

## PROLOGUE V - OOPS (MICHIKO'S SUPER-SECRET DIARY!)

January 14, 2511

Dear Diary,

I fucked up.

Let me explain. About a week after having sex in the hot spring, Touma told me that he got himself a job. I thought he was kidding about the whole thing, but no! He had a legit job! He even showed me his first paycheck! Apparently he doesn't work hourly and has no set work schedule. It's an on-call sort of job and he gets paid by the job. The amount varies based on difficulty.

But that's not how I fucked up. Not quite. For the last four weeks, Touma's been busy. Even though we'd started going on dates a lot more since the whole "hand on fire" incident, all of a sudden we've returned to rarely getting in more than one date a week. It's been painful. I know Touma's been busy, but I also wanted his attention. We'd have sex occasionally, but to be honest we're only done it together on five separate occasions thus far. And it's been over a month.

I'm not blaming him, though. He got a job and is working to support *us*. He's not neglecting me either, inviting me out whenever he has a chance, but still...I was getting a little lonely, so I talked to Yuki about it.

Yuki's my best friend in the whole wide world, but this time (JUST this time) I feel like it would've been better if I threw her advice out the window.

I fucked up.

I did the unthinkable.

I hate myself for it.

I want to hate Yuki instead, to tell her that *she* betrayed me, but it was really *me* who betrayed me. *I* chose to make that mistake. Of my own damn volition.

I'm the worst kind of girl.

A liar.

A cheater.

To elaborate, I talked to Yuki. I told her that Touma's been more busy recently because he got a job, and that I was starting to get a little lonely. And you know what Yuki said? "That's no problem. Come with me. I'll introduce you to someone."

She brought me to this guy named Junichi. He had a tan and dyed teal hair. His last name is Kimura, I think. Doesn't matter. The point is, she suggested that I should have sex with him. She suggested that I should

HAVE SEX WITH HIM. She suggested that I should CHEAT ON MY BOYFRIEND. What the hell?

Yuki told me that Junichi was a bit of a playboy, but he was still respectful of people's privacy and wouldn't go bragging about sleeping with me or ratting me out for cheating on my boyfriend. She told me that he was the safest option if I wanted to get some attention have have sex with someone.

This Junichi guy just *looked* like a playboy. He's one of the most popular boys in school, and they say his family is RICH AS FUCK. I shuddered when Yuki made the suggestion. I mean, regardless of being frustrated, why would I go cheat on Touma when he's working so hard to *take care of me*? And worse, why would I ever cheat on him with someone I had NO feelings for?

Why DID I cheat on him?

I said I'd think about it, so Yuki gave me Junichi's number and he said to call him if I ever felt lonely. I told myself I'd never use it. I told myself I'd never hurt Touma like that.

I lied.

Later that night I called the number. My body felt hot and I couldn't deal with it anymore. I know I should've called Touma instead, but part of me knew he'd be working. He always worked late at night. I still don't know what his job is, actually.

Junichi was here within half an hour. He snuck in with me from a secret back door and came with me upstairs. We avoided the front door and instead used the one normally reserved for taking out the trash to avoid my parents.

I had sex with Junichi. It's funny. I knew (just by looking, honest!) that his penis was smaller than Touma's. It was almost cute. Touma, who looked like your average-build teenager from afar had an incredible sex organ, and it felt AMAZING. Junichi, on the other hand, looked like a male model from afar, but his penis was actually not that impressive. It was (maybe?)  $\frac{2}{3}$  the length of Touma's, and the width was (to put it generously) about  $\frac{3}{4}$  in comparison to my boyfriend's. And yet, it felt incredible. I felt my body writhing as he held my arms down, pinning me to the bed as he thrust into my vagina again and again. The spot that was supposed to be reserved for *Touma's* dick was being filled by that of another man. And I allowed it.

I *enjoyed* it.

I forced him to wear a condom. I was at least sensible enough to do that. If we had done it raw, then I probably would have *died* of shame as soon as I'd come to my senses.

I couldn't help but moan. I refused to let him kiss me no matter what, and yet I moaned like a filthy animal in heat.

He came half a dozen times. I lost count of my own orgasms.

He left soon after, and I found myself lying on the bed.

Alone.

After I just cheated on my boyfriend.

I'm vile.

Why am I putting this in my diary?

I need some time to think this over. I can't ever do this again. Touma doesn't deserve this. He doesn't deserve to be lied to.

~Michiko

P.S. Touma, if you ever see this...I'm sorry. More than you'd ever know.