

# That Time Dinner was Good in Mess

## Chapter 1

The night is thick with clouds. Keisuke has just come to his room. Another test. Another failure. 0/10. The haunting Electrical ghost had caught up with him. Life seems to have no meaning for this failure. Or so he thinks. He flips open his phone. Rereads the text he sent his crush 3 weeks back.

“Assignment (1).pdf - Document”

“yes, finally over. let’s eat at anc”

There was no reply. She had disappeared. From Keisuke’s life. From everyone else’s life. Kyoko was an enigma.

No time to waste though. He still had three assignments to complete. And prepare for the quiz at 8 AM. Aargh, why does the college enjoy having us wake up at unearthly hours just to torture us. It would be a zero anyway.

“Can’t waste time,” Keisuke thought. “I’ll skip dinner and eat with aneki at ANC. Lemme check my Sting cache.”

Sure enough, he has enough mind stimulant to see through ten all nighters. He’s had an unhealthy obsession with energy drinks ever since realising he could buy them on credit. Now that compres are near, he planned to sacrifice sleep to cover up for his poor midsems.

“Remember – be like big bro. Don’t slack off.”

Easier said than done, Keisuke scowls at an imaginary Mom. Ryosuke, his elder brother, was the poster boy of his coaching. Having him in the same college makes life easier for Keisuke, but he can’t help but think of the constant comparision he faced. On top of this, Ryosuke was *popular*.

“Ryosuke-san, can you help me with this?”

“Hey Ryosuke, let’s have a frankie together!”

“Ryosuke-san kawaiiiii!!”

Keisuke, well, he only has Kyoko. Had.