

## XXIV

Sayaka lay on a towel beneath a frilly umbrella. She wore a red designer flounce bikini, providing her a cover that went over the top piece of her bikini. By her right hip, a small yellow flower was stitched onto the bottom piece of her bikini.

She took a deep breath, enjoying the fresh air, and looked out to the sea. She began gazing at the clouds, thinking of the things they resembled in her head. She felt the summer breeze against her face, blowing through her long, blonde hair. *Already late July, huh? she thought. Summer break starts after this trip...I wonder if Yuuto has time on his hands...or maybe he'll only be working more...no matter! I can always go and visit him during work, right? Or I could—*

Before she could finish the thought, she felt someone tapping her on the shoulder. Turning around, she came face to face with Hanae, who wore a bright pink string bikini. Dozens of people, both students and passerby alike, had stopped to stare at her revealing outfit. She gently poked Sayaka on the nose. "You had a weird look on your face for a minute there," she commented.

"Shut up!" Sayaka retorted. "Anyways, what the heck are you wearing? That is not appropriate for a school trip! And also, what are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for my fiancé," Hanae replied. "And for your information, I hand-picked this swimsuit because I thought *he'd* like it, so have you seen him? I figured you would have since you've been trying to take him and all. Just know that you have to chance."

"Oh, quiet. You were the one who said he could try dating, why're you complaining all of a sudden?" Sayaka asked. "Do you want him dating or not? Make up your damn mind!"

"What's g-going on?" a nervous voice asked. The two girls turned around to see Yuina standing behind them, fidgeting with her hair. She stood in a white bandeaukini, the color a stark contrast to her dark black hair. She held a pair of sunglasses in her hands with bright white frames.

"Oh great," Hanae mumbled.

"More competition, eh?" Sayaka sighed.

Before the three girls could say anything else, they heard the sound of a camera. Turning in the direction of that sound, they spotted Nori standing a few meters away in a pair of red and white plaid swim trunks snapping pictures of their swimsuits. He ran back and forth, clicking away at many different angles.

Glaring at him, Sayaka got up and walked over, snatching the camera out of his hands. "You've lost your privilege to have this camera for the duration of the trip," she snapped, walking back over to her umbrella and lying down.

"B-b-b-b-but—" Nori began.

"Give it up, man," Yuuto laughed, walking over and giving him a pat on the back. "I told you not to do it, but you didn't listen." The girls all immediately turned to

him. He wore a pair of black swim trunks and a light blue button-up shirt. There was a chest pocket on each side. In the left one, a pair of sunglasses hung out.

"O-oh! Yuuto, you're here!" Sayaka cried, immediately turning to face him and striking a seductive pose. She lay on her side, with her head rested upon one of her hands. With her free hand, she motioned for him to come closer. "Y'know, *you* can take a photo or two if you *really* want," she said. "I mean, it's really embarrassing and whatnot but if it's you I guess I can make an exception—"

Hanae delivered a sharp chop to Sayaka's head. "And *you* were lecturing *me* about public morals?" she snapped. "And besides," she added, "my darling has been spending too much time with you lately. It's about time I retake him for myself, lest I become old news!" Walking over, she took Yuuto by the arm and dragged him off. "We're off, so don't bug us! It's a date, dammit!"

"HEY!" Sayaka cried in protest.

"I can always keep you company, class rep," Nori said, "provided you return my camera, that is."

"Get out of here," Sayaka ordered.

"Yes ma'am," Nori replied, backing away slowly at first sight of her glare. *That was a close one*, he thought.

Yuina pouted to herself as she watched Yuuto and Hanae head off. *I should follow them*, she thought. *It's time to learn how a real wife would act! After all, if I'm to become Yuuto's bride, it's probably a good idea to learn from someone with more experience: his fiancée!*

Hanae gently ran her fingers along her fiancé's back, rubbing him carefully without missing a single spot. She placed her hands on his arms, giving him a slight squeeze. "Oh, how strong you've become, darling," she whispered to him.

"Uhhh...is applying sunscreen supposed to be this seductive?" Yuuto chuckled.

"Oh? Am I doing good with that?" Hanae asked, breaking character entirely.

"Not anymore you aren't," Yuuto answered with a smirk.

"Really now?" Hanae asked, once again using a sultry voice and pressing herself against him.

"Err...r-right," Yuuto mumbled, "I'll...uhh...shut up now."

"Oh no, you don't," Hanae giggled playfully. "Now it's *my* turn to be pampered. C'mon, rub a bit of sunblock on my back, darling..."

"W-well, I guess it's only fair," Yuuto said, turning around. "Just lie down and try not to—oh my God."

"What?" Hanae asked, looking up at him. Which he was busy talking, she had already lay down. She'd also unstrung the top part of her bikini, leaving her breasts out in the open, albeit safely squished against the ground.

*Oh, crap*, Yuuto thought.