

III

"Get...DUNKED!" Hanae laughed, landing steadily. The basketball that she had just dunked into the net bounced away in the background. She flashed the other players on her team a thumbs-up and stuck her tongue out playfully.

"Damn, your fiancée's *tough*, man," Nori muttered off to the side.

"Shut up," Yuuto retorted, "and quit calling her that. I still don't know if she really is my fiancée. She just came in, declared she was my betrothed and sat down behind me."

"Wouldn't it be awesome if she really *is* your fiancée though?"

"Yeah, I guess, but—"

"Darling!" Hanae called, throwing her arms around Yuuto and she ran over to him. He struggled in place, trying desperately to pry her off in order to breathe normally again. The other guys in the area once again glared at him.

Yuuto poked Nori in the arm. He then pointed to his own head, which was wedged between Hanae's breasts, and gestured that he needed to get out. Finally, he pointed to his chest, around where his lungs would be. Nori nodded. "I got you, bro," he said assuringly. Tapping Hanae on the shoulder, he smiled. "Uhh, miss? Your fiancé likes what you're doing, but I think he'd prefer if you went lower down—" he began.

Yuuto cut him off sharply with a snap as he continued to struggle. Hanae finally let him go, having finished giving him her hug. He breathed deeply, finally able to breathe once more. "WHAT WAS THAT?" he cried at Nori.

"W-wait, wasn't that what you were signaling?" a confused Nori replied.

"Dammit, not even close! I was trying to say that I couldn't breathe properly!"

"Huh. You seemed so thrilled that I'd never expect that."

"Darling was *thrilled*?" Hanae suddenly cried, her eyes lighting up. "Well, in that case—" she cut herself off as she gave Yuuto another tight hug, once again impeding his ability to breathe. Nori sighed. "Oh dear," he mumbled. All around them, the other guys seemed to shoot Yuuto death stares, despite the fact that he clearly wasn't breathing well.

"That's quite enough!" a voice called sharply. Hanae felt an arm on her shoulder pull her away from Yuuto. The hands pried her arms off, allowing him to breathe once more.

"Th-thanks," he said, taking deep breaths. "Not gonna lie, I *did* enjoy that, but I seriously enjoy breathing even more."

"You couldn't breathe, darling?" Hanae asked, surprised. "You should have just said so!" She gave him another hug, lower this time so that his face was uncovered.

"HEY!" the commanding voice shouted once more, again trying to pry Hanae off of Yuuto. Giving in, Hanae let go and turned around. "What's your problem?" she asked, clearly annoyed.

"My 'problem' is that you're clearly breaking school morality rules," the voice replied. Everyone looked on, for Hanae had begun to argue with Sayaka Hamasaki, the class representative for class 1-C.

Sayaka twirled her hair as she spoke. Her long, blonde hair, tied up in a pair of twin tails, stood out amongst the crowd that was beginning to form. Everyone looked on in interest as the two girls stood opposite from each other, each with their own flair of anger and righteousness. Whispers of "the new girl's arguing with the princess?" and "this is getting interesting!" filled the air.

"What should we do?" Yuuto whispered to Nori.

"Watch the catfight?" Nori suggested.

"What the—"

Off to the side, the teacher, Ms. Adachi, sighed.

"Whatever," she mumbled, lying down on the ground on the gymnasium. "I'll let them argue. I'm taking a nap," she yawned.

Back with Hanae and Sayaka, both girls were glaring straight at each other.

"Is there something wrong with me expressing my love for my fiancé?" Hanae asked. "Is love a crime? What kind of oppressor are you? I say down with the bureaucrats! VIVA LA REVOLUCIÓN!" she cried at the top of her lungs.

"Was that supposed to be Spanish?" Sayaka asked, rolling her eyes. "You're not making any sense here. School rules are in place for a reason—."

"Rules are made to be broken!"

"No, they aren't—"

"Down with the oppressors!" Hanae shouted once again.

"WILL YOU STOP CUTTING ME OFF?" Sayaka snapped in frustration.

"How am I supposed to sleep with all this noise?" Ms. Adachi mumbled. "Ugh, I should go stop them...but then Sayaka will turn on *me*...eh, I'll leave them alone for a bit longer," she concluded. Certain that she had made the right decision, she returned to trying to fall asleep.

Yuuto put his hand on Hanae's shoulder. "Alright, that's enough," he said, pulling her aside. "I apologize on her behalf, class rep," he said, bowing deeply before Sayaka, who simply froze up.

"U-umm...r-right," she stammered. "Fine, I'll let it slide this time...but never again, do you hear me?" she said sternly.

"Yes ma'am. Won't happen again," Yuuto smiled, rubbing the back of his head nervously. "Now," he turned to Hanae, "WE need to have a little chat." The rest of the class watched as he dragged her off by the ear.

Approaching the other students, Ms. Adachi yawned and rolled her eyes. "Alright, we done here?" she asked. "After they're done, we can leave." She turned and began to walk off.

"Hold on," Sayaka said, causing Ms. Adachi to freeze in place. "You were trying to sleep in class again, weren't you?"

"W-w-what? No!" Ms. Adachi declared nervously. "I would *never*!"

"You're being so fake right now, I swear to God..."

"W-wait, Sayaka, NOOOOO!" Ms. Adachi cried as Sayaka dragged her off in the opposite direction of Yuuto and Hanae, also by the ear.

"C'mon, you can't just go arguing with people like that," Yuuto scolded.

"S-sorry, darling," Hanae said, "but she was being so rude and oppressive!"

"I get it—err...wait, no I don't. But still! She has sweeping authority over our class, y'know? Try and be nice and get along, okay? It'll make our high school experience much more enjoyable."

"Alright darling, if that's what you'd like."

"G-good," Yuuto said. "And you don't have to keep calling me 'darling' like that if you don't want to—"

"But I do want to!" Hanae cried. "*Please?*"

Yuuto sighed in defeat. "F-fine then..." He paused. "But only if you go and apologize to our class rep later today!"

"B-b-b-but—"

"Hey, it's a fair trade. You can keep calling me 'darling' but you have to go and apologize, alright? An eye for an eye, so to speak."

"Alright then..."