

Kanojo ga Senpai ni NTR-reta no de, Senpai no Kanojo wo NTR-masu - Chapter 59

Lectures were canceled that day just before the examinations.

Since that was the only lecture in the afternoon, I decided to go home.

Ishida, who usually comes home with me, has been called away because of a report that has to be resubmitted, so I am alone today.

I ride my bicycle from JR Makuhari Station.

I didn't have lunch at home, come to think of it.

With that in mind, I decided to stretch my legs a bit and head to Kaihin-Makuhari Station.

The area around Kaihin-Makuhari Station is quite prosperous, with outlet malls and the like.

After wondering what to eat, I ended up at a McDonald's on the ground floor of the largest office building.

The reason was that although it was past lunchtime, the restaurants around the station seemed quite crowded.

However, the inside of McDonald's was also reasonably crowded.

I ordered a burger, fries and a Coke without ice, and sat down at a table at the end of the restaurant.

As an aside, I order soft drinks without ice except in summer.

The reason is that the drinks are more filling without ice.

This information comes from a friend who used to work part-time at

McDonald's.

..... In the meantime, should I study for the test?

Spread out the printouts of the canceled lectures.

Tsk, English text.

It's when I open the first of two hamburger packets.

"Can I have a seat with you?"

I heard a lovely voice calling out.

I look up and see a tall girl standing in front of the table.

She is dressed shabbily, but judging from her school uniform, she is a high school girl.

Her long hair is dyed blonde to a magnificent degree.

Almost platinum blonde.

And one of her fringes is long and covers one eye.

Her face can be described as quite pretty.

Her platinum blonde hair matches well with the exquisite balance of her face, which is not as Japanese, but not as hard as a Caucasian face.

Her style is also quite good.

Under her blouse, which was front-buttoned to the chest, her breasts were richly raised.

And her skin is white as white can be.

She is what is commonly referred to as a 'white gal'.

I looked around lightly.

As far as I could see, there was one person sitting at each table.

‘Go ahead..’

I shifted my tray to make room for her.

‘Thank you, brother!’

She said this with a smile and sat down gracefully in front of me.

Looking at her, I had a sense of déjà vu.

....I wonder where we met, maybe junior high school...

But I stopped caring any more.

It’s not uncommon to meet someone who ‘looks like they’ve been around.’

And I’m not a fan of the gyaru type.

“Are you a university student, brother?”

She asked me this as I was about to put my mouth on the burger again.

“Yeah.”

“A nearby college?”

K University of Foreign Languages is located just around the corner.

“No, in Tokyo.”

“Hmm, I thought you were from the University of Foreign Languages there.”

She said this and pointed to the English documents in front of me.

Indeed, our university is famous for the difficulty of English in entrance examinations.

Therefore, even in the Faculty of Science and Technology, many students

are good at English.

I was able to pass the exam with Mathematics and Physics.

“This is a handout given in class. Our university has a lot of classes that use English.”

“Wow, which university?”

“You ever heard of J xAM University?”

Then she rolled her eyes and mouth.

“Yeah, I know, I know. It’s famous for its difficulty in English. Brother is so smart!”

I chuckled.

“No, I’m not that good at English. I think I scored better in maths and physics in the entrance exams.”

“You can do maths and physics. That’s amazing!”

She showed an exaggerated surprise.

I feel kind of tickled.

Suddenly, she started rummaging through her bag.

“I have an exam coming up, you know. But I don’t understand maths at all. Can you help me, big brother?”

Before I could say anything, she took out a maths textbook and problem book.

This is the behavior of someone who thinks, ‘I never say no to what I’m asked to do’.

I was reminded a little of Karen.

The textbook has 'Maths II' written on the cover.

So is she a high school sophomore?

She opened the textbook and problem book and pointed to the problems in it.

"Here, here. This is problem 235."

When I looked at it, it was a trigonometric problem.

This is a piece of cake.

"This one, you see, uses the additive theorem. You can find this $\cos(\cdot, \cdot)$ at

I answered some of her questions like that.

Before I realized it, more than thirty minutes had passed.

The potatoes are completely cold.

"Thanks, brother! You've saved my life!"

She said this with a bright smile.

.....I know she's a white gal, but I think she might be a pretty nice girl.

I was beginning to think that.

"Brother is very good at teaching. It was really easy to understand!"

"Really?"

"Yeah, really! Listen, can you teach me again what I don't understand, like maths or science or something? Oh yeah, and give me your contact details. Let's exchange email addresses and social networking IDs!"

I was at a loss to answer.

The girl in front of me is a white gal, but certainly cute.

A normal guy would have gladly exchanged contact details with her.

But I have a girlfriend I just started dating.

And she's pretty uptight.

As yet, neither of us has figured out , "How much is acceptable and how much is cheating?" The borderline between the two is also not understood.

..... I'm sorry, but let's not get involved with this girl.

I thought as I watched her go through her bag again.

"Alle, Where is__?"

She raised her voice.

"What's wrong?"

I asked, and she looked up.

"I can't find my phone..."

She said this with an anxious look on her face.

'Not your bag, maybe a pocket in your uniform?'

'I thought so, and I looked for it in my uniform, but it wasn't there.

She looks anxious.

"What about going home and doing a location search or something?"

"But my commuter pass, it's on my phone. So I can't go home without my phone."

"Where do you live?"

“Between Kemigawa and Inage.”

That’s quite a long way. It’s a tough distance to walk.

“Can you guess where it might have been lost?”

“It was there until I was in the park on the other side of the outlet earlier. So if I dropped it, I think it was in the park.”

She looked even more worried.

I think she’s going to cry in a little while.

It can’t be helped.

“Let’s go look for them in the park immediately. I’ll help you look for it too.”

It’s not even two o’clock yet today, so there’s plenty of time.

‘Thank you, brother.’

She said this with a relieved look on her face.