

SICKLY GIRL, BUT A DRUG ADDICT

True to its Korean origins, Regin Academy's annual schedule felt like a mix of high school and university.

The first semester starts in March and ends in June.

The second semester starts in September and ends in December.

At the beginning of each semester, the professor in charge of a dormitory has the right to host a banquet.

At this banquet, discussions about the curriculum for the semester usually unfold more than during class time.

Hence, Athenas belonging to the dormitory are semi-forced to attend the banquet...

But the attendance rate of the Aesir dormitory.

That is, the Athenas under Professor Yggdrasil's supervision, exceeded 100% every year.

This was because Athenas from other dormitories also attended without exception.

Of course, Professor Yggdrasil, the generator of plausibility, knows this fact but ignores it.

The reason he insisted on hosting a combined banquet for all dormitories.

Was to identify the culprit while simultaneously preventing any uncomfortable situations in advance.

'Not here...'

The largest banquet hall that can accommodate about 400 people.

Party tables are arranged in 8 rows under the splendid chandelier.

On the platform, a horizontally long table was placed, and on the leftmost side sat Professor Yggdrasil, the student council president, and the vice president.

‘They’re not here. Why didn’t they come?’

While Athenas were chattering and looking at the professor, Yggdrasil’s gaze continuously scanned the hall.

Shana Midgard and her best friend, Rukia Nilapr, were nowhere to be seen.

“Student council president, and vice president. Please check the attendance.”

To ensure no proxy attendance.

Professor Yggdrasil ordered a check of all attendees.

“Yes, Professor Yggdrasil.”

A spirited young lady with bright blonde hair neatly tied in a ponytail and emerald eyes rose from her seat, her cape fluttering.

The golden octagram brooch, symbolizing the student council president, securing her cape glittered as it caught the chandelier’s light.

“Ice Emperor! Please take care of those two rows!”

A resonant voice echoed in the hall.

All Athenas flinched and trembled.

As if responding to the student council president’s wink, the vice president to the right of Professor Yggdrasil stood up with a flushed face.

The silver octagram brooch dangled with the rough movement.

“President! I told you, don’t mention that embarrassing term!”

“Uhahahahah!”

Deep sea-like dark hair.

The roll at the end bounced like a spring.

Though the eyes were sharply curved as if in anger.

The crystal-like pupils inside were as beautiful as gems shining in a cave.

“Haah... really. I wonder who started this first... If I find out, I won't let them off...”

As the student council president and vice president descended from the platform and went around the tables checking attendance, the students stirred.

The proud and dignified steps of the two seniors probably sent a flutter to the hearts of many girls.

However, in the most remote corner.

The end table where even light barely reached was quiet.

Though an Athena, but also the girl who had taken over the old school building.

Only Nava Fenrir sat precariously on the corner of her chair, continuously munching.

Her eyes were on Professor Yggdrasil, but her hands kept picking up food from the table.

Her tangerine-colored hair continued to grow in proportion to the amount of food that disappeared, and the grown bangs continuously disappeared into her mouth along with the food.

The student council president, having methodically completed the attendance check from the front, soon reached their table.

The student council president lightly dusted her ponytail and bang!

She hit the table with her right hand and stood in front of Nava.

“Nava Fenrir!”

“Hello there.”

“Yes. I notice four of your friends are missing.”

Her gaze slowly shifted to the side of Nava, who was continuously swallowing food.

There, a mint-colored penguin doll was placed.

The student council president gave a short sigh.

“Seeing the doll, Yormu must be absent due to illness. Where are the other four?”

“Four...?”

“Yes. Your department head and Rukia. Where are Sleepyhead and Dumbbell?”

Nava Fenrir, with bread in both hands, munched continuously.

With her bangs covering her eyes, she continuously moved her lower jaw.

“Not Sleepyhead but Pixie... Not Dumbbell but Hakana.”

Despite the frustrating situation, the student council president didn't get angry.

She didn't want a direct confrontation with Nava, who was essentially the owner of the old school building.

“That's not important. So where are those four people?”

“Hakana is... probably in the physical training room... Pixie would be in the dormitory...?”

“What about Shana and Rukia?”

Despite the overwhelming question. Nava persisted, steadfastly chewing and swallowing bread, breaking her speech.

“Umm. Um... President. Couldn't you find Rukia if you just decided to?”

“Yes, but I'd rather not use that method if possible.”

The student council president tightly clenched her right hand.

The entire fist sparked with blue flashes.

“If I track her using that method, the entire area would be devastated. I don't want to increase unnecessary civilian casualties.”

“Ah... that's right...”

Normally, the student council president would have left it at that.

But today, she couldn't overlook the absence of some students.

“Someone broke into my office and raided the safe. If there are students absent from the banquet, investigate them.”

“Yes, Professor.”

Athenas absent today would be suspected of raiding Professor Yggdrasil's safe.

Currently, the most likely candidates are two people.

The easily findable Sleepyhead and Dumbbell.

Excluding these two...

Shana Midgard, the head of the Social Service Department at the old school building.

And the troublemaker, Rukia Nilapr.

“For now, let’s find Sleepyhead and Dumbbell. If Shana and Rukia don’t return by then...”

Even if it meant accepting some civilian casualties,

To the student council president, Professor Yggdrasil’s orders were absolute.

“There might be a massive lightning strike in downtown Regin tonight.”

Nava muttered while throwing bread crumbs into her mouth.

“I keep saying Sleepyhead and Dumbbell aren’t their names...”



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Thousands of times more than when glimpsing into the dimension of possibilities.

Time, which had slowed to the extreme, returns to normal.

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Pull yourself together!”

Is this how magical girls feel when they transform?

This isn’t simple pleasure.

If I express it as the feeling of holding the whole world in my hands and then letting it go, it might be about 2% similar.

“Whooh... huhuh...”

The revived sensory nerves dry up quickly like alcohol pads left in a dry place.

The restored reason was tattered like fish cakes on a skewer.

Still on the game table, I bowed my head unsteadily.

“Thank you very much, Count Train. I’ll definitely pay by doing any labor.”

“...Hmm.”

Count Train stroked his wrinkled double chin and asked me.

“For you, rather than simple labor or a courier... There might be a much more suitable job. What do you think? Would you like to hear a proposal?”

Seeing his speech alternating between fast and slow, my sense of time still isn’t normal.

But since I can converse, I nodded.

“If you help with this job. We’ll provide you with real Vermilion Heart that we have in stock.”

Real Vermilion Heart!

“Is that true?”

“Of course. However, since we can’t write a contract here, you’ll have to come with me. It’s also a matter of maintaining secrecy.”

What kind of job is it? Courier? Research support?

If possible, I might be able to establish a regular supply contract.

That would be a total win.

Because I needed at least one Vermilion Heart supplier at the moment.

If I'm lucky, couldn't I also get ephedra, the raw material for manufacturing, from them?

I didn't even consider it because it's a red-berried grass that only grows abundantly in sunny places, making it difficult to hide from the eyes of caretakers and professors during cultivation.

But if Nava has taken over the old school building, that's a different story.

Unauthorized manufacturing is illegal, but so what?

Is the law the issue? Life is what matters.

"Alright. I'll follow you right away."

"I'm grateful for your positive consideration. But once the contract is made, you can't back out or pass it on. For confidentiality—."

I lay flat on the game table again.

"Anything is fine. Just give me a few more sample bottles."

"..... After completing the contract, I'll give you a satisfactory amount as a gift when you return."

"Thank you... really..."

If it's not a satisfactory deal, well... I'll have no choice but to call Atropos.

"So, so? When are we leaving? Let's go quickly if we're going!"

As I tried to follow Count Train, who had suddenly stood up, Rukia supported me with a fuss.

"Rukia. Are you planning to come too?"

"I'm the department head's thunderstorm warning~."

Well. It would be good to prepare for any contingencies.

As calculated earlier, there's a 99.9% chance that Black will appear at the contract site.

But I can't ignore the 0.1% blockhead.

It's a life-or-death matter after all.

"Rukia."

"Hm? Department head. Why?"

I asked Rukia, who was guiding us to a secret passage leading outside the academy.

"Today, what's the thunderstorm probability?"

Thunderstorm probability is a code word between me and Rukia.

Student council president, Thunder Emperor, Blockhead, and so on.

The currently strongest Athena with various nicknames.

It refers to the probability of the Thunder Emperor appearing.

"About 0.1%, maybe?"

Both Rukia and I.

We predict the same 0.1% possibility.

This can't be overlooked.

"Why is that?"

"Well... Because the department head's routine has changed from usual?"

"That's true. But what does that have to do with the thunderstorm probability?"

Rukia, heading towards the corner of the underground gambling den, began stepping on wooden pedals in front of the wall rhythmically.

Click, click, click.

After a continuous series of sounds like pressing wooden buttons, rumble.

A loud sound similar to what one might hear from thunderclouds before lightning strikes.

Maybe because I died from a lightning strike. I can't help but flinch at similar sounds.

"It's just a feeling~. It's never bad to be prepared for the worst, right? Kihihhi."

Suddenly, I feel uneasy.

The back of my neck tingles as if lightning is about to strike any moment.

But I need more Vermilion Heart right now.

I must go.

"Shall we talk more in the car later?"

1. I'm a Greenhouse Flower. End.