

COTE : I JUST WANT TO GRANT YOUR WISH!

Chapter 1 1: ANHS

A few minutes ago, he hanged himself with a broken purple clay teapot right in front of Higuchi Madoka. The girl expression shifted from disbelief to utter distortion and pain. No matter how hard she gritted her teeth, the tears just kept falling. Her trembling hands cupped his face, but she couldn't even get a single word out through her sobs. But it was all too late.

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Kaoru Mitoma sat in a high school classroom, the air filled with bursts of noisy chatter.

'Another transmigration.'

Kaoru Mitoma stayed silent as fragments of memory flashed through his mind. He was originally been killed by a dump truck on his way to work, right at the subway station, and then ended up in a parallel world.

Not only did he become the producer of an idol group, but his soul also got bound to a wish granting machine. Yeah, the kind that can grant any wish... but this wish machine seems a little weird. It thinks doing all the work by itself is too exhausting, so it wants to outsource, hand off some wishes to someone else.

So, unsurprisingly, Kaoru Mitoma, who just died, became its target. The two of them signed an employment contract as equals—the wish machine let Kaoru Mitoma live, and in return, Kaoru Mitoma had to personally help it fulfill certain wishes.

There's no time limit, and Kaoru Mitoma can quit whenever he wants. Plus, Kaoru Mitoma even gets paid. As long as he can fulfill any wish, he immediately gets a random reward—it could be a cup of Sleepy Black Tea, a Gundam, a pack of super-strong cleaning wipes, stuff like that. All in all, the future looks promising. As for what these wishes actually are...

"Break a teapot right in front of Higuchi Madoka and make her regret it for the rest of her life!"

Even though he had no idea who made such a wish, Kaoru Mitoma still pulled it off perfectly. First, he went out of his way to please Higuchi Madoka, doing everything he could to help her win the championship, secure all kinds of resources, and make this idol group an instant superstar all over the world as soon as they debuted.

Unfortunately, he had to bear immense pressure and endure Higuchi Madoka cold shoulder. No matter what he did, Higuchi Madoka never responded. In the end, suffering from emotional disorder, he finally hanged himself with a broken purple clay teapot right in front of Higuchi Madoka. That was the scene just now, But Kaoru Mitoma didn't care about any of that. Right now, it seemed like he had transmigrated into another parallel world.

He just didn't know what kind of wishes would be here—hopefully nothing more twisted or messed up than the last world. At that moment, a tall male teacher suddenly walked into the classroom. Even though he was wearing a suit, you could still tell he was pretty well-built. The classroom, which had been a bit noisy, instantly fell silent. Kaoru Mitoma couldn't help but look up at the podium.

"My name is Tomonari Mashima. For the foreseeable future, until you graduate, I'll be your homeroom teacher."

Tomonari Mashima gaze swept over every student. After the school carefully prepared entrance exam, these students basically all met the standards for this year Class A. If nothing unexpected happens, the best students this year will probably be in Class A.

"An hour from now, the school will hold the entrance ceremony in the gymnasium. Before that, I want to explain to you all what makes this school special, starting with the basics... "

With Tomonari Mashima explanation, Kaoru Mitoma finally understood where he was. Tokyo Metropolitan Advanced Nurturing High School. This is a special high school dedicated to cultivating exceptional talent, gathering all kinds of students from across the country, and aiming to develop globally adaptable individuals.

Thanks to official support from the government, Advanced Nurturing boasts an almost 100% rate of students advancing to higher education or finding employment. In its public promotions, Advanced Nurturing claims that as long as you graduate from here, the school will arrange your preferred university or job, guaranteeing a solid starting point for your future.

It might sound like a scam slogan, but with the government endorsement, basically no one dares to question it. Not only that, Advanced Nurturing promises not to charge any tuition or special fees, and even covers all living expenses for students during their time at school, so parents don't have to pay anything. Even without considering the guaranteed advancement or employment, just the free tuition alone is enough to attract a lot of students to apply.

In addition, ANHS adopts a completely closed boarding system. Once enrolled, not only are students strictly forbidden from leaving the school, but they're also not allowed to have any contact with the outside world. Because the campus covers more than 600,000 square meters, ANHS has its own café, electronics store, barbershop, karaoke, and even a full-fledged shopping center inside.

Basically, it can meet all the daily needs of teachers and students. Each grade is divided into four classes, from Class A to Class D, with forty students in each class, making a total of one hundred and sixty students.

In other words, every year ANHS has to arrange for about a hundred students to get into their preferred universities or jobs. The first ones to benefit from this are probably the children of elites in society since it doesn't make sense after all, After studying hard for over ten years, you get into some random high school and just like that, you're guaranteed a spot at Todai?

The grind-obsessed students are probably going to lose their minds. Kaoru Mitoma was evaluating this school in his mind. Either it was a club for the children of the rich and powerful, or it was hiding some major secret. But what kind of secret could a high school possibly have?

Letting a bunch of high schoolers solve Japan worsening declining birthrate problem, like in some classic setups, and allowing students to freely... Kaoru Mitoma quickly stopped that dangerous train of thought. He didn't like where that was going.

"In order to better assess students' overall abilities, our school has specially introduced the S System, which has already been pre-installed on these smartphones that also serve as your student ID."

As he spoke, Tomonari Mashima began handing out phones to the students in the front row.

"You can use these to access all the facilities on campus, but you're forbidden from using the phones to send messages outside the school. The built-in monitoring system will intercept and warn you if you try."

Soon, Kaoru Mitoma received his phone. It didn't look particularly special—probably just a custom model made for the school.

"At this school, you can only make purchases using the personal points stored on this device. As long as it's something from the school, you can buy anything you want."

At this point, Tomonari Mashima glanced at the students below the podium. Most of the students were either curiously fiddling with their phones or watching him intently. Only a few students caught Tomonari Mashima attention.

One was a boy whose head reflected the light, a thoughtful look briefly flashing across his face—clearly, he was reacting to what had just been said. On the other side was a girl with short silver hair. Her petite frame looked even younger than her age. She sat quietly in her seat, both hands gripping a slender cane, a faint smile on her lips as she observed the reactions of those around her.

"Now, open your personal system, enter your student ID and initial password. The school should have already credited your personal points for this month."

Following his instructions, Kaoru Mitoma opened his personal system, entered his student ID and password, and immediately saw a balance page.

"Personal Points: 100,000"

"Class Points: 1,000"

At the same time, his personal information was displayed in the upper right corner, showing his name and class. Kaoru Mitoma, Year 1 Class A.

"It looks like you've all received the 100,000 personal points from the school. Just a reminder, one personal point is equal to one yen. On the first of every month, the school will deposit your personal points onto your phones."

As soon as he finished speaking, surprised voices erupted throughout the classroom. According to Tomonari Mashima, doesn't 100,000 personal points basically equal 100,000 yen?

Considering the average annual salary in Japan is only about 4 million yen, this school just handed out 100,000 yen to every student in one go.

For a high schooler, that's definitely huge—honestly, it's almost wasteful. Kaoru Mitoma did some quick math. There are 160 students in each grade, so the whole school should have 480 students. That means ANHS hands out 4.8 million yen every month, which adds up to five or six hundred million yen a year. Even in a developed country, burning through money like this is unheard of.

There's just no way to explain why they'd give a bunch of high schoolers so much pocket money. At that moment, someone suddenly raised their hand.

"Excuse me, Mashima-sensei, are there really no restrictions on how we use our personal points?"

Kaoru glanced over. The guy had a strikingly bald head and a heavy, serious vibe, his gaze steady and direct.

"This school measures students by ability. Since you've made it in, you have value and potential. How you use your points is entirely up to you—the school won't interfere." Tomonari Mashima answered calmly, his expression unchanged.

Hearing that, even the most composed students couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement.

"Can we take our points with us when we graduate?" The bald student kept asking.

"The school will reclaim your personal points after you graduate," Tomonari Mashima replied calmly.

"Even if you want to save them, it's meaningless over the next three years. You might as well make good use of your personal points while you can." When he mentioned "make good use," his tone changed just a little.

"Mashima-sensei, if personal points are basically like yen, then what do class points mean?"

It seemed someone had finally noticed the part Tomonari Mashima had been deliberately avoiding. Kaoru Mitoma couldn't help glancing to his right. The person who'd spoken was a silver-haired girl with a flawless face and a faint, elusive smile at the corner of her lips. Her short hair just brushed her shoulders, and beneath her fair, delicate neck were slightly sunken collarbones.

You couldn't see any more skin, but her chest was small and her body was so petite that it'd be easy to mistake her for a middle schooler. She held a cane in her hand. Unless it was just some chuunibyō accessory, it probably meant she had trouble walking.

At the same time, Kaoru Mitoma learned her name in that instant.

"I really want to be Sakayanagi-san's dog,"

"I want Sakayanagi-san's beautiful feet to step on me,"

"I want to trip her on purpose when she walks by,"

"Make her wear an elementary school swimsuit,"

"Secretly hide her cane,"

"Beat Sakayanagi Arisu to the punch and ruin the masterpiece,"

"Get Sakayanagi Arisu's attention,"

"So small, so fragrant, I want to pick her up and squeeze her tight—"...

At that moment, wishes bubbled up endlessly like a barrage of bullets, leaving Kaoru Mitoma silent.

"Just like how you're evaluated, the school also assesses the strength of each class. I'll explain more about that later—right now, it's too soon for you guys."

On the other side, Tomonari Mashima brushed off the question with a calm, easygoing attitude. Just when Kaoru Mitoma thought Sakayanagi Arisu would keep pressing for answers, she stopped right there.

Not only that, but her gaze drifted over the others, almost as if she was deliberately sizing everyone up. For a split second, their eyes met. Kaoru Mitoma casually looked away. This girl had figured out more than that bald student, but she was purposely holding back her questions. Was she watching how everyone else reacted?

"If there are no more questions, I'll see you all later. Hope you have a great time at school."

With that, the homeroom teacher tossed out those words, turned around, and left the classroom without a moment's pause. As soon as Tomonari Mashima left, the classroom was instantly filled with all kinds of chatter.