

Cote 53

Chapter 53 53: Asahina Nazuna

When she saw a stranger, Asahina Nazuna first reaction was to hide her feet, feeling a bit embarrassed. She'd thought no one would be passing by this stretch of road right now and just wanted to take a break, but she hadn't expected to run into Kaoru Mitoma.

Showing her bare feet in front of a guy was already embarrassing enough, let alone someone she barely knew. But Asahina Nazuna didn't dwell on it too much. He'd already seen everything anyway, so she might as well stop overthinking it. Besides, that guy was probably embarrassed too. Just pretend nothing happened.

But She just didn't expect Kaoru Mitoma to be so unpredictable.

"Did you twist your ankle?" Kaoru Mitoma walked a little closer, but not too close, so this wild upperclassman wouldn't get scared and run off.

"I was on the phone with a friend just now and wasn't watching where I was going, so I tripped a little." Asahina Nazuna felt pretty embarrassed, but seeing that he didn't seem to react much, she inexplicably relaxed a bit.

"Can you still walk?" Kaoru Mitoma looked her over.

Asahina Nazuna had smooth, long hair, with a cute hairpin clipped on top. Even compared to idols, her face was something to be proud of—she looked like the kind of big sister next door who'd poke you with her finger. Her long, shapely legs weren't pressed together, and under her skirt, a stretch of fair, delicate thigh was visible.

The lower half of her calf looked like it would feel smooth and warm to the touch, and her toes, right in front of his eyes, were as clean and tempting as white pearls—enough to make someone wonder if they were some kind of delicacy. If you look more closely, you'll easily notice the faint red marks around her ankle—it must be sprained here.

"I should be able to walk back to the dorm, it's not a big deal." Asahina Nazuna noticed his gaze and curled her toes a little, but she didn't scold him. After all, he was just concerned about her.

"A sprained ankle usually leaves a bruise. You'd better go to the infirmary—the school nurse can massage it for you, and if it's serious, just wrap it up for a few days and you'll be fine." Kaoru Mitoma paused for a moment.

"Senpai, you can try moving the injured part slowly. If you can move it, it means it's just a soft tissue injury." Asahina Nazuna was a little surprised. This guy seemed to know a lot about treating sprains.

"I think I can still move it."

She frowned slightly and glanced at Kaoru Mitoma, almost as if she was waiting for his advice.

"Looks like it's just a minor injury. It should get better in about a day." Kaoru Mitoma nodded, then kept walking down the path toward the dorm.

Asahina Nazuna was a bit taken aback. Normally, wouldn't you stick around and chat a bit more, maybe even help her out?

"Um, what's your name?" the girl called from behind.

"And, how did you know I'm your senpai?" Of course she'd care about that.

Kaoru Mitoma naturally stopped and turned to look at Asahina Nazuna.

"Even though this is our first time meeting, I've heard about you before, senpai. I'm Kaoru Mitoma, a first-year. I just joined the student council recently."

When he mentioned the student council, Asahina looked like she suddenly understood. She must have heard about him from Nagumo Miyabi.

"So you're Miyabi colleague... Sorry, that sounds a bit weird, doesn't it? Anyway, nice to meet you. I'm Asahina Nazuna. Please take care of me."

As the upperclassman, since he introduced himself first, Asahina naturally responded politely.

"Hello, senpai."

Kaoru Mitoma gave her a small smile, then continued on his way back to the dorm. Asahina eyes widened. This guy was just chatting her up, and now he's turning around and leaving?

Isn't that a bit rude?

Seeing that he really was walking farther and farther away, Asahina Nazuna couldn't help but call out to him.

"Hey, mitoma, are you really going to leave your cute senpai here like this?"

"Didn't you say you could walk back to the dorm on your own, senpai?"

Asahina Nazuna cheeks flushed a little. She didn't even know why she called out to Kaoru Mitoma—maybe it was just instinct, wanting to ask for help, and Kaoru Mitoma just happened to know how to handle a sprain.

Seeing the conflicted look on her face, Kaoru Mitoma knew it was about time to stop. Playing hard to get had its limits—push too far, and she'd just bail.

"If you don't mind, senpai, I can take a look for you." Kaoru Mitoma moved closer, acting like it was no big deal. If this had happened at the start, Asahina would've been on high alert.

But after all that tugging and pulling just now, her resistance had faded a lot. Besides, Kaoru Mitoma didn't really give her much room to react.

Asahina watched as he came over, crouched down in front of her, and gently took hold of her foot. She instinctively wanted to pull back, but forced herself to stay still.

A girl's feet might not be the most private part, but having someone hold them and examine them up close still made her feel a little shy and sensitive—especially since she barely knew Kaoru Mitoma. Even Nagumo Miyabi had never held her foot like this.

Now, with this strange feeling swirling inside her and her face burning, she suddenly regretted calling out to Kaoru Mitoma.

"If it hurts, let me know." Kaoru Mitoma wasn't new to holding girl feet. He used to give idols thigh massages and rub their feet all the time, so he was pretty skilled at it. Since feet are the farthest from the heart, they felt a bit cold to the touch, but also smooth and soft—not dry and rough.

Her pale, delicate foot was right there in his hand. There was no sweet or flowery scent, nothing special—just clean and fresh. The moment he held her foot, another wish was checked off his list.

'But if I stick out my tongue and lick it now, I could probably fulfill my second wish, right?'

'Should I tell her that human saliva actually has healing properties?'

The thought flashed through Kaoru Mitoma's mind, but he still had his wits about him. He wasn't about to do something so reckless. Building a relationship slowly and steadily was the way to go.

Kaoru Mitoma was very gentle, but Asahina still let out a muffled groan.

"It's not too serious. I'll massage it to help with the circulation. When you get to your dorm, remember to put some ice on it and don't walk around too much." Seeing how serious he looked, Asahina's initial embarrassment gradually faded, and she couldn't help but start to feel a bit of affection for this underclassman.

The student uniform at ANHS was different from most high schools—the skirt didn't cover the knees, so there was no need to roll it up, and their thighs were usually exposed. Not to mention, she was sitting on a chair with her leg raised.

So as long as Kaoru Mitoma looked up a little, he could catch a certain kind of view. Asahina Nazuna wasn't in the habit of wearing leggings, so it was hard not to be self-conscious. But seeing that Kaoru Mitoma didn't seem to have any ulterior motives, she found him kind of amusing.

"Mitoma, you're pretty handsome, you know. If it weren't for what just happened, you'd score pretty high with your senpai."

Maybe it was because she saw herself as the upperclassman, but Asahina just couldn't resist teasing this underclassman.

"Is there a reward for getting a high score?"

"You're really eager, huh? How about your senpai rewards you with a strawberry sundae?"

Kaoru Mitoma pressed down expressionlessly, and the senpai let out a few muffled cries, tears glimmering in her eyes as her body trembled.