

Cote 22

Chapter 22 In that case, why don't you show me your panties?

Carefully counting it up, Kaoru Mitoma had already earned five reward draws. Once he got back to the dorm, he was ready to start drawing them all at once.

"Drawing your reward... "

"Congratulations, you've received the reward—'Lucky Dice'!"

"'Lucky Dice': Once you roll the dice, you'll receive a luck boost corresponding to the number rolled, up to a maximum of six times. The effect lasts for only 12 hours."

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"Congratulations, you've received the reward—'Universal Use Ticket'!"

"'Universal Use Ticket': You can use any item without any restrictions, and no one will criticize or blame you for it. Until the ticket is used up, everything you do with it is considered perfectly normal."

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"Congratulations, you've received the reward—'Soldier's Food Pill'!"

"Congratulations, you've received the reward—'Straw Hats Pirate Hand-to-Hand Combat Video Tape'!"

"Congratulations, you've received the reward—'Succubus Brothel Appreciation Manual'!"

"All rewards have been distributed, please check and collect them!"

Even though he'd complained about it countless times, were these things really considered supernatural items?

Kaoru Mitoma always suspected that the Wish Machine just dumped a bunch of junk into the same lottery pool. For example, who would want to pull a bunch of trash weapons from a character pool?

That kind of thing shouldn't even be possible, right?

He glanced over the rewards and fell into thought. What should he use next?

First things first, he needed to find a way to earn back the personal points he'd lost. Whether he wanted to win the game against Sakayanagi Arisu or do anything else, personal points were an essential tool.

So, Kaoru Mitoma had to come up with a way to get as many personal points as possible. Kaoru Mitoma thought for a while, then shifted his attention to the first-year students. Of course, he could keep extorting Nagumo Miyabi, but he couldn't just focus on one person—he had to test the waters with the other classes too.

Class B wasn't really an option. Ichinose Honami was definitely on guard against him. If he tried to use her now, it would just make her break down too soon. He couldn't burn all his bridges at once. So that left only Class C and Class D. He wasn't sure how much he could squeeze out of those two classes right now, but he remembered how much money Kushida Kikyo and the others had spent on their shopping spree—it was no small amount.

Whatever, it's not just about this month. Even if there's nothing to gain now, that doesn't mean there won't be in the future. Kaoru Mitoma quickly came to terms with that, then casually climbed into bed and went to sleep. Come to think of it, he still had a date with someone from Class D.

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The next day. Class A classroom. Kaoru Mitoma had just sat down at his desk when Kamuro Masumi, sitting next to him, started staring at him for no apparent reason.

"Hey, why did you provoke Sakayanagi yesterday?"

"I should be asking you why you're hanging around Sakayanagi. Have you really thought it through?"

"...That's none of your business, so butt out." Kamuro Masumi seemed pretty annoyed by his counter-question.

"And anyway, I'm the one asking you right now, aren't I?"

"Don't you want to see Sakayanagi dressed up as a kitten?" Kaoru Mitoma asked.

Kamuro Masumi froze for a second, suddenly realizing she was a little tempted by the idea. She snuck a glance in Sakayanagi Arisu direction—thankfully, it didn't look like she'd overheard.

"Shameless."

Next time you say that, try to hide how excited you look, and maybe actually look people in the eye.

"Why are you suddenly following Sakayanagi's every word?" Suzuki Toru asked. "Did she promise you something? Or does she have some kind of dirt on you?"

"That doesn't matter at all. I'll do whatever I want." A flash of irritation crossed Kamuro Masumi eyes.

"I just want to know what kind of dirt she have on you, Kamuro."

"Don't be ridiculous! There's no way I have anything like that!"

"So it really was when you were stealing something, and Sakayanagi Arisu caught you, right?"

"I was really caref—wait, what are you talking about?"

Kamuro Masumi caught herself just in time, her expression changing dramatically.

"Mitoma, don't tell me you were there too!?" Her voice was a bit loud, drawing the attention of a few students.

Kamuro Masumi realized she'd lost her composure and quickly shut her mouth, falling into silence. Since she wasn't talking, Kaoru Mitoma also withdrew his gaze and focused on scribbling in his notebook. After a while, Kamuro Masumi couldn't hold back anymore.

"Hey, hey, how do you know about this?"

Kaoru Mitoma didn't rush to answer her—after all, she was the one who should be worried right now, not him. Seeing he didn't respond, Kamuro Masumi bit her lip, her long legs under the table shaking even more restlessly. She'd thought getting caught by Sakayanagi Arisu was already unlucky enough, so why did Kaoru Mitoma know about this too?

"Did Sakayanagi tell you?" Kamuro Masumi nudged him with her calf, the warning in her tone couldn't be more obvious.

"Don't tell me you're going to threaten me too."

Kaoru Mitoma glanced at her. The girl was wearing black knee socks again today—clean, delicate, her straight, slender calves practically begging to be touched. Not to mention the smooth, pale skin of her thighs looked so soft and inviting, and with her skirt a bit short, it almost felt like you could see something.

"The first time I saw you, I could tell you were a hopeless case." Kaoru Mitoma let out a dramatic sigh.

"Just as I expected, you're up to your old tricks at this school again."

"You've seen me before?" Kamuro Masumi's expression froze, her eyes full of suspicion.

"Relax, this is our first meeting. Before today, we didn't know each other at all." Kaoru Mitoma smiled faintly.

That's even scarier, okay!

When did he see me?!

"Are you sure I stole something?" Kamuro Masumi tried to sound tough, but she was nervously watching his reaction.

"Kamuro-san, don't doubt me. I can see the whole scene in your eyes."

Kaoru Mitoma lowered his voice, as if sharing a secret.

"Your technique was flawless. You avoided the cameras and the staff, then casually slipped the item into your bag. I'm not wrong, am I?"

His voice was like a devil whisper. Kamuro Masumi went rigid, not knowing how to respond. SKaoru Mitoma glanced at her. What a big reaction. It was just a standard bluff, really—like those classic horoscope readings, deliberately vague so people can't help but fit themselves into it.

So, even now, Masumi Kamuro subconsciously followed his lead, trapping herself with her own words.

"So what if I did it? I don't care if you want to tell someone or do whatever you want, it's all the same to me. I don't care about something this trivial." Masumi Kamuro tone turned stiff.

She tried hard to recall every crime scene, but still couldn't remember ever seeing Kaoru Mitoma there. The more she thought about it, the more anxious she became. Who the hell is this guy, really?

"In that case, why don't you show me your panties?"

Bang!

Hearing the noise, Arisu Sakayanagi turned to look. She saw Masumi Kamuro pretty face frozen like ice, glaring furiously at Kaoru Mitoma, while he looked completely calm. Arisu Sakayanagi blinked. What are those two up to now?