Chapter 1.1 intro

“Ayanokouji-kun, are you ok?”

It came . It came again . The feared situation .

As I was pretending to sleep, that person came .

It was the appearance of the devil, which forced me (who was taking a nap) to wake up to reality .

In my brain, Shostakovich’s 11th symphony was playing . The song perfectly described my current predicament: the feeling of utter hopelessness as people are chased by devils and as the end of the world quickly approached .

To avoid danger, use the computer in the brain to instantly come up with the answer .

Conclusion… Pretend not to have heard anything . I am naming it the ‘pretend sleep’ strategy . My predicament will be solved with this strategy .

If the person talking was kind girl, she would overlook it after saying, ‘Well, it can’t be helped . I will forgive you because I’m sorry ☆’ .

Even a pattern like ‘I will kiss if you don’t wake up, ok? Chuu~~’ is also OK .

“If you don’t wake up in 3 seconds, you’ll face punishments . ”

“… The hell do you mean by ‘punishments’?”

In less than a second the ‘pretend sleep’ strategy was foiled and I succumbed to the threat .

Still, I refused to raise my head and continued to resist .

“Look, as I expected you were awake . ”

“I already know of your scariness if I make you angry . ”

“That’s good . Then, do you have some time?”

“… and if I say I don’t?”

“Well… I can’t force you, but I will be cranky if you don’t . ”

She then continued .

“And if I’m cranky, I will be a major obstacle to Ayanokouji-kun’s normal school life . Hmm, for example, countless thumbtacks on your chair, spraying water on your head whenever you enter the bathroom, and sometimes stabbing you with a compass needle . That kind of behavior, yup . ”

“That’s just plain harassment! Also, that last one seems strangely real, as if I remember already being stabbed!”

I reluctantly woke up and sat up in my seat .

A girl with long black hair and sharp, beautiful eyes looked down on me from the side .

Her name is Horikita Suzune . High school class 1-D, my classmate .

“Don’t be so scared . That was just a joke . I won’t pour water on you from above when you’re in the toilet . ”

“The thumbtacks and the compass needle are more important! Look at this, this! You can still see where I was stabbed! How will you take responsibility if it becomes a lifetime scar?”

I roll up my sleeve of my right arm and show my upper arm to Horikita .

“Where’s the evidence?”

“Huh?”

“Where’s the evidence? Are you saying that I am the culprit without any proof?”

Of course, there is no evidence . Even though the only person who was close enough to stab me was Horikita, and even though she was holding a compass needle in her hand, it’s hard to say it definitively…

I had something important to confirm, though .

“Do I really have to help out? I thought about it again, but after all…”

“Hey Ayanokouji-kun . Regretting your decision while you’re desperate, or while you’re suffering… Which one do you like more? Because you pulled me from my responsibilities, you should be held accountable . Is that right?”

Horikita offered only two ridiculous, extreme options . Apparently, it seems that she will not allow a compromise . It was a mistake to make a contract with the devil . I decided to give up and obey .

“…So, what am I supposed to do?”

I don’t know how things turned out like this, but I remember when all this started .

I met this girl exactly two months ago .

Was it on the day of the entrance ceremony…?