it.

While Komoe-sensei's thinking about this, the (female) colleague who's sitting nearby and dressed in sports attire says calmly,

“Hn? Isn't it still allowed?”

“Whose opinion is that? Until what stage is it allowed?”

“As long as they don't get pregnant-jan.”

“HOW CAN A SPORTS TEACHER SAY THAT!?”

Fukiyose stealthily sneaks away from Komoe-sensei, who's waving both arms in protest.

“Then, I'll leave it to you. The rest doesn't matter to me now.”

“Ahh! Hold it right there, Fukiyose-chan! Sensei still has lots of things to do, and you're the one who requested it. Please take responsibility...”

“Ha?”

The black-haired huge-breasted Fukiyose reveals a very wary look and says,

“So you want me to go to that boys dorm after school when it's almost night, and at that Kamijou's room?”

“...I can imagine something big going on. As for Kamijou-chan, I guess it has nothing to do with his own will...”

“Hn? Since when has pregnancy got to do with this?”

Seeing Komoe-sensei still wavering, Fukiyose dashes out to the staff room entrance.

“Bye bye then! Even that Kamijou won't do anything to sensei!”

“Fukiyose-chan! I said that I have a date with black stout later! Ehh, what will happen if I leave it alone!?”

Just like that, the baton was passed from Fukiyose to Komoe-sensei.

As for how Fukiyose's thinking after escaping successfully from the staff room?

God, please let that idiot Kamijou deal with it badly and get severely hurt as a result!

Part 4

Goodbye, my black stout.

“Ha, haa, ahh. I didn't drive because I intended to drink, and now I'm so tired.”

Komoe-sensei sighs heavily as she continues to stop and go on the road in the evening.

Walking beside her, the teacher in sports attire laughs and says,

“Hahaha, seems like you can only give up on the black stout and continue to work on the test.”

Love Letter SS

“...Why is Yomikawa-sensei looking so happy?”

“Because that's punishment for not inviting me-jan.”

“I don't want to be messed up by such a trivial thing.”

“Either way, you just need to drop the envelop into that letterbox and just go off, isn't it-jan?”
“...This, well, it's bad for a teacher's reputation no matter I hand it over to him or confiscate it from him, right?”

A teacher should respect a student's privacy, but at the same time, she has to monitor the student's actions.

“Iya?”

The teacher in sports attire casually asks,

“Is there a special reason why Komoe-sensei's hesitating so much? Don't tell me—you personally don't want to hand the letter to that student?”

“What are you saying!? Let's hurry up and hand that letter to Kamijou and go off!!”

Those are the 2 teachers who are making a commotion as they head towards the boys dorm...

Part 5

Nearby, there's a middle school girl who pricked her ears.

Misaka Mikoto.

“ ... ”

“Onee-sama, what's wrong?”

Misaka Mikoto's kouhai, Shirai Kuroko, asked. Both of them are dismissed from school, but Mikoto doesn't have any answer to the reaction in her heart.

“Nothing, that's...”

Mikoto turns to look at the tall PE teacher and the child.

(...What's going on? Did that kid just say that idiot's name...? I have a bad feeling about it. Why do I feel that the envelop in that kid's hand mustn't be handed over to that idiot...?)

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Just as Mikoto's thinking about this, the girl (?) who's holding onto the letter collides with a student.

“Ah? Komoe-sensei, where's that letter?”

“KYAH--! IT GOT BLOWN AWAY BY THE WIND--!!”

And thus, both of them frantically chase after the letter. They're on a pedestrian walkway, that's surrounded by lots of overhead bridges, so the letter vanishes over to the other side and directly below Mikoto.

In other words, now's the chance!

At least that should be the case.

“Misaka won't allow onee-sama to do that, says Misaka.”“--!?” Hearing the sudden voice from behind, Mikoto quickly pokes Shirai in the eyes with 2 fingers to rob her of her sight, and then use an arm to judo slam her from above the shoulder to knock her out.

“WAH!? O, onee-sama, is, is this another way of expressing love...?”

Shirai seem to be daydreaming as she muttered. No matter what, how can such an important encounter happen in such a side story? Not thinking of the timing, Mikoto decides to let Shirai back away.

Mikoto turns around.

As she expected, standing over there is one of the clones, serial number 10032.

“Judging from the current situation, the recipient's of that important letter is 'that person', so this letter can't end up in onee-sama's hands, Misaka says as she shows her intent to battle.”

“...You, you do understand what you just said, right?”

“Misaka is confident enough to say that she understands.”

10032 snorts.

“Misaka will create a fact that 'the letter was taken away by onee-sama' and personally hand that letter over to the recipient, saying to him 'I worked so hard to get it back, praise me more--', Misaka boldly proclaims.”

“Your black-heartedness really shocks me!”

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Though Mikoto glares at her, the result is obvious if they fight it out. *I won't have much pride if I lose to a clone.*

“That's what you think.”

“Whose heart are you reading anyway? That wasn't my thought.”

“Misaka refers to onee-sama's retort. Also, it's unclear who will win, as Misaka as use the power of the entire network to simulate all your tactics, Misaka can swear on it.”

Hoho, if there's a love letter or anything interesting, Misaka will not leave until Misaka reads what's inside, says Misaka as Misaka explains while showing her enthusiasm for fun things.

“Even if you say that, please note that you can't say it out through Misaka's brain,”

Really? But the entire Misaka network is controlled by a huge thought process, so strictly speaking, 10032 and this Misaka are a part of that large personality, says Misaka as Misaka tilts her head. So will all the Misakas support Kamijou Touma or Accelerator? Wonders Misaka as Misaka starts to carry out a simulation mode to think about it.

“Che, I could have killed two birds with one stone if you didn't say anything, Misaka grumbled. Wa—simulation mode...”

“Oi, what are you doing? Ignoring me and carrying out your own internal conversation!?”

“Misaka as Misaka explains that Misaka can.”

Trapped in self-doubt and causing a network failure, 10032 appears powerless in front of the no. 3 esper.

Part 6

The envelop ignores their squabble as floats about in the sky of Academy City.

But this isn't a balloon filled with helium, so it can't possibly fly away forever.

Picking up the envelop that landed on the floor is,

“Oh, there seems to be some interesting letter on the floor?”

This is the maid-in-training in Academy City, Tsuchimikado Maika.

She's sitting on the cylindrical cleaning robot as she saw the cleaning robot nearly suck the envelop in. Maika quickly uses the broom to flick the envelop up just before it was about to get

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sucked it. It's like a highly difficult task of catching a ball in mid-air with one hand, but she doesn't mind at all.

Maika stares at the envelop, looking at the front for a while, and then the back

“...Hmm, seems like it's some important letter.”

Beside her, Maika's older brother Tsuchimikado Motoharu is walking beside Maika, and froze on seeing the envelop in her hand.

“Mai, Mai-chan? Can you let onii-chan read this?”

“Hm? No no, this is somebody else's private stuff. Even if it's onii-chan, I can't let you read it.”

“I, I won't say any random stuff. For some reason, I have a feeling that the letter's a lot different from what you thought, and it's something important...”

“Nononono--”

While the brother is reaching out to grab the envelop, Maika continues to wave her hand, trying to remove the envelop away from her older brother's demonic clutches.

“Ah.”

The hand that was holding that envelop knocks into a girl walking nearby.

“Oh—sorry there!”

Maika lowers her head, and then realises,

“Ara, where's the letter?”

Part 7

The girl who's holding onto the letter moves about through the crowd, but she doesn't look at what's inside it.

Before that, amongst the crowd, someone unknowing reached a hand out.

Silently, like a phantom.

The real identity of the person who took that letter is a bespectacled long-haired frail-looking girl.

Her name is Kazakiri Hyouka.

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Kazakiri raises the envelop above her head to confirm the recipient's identity.

“So it's someone I know...”

This seems like a letter that was passed around, nearly stolen and caused quite some commotion, and I know the recipient. Better hand it over to him than to let it land in a criminal's hands.

And thus, Kazakiri starts to move towards the boys dorm where Kamijou Touma's staying at.

At the entrance of the dorm, there's a management room, but there's no real security surveillance function. Thus, Kazakiri takes the lift to the desired level, through the corridor, past many doors and in front of the recipient's house.

There's a window to receive letters, and she just needs to drop it in.

(...Hm, there's 'that child' here, and 'that child' may end up reading the letter if I drop it here...)

Kazakiri considers for a moment.

(...Oh well.)

Kazakiri casually makes such a conclusion and lets the cute envelop slide through the window.

Part 8

As for the girl who memorised al 103,000 grimoires, Index hears the soft 'clunk' sound.

"?"

She turns to look at the entrance, and looks around. Index then finds that the bag-shaped installation underneath that door is used to keep newspapers and letters.

Thus, she looks deeper in.

There's still 3 seconds till the emotion of love kicks in.

However,

"Hm?"

Index tilts her head.

She definitely heard something drop in, but there's nothing there.

What's there are just,

Some lines of what looks like scratches.

Part 9

The boy rolls up the copper wire he extended into his sleeve and walks out of the building.

Wires are really convenient.

They can be used to tie people up and used to strangle people to death. It can be used as a weapon to spear through a target's legs, and can even be used to reach for places where the narrow gaps can't reach.

He finally got the letter, and he uses his fingers to roll past the name on the envelop,

“So this is the contact that the consultant of that director wanted to hand over to Kamijou Touma...” The boy casually muttered as he wants to pull out the cute sticker.

At this moment,

“Your brain will be drained out.”

A girl's voice can be heard from behind.

A chill.

Then, without knowing whether it was deep within his skull or the intensity, the boy feels sticky in this 'container that's called a head'.

It got taken away.

It's like tilting a board that has beancurd all over it and letting it slide.

Of course, that's just a mistaken feeling,

But he can't resist.

At the same time,

A cracking sound can be heard from his backbone.

Unbelievably, the pain that shouldn't be there causes the fingers to stop. He can't move; he's about to become a pillar. The boy finally realised.

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(...So the girl's words didn't have any meaning in them.)

The boy feels sweat on his nosetip, but he can't rub it away.

(...She just wanted me to feel shocked and create this opening...!?)

This isn't some special scientific power of Academy City.

It's just a simple trick.

This girl who used her brain and auditory ability to face off against the darkness managed to use her sharp tongue to a certain effect.

Completely unable to turn back, the boy hears footsteps from behind him.

He knows.

Even if he doesn't turn around, his mind can clearly imagine the smile of that shinigami.

“Really, I suppose you should know how people who obstruct other people's feelings should feel, right?”

Such a unique way of speaking.

The breath reaches the ear.

“But that's easier for me. To think that I can nab you so easily. I actually wanted to maintain a fine line against that guy, so I intended to let the letter get passed around to spy on the situation, all just to lure you out. But really, right now, I got a mean to destroy that platform you belong to.”

“Th, then...”

The hormone that doesn't allow any refusal kicks in.

His lips completely stop.

“Before that, I have something that I want to try.”

Only the girl's sweet words slip into his ears without obstruction.

Deep into his ears.

Deep into his brain.

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“I often heard in movies or manga that hypnotism isn't all-powerful, that it can't be effective when the person being controlled get commanded doesn't like it or when it endangers the person.”

The words themselves don't have any significance.

The main point is to shock that boy.

To open the psychological 'opening', to cause the boy to sink into his own heart.

“Is that true?”

However,

Even if he knows, he can't avoid it.

It's like Pandora's Box.

Even though one knows that he can't open it, there's a hidden voice tempting, forcing one to open it.

“As for whether it can work, let's try it.”

Part 10

The next day.

Having taken leave because personal reasons, Kamijou Touma finally returned to school.

Thus,

“Oi, oi, Kamijou, what's your reply?”

“What happened to that love letter?”

“I got it. Attracting beauty sempais has become an ability of yours, right?”

Kamijou's feeling really weird. Aogami Pierce and Tsuchimikado Motoharu are glaring at him regarding that 'beauty sempai'; Himegami's looking really horrifying as she mutters 'black-haired, she's running black-haired', and Fukiyose's anger limit seems to be rather low as compared to usual.

The moment he asked for the reason. POW! Everyone in class continues to bite onto this. Using this entire morning, Kamijou manages to gather the information.

And then, he got a conclusion.

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He waits till lunch break before going out to school canteen to check it.

“Sempai, sempai.”

“...It's useless to fool me. I came late and all the stuff in the convenience stores were sold out...”

“Can't you just go to a canteen or some snack shop? Anyway, that's not what I want to ask.”

Kamijou corrected what he said, and continues,

“Sempai, what did you use my good name for?”

“Nothing.”

“Really?”

Behind him, “Kamijou...” “Sempai” “Beauty sempai”, these strange words can be heard from behind him. At this moment, Kumokawa Seria still smiles,

“Nothing. I don't know anything at all?”

“That won't do. I can't break through sempai's defence like this. How can I attack it...”

“What do you mean by that? I'm all open now.”

“?”

No matter when it is, Kumokawa's still as tactful as ever.

She continues to maintain that smile, and finally says,

“It's just that a lot of things happened in places you don't know of, right? Yes, in the place that's devoid of your memories.”