

Cote 241

Chapter 241: The Little Angel's Second Wound

Today's last period for Class D seemed to be P.E., as the indoor gymnasium was filled only with their figures.

They were likely assessing the class's overall athletic ability.

Hirata Yosuke had borrowed some sports equipment, and many students were practicing hurdles, ball throws, and sprints.

"Wow, wow! Kikyo-chan is amazing! She actually came in third!" Ike Kanji shouted excitedly, as if he had contributed to her achievement.

"Thank you for cheering me, Ike-kun, but I think this is my limit," Kushida Kikyo said softly, catching her breath.

Sweat from the intense exercise dampened the strands of hair on her forehead, but she still wore a smile.

"No way! Kikyo-chan can definitely do even better!" Ike Kanji insisted, his eyes darting around.

"Hey, Kikyo-chan, how about we try the three-legged race together?"

"Oh? But I didn't sign up for the assigned competition," Kushida Kikyo feigned slight surprise on the surface, though inwardly she was extremely irritated.

She understood Ike Kanji's intentions all too well.

"No problem! Hirata-kun will definitely have us participate together," Ike Kanji, mistaking her lack of refusal for agreement, couldn't contain his excitement.

"Honestly, I think our teamwork would absolutely crush the competition!"

"Ahaha, really now?" Kushida laughed, though she was barely holding it together.

If not for maintaining her persona, she would have turned and walked away immediately.

Just as Ike was about to press further, a commotion erupted nearby.

"Hey hey hey, what's Class A doing here? Trying to spy on us or something?"

"Wait, don't be rash, Sudou-kun!"

"I'm not being rash! This guy's acting suspicious!"

As Ike turned to look, the girl before him suddenly brightened, her lips curling into a faint smile and her eyes sparkling—an expression he'd never seen from Kushida before.

"Ah, Mitoma-kun, you're here early," she said, stepping past Ike with light, almost skipping footsteps.

Her sudden intervention caught the agitated Sudou off guard, while the approaching Kaoru looked somewhat exasperated.

Does she really not get why I'm here so early?

Ever since school ended, Kushida had been messaging Kaoru endlessly, urging him to come quickly.

"Sorry, I thought you'd already finished, so I figured I'd stop by," Kaoru took the blame entirely.

"Didn't realize you were still practicing. I'll leave right away."

Sudou had gotten so worked up after spotting Kaoru openly observing Class D's practice session from the gym entrance.

"There's no need to apologize. We're teammates now, Mitoma-kun. You're welcome to watch," Hirata said gently.

"Sudou-kun was just recommended as our team leader earlier, so he might still be adjusting."

Sudou scratched his head, realizing he had indeed forgotten that detail.

"Practice should be over soon. Just wait a little longer, Mitoma-kun," Kushida smiled sweetly.

"We can go back together afterward."

The moment she said this, Sudou and the others froze in shock—even Ike, who had just caught up, looked utterly bewildered.

"W-what?! Kikyo-chan is going back with a guy?!"

Honestly, Ike Kanji's reaction wasn't unwarranted.

Though Kushida was everyone's "little angel," she had never been linked to any romantic rumors with boys.

She was undeniably everyone's angel.

Yet now, she had openly declared she would be leaving with Kaoru Mitoma.

Where exactly are they going?

Could it be... his room?!

No way!

Our little angel suddenly becoming someone's exclusive angel—that can't happen!

At least wait until 40 years after I'm dead!

"There might be a misunderstanding. I just wanted to ask Kushida-san for help—"

"I understand. I haven't forgotten my promise to you, Mitoma-kun."

Before Kaoru could finish, Kushida cut him off with a smile, then tilted her head.

"Right, Mitoma-kun? That's what you were thinking too, isn't it?"

As if to remind him, the girl slightly straightened her posture, her already delicate and flower-like figure now appearing even more enticing.

Since they were indoors, she wore red athletic shorts that fully showcased the slightly plump curves of her youthful figure—the perky roundness of her hips and the beautifully proportioned thighs.

Kushida had been sweating, her lovely face slightly flushed, with fine beads of perspiration on her forehead.

From time to time, a faint, elusive fragrance wafted through the air.

Most notably, there was a hint of provocation in her eyes, shimmering like rippling water, which instantly triggered a strong instinctive reaction in Kaoru.

The so-called promise probably referred to this morning's gym uniform.

Kaoru had to admit, it was somewhat effective, even though few of the wishes associated with her involved this sort of thing.

But then again, since he was going to indulge anyway, groping Kushida in her gym uniform didn't seem like a bad idea.

"Of course I haven't forgotten. Otherwise, I wouldn't have come to find you today," Kaoru replied calmly.

Since the two hadn't coordinated their stories beforehand, he couldn't say too much.

Sure enough, Kushida's smile brightened considerably.

"That's great. I was thinking the same thing."

"Hey, what are you two talking about?" Suddenly, Karuizawa appeared beside them as if she had teleported.

"I'm a bit curious about this 'promise' between Kushida-san and Mitoma-kun."

Kushida's smile froze.

What was this? Why was she butting in?

"Ahaha, it's just a small thing."

"If it's a small thing, couldn't you just text about it?"

"Some things are hard to explain properly unless we meet in person."

"Oh-ho, could it be that the two of you are on a date?"

Facing Karuizawa probing gaze, the corner of Kushida's mouth twitched slightly.

Although she had been anticipating this question, hearing it from her of all people was inexplicably irritating.

"No, Mitoma-kun and I are just frien—"

Mid-sentence, Kushida noticed Karuizawa staring intently at Kaoru before suddenly smiling.

"I must have misunderstood. Mitoma-kun and Sakayanagi-san share quite a special relationship, don't they?"

Flawless.

A shadow flickered in Kushida's eyes.

She had already been extremely displeased with Sakayanagi actions and had planned a small counterattack, only to be ambushed halfway.

After Karuizawa's remark, the excuse of "just friends" was now impossible to voice.

If she said it now, she'd look like a complete clown today.

What was this girl's deal?

Why was she meddling when her own boyfriend was standing right beside her?

Chapter 242: Kushida's Bad Mood

Honestly, Kaoru was a little surprised.

But upon reflection, Karuizawa did technically have the title of 'someone girlfriend'.

"Don't say that. Sakayanagi-san and I are just friends," Kaoru denied Karuizawa's claim.

"Besides, Kushida-san helped me out before, so I wanted to thank her. We agreed I'd treat her to a meal today."

"That sounds like a reasonable explanation," Karuizawa felt somewhat pleased because Kaoru had denied both relationships, though a hint of dissatisfaction soon crept in.

"Still, it's all too strange, don't you think so too, Hirata-kun?" Karuizawa didn't bother hiding her blatant suspicion, as if she were looking at a criminal.

"I can't really say. Maybe there really is nothing between them. We shouldn't jump to conclusions—it could cause unnecessary trouble for others, Karuizawa-san." Hirata Yosuke didn't side with her, instead gently admonishing her.

Karuizawa Kei turned her face slightly away, clearly not wanting to hear such words from her 'boyfriend'.

Although they had talked about breaking up during summer vacation, on the surface, they were still in a relationship.

This wasn't because Hirata had begged her to stay or because she was unwilling to end things—rather, she realized this arrangement might still be useful to her.

"Actually, it's just as Mitoma-kun said. For now, we're just ordinary friends." Kushida subtly emphasized the words 'for now', implying that the current status didn't necessarily mean it would stay that way forever.

"Really?" Ike's face lit up with emotion. "That's great! Kikyo-chan is still everyone's little angel!"

Kushida smiled bashfully, though inwardly, her irritation grew.

Can't this guy just die?

"Eh? So, Mitoma-kun is still single then?" Karuizawa stared directly into Kaoru's eyes.

"No girl you like?"

Oh no.

She was probably trying to corner him into giving an answer.

Perhaps she wanted to confirm who's his real girlfriend was—which was why Karuizawa hadn't shown up yesterday, choosing instead to observe from the sidelines.

But now, things were different.

Since Kaoru had denied any involvement with Sakayanagi and Kamuro, in her eyes, the most likely suspects now were Ichinose and Kushida.

"Mitoma-kun is definitely single, though I think he once mentioned his ideal type is a girl with a big breast."

A dazzling smile floated on Kushida Kikyo's face.

Karuizawa instinctively glanced at her own chest, her expression stiffening for a moment before quickly recovering.

She replied smoothly, "Not necessarily. Some men might prefer petite girls."

So what if you have big breast?

Kaoru has touched my chest before—he must prefer girls like me.

Kushida also smiled faintly, thinking this girl doesn't get it at all.

Kaoru definitely prefers someone with a big boobs like her—after all, he was so gentle when he touched her.

But then, the thought of Ichinose Honami flashed through her mind, and a shadow briefly crossed her eyes.

"No, no, Karuizawa-san! Every man is a boob enthusiast! Boobs aren't just for squeezing—you can even bury your face in them! It's practically a man's paradise!" Ike declared with utmost seriousness, completely oblivious to the increasingly cold glares around him.

"Idiot!" Sudou immediately grabbed him and dragged him away.

Seeing this, Kaoru swiftly changed the subject.

"Actually, I came here for another reason."

Before Kushida and Karuizawa could react, he explained Katsuragi intentions to Hirata.

At the same time, under the pretense of discussing serious matters, he subtly led Hirata Yosuke away.

And so, only Kushida and Karuizawa were left behind, staring at each other in silence.

The moment their gazes met, they immediately looked away.

"How strange. Karuizawa-san seems quite interested in Mitoma-kun, doesn't she?" Kushida Kikyo took the initiative to attack.

For some reason, the more girls surrounded Kaoru, the more irritated she became.

"Well, with that celebrity-like face of his, it's only natural to wonder who he's dating. I'm sure you're curious too, Kushida-san?" Karuizawa narrowed her eyes.

Did they think she'd be content just being a side chick?

"Who knows? I heard Sakayanagi-san is closest to him." Kushida paused deliberately. "Though I am curious how far their private relationship has progressed."

"The school wouldn't permit improper relationships anyway. Holding hands would be the limit." Karuizawa spoke with confidence—after all, she'd shared intimate moments with Kaoru.

"Oh? But Karuizawa-san, aren't you dating Hirata-kun? Don't tell me your relationship hasn't progressed beyond hand-holding?" Kushida feigned surprise.

"Of course not. Hirata-kun and I haven't done anything." Karuizawa emphasized this point deliberately, not wanting Kaoru to misunderstand.

Kushida narrowed her eyes before smiling sweetly.

"How precious. Most boys can't resist making moves on their girlfriends. You should cherish having such a gentle boyfriend, Karuizawa-san."

Karuizawa froze—she'd walked right into that trap.

As Hirata Yosuke's girlfriend, she couldn't easily refute Kushida's remarks now.

"Oh i'm sorry, did I overstep?" Kushida continued with a fake apology. "You two seem so close normally—an outsider like me shouldn't need to remind you."

Karuizawa bit her lip.

This was a warning.

Kushida had likely seen through her feelings and was reminding her of her place.

Damn it.

Was Kushida actually Kaoru's real girlfriend?

To think it was someone from her own class and she hadn't noticed any signs before.

But—

Karuizawa wouldn't surrender.

She'd prepared herself for long-term endurance anyway.

Besides, Kaoru was already unfaithful—he'd cheated during their very first "transaction."

As the other woman involved, this was her weapon.

What girlfriend could tolerate her boyfriend's infidelity?

Therefore, Karuizawa might be the only girl in this school who could accept Kaoru as he was.

This was her advantage.

"While I agree, the future is unpredictable. We might break up before graduation—I've prepared for the worst."

As she spoke, Karuizawa slowly smiled, her gaze fixed on Kaoru who's conversing with Hirata, fingers unconsciously twirling her hair.

Kushida frowned.

What was this? Instead of retreating, she was advancing further.

How terrible.

That hopeless playboy—when had he even gotten involved with Karuizawa?

Between Sakayanagi, Kamuro, Ichinose, Horikita and herself—was that still not enough to satisfy his lust?

Kushida's mood turned foul.

Chapter 243: Damn It, What Are You Trying to Do to Me?

Kaoru didn't talk with Hirata for too long, merely informing him of Katsuragi intentions and letting him decide whether to cooperate or not.

Of course, the more specific details of the collaboration would have to be discussed by Katsuragi himself, as he was the 'public' leader of Class A.

Even so, Hirata still smiled and thanked him.

Since Class D's practice session wasn't over yet, Kaoru quietly observed from the sidelines.

The most active figure was undoubtedly Sudou, who seemed to have boundless energy, loudly declaring that he would participate in every event.

Aside from Sudou, he also spotted many familiar faces—Ayanokoji Kiyotaka, Horikita Suzune, Sakura Airi, Hasebe Haruka, and others.

The only one missing was Kouenji Rosuke, who had likely dismissed the activity as beneath him and left early.

He had initially thought Horikita Suzune might be the most outstanding among the girls, but surprisingly, there was a sporty girl who performed even better—her name seemed to be Onodera Kano.

Just by observing their performance, Kaoru gained a rough understanding of Class D's overall level.

Leaving aside problematic students like Ayanokoji Kiyotaka and Kouenji Rosuke, the disparity in ability among the other students was glaring—some were exceptionally strong, while others were painfully weak.

Overall, Class D's top performers were no worse than Class A's, but their average level fell far short, possibly even lagging behind Class B.

Watching Sakura Airi turn deathly pale during the race, Kaoru couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

'With such poor athletic ability, I wonder how her academic performance is'.

If she remained this far behind in both studies and social connections, she likely wouldn't survive a special exam that involved expulsion.

"I'm done. We can head back now," Kushida Kikyo said as she walked up to him, her smile unwavering.

Kaoru glanced over once more and noticed Yamauchi Haruki repeatedly trying to get close to Sakura Airi, hovering around her like a ghost.

"Let's go."

Staying here any longer would only draw more attention.

Besides, after what had just happened, most students were already sneaking glances at him and Kushida.

Especially Horikita Suzune, Karuizawa Kei, and Ayanokoji Kiyotaka.

Kushida followed behind him, her gaze occasionally drifting toward his arm.

After hesitating for a long time, she finally gritted her teeth, closed her eyes, and boldly wrapped her arms around it.

Thump—

The moment she clung to him, Kaoru was immediately met with a soft, pillowy sensation—far beyond what someone her age should possess.

Her breast pressed against him, it was so smooth and supple that even through their clothes, he could feel their astonishing elasticity.

She hugged his arm tightly, her body pressing against him, her smooth skin rubbing against his with every movement.

The faint coolness of her sweat gradually warmed from their intimate contact.

Moreover, Kaoru caught a whiff of her fragrance.

When he turned his head, he saw that beneath her thin short-sleeved shirt, her skin was slightly flushed, still glistening with sweat.

"Ahaha, Mitoma-kun, don't walk so fast! I almost couldn't keep up," Kushida said shyly, though she forced herself to act as if nothing were out of the ordinary.

What kind of reason is this?

Just because I walked too fast, you had to hug my arm?

"Your scent is all over me," Kaoru muttered under his breath.

Even without seeing her own expression, Kushida could feel her face stiffen.

Did she really smell?

The next moment, Kaoru couldn't help but grimace in pain.

Because her pinching hurt like hell.

"Enough nonsense. Come with me somewhere right now," Kushida warned him.

"And don't walk too fast—let them get a good look."

From his peripheral vision, Kaoru caught sight of Ike standing there slack-jawed, eyes glazed over in shock.

"Aren't you supposed to be maintaining your pure, angelic persona?"

This was bizarre.

Given Kushida's current behavior, her popularity among the boys would undoubtedly plummet.

"I-I know about the persona... But who told you to act so smug lately?" Kushida was practically grinding her teeth.

"I... I always thought you were just some perverted creep. How did things end up like this?"

Kaoru couldn't quite grasp her thought process, so he simply activated his 'Emotion Perception'.

[Kushida Kikyo: Confusion, Jealousy, Anxiety, Insecurity...]

[Suggestion: Engage in more lewd behavior with the target to effectively reduce their sense of insecurity.]

Never mind.

This skill sometimes made no sense at all.

Trapped in Kushida's forceful embrace, by the time Kaoru followed her out of the gymnasium, they'd already been stared at by the entire Class D for several minutes.

"Should I walk you back to the dorm?" Kaoru asked.

Kushida looked up at him suspiciously.

"...You're not reacting at all?"

"What kind of reaction do you want me to have?" Kaoru retorted.

"This outfit of mine... and I'm hugging you, yet your reaction is to send me back?" Kushida grew increasingly erratic, tightening her embrace.

"Don't tell me you're really impotent."

Kaoru Mitoma gave her a long, quiet look.

Was this girl actively provoking him?

"Have you considered this is a public space? Why would I make a move on you here?"

He thought this reminder might calm Kushida down, but instead, she stared at him silently before muttering something under her breath.

After a moment, Kushida suddenly exclaimed, "No way! Absolutely not!"

With that, she dragged Kaoru towards the restroom.

"Wait, where are you taking me?"

"I refuse to accept this! How dare a mere pervert act like this? After all the effort I've put in, this is just pathetic. You're the worst kind of creep!"

"Let's talk this through. I'm a guy—I can't go into the women's restroom."

Perhaps considering his point, Kushida paused briefly before steering him into the men's restroom instead.

Bang—

Ignoring the surroundings completely, she shoved Kaoru into a stall, locked the door behind them, and sealed it shut in one swift motion.

Fortunately, it was after school hours and with the sports festival preparations underway, the restroom was empty.

"What are you trying to do?" Kaoru remained composed.

This wasn't his first time being cornered by a girl.

Despite her earlier decisiveness, Kushida suddenly fell silent upon seeing his calm expression.

The silence stretched until, just as Kaoru was about to speak, the girl finally uttered.

"Please do something terrible to me... Master."

Kushida kept her head lowered, as if unable to meet his gaze.

"Why?" Kaoru found this intriguing. "You do realize I've already done something terrible to you, right?"

"Of course I know that. But... I just can't stand it." Her voice was barely audible.

"I never wanted things to turn out like this—not at all. But they were just too cunning."

"They?" Kaoru began to piece things together.

"What's so great about being a pervert anyway?"

As she spoke, a flicker of frustration crossed her face.

"This is all your fault! You're just too damn arrogant!"

Chapter 244: Kindred Spirits

Truthfully, Kushida was confused.

She had always assumed Kaoru was like her—outwardly radiant, beloved and trusted by everyone, yet hiding a darker side beneath the surface.

With his flawless appearance and exceptional abilities, no one would ever believe he was a foot fetishist.

Though being blackmailed by him was humiliating, the fact that she also held dirt on him gave her a twisted sense of satisfaction.

No matter how impressive someone seemed, they were still just a pervert.

Humans could never be perfect.

At first, Kushida had even considered turning the tables and blackmailing him instead, but she eventually abandoned the idea.

Because they were the same.

And more importantly—Kaoru hadn't crossed the line with her.

Although it could be thrilling at times—like playing puppy on the cruise ship—she was aware that Kaoru had his limits and knew exactly how far to go.

He wouldn't embarrass her.

He wouldn't push her too far.

Especially when he protected her without hesitation, fully considering her feelings.

Honestly, that mix of firmness and gentleness was intoxicating.

Once she realized that no matter how far she went, he would still shield her from the worst outcomes, Kushida's mind began brimming with all sorts of wild ideas.

That was why that scene during summer break happened.

Just as she had expected, Kaoru didn't cross the line.

Kushida's impression of him wasn't entirely negative anymore.

Sure, he was a pervert, but he wasn't impatient—he knew how to make sure she enjoyed it too.

But—

Why was someone shamelessly clinging to him when he was just another lustful dog like her?

Why did he get to enjoy things she didn't?

Not to mention Sakayanagi and the others—Kamuro had been there too, right?

Faced with Kaoru's perverted behavior, she hadn't reacted at all.

Not only had she silently watched from the sidelines, but she also didn't seem particularly disgusted by him.

Kushida couldn't understand it.

She couldn't wrap her head around it.

How could it be okay, knowing full well that Kaoru was a creep?

Yes, she knew she was jealous of him.

"This isn't right. A pervert should act like a pervert. Why aren't you reacting to me at all?"

A deep sense of crisis gripped Kushida, though she couldn't pinpoint its source.

It was as if she was terrified that Kaoru might not be the same as her.

Kaoru fell silent for a moment before speaking slowly.

"No, actually, I've always felt something for you."

No matter how you looked at it, the girl before him was undeniably alluring.

Just knowing they were in a restroom, standing face to face, with Kushida actively demanding something indecent—no man would refuse her.

Likewise, Kaoru was fully aware of the temptation he was resisting.

"But you've never—"

"I have. I've had all the reactions a man should have." Kaoru cut her off, then added curiously, "And why do you think I wouldn't do something outrageous to you?"

With that, he suddenly grabbed her.

Caught off guard, Kushida stiffened, only to hear him continue, "Honestly, did you bring me here just to watch you use the toilet?"

"W-what?! Don't even think about it!" Kushida reacted, her cheeks burning, yet something inside her seemed to melt under his touch.

"Otherwise, could it be that you're jealous of them?" Kaoru murmured darkly.

"Don't forget, you're just a little slave I'm threatening. Apart from satisfying your master's demands, all you can do is watch obediently."

Because of his techniques, Kushida began panting, though her consciousness remained clear.

"I-I would never be jealous of a perverted dog. On the contrary, I absolutely detest you. I've hated people like you from the very beginning."

Yet the more he acted this way, the more Kushida felt an inexplicable sense of security.

...

When Kaoru finally withdrew his fingers from her, the girl could barely stand.

Her hands clutched tightly at Mitoma's clothes, her face flushed and her eyes utterly dazed.

The earlier scent of sweat had vanished, replaced by a sweet, enticing fragrance—as if her entire body were oozing delicious honey, making one unable to resist the urge to lick her skin.

The girl in his arms was so soft and adorable that Kaoru couldn't help but stroke her delicate, smooth back, holding her even tighter.

"Mm..." Kushida's voice trembled, her already ragged breathing growing even heavier.

After a while, she gradually regained her senses and immediately became aware of Kaoru's body heat, flushing all the way to the tips of her ears.

"You must have played with plenty of women before," Kushida analyzed calmly.

With skills like his, there was no way Kaoru could be a virgin.

At this thought, she felt neither jealousy nor any sense of envy—instead, she was happy.

Kaoru had proven himself to be an irredeemable pervert, a complete and utter scumbag.

So, she and Kaoru were still the same kind.

This feeling was reassuring.

"What if I told you I learned it from movies? Would you believe me?" Kaoru replied rationally, doing his best to control his reactions.

"Liar. Don't think I can't tell what's going through your mind." Kushida deliberately rubbed against him, then smirked when she saw Kaoru fall silent.

"Could you let go? You're getting my clothes all wet." Kaoru averted his gaze—she was far too tempting right now.

Kushida froze momentarily before realizing what he meant.

"That's impossible! I would never—"

Before she could finish, Kaoru calmly pushed her away, showing her the damp mark on his pants that matched the position of her shorts.

Kushida stared at it for a while, then slowly raised her hands to cover her face, leaving only her burning red earlobes exposed.

"Forget about it."

"At least you didn't leak."

"For-forget it! Don't say things like that!"

"Too late. Kikyo-chan was more into it than I expected."

"Mm..."

Chapter 245: A Disgusting Fan

Though thoroughly embarrassed, Kushida Kikyo's mood had clearly improved.

By the time the two stepped out of the restroom, she had already returned to her usual self—undoubtedly the lively, adorable little angel everyone knew.

On their way back, they occasionally encountered students who greeted Kushida, and she responded with warm smiles, a testament to her popularity.

The only puzzling thing was that this little angel seemed to have worked up quite a sweat—enough to dampen her clothes.

Honestly, Kaoru had to admire her.

That level of composure surpassed most people, even if certain traces had already begun to fade.

Upon reaching the dormitory building, Kushida slowed her pace slightly and said in a low voice.

"Let me make this clear—I'm not jealous of Ichinose or the others, but I don't think you'll last long in this game. You should know that better than anyone."

"Instead of worrying about me, you should worry about yourself," Kaoru calmly replied.

Kushida curled her lips.

Why should she worry about herself?

After all, he was the one forcing her.

After what had just happened, she was fully convinced of Kaoru's true nature.

Knowing he was nothing more than a wolf in sheep's clothing, she was certain she wouldn't develop any unnecessary feelings for him.

'He's probably just another one of my kind' she thought.

"Oh my, today was so much fun! If it weren't for Mitoma-kun, I wouldn't have known my heart could race like that. Thank you so much!"

Perhaps mindful of the passersby around them, Kushida flashed Kaoru a radiant smile, spouting meaningless words.

Before stepping into the elevator, she suddenly turned back and deliberately waved at him—a gesture far too likely to make normal guy hearts flutter.

Kaoru could practically feel the envious stares around him—the boys glaring at him, the girls eyeing Kushida.

Ignoring them, he quickly returned to his room.

Thanks to Sakayanagi's domineering presence, the past two days had been nothing but trouble.

Forget his actual girlfriend and the backup options—even Kushida had gotten dragged into it.

Thinking about the upcoming practice session, Kaoru couldn't help but sigh.

Since he wasn't feeling well, he had asked Kamuro to take his place.

No matter how he looked at it, the whole situation felt awkward.

But then again, he wasn't Sakayanagi.

What exactly was going through her mind?

Only she would know.

[Extracting corresponding rewards...]

[Congratulations! You have obtained the reward—Energy Candy!]

[Energy Candy: Once consumed, stamina recovery speed increases for the next 12 hours with no side effects.]

[Congratulations! You have obtained the reward—Imitator Game!]

[Imitator Game: Allows the user to designate any target to temporarily gain any ability from another target, with identical effects. Duration: 4 hours.]

[Congratulations! You have obtained the reward—Teleportation Scroll!]

[Congratulations! You have obtained the reward—Explosion Magic!]

[Congratulations! You have obtained the reward—Sleepy Bug!]

[Congratulations! You have obtained the reward—Cloth-Dissolving Potion!]

[The rewards have been distributed. Please check your status!]

The accumulated rewards from Ichinose Honami, Kushida Kikyo, Karuizawa Kei, and Horikita Suzune were exchanged for another 10-draw.

Kaoru also chose the premium rewards, but today's drop rates were just as disappointing as ever.

In the past, he wouldn't have been this disheartened.

Wait—if he used this 'Imitator Game' on Sakayanagi Arisu, could she gain four hours of walking ability?

Kaoru fell into deep thought.

Then, he shook his head.

It was best not to do something so unsettling.

That said, today's rewards seemed somewhat useful—they could increase his chances of success.

Kaoru picked up his phone, opened a certain idol's X (Twitter) post, and deftly began typing a message.

"Shizuku-chan, I'm sorry. Just thinking about you in a leotard today made me lose control."

"Ugh, it's so unfair. Shizuku-chan is my oshi, so why do so many people have to pay attention to you?"

"No way~ Shizuku-chan should only belong to me, right?"

"?"

"If you don't reply, I'll expose your secret."

Originally, he had used email, but since it lacked a read receipt feature—allowing Airi Sakura to ignore him—he switched to X.

As expected, the message was instantly marked as read, followed by a trembling reply.

"S-sorry, I didn't see it earlier..."

"Didn't I tell you? You have to reply to my messages instantly. Understand?"

"I understand."

"Shizuku-chan, Shizuku-chan, I'll be your Little Bootlicker!"

"P-please stop... You're not a dog."

"Lick lick lick."

"Eek..."

Before Kaoru could harass her further, his main account received a message from Airi.

"Mitoma-kun, what do I do? He's getting worse and worse..."

She then sent him screenshots of the conversation, clearly unsettled by the stalker's behavior.

"Don't panic. Tell him you're under the student council's protection now—he won't dare act recklessly."

"I'll try..."

Moments later, Airi relayed Kaoru's words to his alt account, only to receive an arrogant reply.

"Hah, even the student council can't stop my love for you. Just wait—I'll deal with them right away."

"N-no, please don't!"

Airi panicked.

She didn't know if this creep actually had the power to take down the student council, but stalkers weren't bound by logic—what if he did?

"My love for you is beyond your imagination, Shizuku-chan—no, Airi-chan. My life is yours."

This was bad.

This stalker was too creepy.

Airi buried her face in her pillow, her slender body curling up as her petite rear stuck out slightly.

"Uuuu, Mitoma-kun, I can't take this anymore..."

"Don't give up, Sakura-san. I'll always be here for you. If anyone suspicious approaches, message me immediately."

"T_T"

She couldn't do this anymore.

Airi didn't even want to look at the stalker's messages, and she was starting to dread her future as an idol.

"Hey, Shizuku-chan, why didn't you reply right away?"

"I'm sorry."

"It's fine~ You were probably taking photos just now, right?"

*"N-no, I wasn't."

Airi Sakura instinctively glanced down at her own legs.

Since she was in her own room, she was only wearing a pair of very short, breezy shorts, leaving her fair thighs completely exposed.

"Hurry up."

"Y-You wait a second..."

Gritting her teeth, Airi simply snapped a few photos of her thighs and sent them over.

After all, it was just her legs—nothing too revealing.

With that thought, the unease in her heart faded considerably.

Not only did she send the photos, but she also informed Kaoru's main account about it.

"What should I do, Mitoma-kun...?"

Today it's legs, tomorrow it might be her chest.

Chapter 246: Overflowing Malice

Ever since helping Airi Sakura drive off a certain shop employee, Kaoru Mitoma had been harassing her from time to time.

Having once worked as a producer, Kaoru was all too familiar with this kind of behavior—so much so that he didn't even need to think before casually typing out words that would make an idol's heart skip a beat.

Normally, idols rarely managed their own social media accounts.

With so many things to handle, they usually left it to their managers.

Sometimes, agencies would outright take control of an idol's accounts, believing it was the best way to protect them.

But Airi Sakura was alone.

Whether it was kindness from fans or malicious harassment, she had to endure it all by herself.

Kaoru stared at the messages on his phone, his mind drifting back to the wishes tied to her.

[Use Airi Sakura's photos as fap material right in front of her.]

[Take some questionable gravure shots of the little idol.]

[I love seeing Airi Sakura's flustered, helpless expression.]

[I want Shizuku-chan to reply instantly!]

[Wifey wifey, please marry me!]

There was no helping it—most of the wishes attached to her were outright deranged.

Kaoru suspected they came from her fans.

"Next time, send him a photo of my legs instead."

"Huh? Is that... okay?"

"I don't have leg hair, so he shouldn't be able to tell. But you shouldn't keep indulging his demands. Human desires only grow."

"O-Okay..."

Airi must have been struggling.

As the harassment grew worse, she had finally confessed her identity to Kaoru, who was now trying to help her deal with the problem.

Since Kaoru was a student council officer and had previously fixed Airi's camera, he was the only person she could trust right now.

"Sakura-san, I have an idea."

"What is it?"

"Try inviting him to meet in person. Tell him you'll agree to be with him. I'll be nearby to help you catch him."

"O-Okay!!!"

Airi seemed excited and immediately sent the message to Kaoru's alternate account.

Naturally, the alternate account rejected her invitation.

"Mitoma-kun... it didn't work. He said he just wants to watch over me from afar..."

Even through text, Kaoru could sense Airi's disappointment.

He casually comforted her and taught her some standard idol tactics for dealing with obsessive fans.

Not only that—as a veteran of the idol industry, Kaoru smoothly began feeding her grand promises, slowly drawing out her dreams and aspirations.

By the end of it, Airi's mood had clearly improved.

"Still, I can't quite understand why some people are so strange?"

Kaoru pondered briefly before answering Airi's question.

"Because there are many kinds of liking."

"Many kinds?" Airi seemed unable to grasp this concept.

Not just idols—any normal girl would find such harassment disgusting.

"Some are happy just looking at you, some want you to improve, some want to monopolize you, some want to vent all their desires on you, and some would rather destroy you than let you go..."

"Positive liking, negative liking—humans are contradictory emotional creatures."

These were common occurrences in the idol industry, at least for Kaoru, who had grown accustomed to them, though he often engaged in online battles with haters.

Airi remained silent for a long time.

As a minor internet celebrity, she must have encountered such fans occasionally.

"So... should I be more positive about it?"

Whether it was positive or negative affection from fans, should she respond with an enthusiastic smile and actively accept their feelings?

"Fans have the right to like you, and you have the right to dislike certain fans."

Kaoru understood Airi's mindset well.

Many idols struggled with this, convincing themselves it was unavoidable and then turning a blind eye.

In reality, there was always a faint, lingering thorn in their hearts—a slight disturbance would make them feel uneasy, instinctively avoiding comments or forcing themselves to accept malicious remarks.

Kaoru Mitoma had a solution for this.

"Next time something like this happens, treat them the same way you'd treat anyone you dislike."

For example, Madoka Higuchi mostly ignored such comments, while Fuyuko Mayuzumi's responses were somewhat terrifying.

"I'll try..."

Airi Sakura sounded uncertain, her unease could be felt even to Kaoru.

"Don't worry, I'll always be by your side."

...

The next day, Katsuragi delivered bad news to Class A.

Some students in Class D were dissatisfied.

Since this was a collaboration between two classes, conflicts over profit distribution were inevitable.

Beyond the grade rankings, even individual rewards could spark prolonged disputes.

There were two types of individual rewards: Personal Points and exam score bonuses.

Though most Class A students didn't care about individual rewards, when it came to points, they had no choice but to fight for them.

Naturally, this led to discontent in Class D.

Especially Sudou Ken, who saw these rewards and points as practically within his grasp—there was no need to share them with Class A.

Moreover, he was now Class D's commander.

However, some in Class D agreed with Katsuragi proposal, such as Horikita Suzune and Yukimura Teruhiko.

Their reasoning was simple: having Class A's involvement would reduce Class D's pressure.

Through fair distribution, they could balance the disadvantages of certain students, preventing them from falling too far behind.

Horikita Suzune's thoughts were even simpler.

She wanted to prioritize securing Class D's points, ensuring victory in the group battles while maintaining a high grade ranking.

Perhaps still harboring some illusions, she didn't fully agree to the collaboration.

Instead, she seized the opportunity to propose an idea.

Since Class D had many students skilled in sports, they couldn't let Class A dictate everything.

On the field, it would ultimately come down to hard skills, so each side's interests should be determined by their abilities.

In other words, Class A must compete against Class D to determine which class is stronger.

The stronger class will naturally secure more benefits.

"They plan to hold the competition this afternoon. Considering time constraints, only students skilled in sports will participate, though others are welcome to watch if interested."

After saying this, Katsuragi called out the names of over a dozen students, including Kaoru Mitoma and Kamuro Masumi.

"Tch, a bunch of trash daring to challenge us in Class A? Who even gave them the courage?" Totsuka Yahiko sneered at Class D's invitation.

Not just him, most of the students present shared similar thoughts.

After all, Class D's performance had been too conspicuous, leaving a deep impression on them.

Today should make them rein it in a bit.

Kaoru Mitoma recalled watching Class D's practice session yesterday.

Chapter 247: Sparring

Apart from competing against Class D, Katsuragi also approached the students participating in the assigned events.

"Kamuro and I will do the three-legged race," Kaoru thought for a moment.

"Oh, and let's add the scavenger hunt too."

Initially, Kamuro remained silent, but upon hearing him mention the scavenger hunt, she decisively said.

"I'll join the scavenger hunt as well."

Katsuragi looked at the two of them and give them a reminder.

"The scavenger hunt is a team event. Each group can only send one student."

"What's the big deal? Didn't the competition chart say so?" Kamuro crossed her arms, her expression slightly cold.

"Each class has to send six students anyway. One more won't matter."

Kaoru glanced at Sakayanagi Arisu not far away.

She was quietly observing their discussion, showing no signs of anything unusual.

"Fine. What other events do you want to join?" Katsuragi asked.

Hashimoto Masayoshi suggested, "There are twelve of us here. Each should participate in at least three events, right?"

"Aside from the relay and tug-of-war, which require a lot of stamina, the scavenger hunt and three-legged race are relatively easier. I suggest assigning the most athletic students to the first two events."

Shinji Matoba's words earned nods of agreement from many.

Soon, everyone had their events assigned.

However, when it came to the final relay race, Katsuragi hesitated.

According to the rules, each class would send six students for the 1,200-meter relay, with an equal mix of boys and girls in pairs.

Kamuro was naturally assigned, but the selection for the boys' team was uncertain.

Hayato Kito and Hashimoto Masayoshi were likely the most athletic boys in Class A—even Katsuragi Kouhei had to admit he was slightly inferior.

Logically, they should be the ones sent, but considering their affiliations, Katsuragi found himself in a dilemma.

Though some of Sakayanagi's faction had switched sides, the core members still showed no intention of defecting.

For instance, Hayato Kito, Hashimoto Masayoshi and Kamuro Masumi were all key members of Sakayanagi's faction.

Honestly, if not for Katsuragi's decent performance during summer break, some students who were on the fence might have leaned toward Sakayanagi Arisu—Shinji Matoba being one example.

"No problem, I'll join the relay too," Kaoru said with an easy smile.

Katsuragi breathed a sigh of relief.

With this guy around, even if Sakayanagi's faction slacked off, nothing too bad should happen.

"Then let's practice based on this list for now. We'll finalize the lineup and order in the last week."

Even knowing Class A would likely lose, they still had to put in some effort—at least for appearances.

...

Time passed, and it was now afternoon.

When Class A arrived at the gymnasium, they found Class D had been waiting for a while.

"Come on, Class A! Watch how I take you all down single-handedly!" Sudou taunted right off the bat, cracking his knuckles with eager anticipation.

"What the fuck did you just say? Show some respect to your betters, you Class D trash!" Totsuka Yahiko immediately bristled.

He wasn't scheduled to compete but had just come along to watch.

"I'm going all out!" Sudou declared triumphantly, finally getting his moment to shine.

In contrast, Horikita remained calm as she addressed Katsuragi.

"The events will be the 100-meter dash, hurdles, pole toppling, ball throw, and tug-of-war. We won't consider others."

Some events weren't suitable for direct confrontation, like three-legged races, horseback battles, and scavenger hunts.

"Agreed, though we don't have many participants," Katsuragi said. "To save time, we should wrap up today's matches quickly."

"That's what I was thinking," Horikita nodded, her gaze briefly landing on Kaoru.

By now, the gymnasium had been set up with makeshift competition areas, with equipment borrowed from Class D.

Their homeroom teacher, Chabashira Sae, served as referee, keeping score and blowing the whistle.

Perhaps because it was their first direct confrontation with Class A, nearly all of Class D had gathered to watch.

Moreover, since neither class had kept it completely secret, Classes B and C had naturally caught wind of it.

However, Class C didn't send any students—only Ichinose Honami and Kanzaki Ryuji stood in the spectator seats, observing from afar.

The first event was the 100-meter dash.

Both classes formed two groups based on their participants, then competed against each other.

Kaoru was among Class A's starting lineup, while Sudou led Class D's team.

"Just watch me, Horikita," Sudou muttered under his breath as he assumed a textbook starting stance.

Kaoru glanced at Horikita Suzune in the distance, who misinterpreted it as a challenge and turned away with a frown.

Whistle—

As Chabashira Sae blew the whistle, Sudou beside Kaoru exploded forward with astonishing momentum, instantly seizing the lead.

Not only did Class D students look stunned, even Class A showed signs of unease.

In just over ten seconds, the race was decisively over.

Sudou took first place, with Hashimoto Masayoshi in second—a full 1.05 seconds behind, which spoke volumes.

"No way! That's impossible—he must be doping!" Totsuka refused to believe someone from Class D could perform at that level.

"You're the one on drugs! Ken's going pro—he's a future national basketball player!" Ike Kanji defended his friend, glaring daggers at Totsuka Yahiko.

"It just a fluke."

But Totsuka Yahiko's stubborn denial was quickly shattered again.

Sudou remained exceptionally dominant in subsequent events, consistently ranking at the top, leaving Class A students exchanging uneasy glances.

Katsuragi expression darkened.

He had handpicked Class A's best competitors, yet only Hashimoto and Kito could barely keep up with Sudou.

Fortunately, Class A's goal wasn't to win but to better manage their students and remind them they couldn't afford to slack off yet.

"Tch, never thought Class D would have someone like that."

As the matches neared their end, Kaoru was resting when Kamuro suddenly approached him.

"The school always needs to give other classes some hope, otherwise even Class A wouldn't have the desire to win," Kaoru glanced around but still couldn't spot Kouenji Rosuke anywhere.

"You're running so slow—are we really not going to lose this time?" Kamuro sat beside him, then caught a faint scent from him and subtly turned her face away.

Kaoru Mitoma watched as Horikita Suzune and the others gathered around Chabashira Sae, clearly tallying the final scores, and muttered.

"It's not an official match, why run so fast?"

"Tch." Masumi fell silent.

The earlier match had left her somewhat exhausted, her body radiating heat, her chest slightly damp with sweat.

Since this was just a practice match, Sakayanagi hadn't bothered to come in person—otherwise, she'd probably accuse Kamuro of trying to seduce Kaoru again.

Kamuro glanced at Kaoru intermittently, but he showed no reaction.

Instead, she noticed a few gazes fixed on her.

Chapter 248: Indirect Kiss

Class D had quite a few students skilled in sports—Horikita Suzune, Sudou Ken, Hirata Yosuke, Miyake Akito, Onodera Kayano, and others—slightly surpassing Class A.

This was hard for many Class A students to accept, especially Totsuka Yahiko, who loudly demanded a drug test for Sudou performance.

Seizing the opportunity, Horikita tried to pressure Katsuragi into conceding more points, but the latter remained calm and unmoved.

Katsuragi acknowledged that Class D now had the ability to collaborate with Class A on equal footing, but Class D's flaws were equally obvious—their strong students were exceptionally strong, while their weak ones were exceptionally weak.

Though Class A might lag behind in individual quality, their numbers and overall average surpassed Class D's.

If anything, Class D should be the ones asking Class A for help.

Otherwise, many Class D students would face the risk of falling behind in rankings.

After much back-and-forth, both sides had no choice but to compromise.

The two classes would align, mutually supporting each other to assist the physically weaker students.

However, they would also allow competition between them to determine who ranked higher and who ranked lower.

Kaoru had no interest in joining the commotion and was instead chatting idly with Kamuro.

"Did Sakayanagi give you any instructions?"

"Even if she did, do you really think I'd tell you?"

"Did she want you to trip me during the match and embarrass me in front of everyone?"

"Give me a break. I'd end up embarrassed too."

As they spoke, Kamuro casually glanced toward the spectator stands and asked nonchalantly.

"Looks like Class B is leaving. Aren't you going to say goodbye?"

"Better not. The class would give me weird looks." Kaoru paused. "Ichinose probably understands that too, which is why she didn't greet us."

In situations like this, everyone knew they were scouting for information.

A greeting would just be awkward—better to pretend not to see each other.

Kamuro hesitated, wanting to say more, but unsure what exactly she wanted to ask, so she simply stayed quiet.

"I'm going to buy water. What do you want?" Kaoru stood up, his gaze naturally drifting downward to look at her.

Just like during the deserted island incident, Kamuro was wearing a white short-sleeved shirt.

Not only that, but she also hadn't changed into gym shorts, still wearing long pants that concealed any glimpse of her thighs.

The only hint of allure came from her breathing—her chest rising and falling unconsciously, slightly damp strands of hair clinging to her forehead, her entire body exuding a faint, restless heat.

"Green tea," Kamuro muttered without moving, sensing someone's gaze on her.

Since buying drinks from the vending machine wasn't particularly troublesome, Kaoru headed alone toward the gym's rest area.

However, as soon as he left, someone else quickly made their move.

Clink—

Just as Kaoru bent down to pick up his drink, a voice sounded beside him.

"I want juice."

"Get your own," Kaoru replied, grabbing the drink from the bottom slot.

When he turned, he saw Karuizawa standing next to him.

"Eh, no way. I want your juice," Karuizawa giggled, wrapping her arms around his.

The soft feeling of her chest pressing against his arm was unmistakable even through the fabric—bouncy, yielding, and undeniably tempting.

Unlike Kamuro, Karuizawa was wearing gym shorts, her smooth, delicate thighs fully exposed.

Her increasingly plump little ass was already eye-catching enough, making it hard to resist the urge to touch.

Perhaps because of what had happened the day before, Kaoru couldn't help but react slightly.

"Won't this draw attention?"

"What's the big deal? Everyone's outside—no one's gonna see us here," Karuizawa said, snatching the juice from his hand.

After a brief pause, she handed it back.

"Hurry up and open it for me. I'm dying of thirst."

"But you haven't broken up with Hirata yet, right? If someone sees you like this, wouldn't that count as cheating?" Kaoru popped open the can and placed it in her hand.

"It's fine. Hirata and I are basically broken up already. He won't care." Seeing Kaoru reach for another juice, Karuizawa quickly grabbed his wrist.

"Wait, don't buy another one. I'll treat you to this one."

No sooner had she spoken than she shoved the juice—now with a single sip taken—back into Kaoru's hand.

At the same time, her cheeks flushed slightly as she stared at him nervously.

Kaoru glanced at the rim of the can.

There was no trace of lipstick—this gyaru seemed oddly meticulous about it.

"Is this an indirect kiss?"

Karuizawa's face turned redder as she clung tightly to his arm, her gaze darting away.

"I-I-It's not like it's an indirect kiss or anything! If you're bothered, just give it back!"

"Why would I be bothered? Saves me money," Kaoru said before taking a deliberate sip right in front of her.

Then, as if savoring the moment, he licked the rim clean and smacked his lips.

"Tastes great. Guess I'll stick with this brand from now on."

Karuizawa face flushed crimson, steam practically billowing from the top of her head.

While she had indeed intended to play a little trick on Kaoru, she never expected him to lick it all clean without hesitation.

So perverted...

No wonder he did such outrageous things to me back then.

"You're so red. Are you feeling unwell?" Kaoru feigned concern with an innocent tone.

At his deliberate teasing, Karuizawa face burned even hotter.

She pounded his chest in frustration.

"You big pervert! Disgusting creep!"

"Ow, stop. That actually hurts a little."

A faint smirk tugged at Kaoru's lips. "If I were really a pervert, now would be the perfect time to make you take another sip of juice."

Karuizawa bit her lip, then snatched the juice from him.

Without hesitation, she pressed her mouth against the exact spot he had licked and gulped it down.

Once finished, she instinctively licked her lips, meeting Kaoru's gaze with cheeks still aflame.

In a tiny, trembling voice, she murmured, "I-It's okay... if you're a little perverted..."

Kaoru fell silent for a long moment.

Truthfully, his hands were shaking slightly.

It was painfully obvious—Karuizawa had thrown all caution to the wind.

A parasite, in order to survive, would stop at nothing to mold itself into whatever its host desired, adapting to its new environment at any cost.

If he were to make any excessive demands of the girl before him now, she would probably grit her teeth and agree.

Chapter 249: Don't Say Such Things So Casually

Karuizawa held the soda can, unable to meet his gaze.

The lingering sweetness of the juice in her mouth made her blood feel slightly warmer, her heart pounding as if struck by something.

She had acted too impulsively just now and was starting to regret it.

She didn't even know what expression to wear anymore.

The silence stretched on for so long that Kei finally mustered the courage to steal a glance at Kaoru.

"By the way, what should I call you from now on?" Kaoru suddenly asked.

"Eh? What to call me?" Karuizawa voice unconsciously rose a little before softening again under his gaze.

"Calling each other by our first names... would that be okay?"

"Kei?"

In an instant, Kei's pulse quickened.

Blood rushed to her head, making her feel lightheaded.

She could feel her chest heaving violently, her entire being unsettled.

"Say... say it again." Her tongue felt tied—she had never been this nervous before.

Even when she was with Hirata, it didn't feel like this.

"Kei." Kaoru paused. "But doesn't this feel too intimate? Would it bother you?"

Kei abruptly lifted her face.

Though she was stammering, her tone was firm.

"No! I want you to call me that!"

The girl's gaze was too intense.

Kaoru averted his eyes slightly and said, "Got it. I'll keep calling you Karuizawa-san in public, but more intimately in private."

Kei instinctively puffed her cheeks.

He could have just called her that all the time, but now it was only reserved for private moments.

How unfair.

Yet, for some reason, she felt inexplicably happy.

Their relationship had taken another step forward.

Maybe they could hold hands someday, appearing openly in front of everyone.

And maybe, just maybe, she could stand proudly before a certain official girlfriend and settle things once and for all.

At that thought, a twinge of guilt pricked Kei's heart, but she quickly steeled herself.

In this silent war, she wasn't the one at fault.

The blame lay with Kaoru, who had accepted her.

After all, Kaoru hadn't refused her—clearly, he had tacitly agreed to it.

"I don't mind, but I'm curious—why haven't you broken up with Hirata yet?"

At first, Kaoru had assumed Kei would dump Hirata immediately and cling to him instead.

Yet, she was still maintaining a surface-level relationship with the latter.

Kei flushed and mumbled, "Is that what you want?"

Kaoru blinked.

What was she talking about?

Then it hit him.

His expression grew odd—their earlier conversation must have led her to misunderstand him.

Kei didn't miss his reaction, and her heart began to race.

Had she overthought things?

"... Should I break up with him now?"

"No, breaking up now wouldn't do you any good." Kaoru shook his head. "I'm not your best option. There's no need to burn your bridges. Take your time to think it over. You can tell me whenever you've made up your mind."

Kei froze, her expression complex, as she heard him continue.

"If you want to back out, you can do so anytime. I won't force you to do anything that makes you unhappy."

This wasn't just empty talk—it was Kaoru's genuine thought at that moment.

Even in his previous world, he had always adhered to one principle.

Lust was lust, and perversion was perversion.

But once it crossed into coercion or violation, the situation would be entirely different.

It was precisely because of this consideration that Kaoru had deliberately restrained himself, carefully controlling how he treated them.

Over the past few months, the things he had done could be counted on one hand.

The most extreme case was Ichinose Honami—not only had he taken her first kiss, but he had also touched her all over.

Next came Kushida Kikyo and Horikita Suzune, followed by Karuizawa Kei and the others.

It was for this reason that Sakayanagi Arisu had realized he wasn't just a simple lecher.

At this moment, though Karuizawa Kei wasn't aware of these details, she had vaguely begun to sense something.

"It's fine... you can do whatever you want to me, anytime." The girl bit her lip lightly and uttered words that even she found shameless.

"Whether it's in the classroom, the dorm, or anywhere else... I'll satisfy your desires."

Then, as if adding emphasis, she continued, "Even if it's in front of Hirata-kun... I can do it."

Kaoru fell silent.

It seemed he had truly chosen the wrong test subject.

"This won't bring you any benefit. Do you really want to become a personal plaything?"

Kei's face flushed crimson.

Such words were far too much for an inexperienced girl like her, yet she nodded firmly and whispered.

"Because Mitoma-kun will definitely compensate me in other ways."

"I never said anything like that, did I?" Kaoru frowned in confusion.

Kei didn't know how to explain, so she could only murmur.

"The first time we met... didn't you touch me? And then... you came to protect me. You said it was a transaction."

Kaoru gave her a strange look. "So you think even this kind of thing can be a transaction with me?"

"Is that... not allowed?" Kei suddenly remembered something and hurriedly denied, "I'm still a virgin— please don't worry about that. I've never done anything with Hirata-kun, and I'm not some particularly wild girl either. This is the first time I've ever... said something like this to a boy..."

As she spoke, her voice grew softer, and her delicate face turned even redder.

Kaoru calmly observed Kei.

There was no denying that the girl's figure was already quite enticing.

Her small but perky chest might not match Kushida Kikyo's, but it was above average—judging by the sensation against his arm, it was just the right size to fit in one hand.

Thanks to their height difference, he could easily glimpse her collarbone, beneath which lay snow-white curves, exuding a tender and delectable allure.

Moreover, the way she blushed faintly was more impactful than any deliberate seduction.

"Kei," Kaoru suddenly said.

He suddenly called out like that, causing Karuizawa Kei to tense up all over.

Flustered, she stammered, "Wh-what is it— Eek—"

Before she could finish, Kaoru had already grasped the girl breast, completely enveloping it in his palm.

'Hmm just the right size, not a bit too much or too little.'

It was the uniquely delicate and tender boobs that only a young girl could possess.

"Don't say things like that so casually to men in the future," he murmured. "Because it's really hard to resist."

Kaoru pressed close to her ear, inhaling the faint fragrance from her neck, while his hands never stopped moving.

He could feel her soft body trembling slightly.

Chapter 250: I'll Take Responsibility for You

This was the second time someone had touched her there.

Karuizawa Kei's face had already flushed red down to her neck, yet she didn't push him away immediately.

Nor did she let go of his arm, merely lowering her head slightly in awkwardness.

Even though her face was burning, she had to act as if it didn't matter.

"W-well, I'm your 'girlfriend' anyway... You can do whatever you want to me. I don't mind at all,"
Karuizawa Kei whispered.

"In fact, it'd be better if Mitoma-kun could remember how I feel."

Kushida Kikyo was a size larger than her—she really had no confidence in that regard.

Yet, right now, Kaoru Mitoma was seeking pleasure from her, which meant there must be something Kushida Kikyo couldn't satisfy him with.

As long as she had the chance, Karuizawa Kei had no intention of letting go.

That was why she had resorted to tricks like cheating and secret affairs.

"Weren't you disgusted with me before?" Kaoru said. "Honestly, I preferred the look in your eyes back then."

Back then, Karuizawa had glared at him with a murderous expression, teeth clenched in humiliation and resentment, stirring an irresistible urge in him to torment her.

But now, she pressed her lips together and silently endured his teasing.

Not only that, Karuizawa subtly adjusted her posture to make it easier for him.

"D-don't bring that up... I didn't know back then... I'm sorry, I thought you were a pervert..."

As she spoke, Karuizawa suddenly froze—because right now, Kaoru wasn't holding back at all, very much like a pervert.

Noticing her reaction, Kaoru whispered to her ears.

"Does it make you happy when I do things like this?"

Karuizawa hesitated, then nodded slightly—only to see him smile.

"No, you're just trying to satisfy my desires, suppressing your disgust for me," Kaoru murmured.

"Sometimes, physical pleasure can trick you into thinking you're happy, when it's really just a temporary surge of dopamine."

"Are you saying I don't actually like you?" Karuizawa didn't understand what dopamine was—all she cared about was the man before her.

"In Kei's eyes, this is just a transaction, isn't it?" Kaoru paused. "Trading your body for a protector. Though I initially had similar thoughts, which is why I made the deal with you... the experiment failed."

Hearing the word "experiment" from him again, Karuizawa felt puzzled.

"Mitoma-kun, do you think I'm easy? That I'd offer my body to any man...?"

"No, that's not what I meant." Kaoru interrupted her slightly agitated words, speaking with patience.

"Your first impression of me wasn't wrong. I really am a pervert—I like young girls and enjoy doing all sorts of bad things to pretty ones."

"...How could anyone admit to being a pervert like that?" Karuizawa muttered under her breath.

Kaoru pressed his hand against her breast, his fingers roughly knead her breast as if delivering a harsh lesson to her, suddenly making her body tremble.

"Ngh?!" Karuizawa couldn't suppress her moan, then quickly covered her mouth upon realizing how loud it was.

"You can handle this much, right?" Kaoru watched as her face flushed crimson.

Fear.

Even without using 'Emotion Perception', Kaoru could clearly read those two words in her timid gaze.

"I-It's fine," Karuizawa said, as if trying to convince herself. "I'm Mitoma-kun's girlfriend. Something like this isn't worth worrying about."

"What if this hand doesn't stop here?" Kaoru's gaze traveled lower, so blatant it made the girl tense up instantly.

"I don't know..." Karuizawa closed her eyes, seemingly surrendering to him—or perhaps resigning herself to passive acceptance.

"Honestly, seeing such a cute girl, it's impossible not to have thoughts," Kaoru sighed.

"But this is completely irresponsible."

His movements stopped, and Karuizawa cautiously peeked open her eyes.

"But I'm already your girlfriend?"

"No, that's not what I meant." Kaoru shook his head. "Possessiveness isn't necessarily love, but this ugly desire is just too troublesome."

Karuizawa stared at him blankly, vaguely sensing his mood taking a turn for the worse.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Kaoru studied the cautious girl before suddenly smiling.

"Think carefully. There's one thing you're getting very wrong right now."

Karuizawa's eyes widened.

She'd actually messed up somehow?

"Is it... because my breasts are too small?"

Having always compared herself to Kushida proportions, this was her first thought.

"Not that. Besides, I love Kei's breasts," Kaoru replied.

Karuizawa wanted to cover her face as she was completely flustered.

This was outright harassment—this guy was terrible!

"Is it because I haven't broken up with Hirata-kun yet?"

"No."

"Because I care too much about Mitoma-kun's true feelings?"

"Before that."

Karuizawa couldn't figure it out.

Was there someone else besides his main interest?

"You've been treating me as a backup boyfriend, haven't you?" Kaoru hinted. "In that case, what should you be calling me?"

Finally understand, Karuizawa's face burned crimson—most girls would be embarrassed at this point, and she was no exception.

"I-I'm not ready yet!"

"How long do you need to prepare?"

"If quick... one day. If slow... several days." Clearly, Karuizawa was trying to escape reality.

"Kei."

At the soft call from Kaoru, she suddenly grew tense.

"No matter what becomes of this secret deal or our relationship in the future, I'll take responsibility."

Karuizawa stood dumbfounded, her lips slightly parted in bewilderment.

Her thoughts blanked out completely until, after a moment, she finally regained her composure.

"Why?"

"Literally, a transaction should be equal. It can't just be one party fulfilling the other's demands. So I must also take responsibility for you—until the end of my life, or until you decide the transaction is over."

Kaoru paused for a moment.

The relationships surrounding him now were far too tangled and fragile.

The slightest misstep could cause everything to collapse instantly.

Yet, just as Ichinose Honami had said, as long as even the slightest possessiveness remained toward them, letting go was impossible.

He could only cling desperately to these fragile threads.

This could no longer be dismissed with a simple label like "womanizer."

He had realized he couldn't stop—it would only escalate further.

If he wanted rewards, he had to interact with them.

And interaction inevitably led to all kinds of relationships and entanglements.

He couldn't just use them and discard them, could he?

Moreover, even if he wanted to discard them, given the current situation, the moment Kaoru dared to do so, everything around him would crumble.

In the end, he had only two choices: continue hanging himself in despair, or find a way to resolve the problem.