

Cote 211

Chapter 211: Bullying

The "Lucky Dice" still had two effects left.

Although Kaoru Mitoma didn't hold much hope for such elusive luck, having it was still better than nothing.

Taking advantage of the fact that no one was around, he tossed the dice into the air and watched as it landed on the ground, showing three dots on the top face.

[This judgment condition is now in effect. The effect of the "Lucky Dice" is activated immediately!]

[Your luck has tripled!]

Kaoru Mitoma retrieved the dice and then projected the "Marauder's Map" onto the wall.

In his eyes, the entire cruise ship became completely transparent, with everyone's movements displayed on the map.

Naturally, the focus was on the fourth floor, where the girls' rooms were located.

At this moment, there were still over a dozen girls remaining in their rooms.

However, the "Marauder's Map" didn't provide information about each target, which made Kaoru Mitoma frown slightly.

He quickly recalled the information Kushida had revealed—only one person was alone in their room—and immediately locked onto a target.

"I should have asked about the room beforehand," Kaoru Mitoma sighed in relief, then showed a strange expression.

"But asking would have made it even weirder."

Perhaps it was just his imagination, but Kushida had seemed a bit off earlier.

Just as Kaoru Mitoma was about to put away the Marauder's Map, he noticed that the target seemed to be sneaking out of their room.

I'm so hungry.

Karuizawa rubbed her stomach.

She hadn't eaten a single thing since waking up.

She was supposed to be in the dining hall two hours ago, enjoying breakfast with her friends.

However, thinking about what had happened over the past few days, Karuizawa suddenly felt very resistant to going out.

Of course, she didn't plan to stay in her room forever, but she wanted to avoid certain people.

It was simple: if she could avoid the peak dining hours, she might also be able to avoid Manabe Shiho and her group.

With this in mind, Karuizawa had refused to go out with Matsushita Chiaki and the others today, pretending to have a stomachache.

So, Karuizawa had spent the past two hours alone in her room.

There shouldn't be anyone in the dining hall now, right?

Karuizawa decided to make it quick.

She also considered that there might not be much breakfast left, so she could head to the Western restaurant or the dessert shop for a treat, then bring back some snacks to last until evening.

She heard that the ship would return tonight, and they would probably be back at school by tomorrow morning.

Thinking about going back soon, Karuizawa felt much more at ease.

It wasn't like they could come to her class to grab her.

Speaking of which, Karuizawa felt indignant again.

Not only was her boyfriend, Hirata Yosuke was completely useless, but even a boy from Class A bullying her.

He talked a big game, but his eyes were always fixed on her chest and in the end, she even let him touch her.

This was the first time she had been assaulted by a boy.

Karuizawa felt her cheeks burning.

What on earth had she been thinking at that time?

Before this, the most intimate contact she had with a boy was holding hands.

To pretend they were a couple, she deliberately held hands with Hirata Yosuke a few times in public.

It must have been because she was too confused at the time.

The more Kei Karuizawa thought about it, the more aggrieved she felt.

She had thought having a boyfriend would help solve her problems, but in the end, it was of no use at all.

Karuizawa subconsciously touched her abdomen.

The hideous scar could still be felt through her uniform.

She didn't want to encounter anything like that again.

Absolutely not a second time.

No matter what it took, Karuizawa didn't want to experience that feeling of helplessness again.

Gurgle—

Clearly, she couldn't dwell on these messy thoughts anymore.

She needed to fill her stomach quickly!

Karuizawa hurriedly left her room and walked down the long hallway.

Just as she reached the elevator, the doors slowly opened, and she couldn't help but freeze.

Seeing her standing at the door, Shiho Manabe inside the elevator was equally stunned.

The first to react was Karuizawa, who immediately turned and ran without looking back.

"Wait, why are you running?!" Manabe shouted angrily, chasing after her.

"Saki, Nanami, hurry up and catch her!"

The two girls behind her immediately sprang into action, like lionesses on the hunt, quickly surrounding Karuizawa.

"What do you want? I'm warning you, if you dare lay a hand on me, I won't let you off!" Karuizawa glared at Manabe, her voice fierce but her heart trembling.

"Ha, you're so arrogant. It's clearly your fault, isn't it?" Manabe sneered. "I was just asking you nicely in the group earlier, and you ended up throwing my phone on the ground. You're really something!"

During the first group discussion, Manabe had confronted Karuizawa, asking if she had bumped into someone.

Moreover, Manabe had even shown her a photo on her phone, making Karuizawa clearly see the face of Rika Morofuji.

Unexpectedly, Karuizawa had reacted violently, throwing her phone away and insisting she didn't know the person at all.

"It has nothing to do with me. It's always been you guys interrogating me, right?"

Facing the hostile gazes of the group, Karuizawa instinctively wanted to flee, but Manabe's hand clamped down on her shoulder, holding her in place.

"Tch, stop pretending, Karuizawa," Manabe leaned in close, her expression dark. "If you think you're so great, why don't we settle this?"

"W-what?" Karuizawa's body stiffened, her mind going blank, her thoughts nearly freezing and her expression turning rigid.

Manabe said with dissatisfaction, "What else? Since you don't want to apologize, we have no choice but to make you kneel, right?"

"No!" Karuizawa desperately tried to think of a way to escape.

"The school would never allow you to hit me. I'll report this to the teacher immediately!"

Manabe glanced at the two girls beside her, and one of them pointed to the surveillance camera above.

"Hmph, what a coward," Manabe released Karuizawa's shoulder.

Seeing this, Karuizawa couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief, though her legs felt weak, as if she could barely stand.

However, before she could catch her breath, Manabe Shiho spoke up again, "But you reminded me that this kind of thing should be left to the teacher to handle. Only the teacher and the student council can deal with someone like you."

With that, Manabe forcibly pulled Karuizawa towards the emergency stairwell next to them.

"W-Wait, where are you taking me?"

"Of course, to Sakagami-sensei room, so he can deal with you!"

"No!"

As Karuizawa began to struggle, Manabe couldn't hold onto her wrist and in a moment of desperation, grabbed her high ponytail from behind, while also calling out to her companions nearby.

"Saki, help me hold her down!"

Karuizawa was in pain.

Anyone would feel extreme discomfort if their hair was pulled, let alone being held down by several people and forcibly dragged towards a room on the third floor.

Chapter 212: An Abrupt End

Manabe Shiho didn't think she had done anything wrong.

After all, Karuizawa Kei was at fault first and now she was about to bring this stubborn girl before Sakagami-sensei, their homeroom teacher, to let him handle the situation.

Therefore, she didn't pay attention to the strength of her grip and forcefully dragged Karuizawa Kei into the emergency stairwell.

Heading down one flight of stairs, they would soon reach the third floor.

In this situation, there was hardly any difference between taking the elevator or the stairs and Manabe couldn't be bothered to choose either.

"It hurts! Let me go!" Karuizawa face twisted in pain.

With her hair being pulled, she had almost no strength to resist.

"I'll let you go if you come with me right now to apologize to Rika—and to me as well!" Manabe sneered.

"And remember, you better kneel and give me the most proper kneeling apology!"

"N-no way! You're the ones who used violence! You should be the ones apologizing to me!" Karuizawa continued struggling, trying to break free from them.

Manabe glanced up at the ceiling.

After all, this wasn't in the school—there weren't cameras installed in every corner.

"Hah, how long are you going to keep up this act?" Manabe decided to ignore her resistance.

"No one's coming to help you here. And since you're the big shot of Class D, if you're not convinced, you can either fight us or obediently apologize!"

"Ugh..." Karuizawa bit her lip hard, desperately holding back the tears in her eyes.

The same weakness from before once again took hold of her heart, her legs trembling uncontrollably—she felt like she might collapse to her knees at any moment.

"Hey, she doesn't look so good..."

"Shiho, are we going too far?"

Faced with her companions' concerns, Manabe waved them off dismissively.

"What does it matter? She's the one in the wrong anyway."

Seeing Karuizawa struggling to endure, Manabe couldn't help but feel a flicker of doubt, but she still said coldly.

"Hey, Karuizawa, if you don't make a decision soon, I'll make it for you, got it?"

Karuizawa shuddered.

She didn't want either option—she definitely wasn't good at fighting, and kneeling to apologize was out of the question, let alone going with them to see their homeroom teacher.

At this moment, she realized she hadn't changed at all—if anything, things had gotten even worse than before.

Wait... if she screamed for help, maybe someone would pass by.

The thought made her eyes light up, and she was just about to call out when Manabe suddenly spoke beside her.

"You're not actually thinking someone will come to help you, are you?"

Meeting her icy gaze, Karuizawa shivered.

"Hah, so that's what you were thinking. Whatever, there's no point talking to someone like you. Guess we'll just have to trouble Sakagami-sensei." Manabe grabbed Karuizawa Kei's wrist and started dragging her downstairs by force.

"No! Stop it!" Karuizawa naturally resisted, trying to break free.

So the others forcibly seized her again, treating her almost like a criminal.

As Karuizawa struggled, Manabe gradually resorted to violence.

With no cameras around, she grew even more unrestrained.

"Did I walk into the wrong scene?"

Just as the situation was spiraling out of control, a resigned voice suddenly rang out.

Manabe snapped back to awareness and turned toward the source of the voice.

Below the stairs stood a tall, handsome boy holding up his phone.

Click—

The sound of the shutter made Manabe flinch as if she was electrocuted.

She immediately let go of Karuizawa ponytail and glared furiously at the boy.

"Hey, you creep! This is the girls' floor—what the hell are you doing here?"

Kaoru Mitoma noticed the glimmer of tears in Karuizawa eyes and slightly furrowed his brows before speaking calmly.

"It's nothing. I heard some noise, so I came to check."

"Ha, are you some kind of peeping tom pervert?"

Though she said this, Manabe found the boy strangely familiar, as if she'd seen him somewhere before.

At that moment, she heard Karuizawa beside her utter a dazed voice.

"Mitoma-kun?"

Manabe suddenly snapped back to reality—she remembered this boy's name!

"An A-class guy trying to meddle in other people's business?" Manabe looked down at Kaoru with arrogance.

"Hey, I remember you're part of the student council, right? Since you want to interfere, why not do me a favor?"

As she spoke, she yanked Karuizawa in front of her, causing the latter to briefly wince in pain.

"See this? This girl deliberately knocked Rika over in the café and then smashed my phone. How is the student council going to deal with someone like her?"

Under Kaoru's gaze, Karuizawa parted her lips hesitantly, wanting to ask for his help but unsure how to refute Manabe's accusations.

Moreover, he'd seen her in this pathetic state—he must be laughing at her inside.

"Disputes between students are typically resolved by hearing testimonies and evidence from both sides. Baseless claims won't be accepted." Kaoru paused. "Are you asking the student council to intervene in this matter now?"

Manabe sneered, "Isn't the evidence obvious? Just go ask at the café—someone will tell you what happened. Hurry up and decide how to punish her!"

Karuizawa bit her lower lip, staring intently at Kaoru.

"Punishment depends on your demands. What do you want Karuizawa to do?"

"Hah, of course I want her to kneel in public and apologize to us!"

"That's a clear and reasonable request."

Hearing his words, Karuizawa face turned ashen, the light fading from her eyes.

Manabe grew even more smug.

Though she didn't know much about Kaoru Mitoma, having the student council vice president obey her felt exhilarating!

"So, because Karuizawa knocked over your friend and broke your phone, you want her to apologize—is that correct?" Kaoru reconfirmed with Manabe.

"Yes, exactly." Manabe sounded impatient. "You talk too much. Can't you just punish her already?"

"I'll try to be quick, but we still need to hear the other side's perspective." Kaoru turned to Karuizawa, softening his tone.

"Karuizawa, regarding the violent acts Manabe and her group just committed against you, do you have anything to say?"

Karuizawa froze momentarily.

Manabe hadn't expected him to bring this up either.

A flicker of panic flashed in her eyes before she forcefully suppressed her unease.

"Wait, what violent acts? Don't just accuse us—"

Before she could finish, she saw Kaoru point his phone at her and press the shutter.

Click—

"Sorry, but all I see right now is your group assaulting Karuizawa. And I have evidence on my phone."

Chapter 213: Reward Contract

"Wait, that's a violation of privacy!" Shiho Manabe flashed a momentary look of panic before putting on a tough front to warn Kaoru Mitoma, attempting to divert the topic.

"Who said you could take photos? Did I ever lay a hand on Karuizawa? Don't think just because you're a student council vice president you can twist the facts. And besides, is that even the point right now?"

Like a Gatling gun, she spat out a rapid string of words in just a few seconds, her aggressive aura growing stronger as she glared fiercely at Kaoru.

"The photos are for evidence. Do you think police officers wearing body cams are violating privacy rights too?" Kaoru's single retort left her speechless.

"I don't care! The issue right now is dealing with Karuizawa. Isn't it a fact that she knocked Rika over?" Manabe, convinced she was in the right, grabbed Karuizawa hair without hesitation.

"Tell him—wasn't it you who knocked Rika down?"

"Ugh..." Karuizawa winced in pain, but the more she showed such an expression, the more it inexplicably infuriated Manabe.

"Damn it, what are you faking for? Did I hurt you? Think acting like this will win you sympathy?"

Manabe was irritated.

Even when one of her friends subtly tugged at her sleeve, she ignored it, convinced that Karuizawa was just putting on another pitiful act to draw Kaoru Mitoma's protective instincts.

"S-Stop pulling... it hurts..." Karuizawa held back the tears in her eyes, unwilling to cry in front of Kaoru, but Manabe's grip only tightened, making her voice tremble.

"Hurry up and tell him—was it you...?"

Just as Manabe was beginning to indulge in her violent impulses towards Karuizawa, a sharp pain suddenly shot through her wrist, forcing a gasp from her.

"Enough. To be honest, I've never had much goodwill towards delinquents." Kaoru Mitoma's tone was flat, devoid of any emotional fluctuation, yet he slowly pried Manabe's hand open, her face contorting in pain.

"Ow ow ow! What the hell are you doing? Protecting this arrogant brat?" Manabe felt an excruciating pain—his grip was like steel, impossibly strong.

The two girls standing nearby moved to intervene, but Kaoru merely glanced at them.

Though he said nothing, the pressure radiating from him was overwhelming.

And so, they silently stayed put.

"Come here." Ignoring Manabe's protests, Kaoru instead spoke softly to Karuizawa.

Strangely, Karuizawa didn't react immediately, staring at him blankly.

Kaoru frowned, then reached out and pulled her to his side, preventing Manabe from doing anything further.

Then, he turned to Manabe and said quietly, "I don't recall anyone giving you permission to use violence in front of the student council, did they?"

"Hah? You're the one using violence on us right now! And we're the victims here—are you really going to side with her?" Manabe still refused to admit any wrongdoing.

Was standing up for her friend really a crime?

For someone so stubbornly unrepentant, Kaoru only replied indifferently, "Wasn't the victim supposed to be your so-called friend, Rika?"

Manabe was momentarily speechless, but she quickly retorted, "Karuizawa threw away my phone earlier. Doesn't that make me the victim here?"

"It does."

"Pfft, so what are you acting all high and mighty for? Don't tell me you've been fooled by this woman—ow ow ow!"

Kaoru Mitoma applied just a bit more pressure, and Manabe's eyes welled up with tears.

Seeing her like this, he asked, "Would you consider this violence?"

"Of course it's violence, you idiot! Let go of me right now!" Manabe snapped furiously.

"She was screaming in pain just like this earlier. Why didn't you consider that violence?" Kaoru pressed further.

"Because... because..." Manabe stammered, realizing that continuing this line of argument would only trap her further.

"Because Ryuen frequently uses violence against all of you without facing any consequences, so you've started to think violence doesn't matter. Am I right?"

At the mention of Ryuen name, a flicker of unease flashed in Manabe's eyes.

"I—I have no idea what you're talking about!"

"If Ryuen were to hear that you're being forced to drop out because of bullying, what do you think he'd do?"

"That's a lie! There's no way something this minor would lead to expulsion!"

"Don't forget, I'm the vice president of the student council. Even the current council president respects my opinions." Kaoru released her hand, his voice calm but firm. "Besides, I have evidence. The school would never tolerate this kind of behavior."

"Guh..." Manabe shuddered, struggling to maintain her composure.

But the memory of how Ryuen treated his own classmates made her legs go weak.

"Of course, for Class C, losing one or two troublemakers wouldn't make much of a difference. In fact, they might even find it humiliating—not only did their class produce bullies, but they were also caught red-handed by the student council."

Manabe glanced at her companions as if pleading for help, only to find them equally fearful.

"F-fine! We'll let it go! We won't hold her responsible anymore—is that enough?!"

Manabe felt like she was making a huge concession, and the humiliation burned inside her.

Kaoru didn't rush to respond.

Instead, he turned to Karuizawa who had been standing there dazed, and asked sternly, "What do you think of her proposal, Karuizawa? Or do you have other demands?"

Only when he called her name did Karuizawa snap out of her trance.

Just as she was about to speak, he nodded solemnly and said.

"Right, I understand."

Karuizawa froze, staring blankly at his back.

"Sorry, but simply letting it go isn't enough. Who's to say you won't retaliate later?"

"As if we would!"

"Who knows what's going on in your heads? Plenty of people hold grudges and seek revenge after losing a dispute. As the student council, we have to ensure the safety of those involved."

"What are you trying to say, then? Do you want us to swear an oath or something?"

"No need for oaths. I prefer contracts—black and white, signed and sealed."

"Contracts?"

Under Manabe's bewildered gaze, Kaoru pulled out a pen and paper from his pocket.

In front of everyone, he wrote down a few straightforward terms.

By signing this contract, the undersigned agrees to the following:

No matter what happens, you are strictly forbidden to disclose today's events to anyone.

If anyone finds out, you must accept punishment; The content of the punishment shall be determined by Kaoru Mitoma.

This contract must likewise not be disclosed to anyone, otherwise it will also constitute a violation of the contract, and you must accept punishment.

The duration of this contract is from today until graduation, specifically from August 14, 20xx, to March 24, 20xx.

Upon reading these terms, Shiho Manabe's previously anxious heart finally relaxed and she even allowed a faint smile to surface.

She had expected much harsher clauses, but it turned out to be nothing more than a demand for secrecy.

How ridiculous, considering how intimidating he had seemed just moments ago.

With this thought in mind, Shiho Manabe failed to notice the faint glimmer that subtly flowed through the ink the moment Kaoru Mitoma's pen touched the paper.

Chapter 214: Do You Want to Touch More?

Although Shiho Manabe scoffed inwardly, she proposed a condition just to be safe.

"I'll sign, but you have to promise to delete those photos from earlier."

She wasn't an idiot—the most threatening weapon right now was the photos in Kaoru Mitoma's hands.

If they weren't deleted, even after signing, she wouldn't feel secure.

Kaoru nodded. "Once you sign, the photos will be deleted immediately."

Manabe wasn't entirely convinced, but considering her current predicament and his earlier actions, the dull ache in her wrist made her grimace.

"Fine!"

Manabe picked up the pen, quickly signed her name on the contract and then handed it to her companion.

Once the signatures were done, Manabe impatiently urged, "This is enough, right?"

"Of course." Kaoru calmly collected the contract, a faint glimmer passing through it, signaling that an unbreakable contractual bond had been established.

Then, under Manabe's watchful gaze, Kaoru promptly deleted the photos.

Seeing them vanish completely, Manabe inwardly sighed in relief, though she still put on a tough front.

"Hmph, I won't forget what happened today!"

With that, she and her lackeys hurriedly disappeared from Kaoru's sight.

Now, only he and Kei Karuizawa remained.

For some reason, the girl had been silent the whole time, quietly staring at him.

Kaoru took out his phone and sent a message to Masumi Kamuro.

'Today, Shiho Manabe and her group cornered Kei Karuizawa in the emergency stairwell. They wanted an explanation because Karuizawa bumped into a Class C student while cutting in line. It nearly turned into a bullying incident.'

The moment he sent it, a pleasant chime rang in Kaoru's ears.

[Ding! Conditions for the "Reward Contract" detected—effect confirmed!]

[Duration: Two years, three months, and sixteen days...]

As for the question mark Masumi sent in reply, Kaoru ignored it.

After all, the contract didn't say he couldn't disclose the details.

Just like how he had buried loopholes in past contracts, he had also planted one in this "Reward Contract."

The signer couldn't reveal the terms, but if someone found out, it would be the signer's fault.

More importantly, the penalty for breaching the contract was entirely up to Kaoru's discretion.

In other words, from today onward, Shiho Manabe was firmly in his grasp.

Honestly, while the "Reward Contract" allowed for unfair terms, the signers weren't blind.

Kaoru had considered that being too blatant might tip Manabe off.

So, he had phrased it subtly.

Unexpectedly, Manabe hadn't noticed anything amiss and signed without hesitation.

Kaoru fell into thought—how should he punish Manabe now?

Just then, Kei Karuizawa tugged lightly on his sleeve.

"Don't I have to sign too?"

Kaoru blinked, then gave her a strange look. "No need. They only agreed to sign because they were afraid I'd report them to the school."

Karuizawa let out a soft "Mm," her head lowered so he couldn't see her expression.

Her hair was still a mess from the earlier ordeal.

Kaoru thought for a moment and began rummaging through his clothes.

This action quickly caught Karuizawa Kei's attention, especially when she saw him reaching into his pants pocket.

It seemed to remind her of a certain scene, as her face turned slightly red.

"Are you looking for tissues again?" Kaoru looked at the girl in surprise.

Unlike before, she wasn't flustered—instead, she kept staring at his pocket, her face flushed.

"Sorry, it seems I forgot to bring tissues again."

Hearing these familiar words, Karuizawa touched her cheek.

Not only did she feel something slightly cool, but she could also sense the heat radiating from her fingertips.

Something was swelling in her chest, filling every corner of her heart like cotton candy—both uncomfortable and sweet, leaving her feeling both happy and aggrieved.

Standing before him, gazing up at his tall figure, Karuizawa bit her lower lip hard, enduring the surging emotions inside her.

The shadows of the past melted like ice under the scorching sun, gradually turning into mist in her eyes.

"Th-Thank you... I thought you were... joking back then, that you never meant to help me..." Karuizawa spoke haltingly, but no matter how hard she tried, her voice still trembled at the end, as if she were about to cry.

"Since I touched your chest, it's only natural to take responsibility." Kaoru averted his gaze slightly.

Truthfully, he could have fulfilled a certain wish with Karuizawa just now.

Karuizawa cried for a while, then suddenly let out a dazed laugh.

"Do you... want to touch them again?"

The moment she said it, she realized she'd spoken something she shouldn't have and shyly turned her face away.

"I-I was joking! My chest isn't big at all, it's not fun, and..." Karuizawa grew uneasy, likely recalling the scene from last time, her voice growing quieter.

"You saw that thing... It must've been disgusting, right?"

In truth, her chest wasn't small at all.

Kaoru estimated it to be around a C-cup—just the right size to fill his palm perfectly, allowing him to freely shape it as he pleased.

But of course, he couldn't say that outright.

"I told you before—I'm interested in you, especially your body." Kaoru paused. "So no, I don't find it disgusting. If anything, it makes me even more interested."

Faced with such a shameless remark, Karuizawa would normally have snapped back immediately. But now, she simply blushed deeply and stayed silent.

[Karuizawa Kei: Overthinking, relief, happiness, more overthinking...]

[Suggestion: Confessing would effectively raise the target's affection level.]

After a brief silence, Kaoru gently grasped Karuizawa's shoulders, startling her and making her whole body tense up.

Meeting his gaze, the girl pressed her lips together.

Whether from nervousness or something else, a faint blush spread across her cheeks, her expression slightly awkward.

"Karuizawa-san, may I take a look at your panties?"

"Eh?"

Karuizawa thought she'd misheard him.

Tilting her head in confusion, she stared at Kaoru, who wore an entirely serious expression.

"Can I see your panties?"

Oh, just he just want to see my panties.

Karuizawa had thought she misheard him—it was just looking after all...

"W-wait, what are you talking about?!" The girl flushed crimson, steam practically rising from her head.

"S-suddenly wanting to see... to see... If you say one more nonsense word, I'll... I'll... never speak to you again!"

With just one sentence, he had completely shattered Karuizawa Kei's train of thought, leaving her utterly flustered.

Chapter 215: You Wouldn't Want Your Girlfriend to Know, Would You?

This borderline harassing remark instantly shattered the gradually warming atmosphere.

Karuizawa Kei stared at Kaoru Mitoma in shock.

He... didn't seem to be joking?

"Why... why do you want to see down there?" Karuizawa struggled to comprehend his intentions.

"The answer is simple. Why should I help you?" Kaoru noticed the lingering tears at the corners of her eyes and gently wiped them away.

"Because there are many things I desire from you. Just like I told you before - let me touch your breasts and I'll help you deal with Manabe and her friends."

Karuizawa Kei recalled their previous conversation, her expression stiffening.

"Are you going to bully me too?"

It sounded like Kaoru Mitoma was taking advantage of her vulnerable state, shamelessly extorting her.

Just considering this possibility made the tears she thought she'd suppressed threaten to spill over again.

Stubbornly, Karuizawa Kei stared into Kaoru Mitoma's eyes, searching for what she truly longed to find.

"Wasn't it you who just asked if I still wanted to touch you?" Kaoru averted his gaze and patiently smoothed her hair.

His gentle treatment made Karuizawa Kei narrow her eyes slightly, her lips trembling as she murmured.

"...I already said that was just a joke."

"Don't make jokes like that next time. You're a girl with a boyfriend." Kaoru Mitoma's words carried deeper meaning.

"Touching your breasts before was just a transaction, devoid of any emotional involvement."

Though somewhat confused by his words, Karuizawa Kei caught the mention of "boyfriend."

"I don't acknowledge him as my boyfriend at all! He can't do anything right, just nods along to whatever anyone says like some spineless nice guy. He's the worst!" Karuizawa grew agitated.

If not for Kaoru Mitoma, she would have suffered unimaginable consequences earlier.

"Hirata isn't that bad, is he?" Kaoru actually had a favorable impression of him - he seemed like a male version of Kushida Kikyo.

"He is! Absolutely terrible!" Karuizawa suddenly grabbed his hand. "But you're different. You actually came to save me. If I had to choose again, I'd definitely pick Mitoma-kun as my boyfriend!"

Kaoru was slightly surprised she'd say something so close to a confession.

Faced with a beautiful girl's expectant, pleading gaze, even Kaoru found it difficult to refuse her outright.

"Mitoma-kun would never bully me, right?" Seeing his silence, Karuizawa redoubled her efforts. "If Mitoma-kun would go out with me, I'd agree to anything - whether it's touching my breasts or looking at my panties!"

When presented with such a stark contrast, it was only natural to choose what best served her own interests.

For Karuizawa Kei, Hirata Yosuke could no longer protect her.

And at this very moment, Kaoru Mitoma had appeared before her.

Before today, if someone had said they were interested in her body, Karuizawa Kei would have found it utterly disgusting.

Yet after what had just happened, only one thought consumed her mind.

"Hey, isn't this the kind of moment where you shouldn't overthink things?" Her chest felt tight, her heart pounding uncontrollably.

She knew it was reckless—but she also knew that if she didn't take this risk now, she might regret it forever.

Kaoru shook his head.

Under her puzzled gaze, he spoke softly, "I'm sorry, but I actually have a girlfriend."

Karuizawa froze as if struck by lightning, her entire body stiffening in place.

She stared at Kaoru in disbelief, her small, delicate lips parting slightly, but no words came out.

The emotions surging in her chest rapidly cooled.

Her expression twisted into something strained, her skin prickling with goosebumps from the sheer abruptness of it all.

"...What's her name?" Karuizawa lowered her brows, her tear-stained cheeks still glistening.

Her voice was so quiet it felt suffocating.

"We're keeping it private. Without her consent, I can't tell you." A flicker of surprise passed through Kaoru's eyes—because a wish had just been fulfilled.

[Ding! Partial Wish Fulfilled—Ichinose Honami is the Main Love Interest!]

[Reward Granted!]

This counted as fulfilling a wish?

He had always assumed he'd have to publicly announce their relationship.

Yet simply telling Karuizawa—without even revealing a name—was enough.

Unaware of his reaction, Karuizawa forced a weak smile.

"Is your girlfriend Sakayanagi-san?"

It seemed most people assumed he and Sakayanagi Arisu were practically inseparable.

"No."

"Then... is it Kamuro-san?"

"Also no."

"Someone I don't know?"

"I remember telling you before—momentary emotions can easily make you mistake things. You might think I'm interested in you, or that you're interested in me. What happened today was just repayment for back then. You don't need to dwell on it."

The moment he finished speaking, Karuizawa abruptly lifted her face.

Her eyes gleamed with an icy sharpness—like a gaze from the abyss, ruthless and desperate, clinging to any lifeline within reach.

"Yeah, I know. But you also said you were interested in my body, didn't you?" A faint smile played on her lips, as if her earlier expression had been nothing but his imagination.

"Mitoma-kun, you have a girlfriend, yet you're lusting after another girl. That's cheating, isn't it?"

Though her smile was angelic, her words carried an unsettling edge.

"Touching doesn't mean I'm cheating."

"Pfft—ahaha, of course that's what a scumbag would say." Karuizawa suddenly leaned forward, locking eyes with him.

"I wonder what your girlfriend would think if she heard that?"

Ichinose probably wouldn't get jealous right?

Noticing his reaction, Karuizawa's lips curled slightly.

She took a few steps back, then placed her hands on her skirt—slowly lifting the hem.

"Hey, Mitoma-kun... if your girlfriend saw us doing something indecent in a place like this, what do you think she'd feel?"

With her voice, the white pleated skirt slowly revealed a glimpse of fair, supple thighs.

Such a sight was rare, especially from Karuizawa Kei.

Unlike her usual haughty demeanor in Class D, her face was flushed crimson as she stared fixedly at Kaoru Mitoma.

Even with her cheeks burning red, Karuizawa Kei still glared at him with unmistakable malice.

"Mitoma-kun, you wouldn't want your girlfriend to find out about today, would you?"

Chapter 216: An Unhealthy Relationship

At first, Kaoru thought he had misheard her.

But seeing Karuizawa dead-serious expression, he fell into deep thought.

The girl was in the bloom of youth, her petite frame not yet fully matured.

Her slender willow-like waist was cinched by a fitted blazer and as her skirt rode up, the curves of her hips were unveiled for the first time—pale and softly rounded, the inner thighs faintly gleaming with a delicate sheen.

The smooth, flushed skin was impossible to look away from.

Unlike Kushida Kikyo or Horikita Suzune, she wore something slightly bolder.

Since Kaoru kept staring, Karuizawa blush had spread to the tips of her ears.

Her fingers clutched at her skirt, her heart a mix of embarrassment and quiet resolve.

"Going behind your girlfriend's back to mess around with other girls, even forcing them to show their... their underwear—you know what'll happen if I spill this, right?" Karuizawa put on a fierce expression.

After months of acting, she was getting better and better at playing the tough girl.

Kaoru fell silent for a moment. "Is it really okay to threaten someone who just helped you?"

Of course, Karuizawa knew it wasn't right.

But she also didn't want to relive what she had just gone through.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have chosen to come to ANHS, wouldn't have deliberately acted like a gal and certainly wouldn't have started dating Hirata Yosuke.

"Weren't you the one who wanted to see what was underneath my skirt just now?" Her flushed face was unmistakable, but her tone dripped with sarcasm.

"Besides, you were the one who approached me first, saying you were interested in my body. You're just trash."

"If you know I'm trash, then what are you doing right now?" Kaoru countered.

"Showing your underwear in front of a pervert and then threatening him?"

Already embarrassed but stubbornly holding it together, his words only made Karuizawa feel even more flustered and irritated.

"O-of course I'm satisfying you! If you're interested in my body, it means your girlfriend can't satisfy you, right?"

Kaoru had no idea how she had arrived at that conclusion.

In terms of figure, Honami was clearly far superior.

Though their faces were on par—they could even be considered rivals in that regard.

"I may not be the best, but I'm at least a little cute, right? When it comes to this, I'm confident I can satisfy you."

"You sure about that?"

"Of course! No matter what you—ah—"

Mid-sentence, Karuizawa let out an involuntary squeak, her expression turning panicked as every nerve in her body tensed up at once.

Because Kaoru had suddenly crouched in front of her and without hesitation, brought his face closer.

In an instant, Karuizawa was overwhelmed by the scent of a man—his hot breath grazing her skin, sending a shiver down her spine so intense it felt like her heart might fall off.

She frantically pressed her hands against Kaoru's shoulders, trying to stop him from going any further.

This level of teasing was clearly beyond what she could handle.

But Kaoru had already gone to far.

[Pick her up and ravage her.]

[Can't hold back—a real man licks whatever's in front of him.]

[I want to know what Karuizawa Kei tastes like.]

[Hehe, Kei-chan was born to be devoured.]

[Grab her ponytail from behind and take her hard.]

[Torment her while she cries, "I love you so much."]

[Use Kei-chan's body for exercise.]

[She's just too cute—I want to bully her.]

Kaoru hesitated for a split second before ignoring her hands on his shoulders.

Instead, he grabbed one of her legs—which she had instinctively tried to pull away—and licked it.

"Ahhn... W-why are you licking... Wait, you can't do that there—ahh—"

It was painfully obvious—Karuizawa had completely lost it.

However, the strange sensations in her thighs and deeper regions served as a stark reminder of the indecent treatment she was enduring—treatment that could even be described as deliberate teasing.

"Ugh... enough, enough... I-I can't take it anymore..." Karuizawa body trembled incessantly, her voice laced with unmistakable embarrassment.

"Didn't you say you'd satisfy me?" Kaoru licked his lips, though there was no particular taste to savor.

Karuizawa burned with both embarrassment and frustration, yet she couldn't find the words to refute him.

Even couples would find such intimate contact awkward, let alone an inexperienced young girl.

No matter what thoughts raced through her mind, her body responded with primal instinct—a biological instinct etched into her very DNA.

Just from this, Kaoru could already sense the girl's dampness, catching faint whiffs of a heated, alluring scent.

"There's a condition—you have to promise me one thing!" Karuizawa panted.

"I want to be your girlfriend too!"

Kaoru fell silent.

Despite his crude behavior, she still refused to give up.

"You have a main girl, but you keep backups too, right?" Karuizawa closed her eyes as if wrestling with inner turmoil.

"I know you won't immediately accept me or break up with her, so I'll wait patiently until you do."

Though he couldn't see her expression, Kaoru imagined a tiny question mark floating above his head.

"Whatever you can't get from her, I can do better. What she can't give you, I will. What she can give you—I can give you too."

"You emphasize being interested in my body because you don't want to break up with her, right? Want to experience cheating? It's disgusting, but I'll indulge you."

"In return, you have to be my boyfriend. We don't have to make it public, but you must be with me."

Here, Karuizawa paused, her voice now trembling slightly.

"As a transaction, I'm more than happy to oblige," Kaoru murmured.

"But doesn't it embarrass you to say this to a pervert still pressed against your thigh?"

Ignoring his latter remark, Karuizawa instead flashed a radiant smile.

"I'll do better than her."

Even without using Emotion Perception, Kaoru could guess her feelings now.

Though this experiment hadn't failed, it seemed to have veered off course.

Or perhaps he shouldn't have chosen Karuizawa from the start.

A parasite, to survive, could forcibly alter itself to meet its host's demands.

Chapter 217: Master

One sought to reform him, the other was willing to reform herself for him.

Their approaches couldn't have been more different.

After returning to his room from the emergency stairwell, Kaoru found himself pondering a question.

Regardless of what Karuizawa was thinking, what exactly did Honami believe needed changing about him?

Though she always claimed it wasn't solely about Kaoru—that she wanted to bring change to the school—he could still discern some of her thoughts.

In Honami's eyes, Kaoru was likely nothing more than a lecherous pervert.

To prevent him from targeting her friends, she had offered herself as the sacrificial lamb.

Judging from recent behavior, Honami was also enjoying the pleasure he brought.

As for the part about the Wish Machine's wishes, it was obviously impossible to tell anyone.

There was no way to explain that Kaoru initially treated them as mission NPCs.

Yes, precisely because of this mindset, not only Honami but even Sakayanagi could keenly sense his attitude.

Taking matters of intimacy too seriously was inherently unreasonable.

Even though they had no experience with carnal desires, their ability to read people's hearts clearly surpassed that of ordinary high school students.

In the previous world, for the same reason, Kaoru's relationships with the idols had once become extremely strained.

Now, Kaoru couldn't help but recall everything he had done so far.

Just as Honami had said, after going through so much, could he really bear to see women he'd been intimate with turn and embrace other men?

Probably not.

No normal man could endure that—such was the ugly nature of possessiveness.

Because he had always thought, 'Worst case, I'll just move to the next world—out of sight, out of mind', Kaoru had hanged himself without hesitation.

Yet even after reincarnating into another world, he still couldn't forget the idols.

Kaoru rubbed his face and sighed.

Could it be that he was the one now filled with regret?

Originally, he had wanted to conduct an experiment on possessiveness with Karuizawa—after becoming intimate, he would see if he truly couldn't stand the sight of her being close with her boyfriend.

But now, Karuizawa had outright refused to play along.

Of course, Kaoru wouldn't resent her for it.

He simply needed to reflect on himself—approaching someone without prior understanding had inevitably led to an unfavorable outcome.

"I'm heading out for a bit."

That night, after informing Hashimoto Masayoshi and the others, Kaoru left the room alone.

"Don't come back too late. Lights out at midnight," Hashimoto Masayoshi said, assuming he was meeting Sakayanagi, given that the exam results were about to be announced.

However, the person Kaoru was meeting tonight wasn't Sakayanagi Arisu.

In the quiet of the night, moonlight spilled through the clouds, slowly diffusing across the deck, gradually blending with the neon lights until the boundaries became indistinct.

Moving slightly away from where students usually gathered, Kaoru soon spotted the figures of several girls.

They seemed to have just finished bathing.

The first to catch his eye was a petite girl, her slightly damp hair falling beside her ears, her delicate face wearing an expression of reverence.

The moment she saw him, she disregarded all onlookers and obediently knelt on the ground.

"I'm sorry for causing you trouble today, Master!"

Following her lead, the two girls behind her also prostrated themselves in fear, performing what could be called a textbook kneeling apology.

Kaoru looked at the girl before him—more precisely, at Shiho Manabe.

"Don't kneel. Stand up and speak."

"As you command!"

At Kaoru's order, Shiho Manabe obediently stood up, though her eyes still held a trace of nervousness.

"Since someone already knows about today's incident, the contract has failed. The penalty is absolute loyalty to me. Any objections?"

Yes, the moment Kaoru saw them bullying Karuizawa, he immediately knew what to do.

"No, serving our master is our honor," Shiho Manabe replied.

"Don't say that. Even though the contract effect has taken hold, I know you still have your own consciousness," Kaoru Mitoma said calmly.

"Doesn't it feel strange? Doesn't it feel terrifying?"

Shiho bit her lip and whispered, "It is terrifying... I don't know why, but my mind is now filled only with loyalty to you, Master."

The effect of the Reward Contract was akin to instant brainwashing—not only was the conditioning 100% complete, but it also preserved the target's self-awareness to the greatest extent.

Kaoru glanced at the other two girls and asked softly.

"What are your names?"

"Yamashita Saki," answered a girl with braided hair in a small voice.

"I'm Yabu Nanami," said the other, who had shoulder-length hair and wore an equally tense expression.

Neither of them harbored any wishes—they were clearly ordinary people.

However, Shiho Manabe herself didn't have many wishes either, even fewer than Morishita Ai and Miki Yamamura.

"Take off your clothes," Kaoru ordered Shiho.

Shiho stiffened, her face paling, but she merely pressed her lips together and nodded softly.

"As you command, Master."

Even though there might be passersby nearby, she still obediently carried out Kaoru's order.

Her hands moved to her shirt, slowly undoing the buttons one by one.

Under the moonlight, the faint outline of her slightly rounded chest became visible.

Shiho closed her eyes, her long lashes trembling slightly.

Her body was now exposed for the first time.

"One more," Kaoru continued.

The girl's hands trembled as she reached behind her back, fumbling clumsily.

After several attempts, a soft click sounded and the remaining garment slid down.

Her smooth shoulders and delicate collarbones were now fully exposed under the moonlight, her flawless skin glowing faintly.

Every inch of her was captivating, a stark contrast to the arrogant demeanor she had displayed during the day—now replaced with absolute submission.

Kaoru watched silently for a while.

Though Shiho tried to hide it, her awkward hands and the embarrassment and shyness in her eyes betrayed her inner turmoil.

"How do you feel?"

"V-very embarrassed..."

"Did you ever think about stopping or running away?"

"No... Whatever Master commands, I will obey."

"Put your clothes back on."

"Eh?"

Shiho stared at him in confusion, her voice tinged with panic, like a puppy suddenly abandoned.

"D-does Master not want to continue...?"

In her mind, since she had already undressed, what came next was obvious.

"I won't do it. I just wanted to test the effect," Kaoru said, pausing briefly. "Besides, even if I did, you'd still feel reluctant, wouldn't you?"

Shiho froze for a moment before silently putting her clothes back on.

Well, she hadn't actually taken them off completely—just unbuttoned her shirt, revealing her soft, small chest.

Chapter 218: Giving Ayanokouji Fatherly Love

Kaoru Mitoma watched as Shiho Manabe finished dressing, his expression thoughtful.

He didn't have contact information for Shiho or the others, so he had to rely on Kushida's help.

That was why they were able to meet here tonight.

"I'm sorry for what I did to you earlier—it was too much," Kaoru suddenly apologized to Shiho.

Shiho was clearly taken aback, her face flushing red as she waved her hands awkwardly.

"N-No, it's fine! I don't mind at all. As long as Master is happy, I'm willing to do anything."

"We feel the same!" Yamashita and Nanami chimed in almost simultaneously.

"If Master has any needs, you can order us anytime!"

Kaoru shook his head.

"Don't say that. I may have some... indecent tendencies, but I wouldn't go so far as to take advantage of people."

Perhaps sensing his sincerity, Shiho's tense heart gradually eased.

Biting her lip, she added, "Actually, Master doesn't need to be so guarded around us. We really don't understand what's happening right now, but I can say for certain—I can't disobey your commands at all."

"Even if I were to expel you?" Kaoru Mitoma asked.

Shiho Manabe nodded without hesitation. "Even if Master were to expel me, I wouldn't feel the slightest hesitation or regret."

"Aren't you going to ask why?"

"To be honest, my mind is completely occupied with how to satisfy Master right now." A faint, almost feverish flush spread across Shiho's delicate face.

"No matter what Master does to me, I'll be happy."

She was nothing like the delinquent girl she appeared to be during the day.

Now, her eyes were glazed with a sticky, dreamy haze, making Kaoru avert his gaze slightly.

"Don't call me that. It's a bit uncomfortable."

"Does that mean... you dislike me?"

"No. After all, I'm the one who turned you into this. I have to take responsibility to some extent." Kaoru paused.

"But if others hear you using honorifics to me, it'll cause unnecessary trouble."

Shiho looked remorseful. "I'm sorry... we've caused trouble for Master—no, for you again."

"It's not trouble. If anything, I might need your help in the future." Kaoru understood perfectly well how valuable it was to have subordinates who were absolutely loyal to him—especially when they were from an opposing class and not just one, but three of them!

"Being able to help Master—no, being able to help Mitoma-kun is our greatest honor!" Shiho smiled brightly, her joy genuine.

Though her rational mind was fully aware of what she was saying, she couldn't suppress the deep willingness in her heart.

Moreover, Kaoru's earlier words had eased many of her worries.

At this thought, Shiho suddenly peeked at Kaoru's expression with timid reverence and asked cautiously.

"Um... should we go apologize to Karuizawa right away?"

Just remembering how insolent she had once acted in front of her Master made Shiho feel like an irredeemable fool in every possible way.

If she had known she would become Master's plaything, she wouldn't have picked a fight with Karuizawa...

No, actually, she should have provoked Karuizawa sooner—then she could have become Master's plaything faster.

"Don't worry about her. If anything, she should be the one apologizing to Morifuji." Kaoru didn't want to dwell on the topic.

To maintain her tough-girl persona, Karuizawa was just being stubborn to the bitter end.

"Oh." Shiho stared at him expectantly, as if waiting for the next command.

"Once you go back, act as usual. You don't need to greet me if you see me around." Kaoru instructed.

Shiho nodded eagerly, like a chick pecking at rice, before hesitantly asking.

"Can I tell you about Class C and Ryuen-kun now?"

Once Kaoru gave her permission, she eagerly spilled all the intel she had on her class—including one of Ryuen's plans.

"He's going to use 800 million Personal Points to turn the entire Class C into Class A?" Kaoru couldn't hide his astonishment.

The plan was so absurd that anyone hearing it for the first time would instinctively dismiss it as pure fantasy.

"Yes. Honestly, none of us are really confident, but..." Shiho hesitated briefly. "Somehow, it feels like Ryuen-kun could actually pull off something this insane. Right now, the class has already saved up several million Personal Points."

Not only the Personal Points saved up each month, but also those previously extorted from Class B.

However, due to the crushing defeat in the uninhabited island exam, Ryuen would likely have to surrender a significant portion of Personal Points to Class A.

Kaoru Mitoma couldn't help but click his tongue—no wonder Ryuen was aiming for Outcome One.

It was all about the Personal Points.

Still, now that they knew Ryuen's goal, they could deal with Class C more effectively.

...

To avoid drawing attention, Kaoru Mitoma didn't linger outside for long.

After sending Shiho Manabe and the others away, he returned to the third floor.

Yet, he never expected to run into an unexpected person in the elevator.

Ayanokoji Kiyotaka.

The moment their eyes met, even Ayanokoji's typically indifferent expression flickered with surprise.

Before Kaoru could speak, Ayanokoji took the initiative.

"Have we met somewhere before?"

"Have we?" Kaoru thought to himself—this should be the first time he'd faced Ayanokoji up close.

[Ayanokoji Kiyotaka: Calm.]

[Suggestion: Bestow paternal affection. Effective for increasing target's favorability.]

In every possible way, this was terrible.

"Maybe during the uninhabited island exam. I went to Class A with Horikita," Ayanokoji offered, recalling the scene.

"We tried our best, but in the end, we lost to your Class A. It's a bit frustrating."

Kaoru sidestepped the topic and instead asked, "It's so late. You're not heading out for a date, are you?"

"I'm just an ordinary loner. Forget talking to girls—I don't even have the courage to look at them. I'm worse than a goblin." Ayanokoji sounded thoroughly self-deprecating.

"I never said it was a girl," Kaoru replied, feigning innocence.

"..." Ayanokoji fell completely silent.

"Just kidding." Kaoru chuckled. "Actually, I was just on a date with a girl myself."

Ayanokoji's tone carried a hint of implication.

"I've heard you have quite a few close relationships with girls. If I may ask... is there someone special among them?"

"That's too bold. I don't want to answer."

"..."

Ayanokoji had never imagined conversing with someone could be this difficult.

Cutting to the chase, he asked outright, "What's your goal in coming to this school?"

"What's yours?" Kaoru countered.

Without hesitation, Ayanokoji replied, "To spend my high school life peacefully."

"Such a simple goal."

"I don't have any grand ambitions. It's not like I can say I want to become prime minister someday, right?"

"No, that's actually a pretty good ambition." Kaoru thought for a moment. "Assuming you could become prime minister, what would you want to change?"

Ayanokoji narrowed his eyes slightly—this guy was really troublesome.

"Sorry, I haven't thought that far. Maybe start by banning smoking?"

Faced with his nonsense, Kaoru responded seriously, "You should start by changing yourself."

Ayanokoji froze.

"In a country like Japan, bloodline determines everything." Kaoru patted his shoulder. "If you want to become prime minister, your first step should be marrying the daughter of a former one."

Although he thought the other was spouting nonsense, Ayanokoji Kiyotaka still fell into deep contemplation.

After a while, he suddenly asked Kaoru, "What's your goal then?"

It was Kaoru's turn to fall silent.

After a moment, he murmured, "I used to have one, but now that I think about it, it seems insignificant. Right now, I'm just a wanderer passing through."

Ayanokoji observed his reaction and asked skeptically, "If that's the case, why not just stay here?"

Kaoru looked at him as if he were an idiot.

"If I'm only now considering whether to stay, I'd be even dumber than an idiot."

"You didn't get rejected in a love confession, did you?"

"Do I look like it?"

Ayanokoji averted his gaze, realizing he wasn't exactly gifted with humor.

"I'm looking forward to it," Mitoma suddenly said. "Maybe the decision I can't make will be made for me by someone else."

Ever since his death, he had been drifting in a daze.

Though he had missions from the Wish Machine, he had merely been instinctively indulging his desires.

Only later did he gradually regain his senses, realizing that the idols he faced weren't NPCs he could toy with at will.

By the same logic, the people in this world weren't NPCs either.

Ding—

As the elevator arrived on the third floor, Kaoru stepped out first, with Ayanokoji silently following behind.

"Assuming you do stay, I think there's one thing you should be aware of," Ayanokoji said. "Polygamy isn't allowed out there."

Kaoru remained expressionless.

What was this guy implying?

"No, with Prime Minister Ayanokoji here, I doubt amending the law would be a problem."

Ayanokoji frowned.

Was Kaoru really from the White Room?

In truth, he had just met with Chabashira Sae at her request.

The conversation hadn't been particularly noteworthy.

Since the Second exam had ended a day early, she was visibly anxious—and furious.

No explanation was needed.

Just seeing her expression, anyone could guess how Class D had fared in the exam.

Thus, Chabashira only intensified her demands for him to lead Class D to rise through the ranks.

Honestly, Ayanokoji felt nothing.

Just as Horikita Suzune had once tried to provoke him, he had understood the answer to this exam the moment he saw the group assignments.

To lead Class D to victory over Kaoru Mitoma Class A, he would have to reveal his full strength.

Otherwise, with a bunch of useless classmates, they stood no chance against Kaoru Mitoma.

But doing so clearly didn't align with his vision for his high school life.

He could foresee endless troubles ahead.

Ayanokoji stared at Kaoru's back when the cruise ship's announcement system suddenly crackled to life.

"Rat—Traitor answered correctly. Outcome Three."

"Ox—Traitor answered correctly. Outcome Four."

"Tiger—Traitor answered correctly. Outcome Three."

"..."

All twelve groups had their traitors answer correctly, resulting in Outcome Three.

Among them, Class D suffered the heaviest losses.

Based on these results, each class's Class Points and Personal Points were adjusted as follows:

Class A: +200 CP, +3.5 million PP

Class B: +50 CP, +2 million PP

Class C: -100 CP, +500,000 PP

Class D: -150 cl, no change

CP stands for Class Points, while PP stands for Personal Points.

As a result of the third betrayal, not only were 50 Class Points rewarded, but the correct answerer was also granted 500,000 Personal Points.

However, since this was a collective action by the class, most of these Personal Points would likely be preserved as class funds.

During this summer trip, although the points of each class underwent significant changes, the rankings remained completely unmoved—more despairing than ever.

Class A: 1756

Class B: 1016

Class C: 472

Class D: 112

...

Class A's points were greater than the combined total of the other three classes, with plenty to spare.

Ayanokoji Kiyotaka silently watched Kaoru Mitoma return to his room.

A shooting star streaked across the sky as the cruise ship continued forward, the night sighing softly around him.

Chapter 219: Horikita Has Yet to Realize the Severity

In the third week of August, after returning to ANHS, Horikita Suzune stared at the remaining days marked on the calendar.

In about a week, the agreed-upon deadline would officially end.

Tokyo's rainy season had long passed, and the cicadas' summer cries buzzed incessantly outside the window.

For many students, the past few days should have been a pleasant summer trip.

However, Horikita Suzune was in an awful mood.

[Personal Points: 4567]

The screen on her phone displayed an infuriating four-digit number.

She wouldn't be able to breathe easy unless two more zeros were added to the end of that figure.

Though she hadn't yet experienced the harshness of society, she had already gained an early understanding of how vile loans could be—she'd heard some people carried mortgages for thirty or forty years.

In truth, compared to external loan services, Kaoru Mitoma had been quite lenient.

He charged no interest and even allowed Horikita Suzune to default under Horikita Manabu's name.

Otherwise, with just this alone, Kaoru Mitoma could have blackmailed her into starring in JAV.

Buzz—

Horikita Suzune's phone vibrated faintly and a flicker of panic crossed her face—because there was only one contact in her phone.

How ridiculous.

How could she let herself be intimidated by a pervert?

Horikita Suzune took a deep breath, then picked up her phone and saw the message from Kaoru Mitoma as expected.

"Come over now. Let's talk briefly about the contract."

The contract was nearing its expiration and Kaoru Mitoma likely intended to renew it.

After all, her previous proposal hadn't been put in writing, so it was natural for him to have concerns.

Thinking this, Horikita Suzune replied with an acknowledgment.

Almost immediately, Kaoru Mitoma sent another, rather peculiar message.

"Don't wear safety shorts."

At first, Horikita Suzune froze, but then gradually realized the implication behind his words.

A faint blush spread across her delicate, pretty face.

"What are you trying to do? It's not even the second semester yet!"

"Keep your indecent thoughts to yourself!"

"Not just that—my feet are off-limits too!"

No matter how many messages she sent, Kaoru Mitoma left them all on read.

Horikita Suzune instantly understood her fate, gritting her teeth in frustration while feeling a twinge of despair toward herself.

Was there truly no escaping Kaoru Mitoma's grasp from now on?

No, there had to be another way.

Horikita Suzune clenched her jaw.

Others might have given up by now, but for her, as long as even the slightest possibility remained, she would seize it.

Currently, there were two legitimate ways to obtain Personal Points: first, Class Points were converted into Personal Points every month and second, certain special exams offered Personal Points as rewards.

The first method was too difficult—with Kaoru Mitoma blocking her path, it might take her a year or more to gather a million Personal Points.

Thus, Horikita Suzune could only consider special exams.

Beyond those, there were, of course, more... unconventional methods, such as extorting other students.

However, Horikita Suzune couldn't think of any feasible approach at the moment.

She even regretted not joining any clubs earlier.

With her mind swirling in chaotic thoughts, the girl left her room and took the elevator down to Kaoru Mitoma's floor.

Ding—

Seeing this man again after several days, Horikita Suzune realized, to her surprise, that she felt slightly nervous.

Before her stood a man with a somewhat tall, well-built frame.

His sharply defined features carried a maturity beyond his years, yet traces of youthful innocence lingered.

His deep eyes settled on her, and the corners of his lips curled into a faint smile, exuding an unsettlingly captivating aura.

If she didn't know he was a perverted foot fetishist, Horikita Suzune might have been fooled by his appearance.

"It's been a while. Have you gathered enough Personal Points yet?"

Horikita Suzune glared at him—he was clearly provoking her!

"If you just want to mock me, go ahead. We can talk once you've calmed down."

Like a hedgehog bristling with spines, the girl fired back without hesitation.

"Relax. Come in and have some tea first." Kaoru paid no mind, turning back into his room.

Horikita Suzune followed behind him.

Seizing the moment when he wasn't looking, she quickly slipped off her shoes in the entryway, leaving only a pair of thin black thigh-high socks clinging to her slender calves.

Her delicate feet stepped lightly onto the clean, polished floor.

Since it was his own invitation, Kaoru Mitoma had prepared barley tea for his guest in advance.

As he turned around, he saw Horikita Suzune sitting primly at the table, her straight posture causing her chest to rise prominently, accentuating its full shape.

She wasn't wearing her school uniform today, instead dressed in a pale, slightly loose-fitting dress that didn't overly emphasize her figure, lending her an air of intellectual coolness.

Though she wore stockings, a faint rosy hue still peeked through at her ankles, soft and delicate.

Horikita Suzune sat perfectly still, doing nothing at all, yet her beauty and mere presence were enough to stir a man's heart.

Kaoru was no exception, though his thoughts drifted to the secret weapon Kushida had given him.

"I could have cleared my debts—whether on the deserted island or during the VIP exam—but in the end, I gained nothing," Horikita said, watching as he poured tea, the steam dissipating into the air.

"I don't mean to sound harsh, but it seems like you didn't really do anything, did you?" Kaoru sat across from her, close enough to keep her guard lowered.

"Of course I did!" Horikita immediately retorted. "I scouted your movements on the island, and I even—"

She cut herself off mid-sentence.

It was clear she had realized her efforts were negligible—all part of Kaoru's trap.

Not just on the deserted island, but she hadn't even known the answers to the VIP Exam.

"Do you know why you lost?" Kaoru took a sip of tea. "Because you knew nothing. You had no sources of information, no reliable allies, and no authority to unite your class."

Though she knew he was right, Horikita couldn't help but argue.

"Class D isn't the same as your Class A! You're surrounded by obedient, outstanding students, while Class D is full of good-for-nothings who only complain about the school and others, never reflecting on themselves!"

"And aren't you complaining about your environment right now?" Kaoru gave her a puzzled look.

No matter how she spun it, she wasn't any different from the rest of Class D.

Horikita fell silent, unable to refute him.

"That's why you're in Class D. That's why the student council president asked me to expel his beloved little sister from this school." Kaoru glanced at her. "In other words, you either leave ANHS quietly, or you pay off your debt."

Horikita clenched her fists under the table.

After a moment of silence, she spoke through gritted teeth.

"I'll repay my debt to you, no matter how long it takes!"

Seeing her expression, Kaoru smiled faintly before murmuring.

"Honestly, I've always wondered if I've been too lenient with you. In the real world, debts always come with high interest."

Horikita Suzune was well aware of this, so she answered without hesitation.

"We can proceed with the previously agreed proposal. I'll repay the minimum debt amount each month, and you can make one request of me per week."

Kaoru chuckled, "Aren't you afraid I might take complete advantage of you?"

Horikita had considered this point.

Though Kaoru could be quite perverse at times, compared to the boys in her class, he strangely carried an air of sincerity—never scheming behind her back and always knowing when to stop.

Besides, he was her brother's friend.

Horikita Suzune believed Kaoru would exercise some restraint.

At worst, she might have to show him certain things or... perform certain acts.

However, her complete lack of knowledge about intimate matters made her far too optimistic.

Chapter 220: The Secret Weapon

"If you try to devour me, I only have two options."

Horikita Suzune's tone remained utterly calm as she lifted her teacup with both hands, showing no fear that he might have drugged it.

She gently blew away the steam before her soft lips touched the rim.

"Two options?" Kaoru watched her delicate movements, admitting that everything a beautiful girl did was pleasing to the eye.

"Kill you, or marry you." Horikita didn't even look up, as if discussing something mundane.

"I probably couldn't accept the latter. After you've had your fun, I'd kill you, then myself."

Kaoru's face darkened.

So his only path was death?

Seeing his expression, Horikita felt a rare sense of superiority and couldn't resist teasing him.

"For someone as lust-driven as you, wouldn't dying be worth it if you got to have your way with a beauty like me?"

"It would matter. There's more than one beautiful girl in this world." Kaoru adopted a thoughtful expression.

"I think Kushida from your class is quite cute—she seems like a gentle, caring little angel."

"Disgusting." Horikita glared coldly at him, though it wasn't clear whom she was insulting.

"Back to business—let's continue discussing our contract." Kaoru smiled. "While I'd love to do something inappropriate to Suzune, I'd prefer you repay your debt quickly."

Horikita frowned, assuming he wanted penalty fees.

"Don't worry, I'll return every last point to you."

But Kaoru quietly said, "No, you truly don't have much time. Next month begins the second semester, and next year brings the student council president's graduation. You haven't forgotten your purpose, have you?"

Horikita froze.

Of course she remembered—she'd come to ANHS to follow in Horikita Manabu's footsteps.

If not for the school's unique rules, she wouldn't have cared about being in Class D, content to watch her brother from afar.

Yet Class D turned out to be the worst class.

Someone of Horikita's temperament could never accept such an outcome.

Even if she tried, as Horikita Manabu's sister, she couldn't permit herself to remain in Class D.

That was how she'd ended up falling into Kaoru Mitoma's trap.

"I actually don't care about these Personal Points. On the contrary, because of this debt, I'm quite troubled about whether or not to expel you next," Kaoru Mitoma sighed. "If I expel you, the debt is practically gone. If I don't, who knows when you'll be able to pay it back?"

Horikita Suzune was a little angry, but she held it in because Kaoru Mitoma wasn't wrong.

Due to Class D losing 150 points in the VIP exam, she might not even have the minimum ability to repay him now.

"I understand," Horikita reluctantly lowered her head, gripping the teacup with both hands.

The slight heat made it hard to endure, so she simply drank all the tea in one go.

Seeing this, Kaoru took out a contract he had prepared in advance.

"This is the proposal you made last time. If there are no issues, you can sign it now."

Horikita glanced at it—this contract was clearly a supplementary clause to the debt, such as requiring a minimum repayment of 20,000 Personal Points per month and fulfilling any one of Kaoru's demands every week, among other things.

"I need to correct one thing," she said calmly, pointing her index finger at the demands.

"You can't demand my expulsion, nor can you ask me to violate school rules or do anything detrimental to me."

"Then what can I ask you to do?" Kaoru looked puzzled.

Horikita fell silent for a moment, as if struggling intensely, before slowly speaking.

"You can only... do very indecent things to me."

"Indecent things?" Kaoru was even more confused.

Horikita gritted her teeth, a faint blush gradually spreading across her delicate face.

"What else could it be? Of course, it's the things you like to do... Do I really have to say it out loud for you to be satisfied?"

"I like doing a lot of things. I genuinely don't know which one you're referring to."

"Mitoma!" Horikita's chest heaved in anger. "Lewd stuff! I'm agreeing—you can only do lewd things to me. Happy now?!"

Her voice was unexpectedly loud.

Kaoru cleared his throat. "Well, I do like that, but people's... preferences vary. We can't generalize. What if my demands are things you find utterly incomprehensible or even resist to the extreme?"

Hearing this, Horikita regained some composure and whispered, "Like I said earlier, if you take it to the final step, there are only two choices."

Kaoru Mitoma's expression turned odd.

So, as long as it wasn't sex, anything was allowed?

"In that case... how about showing me your panties?"

Faced with such a shameless request, Horikita silently stood up, lifting her skirt with both hands.

Slowly, she pulled it up from her calves to her thighs, revealing black thigh-high socks and slender, perfectly straight legs fully displayed before Mitoma.

Then, as the skirt continued to rise, her fair, rounded thighs came into view—smooth skin like cream cake or jelly, with the sock bands slightly pressing into her soft flesh.

The pure white color of her panties and slightly translucent texture left Kaoru momentarily speechless.

"You... don't feel embarrassed anymore?"

"Hmph." Horikita Suzune coldly looked down at him.

Though she said nothing, the disdain in her eyes spoke volumes—as if she were staring at some non-recyclable trash, or something far worse than trash.

"It seems this level of difficulty isn't enough for you. Should I make it harder?" Kaoru Mitoma mused.

Horikita was sharp—she wasn't an idiot.

She immediately replied, "Right now, this is just a free demonstration. Our debt hasn't come due yet. If you want to push things further, you'll have to agree to one condition."

"What condition?" Kaoru asked.

"Reduce the penalty fee a little—say, by 100,000 yen—and then I'll let you do it once." Horikita watched him with slight tension.

She hadn't left her room today, so letting him lick her leg once should be fine.

Kaoru fell silent for a moment.

She really wasn't stupid, but in some ways, she was incredibly naive.

"Fine, I agree."

"You said it yourself—no take-backs!"

"..."

Watching Horikita's smug expression, Kaoru silently turned around and pulled two items from a drawer.

When Horikita saw what he was holding, her expression froze.

"...A collar?"

At her confusion, Kaoru nodded.

"Yes, a collar. You'll wear it around your neck, and I'll take you for a walk."

Horikita stood there dumbfounded, as if struck by lightning.

Wait, wasn't he supposed to lick her leg?

Why was he talking about walking her like a dog?

What kind of twisted game was this?

"N-no way! I told you, nothing that breaks the rules or puts me at a disadvantage!" Horikita's face burned red as she glared at Kaoru.

"This goes way beyond our agreement, you pervert!"

Kaoru tilted his head. "Didn't you say 100,000 point was enough?"

"I—I thought you meant licking... Ugh, forget it! There's no way I'm doing this!"

"If not this, then what do you want to do?"

"Just swap one, just one will do!"

Kaoru Mitoma's gaze involuntarily landed on another item.

Following his line of sight, Horikita Suzune spotted something small, pink and round, with wires and buttons attached.

"What is this?"

Indeed, Horikita Suzune had no idea what it was.

Her knowledge of porn related matters was limited to what she'd read in biology textbooks—she hadn't even experienced sexual intercourse before.

Kaoru, however, was quite familiar with this little device.

In his previous world, idols occasionally used certain methods to relieve stress.

This little thing was among them.

Kaoru had stumbled upon idols using it in private more than once—each time, it had been awkward.

Later, perhaps because he had been too lenient with them, they even dared to use it secretly on stage, shamelessly shoving the controller into his hands.

Thankfully, it had only been a commercial performance.

Otherwise, Kaoru wouldn't have known how to cover for them.

"It's a girl's secret weapon."

Hearing his explanation, Horikita Suzune only grew more confused.